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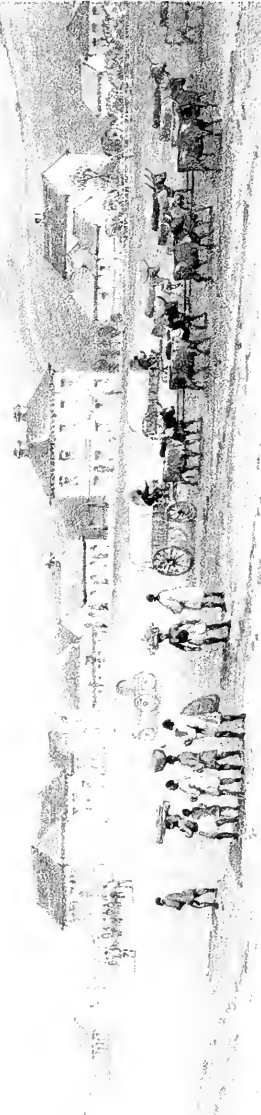
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# TEN WEEKS IN NATAL.

A Journal

OF A

FIRST TOUR OF VISITATION

AMONG THE COLONISTS

AND

ZULU KAFIRS OF NATAL.

BY

JOHN WILLIAM COLENSO, D.D.

LORD BISHOP OF THE DIOCESE.

Cambridge :

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HISTORICAL SKETCH  
OF  
THE COLONY OF NATAL.

NATAL lies upon the south-east coast of Africa, in latitude 29 to 31 degrees. It derives its name, *Terra Natalis*, from the fact of its having been discovered by the Portuguese navigator, Vasco di Gama, on Christmas-day, A. D. 1497. Its extent of surface is about 18,000 square miles, or just one-third of that of England and Wales. The country may be described, generally, as rising rapidly from the coast of the Indian Ocean, in four distinct steps or terraces, each about twenty miles in average width, and each having its own peculiarity of soil and climate. Along the coast the heat is greatest, and though scarcely, in the height of summer, to be called "tropical," it is yet sufficient to allow of the growth of cotton, sugar, coffee, pine-apples, and other productions of the tropics. There is a good deal of woodland and park-like scenery in this region; but further inland, as the country rises in elevation, the temperature is diminished,

and the air is clear and refreshing, except when the hot wind blows from the north-west, from the sun-scorched centre of Africa. The second range of land is almost bare of trees, but excellently well adapted for grazing purposes, besides furnishing abundant crops of hay, oats, *mealies*, or Indian corn, and barley. The port-town of Durban, with its population of 1,100, lies in the former district, and Maritzburg, the city and seat of government, with a population of about 1,800, including the military, in the latter. Beyond this the hills again rise, and we come to a region in which is found plenty of forest-timber of considerable size and of very superior quality. And still more inland, immediately under the foot of the Kahlamba, or Draakenberg Mountains, the soil is well adapted for growing *wheat*, and other European products.

The colony is, throughout, abundantly well-watered, it being scarcely possible to travel four or five miles without coming to a stream of some kind or other, which (as will more fully appear from the Journal) are never dried up, except the smaller of them, in the depth of the winter season. During this season, for four or five months together, there is scarcely any rain; the temperature of the air at Durban is delightfully cool and pleasant, but never frosty; while, more inland, at Maritzburg, there is

hoar-frost upon the flowers in the morning, and sometimes deep snow and severe cold, upon the hills and mountain-tops beyond it, for a week or ten days together.

The present population of the district may be numbered at about 6,000 Europeans, of whom, perhaps, 1,000 are Dutch, and from 100,000 to 120,000 Kafirs. The only *towns* are Maritzburg and Durban, distant from each other rather more than fifty miles: but there are several rising villages, such as Richmond, Ladismith, York, Verulam, Weenen, Byrne, Pincetown, &c. The condition of the inhabitants, Christian and Heathen, at the present time, will more fully appear from the Journal which follows. But, to explain some of its allusions, it will be necessary to give a brief account of the chief points of notice in the previous history of the colony—parts of which I have extracted from a narrative, which I formerly wrote, of the same events, for the MONTHLY RECORD of the Gospel Propagation Society, as well as from an Appeal, which I have more recently circulated.

About thirty years ago, Natal was almost emptied of its inhabitants, owing to the continual ravages of the great Zulu chief, Chaka, who then lived in the Zulu country, to the north of our colony, and made himself a very notorious name in South Africa, by devastating

conquests abroad, and deeds of brutality and bloodshed at home. Some idea of his cruelties may be gathered from the following passages, extracted from the Journals of Mr. Isaacs, one of the earliest settlers in these parts, in the year 1825, and in the time of Chaka, whom he often visited in his capital. On one occasion, he writes :—

“While we were here, a great number of warriors passed to and fro from the imperial residence, which had now changed its name to *Umbulalo*, ‘*place of slaughter*,’ from the fact of the king having recently ordered one of his regiments, with their wives and families, to be massacred for their supposed cowardice. They had been defeated in battle, although they had fought with great bravery, having been overpowered by superior troops and greater numbers, and compelled to retreat.”

On another occasion, Mr. Isaacs was himself present, when 170 boys and girls were ordered by the monster to be butchered for some imaginary offence.

“Nothing could equal the consternation and horror of these poor miserable and devoted wretches, who, surrounded and without hope of escape, knew that they were collected to sate some revengeful feeling of their tyrant, but knew not for what. Chaka began by taking out some fine lads, and ordering their own brothers to twist their necks. Their bodies were afterwards dragged away, and beaten with sticks till life was extinct. Afterwards the other victims in the kraal were indiscriminately butchered. Few of the poor innocent children

evinced any sorrow: but they walked out, as if they felt that they were about to be removed from a state of terror to another and a better world. There being so many victims, it took the warriors a considerable time to perform their inhuman duty. The next morning I was disturbed early by the cries of a man, knocked down just behind my hut, and taken away to be killed. At noon, two of the adopted daughters of this execrable monster, and one of his chiefs, were dragged through the kraal, and executed with similar barbarity. The king, after these horrible spectacles, spent the afternoon in dancing with his people."

During the greater part of Chaka's reign, which lasted for twenty-five years, the district of Natal was utterly devastated and depopulated by the continual inroads of this inhuman tyrant. He had armed his soldiers with a short javelin, or assegai, and required them to engage with it in close hand-to-hand conflict with the enemy, denouncing death to any who should leave their weapon behind on the battle-field; instead of allowing them to fling their long spears from a distance, and then shelter themselves behind a rock or a tree, as is the practice of the British Kafirs on the frontier of the Cape Colony.

By this means he had made them dreaded by all around them, and had brought the whole country under his power, for 500 miles in every direction from his own central residence; and the name of his own petty tribe, the Zulus, who never, probably, numbered more than

about 5,000 people, became thus extended to all who, at any time, had come under the sway, or even suffered from the ravages, of this South African Attila. On one occasion, having made many inquiries of Mr. Isaacs as to the power of the British Government at Capetown, Chaka ended the conversation with observing, that "He now saw there were two great chiefs, and only two, in the world—his brother, King George, who was King of all the Whites, and himself, who was King of all the Blacks."

In this state of desolation was the country of Natal, when Chaka gave it away to Mr. Isaacs and his party, who appears to have abstained from committing any further acts of violence in this territory, during the short remainder of his life. He passed through it, however, in the year 1828, when he made a fierce invasion of the Amampondo country, in Kafraria Proper. The utmost alarm was excited among the British and Dutch settlers on the frontier. The whole burgher force was hastily called out, troops were collected, and an advance was made to repel the further approach of this dreaded and dangerous enemy. Unhappily, this British force fell in with an unfortunate and innocent tribe, who were actually flying from the fear of Chaka; and, mistaking them for the Zulu army, before the error was discovered, attacked them with



great fury, and utterly destroyed them. It is probable that Chaka heard nothing of this affair. Having completed his own business, he retired to Natal, and was there murdered, near the Umvoti River, by his brother, Umslangaan, and his party; and these again were all killed, a few days afterwards, by another brother, Dingaan, who thus became the second great chief of the Zulus. The memory of Chaka, however, is still venerated among the tribes of Natal, like that of Napoleon in France. His grave, I was told, was somewhere in the district—the secret of it being closely kept by the few who are privy to it. But I was assured, that if it were known to be disturbed, there would be a general commotion among the natives of the district, and, very possibly, a violent outbreak.

In the year 1835, the town of Durban was founded, the number of British residents having by this time considerably increased. Already the subjects of Dingaan had begun to make their escape from his power, and to take refuge within the reach, and under the protection, of Englishmen. But, shortly before the event just mentioned, a treaty had been made with the chief, by which, while securing full pardon for all who *had* deserted from him, the English bound themselves to seize and surrender into his hands all future refugees, though certain to

be doomed to a horrible death!—certain, in point of fact, as the chief agent, on the part of the settlers, in making this treaty, writes, “to be knocked on the head with knob-kirries and impaled!”

A most painful instance occurred, just after the treaty had been signed—before it had reached the colony, and before it could possibly have been notified to any of Dingaan’s subjects. A female chieftain, a male and female servant, and three children of the latter, made their escape, and joined their friends, who were already settled in the colony—happy in the idea of their security under British protection. Alas! the elders of the party were seized at once, and taken back by the agent himself. All his intercessions on their behalf were in vain. They were first doomed to be *starved to death*; and he left them undergoing this punishment, though it was afterwards exchanged for a more violent death. But he left them only to complete the dastardly surrender. The tyrant required the *children* also, and they too were sent! The Headman of the little village, where they had taken refuge, was their relation:—but we will give the words of the agent himself, in this part of his narrative:—

“Casting away his assegai, he threw himself upon the ground, and only implored that he might be bound

and sent to Dingaan in their stead. This, of course, could not be. . . . The men, who took them back, promised to be kind to them by the way, and *on no account to mention the fate* which probably awaited them. My heart sickens at the thought of such barbarities ; still it is a duty we owe to the 2,000 natives now residing here, and who, together with ourselves, would all, on some night, have probably been immolated, but for the security of the present treaty."

It appears, however, that there was a point, at which this claim of "duty" was considered to have had its limits, and the rights of humanity to begin. For again he writes:—

"On their leaving this morning, I sent, on my own responsibility, the following message to Dingaan, well knowing that it would express the sentiments of every European in Natal: 'If deserters must be killed, let them be killed at once; but, if they are to be starved to death, we are resolved that *not another individual shall be sent back!*'"

Altogether, it would be difficult to point to a more humiliating page in our colonial history.

In August, 1837, the Rev. F. Owen, with his wife and sister, landed at Port Natal, as the first Missionaries of the Church of England to the Zulu Kafirs. They had been despatched by the Church Missionary Society, upon the earnest recommendations of the late Capt. Allen Gardiner, who had himself, in the previous year, made several visits to Dingaan, and had obtained his consent to allow of the residence of Christian Teachers among his people. At this

time, as has been said, the district of Natal was almost uninhabited, except by a small body of English and Dutch traders, who were settled in the neighbourhood of Durban.

Shortly after his arrival, Mr. Owen proceeded northward, a distance of five days' journey, to the residence of Dingaan, and obtained leave to fix his Station near the capital town of Umkunginghlovu. On Oct. 10, the Mission work was commenced, and was continued for four months, under very trying circumstances, and amidst many painful scenes of cruelty and blood. But on Feb. 6, 1838, a dreadful event took place, which at once broke up the Mission. This was the murder of the Dutch Boers, who, to the number of seventy, besides many of their children and Hottentot servants, were savagely butchered in cold blood by the orders of the king.

These ill-fated men formed part of a large body of emigrant Dutch farmers, who, for various reasons, becoming discontented with English government, had voluntarily forsaken their homes in the colony, and *trekked* in their wagons, with their wives and children, to find a new abode, in the vast expanse of South Africa, beyond the reach of British authority. Part of these emigrants settled in what is now called the Sovereignty, where many of them

still remain. Others travelled on further to the north-east, towards Delagoa Bay; and very many of these perished, either by the violence of the savage races with which they came in contact, or by the effects of the deadly climate of those parts. But a large body, with 1,000 wagons, in several successive divisions, crossed over the Kahlamba or Draakenberg Mountains, and entered upon the fertile, but unoccupied, district of Natal. Among the chief leaders of this party were Pieter Retief and Gert Maritz, portions of whose names are together retained in that of the town, which was afterwards founded by their companions, Pieter-Maritzburg.

These Boers had already sent a small party of explorers before them, who had come down into the Natal district; and, after inspecting it, had returned with so favourable an account of its capabilities, that the whole body had determined to proceed thither, and make it their future home. As a first step, wishing to conduct things in an amicable way, they applied to Dingaan for a grant of the country, professing all manner of friendship towards him. The chief had just lost a very large quantity of cattle, which had been plundered from him by some unknown depredators. He first accused the Dutch party of having taken them, and

when assured that this was not the case, and that they had been captured by a neighbouring hostile chief, he challenged them to prove the sincerity of their professions, by recovering the booty for him, in return for which he promised to make a grant of the territory they desired. They did this accordingly,—attacked and overpowered the enemy, and brought back the cattle, to the number of some thousands. Dingaan now invited them to visit him at his principal kraal. And, wishing to present the most imposing appearance before the eyes of the savage, they chose for this purpose about sixty of their number, selecting the finest of their warriors, with Retief himself at their head, and sent them, with many of their sons and servants—more than a hundred persons in all—to pay this visit of ceremony.

For three days they were entertained by the chief in the most amicable manner, the chief exhibiting his soldiers before them, and they manœuvring after their fashion in return. On the third day he invited them to enter his kraal once more, and take their farewell of him, when he would finally make over possession of the district to them. Utterly unsuspecting of any evil, they came at his request, and, incautiously, left their arms and their horses in charge of their servants outside, while they

proceeded within the enclosure, from which they were never again to go out with hope of life. The king received them, in his usual friendly manner, standing in the centre of his kraal, and surrounded by his warriors in a circle. Then he seated himself on the ground with them, and for about ten minutes maintained a pleasant conversation. But, suddenly springing upon his feet, he shouted to his men, *Bamba-ni amaTagati*—"Seize the wizards, or miscreants;" and immediately from all sides the Zulu soldiers rushed in upon the defenceless Dutchmen, and dragged them off to the neighbouring Golgotha, the "place of skulls," where the executions of the tribe took place. The Boers, their sons, and servants, were all massacred, being knocked upon the head with knob-kirries. One only of the whole party escaped, to carry tidings of the horrible event to their Dutch friends. Mr. Owen, however, was providentially not present. The conference with the chief was fixed to take place immediately after breakfast, and, as a matter of course, he would have attended on the occasion, but that he had a practice of reading and meditating on a portion of the Scriptures at that very hour, and was unwilling to break through it. For a moment he hesitated, but decided to adhere to his rule; and this decision, under

God, saved his life. For in the general massacre an Englishman was killed, who was a special favourite with the chief, but who fell a victim to the indiscriminating fury of his soldiers. And, doubtless, Mr. Owen would have shared his fate.

But I may here give Mr. Owen's own words :

“Feb. 6, 1838. A dreadful day in the annals of the Mission! I shudder to give an account of it. This morning, as I was sitting in the shade of my wagon, reading the New Testament, the usual messenger came from the king, with hurry and anxiety depicted in his looks. I was sure that he was about to pronounce something serious. And what was his commission? While it showed consideration and kindness in the Zulu monarch towards me, it disclosed a horrid instance of perfidy—too horrid to be described—towards the unhappy men, who have for these few days been his guests, but are now no more. He sent to tell me *‘not to be frightened, as he was going to kill the Boers.’* The news came like a thunderstroke to myself, and every member of my family, as they successively heard it. . . . Nearly opposite to my hut, and on the other side of my wagon, which hides it from my view, stood the blood-stained hill, where all the executions at this fearful spot take place, and which was now destined to add so many more bleeding carcasses to the number of those, which have already cried to heaven for vengeance. ‘There,’ said some one, ‘they are killing the Boers now!’ I turned my eyes, and behold! an immense multitude on the hill! About nine or ten Zulus to each Boer were dragging their helpless unarmed victim to the fatal spot, where those eyes, which awaked this morning to see the cheerful light of day for the last time, are now closed in death. Two of the Boers paid me a visit



this morning, and breakfasted, only an hour or two before they were called into eternity. When I asked them what they thought of Dingaana, they said that 'he was good'—so unsuspecting were they of his intentions."

At the first sight of these horrors, (as I have heard from the lips of one of them,) the Missionaries' hearts were paralysed with dread, and they sat down upon the ground in utter distress and despair. But presently they arose to the true spirit of Christians, drew forth the Book of God, and read in it the comforting words of the 91st Psalm. With these words their minds were stilled and strengthened; and they were able to commit themselves to the keeping of that Great Master, who had hitherto brought them safely through so many difficulties and dangers,—who still could, and, if He saw it good, assuredly would deliver them, out, as it were, from the very jaws of death. Before long, Mr. Owen was sent for, and for three hours of most painful suspense was kept in conference with the tyrant, and parted from his trembling wife and sister, who knew not what fate might have already befallen him, or what might soon be their own. But, at length, he returned to say, that "they were at liberty to go, and they might take one wagon with them, but must leave the rest of their effects behind." Accordingly, they travelled down to the coast

at Durban; and then, after many hardships and anxieties, and after having been obliged to take shelter for some time with other Europeans, principally women and children, in an uninhabited island in the Bay, they were at length enabled to embark on board the *Comet*, a small vessel, which was bound for Delagoa Bay, but had been driven in by stress of weather to Port Natal. And so the Missionaries left this ill-fated land, which they had hoped to see brightened ere long with the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, to lie still shrouded in the darkness of heathenism.

Meanwhile, ten regiments of the king's soldiers had been sent forth, immediately after that horrible massacre, to attack the emigrant farmers, who were spread over the district in perfect security, awaiting the return of their friends. At break of day, the Zulu forces fell upon the party of Retief, encamped near to the present township of Weenen (*weeping*), which derives its name from the sad events of that day. The prime warriors of this camp having been already slain, those who remained behind were easily surprised and overpowered. Men, women, and children, were surrounded, and mercilessly butchered. Other detachments of Zulus surprised, in other places, similar small parties; until, at length, the alarm was spread,

and the farmers were able to collect hurriedly into larger bodies, and form *laagers*, or encampments, for the defence of themselves and their families. The Zulus were repelled by the well-directed firing from each of these laagers: but they still pressed on—till, at last, they were driven back, after a whole day's furious engagement with a strong party of Boers, who met them in the open field. The scenes left behind by the retreating host were horrible beyond description. At all the stations, which had been first attacked, lay heaps of mangled corpses, to the number of several hundreds. Among them were the bodies of two young girls, pierced, one with nineteen, and the other with twenty-one, stabs of the assegai; but they were not quite dead, and, being carefully tended, were restored so far as to be alive in the colony (it is believed) to this day—one of them a wife and mother, though both cripples.

Two desperate efforts were made to avenge upon the Zulu king the death of Retief and his party. A Dutch commando of 300 fighting men, under Pieter Uys, marched up into his country, and boldly attacked his formidable forces; but they were obliged to retire with considerable loss, leaving their leader dead behind them. A still more terrible disaster befel the other expedition, which consisted of white

men of Port Natal—mostly English settlers—with an auxiliary force of Natal natives. Almost every European of this party was killed, and multitudes of the natives; while the furious troops of Dingaan now ranged freely over the country, and had their fill of carnage and blood.

However, the emigrants were more successful in their subsequent determined efforts to avenge the death of their friends. Dingaan's army was routed, and his capital, Umkunginghlovu, taken and destroyed; and at length, in 1840, they agreed to support his brother, Panda, in rebellion against him. Panda had come to them, representing that his life was endangered by the tyrant's suspicions, and that he could bring with him a great body of adherents, if they would espouse his cause. A desperate conflict ensued, in which Dingaan was utterly routed, and perished among a neighbouring tribe, with whom he took refuge. Panda was made king of the Zulus, and so he continues to this day; while he gave, in return, to the Dutch Boers possession of the much-coveted district of Natal. The Dutch held it for two or three years as an independent state, and then began to interfere, it was thought injuriously, with the tribes to the south, with whom the Cape Government had made an alliance. A remonstrance was sent, but it met with no attention. A small

military force, which was despatched from the Cape to enforce it, was overpowered, and very straitly besieged in a small fort at Durban. But a larger force was more successful ; and at length the Dutch were induced to surrender the colony into the hands of the English, who claimed it by virtue of the original cession of the Cape of Good Hope Settlements, among which Natal was reckoned from very early times.

Some of these Dutch Boers decided to remain under English rule. Others took titles for farms of the British Government, but have only very recently taken possession of them. The great body of them determined to trek once more over the Draakenberg, and set up again their independence. But as they endeavoured to persuade their friend, Panda, to attack the English in Natal, Sir Harry Smith was sent against them, and, after a stubborn fight, defeated them at the battle of Boom Plaats. Those who submitted to his arms were allowed to remain upon their new possessions, and to govern themselves very much by their own laws, on condition of recognising the *sovereignty* of Queen Victoria: and hence the whole central district of South Africa, between the two branches of the Orange River, the Nu Gariep and Ky Gariep, (of which the former is more properly called the *Orange*, and the

latter, the *Vaal* River,) acquired the name of the "Sovereignty beyond the Orange River."

A very large portion, however, of the defeated Dutch Boers, under their chief, Pretorius, migrated still further to the north beyond the *Vaal* River, and at length succeeded in forming a republic for themselves, beyond the reach of British interference. Here they number, at present, about 25,000, who are scattered all over the country on separate farms, except that some 400 or 500 are congregated at the chief town of Putschefstrom, which stands at the confluence of the Mooi and *Vaal* Rivers. The former of these is said to be a magnificent stream, one of the finest in all South Africa, pouring itself out, all at once, in a full body of the clearest and most delicious water, from the foot of a barren hill, as if it were connected with some subterranean river. In some places it is twenty feet in width, and four feet deep; in others the width is contracted to eight feet: but the body of water appears to be always the same. There is another smaller village, named Rustenburg, at the foot of the Magaliesberg range of mountains; and this may contain, perhaps, 150 people. And, eight days' journey to the N.E. of this, there are some fifty families settled under the Zoutspansberg. Here, however, they are on the border of the sickly, fever-

stricken country, about Delagoa Bay; and, sometimes, a billow, as it were, of poisoned air swells over the range of hills, and spreads death among the farms at their foot.

The Sovereignty is at present inhabited by a very considerable body of about 80,000 Kafirs, as well as some 20,000 of English and Dutch farmers: and here it was, at a place called Berea, that a desperate battle took place in the year 1852 between the forces under Sir George Cathcart and the great Basuto chief, Moshesh, who has 60,000 people under his rule. Since that event, and by the advice of Sir George Cathcart, the Sovereignty has been abandoned by the orders of the Duke of Newcastle, not, however, without the strongest remonstrances from its English inhabitants.

After the subjugation of the Dutch in 1845, Natal was formally recognised as a British colony, and very soon a considerable emigration took place to it from England, — conducted, however, for the most part, by speculators, the failure of whose plans, through want of proper forethought and preparation, occasioned for several years the greatest distress to very many of the new settlers. The result was a reaction, from which the colony is only now just recovering. Latterly, moreover, the white population has been considerably diminished

by emigration to the gold-fields of Australia. But this movement is now checked; and some of these are said to have already returned, somewhat "sadder and wiser men," to seek their old homes in the colony.

But, while the European population has till lately diminished, the native inhabitants have vastly increased in number, and are still increasing, by continual accession of fresh refugees from the surrounding districts, seeking relief for themselves and their families, under the quiet sway and sure defence of England, either from the miseries entailed by inter-tribal wars and animosities, or from the cruel oppressions of their own native chiefs. This movement began as soon as the Dutch got possession of Natal, and has ever since continued; so that the Queen of England now reckons among her subjects, within the district of Natal, as has been mentioned, from 100,000 to 120,000 Kafirs, who look up to her with affection and reverence as their protector and friend. At least, they *did* so a short while ago, and greatly loved and venerated the English Government. When the Bishop of Capetown was in Natal, now nearly five years ago, they were, he writes, "humble, docile, submissive. I believe that at that time almost anything might have been done with them."



“But I tremble,” he adds, “to think of what is sure to result from the state of things which is allowed to grow up in Natal. What will be the consequences of mixing up an English population, unprovided themselves with the means of grace, with masses of heathens and savages, for whose real improvement little, or rather nothing, is done? I have no doubt what the consequences will be. Already the natives are becoming educated, in a certain sense, by dwelling among those, many of whom are practically living in worse than heathenism. Three years ago I saw the finger of a Zulu pointed with scorn at a drunken Englishman in the streets of Durban. Shall three years of perfect inactivity have passed away, and the character of the native population not have suffered already a grievous deterioration? And the steps by which, in the providence of God, this guilty neglect of our Church and Country will, if not immediately remedied, be surely visited in judgment upon us, are too plain to be mistaken. We hailed the arrival of the Zulu refugees, as a protection for our frontier from the ravages of their chief. We might reap infinite advantage from their labours in the cultivation of our lands, and the growth of our colonial products, if only they were reclaimed from the indolence of barbarism—if only they were Christianized and civilized. But if we do not do our duty towards them in this respect, and do it speedily, the course of events is plain. First, there will be acts of injustice on the part of the civilized against the uncivilized. Then there will follow an almost total loss of respect and reverence for the white man. Then will come irritation, resistance, and, ultimately, rebellion and war. I see such a state of things gradually coming on. Already the shadow of a cloud has passed over this promising scene. Already once, during the late war, have the Zulu chiefs combined to offer a passive resistance to our authority, when they were ordered to lead their forces out, to join

arms with ours against the British Kafirs. Happy was it for us, perhaps, that they declined to do so—that they were not suffered to feel their whole power. But that occasion was so alarming, that the Europeans of the colony went into encampments, and stood on their defence. Another five years of neglect, similar to the past five years of unconcern, will assuredly, as I believe, bring down upon us a most deserved judgment, and we shall find ourselves burthened with the expense and misery of a Zulu as well as a Kafir war!”

Nor is this all that must be said upon this question. For, though we have not taken their *land*, we have taken and do take their *money*, and that to a large amount, by direct taxation. For the last four years, a tax of 7*s.* annually has been laid on every hut, and the sum thus raised from the Zulu people amounts to little short of 10,000*l.* a-year. Thus they are not merely refugees, whom we have pitied and relieved, without giving them thereby a right to found a further claim upon us. But we have recognised them, in the most distinct and practical manner, as “our own.” This hut-tax was first sanctioned by Earl Grey in 1848, expressly on the ground that, besides providing for the necessary additional expenses of Government on their account, it would “afford a revenue for most important purposes, such as the establishment of schools and other institutions for the benefit of the natives;” and the duty, of thus employing some considerable portion of

the amount thus raised, has been repeatedly urged upon the Natal Government, by the successive Secretaries of State for the Colonies, Sir J. Pakington and the Duke of Newcastle. Nothing, however, has yet been done in this direction, except that, I believe, a petty grant has been made of 50*l.* a-year for the support of a Wesleyan Kafir school in Maritzburg. The rest has been wholly expended upon "magistrates, roads, bridges, and public works."

And what is the result of this neglect? I believe, with the Bishop of Capetown, that the state of the colony is at this time most critical; and that the waste of a few months, in beginning our work among them, may be attended with consequences deeply to be deplored. Ten years and more we have wasted already. We have allowed these tribes to multiply around us, without taking any measures, in return for the sums we have drawn from them, to improve their condition, to raise them out of their degraded state of barbarous heathenism to the dignity of civilized and Christian men. And, meanwhile, a change has been passing over them. They have learned to measure their own strength with ours. They know that they number 100,000 heathens to 6,000 Europeans. Their old men have forgotten the days of Chaka and Dingaan; their

young men have never known them. Can we wonder that they are beginning to resent the interference of the British Government with their affairs—to complain of the hut-tax—to dislike the white magistrates—to ignore the debt of gratitude they are supposed to owe to us—to prefer, in short, their own wild liberty to the yoke which their English rulers would fasten upon them? Is there anything so strange in this? We have left them to live all along as savages. Can we wonder that they cherish still the thoughts and feelings of savages?

And have we no reason to dread from past experience, in the righteous retribution of Almighty God, the just consequences of our national neglect, if any longer continued? The immense expenditure of public treasure in the last two Kafir wars, which is reckoned at three millions of money,—more than enough to have maintained the whole Missionary work of Natal for a thousand years,—besides the cruel sacrifice of the lives of so many gallant soldiers, must surely appear, to every reflecting mind, the direct and natural punishment of our own most criminal neglect, as a Church and nation, of our subjects, the Frontier Kafirs. Must we not fear ere long a like result, by the just judgment of our Great King, upon our like criminal neglect of their brethren, the Zulu Kafirs?

Happily, the present moment is full of encouragement. By the appointment of his Excellency Sir George Grey to the government of the Cape, (the influence of which extends to its dependency, Natal,) the providence of God has granted us one, who, we trust, will be enabled to carry out in South Africa those admirable plans for the pacification and improvement of the native races, which have been crowned with success in New Zealand, and who also brings with him to the work amongst us the benefit of that experience, and the prestige and stimulus of that success. The strong measures of our late Governors, Sir Harry Smith and Sir George Cathcart, have indeed, for the present, checked the tide of passion, which was spreading desolation over the land. But the waters cannot always be repressed in this way. Pent up within the bosom of the race, they will either stagnate in sullen hatred, or burst forth again ere long in another terrible outbreak. May it be the happy lot of our new Governor,—in Africa, as before in New Zealand,—to aid the efforts of Christian teachers, while publishing the Name of God and the wonders of His Love among them, and to direct the energies of this spirited and intelligent people into the channels of peaceful industry!

\* \* *The account, on page xxiv, of the present state of the Dutch Republic beyond the Vaal River, has been obtained from an eye-witness, and is more correct than that which is given in the Journal itself.*

## TEN WEEKS IN NATAL.

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ON Thursday evening, Dec. 15, 1853, I sailed from Plymouth, in company with the Bishop of Capetown and Mrs. Gray, in the G. S. S. S. *Calcutta*, Captain Goodall, for the Cape.

My reason for leaving England so soon after the Consecration, which took place on Nov. 30, was, that I might personally inspect the state of things in Natal, and form a correct estimate of the measures which were needed, for conducting efficiently the Missions of the Church in that sadly neglected colony. It was now four years, and more, since the Bishop of Capetown had visited it; but without being able, for want of funds, to do anything towards supplying the grievous spiritual needs of the district, where there was not at that time (nor is at the present) a single church, chapel, or school, erected for the use of the members of the Church of England, nor a single Church Missionary, (and very few of any denomination of Christians,) to publish the word of God among the vast body of natives inhabiting the land. And, in the interval, important changes had taken place, I was well aware, in the condition and

character of the native population, of which I have spoken more fully in the Appeal, which is appended to this Journal. I could get no certain information on the subject from any one in England; and felt that it was necessary that I should see with my own eyes and hear with my own ears, if I would realize the actual condition of the country, and form prudent and comprehensive plans for our future operations. My intention, therefore, was to visit rapidly the different parts of the district, and make acquaintance with the inhabitants, of all classes, Christian and Heathen, whether resident in European towns, villages, or farm-houses, or collected in Kafir kraals; and as the country in extent is only 18,000 square miles, (about a third of that of England and Wales,) I had calculated that, with God's blessing, the whole might be done effectually within three months. Thus, allowing six weeks for the voyage each way, I might hope to return to England before the end of June 1854, in order to collect the funds and engage the labourers, of different classes, who might be needed for the work.

We had a speedy and pleasant voyage of only thirty-five days and a half, and dropped anchor in Table Bay early on Friday morning, Jan. 20, 1854. And here I cannot help bearing my testimony to the kindness and ability of the excellent Captain Goodall, who, on his return from India, was promoted to the command of the *Prince*, Screw-steamer, and was lost in her in the dreadful storm in the Black Sea; and upon whose character, as an officer, some very harsh and unjust remarks were recently made



in the House of Lords. Throughout the whole voyage, we were particularly struck with his extreme *carefulness* and skill in navigating his vessel, as well as with his courteous attention to the wants of his passengers. And the manner, in which he welcomed, and, by his own regular and devout attendance, seemed to appreciate, the proposal, for having daily Morning and Evening Prayers on board, gives just ground for believing that, though so suddenly removed, he died, as he had lived, a Christian.

My great object now was to get on, as soon as possible, to Port Natal : but there was every prospect of a considerable delay before I could leave Capetown. The small coasting steamer, *Sir R. Peel*, which for some time past had been employed in carrying the mail-bags and passengers between the two ports, had, long before my arrival, as I found, completely broken down, and was now lying in Table Bay, with a very distant prospect (if any) of being ever fitted to resume her duties. The *Natal*, which had left England about a month before the *Calcutta*, and was intended to take the place of the *Peel*, had not yet arrived, and, as it afterwards appeared, had been dismasted in a gale, and put into Lisbon for repairs. My only hope, therefore, of proceeding to my destination, was by a sailing vessel, which would probably be chartered for the conveyance of the mails, should the *Natal* be much longer delayed ; but whose passage along the coast, owing to the strong current, which is always running downwards from Natal along the shores of Kafirland, at the rate

of three or four miles an hour, would most likely be slow and tedious.

As the *Calcutta*, however, had arrived in Table Bay some days before her time, it was eventually decided that she should take on the mails; and I was glad to obtain a passage in her for myself, at the risk of being landed with difficulty, should the surf be running high upon the bar of Durban, or even of being carried on to the Mauritius, should we find the bar impassable at the time we arrived, as it would be impossible for the steamer to remain any while at anchor off the coast. In prospect of the latter event, which would have required me to return again from Mauritius to Capetown, before I could proceed to Natal, and so would have consumed, perhaps, two months or more of time, I could only console myself with the hope of being able to discharge some episcopal functions, in an island which stood very greatly in need of a Bishop of its own. But the possibility of such an addition to the length of the voyage, and the fact that the *Natal* (though two months elapsed before she really arrived) was at this time hourly expected at the Cape, were sufficient to decide me to leave the rest of my party behind at Bishopscourt, under the hospitable roof of the Bishop of Capetown.

It pleased God, however, to grant us a prosperous voyage, though rather a long one, owing to the strength of the aforesaid current, which on one day carried us backwards about 100 miles; and, in consequence, though we had been steaming with might

and main, yet, having the wind strong from the north-east, and almost in our teeth, we found ourselves at noon that day near the mouth of the Great Kei River, and with a remarkable clump of trees upon the heights just abreast of us, which we had noticed at noon of the day before, about twenty miles ahead. However, we managed to advance, after this discovery, by making tacks to and from the land, approaching near, and then very near, to it—so near that we once plainly descried three *natives* upon the beach, admiring, no doubt, our stately vessel. On Sunday morning, Jan. 29, we were off the mouth of the Umzimvubu, or St. John's River, (having left Table Bay on the Monday evening previous;) and here the line of coast was very beautiful, and drew from us all, Indian passengers and others, expressions of unbounded admiration. A number of small, romantic, round-topped heights, green and luxuriant to the very water's edge—some covered with grass, others with trees—formed with each other "bosky dells" and hollows, which would have been the glory of some gentleman's estate in England. While daylight lasted, the same scenery continued to attract our gaze, whenever we neared the coast of Kafirland, for a hundred miles together: and daybreak on Monday, Jan. 30, found us speeding along the shore, with a favourable breeze, and passing the mouth of the Umzimkulu, a large river, which, though second in size and importance to the former, was one of more interest to me, as the boundary between the tract of Independent Kafria and the colony of Natal.

Little, however, could be seen at first, though my eyes were eagerly turned towards the shores of my adopted country. Once I caught a glimpse of the land for a few minutes, with the river just abreast of us. But the outlines only were visible: the features were hidden from view by the rainy, misty, atmosphere of the early morning. As the sun rose, however, the mist and rain cleared away; and, when I next mounted the deck, the coast was before me, green as an emerald, and the hills so beautifully sloped, that I can only compare the scenery with that of Devonshire and Cornwall, except that here in Natal, as in Kafraria, the green heights go down to the very edge of the white beach, which margins the shore all along for miles. What surprised us most was the greenness of everything, in the very midst of the hot season; whereas at the Cape we had left everything burnt up, and brown, and dusty, with the thermometer at  $100^{\circ}$  in the shade, and  $150^{\circ}$  in the sun. But this difference, it appears, arises from the fact that, in these eastern parts of South Africa, the *summer* season is also the *rainy* season, and, therefore, perpetual verdure covers the land, except, of course, where the natives burn the grass.

About 10 A.M. we reached the Natal Bluff, behind which lay the bay. Upon this stood a light-house and signal-station, to which we made signs for a boat to come off. And then, gliding gently by the Bluff Head, we came in view, gradually, of the *outer* bay of Durban, with its white line of breakers stretching across the middle, and indicating the

presence of the notorious "bar." The entrance to the *inner*, or real, bay of Durban, is about 300 yards wide at high water, but was so hidden from view as to be scarcely discernible. A boat, however, soon came out, in which I landed, having crossed the bar with a little tossing, but no real danger or difficulty. The distance from Table Bay to Port Natal (or Durban) is about 800 miles; and the whole sea-voyage from England occupied just six weeks, besides half a week spent at Capetown.

*Monday, Jan. 30, 1854.*—At noon this day I stepped out upon the jetty at Port Natal, a stranger among strangers; but I was very soon relieved from all uncertainty as to my future movements, by the kind attentions of Mr. Middleton, one of the churchwardens of Durban, who had come down to the Custom House to meet me, with a horse for my use, upon the bare possibility of my landing, as the Bishop of Capetown had intimated in his farewell letter, which (singularly enough) had been read in the church of Durban only the day previous to my arrival, that I should (God willing) leave England in December. The *Calcutta*, however, had brought up the mails—not, indeed, before they were due—but a full fortnight before the time at which they usually reached the colony, and the good people of Durban were completely taken by surprise. Indeed, I was assured by one of the merchants, that they reckoned so confidently on the regular irregularity of the postal arrangements, that the punctual delivery of their letters on this very occasion was a source of

actual inconvenience, from the fact that many were absent from the Port, in the interior of the country, upon matters of business, never dreaming that their presence would be required for a week or ten days to come.

Under the guidance of Mr. Middleton and Mr. Savory, (another zealous member of the Church of England,) I rode up from the Point, near which I landed, to the town of Durban, a distance of two miles.\* At low water, it is possible to ride by a shorter cut along the sands. We took the path through the bush, which, though somewhat sandy, was sufficiently cool and agreeable. My two companions called it a hot day for Durban: but the heat was not comparable to that of the Cape on the day I left it. We saw some elegant butterflies on the way, and some far from elegant Kafirs, whose first appearance, in complete undress, was by no means prepossessing. In this respect, however, a very great improvement has taken place, even since I have been in the colony, more especially within the towns, as I shall have occasion to mention hereafter. The conversation turned naturally upon the question of Kafir education, and I found that my two friends had very little confidence in the success of Missionary operations among the Zulus. "The Missionaries are too familiar with them. You must

\* Port Natal is to Durban what Port Phillip is to Melbourne; that is to say, there is no such *place* as either Port Phillip or Port Natal, these being only names applied to the *towns* of Melbourne and Durban, considered as ports.

never indulge a Kafir—never shake hands with him. He does not understand it, and will soon take liberties.” However, they both admitted that the advice and example of Mr. Shepstone was the very best to be followed.

A ride of half-an-hour brought us to the town of Durban, of which I can hardly yet form a judgment. I have seen a number of detached, pretty-looking cottages, very small; also some shabby-looking huts, which I take to belong to Kafirs, but am not quite so sure of this. On reaching McDonald’s Hotel, where I decided to remain while at Durban, I very soon received a visit from the Rev. W. H. C. Lloyd, Colonial Chaplain, and procured from him a full account of the state of things in this place, as regards the progress of the Church and the educational wants of the inhabitants. I find that there are about 400 houses in Durban, and 1,200 white inhabitants, almost all English, besides a great number of Kafirs employed in service. Opposite to my window, which looked out upon the market-square, stood the unfinished church of St. Paul’s, the walls of which had risen to the top of the windows, but were there arrested for want of funds. I had hoped to have found *this* church at least completed, and ready for consecration on my landing; but many unfortunate circumstances had contributed to hinder the progress of the works. Among others, the original contractor had failed, and, finding himself in a difficulty, had sold off the 30,000 bricks which he had ready for the finishing of the

church. It now became necessary to make a new supply of bricks. But by this time the price of labour had been doubled in the colony, and the funds at first subscribed fell far short of completing the work. Before returning to England I was enabled to promise some assistance towards the completion of the building,—at least, of the part required for public worship. But it will be long, I fear, before the tower can be attempted, and the sound of a peal of bells fall with its pleasant welcome upon the emigrant's ears, as he lands upon this far-off shore. The only bell in Durban at this time, of any pretensions to sound, is that of the Wesleyan Chapel.

*Tuesday, Jan. 31.*—At the close of this morning's Second Lesson, the first chapter in the Bible which I have read in Natal, came the cheering words: "*Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. And lo! I am with you always.*" God grant me grace, and strength, and wisdom, to fulfil the part of this glorious work which is allotted to me in this land!

Had many calls this day from the churchmen of Durban, and from others, who, though not members of the Church of England, yet came in kindness and Christian charity to greet me. There is, I find, a Government school here for the lower classes, the master of which, Mr. Nisbett, is in deacon's orders, and was formerly an inspector of negro schools in the West Indies, and afterwards a teacher in Canada. But there is a great need of an efficient grammar school, either here or at Maritzburg—or perhaps in



both places, for children of a higher class,—the only school which has hitherto existed for such children in Durban, which was conducted by an Independent minister, having been just broken up, and the teacher turned to store-keeping. There is also abundant room for a national and an infant-school, to be conducted on Church principles, towards which it is probable that assistance from the Government would be given in proportion to our own exertions. I find so much to interest and engage my attention in the Church affairs of this place, that I have decided to remain here over the Sunday, instead of proceeding at once, as I had intended, to Maritzburg.

*Wednesday, Feb. 1.*—Received to-day many visitors, and had much conversation about the Kafirs, many of whom are to be seen from my window, at all hours, crossing the market-square, stalking along with upright forms and heads thrown back, tall, manly figures—or else, with their huge long whips, driving into or out of the town their masters' wagons, each with its span of 12 or 14 oxen. They make, it seems, excellent nurses,—that is, the *men* do—for the women are very rarely willing to engage in service. Of their *faithfulness* and *honesty* I have heard already many remarkable instances,—such as the following, which, considering that they know well by this time the value of money, were to me, fresh from England, not a little surprising.

Mr. R. told me that he has sent a Kafir eighteen

miles to receive a sum of 20*l.*, which was paid him in sovereigns told out before him, and faithfully delivered to his master. The Insurance Company, having to send cash from Maritzburg to Durban, (52 miles,) would prefer, to any other mode of conveyance, despatching two Kafirs with it, sewed up in belts about their waists. They would send, with perfect security in this way, as much as 500*l.*, for a payment of 10*s.* to each Kafir. Mr. G. engaged one day a stray Kafir—such as come at every new moon, five or six together, call at your house, and ask if you want a servant. At the end of the month, he told him that he wanted to send a message to Compensation, and he must go with it. The Kafir had not said a word before about leaving; but, not relishing, probably, the idea of so long a trudge, (30 miles,) he now said that, as his month was up, he wished to be paid his money and to leave the service. Mr. G. insisted on his going, (for which he always paid an extra 5*s.*, whether the man were already in his service or not;) but the Kafir walked away. Upon this his master went to his hut, and brought away his cherished stock of sticks and knob-kirries, of which a Kafir has always several by him. The man returned in about an hour, and claimed his sticks. “Not till you promise to go to Compensation.” Mr. G. had no legal right to enforce this; but the Kafir agreed to go, received his sticks, and went,—having to bring back a reply to his master’s message. But, would he go after all? Was it only a pretext, in order to get back his

sticks? Was it only a lie—such as, perchance, some white man *might* have coined for such an occasion? He was utterly unknown to Mr. G. He had hired him a perfect stranger, and had had him for one month in his employ, and did not even know the *kraal* to which he belonged: so that, if he had chosen to break his word, and fulfil his original intention of going home to his people, instead of carrying the message, there would have been scarcely a possibility of his being detected and punished. He went, delivered the message, and brought back—not merely the reply—but 25*l.* in gold and silver, which was paid to the poor Kafir for his master, who did not in the least expect it.

*Thursday, Feb. 2.*—I have now seen the town sufficiently to know that it may be described as a large collection of cottages, with a few small villa-like buildings and other houses—interspersed with green foliage, little gardens, and remnants of the old “bush,” and *apparently* scattered about without any order, but *really* arranged in streets, or along roads, which cross each other at right angles, and are of considerable width, but are covered a foot deep, as is also the Market Square, with white sand, which in this strong easterly wind is blowing about disagreeably enough. (Almost the *only* winds here are from the north-east and south-west, that is, along the line of coast; and they change very suddenly, perhaps, with a lull of three minutes, from one to the other.) This quantity of sand, under foot always, and sometimes, as now, in the eyes and mouth, is certainly a

drawback to Durban, as a place of residence ; but it could be easily remedied, at least in the Market-place, if there were but a municipal body here, (as there now is, Jan 1, 1855.) For this sand, once enclosed and guarded, and not allowed to be trampled down by oxen, would rapidly become covered with vegetation, as in fact it is all *around* the town, and was, a few years ago, where the town now stands. A greater evil in Durban is the *water*, which is taken usually from wells that are not sunk deep enough, and, consequently, abounds with decaying vegetable, if not animal, matter, and innumerable animalcules and worms. The effect is by no means favourable to the health of the residents, more especially that of the children, who have no *refuge*, I suppose, as their parents have, in stronger beverages. Some wells have been sunk deeper, and the water has been found to be brackish. Deeper still, no doubt, it would be pure enough. At present, the remedy is to drink rain water, or the water of the Umgeni River, which is brought by carriers a distance of four miles, and is excellent. Indeed, had the *Dutch* founded the town of Durban, as they did that of Maritzburg, they would long ago have had the Umgeni pouring its beneficent streams through every street, and bringing health and cleanliness to every door. How long will it be before the public spirit of Englishmen will achieve this? A public library is much wanted in Durban.

Had an interview with His Honour, the Lieutenant Governor, B. C. C. Pine, Esq., who, with Captain

Struben, the magistrate of the Klip River Division, and Mrs. Struben, rode into Durban last evening from Maritzburg. He has, I find, appointed a commission to prepare a Kafir grammar and vocabulary; and he desires as soon as possible to enforce the rule, as in India, that all functionaries of the Government, engaged among the natives, shall pass an examination in the Zulu language. His Honour expressed a wish to place me on the commission, to which, of course, I gladly assented, though I can do nothing in this matter, I fear, until my return from England. The only Zulu grammar as yet published, is that of Mr. Schroeder, written in the Danish language—the work of an excellent missionary and able philologist, but not suited for beginners, or for English students generally. There are *Kafir* Grammars, by Messrs. Boyce and Appleyard; but the dialectic variations of the language spoken by the *British* Kafirs, for whose use these were written, from that spoken by the *Natal* Kafirs, or Zulus, are considerable, though their *principles* are identical—the same language, fundamentally, being common to the millions of heathens who inhabit this part of Africa, as far north as the equator and beyond it. It is this fact, indeed, which gives to the Church Missions in Natal a peculiar significance—the natives of this district being placed midway, as it were, between the northern and southern tribes, and having intimate relations with them on both sides.

The Zulus, properly so called, are a small tribe of about 5,000 people, and never, probably, in the days

of their great chief, Chaka, numbered more than this. But, Chaka having sprung from this tribe, and, by his bloody and ferocious wars, having secured to it the sovereignty over all the other tribes of this part of Africa, the name of Zulu has come to be applied to all, indiscriminately, who came beneath his power, and subsequently under that of his brothers, Dingaan and Panda, the last of whom is the present chief of the Amazulu. In point of fact, however, the Kafir population of Natal admits of a four-fold division; namely, (1) those who have come within the last few years, (and, indeed, are still coming,) as refugees from the Zulu country, to the north-east of Natal, escaping from the cruel oppressions of the chiefs, Dingaan and Panda; (2) those who came in with Panda, (see the Historical Sketch prefixed,) and have thought it best not to go back with him; (3) those who have returned from the neighbouring countries, to which they fled in former days to seek shelter from the desolating ravages of Chaka and Dingaan; and (4) those—some very few thousands only—who remained behind during these terrible invasions, hiding themselves in the thick bush, and amidst the exceedingly wild, and almost impenetrable, recesses of the southern district of Natal. To all these the name of Zulu is now given; and the language, as it will be settled by this Commission, from intercourse with the natives in all parts of the colony, and finally adopted as the standard for the whole district, will be the *Zulu-Kafir language*. Of course, the vernacular of different

tribes may be expected to differ considerably from this, just as the dialect of Yorkshire or Somersetshire differs from pure English. But the progress of education, when the missionaries are all referred to a common standard, will tend gradually to do away with such distinctions.

Received this morning an address from the Churchmen of Durban, and wrote a reply.

At 2 P.M., started on horseback for the Inanda station, Mr. Lindley's, one of the American missionaries; but was forewarned that the Umgeni, which was to be crossed some four miles out of Durban, would, perhaps, be impassable for horses, owing to the heavy rains of yesterday, in the direction of Maritzburg. We rode out of the town, (which, I begin to see, is larger and even prettier than it struck me at first as being,) and up the beautiful heights of the Berea, covered with thick bush, fantastically tangled with elegant drooping wild-flowers. At the top of this the view is usually sketched of the town and bay of Durban. It was hot, ascending the Berea; but then clouds came on, and there were tokens of a thunder-storm two hours hence; and now the air became as cool and pleasant as could be desired, and so it continued for the rest of our ride. We passed some magnificent scenery, and saw more in the distance. The road was, certainly, in parts very rough and steep; but I am told that a strong-built carriage and pair of horses may now be driven all the way to Maritzburg. When we reached the Umgeni, we found the water ten feet deep, and flowing too violently for

our horses to swim across; and so were obliged to return to Durban.

*Friday, Feb. 3.*—Had an interesting conversation with Capt. Struben, who gave me a full account of his late affair with Radarada, which I may as well give at length, as an illustration of the present circumstances of the colony. This was a chief of the Klip River Division, who had squatted upon land, from which, as it belonged to a Dutch Boer, he was required to remove to another spot. He went there, and this too, it was found, belonged to another Boer, though he had not yet claimed it. Radarada had to be displaced again, but not without providing another suitable site for his use. However, about this time, Gen. Cathcart's, or, as people consider it here, Moshesh's, victory of the Berea (in the Sovereignty) took place, and Radarada was emboldened to refuse to obey the Government order. Again and again, he was required to attend to the directions of the "Great House;" but he still continued to maintain a stubborn, though quiet, resistance to the "powers that be" in Natal. At length, some time in last October (1853), Capt. S. sent his Kafir marshal to him, with a final message to this effect. "Tell Radarada that it is now eighteen months since he was first ordered to quit his location. Tell him that I have received the orders of the 'Great House' to see that he removes, and those orders I must obey. Tell him from me, as a friend, that I advise him to remove at once, and avoid any painful consequences." The chief tried at first to bribe the messenger with



ten cows to go back, and say that he *had* already left the ground. The man was faithful, and would not. "Besides, what would be the use of it? The inKos' says, he will come himself, and see whether you have obeyed his orders." When Radarada found that bribery would not do, he turned to the messenger, and said, "Why may I not make you cold—dead—at once?" "Yes; you can make me dead, if you please. I have no arms. The inKos' told me to take none whatever, because I was sent on a message of peace. But, if you do kill me, I warn you that he will avenge my death, and the consequences will be terrible to yourself and your tribe." Finding that his life was really in danger, the man got away the next day, sent to his master an account of his doings, and stopped with a neighbouring tribe to gather information. He soon had to report, that Radarada was preparing to maintain his position by force, that he had sent his wives and cattle to the mountains, and that one or two other chiefs were waiting and watching the proceedings, ready to take part with him, if his cause appeared likely to prevail. No time was now to be lost in asserting the authority of the Government, or a serious danger might be apprehended to the district, and, indeed, to the whole colony. Capt. Struben and Mr. Blaine, a neighbouring magistrate, assembled immediately a small party of white men, fourteen in number, and started so as to reach Radarada's kraal just before daybreak, when Kafirs are usually asleep. His spies, however, were on the watch, and a body of 150 warriors was

found drawn up, to oppose the petty force of the magistrates. Some of the latter were for firing at once; but Capt. S. restrained them. "Let us by all means avoid blood-shedding, if possible. Do not fire till I give the word. Tell them, any of you that know the language, to lay down their arms, for we come with peaceful intentions." At that moment he observed a Zulu, within three yards, twirling his assegai for a fling at himself. Drawing out his pistol, Capt. S. shot him dead; but the weapon left the Kafir's hand, and whizzed past him, just as the shot was fired. The Zulu assegais now flew upon the white men in great numbers, and Capt. Struben gave the word to fire. Several fell, wounded or killed—the rest fled—Radarada keeping himself in the background, and ultimately retiring, with the rest of his people, over the Kahlamba. The power of that chief is now quite destroyed, and, what is of far more consequence, the evil prestige of the affair at the Berea has been done away completely for the present among the tribes of Natal.

Capt. Struben also gave me the following narrative, as an instance of the effects of a firm, decisive, way of dealing with the Kafirs.

Nodada is a powerful chief, who was once driven out of the land in the old conflicts, probably in the time of Dingaana, but has now returned, and settled on the Klip River. One day, Capt. S. went to see him, and found him very full of inquiries. "Where did the new suns come from? Every day a new fiery circle rose up in the East, and went down in the

West." The Captain took a mealie-stalk, and gave him a rough illustration of the rising and setting of the sun. Then he had questions about the stars and the moon—all showing a remarkable shrewdness of intellect. All night long, from 7 P.M. to 4 A.M., Capt. S. lay upon his mat, discoursing thus with this Kafir chief; and at last the conversation turned upon the state after death. "Where does the white man go? How do you know it? Has any one come back to tell you? The black men went somewhere—nobody knew whither—and sometimes they came back, in the form of snakes, to tell some secret to their friends. The misfortune was that, when they did, nobody could understand them, except only the *inYanga* (witch-doctor)."

The next morning Nodada begged that Capt. S. would enter his kraal, and, in the presence of his people, gathered around him, would answer aloud to some questions which he would put, and give good advice to them. "I often talk to them, and tell them what you tell me, but they do not believe me." Of course, the magistrate was glad to do so, and took the opportunity of setting before the assembled tribe their duties to the English people, their benefactors; who "did not receive them in their distress, and grant them lands to live upon, in order to encourage them in idleness, but for the purpose of inducing them to labour, and improve their condition, and become more like to the English themselves." The address had not proceeded far, when the Captain's eye fell upon a man, whom he recognised at once as a convict,

escaped from the prison-but, in which he had been confined under sentence for a serious crime, committed against a woman of his own tribe. Notice of this escape had been sent immediately to Nodada, as his chief, and he had replied that the culprit was not at his kraal. Turning to the interpreter, Capt. S. inquired, "Is not that Adonas?" "Yes." "Then ask the chief, 'Why have my eyes seen him before his? and why have I seen him here, instead of at Ladismith (the chief town of the district)?'" The chief replied, "It is he; I see him; but hush! hush! when you are gone, I will seize him; I cannot now; there will be an uproar among the people." (There were about four or five hundred of them present.) "Tell him that I insist upon his being taken immediately, in the name of the Queen of England, and that he *must* do it, whatever may be the consequences." "I cannot; the people will be enraged; the inKos' is alone; we are far away from any other white people." "Speak loudly to him, that all may hear. Say that I insist upon his seizing that man, and that, if he does not, I will compel him to do so." Then, observing that the chief still hesitated, he exclaimed, "Bring me my pistols;" then to the chief, "Now, observe these are loaded. Bring me that man as a prisoner. The first man who resists you I will shoot dead, for he is a rebel, and the punishment of rebellion is death!" Nodada rose up, gave orders to some of his counsellors, and the man was taken and brought before them. His case was investigated

anew upon the spot, and proved once more distinctly against him. "And now," said Capt. Struben, "I sentence that man to receive twenty lashes." They were given by the Kafirs of his own kraal, and the culprit was ordered back to prison. Then stood up Nodada. "Will you allow me to kiss your hand? You are a just man. Whenever you want help for any purpose, send to me, and you shall have it." From that hour to this, he has never had the slightest difficulty with Nodada.

But while advocating *firmness*—perhaps even a strictness approaching to severity—in the treatment of Kafirs, Capt. Struben spoke of them with a warm and affectionate interest, and with such a hopeful desire for their real welfare, as quite refreshed and cheered me. He said, however, much of the mistakes made by missionaries in beginning at the wrong end, and expecting to get through Christianity to industry, instead of through industrial pursuits to the reception of Christianity. On this point, indeed, all, with whom I have conversed upon the subject, are agreed—at least, so far as to confirm the principle, upon which our Church Missions are to be conducted, of carrying on the industrial and religious training of the natives together, and making the one re-act upon the other. But we must not expect too much of these poor heathens, or that their minds, overgrown with error, (like their native hills around them, with the wild luxuriance and matted grass of ages,) shall be capable of receiving at once and cherishing that advanced

Christianity, to which we in England have been brought through centuries of cultivation.

Capt. S. tells me that his is the only district in the colony, where Zulu girls can be got to work. Mrs. S. has a young lass with her as a servant, very tidily and prettily dressed; but her mistress tells me, that "she is only longing for the 'holiday-time' to come, when she may throw off all her clothing, and go back to her barbarous habits again." And, indeed, this I find to be the great complaint of many of the colonists, the great proof of gross "ingratitude" on the part of the natives,—that when they have been in service four or five months, however pressing may be their master's circumstances, however earnest his entreaty for them to remain at their post, they will be off for six weeks or two months together, to revisit their native kraal, and resume their native habits.

No doubt this practice is attended with serious inconveniences. The farm is perhaps deserted at the most critical time; or, if the settler is engaged in trade, no sooner does the Kafir become expert at it, than his time is up, and he is gone. But, after all, is there anything so very strange in this feeling, so very indicative of hard hearts and base ingratitude for favours received? Does a school-boy so deeply appreciate the attentions of his preceptor, or of the good lady who presides over his domestic affairs, that, when the four or five months of toil are over,—in spite of all the pies and puddings, sports and games, to say nothing of

the stripes and buffetings, or scoldings, at least, which he may have been privileged to partake of,—he will be found loth to break away from such kind friends, and such enjoyable employments? Does he never reckon upon his month or so of holiday, weeks and months beforehand? and, the more affectionate and good a child he is, long the more intensely for the endearments of his home? It may be a small house—a poor and a mean one—but still it is *home*; and, with all its discomforts and drawbacks, there is something there, for the absence of which not all the “splendid grounds,” and “airy chambers,” and “plentiful feeding,” and “parental care,” of the most highly lauded school-house can ever make amends.

And so with these poor heathen *children*—the Zulu servants—who, in fact, are mostly very young men. Is it so very strange, unnatural, inhuman, that they should wish to take their “holiday” in its season, and, having done their duty faithfully for the time to their master, should long for the dirt and disagreeables of their native kraal; for the in-gathering of the mealie-crop of the tribe; for the feast, the dance, the whistling, whizzing, stamping, singing, or howling, if you will, of their “home-circle” of acquaintances? I must confess, I see no reason whatever to charge this practice upon them, as a sign of their *want* of feeling; but rather I find in it a sign of *hope*,—a token that they *have* human feelings like ours, and are therefore accessible to the tidings of great joy, for themselves and

for those they love, which shall reveal to them their Great Friend and Father in Heaven. They are ready always to come back after the holidays, and greet their old masters with a brightened eye, wherever they meet them. Sensible persons, however, and those of old experience in the colony, know how to manage, and have no difficulty of this kind with their Kafirs. A lady told me, she had three in her employ, who came at intervals, so as to relieve each other, and keep her always supplied with a good servant. She had had the same for three years, and had nothing whatever to complain of them.

But, besides the reasons above assigned, there is another special one for the young men wishing to go home from time to time—namely, to make acquaintance with the *intombies*, or young women, whom they will one day acquire for wives. The Zulu servants are exceedingly thrifty, and careful of their money: they never spend it on themselves, I am told—are never, or very rarely, seen intoxicated. They hoard their four months' saving, and bury it, until they can buy a cow; and eight or nine cows will buy a *common* wife. A chief's daughter's price will be, perhaps, 150 cows. "And yet," says Mr. Fynn, in his evidence before the late Kafir Commission, "it is a mistake to suppose that this price is paid for the *purchase* of a wife. That is not the native idea of the transaction. Or, at least, whatever may be the present notion, the original intention was, that it should be a kind of deposit or pledge for the proper



treatment of the woman, and an assurance of the husband's regard paid down to the parent. And, accordingly, a girl considers herself slighted and contemned if not paid for. One ran away from her husband, and left him, as not having been duly married to him, when she found that she had not been paid for. 'If she was not worth paying for,' she said, 'she was not worth having.'

Received a visit from H. M. Owen, Esq., Her Majesty's Commissioner, with Sir George Clerk, for settling the affairs of the Sovereignty. He appears greatly impressed with the luxuriant beauty of this colony, and speaks of the country as far more advanced than British Kafraria. Of the Sovereignty, where he has resided for some time, he speaks in most disparaging terms, as a country for occupation by European settlers. "Its character, as a grazing district, has been immensely exaggerated by interested parties, who have bought large farms for £5 or £6, and now want to make out that they are exceedingly valuable." "The chief town of Bloem Fontein is nothing but a collection of huts, in the midst of a desert of blowing sand; and you may travel over the country, during parts of the year, for days together, without seeing a blade of grass." "Sir George Clerk being ill at Bloem Fontein, and wanting a draught of milk, was unable to obtain it at any price."

Mr. Owen knew the Basuto chief, Moshesh, thoroughly, having spent months with him, and considers him the noblest Kafir in all South Africa.

He is, in fact, far more civilized than any other of his kind—lives in a regular house—wears English clothes—and, when he gives you a meal, spreads a table-cloth, and sets before you, perhaps, a pot of marmalade, or some other European dainty. His sons were educated at Capetown. Mr. Owen saw one of them at his father's, lolling on a sofa, and reading "The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer." Moshesh is now attended by a body-guard, who carry the lances, wear the uniforms, and, most probably, ride the horses, of our poor Lancers, thirty-five of whom were killed in that unfortunate battle of Berea. Only fourteen or fifteen of the Kafir men fell in that conflict, in which the British force was very inferior, having numbered 2,400 men when it left the frontier, but having been reduced to 1,040 before it came into collision with Moshesh's people, and these having been scattered in detached parties, and posted so as to be unable to support, or even to see, each other. It is to be feared, however, that some of the Kafir *women* were massacred upon this occasion. Mr. Owen, to whose lot it fell to bury many of the dead, saw at least the corpse of one poor woman, with a bayonet wound full in her breast. Moshesh has lately "eaten up" Sinkoneyalla, one of our "allies," who has applied to us for redress, which he will not get. He is now going to eat up Marokho, another of our allies, who has refused to recognise his supremacy, and pay him tribute. Should there be war again on the frontier, Moshesh, though against his will, will be compelled by the

enthusiasm of his people, headed by his sons, to join in it. But it is thought that the Dutch in the Sovereignty, which has now been abandoned by England, will very soon be at issue with Moshesh, and are likely to make short and decisive work with him.

Saw some splendid specimens of Natal birds, which were going to England. Saw also the skin of an enormous snake, sixteen or seventeen feet long, which had been shot by one of the settlers.

This evening I attended the *first* meeting of the "Durban Philharmonic Society." I could not well spare the time ; but, indeed, I was very desirous to assist the movement, and to help forward the young people of the place, in their efforts for rational and social amusements of this kind. I was glad also of an opportunity of showing practically from the first, that I did not consider true religion to consist in a system of restrictions and negations, but in a real spirit of devotion to God's service and love to our fellow-men. There was a regular programme of two parts, with eight pieces in each—from Handel, Rossini, Beethoven, &c. The music hall was a large store, fitted up ingeniously for the occasion with flags and evergreens. But I was rather amused when, in the middle of the performances, the ladies were requested to step aside for a few minutes, while part of the roof was taken off to cool the room ! There was a colonial seraphine, on which a voluntary was played by a colonial composer—I believe, the maker of the instrument—a colonial drum, and a colonial band of about twelve performers, with

violins, flutes, cornets à piston, pianoforte, French horns, &c. ; and a very full, fair, attentive, and delighted audience.

*Saturday, Feb. 4.*—Looked at some Kafir beads in one of the stores. The natives, it appears, are as capricious in their taste for beads, as any English lady in the choice of her bonnet. The same pattern will only suit them for a season or two ; and they are at all times very difficult to please. One fine blue bead was *oval*, not round, as it ought to have been ; another black *round* one was a little too large. The choicest kind are the *umGazi* (blood), a small red bead ; the next are the *iTumbo* (bone, as if bleached), a small white bead ; then the *amaQanda* (egg), a round blue bead, rather large. A beautiful new sort had just come out, likely to have a large run ; but Panda will not allow any of his people to buy any, until he has seen and approved of the pattern : so the traders have taken them up to his sable majesty. There is one large bead, like a pigeon's egg, which no one but himself and his great captains are allowed to buy. Traders have been known to sell €150 worth of beads in a month, and even £40 worth in one day.

Saw to-day some very handsome locusts—large creatures, with brilliant colours, green and red. But these are not the true, destructive, locusts, of which there are hosts in the Sovereignty, and occasionally a swarm in Natal. Makasana, an old chief, above eighty, who lived away to the North, beyond the Pongola River, is just dead. He is said to have

died several times and come to life again. He was considered to be the king of the locusts: and, as they are just now swarming in those parts, the natives conclude that he is now really dead, and has summoned them to make use of the property he has left behind him. They have done this to some effect: for the stench of them, it is said, is dreadful—the rivers are full of them—the crops destroyed—and the people are living upon locusts.

Dined with the Lieut.-Governor; and had much interesting conversation with Capt. Shelley, who has travelled extensively in the interior of South Africa, and has not yet, I believe, completed his wanderings. It appears that important government works are now being carried on at the Point, for deepening the entrance-channel of the bay, and getting rid of the bar. This bar is caused by the strong current down the eastern coast of Africa, which sweeps along the outer bay from north to south, is repelled from the projecting bluff at its southern extremity, and so drops all the sand it brings, especially that brought down by the Umgeni, and forms a bar at the very entrance of the inner or true bay. Already, it is said, the effect of these works is considerable; and, if the entrance really be cleared, we shall have the most splendid, and, indeed, the only really good and safe harbour in all South Africa. “The enemy’s India fleet *must* come within sixty or a hundred miles of Port Natal; but need not come within 600 of the Cape.”

*Sunday, Feb. 5.*—A day full of blessing—God be

praised ! Preached, in the morning, on the last two verses of St. Matthew, the passage which struck me as I read it, in the Second Lesson of the day after I landed ; and, in the evening, on 2 Cor. i. 20, (part of the Second Lesson,) “ All the promises of God in Him are Yea, and in Him Amen, unto the glory of God by us.” The room—the Government school-room—was well-filled, and outside, under a verandah, which ran the whole length of the building, there were forms placed, which were all occupied. Three infants were baptized, and there were about thirty Communicants. The singing and chanting was excellent—except that, contrary to the order of the Prayer Book, the introductory sentence (“ I will arise,” &c.), was *sung* instead of *said*, by which the spirit of the Church-service is quite perverted, and the edifying effect of its beautiful arrangement is lost. The first part of the service is meant to be quiet, solemn, humble, and devout—without a word of singing ; till, suddenly, having our hearts prepared with the cleansing prayer of Confession, with the peaceful words of the Absolution, and the calm, reassuring petitions of the Lord’s Prayer, we rise from our knees, and burst forth into the song of praise, “ O come, let us sing unto the Lord,” &c. In the evening, perhaps, there is less objection to the singing of a sentence or hymn at the beginning of the service, except as a departure from the directions of the Rubric. Moreover, it is always distressing to have the worshippers played out, and the effect of a

solemn sermon too often played away, with a noisy, rattling, Voluntary.

*Monday, Feb. 6.*—Started on horseback this morning for Maritzburg, accompanied by Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Monro of Pinetown, and, for a few miles, by a party of mounted gentlemen from Durban. My goods had been despatched previously by a mule-wagon, with the exception of my writing-case and umbrella, which had been left behind by accident, and of which more hereafter. The scenery was splendid for the whole thirteen miles to Pinetown, and the road all the way may be called very good; in some places, where it was newly made and macadamised, it was really excellent, as good as many an English turnpike-road. But the eye reached away, over a magnificent country, to distant heights and valleys, all covered with verdure, from the loftiest summit to the lowest bottom, and this in the very height of the summer season,—a state of things, which, as I before remarked, is characteristic of this part of Africa. We met many single Kafirs on the way—tall, upright, manly figures—really noble-looking fellows; and it was a great pleasure to me to salute them with *sakubona* (we see thee), and to receive their cheerful reply. Nevertheless, I learned afterwards not to be too free with my salutations, or to use them promiscuously, if I wished to maintain my influence with the Kafirs. The above is the proper address from a superior to an inferior. But the use of it is now so common, especially here about the bay, where the

emigrants on first landing make many mistakes, from their ignorance of the proper way of dealing with the natives, that Kafirs who have been in service are apt to employ it without due consideration of the person they are addressing. "*Sakubona*," said one of them the other day to Mr. Shepstone, who is regarded (as I shall have occasion to show more at length) with the utmost deference and respect by the great body of the Zulus of Natal. "*U bona bani?* Thou seest—whom?" asked his attendant, Ngoza.

As we drew near to Pinetown, a collection of scattered cottages, with a small surrounding population, we called at the house of a settler, who spoke very feelingly of his want of spiritual assistance for himself and his family. There is here a Presbyterian Church and Pastor: but the building is much out of repair, and I was assured that there were many members of the Church of England in the village and neighbourhood, who would gladly do their best to build a small chapel, and secure the regular ministrations of an English clergyman among them. On my arrival at the inn at Pinetown, kept by Mr. Murray, the proprietor of a large estate in this valley, I received at once from him an offer of a grant of five acres of land, on any part of his property, for the erection of a small church: and I have requested that measures may be taken to ascertain the wishes of the inhabitants generally, and the amount they are willing to contribute towards the building of a church and the



support of a minister, before I return to England. There is an amusing story told of this inn, which goes commonly by the name of "The Fort," from the circumstance that, a few years ago, there was some alarm in the neighbourhood of a Kafir rising, and Mr. M. and 110 of his neighbours, English and Dutch, came together, and regularly fortified his house as a place of refuge. The Kafirs, meanwhile, were seen hurrying with their wives and children and cattle to the mountains. It was thought they were collecting for war; it turned out to be only in terror at what the white men were intending.

We stopped an hour, and then proceeded, riding aside, as we passed out of Pinetown, to inspect some coffee-plants of Mr. Murray's. Very fine plants they were, and covered with berries. Eighteen months ago they were bought at 1s. 6*d.* each: they were then four inches high; they were now three or four feet. There were 150 plants altogether, and Mr. M. calculated that they would produce half a muid (90 lbs.) of coffee the first season—worth (at 8½*d.*) 63s. 9*d.*, on about half-a-rood of land. The labour, he said, was a mere nothing: but, probably, some allowance should be made for manure, as these were planted in an old cattle-kraal. Mr. M. was now reaping a crop of buckwheat, which was put into the ground two months and two days ago. He expected to have six muids to the acre, worth (at 12s. per muid) 3*l.* 12s. But the seed was only what dropped from the crop of last year, ploughed in again; for buckwheat ripens irregularly, and some

ears are ripe, while others are still green. He meant to plough it once more for a *third* crop ; but then he should not carry this off the land, but plough it in as manure. This grain is used for feeding pigs by the English ; but the Germans make it into bread — rather black. Mr. Murray told me, that during the last four years, with from 100 to 150 people in Pinetown, they had had twenty-two births, but no deaths from any disease. They have had their burial-ground for three years and more, and have buried two bodies in it ; one, that of an infant which never lived ; the other, that of a man given to drinking, who laid himself down one night, with his head hanging over the edge of a box, and was found dead in the morning. Mr. Monro's sister was given over for decline in England, and was ordered to Madeira : she came to Natal, and is completely restored.

Shortly after leaving Pinetown, but not till we had ascended a capital new piece of road, through the same beautiful scenery as before, and had taken our last view of the sea from the summit of the hill, the character of the country began to change, and it became very grassy, and gradually more and more clear of trees. The surface of the ground still undulated in large bold slopes ; but the aspect of the whole was not that of a soil, so rich and exuberantly fertile, as it had been nearer Durban. I saw, however, quantities of fine-looking clover in the grass, and gathered some very elegant wild flowers. In one place, enormous surfaces of granite cropped out,

which we had to ride over, as they were level with the road. But ever since leaving Durban, except while passing through the valley of Pinetown, it has been all up and down; and I am often reminded of my native Cornish hills, except that here the proportions of the scenery are so much more gigantic.

By the time we had ridden 14 miles from Pinetown, the evening began to close in, and there were threatenings of thunder and rain. We had now reached the top of a long steep hill (which the new road will avoid), at the bottom of which a little purling stream was running, of which our horses eagerly drank. This was Stirk's Spruit: and close by was the little house of accommodation at which we were to put up for the night. Just as we reached it, the first flashes of lightning gleamed; and gradually the storm came up, with lightning, thunder, and heavy rain, for an hour. Thank God, we were under shelter; but at the hour's end, the landlord came in to say that the brook, which we had passed an inch or two deep, was now utterly impassable, rushing mightily along with eight feet of water in it. Had we been caught by the storm on the other side of the brook, there was no house nearer than seven miles.

I have mentioned that my writing-case and umbrella had been accidentally left behind, when my wagon started from Durban with the rest of my property. I was told that they would be sent on by a Kafir, who would soon overtake the mules. When I reached Stirk's Spruit, I found my articles missing,

the former containing a bag of gold and papers of some value. I had no alternative but to wait patiently, and see what to-morrow would bring forth; when behold! about an hour after the storm had ceased, appeared my box and umbrella, brought safe and dry by a Kafir, who had left Durban after me, but had walked nearly twenty-nine miles, (which I had ridden,) carrying my burden and keeping it from all injury, and yet arrived through the storm and rain only two hours after me. He had, probably, taken shelter during the violence of the tempest in some kraal of the neighbourhood. I sent for him, and in he came, poor fellow! dripping with wet from the stream which he had just crossed, and sat down upon his hams (as is their custom), and joyfully received my present of five shillings. If my box had contained 1,000*l.*, and he had known it, it would have been quite safe in his charge. The landlord and his family came in to evening prayers and exposition.

At 10 P.M., the Rev. J. Green, the clergyman of Maritzburg, arrived at Stirk's Spruit to meet me, having happily found shelter from the storm.

*Tuesday, Feb. 7.*—After prayers and exposition, as usual, with the family and two travellers who had arrived this morning, we started the wagon, and soon followed ourselves (Mr. G. and I) on horseback, having taken leave of Mr. Lloyd, who had seen me safe thus far on my way. Magnificent country again, but grassy and bare of trees. We passed through a herd of Zulu cattle on one of the downs,

with enormous horns. Abundance of clover grew in the grass, on which they seemed to be thriving. We came at last to a grand descent, from the head of which we looked down into something like a plain, and gazed over an immense extent of country, the hills rising again beyond the plain in all their grandeur, and everything green and bright as usual. After twelve miles of riding, we reached a neat wayside inn, where we off-saddled and our mules outspanned. In this country, I find, horses are always ridden at a walk or a canter; and the latter will be maintained for long distances, in the very heat of a midsummer day, without, it would seem, distressing either the rider or the horse.

After this the scenery began to show a remarkable change in its appearance. It consisted still, almost entirely, of hills and green slopes; but these were sprinkled over with mimosa trees, with their cypress-like forms, and flowers in the shape of clusters of small yellow balls. The appearance of the whole was quite park-like.

At Uys Doorns, rather more than five miles from the city, I was met by a large party of gentlemen, who had kindly ridden out to receive and welcome their Bishop. After the reading of an address, to which I briefly replied, we rode on together, our numbers being swelled by additions, including a few ladies and two Kafir chiefs, with their attendants, until we formed a body of some sixty or more equestrians. At last, said one to me, "There is Maritzburg!" and there indeed it was, seeming to be

only about half-a-mile off, down in a valley directly before us ; but, to my surprise, I was told it was still five miles off. It looked a long white town, sloping gently down from the left to the right of the picture, with the military camp posted on a little eminence at the extreme left, and one conspicuous tower rising from the centre, which belongs to the Presbyterian Church, while the bell-turret of the Wesleyan Chapel was also visible, and even that of the Roman-Catholic Chapel ; but no trace was yet discernible of the little church, or any buildings of the Church of England. As we drew nearer, the town looked exceedingly pretty from the number of trees, with dark green foliage, which rise up in every part of it, and, I am told, are growing rapidly, and adding every year to the picturesque beauty of the place. Certainly, the surrounding scenery, consisting of huge downy hills, in the bosom of which Maritzburg is settled, is very inferior to that about Durban. But the former town, for the size and character of its buildings, and specially as regards cleanliness, from the stream of water which runs on each side through every street, must be considered to have at present many advantages over the latter. Being almost in the very centre of the colony, it is probable that Maritzburg will always continue to be the seat of Government ; but notwithstanding this, and though the traffic to and from the Klip River district must pass through it, it appears to be a much quieter place than the busy trading town and port of Durban.

We rode over the bridge, crossing the Little Bushman's River, which flows along one whole side of the town, and, passing the burial grounds, (where differences which separated Christians during life are still permitted to part their bodies after death,) we entered the broad streets of the city at about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  P.M., the people standing everywhere to greet us, and the whole place presenting the appearance of a great holiday—which in fact it was—until we stopped at the door of the government schoolroom, decorated with evergreens, which is now used as a place of worship for the Church of England. Opposite to this stood the Rev. J. D. Jenkins, with a number of school children, and the Missionaries of our Kafir Institution. After saluting these, I was led to the vestry, and washed off some of the dust of my journey; and, as the mules were not come in with my robes, was obliged to take my place at the altar in my travelling dress. The Old Hundredth was heartily and devoutly sung, and the service proceeded, Mr. Green, the minister of the parish, reading the prayers, and Mr. Jenkins, the military chaplain at the camp, the lessons. At the close of the second lesson, I said that I should now begin a practice which I hoped to continue, whenever I attended morning or evening prayers among them, namely, that of explaining some portion of the Word of God, which had been read in their hearing, and that I should make this an occasion for expressing more at length the feelings with which I had received their address. The Lesson was 2 Cor. iii., on which I commented:—

(1.) On the proof of the faithfulness of our ministry, given by our flock, who should be an Epistle of Christ, with His law of holiness and love written on their hearts by His finger, as the effect of our ministrations ;

(2.) On the sufficiency and strength of our ministry, as placed in God—all helping together towards it, and drawing down His blessing by our prayers, labours, and lives ;

(3.) On the glorious character of our ministry—one of life and righteousness, not of death and condemnation ;

(4.) On the plainness of speech which should mark our teaching—that we are not to put a vail on our faces, but to shine forth as ministers of a Gospel of reconciliation, and to tell out to all men the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord ;

(5.) On the end of our ministry—that we all, beholding here on earth continually the reflection of our Saviour's likeness, may grow more and more into it, until we come to see His very Face in Heaven.

It was truly a most interesting service. The place was crowded with worshippers of all classes—civilians and military, Churchmen, Dissenters, and Roman-Catholics.

A storm of thunder, lightning, and rain this evening.

*Wednesday, Feb. 8.*—A thoroughly wet day, and the streets of Maritzburg thick with cloggy mud. This mud, I find, is *the* disagreeable of this place, as the sand was of Durban. Saw Mr. Fearne, the clergy-



man of Richmond, and Mr. Methuen, the late clerical head of our Zulu Missionary party, who found it necessary, on his wife's account, to resign his post in the Mission immediately on landing, and only waited my arrival to follow Mrs. Methuen to England. I was aware of this on the day I sailed: and, supposing that the Mission-company would in the interim have been settled upon the land, (a farm of 6,000 acres, which had been promised by the Government for the purposes of the Mission,) and would already, perhaps, have begun to draw around them a small body of natives, I had intended to have taken, as soon as possible, the place of Mr. Methuen, until some efficient head could be found in the colony, or sent from England to relieve me. But I now learned that the site, originally selected for the Mission Farm, had been exchanged for another, which was considered to have much greater advantages in regard to *situation*, though its capabilities for *agriculture* had not yet been duly ascertained. I despatched, at once, our Mission-Farmer, Mr. Balcomb, to make the necessary examination. Nothing, of course, has yet been done by the Missionaries, except that Mr. Robertson, the catechist, has acquired a considerable power of speaking in the Zulu language, and all have made more or less acquaintance with the habits of the natives.

*Thursday, Feb. 9.*—The mud had disappeared under the sun's influence, and the day was bright and cheerful again. Received many visitors to-day, and had much conversation with Mr. Shepstone on

Kafir affairs. Arranged my plans for holding confirmations.

*Friday, Feb. 10.*—Rode out with Dr. Stanger, the surveyor general, to inspect a site, about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles out of the city, where I might probably obtain from the Government a grant of land, on which to build an episcopal residence. Returned in time for evening prayers, at the end of which I was told that a poor Kafir had just been killed hard by, by the fall of a block of stone upon him, which he was employed in moving. I went down immediately with Mr. Shepstone and Dr. Stanger, to see if we could render any assistance in this case. We found the corpse just extricated from under the heavy mass of stone. One or two Kafirs were standing by with the deepest sorrow expressed in their dark faces. One, it appeared, was the brother of the dead man; and, when Mr. Shepstone spoke to him in his own tongue a few words, the poor fellow heaved such a sad, deep sigh, and showed such unmistakeable signs of his brotherly affection, that it drew the bond sensibly closer which binds me to the race.

About dusk I was told that Ngoza was waiting to pay his respects to me. I happened to be dressing at the time, and was naturally unwilling to keep any one waiting, so was making what haste I could in donning my apparel. But I was told there was no necessity whatever for this—that, in fact, it would be quite the thing to keep him waiting for some time—he would, as a matter of course, expect it—time was of no consequence to him, and he would amuse

himself, somehow or other, in the court-yard until I came out. In due time, I stepped out to him, and there stood Ngoza, dressed neatly enough as an European, with his attendant Kafir waiting beside him. I said nothing (as I was advised) until he spoke, and, in answer to a question from Mr. Green, said that he was come to salute the inKos'. "Sakubona," I said; and with all my heart would have grasped the great black hand, and given it a good brotherly shake: but my dignity would have been essentially compromised in his own eyes by any such proceeding. I confess it went very much against the grain; but the advice of all true Philo-Kafirs, Mr. Shepstone among the rest, was to the same effect—viz. that too ready familiarity, and especially shaking hands with them upon slight acquaintance, was not only not understood by them, but did great mischief in making them pert and presuming. Accordingly, I looked aside with a grand indifference as long as I could, (which was not very long,) and talked to Mr. G., instead of paying attention to the Kafir's presence. Mrs. Green then came at my request, kindly to assist in communicating with him; and speaking in Dutch to her Kafir maid, who spoke in Kafir to Ngoza, she told him from me, that "I was glad to see him, and hoped to see him again at his kraal, under the Table Mountain, in about a month's time."—"He would be very glad indeed to see me,"—with some words of special compliment. I bade him come for a blanket to-morrow, and then dismissed him with "*hamba kahle*—walk pleasantly," to

which he replied with "*tsala kahle*—sit pleasantly;" and so our interview ended.

Ngoza is Mr. Shepstone's head man, and, though not an hereditary chief, has acquired considerable power, and is practically a chief of as much authority as any in the district, which he owes partly to Mr. Shepstone's patronage, partly to his own modest and amiable character. There are, probably, (by reason of refugees having flocked to him, who had left their own chiefs behind,) more pure Zulus under Ngoza than under any other chief in Natal. He once asked Mr. Shepstone if he might attend the Church Service, and did so for the first time on Easter Day. He was much impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, and with the music and singing especially; and, as he came out, he observed to Mr. S. in Kafir, "You seem to have a very select congregation here." "Select! what do you mean?" "Oh, none of our friends in the town—none of those who cheat the Kafirs." He goes, I am told, somewhere or other, to a place of Christian worship every Sunday, when in Maritzburg, attended by some ten or twelve of his followers: and from all I have seen of him, and from conversations I have had with him, I should hope that he is "not far from the kingdom of heaven." But alas! there is no room for him, or his kind, in the Government schoolroom on Sundays; not even for the white population of the town. At present, the Kafirs *must* go, if they desire to worship the One True and Living God *on Sundays*, to the Wesleyan or some other service.

*Saturday, Feb. 11.*—A close and sultry day ; the inhabitants complain of it, as more than usually oppressive. Everywhere, however, I have the same replies to my inquiries, “How do children thrive here?” “Excellently well—of all ages.” Made out with Mr. Shepstone a route of visiting among the Kafir chiefs. In the evening sent for Ngoza, and gave him a purple blanket, with which he was greatly delighted. After holding it up, and looking at it on all sides, he gave it into the care of his attendant, and then said something to me, I have no doubt, highly complimentary, but out of which I could only gather the word 'nKos'. However, I was told he wanted to kiss my hand, the palm of which I graciously extended, and a hearty smack he gave it. Went up with Mr. Jenkins to the camp at Fort Napier, to visit a sick soldier at his request. He had been brought up, I found, as a Wesleyan, and received attention also from Mr. Pearse, the Wesleyan minister. He was now very ill—in fact, dying—of dysentery, and truly thirsting, I believe, for the living stream of God's Word. Poor fellow ! the tears ran down his face while I talked to him.

The view of Maritzburg from Fort Napier is very beautiful. The town is very regularly built, (as all towns founded by Dutchmen are,) in the form of a rectangle, and consists of eight wide streets, each a mile and a half long, running parallel to one another in one direction, crossed at right angles by seven others, each three quarters of a mile long. A Norfolk person would form a very good idea of a

street at Maritzburg, by imagining the street of Long Stratton, with its white houses and shops—some large and some small, some good and some bad, interspersed with plots of garden ground, and here and there with trees in front of them—continued in a perfectly straight line for a mile and a half. Only in Maritzburg the gardens are larger and more numerous, sometimes green fields, of two or three acres or even more, by which two adjacent houses are separated. The trees also are more thickly planted, and some of them, especially the willows, are very fine in their growth, though only eight or ten years old. And it must never be forgotten that, on each side of each of the eight streets, which run the whole length of the city, there flows a clear, ever-running stream of water. The hills around Maritzburg are not picturesque, except where the Zwart Kop rises on one side, at the distance of five miles, and the remarkably fine Table Mountain on another, at the distance of twelve miles. The heights near the town were all green to the summit when I first looked upon them; though, I am told, they will look black for a time, when the grass is burnt at the end of the summer. (Six weeks later, before I left Maritzburg, I saw the first fires of the season creeping along the hills on one side of the town, and making a beautiful illumination in the darkness of the evening. When they are lit up in this way on all sides, forming a circle of light around the city, the appearance must be very striking.) In the kloofs, or hollows, high up in these hills in one

direction, there were rich velvet-like patches observable of a deeper green, where the "bush" yet lingers. These are not touched by the fire, which, from the conformation of the ground, passes over or around them.

*Sunday, Feb. 12.*—A pleasant cool day—delightfully cool. Preached twice in the government school-room, morning and evening. Went to the camp in the afternoon, with Mr. Jenkins, who is acting, at present, as military chaplain to the troops in this place. By so doing, however, I missed the inspection of Miss Barter's Kafir class, (of which I had not been told,) and Mr. Shepstone's address to them. This lady, who has gone out to Natal with the desire to devote herself eventually to missionary labours among the Zulus, has already acquired their language, and is able to converse with them freely. On Sunday afternoons she has a number of young men and women, engaged as servants in the town, to whom she gives catechetical instruction in a very interesting and effective manner. The Kafirs invariably give some name of their own to any one who is brought into some special relation with them, as master, teacher, or superior in any way; and these names are often very ingeniously formed, to express some peculiarity in their personal appearance, manners, character, or office. Thus, a tall, slight, English lad received the name of *umKonto*, or "Javelin:" an English lady is very likely to be distinguished by the title of "the great white elephant,"—the *greatness*, however, it may be as well to add,

having reference to her *dignity*, not her *dimensions*. Miss Barter once rejoiced in this appellation ; but it has latterly been exchanged by them for one far more appropriate, namely, *No-musa*, “Mother of Mercy.”

*Monday, Feb. 13.*—The weather still cool and refreshing. Rode with Dr. Stanger to visit the Mission station of Mr. Allison at Edendale, about five miles from Maritzburg. We got out of the town, and down into the valley of the Little Bushman’s River, where we found the road in some places broken and very bad, with deep quags of mud here and there in the middle of it, in some of which a horse would have sunk down to his middle. However, it was easy enough to avoid these in daylight by attention to the path. By and by, we crossed the river, the first I have had to ford in South Africa; and at length reached the cultivated lands of the Mission. On our way we passed a field, where three Kafirs were ploughing: one led the horse, another walked behind and whipped it, the third very cleverly turned up a regular furrow. There was no white man by; the work was going on entirely by themselves. Large crops of mealies (Indian corn) waved around us, as we drew near to the station. Natives of all ages were sitting in groups, as we passed along, at the doors of their little houses, or *huts*,—for their habitations at present scarcely deserve a better name, as their removal to this site is recent, and they have been too much occupied in paying for the land they have purchased, to have bestowed much labour upon the improvement of their abodes. At the







door of the Mission-house we received a hearty welcome from the excellent missionary and his wife.

Mr. Allison was formerly stationed in the Bechuana country, and afterwards at Indaleni, in this colony, in connexion with the Wesleyans. Having separated from that body for some reason, he has purchased this station, comprising 6,000 acres of good land, very pleasantly situated in the bosom of some fine hills, which also belong to it; and here he devotes himself to improve the condition of the 500 or 600 Kafirs who constitute his people. The peculiarity of Mr. Allison's position is this, that the land is not bought for himself, but for his natives, and paid for by their labour. It cost 1,300*l.* to purchase it, for which Mr. Allison became responsible. The property was then divided into 100 shares at 16*l.* each, namely, 10*l.* for a suburban lot of about an acre, and 6*l.* for a town lot of about a rood, (these being, of course, both cultivable pieces of ground,) with as much of Kafir ground for mealies as they please, and the right of grazing over the unenclosed portion. Almost all the purchasers have now paid for their shares, and some of them have bought several. There were about 420 Christians on the estate, (many of whom had been for years with Mr. Allison, before he removed to this station some three years ago, to which fact it is probable that the remarkable success of his experiment is in some measure owing,) and 160 heathens, who were allowed to purchase allotments, and live

among the rest, but were required, of course, to abandon their grosser native habits.

We had first some interesting conversation upon Missionary matters, in the course of which Mr. Allison warned me not to bring out any Missionaries, who were not of the right stamp—elevated, self-denying, self-sacrificing men; and especially to look to their *wives*, for these often ruined a Mission by their tempers and animosities, breaking up the harmonious action of their husbands. “In short,” said he, “this you will find to be the great difficulty, that the Kafirs will pay honour to one only of the Missionary body; all the others they will regard as subordinate. With the Kafir, every one is either *inKose* (chief) or *inJa* (dog); and many, who think they ought all to be placed on terms of perfect equality, cannot brook that others should receive this distinguishing honour, rather than themselves or their husbands.”

Mr. Allison then took us to look at a new water-mill, which he had just erected, for grinding meal-corn into meal. Of this he was deservedly proud: he had erected it entirely by the help of the Kafirs on the premises, except that an Englishman cut the stones for him. It was now wholly managed by two Kafirs, one of whom, Daniel, was a cheerful, intelligent-looking fellow, of (perhaps) twenty-five years of age, who had been with Mr. Allison twelve years, and whose first attempts at *book-keeping* I inspected, commencing at Feb. 1, 1854. There were entries of the sale of meal,—*6d.* to Sally, *1s.* to Johannes,

&c., and very neat they were. Daniel was dressed like any decent Englishman, in trousers, jacket, and good black hat, and, as Mr. Allison assured me, he "had the feelings of an English gentleman, and during twelve years had never been known to commit an immoral action." The other miller, Kombas, was still a heathen, but a well-conducted, hopeful, person. In fact, "his conduct," Mr. A. said, "was exemplary." This man had a great genius for mechanics, had made a wooden gunlock, and was particularly fond of drawing. I carried away with me several of his drawings, and among them one sheet of paper, which he had filled with figures of common things around him, expressly for my own use, and at my own desire, while I was talking with his *umFundise* (teacher). They were rude enough, and somewhat deficient in perspective, but still very ingenious, and showed decided talent. Kombas had a very conspicuous twist in his neck, which he got while an infant, when his kraal was attacked and destroyed (most probably by Chaka), and he was rolled into a mat by his mother, and laid under a rock. In this position a poor woman of his tribe, mortally wounded, fell upon him, and so caused the injury. Mr. A. told me that, "having been among many tribes of South Africa, he had never seen a finer race than those of Natal." He said, also, "They were very affectionate." The men of the same kraal are called "brothers." If the brother of a Kafir servant comes to his master's house, the latter will be sure to divide his food and

comforts with him. But a gentleman of Maritzburg told me, that he would often leave his house with a single Kafir in it, and everything perfectly exposed : not a single thing of his would be taken. The plate would be open ; the *meat* and other *scoff* (food), which the Kafirs are so fond of, would be within his reach ; his *brothers*, two or three, would be sure to come to chat and to sing with him ; but nothing whatever would be touched without the master's leave.

We now went to the chapel, the bell having been rung to call the people in for service. A most gratifying sight it was, to walk up through the large assemblage of black people, all seated on the ground—the front rows consisting of well-dressed men, all Christians, and the back of heathens, but still in decent costume. There were present also, I remarked, many young mothers with their infant children, who formed a very interesting portion of the assembly. When all was hushed, Mr. A. gave out a hymn in Kafir,—one, I believe, of a Wesleyan collection. It was sung to the tune of Shirland, and very harmoniously. The sound of the women's voices, as they rose with a swell in one part of it, was very touching, and is still lingering in my memory. After this, Mr. A. called upon one of his front men, (who have all, I believe, been with him for many years,) to pray, which he did very earnestly. I was told afterwards, that he prayed especially for me, and for a blessing on my ministry, having been informed by Mr. A. upon what mission I was come. Then, very unexpectedly to myself, I was requested

to address them, which I did in English, while Mr. A. interpreted; and a most attentive congregation I had, while for the first time I preached in many heathen ears, as well as in those of my black brethren in the faith, the unsearchable riches of Christ. I spoke for, perhaps, ten minutes; but they told me afterwards that I "had only put a piece of sugar-stick into their mouths, and taken it away again;" and that "the length of my speech did not at all correspond to the length of my journey."

Our next scene was a private interview with the twelve chief men of the station, who came into the dining-room and seated themselves, some on chairs, some on the floor, ready to converse on any subject whatever. They formed a very interesting group, with much variety of intelligence in their black faces. One, who sat at their head, was certainly a very plain man in countenance, but there was an earnest seriousness in his face, which drew at once your attention, and assured your affection, to him. This man, Johannes, was (Mr. A. told me) "a very wise man. Whenever he spoke every mouth was closed, and his judgment, which was never given hastily, was sure to guide the rest." He had been one of Dingaan's soldiers, and described to me the bloody proceedings of that king. Another was a young chief, a very handsome, noble-looking fellow. A third was a half-caste, of slave origin, with a face that might have been easily mistaken for a white man's. This was a thoroughly good man, who had a cottage in the town, where he sheltered for a

time any miserales of his own race he met with, and tried to teach them the Truths of God. A fourth, named Job, Mr. A. called his "philosopher." He "had deep thoughts upon many subjects," and made some curious remarks in the course of our conversation. Having observed the time and labour spent in constructing the water-mill, Job said, "Well! I always thought that Noah was very slow in his building of the Ark, but now I understand it all." Talking of Kombas' skill in drawing, Job thought that everybody could be taught to draw. He was told that there was skill in different matters given by the Great God to different persons, and that not everybody had ability for drawing. "Were Mrs. Allison's Kafir children taught to draw?" "No." "What!" he said, "taught so much, and not taught to draw?" He compared the condition of himself and his people, in their heathen state, to animalcules in a pond at the top of a hill. "There," said he, "the creatures are for a while, frisking about and enjoying themselves; then the pond dries up, and they are gone!"

After a while, we got into pretty general talk on Missionary matters—the Kafirs always observing the admirable law of never speaking two at a time. I found, as I had been led to expect by Mr. Allison, that his people were unanimous in their disapproval of the word for God, now commonly in use among the Missionaries—*uTixo*,—which, they said, "had no meaning whatever for the Kafirs. They used it because they found it in their Bibles; but it was not



a word of their language at all." "The proper word for God was *iTongo*, which meant with them a Power of Universal Influence—a Being under whom all around were placed." "For instance," said one, "if we were going on an expedition, we should, in ordinary circumstances, have trusted to our household gods, which we call *amaHlose*; but if some unusual danger of the desert threatened us, or if a violent storm terrified us, we should throw these away, and trust in *iTongo*. All the Kafir tribes, whether on the frontier or to the north, would understand *iTongo*; but the latter would have no idea whatever of what was meant by *uTixo*, though the former are now used to it through the Missionaries."

I may here mention, before I pass on, that, having received this important information, I resolved to direct my inquiries especially to this point, whenever opportunity should be afforded me, in my intercourse with the Kafirs of the district. The conclusion to which I have come, (and for which the Journal, as it proceeds, will sufficiently supply the reasons,) is, that these Kafirs were undoubtedly right in condemning the word *uTixo*, as one utterly without meaning in the Kafir tongue, besides containing an odious click, indicated by the letter *x*, which is not to be pronounced as the English *x*, but by thrusting the tongue against the teeth at the side of the mouth, and suddenly withdrawing it. The origin of this word is very uncertain; but it is said to be the name of a species of mantis, which is called "the Hottentot's god." At all events, it would seem that

Dr. Vanderkemp, who first laboured among the Hottentots some sixty years ago, adopted this word in his teaching as the name of God; and the Wesleyan and other Missionaries have carried it from west to east, first among the British Kafirs, and now among the tribes of Natal. Meanwhile, they have scarcely noticed at all two names, which the Kafirs have of their own for the Deity, and which in their language have most expressive meanings. Here, however, as my further inquiries convinced me, Mr. A.'s Kafirs were in error. It is true that all the Kafirs of the Natal district believe in iTongo (plural, amaTongo) and amaHlose; and it is very likely that the former may be regarded as having the universal *tribal* influence they spoke of, in distinction from the limited *family* influence of the latter. (It did not occur to me to press *this* inquiry.) But these words are certainly used by them only with reference to the *spirits of the dead*—not to the Great Being, whom they regard as their Creator; and the difference in question may arise from iTongo being used for the spirit of a dead *chief*, and amaHlose only of the departed parents (or friends) of any particular household. These spirits, as I have already mentioned, are believed to visit them at times in the form of snakes, for the purpose of giving counsel or warning. Hence they are very careful about killing snakes. On one occasion, Capt. Struben told me, he was present in a hut, belonging to a Kafir woman of rank, the wife of a chief, when a large snake made its way in at the door, and

slid away under some clothing. His companion wished to kill it ; but the magistrate, being better acquainted with the superstitions of the people, was afraid of angering the lady of the hut, and asked her permission to destroy it. " O yes ! " she said, " kill it, if you like ; I am not expecting any *friends* to-day."

The true words for the Deity in the Kafir language—at least in all this part of Africa—are *um-Kulunkulu*, literally, The Great-Great One = The Almighty, and *umVelinqange*—literally, The First Comer-Out = The First Essence, or, rather, Existence. It will be seen, as my narrative proceeds, that in every instance, whether in the heathen kraal, amidst the wildest of savages, or in the Missionary station, in the presence of the teacher, who was himself surprised at the result, my inquiries led me invariably to the same point—namely, that these words have been familiar to them from their childhood, as names for Him ' who created them and all things,' and as traces of a religious knowledge, which, however originally derived, their ancestors possessed long before the arrival of Missionaries, and have handed down to the present generation. The amount of unnecessary hindrance to the reception of the Gospel, which must be caused by forcing upon them an entirely new name for the Supreme Being, without distinctly connecting it with their own two names, will be obvious to any thoughtful mind. It must make a kind of chasm between their old life and the new one to which they are invited ; and it must be

long before they can become able, as it were, to bridge over the gulf, and make out for themselves, that this strange name, which is preached to them, is only the white man's name for the same Great Being, of whom they have heard their fathers and mothers speak in their childhood. This evil, it will be seen, has been felt both by the American and Norwegian Missionaries. Mr. Allison objects to the name uTixo, and adopts uYehova, the Hebrew name for God. I cannot account for his people not even naming to me the other two names, umKulunkulu and umVelinqange, which, *in every other instance*, were given to me at once by the natives. They might have done so, if I had asked for them ; but, at the time of my visit to them, I was not myself alive to the importance of the question. (The q, in the latter of the two words above given, is also a click, to be pronounced by putting the tongue to the *roof* of the mouth, and suddenly withdrawing it, producing a sound similar to that we use in speaking to a horse. A third is denoted by e, and is produced by thrusting the tongue to the root of the upper fore-teeth, and suddenly withdrawing it, by which a sound is occasioned like that which we make to express *dissatisfaction* or *regret* for anything having happened. In the *Zulu-Kafir* tongue there are only these three clicks, and these do not occur frequently: in the *British-Kafir* tongue there are many more varieties of these disagreeable sounds, all of which they have borrowed from the Hottentots, with whom, and still more with the Bushmen, in

their natural state, every word almost contains a cclick. The Hottentots, however, as now found *within* the Cape Colony, speak almost universally the Dutch language.)

They spoke of *witchcraft*—that “for one suspected of it there was no rest, no escape. The curse would follow him when he leaves his tribe—and not only him, but every member of his family,—till all were exterminated.” It should be observed, however, that the English word *witchcraft* very imperfectly expresses the offence of the *umTakati*, which word is used to denote generally a *criminal* of the grosser kind—more especially one, who is supposed to have attempted or actually caused the death of another, oftentimes his chief, by poisoning. It appears certain that the Kafirs are acquainted with the powers of many noxious herbs, of which Europeans know nothing: and, although a cruel chief may often abuse the skill of the *inYanga* (medicine-man, or witch-doctor) of the tribe, to point out some unfortunate being as the cause of sickness or death in his own family, or among his people, in order that he may “eat him up” and take possession of his cattle, yet it can hardly be doubted, from all that I have heard, that the persons thus accused are not unfrequently really guilty of some grave offence or other, and deservedly punished.

Witchcraft and polygamy, they said, were the two great obstacles to the spread of the Gospel among them; and both must be done away. “But, in order to commence a mission, do not promulgate

laws about such things, but begin to teach. For a missionary must be like an experienced hunter. He must not show himself, and frighten the game away : but he must get around them, and so catch them."

At last I asked them, "What message should I take to England for them?" One of them said, "Tell the good people of England that we have innumerable friends, wandering like lost sheep, and that we shall be very grateful, if they will send herders and watchers to save them." Hereupon Johannes gravely shook his head, and intimated that this message did not quite satisfy him. All evidently deferred to him, while, in a very dignified manner, he delivered himself of the following :

"When you come to your friends at home, please to convey our salutations to the righteous people there. We praise them for their act in sending a person out to this country to teach our people. While yet we were in darkness, many prayed for us. God made a passage over the sea. They stretched forth their hand to us, and we have received blessings through them. Jehovah heard them, and on account of their prayers there are now those in this land who know his name. Now, to-day, let them not be weary. There are more sheep yet : let them not tire ; let them put up more prayers, more and mightier than the former, for the multitude still left."

It was now tea-time, and all were dismissed, except Johannes and another, who were kept to talk with us. Mrs. A. gave a cup of tea to each of them,

which they took as politely as possible ; but it was only on very rare occasions, I found, that they were thus indulged. One of them was then asked to tell me the story of a Kafir woman, as he had heard it from her own lips, when he met her upon some occasion near the Ilovu, where she was now residing. But the reader must imagine for himself the gestures and animation with which it was told. “ In one of the Zulu marauding expeditions, the soldiers seized this woman at one of the villages, and one of them forced her to follow him as his baggage-carrier. They went on to a large kraal, where the army spent the night ; and she, being sent to the stream to fetch water for her master, took the opportunity to run away, and hid herself in the ‘bush,’ and for the present escaped her persecutors. The Zulu army, however, divided into sections, scouring the country, and ravaging in all directions ; and by-and-bye they came upon her in the ‘bush,’ laid hold upon her, and recognised her. ‘Is not this the same?’ said one. So they took her, and made her go on with them ; and her former master said to her, ‘I have a great mind to stab you to-day, because you ran away from me last night ;’ and he did give her a stab ; but his spear slid along her shoulder-blade behind her back, and stuck in the ground. Then another man made her carry his bundle ; and he, too, sent her at night to get water for him. In the place where they now were there was no ‘bush ;’ but she crept into an ant-eater’s hole. Being, however, rather a stout person, she could not get

into it *neatly*: her feet stuck out behind. In this position she was when the day broke. The army was soon in motion, and the woman detected. They came, and cudgelled her legs, until she came out; and then they threatened to finish her. But a third man said, 'No! she shall carry my baggage.' He sent her also for water at night; and a third time she ran away; and now she was sure that, if she were again caught, her life would certainly be sacrificed. She started off, and ran on, until she reached the place from which they originally took her; and here she lived with her friends in the kraal. But the army came, surrounded and destroyed it. She crept into a hollow tree in the centre of the town, where she was nearly suffocated by the smoke of the burning huts. Moreover, the stench of the burning bodies of the townspeople was insufferable, and she could not any longer endure it. Seeing, however, in what direction the thick volume of smoke rolled itself, and knowing that the Zulu warriors would open a space in their ranks to let it pass, (for the smell of a burning corpse is peculiarly offensive to a Kafir,) she crawled along the line of smoke, and so managed to escape the notice of the enemy, and to get outside their line. Still the different divisions of the army were spread over all the country. It was impossible to get clear away from them. She climbed up into a very high tree: but even there some of them caught a glimpse of her upon one of its highest branches. Several assegais were thrown at her, and one passed over her loins.



However, she escaped through all, and at length came under the teaching of the Missionaries at the Indaleni station. She said to Mr. A.'s young men, that now she knew there must be a God, who had protected her, and that her story was a proof of an over-ruling Providence."

After tea I had in the children. There were seventy-two in all, forty of them in the room, five belonging to Johannes, who governs them admirably. They were fine children, with well-formed, intelligent foreheads—those from the coast of a lighter colour, those from the interior of a deeper black. From the back of one little maid peeped out two sharp bright eyes, which were those, I found, of her infant sister, suspended over her shoulders in a bag. I wrote on their slates for several the text, "Suffer little children, &c.;" and very anxious they were to get the copy set to them. After writing a dozen copies at least, I summoned the others to read in the New Testament,—in which they each read a verse, very fairly. But I knew that, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, (Mr. A.'s mind during the last two years and a half having been painfully occupied with money-matters, as he had to become responsible for so large a sum, (1,300*l.*,) for the purchase of the land,) not much attention had been paid of late to the educational proceedings of the Mission; and I did not question them much upon what they read. In fact, *they* were reading English, which they only understood imperfectly, and I did not understand Kafir at all. Their *hemming* was capital: since

December they had hemmed the borders of fifty-one dresses. These children were under the instruction of a young lady, a niece of the Missionaries: and they did such credit to her teaching, that I was well pleased to leave with her a small donation for the purchase of books and slates, of which they stood much in need, out of a sum placed at my disposal by a friend, without restriction to *Church* purposes. At last, towards evening, I broke away from this interesting spot, and rode back to Maritzburg. I may add, that a very respectable trader of the town told me, that he would at any time take a note-of-hand of one of Mr. Allison's Kafirs for 100*l.*, when he would decline many a white man's for 1*l.* They would come, perhaps, twelve at a time, and buy goods to that amount, and one would give a note for it.

Mr. Green gave me another illustration of Kafir honesty. A strange Kafir once came to him, and asked him to lend him 1*l.* for some purpose of his tribe, (probably to pay their taxes,) promising to work it out for him. The money was lent; the man came to work, but soon fell ill. A medical man was called to him; but he did not like him, and, at length, went away—likely, as Mr. Green thought, to die before he got many miles from the town. Mr. Green knew nothing about him, or the place where he lived: but, after some time, he heard that he was very sick at his kraal. However, it seems, he recovered; and, full twelve months after his first coming, he presented himself again for employment. Mr. Green was not then in want of a servant: but

the man said "he must go somewhere and work, in order to pay his debt." He did so, and in a month or two he came once more, and faithfully paid his 1*l*.

*Tuesday—Friday, Feb. 14—17.*—Occupied in making calls from house to house, and in inspecting a site about 3½ miles from town, where I might probably obtain from the Government a grant of unoccupied land, upon which to build an episcopal residence.

*Saturday, Feb. 18.*—This evening I attended a meeting of the church people in Maritzburg, to consider the measures to be taken for completing the church. I found that some progress had been made in the building, which was being very substantially erected with freestone of good quality, and in excellent style, after designs by Mrs. Gray, and under the able superintendence of the Rev. J. Green. But the work had not yet surmounted the windows, and was advancing very slowly indeed, for want of funds. About 1,250*l*. had been already spent upon it, of which more than 900*l*. had been contributed in Maritzburg itself, with its small population of 1,800—a fact sufficient to evidence the earnest goodwill of the people, more especially at a time, when the whole colony has been suffering great depression in mercantile affairs, from which it is only just recovering. It was estimated that, for the completion of the present design, and fitting up the building for public worship, an additional sum of 2,000*l*. would be required: and towards this I had, before leaving England, obtained a grant of 500*l*. from

the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, with the condition, that it should be met by 500*l.* more, subscribed in the colony. I was satisfied, from the heartiness expressed at this meeting, that there would be no doubt about this condition being complied with, on the part of the people of Maritzburg. But I was grieved to be obliged to tell them, that the plan of their church was too *small*, to allow of my claiming on their behalf the grant of the Society, which was made upon the understanding that this was to be a more capacious building—large enough for the purposes of a cathedral church, or, at all events, for the necessities of the ordinary population of the town. It appeared, however, that the design only contemplated room for 270 persons—excluding, therefore, of necessity the great body of the *white* inhabitants, however much disposed they might be to join in the services of the Church of England, and conform or return to her discipline ; and equally excluding the possibility of a few poor Kafirs crowding in even at the door, to witness the ceremonials, and, it may be, to be influenced by the solemnities, of her devout and holy worship. This feeling, I found, was shared generally by those present. They had begun their small building at a time when they had no resident bishop, nor any expectation of having one. They had desired to erect it, not, indeed, with extravagant display, or costly expenditure upon unnecessary decorations, but yet of a character corresponding, in some measure, to its position, as the principal church of the whole district ; and, in point

of fact, there is not one in all South Africa, which, for correctness and chaste simplicity of style, will surpass the little church of Maritzburg. But, on account of its small dimensions, as at present designed, I was obliged to recommend that some plan should be considered for enlarging it; and it was decided, on the suggestion of Mr. Green, that this could be best accomplished, by regarding the present building as a chancel, and adding to it a nave and two small transepts, which might be built of durable materials, but in as plain and inexpensive a style as possible, consistent with the harmony of the whole edifice. It was estimated that the chancel might be completed at once for public worship, and the rest of the plan carried out in the course of the next two or three years, at a total expense of 4,000*l.*; towards which sum additional subscriptions of the inhabitants might be reckoned upon to the amount of about 1,000*l.*, making altogether nearly 2,000*l.* from a small, and comparatively poor, but willing population. For the remainder I must appeal on their behalf to the charity of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and of those wealthier members of the Church in England, who may consider the facts of the case to be such, as to make it deserving of their sympathy and assistance.

Our Mission farmer, Mr. Balcomb, came up from our new ground to-day, to report that the land was quite unsuitable for agricultural purposes. With the advice of Dr. Stanger, I have determined to apply for a grant of land, distant about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles

from Maritzburg, contiguous to the spot which we saw on Thursday and approved of. It happens that the Crown has here a plot of 8,500 acres unoccupied. I intend to apply for 6,000 acres of this for the Mission farm, in accordance with the direction of His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, that such a grant should be made wherever we selected the land, upon property of the Crown not otherwise occupied. The remaining 2,500 acres I am advised to ask for, as an endowment of the Bishopric, which in the course of years may become valuable, though at present the gift would only entail expense in bringing it into cultivation.

On many accounts—I may say, on every account—this plan (of building the Mission premises, and carrying on the Mission work, in close connexion with the Bishop's own residence) would be most desirable. He would thus be in daily communication with the Mission, superintending its movements, supplying its deficiencies, correcting its mistakes, stimulating its industry, sharing its labours, and realizing its difficulties. He would thus become acquainted—himself and his family—with the language and habits of the natives, and be able to discharge in an infinitely more effective manner the special Missionary work, with a view to which, undoubtedly, this Bishopric has been founded, than he could do if the Mission were planted at a distance of thirty or forty miles away from Maritzburg. No doubt, in such a case, he might visit the Mission from time to time; but a visit would be useless,

unless prolonged, at least, for two months; and even that would very imperfectly satisfy the wants of the case; and, meanwhile, he would be altogether neglecting the white population. *Now* he would be able, if necessary, to be daily in Maritzburg, and yet daily also at home in the Mission. Imagine, too, the helplessness and solitariness of our Missionaries, at their very first arrival, fresh from England, strangers and inexperienced, set down, with their wives and children, far away from all civilized life, in the midst of the savage wilderness of heathenism! How much time would, of necessity, be wasted before they could feel at home, and be able calmly to set about their work! And then, instead of being regarded with respect by the natives with whom they came in contact, it is certain that, during the first few months, or even years, of their residence among them, and before they could have mastered their language sufficiently to be able to converse with them freely in their own tongue, they would be in danger of being met, by these rude but quick-witted heathens, with actual ridicule and contempt. I remember to have seen an indication of this one day in a heathen kraal, where a number of young women were sitting together, and making remarks on passing events, which, through the interpretation of a friend, who was standing by me, and had the most perfect knowledge of the Kafir language, I was enabled to understand and appreciate. An Englishman, who had come on some business of Government, but whose acquaintance with their language was very imper-

fect, had just left the party, and was replaced by my friend, who began immediately to converse with them. Whereupon, one of the young ladies was heard to say—"This is something like a man. What's the use of sending us such a thing as that?"

On the other hand, how different will be the position of our Missionaries, when, upon their first arrival, they will be received at such an Institution as this, which we shall hope to found upon the hill of Maritzburg! Here they will learn experience from those, who have been already for some time engaged in the work, and may enter immediately upon the labours of the place. They will find the Bishop, with his family, at hand, to welcome, to counsel, and to comfort them with spiritual advice and daily ministrations of God's Word. Here, too, they will be able to "consider one another, and to provoke unto love and good works"—"not forsaking the assembling of themselves together," for daily worship and the communion of saints—instead of being scattered over the land, a few solitary labourers, some in one spot, some in another, without efficient government, without the power of mutual cooperation, and the strength and support of united action. It appears to me, from all I can learn, that this is the great defect of the Missionary system, adopted in South Africa by the various bodies of Christians; namely, that they do not sufficiently *concentrate* their forces, but seek to cover a large extent of territory, by planting a number of separate stations, each of which is meant to influence its own little



circle of heathens. But, from the causes above mentioned, I am convinced that much of their strength is wasted; and I cannot but believe, that greater results may be expected, and with a far less expenditure of means, from establishing, in the first instance, *one* strong central Institution, of the kind above described, under the immediate eye of the Bishop himself. In this I hope we shall be enabled to practise the younger natives in trades of various kinds, to teach them to cultivate the soil, and learn the value of land, and adopt the habits of civilized life. We shall also make it our endeavour to train servants, male and female, for domestic purposes: and, probably, many Kafir servants, who have out-of-door employments in the neighbouring city, would be disposed to take up their abode on the Mission property; and, while they go in and out for their daily occupations, will leave their wives and children to our care. We should have also the advantage, (to which Mr. Allison's Mission owes so much of its success, in a temporal point of view,) of the Maritzburg market for our produce of all kinds, and of the Maritzburg shops for our purchases. Again, the Mission, being within the reach of an hour's ride from the town, would become, it may be hoped, an object of special interest to its European inhabitants. They would thus become themselves more deeply affected with the sense of their duty towards these poor heathen, whom the providence of God has committed to the charge of this Christian Church and nation, to be taught His Truth, and trained for His

Heavenly Kingdom. The Government, too, would be able to watch more closely and to encourage its proceedings; and we should have the benefit of constant advice and assistance from Mr. Shepstone, or other residents in Maritzburg, well acquainted with the Kafirs. We should be within reach of medical advice from the town. But, indeed, it is part of our plan to provide a *hospital* on the station, (at present there is none in the whole colony,) as well as a chapel and schools, with a native village, and plots of ground attached, for the use of single couples who conform to our rules, homes for the Mission families, and other buildings, including a common hall or dining-room for general purposes. To these must be added an Orphans' Home, in which destitute children, of which there are several in the colony, may be taken under the fostering care of the Church, instead of being left, as now, to the charity of strangers, who, however kindly disposed, are too poor themselves to dispense with the services of those they undertake to rear, and would, in fact, be commonly unable, even if willing, to allow their early days to be devoted to education. Besides a Grammar School in the town, there should be also on the Station a Boarding School for young ladies, both of which in the end would, no doubt, be self-supporting, though they would require at first some aid from the funds of the Bishop. But the benefit in every way, that would be conferred upon the whole diocese by the establishment of such schools, would be immense. And, lastly, here too would be our Theological Col-

lege, in which special training may be given to those, whether native youths or English, who may desire to devote themselves to the ministry of God's Word. And all these different works may go on, as I trust, harmoniously and happily together. (The Government has since granted this tract of land, for the purposes above described.)

*Sunday, Feb. 19.*—At 9 A.M. attended Divine Service with the troops in the Government schoolroom, and preached. At 11, attended Morning Service, and preached. At 3, baptized the first-born of our mission family, the young babe of Mr. and Mrs. Barker, and spoke a few words to Miss Barter's Kafir class, and to the children of the school. Preached again at the Evening Service. Rain had fallen, and more was coming; so the congregation was diminished,—and no wonder. When we came out, the streets were over the ankle deep in thick mud, and the walking was most disagreeable. This will probably now soon be remedied, since Maritzburg has become a borough, by the exertions of the municipal authorities.

*Monday, Feb. 20.*—At 11 A.M. I started, with Mr. Shepstone and Mr. Barter, for a visit to the north of the colony, and the principal heathen tribes in those parts. Mr. Shepstone was attended by *uNgoza*, or *Ngoza*, as he is generally called by Englishmen, dropping the prefix, which is no part of the name, though the laws of Kafir etymology require that proper names shall take usually the prefix *um*, *un*, or *u*. The Lieut.-Governor, Mr. Pine, kindly rode with me up the long hill of five miles, over which the

road passes towards the Klip River division. From the top of this hill we got a very pretty view of the distant city, with its dark-green foliage of trees, in the midst of the lighter green of the grass-covered hills, here and there only marked by a patch of "bush." The absence of trees around Maritzburg is said to be caused by the constant burning of the grass at the end of the summer, by which it has become much finer and richer around the town; but the trees are gone, except in hollows and other spots, where, from the form of the hills, the fire has passed over them. We rode on, with nothing particular to be observed, except that the scenery was still fine in all directions, with distant ridges of remarkable outline; two of which, peaked mountains,—one on either side of us,—are objects, I was told, of superstitious dread to the Kafirs, who never point to them.

In about two hours we arrived at the banks of the Umgeni. The river is generally strong at this ford; and some feet below the drift is a magnificent fall, over which parties, in attempting to cross, have been carried away and killed. There is here the grave of a boy, the son of a man who once lived at the ford, and kept a boat for crossing it. A traveller came one day, and went over in the boat, and the father ordered the lad to ride his horse through the stream. The horse refused, and the boy was afraid; but the father insisted. The animal struggled through to the other side; but the boy was washed off his back, and carried down, and perished in the waters. At the time we crossed, the water was not high, and

we got through very comfortably. Meanwhile, for the last hour, thick black clouds had been gathering all around, and evidently a great commotion of the elements was at hand. We cantered on by a difficult bit of road, and came right in front of the waterfall, 279 feet high, where the whole stream of the Umgeni falls down the perpendicular precipice. We had little time, however, for admiring it; for the tempest was ready to burst upon us, and the clouds were fearfully dark and threatening. We hastened on with all speed to a farm-house nigh by; and hardly had we reached it, and with hurried hands off-saddled our horses, knee-haltered, and turned them to graze, than the first drops fell, and instantly the storm burst upon us, with violent gusts of wind, hailstones like pigeons' eggs, rain, thunder, and lightning, in terrible commixture, for about twenty minutes. During the summer season the neighbourhood of Maritzburg is, I believe, exposed to thunder-storms much more than that of Durban, and every house in the town is provided with a conductor. Yet, after all, this storm was nothing like the one, which devastated the eastern counties of England, and which I witnessed at Cambridge, in the autumn of 1843. We heard afterwards that the full force of it broke over the City. "The river rose fourteen feet in half an hour. Long-Market-street was running like a river; the waves came rolling along it. Such rain and hail has never been seen before in Maritzburg." Bad, therefore, as our storm was, we had escaped the worst of it, and

happily suffered nothing from this. We met with a most friendly reception, and hospitable entertainment, from Mr. and Mrs. Archbell, at whose farm we had stopped, and from whom I learned that there were sixteen heads of families in the neighbourhood, who would willingly, it was thought, contribute to build a small chapel, if a clergyman could be supplied to minister among them. (The Wesleyans, I believe, have since made arrangements for building a chapel here.) Mr. A. told me that he had sown  $1\frac{1}{2}$  muid of wheat in fourteen acres of *new* land, and the produce had been fifty muids.

After about two hours' delay we remounted and proceeded, our party having been augmented by the arrival of a petty chief, *umQundani*, but called, in common parlance, by a Dutch name, Jantjee, who had expressed a very earnest wish to join the expedition, and had received Mr. S.'s permission, from his knowledge of his very useful qualities, when kept under the eye and control of his master; otherwise his zeal was sometimes excessive, and his temper and discretion not to be relied on. I had hired Ngoza's wagon, (for he had come to possess one—a step, this, in civilization,) to carry provisions, food, and clothing for my friend and myself, and supply us with shelter and a bed at night, when circumstances might render it desirable to have recourse to it. But the attendance of Ngoza and Jantjee, as well as that of all the followers, who continued to swell our train as we advanced, was voluntary and unpaid. They were satisfied with the honour

of the service itself; and Jantjee had gone so far in his enthusiasm, that, not having been able to borrow a horse for the occasion, he had actually bought one for 16*l.*; and here he now was, having come on after us with as much speed as possible, and overtaken us at the farm. We found him a very active, and, indeed, very valuable servant, riding before us to warn us of holes, over which his horse twice fell with him,—crossing the rivers in advance, and sounding their depths for us, to find the most fordable places,—clearing away obstructions, and discharging a number of other duties of the most useful kind with zeal and dexterity. After all, however, he was a wild fellow, and not one who could be safely trusted, like Ngoza, beyond the influence of the Inkosi Inkulu—the Great Chief—Mr. Shepstone.

Our route now lay over a rich grass country, and amidst magnificent scenery—only wearying the eye by the very sameness of its grandeur and beauty. We once saw a few small bucks of some kind or other; but this was the only game we met with. And, indeed, it was rather painful to pass over such a vast extent of promising country, quite empty of inhabitants. Assuredly, this land only wants an addition of some 10,000 English people of the right stamp, to be one of the finest and most productive in the whole world. Two classes, or rather three, are specially needed at this time. (1.) Young *gentlemen* of good character, and energy, and ability, with good wives, and some 2,000*l.* in their pockets. These would become at once large landed proprietors here,

(a farm of 6,000 acres of good land may be had at present for 400*l.*.) and would be able to make excellent provision for their families around them. (2.) Small *farmers*, with 500*l.* or 600*l.* These would, at first, rent the farms of others, and use their capital to stock them ; but would ere long be able to buy for themselves. (3.) Honest, industrious *labourers*, who would find immediately abundant employment, and large wages for themselves and their families ; and these, too, would become independent farmers and landholders, before ten years had passed. Now that we shall have, I trust, the due provision of churches and schools, there is every inducement for emigration to a country like this, possessing such stores of hidden, unknown wealth, above and under ground, and blessed with a healthy climate and plentiful supplies of water. Capitalists who would join together to search for minerals, of which there must be large stores in the district—(not, be it hoped, of gold,)—or who would try to bring to perfection the growth of sugar, cotton, indigo, arrowroot, coffee, and the many other valuable articles of commerce, which the soil and variety of climate and temperature would produce, would, I am sure, reap in the end abundant returns for their investments. Coal of the finest quality is found in abundance, but too far as yet from the coast, to make it worth while to bring it down in large quantities, with a very expensive land-carriage. Copper has lately been discovered ; and, within the last few weeks, since I left the colony, large stores of limestone, which had



hitherto been a great desideratum, have yielded themselves to the very first investigations of Dr. Sutherland, who had just been appointed by the Government, to travel through the colony, and report upon its mineralogical qualities.

From the singular variations of temperature in different parts of the country, which rises in four steps or terraces, as it were, of about twenty miles each in width, running parallel to the coast-line, and each characterised by its own peculiar climate and capabilities, there is no doubt that, within this one small colony, may be raised in perfection any kind of product whatever, of the torrid or temperate zones, from the pine-apple and sugar-cane of the Durban or coast district to the wheat-crops and sheep-pastures of the Kahlamba. There is never *frost* at Durban, and seldom *snow* at Maritzburg. At this latter place, however, the rose-hedge in the garden may be seen, in the early morning, hoar with rime in the winter season, when the nights are always cold; but the day-temperature is delicious, and so continues, with hardly a day of rain, for the whole five months of winter. Further inland, the winter is more sharp, and approaches quite in severity at times to a good old English winter. Many sheep and some Kafirs were killed by the cold last year; and early in the season the Kahlamba Mountains are covered with snow. In summer, the heat is certainly oppressive at Durban; but this, I imagine, arises in some measure from the unfortunate site selected for the town, which does not appear to be

salubrious. The average temperature is, no doubt, higher at Maritzburg than it is in England; but, except when the wind blows from the N.W., from the sun-scorched centre of Africa, it is never oppressive, and the air is deliciously cool when the breeze comes from the southward. At all events, I can say, that, during the ten weeks I spent in the colony, in the very height of the summer, I never spared myself, nor felt the need of doing so, riding long distances daily, and in the very heat of the day, as well as sleeping in the open air at night, without any of the evil consequences I should have feared in England. I must except the last week of my sojourn, when, perhaps, over-exertion, and the summer heat of Durban, combined to lay me aside from active work for a day or two. I may add, that, for any families, in which consumption may be dreaded, or may be actually disclosed in some one or other of its members, a speedy removal to Natal would, under God, I believe, be a most beneficial measure. I have had brought directly before me—and can vouch for them—more than one instance of complete restoration, by such a step, from attacks of this malady, which in England would soon have proved fatal. To return, however, from this long digression.

We cantered pleasantly on—the only check to our feet being, as before, the fear of holes, left by the ant-bear in its voracious efforts to get at the rich contents of the numerous ant-hills which covered the ground. There is a particular fern, which almost invariably marks the presence of such

a hole, growing just upon its edge. It is curious, and not easy to be accounted for, that it seems to grow hardly anywhere else: but, wherever you see it, there you learn instinctively to turn aside your horse, and will find a hole close beside it. Its root is said to be an infallible vermifuge: and, doubtless, many valuable remedies are yet to be discovered among the unknown growths of the fields and forests of Natal. We had to get through one or two ugly "spruits," in crossing which, however, we ran the danger, not of being drowned, but of being plunged, if we stepped into a treacherous hole, head over heels, in mud—which would have disfigured the person of our Kafir fore-rider much less than our own. The evening threatened rain, and we were too far from our original destination to hope to reach it (after our two hours' loss of time) before nightfall, especially as the Karkloof had to be crossed, and we heard its waters were high. So at Mr. Barter's advice, we turned aside to the house of another settler—Mr. Parkinson, a Wesleyan from Yorkshire, at whose hospitable door we dismounted, just as the darkness had set in. And, in fact, the last ten minutes' ride had been disagreeable, from our having had to pass several awkward places, and small spruits, in the gloom. Our kind host and his wife most heartily welcomed and refreshed us; and, after Evening Prayer, with an exposition of Scripture, as usual, I retired to a bed, which was prepared for me—the only one of our party, who was so far able to be accommodated—in a spare room.

The upper part of one side of it was open to the kitchen; and I had the satisfaction of hearing our Kafirs, who spent the night there, talk themselves to sleep. I should have enjoyed the opportunity, if I had but understood their language sufficiently.

*Tuesday, Feb. 21.*—At breakfast, Mr. P. mentioned that, last September, snow fell in this neighbourhood 18 inches deep, and lay a foot deep for nearly a week. Indeed, every one speaks of the cold winter nights, as naturally as we do in England: but then every one also speaks here of the ordinary winter-weather and day-temperature as *most delightful*. Mr. S. and I started, in advance of our sable friends, about 9 P.M., and got up to our horses' middles in a few minutes, in crossing a little brook near the house—one of those we passed in the gloom of last evening, when it was, as usual, insignificant, but was now swollen with the rain, which had fallen heavily during the night. We expected serious difficulty in crossing the Karkloof, the passage of which is sometimes dangerous, and in attempting it, in fact, two Kafirs had lately been drowned. However, we managed to ford it with more ease than we anticipated; and rode on to the foot of the Karkloof heights, having a fine view of the waterfall, 800 feet high, where the stream descends from the summit, and then goes creeping along in a very tortuous course in the valley, across which we had come. At the foot of the heights we came upon a kraal, out of which Mr. S. summoned the head-man, to show him the way up the steep. And then came the scramble

and the struggle, up this lofty and difficult hill, which was covered thick with shrubs and trees, with occasional patches of bare grass, to the summit. My brave horse did his part well: but, at last, I was obliged to dismount and lead him, the path being almost perpendicular at times, with huge blocks of stone to climb, and all slippery with the rain of yesterday. What a collection of rare beauties might a good botanist make here! But I had no time for such pursuits: and turned away unwillingly from many a lovely flower, which has never yet graced the garden or greenhouse of England. It must have taken us, I think, an hour and a half of stiff exertion to climb this steep: and then Mr. S. dismissed our faithful guide, who had toiled up this difficult path, leaving his own labours, under the broiling heat of the mid-day sun, with the simple praise—"He had done his duty well, and he (Mr. S.) would remember it." This, he said, would abundantly satisfy him: it was all he would desire.

We rode on now for some hours, off-saddling at a brook, where I read a chapter of St. Matthew in Kafir—then on again, through a yet grander country than any I had before seen, since I left Maritzburg, stopping at two farms, one of a Dutch Boer, the other of an Englishman, Mr. Vertue, who, with his young wife, was still living under a sod-hut, where we were refreshed with the usual kindly cup of coffee: but there was every sign in their appearance of cheerful contentment and persevering industry, to which latter characteristic

the admirable piece of sod-fencing, by which their ground was enclosed for cultivation, bore a most decisive witness. We travelled on till about 6 P.M., when we at length came down a long descent to Lotter's farm, on the banks of the Mooi River. We found the Dutchman out; but his good wife received us very hospitably—placing before us a bowl of nectarines, which we found very refreshing after our long ride, and then coffee and tea. The latter was of a kind manufactured expressly for the Cape Colony, and called *Caper* tea; but to an English taste it is not very agreeable.

Here we expected to find our wagon, which had been sent forward on Saturday, with express orders not to travel on Sunday, but to proceed quietly along the main road, and reach this spot on Tuesday evening. It was, as I have mentioned, Ngoza's wagon, and driven by his people: but it contained all our apparatus—beds, bedding, tents, portmanteau, carpet-bags, cooking utensils, supplies of tea, coffee, sugar, &c., crockery, and glass: and, with this at our command, we should have been perfectly independent of any disagreeables or difficulties that might arise from want of a kind host or convenient resting-place. But, alas! misfortunes had befallen it, and had not come alone. Ngoza pronounced that "it was a bad thing, he found, to travel on Sundays." First, having started very late on Saturday, they *did* proceed, contrary to express orders, on the Sunday; and a Kafir was jerked off the shaft, and had his leg broken. Then on

Monday they picked up a saddle in the road, and before long passed a wagon outspanned, to which, no doubt, it belonged. They did not think proper to inquire as to this, but travelled forward with their booty. Presently, they were overtaken by a Kafir, sent forward by the party behind them, an English trader from Durban with his subordinate, who by this time had discovered their loss. He sprang up on the shafts, looked in, saw the saddle, and demanded it; and our people refused to give it up, till the master himself appeared to claim it, and to give them a shilling for finding and taking care of it. Upon this the man returned, and very soon one of the white men rode up in great indignation, drove our Kafirs away, and carried off the saddle, having first turned loose the oxen, and taken out the linchpins, to prevent the wagon moving till his superior had arrived. Hereupon the wrath of *our* men was excited, and their courage seems to have in some measure returned; for they pursued the Englishman, and managed to take away the saddle, which they threatened to keep until the linchpins should be restored. By this time it would seem *both* the Englishmen were at hand; and the master looked on, while the servant not only took away the saddle, (which, of course, he was perfectly justified in doing.) but, on pretence of searching for it and a leathern thong, which they had likewise missed, threw out all *our* goods into the road, smashing our plates, a bottle of wine, &c., and disordering everything we had. After which, still

pretending that he was only making a search for his stolen property, he seized an axe which he found in the wagon, and chopped two or three holes in the side of it, cutting all the reims, or leathern thongs, by which the seats were supported.

In a country, where a man's wagon is considered as sacred as his house in England, a greater outrage of the kind could scarcely have been committed. Heavy rain fell immediately after, by which our goods, exposed as they were, were thoroughly wetted : and thus a serious interruption was made to our carefully considered plans, for performing a long and difficult journey, every daily stage of which had been laid down deliberately beforehand. We could not have ventured to proceed without our wagon ; and, but that we had fortunately allowed ourselves an extra day this week to be spent at Doornkop—a part of our plan we were now obliged to give up—we must have been subjected to the great inconvenience of being a day too late for all our appointments. In this country, a wagon stored with the most valuable goods, or packed, as ours, for an important expedition, must continually be entrusted to the charge of mere Kafirs. And, if every fault of theirs were to be accounted a sufficient reason for wantonly destroying their masters' property, there would be an end to all security for travellers along the high-roads of Natal. It is certainly somewhat strange that the only act of violence, which came under my own *personal* notice, while I remained in the colony, was committed



not by the fierce, untutored, heathen savage, but by educated Christian Englishmen. I need hardly add, that it was sufficiently condemned by the mass of their fellow-countrymen, and, I hope, upon reflection, by the parties themselves.

While I was in the colony, however, two cases of *murder* occurred, each attended with remarkable circumstances. In the first instance, an English master was killed by his Kafir servant. I believe, the white man had struck the Kafir for some fault, overnight, a violent blow upon the eye, and in the morning had again severely scolded him. Enraged at this treatment, in a moody spirit of revenge, the Kafir had rushed away to his kraal, a distance of three miles, brought back his assegai, and stabbed his master to the heart. He then sat down upon a stone, and quietly waited, till his "brother" Kafirs went, and brought their common chief, who seized the criminal, and delivered him up into the hands of the law. He was tried and condemned for the offence, and, long before this, no doubt, has been executed. In the other case, a Kafir servant was killed by his English master. The white man, it appeared, was, though a married man, a dissolute person, who had been to the city on business, and had there indulged in acts of vice, which were reported by his Kafir servant to his fellows on his return home, and by them carried to the ears of his mistress. The Englishman, annoyed at this, had first violently abused the Kafir; and then, when the poor fellow was walking away, without answering a

word, he went into his house, brought out his gun, deliberately took aim, and shot him dead upon the spot. After this, the white man mounted quietly his horse, and rode away; and, though the officers of justice were despatched immediately in search of him, he was actually screened, for two or three weeks, from their inquiries, by others of his countrymen, wood-cutters, as bad as himself, and ultimately succeeded in riding beyond the bounds of the colony, and escaping altogether—at least, for the present—from punishment.

Tidings of the disasters which had befallen our wagon, reached us at Lotter's on Tuesday evening, soon after we arrived,—the messengers having gone to the places, where we had originally intended to have stopped yesterday and to-day, and having had to follow up our track. We gave orders to Jantjee to start as soon as the moon should rise, and fetch up the wagon, which was still lying, where the Englishmen had moved it, off the main road upon a heap of stones, some twenty miles or more from our present resting-place. We had to remain here the greater part of the next day, in the course of which the Boer himself came home, and very pleasantly greeted his visitors. Mr. S. was as fluent with the Dutch as with the Kafir language, and was, therefore, the medium of communication between us. I gave my time, however, chiefly to my Kafir Gospel; and spent some portion of the day in discussing with Mr. S. a translation, which he had made, of the Lord's Prayer, the

Creed, and the 100th Psalm. The Dutch people had a splendid garden, with magnificent hedges of pomegranates, laden heavily with fruit.

*Wednesday, Feb. 22.*—At about 3 P.M. we descried our unfortunate wagon, descending one of the distant hills in view from Mr. Lotter's. It seemed only about two miles off; but, in this country of gigantic dimensions and clear air, distances are very deceptive, and Mr. S. announced too truly that it was still five or six miles off. A weary while it was in coming up to the house, full an hour and a half; and, when it came, it was very plain how hard the poor beasts had been driven. Jantjee was in full force upon the front, brandishing his enormous whip; and though, as he told us, he had not gone to sleep the previous night, fearing that he should oversleep the moonrising, but had "kept himself awake by helping to eat the goat," (which we had given to his companions, and of which nothing but skin and bones was left between them,) he seemed as fresh as ever, and bustled actively about to get our preparations ready for starting. But all idea of time seems to be lost sight of in these matters. Very slow and deliberate were all the movements of the party, in spite of this activity. In the first place, the wagon itself had to be inspected, and talked over at great length. There were the marks, sure enough, of the Englishman's axe, where he had slashed the side and cut the reims in the interior; so that everything was in confusion inside the vehicle, and the benches, instead of being supported by the thongs,

were all pressing upon my portmanteau, and squeezing its contents unmercifully. Next followed an investigation into the said contents, and those of our other various packages. Mr. S. looked after the crockery and eatables, and found a good deal of the former broken to pieces. I opened one of my bags, and first disturbed some score or so of cockroaches of all sizes, which served as an indication that it had passed the night inside a Kafir hut. It had been sent on by hand on Monday morning, after the wagon had left Maritzburg, as it contained my robes, which I had worn on the Sunday, and was taking with me for the Service at Ladismith. The bearer had, no doubt, taken refuge from the rain upon his way, in some kraal of his brethren; but had not been able to reach it, until the rain had penetrated the bag, and thoroughly soaked and discoloured the vestments. These, and many other articles, had to be taken out, and spread upon the grass to dry.

But, at length, our necessary preparations were completed; and, taking leave of our kind Dutch friends, who would have had us stay the night with them, as it was now so late, we started at about five o'clock for Pakade's country. The Chief had been sending for us to Lotter's, both yesterday and today, a party of his Kafirs, to meet and escort us; and we did not wish to disappoint him, and resolved to push on that evening as far as we could, though with little hope of reaching his kraal. He is, in fact, awaiting our arrival, in order to celebrate the

Feast of First-fruits. This, as now observed, is a purely heathen ceremony, but has undoubtedly a right meaning at the bottom ; and, instead of setting our face against all these practices, our wisdom will surely be, in accordance with the sage advice of Gregory the Great, to adopt such as are really grounded on truth, and restore them to their right use, or rather raise them in the end still higher, by making them Christian celebrations. This Feast of First-fruits is their most remarkable annual festival, and it is a royal prerogative to allow of its being kept. Pakade, therefore, has been obliged to send messengers to Maritzburg for leave to celebrate it. It would surely be a step in the right direction, if we could get such a Chief as this to allow of the Lord's Prayer being said by a Christian Missionary before the feast begins, after some explanation had been given to the assembled multitude of the *general* meaning of such an address to the Supreme Being ; while the Chief himself and his counsellors, (with whom a longer and closer conversation might be held,) might be told the *special* meaning of each particular sentence of the prayer. They would thus be taught gradually to connect the idea of thankfulness and reverence to Him, who is the Giver of all goodness, with their duty and habit of coming together to celebrate the fresh returns of His bounty. And, in utter despair of being able, for many years to come, to reach in detail the immense body of natives, who now inhabit this land, so as to supply each particular kraal with the direct and constant teaching of a

Christian Missionary, I cannot but hope that even in this way we may, with the blessing of God, be enabled to make some breach into the stronghold of their heathenism,—more especially if, as I think may be practicable, I make a point of going the circuit annually among the heathen, and officiating myself at this Feast of First-fruits. Mr. S. thinks it would be most desirable, for civil purposes, that a commissioner should be present at the ceremony, and give to it the sanction of the crown of England. With him I might make my visitation of the heathen, as well as of the scattered Christians, of the diocese.

Our train now consisted of Ngoza and Jantjee on horseback, and a follower of the former leading my other horse, with about twenty runners, who carried, one a teakettle, another three plates, a third a basket of tea, coffee, sugar, &c. ; and these latter kept pace with us all along, owing to the broken character of the country, upon which we were now entering, and which obliged us to leave our wagon behind us, and order it to go round another way, and meet us again at an appointed spot a few days hence. We first rode briskly over the grass of the valley, (watching for holes, as usual,) till we reached the bank of the Mooi (or Beautiful) River, whose name, however, is derived from its character much higher up the stream, where the Dutch first fell in with it. Here it was only a muddy current, thirty yards wide, flowing rapidly through a plain, which had no objects of interest about it, except the mountain heights by

which it was girdled. The water came up to and above the bellies of our horses, and was running strong. Our good beasts, however, bore us bravely through. (I may here mention that I had bought one horse for this expedition, a very serviceable but not first-rate animal, for 22*l.* 10*s.*, and hired another ; but I had no idea that the work I should give them would be so violent as I found it.) The distance of Pakade's place from Lotter's was said to be only fourteen or fifteen miles ; and in England we should have thought nothing of such a ride, with nearly two hours of daylight before us. Here, however, it was very different. For the first few miles, we were able to canter along rapidly ; but then the Kafir path we followed became suddenly one of extraordinary difficulty. The surface of the ground, though presenting generally a green appearance, indicative of great fertility, was yet covered with large blocks of stone ; and over these, up and down long steep ascents, for half a mile together at intervals, our poor beasts had to carry us. I know nothing to compare with this part of the country, but the Valley of Rocks in Devonshire.

Hitherto we had found stones in abundance, but no trees—only grass. But now, after a refreshing canter of half a mile, we came into a district thickly studded with the mimosa and other thorns, properly so called, and for length and strength such as nothing I have seen in England could equal. Every now and then, you would find yourself caught, or your coat rent, unless it were of such a texture as to let the thorns slip along it, and refuse their em-

brace ; and you were in imminent danger of tearing your hands and face, unless you kept a strict look-out. A thick cold mist came on at this point, and made our progress more slow and difficult ; and, as the rocky path descended a long stiff hill covered with thorns, we were obliged to dismount, and I gave my horse to a Kafir to lead, while I scrambled down by myself. After getting one or two tumbles, my shortness of sight combining with the increasing darkness, in not allowing me to provide against the abruptness of the path, a good-natured Kafir ran forward, and seized my wrist, and so guided me on and supported me, until another mile or so brought us to the first of Pakade's kraals, at which we had resolved to pass the night. Some time before we reached it, we had heard the voice of our "forerunner," announcing our approach, or rather Mr. Shepstone's, to the inhabitants of the kraal,—“The inKos' is coming—he is coming—he is coming—come out, and see.” So we found the people prepared for our arrival, and were immediately greeted and welcomed by the head-man—who had rather an anxious, care-worn countenance, as if he were somewhat overburdened with the dignity of receiving his unexpected guests. “What should he do for us?” “Get ready a hut immediately,” was the reply. So to work they went, cleansing out a hut for us. Mr. S. inquired “if the floor was sound?” “O yes ! but there are millions of cockroaches.” There was this consolation, that where there are *cockroaches*, there are generally no *fleas*. But there was room for some apprehension



upon this point also, when, hearing, as I thought, the plaintive cry of a young baby, I turned, and found it to be a young *kid*, which was being removed from the hut, to make way for us. In due time, however, the goats and calves were all expelled, with their human companions, and the preparations were pronounced complete; except that there was no time for the usual smearing of the floor with cow-dung, which is a great specific against vermin. So we went down on our knees, and groped our way, one after another, through the small hole, which served for entrance into this Kafir bee-hive.

The interior of the hut, as I found by the light of a candle, was clean enough, except that it truly swarmed with cockroaches. On the floor were spread two clean Kafir rush-mats, on which we laid ourselves, and let the creatures run over us in all directions. There was no help for it. Cockroaches are not really dirty creatures; and, besides, these were not of that formidable size, that you need dread the possibility (as I have been told you may in India) of losing a finger-nail or an eye-brow, by their voracious operations, in the course of a night. I tried to persuade myself that they were not more disagreeable than flies, and so made myself content with their presence. Some eight or ten Kafirs now came in, and seated themselves respectfully around the circular framework of the hut. One of them was the head-man, who made me a present of a cow, which, to the disappointment, I believe, of my troop of followers, but greatly to his own satis-

faction, I returned to him the next morning. Then we had a cup of coffee, which Mr. S. prepared ; and, during this repast, a very interesting conversation took place with the natives around us, mostly our own Kafirs, who, with the exception of the cook, were all heathens. It began with Mr. S. telling them from me, that “ I had been sent by the Queen of England, who loved her black people as well as her white, to see in what condition they were—whether they, and their young children, and young men, were taught what they ought to know, to make them wise, and good, and happy ; and that I was soon going back to England, and should tell to the people there all that I had seen among them.” Then, after they had digested this, and seemed much pleased with it, I asked Mr. S. to talk to them about the Lord’s Prayer, which, I said, “ the Queen of England and all good English people used every day.” He read it to them, sentence by sentence, from our translation ; and it was very interesting to observe with what fixed attention they listened to it, and what rational remarks they made upon it. Those, which struck me most, I put down in pencil as they were uttered, and here reproduce them in the rough disjointed form in which they appear in my note-book.

Ngoza was asked, “ Did he know the Prayer, beginning, *Baba wetu*, &c., Our Father, &c. ?” “ Yes !” “ Did he know Who it was that was there spoken of ?” “ We did not know, until the white people told us.” “ Did he know anything about *umKubunkulu* before ?” “ Yes ; they all knew that everything came

from Him." "Say that I am sent to tell them more about Him."

They said that "amaTongo and amaHlose were certainly not the same as umKulunkulu : for *they* could not be till man was created ; in short, they were departed spirits, but umKulunkulu made all things."

"We've missed the truth by very little, after all : for we pray to *unseen* spirits, and you to one *unseen* Being."

*Ma-la-hlukaniswe iGama lako—Separated (i. e. hallowed) be Thy Name.* "They quite understood this ; they never used the name umKulunkulu *without respect.*"

"The profession of Christianity had been very much hindered," they said, "by persons saying that the world will be burnt up—perhaps, very soon—and they will all be destroyed. They are frightened, and would rather not hear about it, if that is the case." "Tell them," I said, "that I am come to speak to them about their Father in Heaven, Who loves them—Who does them good continually, watches over, and blesses them."

"What do they think of the Prayer?" Ngoza "liked it, the first time he heard it." All agreed that "the thoughts of it were excellent." "They thought that there was a great deal of truth in what the Missionaries said ; but it frightened them to be told such terrible things. Some said the world would be drowned, and only a little bit of it left for them to stand on ; and then they saw the same people going and living wickedly."

“They have understood more to-night than they ever did before.” “Now tell them *Whose* Prayer it is—the *Lord’s* Prayer: for the Great God—umKulunkulu—sent his Son to become a man, and He lived among men, and loved them, and taught them about the Love of their Father in Heaven.” “Their old women had stories something like this.”

“Say now that He is made the *INKOSE EN-KULU*—Great Lord—of all men. One day I shall hope to tell them more about Him, and how He showed His great love to us all, when He lived in this world, and when He died. But now He is living in Heaven, though we cannot see Him, and He is the Lord of us all,—the *UKUMKANI*, Supreme King, Whose Kingdom ruleth over all; and we must obey Him, and try to please Him in all things. It is His Spirit, which puts every good thought into our hearts, and helps us to do every right action.” They have an expressive way, I find, of speaking of a man’s “two hearts.”

They told me of the old Kafir tradition, that “umKulunkulu sent the word of life by a chameleon, and then he sent the word of death by a lizard; but the lizard outran the chameleon.”

They thought that “part of a man” lived after death; but knew nothing about judgment, till the Missionaries told them. “Have they not something within them, which teaches them, that, when a man has done wrong, he ought to be punished?” “Yes; a man’s heart condemns him, when he has done wrong.” “It is reasonable,” one of them observed, “since umKulunkulu made us, takes care of us,

has given us laws, and we must all stand before Him, that we should expect to be punished, if we have done wrong."

"If a man had led a very wicked life, and was grieved because he had done so, what was he to do?"

"To an earthly chief," they said, "he would *confess his fault*, and ask forgiveness."

Before we dismissed our company, we asked them if they would like to use the Lord's Prayer with us, as we were going to say our Evening Prayers. They readily assented; and so we all knelt down together, and I repeated it, first in English, and then in Kafir, while Mr. S. repeated it after me, and the men joined in heartily. How strongly one felt, that this was indeed a Prayer, given us by One, Who knew well what was in man—Who knew what words would suit the wants, and express the hearts' desires, of *human* beings in all conditions and circumstances—high or low—rich or poor—educated Englishman, or wild barbarian Kafir!

At last, about 10½ P. M., we laid a rug upon our mat, and a pillow for our heads; and then, with a bodyguard of three Kafirs beside us, we put out our light, and composed ourselves, as well as we could, to sleep. I lifted up my heart in prayer for these poor heathen. May God grant me grace and wisdom to do His blessed work among them!

*Thursday, Feb. 23.*—I arose at break of day, and got out of my hut, and away from the cockroaches—yet not away from them altogether—for we turned them out of our carpet-bags and articles of dress for days afterwards. After a cup of coffee, we started again;

and another four hours' ride, of exceeding difficulty, being wholly through a rocky mimosa country, like that of yesterday, brought us at last to Pakade's kraal. We met, however, with some little incidents on the way, worth notice. The scenery was, as usual, very grand, and the hills everywhere green to the summit, but very thickly sprinkled with mimosa and other brushwood : and every quarter of an hour some *new* and elegant flower would greet us ; I longed for time to stop and gather them. We passed several kraals, all governed by Pakade ; and the people belonging to each, being informed by the herald of yesterday, and again this morning, of our approach, were all turned out—men and women alike—to salute us. Their addresses, as we rodé by, were very amusing. One said, “Thou that art the great *black* one!” referring, not, good reader, to *my* clerical costume, but to Mr. Shepstone's greatness, as recognised chief of all the black ones in Natal. Another exclaimed, “Thou that camest in two ships!” and this, too, was addressed to Mr. S., and was meant as a reference to the historical fact, that some ten years ago, when the English Government of the Cape sent up a force to relieve the small garrison, besieged by the Dutch in their little fort at the Bay, it came in two ships, and Mr. S. came with it. A third shouted, “Thou that eatest with strength!” and I will resign the honour of this distinction, too, to my illustrious friend ; observing that it was paid, rather, to the supposed greatness of his power and property, than to any remarkable display of his appetite.

About mid-way between our last night's resting-

place and Pakade's own kraal, we came to a large kraal, ruled over by one of his wives. A grand welcome awaited us, as we drew up—all the men of the kraal being assembled at the entrance, and uttering with one voice the royal salutation "Bayete!" Then we were told "the inKosikazi wished us to enter and salute her." So we dismounted, amidst shouting and other sounds, that would have startled any but a Natal horse; and stalked in with dignity into the inner kraal, which was entered by a clever arch of wickerwork, with a very capital attempt at columns by the side of it. Inside this inclosure we were received by the queen, a rather shy, elderly woman, wrapped in a blue blanket. She greeted us courteously, and begged us to enter the hut, which we did; and when we had recovered our sight, after the sudden plunge from light into darkness, we found it filled with Kafirs. The queen sat at one end, and on each side of her two or three younger women—next to whom as many men, probably counsellors, had crept in, as the hut would hold, allowing room for Mr. S. and myself on two stone seats on each side of the entrance. Two large pots of uTyala were then brought in, of which the party all partook. I was invited first to taste it; and, having assented, the principal man was about to take a Kafir ladle, to skim the surface for me. "No!" the queen said, "that would not do." A better was found. "No!" At last, the right one was sent for, and employed; after which the head-man himself put his lips first to the vessel, and then apologized most politely to me for the liberty he had taken, but explained that

it was the custom of his people, to guard against the drink being poisoned. I soon sipped enough to satisfy me. It is a sort of beer, made of millet or Indian corn—looks like yeast, and tastes like a mixture of yeast and cider. We left, after compliments had been exchanged between us: in the course of which I learned that my Kafir titles have been elicited, and very good ones they are. One is *Sokululeka*, “Father of raising-up,” and the other *Sobantu*, “Father of the people.” A great warrior would, perhaps, be called *Somadoda*, “Father of *men* :” but the Bishop’s title is meant to include all—men, women, and children.

We rode on a mile, and off-saddled for an hour on the banks of a small river, where we bathed; and then proceeded to the Great Kraal, through a country extremely picturesque, but, in some parts, exceeding in difficulty any we had had before. It would seem almost impossible for a military force to reach Pakade in such a situation as this. From time to time we were passed, as we slowly mounted the rocky paths of the thickly-wooded hill, by large bodies of his men, all in their full war-dress, who went laughing along, and shouting or singing as they went, to present themselves before their chief to be reviewed: and we passed in our turn the queen and her attendants, who had walked along more quietly, but had got in advance of us, while we were stopping at the stream. Upon nearing the kraal, we heard from within it a prodigious sound, like the buzzing of a large swarm of bees, only far more sonorous. We were delayed a few minutes outside the entrance till all was ready; and then, after a grand “Bayete” from



the multitude that thronged around us, we rode into the large circular enclosure, and found ourselves in the presence of the chief and a regiment of his warriors. These had been going through their exercises, and were now forming the greater part of a large circle; while Pakade himself, with perhaps 100 or more of his chief-men, was seated on the ground in front of them, immediately opposite to, but at the further end from, the entrance. All the Kafirs were in *undress*—not absolutely naked, but in very scant attire—except the warriors, who were equipped in the striking battle-dresses peculiar to the Zulus, with their feathered head-dresses and large shields of ox-hide, tall enough to hide the whole person, and long rods, instead of spears, in their hands. The government, it seems, wisely disallows the use of the assegai on such occasions of gathering as this. Otherwise serious accidents might occur, to say nothing of the meeting itself being turned into an opportunity for creating disturbance in the district. As it is, I am told, the consequences are frequently broken heads, &c., as in an Irish row: but nothing, I believe, of this kind occurred to-day.

As soon as we had entered, the men, who stood immediately before us, and with their backs to the entrance, opened in the middle to form a passage for us. At the same moment the chief arose from the ground, at the upper end of the enclosure, and came down to meet us into the middle of the kraal. He was a very large, tall man—stout, but not disgustingly fat—with short tufts of hair growing here

and there upon the lower part of his face, which, upon the whole, was very much that of an ogre in an old nursery tale—as grim and grisly, as the most ardent little giant-fancier could desire to have pictured. He wore only the usual hangings of goat’s-hair, &c. about his loins, and cross-bands of beads over his broad brown back. I should fear, from his aspect, that he *could* be guilty of deeds of ferocity and cruelty, that would bear comparison with any of his old master, Panda’s, with whom he is continually interchanging messages of defiance to the present day. At all events, Pakade and his tribe are still complete savages, in a state of nature, perfectly unreclaimed ; so that I have been witness to scenes of native barbarism in its purest form, precisely similar—though on a smaller scale—to those formerly exhibited by Chaka and Dingaan.

For, perhaps, two hours after our arrival, the proceedings consisted of a separate review of the regiment, which was present when we entered, and of another, which came in when that was dismissed. Pakade sat on the ground near us ; and, as the sun was hot, he very considerably sent some of his young men, to construct a sort of canopy over our heads, with skins and branches of trees ; and also supplied us with our breakfast, in the shape of a bowl of roasted mealies, and milk.

The chief looked on at the movements of his men with great satisfaction : and, after these preliminaries, arrived the climax of the day’s proceedings, which I find described at the time, in my notes, as follows.

“ I am writing now in the midst of a most exciting scene. The whole of Pakade’s men have been collected about a mile off, upon a hill within view, and then marched down, singing their war-songs, into the inclosure. The chief, after seeing them enter and take their station—some 500 men, each in his fantastic war-dress—went out and changed his ‘hangings’ and beads for a very magnificent war-dress. He now stands about twenty yards off, and we are surrounded by his warriors, who have formed a complete circle round the interior of the kraal, and are stamping and singing all at the pitch of their voices—he having set them off, but being too stout to carry it on long. About thirty dancing-girls, some of them with their noses, mouths, and chins, whitened with clay, and all loaded with the king’s beads, which look like large white bands of cloth across their dark figures—(two or three of them have each as much as thirty pounds’ weight of beads about them)—are dancing to and fro in the middle, or rather I should call it ‘*wambling* ;’ for the dance consists in a most ungraceful slow shuffling with the feet, to which the arms keep time, with the hands almost closed over the centre of the breast. The women are shrieking—the ‘praisers’ are rushing here and there, chattering, with foaming lips, the honours of their chief—the warriors are stamping, and shouting, and answering each other from opposite sides, with 500 stentorian voices, but yet in harmony, and always in a minor key, the sound produced very much resembling that of a powerful set of horns and bassoons—two fine oxen, doomed, no

doubt, to a speedy death, are howling loudly in the midst—and the chief stands looking on, while we are sitting down behind him, under our shelter of skins. When he was dressed, he first came and looked *over* the hedge of the kraal from the outside; that is, over the fence which separated the *isiGodhlo*, or royal parts, from the central area. Hereupon he was greeted by an unanimous shouting, repeated incessantly for some five minutes, of the words *wo-za*, *Thou shalt come!* to which he at length graciously assented; and was then received with a most exciting universal movement, all the 500 men and the king, mingled up with the cattle, rushing to and fro for some time with cries of delight. At this moment he has come over to us, as proud as possible with the exhibition of the day, and has said that ‘we (English) are so very fond of peace—he has no power of showing what he could do—people are laughing at him.’ He has now given us a sheep to be killed for our *luncheon*; as, he says, we may be hungry before *supper-time*, and then he will give us an ox.”

This stage of the performances occupied about an hour, and was terminated by Pakade making a speech, in which he gave leave to all the men of one young regiment, and to three, who were orphans, of another still younger, to go and *marry*. It is strange how, ignorant barbarian as he is, he retains such power as this over his men, many of whom are employed during part of the year in service in our towns, and, one would think, would have learned by this time how limited his power really is, if they

chose to disregard it. Then came the last ceremony, namely, the rushing forward into the area of a number of warriors, one after another, who were either considered by their companions, or by themselves, to be distinguished for some special deed of skill or bravery in war. They went flourishing about, leaping on high, kicking their shields, and shouting, and evidently imitating with their gestures the particular movements, by which, on some occasion or other, their fame had been achieved. One would creep cautiously along, as if observing the motions of an enemy; another would hurry forward with great agility, make a feint of stabbing with his rod, and then speed back again, amidst the deafening applause of his comrades; a third would come boldly forward, brandishing his weapon, and shaking his shield, and then take his ground for a few minutes, looking around with an air of fierce defiance, as if he cared not how many might attack him. Perhaps forty altogether of the whole body ventured upon these exhibitions. Some were received with a silence, which betokened disapproval of their claims; and these soon slunk back, mortified, to their ranks once more. To others the rod of the chief was pointed, all the while they were figuring away in the midst, directing attention to them, as illustrious warriors.

After this ceremony was over, the chief departed, and this was the signal for breaking up the festival. Each party, as they left the enclosure, came rushing up to us, in a frantic manner, flourishing and kicking their shields, and offering

their services for any purpose, and at any time, we might desire. I felt my situation rather curious, amidst this large body of raving savages, when the chief had gone, Mr. Hawkins, (the magistrate of Weenen, who had kindly come over to meet us on this occasion,) had returned home, and Mr. Shepstone had left me for a short time, to look after our dinner. So there I was all alone, and occupied in the very episcopal business, of receiving these offers and protestations of military service, with I know not what threats of vengeance upon *my* enemies and their own, but without the power of saying one word to them, if it were needed. It reminded me a little of a position I was once in at Hanwell asylum, where I was left for some minutes, in the middle of one of the "violent" wards, with a lady on each arm, while the doctor in attendance and keepers were hurrying away to confinement a poor howling maniac, who had come up and spit upon us.

Our dinner consisted of "sheep's fry," a portion of which had been hastily cooked, and presented, in not the most inviting form, by the Kafir *chef-de-cuisine*, who had come in our train. We dispensed with our sable friend's services after this occasion, the first on which we had made trial of his powers, at least in his capacity of cook; but he followed with us to the end, and was a useful servant in other respects. Some of the chief's young girls came and sat down before us, as we ate upon a large bed of stone in the open air: for the hut assigned for our use, belonging to one of his wives, abounded, we

found, like the last, with cockroaches. To one of these, a very pretty young woman, Mr. Shepstone offered a piece of meat, which she received in her fingers very pleasantly, but immediately gave it away to another. Upon inquiry, "she was a chief's daughter, and never ate the inside of a sheep." It did not appear, however, that our own dignity was at all compromised in their eyes by our proceedings.

Meanwhile Pakade had retired to his apartments, such as they were—very old huts, I fancy, to judge from our own. His troops had been dismissed to their different kraals, most probably with presents of cattle for feasting: and we could see them wending their way in long trains over the opposite hill. He then sent us a present of a fine ox for ourselves, and a smaller one for each of our two attendants, uNgoza and umQundani. To this Mr. Shepstone sent a reply of thanks, but at the same time told him, that "the present on this occasion was for me, not for himself"—that "he had only come as my friend, to show the people to me, and me to them"—that "I was a friend of the Kafirs, and, whenever he himself should be absent from the country, they might apply to me for counsel in any difficulties." Pakade is so childish and wayward, that he has been several times in serious difficulties with the Government, out of which Mr. Shepstone's advice has rescued him. He is behind his tribe, at present, in respect of civilization, for the reason I have mentioned, that many of them are, from time to time, in service; and he cannot at

all realize his position, as a subject of the Crown of England. He is, however, very much afraid of committing any act of disobedience; and, in any emergency, he sends up to Mr. Shepstone hurried messengers, to know what he is to do, and follows his advice implicitly.

To the message he now received he replied, that "he was very glad to be put right, as he often had been, by Mr. Shepstone"—that "he was much pleased to know that he had another friend, and hoped to make trial of my friendship some day." We had one or two more communications from him in the course of the afternoon, which were exceedingly gracious and polite.

We now walked down to see the cows milked, at the lower end of the spacious enclosure of the kraal, the fence of which is doubled, and between the two hedges the huts are placed, those at the upper end composing the *isiGodhlo*. We found the old gentleman in his undress, as at first, sitting down with some of his *amaPakati*, or counsellors, observing the cows; while at one side there was a crowd surrounding our slaughtered ox, and with immense noise and clamour conducting the process of dismembering it. Pakade at once rose, and began to talk with Mr. Shepstone, in an impassioned and violent manner, though occasionally he broke out into a good-natured laugh. Two months ago he had collected all his men for the purpose of attacking Nodada, another neighbouring chief, with whom he has a feud, and would have done so but for Mr. Shepstone's "advice."



And now "Capt. Struben had given to Nodada a piece of land, which he wished for ; and, if *we* would give him leave, he would go at once and attack him." On he went for some fifteen minutes, in the most childish manner, recounting his grievances, and scarcely allowing any one to put in a word. But withal he was thoughtful enough to inquire "how we should like our ox *cut up*, in Kafir or in English fashion?" At last we bade him good evening, and started for a walk into the neighbouring country. Then we came back, and enjoyed our fresh milk and tea ; and by this time it was getting dark, and we had to arrange for our beds. We had had enough of cockroaches, and preferred the bare rock, for sleeping as well as eating, to the lady's hut, which was placed at our disposal. A clean Kafir mat, over which was folded a sort of coverlet, with a small English pillow, and a supply of rugs and cloaks, completed our preparations. Fortunately, the night was fine, and we were quite warm enough ; but the dews fell heavily, and in the morning our hair and "bedding" were thoroughly wet.

Soon after we had "turned in," at an early hour in the night, the chief sent to ask if we were ready to receive him. He had come before, but found us at our tea, and very politely retired. Of course, we were quite at his service ; and presently he arrived, attended by a number of his head-men, who came, as before, repeating one by one the salutation 'nKos', and crouched down quietly around our mats. Then Mr. Shepstone began to unfold to them the

special object of my visit, and to speak to them of the *umKulunkulu*, and of His Fatherly Goodness, as yesterday. They listened, as usual, with all silence and attention ; and, when he had finished, Pakade began to reply to his remarks. But instantly he was off to civil matters, and the old story of his grievances. (This was no more than we expected, for Mr. Shepstone had forewarned me, that he was “too much of a baby” to look far into anything himself, but his counsellors might, and, if they did, they would in a month or so succeed in driving it into him. *They* were really the “power” of the tribe ; only in *war* matters his ability was great, and duly recognised.) One of his men now called out, that “this was not the subject Mr. Shepstone had begun upon,” and that “we should finish that first.” This gave us hope that he might be really desirous to hear more ; but it appeared to be rather an act of Kafir politeness, recalling his chief from his wanderings. Several times Mr. Shepstone attempted to bring on a general conversation on the subject ; but their minds were too full of their political concerns to allow of this, especially as Pakade himself continually went on in his rapid and vehement manner, dilating on one point after another, about which he had complaints or inquiries to make. One thing, however, we ascertained from them—and a very important fact it was to be gathered from such a set of complete heathens—namely, that they did know of *umKulunkulu* by their own traditions—that He was the same as *unVelinqange*, the First Out-comer—and

that they had heard lately of uTixo, and supposed that he must be somehow the same. "But," the chief said, "there was a complete separation in these matters between the black and the white—we could not at all understand each other." Mr. Shepstone explained, that "I thought there was not so great a separation as he supposed"—that "*we* believed in umKulunkulu, (the Great-Great-One,) as well as they"—and that "I was sent to tell them more about Him, what He had done, and what He was doing, for them." It is incalculable what mischief must be done by the adoption of this barbarous, unmeaning, Hottentot name (*uTixo*), for one which is connected in the mind of the Kafir with such grand associations, as Almightyness and Original Existence—however much they may have lost sight of the full meaning of their own expressive words for the Deity. They are the very ideas contained in the Hebrew words Elohim and Jehovah.

After an hour's talk, they took their leave, and we turned to sleep. At daybreak I looked around, and found that seven of Pakade's men had taken up their bed beside us on the ground, and lay, three in one spot, four in another, close together on their backs, with their heads upon their wooden pillows, looking as they still slept on, each separate party under one common blanket, like so many mummies. They would have infinitely preferred, I believe, the inside of the hut, but could not, in honour, leave us to sleep alone outside it, notwithstanding that we had heard some of their companions come softly

to them in the night, and whisper, "The meat is ready."

*Friday.*—“ At 2 P.M. the chief stalked in to see us, and ever since, up to this time, say 7½ A.M., we have had a number of people, men and women, about us, looking on and admiring our processes of breakfasting and *journalising*. I was not quite sure that he might not take the latter for some species of witchcraft; but he only remarked “it was uncommonly hard work, and he should not like it at all for himself.” Pakade now sits opposite to me, in a scarlet blanket, under the wall of the isiGodhlo, with a row of his counsellors beside him. We have just told him, that he and his people must be quiet (there were some twenty about) while we pray.” But our “cook” was a Christian convert. So he knelt with us, and I offered prayer, concluding with the Lord’s Prayer in Kafir. After we had recovered our seats, Mr. Shepstone began by asking the chief, “What he thought of that?” He said, “*We quite beat him last night, with talking of the umKulunkulu, and saying that we prayed to Him in England; for he saw there was not so great a separation after all.*” We were perfectly taken by surprise with this answer; for we had fancied that he had scarcely noticed this observation of ours overnight. But it seems he had, and, though he had said nothing at the time, had been pondering since upon it. Mr. Shepstone then explained to him the Lord’s Prayer, and said that *Baba Wetu* (our Father) was umKulunkulu, and then went through the petitions, one by one, as before. The

chief listened apparently with great interest to all that was said to him, and seemed to realize the meaning of the whole—the first fact having been the key to unlock the rest. In answer to a question from Mr. Shepstone, he said, “It would be a very proper prayer to be used at their Festival”—in which, I may remark, nothing whatever met the eye that was disgusting, or in any way offensive to a Christian mind, except the general barbarism of the people, and their very evident appetite for war. But, as soon as Mr. Shepstone had ended his lecture, the chief was off again, “How do you make *gun-powder*?”

Pakade has just ordered a party of his young men to go to Weenen, whither we are next bound. It seems Mr. Hawkins has requested him to send ten of his people, to help to clean out a water-course. So he sends them away with this very sage admonition: “You are very well off, young men. Older men than you (the men of another regiment) had to dig it, and were paid nothing for their labours. You have only to clean it, and will get paid into the bargain.”

We started from Pakade’s about 9 A.M., and, after a six or seven hours’ ride, reached Weenen, a small village lying in the centre of a sort of oven, or rather *frying-pan*—a valley surrounded by lofty hills on every side—and, therefore, intensely hot. But what a ride! The first half-mile out of Pakade’s was down an exceedingly steep wooded height, where the path was a succession of rocky steps, some of them two feet in depth. Of course, we could not attempt

to ride ; and how our poor horses got down I cannot tell. Mine was given into the charge of a Kafir, who managed, by coaxing and pulling, to bring it somehow to the bottom. But there was so much of this horribly stony ground between Pakade's and Weenen, that our horses' feet, being unshod, were knocked to pieces, and they could hardly bear to put them to the ground. We passed the castor-oil plant, and plenty of aloe-trees, from the leaf of which, when burnt and mixed up with tobacco, which they grow, the natives manufacture snuff—said to be very good. At the place where we off-saddled and bathed, Mr. Shepstone witnessed a curious incident in insect life. He found a cockroach on his coat, (one of those, no doubt, which had crept into our pockets, while we slept in the Kafir hut two nights before,) and flipped it off upon the ground. Presently a large ant came up and nibbled at him, and then ran off post haste to its hole. In an instant it came speeding back, with a troop of its companions, who seized on the unfortunate cockroach, which had hitherto been lying without motion in a state of stupid unconcern, but now, becoming aware of its danger, began to struggle violently with its assailants—but all in vain : the ants, with might and main, pulling “one and all” together, carried off the poor wretch for their prey.

At this halting-place we could hear the sound of wailing for the dead, at some kraal not very far distant. The cry, it seems, is *Mye Baba!* “Ah me ! Father !” {and “What have we done ! what

have we done !” Mr. Shepstone very justly suggests that this fact also, of their appealing to the Deity in this manner on such occasions as these, might be made the ground of an address to themselves.

*Saturday, Feb. 25.*—On our arrival at Weenen last evening, we were most kindly entertained by our friend Mr. Hawkins, and his young wife—since then, alas! removed by sudden death. The village of Weenen derives its name (*weeping*) from the circumstance of its having been founded by the Dutch Boers, immediately after the dreadful massacre of their friends by the tyrant Dingaan, of which some particulars are given in the Introduction to this Journal. This morning I called upon the principal inhabitants, all Dutchmen. One house was particularly clean and neat. In the gardens were splendid orange-trees, full of fruit. I found that they were grievously in want of a schoolmaster; and should be very glad indeed to procure one for them, as they requested, “an *Englishman* who could speak Dutch.” The younger Dutch families, I believe, are very desirous that their children should learn the English language, and they are daily assimilating more and more to the habits of Englishmen. We now had a very long day’s ride to Doornkop, where we were expected yesterday by our kind friend, Mr. Moodie, and his family; but the delay, occasioned by the accident to our wagon, had cost us the sacrifice of this part of our arrangements. To get out of the basin of Weenen, we had to ascend a desperate hill at starting, and then to ride about thirty miles, often over stony

ground, as before; but, upon the whole, the road was better to-day than yesterday. We stopped to refresh ourselves at the house of a young Dutch Boer, by whom, and his good Vrouw, we were most kindly welcomed and entertained. We are now approaching the Tukela, and have had the fine peaks of the Draakensberg in sight to-day and yesterday.

*Sunday, Feb. 26.*—A party of Dutch Boers, and three Englishmen, from the Tukela, came over to Morning Service; and, though the former could not understand a word of the Prayers or Sermon, yet they seemed pleased to have attended, and satisfied on the whole with the ‘Beskop.’ It appears, however, that they had had some misgivings as to the connexion of the Church of Rome (of which they entertain the utmost horror) with the whole matter of his appointment, and were not quite sure that beneath the episcopal robes might not be concealed the cloven foot of the enemy.

We had some conversation on the subject of the *gratitude* of the Kafirs. It is common to say that there is no word for gratitude in the Kafir language. But there *is* one for thankfulness; and it is curious enough that the same deficiency exists in the Dutch language, as was amusingly illustrated at one of the meetings of the Kafir Commission. Mr. Shepstone was asked, “Was there any word for gratitude in the Kafir tongue?” and, out of the mouth of this distinguished Philo-Kafir, it was thought the poor race would stand inevitably condemned. “No,” he replied, “the nearest



approach to it is *ukuBonga*, which means properly ‘thankfulness.’” Whereupon the Dutch interpreter, Mr. Zietsman, translating his words for the benefit of the Dutch members of the Commission, rendered the answer thus:—“They have no word for *dankbarkeit*; the nearest approach to it is ——” and here he was brought up, to the great amusement of his audience, for want of another Dutch word, having already employed the word for “thankfulness” to express “gratitude.” Doubtless, the *feeling* of gratitude exists in both nations—at least, in individuals of both. Though it must always be remembered that the Kafir adult is but a child, and that we do not look for the deep feeling of gratitude, fully developed, in a mere schoolboy, towards those who have kindly treated him. It is remarkable that in the Kafir language there is no word for *command*, although in no people is the exercise of authority more common and the sense of it stronger. The chief’s “word”—*iliZwi*—is his command.

I was speaking of the *faithfulness* and *honesty* of the Kafirs, and observing that it was not always to be matched among Englishmen. “Well,” said young Mr. Moodie, “you seem to have heard a good many stories about their honesty. Now let me tell you a tale of a different kind, in which I was concerned with them. About six months ago, I sold a man a spade for 5s.; he paid me 4s. on the spot, and promised to bring me the other 1s. in the course of a day or two; but from that time to this I have never seen or heard anything of my shilling.” Certainly,

it was a formidable accusation against my poor dark-skinned friend; and I had nothing to say on his behalf, except that I did not suppose all Kafirs were equally virtuous, and that I thought it just possible that such a piece of villany *might* find its match in the good old mother-land. But, while we were talking, there was a half-caste servant, who was within hearing, and who was all attention to the story. And, when presently his young master left the room, the man went out to tell him, that "Saul had given the Is. to *him* a long while ago, for one of his young masters; but he did not know exactly for whom, and had kept it in his box ever since, and there it was now." Mr. Moodie was perfectly satisfied with this man's account of the transaction. He was a well-trying faithful servant, and no doubt had been perplexed at first about the matter, and had, through carelessness, forgotten all about it since. At any rate, *he* was a half-caste—half English, *not* a pure Kafir.

*Monday, Feb. 27.*—After spending two delightful days of rest under the roof of our kind friends, we started in company with Dr. Blaine, the magistrate of the Kahlamba Location, to visit the Chief Langa-libalele. A pleasant ride of about two hours brought us to his kraal, which lay in the bosom of some rather bare-looking hills. The country was more open than we had seen it hitherto, with the fine outline of the Kahlamba or Draakensberg Mountains in the not very far distance. The chief's *uTyala* (beer) having been made a little too soon, it was "up" and

ready for use on Friday last, and he had been obliged to keep his feast on Saturday. But he had detained his men for our inspection; and, accordingly, we found his kraal well filled, but with people, men and women, who had a decidedly dirtier, dingier, look than any of Pakade's. Two of them had been sent to escort us from Doornkop—mounted troopers on horseback—for Langalibalele has many of his men mounted, contrary to the usual practice of the Kafirs; but they seemed to have some difficulty in “sticking on” their animals, and looked wonderfully like a couple of English chimney-sweeps. I afterwards found, upon inquiry of the chief himself, why his people looked so dirty, that it arose from their dresses consisting almost wholly of *skins*, their cattle having died in very great numbers, owing to the sickliness of the season or the badness of the grass; so that “people,” he said, “had even come over the river to help to eat them.” There was an immense number of women and children in the kraal, which was much larger in extent than Pakade's: but the huts were smaller and poorer; and Pakade's was his own private residence, in which, I imagine, none but himself and his chief men had huts, whereas *this* was evidently a common kraal. Mr. Shepstone told me that this tribe had suffered more by war than any other in the district, having been dreadfully cut up by Chaka and Dingaan: and this may, in some measure, account for the great number of women in proportion to men, and for the extensive practice of polygamy among them.

We were saluted, as usual, on entering the kraal, with a loud Bayete from the great body of men, who till now had been sitting with their chief, but all rose up and advanced with him to meet us. Langalibalele did not shake hands, as Pakade did, being more modest; but he welcomed us pleasantly, and seemed much more genial and good-natured than the other. He is in appearance rather a young man, of perhaps twenty-six years, tall, and in good condition—you would hardly call him *stout*—with that dignity and grace in his actions, which so commonly, amidst the most savage nations, proclaim the king. We had seated ourselves on the grass, as usual, when he sent us, out of his treasures, a very uncommon luxury, in the shape of a nicely-made wooden bench with arms, capable of just holding us all three English dignitaries—Mr. Shepstone, Dr. Blaine, and myself. This chair of state was probably manufactured by English hands, and in some way acquired by the chief. But some of the Kafir chiefs are fond of having a black carpenter or chair-maker attached to their “court.” Chaka had one in his days: probably, Panda has one now, as he makes use of a throne for himself on grand occasions. But the old chief, Faku, (of the Amampondo Kafirs,) when lately visited by Mr. Shepstone, granted him all his requests but one, and that was the convenience of a chair. He said, “He did not patronise them—he thought the ground was surer and safer—it was only Englishmen and chickens that wanted perches!”

Langalibalele seated himself at a respectful dis-

tance from us, with some thirty of his counsellors around him, while the great body of his people sat behind and before us. We were amused with watching their cheerful mirth, especially that of the women, who stood yet further behind us to the right and to the left, and were full of their pranks and fun among each other, chattering and laughing together, and playing tricks upon one another, as heartily as any such a set of English, or perhaps Irish lasses, might have done under similar circumstances. The men have an ugly practice (though one gets used, I find, to the sight of it) of making a large hole in the lobe of the ear, which is often open and unoccupied, but generally filled with something or other—often a snuff-box, made of a circular reed, about an inch in diameter and four inches long, and in the other ear may be carried a long bone snuff-spoon, something like a marrow-spoon flattened, for scraping off the snuff and moisture of the face, and constituting, in fact, a Kafir *pocket-handkerchief*. They are certainly inveterate snuff-takers, having learned the practice, I imagine, from their European friends, but now carrying it on *con amore*, without any impulse from them. Their ingenuity is applied in innumerable ways to the preparation of snuff-boxes, every object of nature, that admits of it, being adapted for the purpose. A hollow reed, stopped at each end with cork, and decorated with beads or stripes, or sometimes *two* such reeds, of smaller size, fastened together by a cord, tastefully beaded, and serving, I suppose, to furnish some exqui-

site "Kafir's Mixture,"—a pair of large round nuts or seed-vessels—a pair of acorn-shells, hollowed pieces of bone, carved pieces of wood, or empty chrysalises of a large moth—these are some of their devices for carrying about with them smaller quantities of snuff for ordinary use ; while a gourd, of tolerable capacity, will serve as a means of laying up a stock in store, or bearing a larger supply for a journey. The signs of their enjoyment in taking snuff are most amusing. They sit down upon the ground, pour out the snuff into the palms of their hands, and then prepare, in the most serious and determined way, for this exquisite indulgence. Sometimes with their fingers, often with a little bone spoon, (like our friends beyond the Scottish border, between whom, by the bye, in full Highland costume, and a well-dressed Zulu warrior, there is no small similarity of appearance, except in the colour of the skin,) they take in the pungent powder ; and presently we see, by the lackadaisical expression of the face, and the tears streaming down the eyes, that the dose has taken due effect, and our friend is in an ecstasy. The great point is to shed tears. And one of my friends, Mr. Fynn, told me that he once gave a *very* strong pinch to a Kafir, who, after going through the above process to his heart's delight, looked up from the ground, and said, "Ah ! this is a pinch of snuff indeed ! It has brought out the ancient tears, that have been for years behind my eyes !"

Many of the Kafirs now around us had the *ring* upon their head, which forms the peculiar distinction

of a Zulu *married* man. The hair, which is of the woolly kind, is first tied or stitched into a ring, made of sedge. Then, having obtained from the branches of the mimosa a white gummy substance, the product of an insect which lives upon the tree, they roll it between their hands, until it becomes of sufficient length to be laid over the sedge ring, and completely cover the stitches. By the aid of grease and rubbing, the ring is made to take an excellent polish, and its upper surface, as it stands upon the crown of the head, has the appearance of solid leather. Several of those around us had the inflated gall-bladder of a goat stuck into their stiff coronals ; and this was a token, that they had been sufficiently dignified in the opinion of some kraal, to which they had been sent as messengers, to have a goat killed in their honour. Some few had more than one of these distinctions.

After we had been seated thus for some time, the chief sent to know, if we would like to see his men go through their exercises. Of course we answered "Yes ;" and up started a number of men around him, with a yell, and ran wildly down through the kraal. Presently we saw some thirty or forty of them proceeding to a heap of shields and war-dresses, which lay piled together in the middle of the kraal. With these they armed themselves, rather slowly as it seemed to us, and then made some manœuvres before us, which so far amused us that we were not *tired* with the proceedings ; but still we thought that Langalibalele's warriors were far inferior, in

number and performances, to Pakade's. All this, however, was a stratagem, on the part of their chief, to beguile our attention, while his preparations were being made to surprise us. For after we had thus spent, perhaps, half an hour, and were beginning to get a little wearied, we were suddenly told to look behind us; and there upon a hill, at some distance, was the grand army marshalled, and marching down, like Pakade's, in a very imposing manner, and in considerable force. At length they entered the kraal, some 450 or 500 men; and, after parading before us and round the enclosure, they went through their dances, which were decidedly superior in spirit and character to those of Pakade's people. There was the usual accompaniment of whistling, hissing, and singing in a minor key, to the regular time-keeping of their feet. After this we had a present of an ox from the chief, and then repaired to our tent for our evening meal. The rest of our proceedings that evening I will relate in the words of my notebook.

“ At this moment Langalibalele and his head-men have come into our tent, while we have just finished our dinner, and are taking a cup of coffee. A fat counsellor of his has just crept in, in his scanty undress, and without any blanket. ‘How is this?’ said Mr. Shepstone; ‘you so great a man, and not wear a blanket!’ ‘I love my wife,’ said the man: that is, he had given his only blanket to cover her. Mr. Shepstone has just put into the chief's hand a spoonful of brown sugar, which he eats with great



zest, and stuffs a portion into the mouth of his right-hand neighbour, and then licks his hand when he has finished it. He has just asked Mr. S., 'How is sugar made?' 'It's made by boiling.' 'Ah! then you are taught that by the umVelinqange.' It should be observed, that we had not said a word to him, or his people, on the subject of religion; so that here we had this heathen Kafir, of his own accord, referring the wisdom, which he saw we possessed, so superior to his own, to the Great Source of all Wisdom. We caught, of course, at this word. 'Whom do you mean by umVelinqange?' 'He made men—he made the mountains—he gave them names. Do you know,' he asked, 'who gave the Tukela its name?' 'No.' 'Then it must be the umVelinqange: for *we* do not know who did.' We asked, 'Who was the umKulunkulu?' He said, 'He was the same.' 'Did they know anything about the creation? Had they any tradition about it?' 'No; they only knew that He had made them; they did not know *by what word* He had made them. Their old men had died by wars, and they had forgotten everything.' He said, 'They only knew of uTixo, since white men had come into the country; but they knew the other names from time immemorial.' I begged Mr. Shepstone to tell him, that uTixo was meant by the Missionaries for the same Being; but the teachers did not know they had such good names themselves for God,—that we prayed to umKulunkulu, and I was sent to tell them all about Him, the things which they and their

fathers had forgotten, or never known. Mr. S. asked, 'If the Feast of First-fruits was not a feast of Thanksgiving?' 'Yes; it certainly was—but they did not know to whom.' At a particular moon, when the fruits are ripe, they keep a feast for the blessings of the year; but they do not know at all to whom—they have quite forgotten.

"Mr. Blaine had not been with us at any of our former conferences with the Kafirs, and wished to press the point further, and to make out clearly, whether they knew anything of their own two names, before they saw the face of an Englishman. So the oldest man present was asked about it, and he replied: 'Yes; from our childhood they told us, and they heard it from their fathers.' 'Had they ever had a Missionary in their tribe?' 'Yes; Mr. Allison had been with them. He had told them about Jehovah, and that they were as lost sheep without a shepherd.' 'Had they heard the two Names before then?' 'Yes; long, long before.' 'And did they connect the Names with Jehovah, when they heard of Him?' 'No, not at first; they only now began to think so.' 'Mr. Allison,' they said, 'taught them to pray that they might be kept right, kept from Satan's direction, and put in the right place at the last day.'

"I then asked Mr. S. to explain the Lord's Prayer, which he did, while they listened, as usual, with the deepest attention and strained eyes, making assents, '*Yebo' nKos*,' 'Yes, Sir,' at every few words. 'What do you think of that prayer?' The chief, at this question, turned round to his 'praiser,' or poet-

laureate, and said: 'Well! you have a good deal to say to us about everything; what have you got to say to that?' The poet replied, very prudently: 'He had nothing to say *against* it; perhaps, he would say more another time.' 'Would it not be a good thing, to say such a prayer as that at the Annual Feast?' 'They do say a prayer; for, when they kill the ox, they say, "Hear, 'mKulunkulu, may it be always so!" and, if it is, they connect it somehow with the sacrifice, although they eat it: and so, when a person is sick, they say, "Hear, 'mKulunkulu, may he recover!"' On further inquiries, I found that they never make such petitions as these, when the shields and the soldiers are there—therefore, *not* at *this* feast; but, when a person is going to 'eat comfortably,' or is sick, or is prosperous, then, when they kill the ox, they say, 'mKulunkulu, look down upon us! Baba, may I not stumble!' &c. This practice *may* be peculiar to this particular tribe. In others, I fancy, they make such addresses to the amaTongo or amaHlose, the spirits of the dead.

"A discussion now arose between themselves, as to whether the amaHlose and amaTongo were the same as umKulunkulu. One said, 'He thought they were.' But he was overruled by the others, who said: 'That could not be; for *they* were the spirits of dead people, who came into snakes sometimes; but umKulunkulu made men and all things.' I asked now, 'Would they like their children to be taught?' Upon which the chief replied, 'We are

the children ; we wish to be taught.' 'What! do you feel a desire to be taught yourselves?' 'Yes : we came here to save our lives from our enemies ; and now we should like to know what our protectors know.' 'Tell him,' I said, 'that I must wait a little while, till I have young men who can speak the language of the Kafirs, before I can send a teacher to him.' 'Yes! that would be desirable.' Nodada, the other day, said to Captain Struben's interpreter, 'You are my inferior ; you shall not interpret for me :' and all that tribe, and all others in the district, say the same. This, of course, was a little political grievance. I then asked, 'How many wives he had?' Putting up his fingers, one after another, he counted them in Kafir fashion, '*Ishumi, Ishumi, Ishumi, Ishumi, Ishumi, Ishumi, Ishumi, Ishumi,*' by which he meant me to understand that he had *eighty* wives, '*ten, ten,*' &c.,—and fifty children. While I was making a note of this, the chief turned round to his company, and said, 'There go my eighty wives over the sea.' It was most amusing to see the eight black faces, with their white eyes and wide grinning mouths, enjoying the joke.

" 'The facts,' Mr. Shepstone says, 'which have been elicited to-day, have some of them never been brought out, to his knowledge, before.' He had never himself been aware, that they had any such practice as the chief described, of making little petitions, even now, by themselves, to the umKulunkulu."

At the end of our conversation, Jantjee, our

attendant, said that "the chief was ashamed to ask for himself; but he would be very glad of a blanket." Of course, we promised him the one I had brought for him; and he went away with the cry 'Bayete.'

I slept to-night delightfully in our wagon.

*Tuesday, Feb. 28.*—It is so pleasant to see the natives walking or standing, two and two, with their arms around each other's neck, or arm-in-arm. This morning we started about 10 A.M., after a pleasant conversation with Langalibalele and his chief men. There is always such a good-natured smile upon his lips, that one cannot help liking him.

A ride of about an hour and-a-half now brought us to the kraal of Putine—a very old chief, with a soft, wily eye, and a slow drawling utterance, which you might have taken for the result of the feebleness of old age; and, indeed, the expression of his face was at times very weak and childish: but now and then there was a quickness of reply, and even an agility of body, when he ran into the midst of his men, drawn up at their exercises, which showed that the fire was not quite extinct within him. At first, we had to sit down with him under a straw-thatch, raised on a few low poles, which just made a shelter for three or four persons upon the ground beneath. Around us, crowded as close as possible, were some forty of his people, who encircled us on every side, and listened with most eager attention to every word which fell from the white man's lips. The peculiar feature of this tribe was the great number of very old men, companions,

no doubt, of Putine's youth, and now the counsellors of his old age. Such furrowed, wizened faces they had, with worn-out, wrinkled forms, and, even among the younger men, a singular deficiency of teeth. The Kafir's mouth is usually supplied with a splendid set of white even teeth, which from the simplicity of their diet, they keep generally to old age. But for some reason or other, which I could not make out, it was not so here.

They told us, as before, that, 'long before the white men came, they had heard of umKulunkulu,'—that 'he made the land, and men, and all things.' 'Tell them,' I said, 'that He is our Father, and we are all His children, and, therefore, brethren; and we ought to be kind to one another.' 'That was very good—to know that they had heard of Him so long ago, and now, when they had become subjects of white people, to find that they were all brethren. It was comfortable to find such a relationship to superior people.' 'Did they know of any other Name?' 'No.' 'Had they never heard of umVelinqange?' 'Yes: that was the same.' 'Had the Missionaries taught them a Name for God?' 'Yes: Mr. Allison had taught them the name Jehovah.' (Mr. A. objects, as I have already mentioned, to the Hottentot word uTixo.) Tell them, that 'Their own Names are excellent Names for God; and we shall call them by those Names, and shall come to tell them more about Him.' There was a general assent of '*Yebo,*' *Yes,* to this, expressing great satisfaction. (There was a prodigious sneezing, coughing, and sighing of delight,

just now behind us, Mr. Shepstone having given them some snuff. The old chief asked for some tobacco, that he might make snuff for his "Messus." I am not sure that I shall not have to set up a snuff-box for their use.) At last, Putine turned to me and asked, 'Whether I had not a medicine for old age?' I said: 'No; but, if we did the Will of umKulunkulu here, He has promised us another and a better life, when this life is ended, in a world far brighter and more glorious than this.'

By this time a large body of natives had been collected, as before, upon a neighbouring height, and were marched down suddenly to take us by surprise. In order to see them, we were now moved to the hedge of the cattle-kraal, in which, to the number, perhaps, of 300, they went through their exercises—one of them a remarkably good one. The hedge, on which we sat, was one of the rudest, constructed of stones, and filled up with earth. The summit—our throne—was mere soil, and, where our feet hung over the side, was plentifully bespattered with cow-dung. Upon the whole, I must say, that neither the arrangements, nor the discipline, of this tribe seemed to be so good, as under the younger and more energetic government of my former friends, Pakade and Langalibalele. While sitting here, in the hot sun, unsheltered, and after a rather broken night, I could not help nodding off in a dose, when I *ought* to have been earnestly contemplating, and intensely admiring, the movements of the troops. Whereupon, one of the old "counsellors," who sat upon the wall in

a long row beside me, gave me a nudge, and said, "The Inkos' will fall, and, if he does, we shall get the blame." Once, the old chief scrambled down upon his shaky legs, and, after making himself very busy, for a few minutes, in scolding some of his young troops, and making a feint of striking one or two of them with a rod, which he snatched out of the hands of a stander-by, he came panting back, to recover his position on the wall. This was not to be done so easily at his time of life; but, while one of his counsellors helped him on one side, I had the honour of laying hold of his sable Majesty's naked thin arm on the other, and so we pulled the old worthy up again upon his throne.

After leaving Putine, we had a long and fatiguing ride to Emmaus, a Station of the Berlin Missionary Society, under the charge of the Rev. C. W. Posselt, which is situated close under the Kahlamba Mountains, and near the tribe of Zikali. We crossed the little Tukela very well, and also a nasty, slippery 'spruit,' which Mr. Shepstone disliked and Ngoza dreaded. The poor Kafir said, 'He had been thinking about it, ever since he knew that we were to come this way.' But then, happily, it was full daylight. The darkness set in long before we reached Mr. Posselt's, and we had some very awkward riding for the last three quarters of an hour. At one point, Mr. Shepstone's horse plunged into a bog up to his middle, and trembled all over with fright; and indeed, my dear friend, I found, was himself rather anxious, though he did not like to say so at the time.



However, thank God, we got through all our difficulties at last, and were received most heartily by the good missionaries, Posselt and Zunkle, with their excellent wives.

*Wednesday, March 1.*—Attended the little Mission Chapel, and talked with the converts of this Station. “Before the Missionaries came,” one said, “we heard that there was a Great Inkos’, who took care of us; but what He was, we did not know.” Another (a British Kafir, from the frontier of the Cape Colony) here observed that “He manifested Himself by means of dreams or spirits—*amaPupa* or *amaTongo*.” Then a third informed me, that “*his* people called Him *umKulunkulu* and *umVelinqange*.” This was *uNceni* or *Karl*, who had been a servant formerly of Capt. Gardiner for three years, and so well remembered and loved his old master, that, when told of the circumstances of his death upon the shores of Patagonia, he burst into a flood of tears, and for some time could not be comforted. He wanted to have accompanied Capt. Gardiner, when he returned out of the Zulu country to Natal; but, when he reached the *Tukela*, *Dingaan* sent for him and forbad him. He has a large scar over his eye, and over his breast, which the Zulus gave him, when he finally escaped from them, and put himself under the teaching of the Missionaries. He said, “The Zulus first heard of *uTixo* from Capt. Gardiner; but, before he came, they thought the origin of all things was *umKulunkulu*.” *Dingaan* said, of Capt. Gardiner’s teaching, “*umKulunkulu* must be the same as *uTixo*, only we

have no one to tell us." Capt. Gardiner, it appears, could not himself speak the Zulu language, but always addressed the people by means of an interpreter; and the chief, though he never heard him, was curious to know what he had said to his subjects, and made the above remark upon it.

Karl has married a daughter of one of Mr. Posselt's converts, named Honco. This girl was also baptized; but he had another unbaptized daughter, who was married to a young heathen. It is well known that a Kafir, going to marry, usually pays a number of cows to the father of the bride. This is called *ukuLobola*; and, though said to have been originally a *deposit* on the part of the husband, as a pledge for his good treatment of the girl, it has certainly come to be considered, both by English and Kafir, pretty much in the light of an actual payment, and the wife is considered to be purchased. Upon this occasion, Mr. Posselt asked Honco, "How he would do now without cows for his daughters?" "Oh," he said, "if they will but treat my daughters well, that is the best *ukuLobola*." The young men, however, did make their father-in-law, who was very poor, a present, one of one ox, another of two.

I find that Mr. Posselt has had serious thoughts of joining the Church of England; and I have reason to hope, that he will join our first Missionary Institution, as one of its clerical labourers. His knowledge of the native language and habits would be very valuable to us, for he has been thirteen years at work among the Kafirs; and his spirit is delightful, and quite what

I should wish for in a Missionary. I am told that he has *one* fault. He can sit down over a naughty Kafir, and *weep* and *pray* over him; but he finds it very hard work to *punish* him. Mr. Posselt enters thoroughly into our missionary plans, and says that our proposed institution is exactly what he would have wished to recommend to me, namely, so that, instead of dissipating our resources, we should concentrate them at first in one primary station, from which others may be developed.

We had a conversation upon the much-vexed and difficult question of the treatment of polygamy, among Christian converts from heathenism. The most painful case, Mr. Posselt told me, which he had ever had before him, was that of a young man, who had two wives, both of whom he loved, and both loved him. The man wished to be baptized, and so did one of the wives—the other not. As the two converts gave evident signs of their sincerity, he said, he knew not what to do, but at length decided to marry them. “The word of God was sharper,” he thought, “than any two-edged sword.” He “could not, with the examples of the holy men of old, enforce separation, as if polygamy were in itself sinful.” But he “set before them the Lord’s will—one husband, one wife—and the order of the Church;” and then said that “though, for the present necessity, their state was permitted, yet it was not sanctioned by Christianity; and he hoped the good Lord would teach them what to do in the matter.” The two, accordingly, were baptized, and admitted to Holy

Communion. But the man's mind, after his pastor's words, was uneasy; the congregation complained of his being allowed to have two wives; and the baptized wife threatened to leave him, if he did not put the other away. At last he did so; but the poor woman bitterly felt the separation; for "she loved him best," his mother said, "and was the most dutiful daughter to her;" and she came to the Missionary, with tears in her eyes, to say, "You have not only taken my husband from me, but you have taken my child also,"—which, by law, became the property of the father.

I must confess, that I feel very strongly on this point, that the usual practice of enforcing the separation of wives from their husbands, upon their conversion to Christianity, is quite unwarrantable, and opposed to the plain teaching of our Lord. It is putting new wine into old bottles, and placing a stumbling-block, which He has not set, directly in the way of their receiving the Gospel. Suppose a Kafir man, advanced in years, with three or four wives, as is common among them,—who have been legally married to him according to the practice of their land, (and the Kafir laws are very strict on this point, and Kafir wives perfectly chaste and virtuous,) have lived with him for thirty years or more, have borne him children, and served him faithfully and affectionately, (as, undoubtedly, many of these poor creatures do,)—what right have we to require this man to cast off his wives, and cause them, in the eyes of all their people, to commit adultery, because he becomes

a Christian? What is to become of their children? Who is to have the care of them? And what is the use of our reading to them the Bible stories of Abraham, Israel, and David, with their many wives? I have hitherto sought in vain for any decisive Church authority on the subject. Meanwhile, it is a matter of *instant* urgency in our Missions, and must be decided without delay in one way or other. I may add that I returned to England in the *Indiana*, with an excellent old Baptist Missionary from Burmah, Dr. Mason; and I was rather surprised to learn from him, that the whole body of American Missionaries in Burmah, after some difference in opinion, in which he himself sided decidedly with the advocates of the separation system, have, in the early part of the year 1853, at a Convocation, where two delegates attended from America, and where this point was specially debated, come to an unanimous decision to admit in future polygamists of old standing to Communion—but not to offices in the Church. I must say, this appears to me the only right and reasonable course. In the next generation, but not in this, we may expect to get rid of this evil: for, of course, no convert would be allowed to become a polygamist *after* baptism, or to increase the number of his wives.

Zikali has just come in with a large body of his men. As we could not find time to go to his kraal, we had sent for him. He is a young man, of thirty-three or thirty-four, and not of very prepossessing appearance. In fact, he looks dissipated, and, I hear, he drinks. He is, moreover, very haughty and over-

bearing in his manners, and rides usually with a troop of mounted attendants behind him. Mr. Shepstone told me that he once saw an Induna, or chief-man, of his tribe, hold a snuff-box before him for more than half-an-hour. He and his people are refugees from the Zulu country. After the usual compliments, as they sat upon the ground around us, we began upon our great subject. "Had they held the Feast?" "Yes." "What was the meaning of it?" "It was the custom to dance and sing, when the crops were gathered in." "Was it not a Feast of Thanksgiving?" "Yes: they thanked the chiefs for getting rain for them, by paying the rain-doctors. But *their* rain-doctor had died, when his father had died." "Who, then, made the rain now?" "He supposed, the English." We could get nothing to our purpose out of him; and indeed his youth, and rather depraved looks, forbade our expecting much. We asked "If a Great Being above did not make all things?" "They knew nothing of this, till the Missionaries came." "Had he ever heard the names of umKulunkulu and umVelinqange?" "No! perhaps, some of his old men had." A grizzled grey-beard here got up upon his hams, from the circle of old men—Zikali's *amaPakati* (counsellors)—who sat at a very respectful distance behind him, and, I should have thought, quite out of hearing of our questions and their chief's answers. In a serious, slow tone, he said, that "when a child, he had heard from old women, stooping with age, that there was a Great Being, *pe-Zulu* (up in heaven), who had

those names: but, more than that, he knew nothing." We bade him listen to his *umFundise* (teacher), Mr. Posselt, "who would tell them all about Him, and had been telling them all along, for uTixo was only another name for umKulunkulu."

*Thursday, March 2.*—To-day we had rather a less interesting ride than usual, till we came towards the banks of the Tukela. On our way to it, we stopped at one or two houses; one, that of an Englishman, who has married a Dutch wife, and almost, if not quite, become a Dutchman himself. Here we received all hospitable attentions, as usual; and passed on our way in front of a chapel, built by the Dutch people of the neighbourhood in connexion with the Dutch Reformed Church, whose active and able head in this colony is Dr. Faure, son of the venerable and excellent Dr. Faure, Dutch minister of Capetown, whom I had the pleasure of visiting, on my return homewards, in company with the Bishop of Capetown. Very near the Tukela, we came to the thriving farm of Mr. Labuscagne, whose name (like those of many others in this colony, as De Plessis, Marais, De Ligne, &c.) betrays indications of French origin; and, indeed, it is known that a great number of French Protestants landed and settled at the Cape, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. While I entered, after a genial welcome from the hearty Dutchman, Mr. Shepstone stopped behind to talk to him; and I found the kitchen full of Dutch lads and lasses, with whom I shook hands, but, alas! had not a word to say to them. (I must try to remedy this defect

by the time I make my next visit.) At last I discerned, seated in a chair at the further end of the room, an upright, motionless form, as I thought, of a sick old lady—no doubt, the lady of the house. So, walking cautiously up to her, and taking the hand, which was feebly held out to me, I sat down beside her, and smiled in compassion for the poor dame's infirmity. I was rather surprised, however, to find before long, that this was only a proper part of Dutch ceremony. The good vrouw was as brisk and healthy as myself, and the mother of as large and fine a family as you would wish to look upon. She had been bustling about at the door, among her young men and maidens, as we approached ; and had only just had time to seat herself, and assume her position of dignity, when I entered the kitchen. Very many thanks did we owe the kind dame that night, for her bountiful supply of milk and other comforts for our supper.

We now went on, and immediately crossed the noble stream of the Tukela, (larger than any between this and Capetown, except perhaps the Umzimvubu or St. John's River,) just as it became dark, taking off our shoes and stockings, and then riding through it. We bivouacked on the opposite bank ; and had a visit on our table-cloth of two of the curious insects of the country—one, a mantis ; the other, so exactly like a blade of grass, that you would scarcely discern the difference.

*Friday, March 3.*—Rode on towards Ladismith. At one point we passed a large cobra snake, whose



motion alone I saw in the grass ; but Mr. S. saw its head and neck. This is the only venomous reptile I have yet seen in the colony. As to wild beasts, I fancy, there is no hope of my being able to see one, except two young lions, which have been brought down from beyond the mountains, and are to be seen any day, tied on each side of a shop-door in one of the streets of Maritzburg, and waiting for conveyance to the Bay, that they may be shipped to England. I had much conversation to-day with Mr. Shepstone, as to his remarkable proposal for relieving the colony of some portion of the vast body of savages, by which it is now overrun, and well-nigh overpowered, and forming a "Black Kingdom" under his own government, on the south side of the Umzimkulu.

The extraordinary nature of this enterprise, and the noble self-sacrifice which it involves on the part of Mr. Shepstone,—only to be compared with that of Sir James Brooke among the natives of Borneo,—require that I should state some particulars of his early life, which I have gleaned from conversation with him, in order to show how strangely he has been formed, by the course of God's providence, for undertaking so momentous a work, which is likely to exercise a mighty influence, not only upon the fortunes of Natal, but upon the whole of the south-east of Africa.

Mr. Shepstone, though himself a devout churchman, (and indeed churchwarden, and a main-stay of the church in Maritzburg,) is the son of a Wesleyan

missionary, who for the last thirty years has been labouring, and still labours, among the heathens in South Africa,—formerly among the Kafirs, now, I believe, among the Hottentot tribes, somewhere to the north of Capetown. Brought up from his infancy among the natives, he acquired at a very early age their language, and could speak it with fluency. At the age of sixteen, he assisted Mr. Boyce, a Wesleyan missionary at Grahamstown, (who could never himself speak the language,) to translate nine books of the Bible, and compose the first Kafir grammar. He was subsequently attached, as interpreter, to Sir H. (then Col.) Smith, Sir B. Durban, and Sir A. Stockenstrom, by the last of whom he was entrusted with the complete charge of the Fingoes, when, to the number of 17,000, they were released from slavery at the death of the chief Hintza. (These were, in fact, the remnants of Natal tribes, which had been driven out by Chaka's and Dingaan's invasions. They took refuge with Hintza and his people, who called them *ama-Fengu*, "miserables or paupers," and, though Kafirs themselves, made slaves of their black brethren.) Mr. Shepstone, however, now became a special object of the enmity of the Kafir chiefs, until at length they plotted against his life. For two years, he never returned to his house by the same road by which he went out. And, at last, his servant and a missionary, in whose wagon he was travelling, were murdered one night by a party of Kafirs, who had overheard the servant's voice, and mistook the missionary for Mr.

Shepstone himself. His life being thus endangered, in 1846 he was sent to Natal, where he has ever since been engaged under Government in high official position among the natives, and sometimes on occasions of great difficulty; as, for instance, when he had to compel the two powerful tribes of Langalibalele and Putine to remove from spots on which they had settled, and to enforce upon them a fine of 1,000 head of cattle, for their disobedience to the orders of the "Great House." But they owe him no grudge for this; and it was most touching to observe how his perfect knowledge of their language and modes of thought, his quiet yet dignified manner, the mingled firmness and gentleness of his character, and their entire confidence in his good faith and good will towards them, brought these poor savages to his feet at every kraal we visited, including, as my journal will have shown, those of the two chiefs just referred to. They looked up to him like children to a father, told him of all their little troubles and grievances, and received with most trustful reliance every word of advice he gave them. Nothing, certainly, can be compared with the wonderful influence Mr. Shepstone has acquired over the great body of the Natal Kafirs, except, as before, the very similar case of Sir James Brooke among the Dyaks of Borneo.

Such, then, is Mr. Shepstone. And the plan which he has proposed, for relieving the district from some portion of its fears, is the following. He is well known from his childhood to the old chief

Faku, the supreme Head, or Ukumkani, of the Amampondo Kafirs, who commands a vast territory to the south of the river Umzimkulu, the boundary of Natal, and who is one of our allies. Faku calls Mr. Shepstone "his son," and has often begged him to come and settle near him, offering to give him any quantity of land he may require for himself and his people; and Mr. Shepstone is now ready, with the sanction of the British Government, to accept this offer, and to lead off, over the Umzimkulu, as many of the Zulu chiefs and their tribes as may be disposed to follow him. There is every reason to believe that these may amount eventually to 50,000 or 60,000 souls. The chiefs will govern each his respective tribe by Kafir law, but Mr. Shepstone will be the supreme Chief or Ukumkani. He will at once require them to abolish all such practices as are abhorrent to humanity, and will seek gradually to bring them over to the habits of civilized life, and in every way to raise and improve their condition. With this sole end in view, inspired with the love of God and his fellow-men, he is preparing now to abandon a comfortable home, and to bury himself, with his wife and children, far away from the reach of English Christians, amidst the wilds of heathenism. His position at first, with so many discordant materials around him—a single white man amidst a host of savages—will be one of great difficulty and danger, not merely from attacks of open violence, but from the secret arts of the treacherous poisoner. It can scarcely happen that he will fail to cause

offence, by some of his measures, to some one or other of the chiefs, or their followers, who may submit themselves at first to his government; and he will have no protection but his own stout heart, his keen sagacity and wariness, and the arm of the Almighty. Already the Natal Government has sanctioned his making a preliminary visit to Faku, in order to make arrangements for this migration.

By this means the present over-crowded state of the district would be greatly relieved. It would then be possible, which now it is not, to enforce upon those left behind, and upon all new-comers from the Zulu country, such measures, with respect to decency of clothing, the discontinuance of polygamy and the sale of wives, &c., as are absolutely necessary for their improvement in civilization, and would greatly assist the efforts of the Missionary. And there would be a kind of *safety-valve* provided for the passions of the people, in case of any discontent arising among them. Such as objected to any measures of the Government, would have always the alternative before them of crossing the Umzimkulu, and living under the less-suspected rule of Mr. Shepstone.

But, though withdrawn from the district, Mr. Shepstone's Kafirs would still be a portion of my flock, a part of the charge which the Church has committed to my care. As the son of a Missionary, and himself a devout Christian, it is my friend's most ardent desire to see them converted to the faith of our Redeemer, and placed, it may be, under

a bishop of their own hereafter. He believes that this can best be brought about, under God, by the agency of just such an institution as has been before described. And, as soon as ever his own authority shall be sufficiently established over his people, he will apply to me to set one on foot, on the very same scale and principles, in the district he will occupy. Their ultimate reception into the Church of Christ he looks for as the great reward (so may it please God!) of all his self-denying labours.

Should the life of Mr. Shepstone be prolonged, in the mercy of God, to carry out completely this great enterprise, there is every reason to believe that results of immense importance, besides the mere settlement of Natal, would accrue to England and to the whole of her South African possessions. The death of the old chief Faku would probably bring under his rule the Amampoundo people, who would thus be united with his own. With a strong Kafir nation like this, under direct British influence, planted in the rear of those tribes with whom we have been lately fighting, it would be almost impossible for another Kafir war to arise. In short, his authority would be felt over the whole of Kafirland: and at length that very rich and productive region—incomparably the finest in all South Africa—would have rest from its many troubles, and welcome the peaceful steps of commerce, civilization, and Christianity.

Should it, however, please God to order otherwise, and to cut short his valuable life before any

of these great results had been achieved, there is certainly no one who could fill his place, and the tribes thus removed from the colony must be left to their own devices. But they would not be worse off than now, nor would the perils of the country be at all increased. The natives *are* there; they are really and truly, if they please, at any time the masters of the land. Their power is daily growing, and cannot be stopped. The question is, who shall wield it?

But a few years only might accomplish great things. If the Missions of our Church have time to develop their strength, and acquire their proper influence among them, we may hope that in some way or other a true successor might be found for Mr. Shepstone, either an Englishman like himself, trained under his eye, taught by his example, and recommended by his choice to the people; or else one of themselves, a Christian Kafir, who had received the word of truth from the lips of our Missionaries, and had learned to look up to his bishop as a father and friend.

[Since my return to England, I have received a letter from Mr. Shepstone, dated August 31, 1854, and giving an account of his visit to Faku, from which I extract the following interesting particulars:—

“ I left here on the 19th May, and returned on the 7th August. I took all my family with me. I had several objects in view in so doing; one of which was to prevent any misconception by Faku's people of the character of my visit. It was, of

course, impossible for me to prevent a goodly number of my black friends from accompanying or following me; and by the time I got half way, my party amounted to nearly two hundred. It was easy for frightened people to magnify this to two or even twenty thousand, and to believe that, with such an army, my intentions could certainly not be very peaceful. As I expected, so it fell out; the most extravagant reports preceded me. Faku's people, who of all tribes I have met with are the most timid and suspicious, hearing of my advance with a large retinue, concluded that I was coming with an army to destroy them, for some unknown reason; and many of them fled, with their cattle, to places of safety. But, fortunately, Mr. Jenkins, the Wesleyan Missionary there, had also heard of my coming, and was aware that Mrs. Shepstone and the children were with me. The knowledge of this fact furnished him with an unanswerable argument, against the assumption that my intentions were hostile: for, said he, 'Who with a beard on his face would go out to war, and take his wife and children with him?' This, with Mr. Jenkins's assurances, which go a great way with them, had the effect of allaying their fears, but did not satisfy the questions raised by their suspicions.

"On, however, I went, and at length reached the Mission Station of Palmerton, where I was received with the greatest hospitality, by Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins. I found Faku's people in a state of great anxiety and suspense. My former visit, ten years



previously, had been paid when I was an officer of the Cape Government, and then I was a favourite ; but now, coming from that of Natal, with which their relations have not been satisfactory, they wondered whether, after all Mr. Jenkins's assurances, I might, nevertheless, be unfriendly towards them, and the bearer of evil tidings. To this state of things was added the misfortune, that the old chief himself was suffering from a severe inflammation in one of his eyes ; so that he could not, for some days, see me,—with that one at least. Information, however, was constantly sought from Mr. Jenkins, who, I believe, gave him all he could, and in such a manner, as to relieve him of any painful suspense as to the character of my mission.

“ During all this time, the greatest attention was paid me. Faku sent his brothers, sons, and great men, to come and pay their respects to me, bringing with them cattle for the use of my followers. These grandees met me at the Mission Station ; every sign of respect and regard was shown towards me ; and much regret was expressed, that ‘ the accident of the chief's affliction should interpose to prevent that cordial interchange of sentiment for which my visit gave opportunity ; but, as it was a circumstance over which neither Faku nor I could exercise control, we must be content that it was so, and Faku, in addition to bearing the affliction, would suffer a great loss.’ I thought this sufficiently courtly to indicate a desire not to receive me at all : but I determined to see the end. I therefore sent, and expressed to him my

very great regret, that I should have had the misfortune of finding him ill; and that, to give time for his recovery, I should pass on, and visit the river St. John's, in the hope that, on my return, I might probably find him so far recovered as to be able to meet me. He sent back to say, that 'he could not think of allowing me to pass on without seeing me—that he hoped I should excuse his not visiting me first'—and that 'he thought he should be sufficiently recovered in two days to receive me.'

"After two days, accordingly, I went. Seventy or eighty of my people accompanied me; for they were all anxious to see the great man. We reached the 'great place' early in the forenoon, and seated ourselves on the grass, about fifty yards from the Residence, awaiting the summons to meet His Majesty. There were about 500 of Faku's chief men, to witness the meeting. Hour after hour, however, passed away, but no summons came; until, at length, I sent to tell him that 'I could wait no longer, and should return home.' My messenger arrived just as they had settled the knotty point, as to the etiquette to be observed in my reception; and he had no sooner delivered his message, than we saw Faku's people rise simultaneously, and move towards where we were sitting, headed by the heir-apparent to the *throne!* They all stood about fifteen paces from us, and with one voice gave the salute 'Bayete,' which you will doubtless recognise. They then immediately went back to their places, and I received intimation, that Faku was ready to receive me.

I thereupon walked up, and desired my people to return the compliment to His Majesty. This difficult business, which had kept us so many hours in suspense, being ended, I shook hands with the old gentleman, who was sitting on the ground, with a large shade over his eye. He pulled me down close to him; made me take off my hat, that he might see if I really was the man I purported to be; called me by my name, ‘Theophilus,’ several times, as if to try whether I would answer to it, and exhibited quite a childish extravagance in his satisfaction at seeing me. He then administered a good-natured scolding for my having exhibited impatience, when ‘my father,’ as he called himself, ‘was considering how he could show me honour,’—told me ‘I must stay all night with him’—that ‘he had much to say to me,’ and that ‘he had provided a fat ox for my dinner, and a *house* for me to sleep in.’ I declined the invitation to dinner and a bed, and said, ‘I should come again.’ He then showed me his eye, which certainly was very much inflamed, and told me that ‘a wizard had done it.’

“I now found that all difficulty was over; the ice was broken, and all formality had ceased. After this, I had several interviews with him, and I arranged everything with him as satisfactorily as I could have expected. He consented to my occupying such extent of country, between him and Natal, as will be sufficient for my purpose; and made over to my exclusive control the mouth and port of the St. John’s River. He repeatedly told me, I must look upon

him as 'my father,' and take care of him accordingly. He invariably said 'my son,' when speaking to me.

“ Nearly all the chiefs and counsellors, residing between Faku and Natal, signed an instrument, electing me as their supreme chief, in the fullest sense of the word ; by which, as I explained to them most particularly, they placed themselves, their wives and children, their property and their country, in my hands. I accepted this only on condition that my Queen consented to my doing so, which I should be able to tell them in a short time. While I was at Faku's, some people residing to the south of him, *i.e.* towards the Cape Colony, sent a deputation to me, requesting and urging very much to become my people. These, however, I thought it best to refuse, for the present, on the ground that they live so far away, and thinking also, that, in the event of the Home Government not sanctioning the measure, their safety might be compromised with their more powerful and jealous neighbours. I gave them these reasons frankly ; but they still urged, saying, 'they did not mind the distance, if I would but allow them to be called my people.' I felt it my duty, however, to adhere to my resolution, until I know what the decision on the matter is.

“ But you must not suppose, from what I have said, that my recent journey, terminating, as it has, so successfully, was without its difficulties and trials. I can assure you to the contrary. Many days I suffered most intense anxiety. The people with me would sometimes become alarmed, and doubtful of my

ultimate success ; especially when it was thought that my occupation of the country would be opposed by Faku. They talked of plots and conspiracies, and their forebodings were anything but encouraging. Then I had to read the letters of my friends, warning me against the secret opposition which would be brought to bear upon Faku and the other chiefs, to my prejudice. And, added to all this, I had to discuss in my own mind the question, as to whether it really was the path of my duty or not. I dared not decide this in the negative ; for, if I had, I could not reasonably expect God's blessing upon my undertaking. During these cloudy days, I felt much comforted by reading the hymn, which you had printed on the Confirmation tickets. It struck me very much when I first heard it ; and ever since, I have kept a copy of it in my Prayer-book. It begins, ' Put thou thy trust in God.' My conclusion is this : ' If it is the path of my duty. I shall walk in it, and God will bless me in so doing ; if the contrary, I shall not be allowed to undertake it : circumstances, over which I have no control, will arise to prevent it.' Indeed, this is my constant prayer. The assurance you gave me, that I am remembered in your daily prayers, also comforts me greatly, and I thank you for the remembrance."

I trust that I am not violating my dear friend's confidence, in quoting the above passages from a private letter to myself, of course, without his knowledge or consent. But I do feel it right, that the friends of Africa should be made aware of these circumstances,

and be ready to render help to such a man, should the enterprise in question, or any similar one, be undertaken by him at some future day. At present, I believe, the Home Government has expressed its disapproval of the measure, as, in their opinion, attended with too great a risk, and it must, therefore, at this time, be abandoned. Our Missionary work in Natal will now be of a more urgent character. The vast body of natives now within the colony will remain there; and our only hope of retaining them in peace and order will be by beginning vigorously, and without delay, to discharge our long neglected duty of seeking to educate, civilize, and Christianize them. It is a great comfort, however, to know, that, in the carrying on of this work, we shall now have the presence and help of Mr. Shepstone himself.]

I was very kindly met by Capt. Struben, and nine or ten friends, on horseback, at about four miles from the village of Ladismith, which we entered after crossing the Klip (or Stony) River, and found it to be a neat hamlet of twenty-three houses, all of them well built, besides soldiers' tents, and huts. Capt. Struben has made himself a very nice English house, and planted a garden, which, after three years' growth, abounds with very respectable fruit-trees. This was the first house built in the place. He tells me that, last winter, his roof hung with icicles, two feet long, which did not melt for thirty-six hours.

I find that it will be impossible for me to continue further my visits among the chiefs, without incurring expenses, which, now that I see my course of

action plain before me, would not be compensated by the result. Nodada and Matyana live thirty miles away in a terrible country, just like Pakade's in character, but with the Sunday River, full of round stones, and in this (summer) season liable to be at any moment swelled with rains, to be crossed *fourteen* times. My poor horses are quite incapable of doing this work after their late exertions. Another chief lives nearly as far away, though in a more manageable country; but, I am told, I should certainly sacrifice one horse or more, in trying to get to him, from the horse-sickness, which is just now prevailing in these parts. This sickness is a deadly disease, which carries off horses rapidly in some parts of the colony. It appears to arise from eating grass, which, either from having the dew upon it, (as some imagine,) or from some other cause, is considered to be poisonous to them. The lungs become affected suddenly, (at least, this is the first evident symptom of the disorder,) and are soon destroyed, and the animal dies. This evening the horse of the army surgeon at Ladismith was brought in sick, and died in half-an-hour. In this place last year they lost 300 horses. Mr. Potgieter lost twenty-eight, Labuscagne thirty-two, and Roberts lost his whole stock of seven in a day and a-half; and two years ago he lost fifteen. The country herabouts, however, though not good for horses, is admirably suited, I am told, for grazing cattle, and for sheep and corn.

*Saturday, March 4.*—This morning I copied from Mr. S.'s dictation the 100th Psalm in Kafir; and then

began the Apostles' Creed. We have the greatest difficulty in fixing on a proper name for God. I cannot bear the mean and meaningless name *uTixo*, with its disagreeable click, and poverty of sound. *umKulun-kulu* and *umVelinqange* are both too long for common use; and so would be *uLungileyo*, "The Good One." We have thought of adopting *umPezulu*, "He above, or in Heaven;" and by this Name, in fact, Kafirs are often sworn in courts of justice. Standing up, and lifting the first and second fingers of the left hand in Dutch fashion, he will repeat the words *Ngi bona, 'nKos' iPezulu*, "Behold me, Lord above;" or, *Ngi size, 'nKos' iPezulu*, "Help me, Lord above." But there are objections to this word also. I am not sure that it would not be best to employ the word *uDio*. It is a new word, it is true, like *uTixo*; but it is easy of utterance, is directly connected with the Greek and Latin Names for God, and is not very far removed in sound from the word which it displaces. No one, who has not tried, can conceive how hard, and almost impossible, it is, to give correct representations in another, and that a barbarous, tongue, of the refined and expressive language of some parts of the Bible and Prayer Book.

Capt. Struben went with me to call on all the twenty-three houses of the place, and also at the camp, where there is at present a small detachment of soldiers. I find, among the inhabitants, a very great desire manifested for the erection of a church, and the support, to some extent, of a minister. We are to have a meeting on Monday on the subject.



At present, the English worship in the Dutch church, which is a barn-like building, without any pretensions to architectural beauty, erected by the Boers at their own expense, assisted by some small subscriptions from the English, and a grant of 200*l.* from the Government.

One of the houses, which I visited, was occupied by a Dutchman, named Lottering, a wagon-maker by trade, who, with his wife and four children, had trekked recently out of the Transvaal country, where those Dutch Boers, who, after the battle of Boom Plaats, determined to go still further to the north, in order to get out of the reach of English rule and interference, have settled themselves down, and formed a republic beyond the Vaal River. Here they are said to have founded a large and flourishing town, called Magaliesburg. But they are also said to have departed far from the religious principles and practice of their Dutch brethren in Natal and the Cape district ; and it was to escape from their ungodliness and unrighteous way of living, that this man, Lottering, had left them, and come to put himself once more under the government of Queen Victoria.

I found the house, I must confess, for an Englishman's nose, hardly endurable,—especially when the door was shut—from the quantity of fresh *biltong*, or flesh cut off in strips from an animal, whose skin and carcase lay just outside the door, while the pieces of raw meat were hung up inside in the open roof to dry. Perhaps, there were fifty or sixty of these pendants dangling over our heads, covered with innu-

merable flies, and scenting the air very disagreeably. I suppose, however, it was not offensive to *them*, or, at all events, they were used to it ; and, as our conversation proceeded, I was well content to endure patiently this small discomfort, though it required a tolerably strong stomach to do so. He was, of course, a Dutch Presbyterian of the Reformed Church ; but he wished to have his four children baptized by me on the morrow, as he had had no opportunity, for so many years, of bringing them for baptism to a pastor of his own Church. I told him, that our Church required godparents. “There was no one in the place, who knew him sufficiently,” he feared, “for this.” Capt. Struben, however, at once said, that he and Mrs. Struben would attend as godparents. Then he expressed a wish to partake of the *Nacht-Maal*—the Holy Communion—if he might ; “but,” he said, “he was not confirmed. Would it be possible for me to examine him, and ascertain his fitness for Confirmation ? He knew the Scriptures well, and with his wife habitually read, and, he hoped, desired to practise, them.” I asked him to repeat the Lord’s Prayer. He arose immediately, and, standing in reverent posture, repeated solemnly the words of the prayer in Dutch. Through Capt. Struben, as interpreter, I then questioned him as to its meaning, and received such intelligent and pleasing—withal, such devout and modest—answers, that I felt, I could not but admit him to Confirmation and Communion. It is true, he could not repeat the Belief, for the Dutch Church does not recognise

its authority ; but he gave me satisfactory evidence of his holding the main truths contained in it ; and inquired anxiously whether the baptism, with which I should baptize his children, would be “in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.” “His wife,” he said, “agreed with him in all points ; and morning and evening they prayed to their Heavenly Father, and, as well as they could, taught their children to do the same.” All this was said with so much earnestness and simplicity, and with so much humility of spirit, in speaking of his desire and hope to serve God faithfully for the time to come, and to seek grace for so doing in the Holy Supper, that I could not but promise to receive them, and have fixed, accordingly, to-morrow morning, at 9 A.M., for the hour of holding my first Confirmation in the Diocese of Natal.

I had much talk this evening with Capt. Struben, who, being magistrate of the Klip River Division, has had much experience among the Kafirs. He told me that he was not unfrequently obliged to advance the land-tax (7s.) to a Kafir. “His boys,” he would say, “were at service, and had not yet come home with their wages. If Capt. Struben would advance the money to them, they would faithfully repay it.” Last year he had so lent to the amount of 16*l.* ; every penny of which had been repaid.

I gathered also some small items of evidence on the much-disputed question of the *gratitude* of the Kafirs. A gentleman told me that at Uys Doorns, about five miles from Maritzburg, on the road to

Durban, a fire had taken place, and burnt down a cottage, in which lived an English family. Riding up to the door shortly after, he heard a great noise of Kafir voices within—such a clatter and contention—that he could not tell what to make of it. Presently, the Englishman came out, and said that the Kafirs of the neighbourhood had brought him bundles of reed to thatch his house with. He wanted to pay them, but they would not be paid. They said, “He had done them services before now, and now it was their time.” There lay the large bundles, placed around the hut by these insensible, ungrateful Kafirs.

There is, I hear, an old Dutch dame in Maritzburg, who has always a good word to say for the Kafirs. In early times, before the Dutch came into Natal, her husband was sent forward, as one of the exploring party, to examine the land. Near the bridge of Uys Doorns, he shot some elands; and finding there the headman of a party of Kafirs, whose cattle and crops had all been ravaged by Dingaan’s armies, and who were literally starving, he told them where the animals lay, and bade them go and eat them—which they did, but very economically, making them last a long time, until their wants were supplied with the return of the season. In fact, they were saved from utter misery and death by this act of kindness—and they never forgot it. But, when the Dutch emigrants came in great force into the colony, and, not being sufficiently supplied with food for their large numbers,

were themselves at one time in much distress, while they lived in their camp, before the town was founded, this Kafir headman came one day with a large bowl of mealies, and inquired for the Dutchman. He was directed to his tent; but, on his way, was solicited to sell, and offered large payment for his mealies. No! he must find his old friend, the Dutchman, and so he did, and poured out the mealies at the feet of his wife, refusing to receive any remuneration for them. Nor was this all; but, every two or three days, he came back again with a similar present, and continued it, until the Dutch too were able to get over their difficulties, and supply the wants of their families.

I met again at dinner Capt. Shelley, who has been travelling in the interior, and gone through some terrible scenes. On one occasion, being without water, and the case of his party becoming hourly more desperate, he determined to take his horses, and ride each one in turn, until it fell exhausted; and in this way, if I remember rightly, no fewer than seven were killed, when at length he found water, and returned to learn that his company had been refreshed with abundant rain, very shortly after he had left them. His journals will probably be published, and cannot but be very full of interest.

*Sunday, March 5.*—This morning the Dutchman and his wife were confirmed, and received the Communion at the mid-day service, with eleven other residents of this village and neighbourhood. In the morning the military—at least, about ten or twelve,

the English-speaking portion of them — attended Divine Service, and the whole congregation may have amounted to sixty adults. In the afternoon the soldiers were absent; but the congregation was even larger, and seven children were baptized, including four of the Dutchman's.

Jantjee's horse, I am sorry to say, is dead. It was overworked yesterday, and appears to have died of fatigue, not of the sickness.

*Monday, March 6.*—Another troop-horse is dead of the sickness. One which I saw ill on Saturday appears to be recovering. This sickness appears to be confined to low grounds, and when a damp, cold, misty moisture spreads over the surface. Horses get on quite well, if sent up, as ours have been, to the heights which surround the town. We intended to have started for Maritzburg to-day; but it has set in to heavy, continued, rain, and there is no moving. God be praised for the mercy which has attended me on my journey, so that I have not lost one single day, (except with our wagon-affair at starting,) nor suffered any inconvenience from wet or weather, (except feeling the heat sometimes, while riding in the middle of the day, to be rather more powerful than pleasant,) till now, when I have seen all that I care to see, and have only to return to the city, which can be done easily, even if the rivers should be swollen, as there are boats over all of them except the Klip River, on the *main-road* between this and Maritzburg, by which we shall go.

Held a meeting this morning with the inhabitants

about their proposed Church, at which great unanimity and heartiness prevailed, and a Subscription List was opened and very hopefully filled up. Lot-tering, the Dutchman, came with a sum of money, small in itself, but for him considerable, and said, that "being a stranger to our customs, he had not brought any money for the Offertory on Sunday; but he wished this to be added to the sum then contributed," which was to go towards the building of the Church.

4 P.M.—Yesterday it was hot, with a dry, hot wind from the interior. To-day it has been pouring all day long, and the rivers will, no doubt, be considerably increased; and it has become so cold, that we are quite glad of Mrs. Struben's fire. Her brother, Mr. Field, told me that he had never seen a more decided winter-scene in England, than he had witnessed here last winter.

Mr. Shepstone gave me an amusing account of the manner in which one of the party of Zulus, who were exhibited in London last year, had discoursed to some of his black brethren in Natal about the wonders of England. He had been sent back before the rest, on account of his health; and he was heard by Mr. S. dilating at great length upon the subject to Ngoza and some ten of his men, and with such simplicity and earnestness, that they could not but believe his story, strange as it appeared to them. "You have become an old man," they said. He spoke of railways. "They fastened together twenty great wagons, heavily laden, and then they tied on

in front a little strong bull, and then they let him go; and off they went at such a rate, that, if he had been let go by himself, he did not know where he would have got to." "London was so big that he never saw the end of it. And he was quite troubled to know what would become of it. People, and cattle, and wagons, were always coming in, but he never saw any going out;" the fact being, no doubt, that he and his companions were only taken to walk in the Park at the early hour of 10 A.M., when few would be about to see them; and thus he had drawn a very proper inference from the fact, that he always saw at that hour the stream of life pouring *in* to London. "They had got a bridge over the great River, and they had got boats to cross it; but they were not content with that—they must have a *hole* to go under it (the Thames Tunnel)." "Why was that?" he was asked. "He did not know; he supposed it was, because they *would* have it." "He had seen a ship (the Great Britain) which would hold the whole of Panda's army." This staggered them a little; but he got over the difficulty by talking about one deck over the other, until their poor intellects were quite confused, and they gave in, and believed him. He saw Her Majesty the Queen. "When she was in a room, she was very much like any other *umFazi*; but when she came out among her people, then he saw that she was Queen of them all; for they took off their hats to her, and, where there was no room for *him* or anybody else, they soon made plenty of room for *her*." "There was something very



wonderful up *pezulu*—high in the clouds. It was continually going, going, going, making a sound. He supposed it must be the amaTongo—spirits of the dead.” Mr. S. imagines that he must have meant bells. Certainly he could never have heard a peal of bells in Natal, and I fear it must be long before we can hope to have the sweet home-music there. God grant that the time may not be very far distant, when the sound of the *single* bell, at least, summoning the natives to worship or to school, shall be heard in every thickly-peopled valley of the land.

*Tuesday, March 7.*—As we anticipated, the river is very full, and, having a considerable descent, is running very rapid and strong. At about 10, A.M., however, our ten oxen took the wagon across with great spirit, amidst the deafening shouts and screams of the Kafirs. The wagon was almost empty, all the lighter articles having been taken over, on the heads of strong, swimming Kafirs. The water rose in it, perhaps, a foot; but our remaining goods were raised on the benches, and so were uninjured. At 3, P.M., I took leave of my kind hostess—now, alas! no more—and started with Capt. Struben. We had to ride through the river at the drift, in which process I got thoroughly wetted up to the knee, in spite of all my care, but met no further accident. Mr. S. had to remain behind to wait for his horse, which had not been caught. But we are getting very anxious about all our horses. Jantjee’s is dead, and to-day old Grootkop has been sickening. Two of the troop-horses have died since we have been here,

and two more have sickened this morning. The disease prevails most in the mimosa or thorn country.

We rode on over Capt. Struben's farm, and just about dusk reached the Tukela, at a different drift from that by which we crossed it before. The waters were very high and broad. It was quite impossible to cross it at this time of the evening; and we found our wagon, which had gone round by the main road, out-spanned on the side of it. We were entertained at the house of Mr. Watson, a trader, who, with his assistant, Mr. Solomon, had attended the service at Doornkop. From Mr. W. I gathered several pieces of interesting information. "The state of things in Natal was wonderfully changed from what it had been two years ago. *Then* he left Maritzburg, fearing an universal bankruptcy. He held 700*l.* in bills of the best merchants in the colony, whose money was perfectly sure; but he could not have got 10*l.* advanced upon them. *Now* money was free and plentiful; and, instead of every one grumbling as then, every one now was putting his shoulder to the wheel, and making the best of his circumstances." "He had sold as much as 1000*l.* worth of goods in one day—chiefly to Boers, who would send their wagons down, at a certain time, for their yearly stock. In fact, he could not get his goods up from the Bay fast enough for his wants." I saw excellent bituminous *coal* piled in his yard, the produce of the colony, which could be had at the place where it was found for nothing, but cost in land-carriage so much, that it sold for 15*l.* a ton

in Maritzburg. "The Boers," he said, "were sure to pay, though rather slow—not in money, perhaps, but in cattle or goods, which he could turn to account." "He had never had the slightest difficulty with the Kafirs." He had a capital stone kraal, which would hold 400 cattle, and had been built by a party of Mantatees for 5*l.*, but was worth 100*l.* Slept this night in the tent, under cover of which, however, my blankets and pillow were wet with dew in the morning.

*Wednesday, March 8.*—The great business was to get the wagon across the Tukela. This was accomplished by taking it to pieces, and so carrying it over in the ferry-boat, which always lies for use at this place. Then our oxen, nineteen in number, (including five, which Ngoza and Jantjee had picked up as presents on the way,) were driven into the river, and swam nobly across. Next followed our horses, headed by old Grootkop, who seemed better this morning, having been tied up all night with the rest to the back of the wagon, and supplied with forage, instead of being allowed to graze. But my own horse shows signs of weakness now; and very glad shall we be when we are fairly out of this dangerous country. Last of all, we were taken over in the boat, with many of our Kafirs, who were not swimmers. For the whole affair, I had to pay the sum of 35*s.* to the ferryman.

It was very pleasant to see the remarkable cleanliness of our body of Kafirs, who were mostly Zulus—Ngoza having been a soldier under Dingaan when

a boy, while Jantjee served *against* him under the Dutch. They sat by the river-side, washing and cleaning themselves thoroughly, head, face, and limbs, with soap, and taking as much pains with their person as any well-trained Englishman—rather more, I fancy, than some of their white fellow-subjects in this colony. The Kafirs, I am told, always rinse their mouth after eating; and, if told to do any job of work, invariably go, if they can, and wash their hands before doing it. We saw one cross and recross several times on the curious sort of reed-raft, or floater, which they use in these rivers. It is merely a bundle of reeds, about four feet long, bound together in a conical form, the circular end being, perhaps, eight or ten inches across, and the whole tapering to a point. Near the broad end are stuck in two forked sticks, on which may be suspended clothes, parcels, &c., to be carried across. The swimmer supports his breast on this end, the other being, of course, tilted up, so as to point into the air before him. Then, grasping with his hands the lower parts of the two sticks, he strikes out with his feet, and so pushes himself across, and carries over dry the articles upon the forks. In this way they will also carry a man across, or two, if the floater be long enough. He must sit astride, just where the two sticks would otherwise be inserted, and clasp with his arms the upper part of the bundle, and then resign himself to the Kafir, who will come behind, as before, and push him across.

We were witnesses here of the exceedingly small

value, which some of our Dutch friends set upon the article of *time*. A wagon had come down to the side we had just left, laden with Indian corn, thrown in loose in the grain. This corn was to be first carried over in the boat, and then the wagon was to follow. I saw the first boat-load of grain come over. It appeared that they had borrowed a bag or two from some one on the other side, into which some of the corn had been passed from the wagon, for conveyance over the river, in order, I suppose, to avoid a wastage in the boat. How the bags had been *filled*, I cannot say; but they were *emptied* in the most tedious manner, by four Kafirs, who, with the help of a bucket and a common iron saucepan or melting-pot, ladled the grain out of the bags as they lay in the boat, and then carried their burdens a few yards off, and deposited them upon a sheet spread out on the shore. And this process was to be carried on with all the contents of the wagon! and then the wagon was to be filled again! I must say, I was rather glad we had been first at the river-side this morning.

It was 11 A.M. before we could get off, having packed a few necessaries in our saddle-bags, and leaving our wagon to follow at leisure—as we hope to reach Maritzburg on Thursday; but the wagon cannot arrive before Saturday. We had a pleasant ride of four or five hours to the Bushman's River, passing on the way the spot where Dingaan's army (see Introduction) first fell upon the defenceless camp of Pieter Retief, after the dreadful massacre of

Relief himself and the finest warriors of his party, with many of their sons and servants—in all one hundred persons—whom he beguiled into his kraal, under the pretence of giving them possession of the District of Natal. Their women and children, with the other male occupants of this camp, utterly unconscious of what had happened, were suddenly surprised by the Zulu army, and a second and still more horrible butchery ensued. Only two or three of the whole body escaped with life. Many were killed on the spot: the rest attempted to fly across a little spruit hard by, to join another body of their Dutch friends, encamped at the Bushman's River. But they were soon overtaken, and every one slain. Four years ago their short course could easily be traced, Mr. Shepstone told me, by the bones which lay scattered about. But the great mass of them lies buried by their sorrowing countrymen under a heap of stones, and the others have now been mostly consumed by the annual fires. The other camps got notice of the attack, and were on their guard.

The *Bushman's* River derives its name, I believe, from having been formerly the point, at which the Bushmen from beyond the mountains made their sudden inroads into the district, and carried off large numbers of cattle. The descent to it was very grand, from the vastness of the scenery all around. We saw the remains of a stone building, once used as a kind of fortress, to guard against the depredations of these diminutive, but destructive, freebooters, whose arrows, poison-tipped, carried death wherever they

came. The house of refreshment at this river, kept by Mr. and Mrs. Nixon, deserves a special commendation, as being singularly neat and clean. It was quite a temptation to stop and spend the night there, from the appearance of the bedroom and everything about the house. The day, however, was not sufficiently advanced for this; so, crossing the river in the boat, and driving our horses over, we rode on to the Mooi River.

On the way, Mr. Shepstone drew my attention to the singular stuff upon the Mimosa-thorn, which I have before mentioned as the material, out of which the Zulu-Kafirs construct their curious head-rings. It is a white, creamy, glutinous matter, formed, I am told, by the larva of the large fly, which shrieks so disagreeably in the willow-trees at Maritzburg. The appearance of the thorn is like that of a sea-stone, covered with small white spots of coralline; only here the substance is quite soft, and, when the juice is pressed out, there remains a white, thick, resinous matter, which flames in the fire, and with which they twine up their hair and grass together into the ring. We passed the postman—a solitary Kafir—on foot, with his bags on his back, who at any rate was counted by the Government faithful enough to be trusted with this precious charge, without fear of miscarriage. Between the Bushman's River, however, and Maritzburg, where the ground is high, and the temperature often very cold, there are two Kafirs, who keep each other company, lest one should perish with the wet or cold. Not long ago, in fact, the two

men were overtaken by a storm; and, while one tried to make his way forward, the other more wisely crept into a large ant-eater's hole, and there remained all night till the morning. The latter escaped without harm; but his poor companion died of misery. I must endeavour to get some of our kind friends in England to send us presents of flannel for the natives. They feel the cold extremely. Even this very day—in the middle of summer—we met a wagon, the leader of which (a man leading the first pair of oxen) had died upon the road from the cold of last Monday's rain. As there is so much wool in the colony, it would be very desirable to introduce among them, if possible, the art of manufacturing it into articles of wearing apparel.

When we got upon the high grounds, a thick, chilly mist at times enveloped us, and prevented our seeing much of our way before us. It is, of course, somewhat hazardous to travel under such circumstances, except when the marks of the path are very decided and unmistakeable. Under Mr. Shepstone's guidance, however, I was safe; and about eleven o'clock, on a moonlight night, we reached the banks of the Mooi River. Here Jantjee shouted lustily for Gray, the ferry-man, to come across with his boat. "*AmaKose emFulini!*"—"Gentlemen in the river!"—I heard him crying with might and main; but all his representations of our dignities and difficulties were of no avail. No movement could be elicited on the other side. Mr. Shepstone and myself joined our voices to his, and at length produced a reply.



Fortunately, one of our friends at Doornkop, Mr. Geo. Moodie, with two other gentlemen, was sleeping in the house, and, having been aroused by our noise, had succeeded in knocking up the drowsy host, who now came across with his boat. And then followed an amusing skirmish between the bipeds and quadrupeds of our party. The object of the one side was to drive the other into the river, that they might swim across. But old Grootkop, on whom we relied for taking the lead in the water, as he had done at the Tukela, had made up his mind to remain where he was. He had quite shaken off his sickness; the cold, almost frosty, air gave him life and spirits; and he galloped about the veldt in a state of great enjoyment, and most perfect contempt of our efforts to beguile or compel him into the river. At last, after a fruitless racing to and fro through the wet, dewy grass, we were obliged to give it up, and leave it to Jantjee to get them over by daybreak in the morning. We went across in the boat; and here the old Scotch ferry-man made the discovery that he had the Bishop on board. "Well now," observed that worthy, "this is surprising: here have I been reading Jeremy Taylor all day to prepare for the Bishop's coming, and here he is come without my knowing it!" I pass over the events of the night, except to say that a sofa was roughly made up for me in a room, where the bed was already occupied by another; and that, when the day broke at length upon us, after an hour's uneasy slumber, we were very glad to arise, and

hasten to the river-side for refreshment and cleansing.

*Thursday, March 9.*—We started, after a cup of coffee, intending to make a two hours' ride before breakfast. The air of the morning was delicious; and all day long it continued cool and pleasant, even when the sun was up. But for the first time my lips felt scorched and cracked. It was the mist of last evening—not the heat of the sun—which had affected them. We breakfasted at Turton's, near which we had a view of some fragments of our crockery, scattered upon the spot where our wagon had met with its disaster; and at last, after riding about 45 miles, came in safety, thank God! to Maritzburg. I must not omit to mention the delicious meal of milk and bread-and-butter, all as sweet as could be, which we enjoyed at the house of a settler named Robinson—the more acceptable to us, as, to say the truth, we had fared not very sumptuously, since we left the Bushman's River. We crossed the bridge over the Umgeni, a famous work of art, built by the settlers of the neighbourhood at their own expense, and as an example for the Government.

We came in sight of the city, on the top of the long hill, which it took us full two hours to descend. It was broad daylight when we stood upon the summit; but darkness had long closed in before we reached the bottom. I have given up the idea of calculating distances with any precision in this country, unless I can see the whole line of road between the two points in question; and even then it is most

probable that the estimate will fall far short of the actual distance. The air here is so clear, and the scenery so gigantic, that what appears to be a little hillock turns out, on a closer approach, to be a good-sized hill, while the hill becomes a mountain, and the silvery brook at its bottom a deep and swift-rushing river.

Perhaps our descent may have been made a little longer by our having taken a *short* cut, down the new wagon-road. The path became at length somewhat dark and intricate ; but we reckoned ourselves quite at home, and began to congratulate ourselves, and to bless God for our deliverance from all dangers, and even delays, upon our journey. Scarcely had the words gone out of our mouths, when, with a prodigious scramble, down went Mr. Shepstone's horse, just in front of mine, and continued immovable. On getting off, and looking closely into the matter, (for it was nearly dark,) we found that his legs and shoulders had gone down into a hole, nearly circular, and about two feet across, below which, at a considerable depth, we could hear the rippling and gurgling of water. By main force, after several fruitless efforts, he was pulled back at length from his perilous position. Had the edges of the hole given way, he might have gone down head foremost, and Mr. Shepstone along with him. As it was, he received no injury ; and another hour brought us safely to our homes.

*Friday and Saturday, March 10 and 11.*—No tidings yet of the mail from England, or of my party

from Capetown! Was occupied chiefly in preparing sermons for Sunday.

*Sunday, March 12.*—In the morning, preached an S. P. G. Sermon, on behalf of our Mission Institution, to a crowded schoolroom. Collection, 8*l.* 1*s.* In the afternoon, addressed the candidates for Confirmation, of which notice had been given some weeks ago, for next Friday. In the evening, I preached at the camp. This last service was particularly interesting. The room was crowded with soldiers and their wives, who came quite of their own accord; for it was a voluntary service. Several officers also were present, and their example in the regiment is most beneficial. Altogether, the condition of the troops is very encouraging; and great gratitude is felt and expressed by the men, for the faithful and affectionate services of their devoted minister, the Rev. J. D. Jenkins. After the general service, at which I addressed the men, from Matt. vi., on the duty and privilege of prayer, about twenty remained behind, who were to be confirmed; and Mr. Jenkins catechised them. Their answers were admirable, and showed how thoroughly well they had been prepared for the solemn ceremony.

*Monday, March 13.*—Spent some hours this day in consultation with Mr. Green about our future proceedings here. Jantjee, with his brother and about eight of his men and six women, came to salute me—full of gratitude, for my having paid the value of his dead horse, for the purchase of which, in fact, he had gone in debt, and had just been arrested.

*Tuesday, March 14.*—Spent this day with Mr. and Mrs. Shepstone, and the Crown Prosecutor, Mr. Harding, in inspecting the new mission ground, and selecting a site for a house.

*Wednesday, March 15.*—This morning, at breakfast, the sad news reached us of Dr. Stanger's serious illness at Durban, with a request that Mr. Shepstone and myself would come down at once and see him. We started on horseback, about 10 A.M., and reached Durban (fifty-two miles) that night, at 11. Mr. Shepstone led one horse, which he mounted, when half-way, and I, at the same place, borrowed another. Here, however, we were met by the messenger from Durban, riding up with the tidings of our dear friend's death, which took place about half-an-hour after the message was despatched to us last evening. It was late when we crossed the Berea; and Mr. S., I could see, looked rather anxiously around, as we passed through the bush, in which many wild animals live, and elephants are found occasionally. We met nothing, however; and, on reaching Mr. Cato's, had two sofas kindly made up for us.

*Thursday, March 16.*—This morning at daybreak, just six weeks and a half after my landing, the *Sir Robert Peel* came in with the January mails, and my long-missing party. It was certainly a remarkable coincidence, that I should have been brought down here to meet them, though by so sad an event, only a few hours before they came. I rode down directly to the Point, at 6 A.M., went on board, and brought them on shore,—glad enough to escape from the

crowded and dirty vessel. Thank God for good tidings from England!

I was occupied all the day with the fresh-comers, and at 4 P.M. had the melancholy satisfaction of reading the Burial Service over the body of my dear friend. The whole town, with the Lieut.-Governor and other official persons, followed in the procession; and the solitary bell of the Wesleyan chapel sounded the funeral knell. Our path lay through the whole length of the town to the cemetery beyond it, which the Church people of Durban have tended with pious care, and made it really beautiful, with planting and laying-out of paths. Under a magnificent tree, the special object of his own admiration, the remains of our brother were deposited, in hope of a joyful resurrection. He was one of the very few survivors of the Niger Expedition,—one of the two, indeed, who brought out of that pestilential river the remnant of the ill-fated crew of the *Albert*, Dr. Stanger having been obliged, for the first time in his life, to manage the engine, and the other, Dr. McWilliam, to act as captain of the ship, as well as wait upon the sick and dying. They anchored every evening, and buried those, who by that time had died, in the course of the night. Probably, upon that occasion he contracted the seeds of the disease, by which he was now carried off, after having most zealously and ably discharged his duty in the colony, as Surveyor-General, for the last four years. For myself and Mr. Shepstone, I may say that we loved him, and have lost him, most truly, as a brother.

*Friday March 17.*—Started early with Mr. Shepstone, having arranged that the mule-wagon should carry up my party to Maritzburg. The Lieut.-Governor and Mr. Cato very kindly rode with us a few miles on our way. As we passed over the Berea, where everything was bright and beautiful in the fresh morning air, we saw on the path the unmistakable signs of leopards, which had been prowling during the night. We reached Pinetown half-an-hour before the wagon; but, when it came up, found that the violent jolting had been too much for Mrs. Woodrow, who was quite in a sinking state. We stayed, accordingly, some hours here, until she appeared much revived, and expressed a wish to proceed on the journey. And so, at 3 p.m., Mr. S. having arranged the wagon more comfortably for her, we set out again, and reached our next stage, Stirk Spruit, easily and pleasantly, before dark. Unfortunately, the little room at this house, (only just comparable to an ordinary *pot-house* in England,) was already occupied by guests; and, when we sat down to the dinner of fowls and buck, somewhat coarsely dressed, there were eight altogether, including our two ladies at the table. The old sofa, along the back of which a score or so of ants were chasing each other, was pulled away from the wall, in which they resided, to make seats for some of the party. The sleeping accommodation was certainly not of the choicest; but the landlord did his best, and the ladies had had some experience in lodgings at Capetown and Wynberg, and more on board the *Peel*.

I had no time to lose, as I was engaged to be at Richmond on Sunday morning. So, having made what arrangements we could for our friends, and giving them into the charge of a gentleman of the party, Mr. S. and I rode off as soon as the moon arose, at about 10 P.M., and travelled through the night, reaching Maritzburg at daybreak. At one place, about thirteen miles from town, we heard the howl of a wolf, about a mile off. He was attracted by our passing, and repeated eight or nine times his hideous melancholy sounds, which I took, at first, for the bellow of a distant bull. Otherwise, we had no adventure, but made a cool and pleasant journey.

I found Mr. Green's house giving abundant proofs of the security in which people live here. The window of my room, which looked into one of the main streets, was open, as it has been ever since I have made his house my home ; and by this window I stepped into the room, not wishing to disturb the family at so early an hour, and only hoping that no stray Kafir might witness the disappearance of my form, and set me down for a thief. Besides this, I found the back door was always left open.

*Saturday, March 18.*—At 4 P.M. I started with Mr. Robertson for Mr. M'Kenzie's, fourteen miles on my way to Richmond. We rode out of town a mile and a-half to the ford of the Little Bushman's River : but the bank on this side was so steep, that our horses refused to go in ; and, after a long contest with them, we thought it best to retrace our steps, ride through



half the city, cross the bridge on the Durban road, and then return across the veldt, on the opposite side of the river, (which runs along the whole length of the town on the Durban side,) to nearly the same spot on the other side of the ford. This was an extra ride of three miles, and it was so late before we started, that we could ill afford the time. But it was better than to run the risk of getting head over ears into the river, as had happened very recently to one of the magistrates. It became very dark as we rode down the long hill, which lay nearly at the end of our journey; and then we had to cross the Ilovu. Happily, just at that time, it was fordable without difficulty, and so we reached Mr. M.'s, where we were hospitably welcomed for the night.

*Sunday, March 19.*—Started early after breakfast for Richmond (twelve miles). As usual in this colony, the eye ranged, during our ride, over almost an incredible tract of country, hill after hill, like wave after wave, rising in succession, all clothed with verdure. Here and there herds of cattle were seen feeding upon the abundant vegetation; and one is tempted to think, that half the herds of Europe would not overstock the veldt of Natal.

“After passing over one of these hills,” writes the Rev. T. G. Fearn, the good pastor of Richmond, (supported at present by the Gospel Propagation Society,) “through the valley which opens before you, you catch a distant glimpse of Richmond. On one side of this vale, the hills gradually rise, un-

broken by either shrub, tree, or rock, and covered with rich grass. The scene is very wild, but beautiful. Here and there, through some woodless kloof, an everflowing stream meanders, contributing its share of the picturesque to the landscape, and adding richness to the pasture. A goodly sight would be these hills to hungry herds, and not less to the ploughman, to whose labours they offer no obstacle, and whose toil they would amply repay. On the opposite side of the valley, the surface rises more abruptly. The kloofs are deep and wooded, and now and then a bold cliff rears its head, while here also at its foot some brawling brook is rushing by."

Such was the scene which now met my eye. It was, indeed, a very pretty sight to mark the little cottages of this interesting village besprinkle at a distance, perhaps, of two miles, the valley before me, and to note the spot, where their small stone church was rising, to crown the summit of a knoll above them. We stopped at Mr. Fearne's little cottage, and then rode about a mile and a-half further to the room, in one of the settlers' houses, which was used as a place of worship. Here I had the pleasure of confirming six persons, five of whom afterwards partook of the Communion. One of them had walked twenty miles to attend the Service; and several of the congregation had come a distance of eight miles. Afterwards, we had another ride of eight miles to Byrne, where I held a similar service in another large cottage-room, and confirmed seven persons. We were entertained for the night most kindly at Mr. Cooke's.

*Monday, March 20.*—Mr. Robertson returned to Maritzburg, while I rode over the village of Byrne with Mr. Fearne, calling at every house, and making the acquaintance of the people. This village derives its name from that of a speculator, who does not figure very creditably in the history of the colony, but has nevertheless been the means of greatly benefiting it, by introducing a number of useful emigrants. For want of due preparations being made, to transfer them at once to their little farms on landing, many of these were thrown at first into circumstances of great distress. Some of them have since migrated to the gold-fields of Australia, disgusted with Natal, and not sparing in their abuse of it ; but these were mostly the helpless and indolent, who would have failed anywhere, and have probably not much improved their condition by the change. Others are now thriving by the results of their own persevering industry ; and several are located in this valley of Byrne, which runs up about three miles, and terminates in a thickly-wooded kloof, abounding with noble timber-trees. At the foot of this height, we found a hearty old woodeutter, whose amount of treasure, on landing three years and a-half ago, consisted of a wife, five sons, and 4*s.* 6*d.* He has now fifty head of cattle ; and, besides attending to his little farm, makes a very good business by felling the wood, which he rents of the owner, being allowed to use two saws on any part of it, on condition of paying annually a certain amount of timber. The woods of this colony are some of them very beautiful,

and the trees of magnificent dimensions. I saw in a humble shed at Maritzburg handsome chairs of yellow-wood, made by a resident at 35s. each, that would not have disgraced a London upholsterer. In this wood I saw trees which were  $3\frac{1}{4}$  feet in diameter, and from thirty to forty feet long, containing, any one of them, two loads (1,600 cubic feet) of timber. There is great difficulty, of course, at present, in moving such masses over our rough roads; but time will lessen this. In one garden I found apple-trees twelve feet high, and bearing, which were slips only three years ago. Vines bear in three years, peaches in two or three. One settler's wife told me that "in England she had suffered much from inflammation of the liver, with constant violent cough, all which had gone since she came to Natal."

After this visitation, I met the people of Byrne, to consider what measures could be taken, to build them a little church. All were unanimous, and very hearty, in their desire and determination, if possible, to build one. The only difficulty was to fix upon a site, of which three or four were readily offered. The centre of the valley, however, would be a mile and a half from the extremities—a considerable distance in a country like this, where more than one sluit would have to be crossed in that interval, which half an hour's rain might make impassable. I was told of one settler's wife, who was coming down the little valley, and had reached within a mile of her home, when she came to a sluit. It had begun to rain heavily, however, and

her Kafirs, always shrinking from rain, had run somewhither for shelter. She had presence of mind to wade at once through the rivulet, and so reached her home, though dripping with water. But in fifteen minutes the brook was impassable.

The site, after much discussion, was amicably settled, and it was agreed to build a little chapel, which should cost 100*l.*, and towards which the villagers promised to contribute 50*l.*, in wood, stone, and labour. I have arranged that a small vestry should be added, supplied with a bed and other conveniences for the clergyman—a kind of Prophet's chamber, which he might occupy at any time, independent and secure from annoyance, whenever he wished to visit the people of the neighbourhood, or was detained by bad weather.

After this, we were most hospitably entertained at a settler's, and then called at Mrs. McLeod's, where the grenadilla passion-flower was clustering all around the front of the little cottage, and hanging its green or purple fruit among the glossy leaves in profuse luxuriance. This creeper makes the best of all arbours, being an evergreen, and growing very rapidly, and being also free from insects, which do not attack either the bud or the fruit. On our way to Richmond, we called at the cottages of the "Duke's people," as they are styled, being emigrants from the Duke of Buccleugh's property at Beaulieu, near Southampton, who were most kindly assisted by his Grace and other friends, when leaving England some three years and a half ago, under Byrne's

scheme, and were provided with all necessary help towards beginning their new life in this colony. They were supplied with food for some months, implements of agriculture, and seed-corn: and conveyed at once to their little farms of twenty acres. The consequence is that, though exceedingly poor at first, and compelled, as they told me, to "rough it," they are now, almost without exception, flourishing, as far as this world is concerned; and, being provided with an excellent pastor in Mr. Fearne, they have all their wants supplied, and gave me messages to England, one after another, first of gratitude to the Duke and others, who had rescued them from pinching poverty, and placed them in a situation where, by their own honest industry, they were enabled to earn their bread in abundance, and then to their own friends, that "nothing would induce them to go back to England,"—they "were perfectly content and happy in their new homes, and only wished they could share their comforts with those they had left behind." One sent by me a little bundle of mealies of his own growing, with a parcel of tobacco, and a present of 10s., to his father, whom I remember to have shaken by the hand—a fine old man, though bent and tottering with age—before leaving England. His son has now sixteen head of cattle, and two large plots of ground of his own, well stocked with prime mealies and potatoes. Another had twenty-two head of cattle—very fine beasts—and two calves, a mare and foal, a wagon, and seven or eight acres of mealies. He "was very

thankful to the Duke," and begged me to say that "his brother Joseph should come out too." A third landed with a wife, seven children, and 10*l*. He has now eleven acres under cultivation with mealies and potatoes; ten milch kine and ten oxen; three young heifers, a bull, and seven young calves; a horse and cart; two very fine hogs and five pigs; and "does not owe a penny in the world." It grew dark as we reached Mr. Fearne's little cottage, and heartily glad was I, after a cup of Mrs. Fearne's tea, and other choice refreshments which her kind hand had provided, of a good night's rest under her auspices.

*Tuesday, March 21.*—After breakfast, rode down to inspect the progress of the little church, which is being built at Richmond, aided by a gift of 100*l*. from the Duke of Buccleugh. The walls and roof will be completed for 200*l*.; the former being built without mortar. That article of many uses among the Kafirs—cowdung—is employed, mixed with clay, for a cement, and the building was further strengthened by running large bind-stones right through the wall, one for every square yard. Some of the arches had been already turned, and showed very careful workmanship on the part of the solitary builder, a native of the valley, who did the whole work. After visiting each of the scattered houses of the little hamlet, and being much pleased with the general contentment and cheerfulness which seemed to pervade them, I met the inhabitants, to take counsel with them as to the enclosing of the

burial-ground and the fitting-up of the interior. The utmost harmony prevailed, and it was very pleasing to find how, under the wise and kind care of their excellent pastor, Dissent had completely vanished, and all the people of the valley, though originally of different religious communities, had returned into cheerful and hearty conformity with the mother Church of England.

About 2 P.M. I left Richmond with Mr. Fearne, on my return to Maritzburg, calling, as we went, at one other cottage, which he had left for our last visit, partly because it could be taken on our way out of the valley, but partly, also, I suspect, because he wished me to carry off the most favourable impression of his people, by showing me what a cottage-garden may be in Natal, with very little exertion on the part of its occupier. It was, indeed, a charming and refreshing sight; and such might be the enjoyment of many a poor villager, spending his days in ill-requited toil in England, if he could but find his way to this land.

We reached Mr. McKenzie's farm easily by 4 P.M.; but it set in for rain as we approached it. However, I had still before me two good hours of daylight, and having been promised by my friend a fresh horse, had no fear of reaching town before nightfall. Unfortunately, the horse was not as fresh as he was meant to have been; for, on account of a sudden illness in the family, he had been ridden hard through the previous night, and had got his foot into a hole while going at a good pace, and strained



it. I started, as soon as he was saddled ; my friends saw me safe over the ford of the Ilovu ; and then, for the first time, I rode alone in this wild country. It rained rather heavily, as I proceeded ; but this was of no consequence to me directly, as I had on a good waterproof coat. But, indirectly, it affected me very seriously, by very soon making the road as slippery as ice. I was obliged to keep my horse at a slow walk, and presently to dismount and lead him ; and, what with his lameness and the state of the path, my progress, I believe, would have been much more rapid without him. The result of all this was, that it grew dusk just as I reached the spot, about three miles from Maritzburg, where the road branches off, in one direction to the awkward ford of the Little Bushman's River, before noticed, and in another across the vley (marshy common) to the bridge, by which the city is entered from Durban, about the middle of one of its longer sides. I pressed on now as fast as the state of things would allow, (for the rain had continued, almost without intermission,) because I knew, from the experience I had had of it on my way to Richmond on Saturday, that here it was quite possible for me to lose the path. It was indistinct at the best, passing at intervals through high thick grass, which almost overtopped the head of the rider, until it struck the high road from Durban, which would lead down directly to the bridge. But the darkness came on more rapidly than I could anticipate by riding ; and, the vley being all

of one colour, wet and sloppy, I lost before long all trace of the path ; and found myself presently, while trying in all directions to recover it, encompassed with thick darkness, so that I could no longer see my horse's head. It was useless to attempt to advance under these circumstances. One false step might plunge him into a hole, or me into a ditch ; and I knew there were streams enough on all sides, and could hear the sound of running water in different directions. It was by this time about 7 P.M. ; and I had the pleasant prospect of spending a very long night in this condition. The town itself, it is true, was only a mile or two off across the river, and I had seen one or two of its lights as I came along. But now all was pitch dark around me, and not a sound was heard, but the plashing of the rain as it fell, and the chirping of the frogs in the pools.

I made up my mind to my fate ; and, dismounting, lay down upon the ground, to try my new bed,—holding, however, my horse in hand, and suffering him to feed, but not unbridling or offsaddling, lest, perchance, he might be wanted and not be at hand. For I did not feel quite sure that there might not be, prowling about the veldt, some stray wild animal, hyæna, jackal, panther, or wolf, whose approach in the dead of night might disturb my resting-place. After a while spent thus, and while dozing off to sleep with the work of the day, I heard, as I thought, the sound of a wagon descending the hill hard by, from Durban to Maritzburg. It was a very unlikely thing, indeed, that a wagon

should be travelling at this late hour, or rather in such rain and darkness, (for they often go in clear moonlight nights;) but, as I listened, I seemed to hear the sound distinctly—not of the wheels, indeed, but of the driver's voice, lecturing and scolding his oxen, as usual, of whom the worst is generally by the Dutchmen called *England*, and gets more than an ordinary share of abuse and beating. Yes! again and again the sound struck upon my ear—"England! England!" I got up at once, and mounted, and urged my horse cautiously forward in the gloom some fifty or sixty yards towards it. Alas! it was but the sonorous croaking of a distant frog, and my hope of a comfortable bed was as far off as ever.

The rain, however, had now ceased, and there was a little more light, enough to allow the ground to be seen immediately before me—but no further. After one more ineffectual attempt to find the path, I let my horse have his head; and he at once turned round, and stalked cautiously, but resolutely, back, in the opposite direction from that in which, as I thought, the path must lie. His very evident acquaintance with the locality encouraged me considerably, more particularly when he brought me suddenly within sight of four strong lights, which gleamed full upon me from some quarter of the town, and at no great distance. On still he plodded, now approaching the lights, now turning somewhat aside from them; till, at last, to my dismay, he bore me straight away from them, and soon placed a mound of rising ground between me and my

constellation. It was useless to turn his head ; when left to himself, he immediately turned again, and pursued his way, through mud and marsh, and over sluits, which he crossed with great precision, and always with due consideration as to the best points for taking them. It was plain he was bound somewhere ; and at last, after about three miles of this work, he stopped suddenly at the door of a cottage, which I recognised in the dim light as one which I had passed that evening in my way up the river to Maritzburg. I knocked up the owner, who by this time (nine P. M.) was gone to bed ; and got from him, in a strong Yorkshire dialect, full directions for the road. But they were so complicated with turnings to the right and to the left—with instructions to take this, and to take care of that—that I was obliged to ask him to put on his clothes, and come and show me the way into the Durban-road. To this he assented very cheerfully ; and in about ten minutes we started, my friend running before and leading the horse, through many a plashy place and muddy puddle, which it must have been very unpleasant for himself to wade through. He told me that “ he had come out with nothing, but was flourishing now by his industry ”—that “ any scheme of emigration, by which a steady, honest, poor man from England could be brought out to this country, set down at once upon a small allotment of his own—say twenty acres—with right of commonage—and supplied with seeds and implements, and food for his family for six or twelve months—would certainly

answer, and be the greatest blessing imaginable. All the outlay could be repaid in three years, and the man be making a little fortune."

After conducting me thus for a mile or more, my friend assured me that "the road could not now be missed—a little in advance I should find a turn to the left—the horse would infallibly take it—in fact, there was no other—and that would bring me straight down into the road from Durban." I bade him good night, and proceeded once more by myself. We soon came to what appeared to be a turning to the left—followed it a little way—hesitated—stopped—turned round—and in five minutes were as completely at a stand-still as ever. In vain I shouted for my Yorkshire guide: he was already out of hearing. I could do nothing but let my horse try to find his way back again to the cottage. This time, however, he took a different route, and marched away out of sight of all the lights of the town, which, provokingly enough, had been visible of late all the while across the river, and were, as I afterwards learned, the lights of the camp, intended to guide any stragglers home. Had there been but a red light over the bridge, it would have very greatly assisted me. Now I was carried away through the hills, mile after mile, till at last we reached a plot of mealie-ground, which I remembered to have seen on my way up in the early part of the evening, some two or three miles further down than the Yorkshireman's. My nag was evidently plodding his way home to the Ilovu.

Here I once more dismounted, and allowed him another feed. It was now, I suppose, about midnight, and all escape from my difficulties seemed hopeless until the morning. However, I mounted again, and, refusing to let the animal go down the stream any further, I gave him his head in any other direction. He took me straight up over a grassy-hill, and brought me very soon to the entrance of a Kafir kraal. The dogs began to bark, and give notice of my arrival. All remained still, however, among the human inhabitants ; and if I wished to be any the better for being brought into their vicinity, it was necessary that I should call into my service all the little stock of Kafir I possessed, and make the most of it. So I began with shouting, "*umFana ! umFana !* — Young man ! young man !" Presently, amidst the noise of the dogs, was heard an indistinct growl from the interior of the nearest hut ; and, in a few minutes, the piece of wood or wickerwork, which served as a door, was removed, and out came a tall Kafir, just roused from his slumbers, and hastily wrapped in a blanket.

But, now that I had caught my hare, how was I to cook it ? Very fortunately, Mr. Shepstone had once told me, that the Kafir name for Maritzburg was the same as that of Dingaan's old capital, which it replaced in importance—though not in situation—as the chief town of the district ; and this I knew from my old Missionary readings was *Umkunginghlovu*. So, putting on a bold face, I began with my black friend, "*Ku-pi umKunginghlovu ?*—Where is

Maritzburg?" I suppose my Kafir question was perfect; for, taking up my words, "*Ku-pi umKunginghlovu?*" he forthwith proceeded with a long, and, I dare say, very exact description of the way to that young city, not a word of which, unfortunately, was intelligible to me. I shook my head, and tried another sentence: "*Bamba iHashe*—lay hold of the horse." Standing at a most respectful distance, with outstretched arm and hesitating fingers, he took hold of the bridle, which I stretched out to him, and again delivered himself of a long address in Kafir, telling me, I fancy, that he was uncommonly afraid of horses, and would much rather have nothing to do with them. I thought Mr. Shepstone's great name might be of use, in procuring special attention to my necessities; so very solemnly pronounced the word, "*Somséu*," his Kafir designation. The word took effect as I expected, but only to procure me another long speech, in which he coupled together the words *Somséu* and *umKunginghlovu*, and, I suppose, took the trouble to inform me that Mr. Shepstone was a citizen of Maritzburg, and when I got there I should find him. My case was getting desperate: but I began once more, "*inIlela kumKunginghlovu?* — the path to Maritzburg?" Whereupon he stood up erect, and, with a majestic sweep of his arm, indicated the hills under which I was to take my way, and under which, in fact, I had been wandering up and down all the night. My object was, of course, if possible, to get the Kafir to go before me, and show me the path. So

setting my horse in motion, I said, "*Pambile*—go in front," which he did, and stepped down the grassy slope, telling me all the while, I suspect, that "he was rather sick, and would much rather not go very far that night." It was useless to trouble him further; so I looked for sixpence for him. Alas! I had only half-a-sovereign, and two-pence. I gave him the latter sum, to which he growled, I am sorry to say, very unmistakeable Kafir; but I could only shake my purse at him, and exhaust my store of Kafir, by saying, "*File! File! Dead! Dead!*" I could hear him repeating, mournfully, the word, as I rode slowly away. (This word, *file*, is used by the Kafirs in all sorts of ways, to express failure of some kind or other. When the moon is changing and disappears, it is *file*; if a necklace is broken, it is *file*, spoiled; if a dish, cup, or chair is shattered—for accidents will happen with Kafir as well as English hands,—it is reported as *file*. One day a messenger, who had travelled all night on my account in wet and cold, came to me with piteous air to ask for *scoff* (food), because, he said, "his stomach was *file*." But I doubt if the word had been applied to an empty purse before.)

I was now once more upon my travels, and by my own reckoning, about one o'clock of a cloudy morning, and some five miles from Maritzburg. My jaded beast plodded on, and after an hour or so brought me to the edge of the drift, which I dared not attempt alone in the darkness, though I should no longer have cared for a wetting, had the light been



sufficient to make it safe for us to attempt to ford it. Having reached the river bank, however, I resolved to try to feel my way along it, until at last I might reach the bridge, which must cross it somewhere. For some distance I proceeded without difficulty ; but after a while found myself entangled in a large bed of very tall osiers, through which my poor horse laboriously forced his way, but only to convince me at last, that I had been making with so much difficulty the circuit of a small peninsula, which the river had formed with its windings. Alas ! the mazes of this marsh were like those of a Christmas puzzle. On—still on—I wandered, my weary steed, which had been nearly twelve hours under me, dragging heavily one leg after another, till, at length, about four A.M., I found my way into the long-sought Durban-road, and was greeted with a friendly and sonorous acclamation, as I crossed the bridge, by all the cocks of Maritzburg.

*Wednesday and Thursday, March 22 and 23.*—Employed in various matters of business at Maritzburg. Took my leave of my kind host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Green, who had done everything to make me feel myself “at home,” though so many thousand miles away from England, and from those I had left behind there : and removed for a few days to Mr. Shepstone’s, on his invitation.

*Friday, March 24.*—Confirmation at Maritzburg. Sixty candidates were confirmed, of whom thirty-four were soldiers of the 45th. It was a deeply interesting occasion, the school-room being thronged outside and

inside, with the inhabitants of all classes. But very many were excluded for want of room; and it was a distressing thing to be compelled to refuse admission to almost the whole of the military at the camp,—of whom there are 400, besides their wives and children—because our miserable room would not hold more than 250. The worst is, as I have already mentioned, that the new church, when finished on its present plan, will only hold 270 people; and, where we shall obtain help for enlarging it, I know not. One or two Kafirs looked in; but alas! no room for them, or any of their kind.

It added greatly, I think, to the solemnity of the occasion, that each candidate was accompanied, as the Rubric directs, by a god-parent, or witness of the renewal of his baptismal vow, who brought him up to the communion-rails, and stood behind him during the ceremony.

*Saturday, March 25.*—Another most interesting occasion—the consecration of the military burial-ground at the camp. The soldiers had vied with each other in preparing it—Protestants of all denominations, and Roman-Catholics, labouring together, with considerable exertion and some expense, to put it in order. After service in one of the large barrack-rooms, the troops were marched down under arms, and drawn up around the cemetery—where, happily, no such miserable distinctions are kept up, as in the common city burial-grounds; but the bones of the Christian soldier—whether Churchman, Dissenter, or Roman-Catholic—are laid amicably,

side by side, in their last resting-places. After the usual service of consecration, three rounds of musketry were fired over the graves of their dead comrades, and "God save the Queen" was played by the military band; and then I took my formal leave of the excellent Colonel Cooper and the other officers of the 45th, from whom I had received so much hearty kindness throughout the whole of my stay in Natal.

*Sunday, March 26.*—This day the Rev. R. Robertson was ordained as Deacon. The school-room was crowded, as usual, inside and out; but it is misery to send such multitudes away on any great and solemn occasion like this, and to have no hope of a remedy for this evil, as matters now stand. [Since my return to England, I have applied to the Christian Knowledge Society for an additional grant, such as is often given, I believe, for Cathedral Churches. But, partly from the deficient state of the Society's funds, partly, I fear, from my having failed to set before the Board, with sufficient force and clearness, the emergencies of the case, I have not been able to obtain any such assistance; and the Society holds out to me no hope, at present, of any addition to its original grant of 500*l.* I had thought that three more such grants might have been made in three successive years, on condition that I should raise, among friends or in the colony, 500*l.* to meet each one of the Society's grants before claiming it. With this aid, a small and plain, but suitable, Cathedral Church might be completed, capable of holding about 500 people.]

*Monday, March 27.*—Arranging many matters of

business with Mr. Green, and Mrs. Woodrow. I have already mentioned, that I had decided to take under the care of the Church a small number of young English orphans, of whom there were several, I found, in the colony, in circumstances of great distress. Some of these were children of parents, who had good connexions in England, but had emigrated to Natal, and, having been removed by early death, had left their children desolate and forsaken on that far-off shore. Others had lost one of their parents, and the other was unable, left with a large family, to provide for the whole of her little ones. *All* were growing up almost neglected in moral and spiritual things. And it seemed most desirable to open at once an Orphan's Home, into which all such children might be received, and brought up, in the bosom of the Church, and in the nurture and admonition of her Lord. Of course, where the parents (or their friends) were able to pay for the care of their children, it would be right to expect a proper remuneration. But, in other cases, I felt that such a charity would be of the greatest importance to our Mission work, not merely by endearing the Church itself in the eyes of the people, from the interest she took in these poor lambs of Christ's flock, but specially by enabling us, as we may hope, out of these young orphans, to raise a future band of Missionary labourers. For surely it may be expected that, brought up from the very first in the Church's ways, trained by her godly Discipline and Prayers,—mingled with our Missionary doings, becoming attached to our work,

and catching, as we trust, the spirit of it,—these little ones will not only acquire (as children do so early) the native tongue, but will desire, as they grow to years of manhood and womanhood, to be employed themselves in Missionary labours; and whether actually commissioned as agents of the Church, or managing their own future homes, will seek to carry out, in their dealings with the natives around them, the principles which they have learnt in their early training. In this way we may hope to provide for a succession of labourers hereafter; and so avoid the very serious difficulty, delay, and expense, of sending to England for them. Mrs. Woodrow was most admirably fitted for the charge thus committed to her, as the extracts from her letters received since my return to England, which are given in the appendix, will sufficiently show. Her health, indeed, is not strong; but she will have had before this, I hope, the comfort of a fellow-labourer in Miss Baker, who sailed for Natal, with the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Callaway, on August 27.

I was very glad also to arrange with Mr. Green for a kind of National School being opened in Maritzburg, under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Barker, who came out with Mr. Methuen, as members of his party, but had no work among the heathen at present, nor could have, until my return to the colony. The children on the books of this school already, I find, number nearly a hundred—several of them being Dutch children. Dutch parents are certainly very eager to have their children well taught, and very careful to do it themselves to the best of their

power. In respect of order and godliness, I believe, a respectable Dutch family will be found to surpass by far the majority of English families with the same opportunities. There is usually an old Dutch Bible in every house, and well-read by its inmates, or, at least, read to them. But their amount of information on general subjects is exceedingly limited—most probably, for want of books in their language, of that interesting class which is supplied by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, for educational purposes. Something might be done to remedy this evil with a printing-press, and a set of engravings for illustration. Two other schools, as I have mentioned, are yet wanted for Maritzburg, namely, a Grammar School for boys of a higher class, and a Boarding School for the young ladies of the colony. And for this I must bring out with me a married clergyman and two lady-teachers. These two institutions, and the Orphan's Home, must serve for the wants of Durban as well as Maritzburg; but a National School is wanted at the latter place, and perhaps an Infant School at both. Again, some measure must be taken to forward the education of the youth in the many scattered villages of the country. The children of our clergy and other Missionaries will, of course, be received into our central schools. It is the plain duty of the Church, which receives the devoted services of the parents, and requires the full expenditure of all their energies in their different spheres of duty, to relieve their minds from any anxiety as to the education of their children. And

I am thankful that the fact, of having children of my own to care for, will be an additional stimulus to me to provide properly for those of others, and prevent, as I trust, the painful necessity of sending any to England for schooling.

I have said, also, that a Theological Institution might perhaps be soon wanted, after my return to the colony, wherein young men, both white and coloured, might be trained with a view to Holy Orders. Already one or two of the former class have been named to me; and of the latter there will be more than one, I expect, should Mr. Posselt decide to join us, and bring his native converts with him.

[Besides which, it will be seen in the extracts appended, that there are several promising youths, already in communication with Mrs. Woodrow and Mr. Robertson, some of whom may be fitted for this work, of carrying the Word of Life to their brethren, and may lay the foundation of a native Ministry.]

Rode again to inspect the new Mission station, and fix upon a site for the buildings.

*Tuesday, March 28.*—Much occupied in taking leave of the good folk of Maritzburg. Called among others on the excellent Mrs. Cloete, whose husband, the Recorder of Natal, was now in England, where I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance. She gave me an amusing account of a little incident, which had lately happened to her son-in-law, Captain R.; and which shows the amount of knowledge possessed occasionally by officials in England, on matters connected with the colonies. Captain R. had had a horse

sick in Maritzburg, and had incurred some small expense of 8*l.* or 10*l.* to the military chest in curing it. On the report of this being sent to the authorities at home,—those, I presume, of the War-office—he was instructed to avoid such extravagance for the future, by having recourse to the farrier attached to the troops at *King William's Town* (!)—the said town being distant from Maritzburg 300 miles of Kafir roads, which it would take a Kafir messenger ten or eleven days to travel.

In the evening, confirmed at the camp the Serjeant-Major and nine others.

*Wednesday, March 29.*—This morning at 8 A.M. rode out of Maritzburg, accompanied for some few miles by Colonel Cooper, Mr. Shepstone, and other kind friends, who then rode back, while Mr. Green and two others went on with me to the first house of accommodation—Boulton's at Uys Doorns. It was a very cheerful, pleasant, morning; and the thought of having my face *towards* my English home again, though I had still some work to do before I left the colony, filled my heart with gladness, and deep thankfulness to that most Merciful and Gracious Being, Who had thus far guided and preserved me, through so many difficulties and dangers, known and unknown. Hitherto I had not dared to think of my voyage to England. Now, however, by God's own permission, I could venture to cast my thoughts a little forward. I had really done the work in Maritzburg, and among the heathen tribes, for which I had come out to this land. I was going to the



port, and after another week or ten days, should have nothing more to do, but to wait for the homeward-bound!

It was with such feelings that I took my last look of the long dark-green lines of the city, as we reached the highest ridge, from which it was visible. But, while my own eyes were brightening, I knew too well that dear Mrs. Woodrow's heart was growing heavy; for she was now to be left, in a rather delicate state of health, a stranger in a strange land. However, through the constant kind attentions of Mr. Green, Mr. and Mrs. Shepstone, and many other friends in Maritzburg, I was sure she would not be allowed to feel herself unprotected and alone. God protect, support, and comfort her!

It seems that the sluits, which cross the mainroad between Maritzburg and Durban, are not, all of them, in the best possible order. Mr. Rutherford, the Comptroller of Customs, told me that, only a few days ago, while riding down by himself, he was stepping his horse over one of these, when he suddenly went down up to the saddle-girths, and only by great exertion struggled out. He had not gone far, when he heard a shout behind him; and, looking back, he saw a sailor, imbedded in the same black mud up to his breast, and quite unable to extricate himself. He was bellowing for help; and it was well that it was near at hand for him.

We breakfasted at Boulton's, where my Maritzburg friends took leave of me, and I had the good fortune to be joined by Mr. Baker, the Commissariat-

officer at Durban, who was on his way down to the port, and by whose kindness I was relieved from a considerable difficulty. For, having advanced about sixteen miles from Maritzburg, we overtook my bullock-wagon, with all my goods and chattels, slowly making its way on to Durban. It should have been full sixteen miles or so ahead, as it had been started yesterday afternoon, and was ordered to reach Durban to-morrow morning. But it was plain the people had been loitering upon the way; and the driver seemed a very bad one, fretting and worrying the poor beasts from one side of the road to the other, so that they were already quite exhausted, and unable to proceed any further. Fortunately, Mr. Baker had the Government mule-wagon in attendance upon him, and kindly promised to wait till it came up, and transfer my goods to it, while I rode on with my attendant, Warner, Dr. Stanger's long-tried and faithful servant. Mr. Baker mentioned to me, that, when ordered up to Natal from the Eastern Frontier of the Cape Colony last summer, so painful had been his experience of the droughts which sometimes prevail in that district, that he brought with him for the use of his family a five-gallon cask of water, thinking to land with it in triumph upon the shore at Durban. He was rather agreeably surprised to find that in Natal we are never in want of water; whereas he had been offered himself half-a-crown a gallon for it in British Kafraria.

I expected to find Jantjee with my own horse, fresh and fit for mounting, at Stirk Spruit. I meant to

have gone on immediately, and so reached Durban in good time that evening. Mr. Shepstone had despatched him from Maritzburg the morning before, with strict orders to proceed *that* day to Stirk Spruit, and have the horse ready to start by noon the next day; and I had ridden thus far on a borrowed animal. But, behold! some five miles short of Stirk Spruit, and when yet a very steep hill—the longest and steepest, and for horses most distressing, of all between Maritzburg and Durban—had still to be climbed, Warner, glancing his eye backward, discovered at some distance a mounted rider leading a horse. He was too far off for us to make out whether he was black or white; but a painful suspicion of the truth came across us, and we waited to let them come up. Indeed it was Jantjee, and how far he had brought my horse that morning, with what food he had supplied it, through what rivers and roads he had dragged it, no one could tell. His excuse was, that he was afraid I should not get in time some Kafir curiosities, which he had promised Mr. Shepstone to procure for me, unless he went to his kraal to fetch them. Accordingly, he had been there, and passed the night there; and now, at half-past twelve, here he was about to mount this hill with my reeking and already weary horse, instead of having it waiting for me at Stirk Spruit. It was of no use to be angry, especially as I knew that Mr. Shepstone would punish him for his disobedience of distinct orders. So I shook my head at him, and said, “Bad,” and we went our way. [Mr. S. I

found *did* punish him, by forbidding him to “see his face” for a *month*—a punishment which was reduced to a *week*, at my intercession, as I believed the poor fellow *meant* to do right, though he certainly disobeyed his orders.]

At Stirk Spruit I parted with Warner, who rode back the other horse to Maritzburg; and, after some time spent in refreshing my own animal, started once more, with the scape-grace, Jantjee, at my heels. It was a strange enjoyment, to feel myself again quite alone for a season, amidst the richly grand scenery of Natal; or better than quite alone, for Jantjee, though no companion, was a safe-guard to me, against the recurrence of any such adventures as befel me on my night-ride from the Ilovu to Maritzburg.

There were several smart showers during the first hour or so of our ride; but then the weather cleared, and we reached Pinetown pleasantly enough half an hour before dark, having taken two or three short cuts by Kafir paths or old disused roads, which Mr. Shepstone had showed me on my last journey with him, and which I was glad to be able to make out again for myself without the help of Jantjee. It now set in for rain, and the roads became too slippery to allow of my proceeding further that evening in the dark. Besides which I began to feel very uneasy, and, in fact, was suffering already under the depressing influences of an incipient attack of illness—fever, perhaps, or influenza, which was rather prevalent at Maritzburg. I was sorry not to be able to join the company, whose voices I overheard in the

next room to my own ; and which comprised, as I afterwards found, Mr. Buchanan, the intelligent editor of the *Natal Witness*, and now first Mayor of Maritzburg, and other friends. There are no fewer than five weekly journals published in Natal ; three at Maritzburg, one of them in Dutch, the other edited by Mr. Buchanan, who is a lawyer, and Independent, and preaches in a chapel of his own ; and the third edited by Mr. Archbell, who formerly was a Wesleyan Missionary in these parts, but has long since retired, I believe, from active duty, and is a large landed proprietor in the colony. Certainly, these last two papers are most unsparing in their abuse of one another, and, I fear I must add, go often far beyond the bounds of Christian charity, in directing or repelling such attacks. At Durban there are two English papers, the *Mercury* and the *Advocate*. The latter was not in being while I was in the colony. The former deserves credit, as far as I have observed, for its moderation of language, and general display of good temper. But there is no paper for Churchmen in Natal at present.

*Thursday, March 29.*—After a feverish and restless night, I started with three other travellers for Durban, and reached it about 9½ A.M. One of my companions was Dr. Kelly, the magistrate of the Umvoti, who told me that there is a chief, Somahashe, in his district, all but civilized. He has been brought to wear clothes, and drink coffee, and has just bought himself a bag of coffee, and cups and saucers, and is very desirous of book-learning.

Upon being shown a watch, a musical snuff-box, and other articles, he said: "Ah! you English can do wonderful things. How is it that you do not make something to keep men from dying?"

Colonel Cooper had most kindly put at my disposal at Durban his comfortable little cottage at the camp; and I was invited to share the mess of the 45th. This arrangement was most delightful. It secured to me a quiet retreat, plenty of room, a clean bed, and the kindest attention from the officers of the detachment, and from the Colonel's worthy servant, Miller.

At 11 A.M. I held the Confirmation at Durban, at which, however, there was, it seemed to me, a lack of that solemnity and earnestness, which had so remarkably characterised the celebration of the rite at Maritzburg, and which was due, I believe, mainly to the teaching and influence of Mr. Green. There were only fourteen confirmed; and the attendance at the service, (partly, perhaps, by reason of a large wedding festival in the town that morning,) was not by any means crowded, or overflowing—though still considerable.

Had an interesting visit from Mr. Oftebro, one of three Norwegian Missionaries, who are to work in Panda's country. Mr. Schroeder, who is one of them, has at length got a footing, as a physician, with Panda himself, and is often at his kraal. He supplies him with a great deal of medicine, but is of no use—cannot effect a cure—in cases of "witchcraft"—especially, I expect, when the offending um-

Tagati has pretty many cows. The other two are still in our colony, but on the frontier, and only waiting for an opening to enter upon their work among Panda's people, to which their own (Lutheran) Church has sent them. Mr. Oftebro entirely and most effectively confirms all the results of my past experience about the words uTixo and umKulunkulu, and the mode of treating with the natives the subject of religion. "They all know umKulunkulu, but know nothing of uTixo; and he and his brethren never use the latter word—only the former—even in the Creed." "He has heard Zulus say that, in their own country, when they are going to sit down to a meal, they will send their children out, and tell them to go and pray to umKulunkulu to give them all sorts of good things; and they go out and say, 'O umKulunkulu, give us bread—give us cows—give us corn.'" "He has heard others, when he has been preaching about umKulunkulu, whisper to one another, 'What! does he know anything about umKulunkulu?' and seem greatly interested with the fact that he did." "The other word, umVelinqange," he said, "was equally familiar to them; but, of course, they do not attach to either of them the deep significance that we can."

In the evening, met a party of gentlemen at the mess-dinner, including the Lieut.-Governor, and Mr. Fynn, one of the Kafir magistrates. I was much pleased to make the acquaintance of this gentleman, who is a very remarkable person in the history of Natal. He was one of the earliest settlers upon the coast, in

the time of Chaka, some thirty years ago, and had much acquaintance with that chief and his doings. It was he, who led Bishop Gray through Kafraria in his perilous journey, and almost shared starvation with him. Mr. Fynn, of course, is full to overflowing of incidents of Kafir life ; and, in point of fact, is to the southern portion of the district, pretty much what Mr. Shepstone is to the north, being thoroughly acquainted with the natives, and, from long and close intimacy with them, having a strong attachment to the Kafir race. He promised to send me a MS. account of the proceedings, which he once witnessed at the death of Chaka's mother ; and the document, which has just reached me, is here first given to the world, as a specimen of the horrors of those times.

It appears that Chaka was engaged with his men in hunting the elephant, when one evening the news was brought to him, that his mother was seriously ill. The regiments were ordered home at once to the king's residence, sixty miles distant, and were kept marching the whole night, and reached the kraal about noon the next day, with Mr. Fynn in their company all the while.

“ Chaka now requested me to visit his mother. I went, attended by an old chief, and found the hut filled with mourning women, and such clouds of smoke, that I was obliged to bid them all retire, to enable me to breathe within it. Her complaint was dysentery, and I reported at once to Chaka that her case was hopeless, and that I did not expect she would live through the day. The regiments, which



were then sitting in a semicircle around him, were ordered to their barracks, while Chaka himself sat for about two hours in a contemplative mood, without a word escaping his lips, several of the elder chiefs sitting also before him. When the tidings were brought that she had expired, Chaka immediately arose, and entered his dwelling; and, having ordered the principal chiefs to put on their war-dresses, he in a few minutes appeared in his.

“As soon as the death was publicly announced, the women, and all the men who were present, tore instantly from their persons every description of ornament. Chaka now appeared before the hut in which the body lay, surrounded by his principal chiefs in their war-attire. For about twenty minutes he stood in a silent mournful attitude, with his head bowed upon his shield, on which I saw a few large tears fall. After two or three deep sighs, his feelings becoming ungovernable, he broke out into frantic yells, which fearfully contrasted with the silence that had hitherto prevailed. This signal was enough. The chiefs and people, to the number of about 15,000, commenced the most dismal and horrid lamentations.

“I expected, on seeing the old woman in her last agonies, that I should again witness a scene like to those, at which I had been present on two similar former occasions. Not for one moment did I anticipate the extent, to which the proceedings were now to be carried. The people from the neighbouring kraals, male and female, came pouring in, each body,

as they came in sight, at the distance of half-a-mile, joining to swell this terrible cry. Through the whole night it continued, none daring to take rest, or to refresh themselves with water; while, at short intervals, fresh bursts were heard, as more distant regiments approached. The morning dawned, without any relaxation; and, before noon, the number had increased to about 60,000. The cries became now indescribably horrid. Hundreds were lying faint, from excessive fatigue and want of nourishment; while the carcasses of forty oxen lay in a heap, which had been slaughtered as an offering to the guardian spirits of the tribe. At noon the whole force formed a circle, with Chaka in their centre, and sang the war-song, which afforded them some relaxation during its continuance. At the close of it, Chaka ordered several men to be executed on the spot; and the cries became, if possible, more violent than ever. No further orders were needed. But, as if bent on convincing their chief of their extreme grief, the multitude commenced a general massacre. Many of them received the blow of death, while inflicting it on others, each taking the opportunity of revenging his injuries, real or imaginary. Those, who could no more force tears from their eyes—those, who were found near the river, panting for water—were beaten to death by others, who were mad with excitement. Toward the afternoon I calculated that not fewer than 7,000 people had fallen in this frightful indiscriminate massacre. The adjacent stream, to which many had fled exhausted to

wet their parched tongues, became impassable, from the number of dead corpses which lay on each side of it; while the kraal, in which the scene took place, was flowing with blood.

“Amidst this scene I stood unharmed, contemplating the horrors around me; and felt as if the whole universe was at that moment coming to an end. I stood there alone, a privileged being, not compelled to take any part in this frantic scene: and I felt truly thankful, not only that I was a British subject, but that I had so far gained the respect of this tyrant, as to hope for escape even from this horrible place of blood. While standing thus motionless, however, a regiment of young Zulus passed by me, when two of them with their uplifted knob-kirries, (heavy-headed sticks, or *life-preservers*,) rushed towards me, the leader demanding fiercely, ‘why I stood there without a tear?’ I made no reply, but gazed upon them sternly and steadily. They moved on, shouting vengeance.

“The sun again set, and Chaka now put a stop to this ungoverned general massacre. The cries, however, continued during the whole of the next night, and until 10 A.M. the following morning; when the chief became somewhat pacified, and his subjects were permitted to take some refreshment.

“The ceremonies of his mother’s burial were the subject of much deliberation between Chaka and his favourite counsellors. On the second day after her death, the body was placed in a grave, in a sitting posture, near the spot where she died. At this part

of the ceremony I was not allowed to be present ; and, if what was related to me at the time by several of the attendants be true, (and I believe it to be true, knowing to what extent superstition will carry this people,) it was fortunate for me that I was not present, to witness the horrid spectacle of ten of the best looking girls of the kraal being buried with her alive. All who were present at this dreadful scene, to the number of 12,000, drafted from the whole army, were formed into a regiment, to guard the grave for the next twelve months ; and during that time were prohibited from all intercourse with the tribe or any of their nearest relatives. About 15,000 head of cattle were set apart for their use, which were contributed by all the cattle-holders of the country, as offerings to the spirits of the departed queen and her ill-fated attendants. Had I been present on this occasion, I should have had to keep guard with the rest.

“Hitherto the proceedings had been *local*. But now the chiefs, anxious to show further proof of their attachment, proposed that further sacrifices should be made. And Gomani, Chaka’s principal favourite, made a speech, proposing the following resolution :—

““That, as the great female elephant with small breasts—the over-ruling spirit of vegetation—had died, and as it was probable that the heavens and the earth would unite in bewailing her death, the sacrifice should be a great one ; no cultivation should be allowed during the following year ; no milk should

be used, but, as drawn from the cow, it should be all poured upon the earth; and all women, who should be found with child during the year, should with their husbands be put to death.'

"At the close of this speech, which was received with acclamation, regiments of soldiers were dispersed throughout the country, who massacred every one they could find, that had not been present at the general wailing.

"During the next three months, the first two of Gomani's propositions were strictly carried out; at the end of which time these orders were *redeemed*, by large offerings of oxen being made to Chaka from all the chiefs. But the third condition was strictly enforced throughout the year, during which also lamentations on a smaller scale took place from time to time at Chaka's residence, when I was not present. At the end of the year, Chaka left this kraal, where his mother died, and came with his whole nation and cattle to Tuguza, a kraal he had recently constructed on the Umvoti River, and the place where he was subsequently assassinated. Having heard of his approach so near to the Bay, I started to pay him a visit, and met him on his march a few miles south of the Tukela. He appeared rejoiced to see me, and would not allow me to separate from him, carrying on a lively and pleasant conversation during the march. While passing a large pool of water, one of the chiefs remarked that alligators abounded there; upon which Chaka asked me, 'If I had the courage to swim across the pool?' promising me five head of

oxen, if I did. It was an awkward question : but I was determined not to show signs of fear ; and at once took off my trousers, and in my shirt swam across the stream. He applauded my courage, and then asked, ‘If I expected the oxen?’ I said, ‘No!’ which produced a hearty laugh from himself and his counsellors.

“We proceeded on the road until we came in sight of Tuguza, when he separated from his chiefs and followers, and took me with him under a large euphorbia-tree, and, while putting on his war-dress, told me that another lamentation was then to take place at Tuguza. I begged him to grant me one request. He smiled, and asked, ‘What it could possibly be?’ I entreated him, for his own sake as well as mine, not to allow on this occasion any of his people to be put to death. He at once called for Gomani, and, laughing at the strangeness of my petition, ‘That I should plead for the life of dogs!’ gave orders to him to see that none were put to death. He then told me to separate from the mass, and quietly observe the ceremonies, of this the last lamentation, by which he was to be purified from his uncleanness.

“He now advanced, with his chiefs, in their full war-dress. Presently Tuguza, lying, as it were, in a basin, came full in sight ; and the outrunners, shouting out the praises of Chaka, announced his approach. Upon this he began to sigh and sob loudly, pretending to falter and stumble in his steps, and then commenced crying aloud. The whole of

the able-bodied population of the country, each regiment by itself, came all in sight, as it were, in a moment, standing upon the edge of the hills which surrounded Tuguza. They took up, as before, the frantic cry of their chief; but now with the general yelling was mingled the bellowing of about 100,000 oxen, brought from the remotest parts of the country, expressly for this occasion. I stood at the distance of half-a-mile, near enough to see that no lives were sacrificed; and glad was I to find that at sunset the lamentations, which began late in the afternoon, were brought to an end, the regiments being ordered to rest, and to slaughter cattle for the evening meal. I retired to my hut; but to sleep was out of the question, from the bellowing of the oxen and the dinning sound of the multitude.

“The next morning the purification took place. Every cattle-owner had brought calves for this purpose, each of which was ripped open on its right side, the owner taking out the gall of the living animal, which then was left to die in its agonies, and not allowed to be eaten. Each regiment in succession then presented itself before Chaka, and, as it passed in a circle round him, each individual, holding the gall-bladder in his hand, sprinkled the gall over him. After this proceeding, Gomani made another speech:—

“The tribe had now lamented for a year the death of her, who had now become a spirit, and who would continue to watch over Chaka’s welfare. But there were nations of men, inhabiting distant countries, who, because they had not yet been conquered,

supposed that they never should be. This was plain from the fact of their not having come forward to lament the death of the Great Mother of earth and corn. And, as tears could not be forced from these distant nations, war should be made against them, and the cattle taken should be the tears shed upon her grave.'

"The war-dance was now performed ; several droves of oxen were slaughtered ; and Chaka was finally washed with certain decoctions, prepared by the native doctors. And thus this memorable lamentation ended—in which, however, I cannot help suspecting that reasons of state-policy had as much to do, as any feeling of regret for his dead mother ; and that he wished his people to infer, if such a sacrifice was necessary upon the occasion of her departure, how frightfully terrific would be that required at his own ! Such considerations as these might possibly tend to prolong the life even of such a tyrant. And yet he fell at last by the hand of an assassin !"

It is probably, from the part he has taken in such scenes as that just described, wherein his advice was, doubtless, the means of saving many lives, that Mr. Fynn has gained the colonial sobriquet of "Chaka's Privy-counsellor." I believe he regards the memory of Chaka, notwithstanding his great cruelties, with some respect, and considers him to have been a man of spirit and genius, and not merely a brutal and abominable despot, like his brother Dingaan. He thinks that his severities were, in a manner, almost necessary—like those of Napoleon or



Robespierre—to maintain his power. But, though he had stories like this to tell us, he had also more pleasant anecdotes of savage life, and amused us with a little bit of Kafir flattery. They are very skilful at this art; and one day, when he had given to one of them an extra strong pinch of snuff, over which he had sighed, and sneezed, and shed tears to his heart's content, the man looked up, and said: "The snuff was strong indeed; it had brought out the ancient tears, that had been for years behind his eyes."

*Friday, March 31.*—This day attended a Church Meeting here, in order to hear the report of the architect, and see what could be done about the new church. I find much warmth and heartiness of feeling in this place, but not much *self-sacrifice*. The fact is, I fear, that the people, having had their pastor entirely supported by a grant of the Colonial Government, have not realized the duty—perhaps, have not had it sufficiently brought home to them—of giving freely and constantly, for God's Glory and the advancement of His Kingdom among others, if their own needs are supplied. I found it necessary to *give* the sum of 100*l.* towards the completion of the church, and to *lend* a further sum of 300*l.*, without interest, to be repaid by yearly instalments of 50*l.*, to be guaranteed by the committee, and to be raised by the Offertory.

In the evening started on horseback, with Jantjee behind me, as guide, to find my way to Mr. Lamport's, where I was invited to dine. Mr. Lamport's house was in the middle of the good town of Durban.

But, alas! it was pitch-dark, and very soon we lost our way over the small sandy plain, which separated the camp from the town. Jantjee, indeed, was not at home in this neighbourhood, and knew nothing about it: so it was no wonder that he misled me. We rode to and fro for an hour, inquiring our way at intervals, whenever we lighted upon a soldier's cottage in our rambles; and at last we found ourselves *in* the town indeed, but at just the opposite point from that to which I was bound. Now Durban is not a gas-lighted town, with streets all clearly defined and unmistakeable, when once you get into them. It is true, as I have said elsewhere, that it is laid out very regularly. But the bits of bush, which are still left in the wide sandy streets, and the uniform appearance of the streets themselves, are quite enough to confound one in the deep gloom of a tropical dusk-hour. So I begged at a settler's house for the assistance of an English guide, and a little lad was helped up on Jantjee's horse, and brought me, in due time, to my destination, where I had been long expected by my kind host, and a party of his friends.

But the fever had not yet left me, and I passed long and weary hours that night in my little chamber at the camp, and gladly hailed the first sign of daylight, though it found me unrested and unrefreshed. I was engaged, however, that morning to breakfast twelve miles away, near Pinetown, and afterwards to confirm, administer the Communion, and make arrangements for beginning a small church at Pinetown.

*Saturday, April 1.*—Accordingly I rose at six A.M., and started with Mr. Lloyd; but, after creeping slowly up the beautiful Berea, with its clusters of wild flowers, festooning with their luxuriant blossoms the thick green bush, I was obliged to give up my journey, and return to Durban. This day, therefore, was spent in complete idleness; but towards night I was sensibly relieved, and began to think that I should be able to take part in the services of the morrow, which I very much desired, as it was the Sunday after Confirmation with Communion.

*Sunday, April 2.*—Was recovered sufficiently to attend church, and preach, and take my part in the administration of the Sacrament, giving notice of an S.P.G. sermon for next Sunday, on behalf of the Zulu Missions, *if I remained in the colony.*

*Monday, April 3.*—Having made a week's arrangements, which I did not wish, if possible, to disappoint, I started about 9½ A.M. with Jantjee to ride to Mr. Lindley's, at the Inanda, about five hours from Durban. We were expressly ordered to go to *Gee's*, the middle-drift of the Umgeni, where Mr. Williams, the magistrate, had kindly promised to meet me, and to conduct me from thence to his own house, and there I was to be met by Mr. Lindley himself. Unfortunately, from my state of indisposition, and the great doubtfulness I had of my being at all likely to make this journey, I had not made any particular inquiries about "*Gee's Drift*," which I knew was a commonly used ford for crossing the river, and well known to any one in-

Durban. If, therefore, I decided ultimately to go, I had no fear about learning the way to it from some one or other, on the morning when we started. Indeed, I thought I did know the way myself: for the kind magistrate of the Inanda, Mr. Mesham, had distinctly laid down for me in his note, "Gee's Boat, Middle Drift;" and I knew there *was* a boat at the drift, to which two months before, in the first week after my landing, I had been taken, in order to go to the same station, Mr. Lindley's. I naturally concluded that this was Gee's boat, and made for the drift accordingly, taking the lead without hesitation over the Berea. Presently Jantjee was stopped by a soldier, who told him we were going wrong, and directed us to take a very different course. We followed his advice, and soon came upon a very pleasant and excellent road, which skirted the bottom of the bush, and along which we rode for a mile or two, continually expecting (at least, I did) that it would take suddenly a turn, and wind up over the heights of the Berea. More than once I stopped my sable friend, and told him I thought we were wrong; but he took counsel with some blacks whom we met, and professed himself perfectly satisfied. So on we went on this fine level road, till I would ride no further; and then managed to make him understand that I wanted to go right up over the Berea. "O, then we must go back!" and back we went, I inwardly complaining of my military friend, who had thus added five miles or so of riding to a journey sufficiently long in itself, both for myself in my present

condition, and my horse. Besides which, I felt I should be keeping Mr. Williams a painfully long time, awaiting me at the drift. However, we rode back, and in due course reached the foot of the Berea, and mounted by that charming bush road. As we ascended we met two Englishmen, one of whom knew nothing about Gee's Drift, the other doubted if the drift I was going to was called by that name, but "it led to a Mr. Gee's house." We met no other travellers, and at length, about 11 A.M., with pretty hard riding, we reached (what I now found was) *Peel's*, or the upper drift, while Gee's was two miles down the river, but only now accessible to me by a difficult ride of six or seven miles; whereas at the point where I had turned back we were going straight for it, and within a very short distance of reaching it, quite in time for keeping my appointment with Mr. W. This was very mortifying: but I now found it best upon the whole, as Jantjee was a stranger to the country, to send him to find his way to Mr. Williams, for which full directions were given him, and to cross the river myself at this drift, and hire a Kafir guide to show me the way to Mr. Lindley's.

Here I was shown the spot, at the very same place where the river is forded, at which, only a week or two ago, a little boy, the son of a settler named Baker, while swinging with his brother by the rope, by means of which the boat is ferried over, and plunging about for sport in the then swollen stream, was seized by an alligator, which

suddenly came out of its covert of reeds close by, carried off the poor child, and devoured it. The brother shrieked for help—the mother rushed down from her cottage hard-by—but her little one was lost. And the father, who was employed in a shop at Durban, and was at the time in a sickly state of health, was so shocked by the intelligence, that he very soon died. These occurrences pressed home more closely on my attention at the time the necessity of an “Orphans’ Home” in the colony; though in this particular case, the children, I found, were not left destitute, but were at once most kindly taken care of by their uncle, a resident at Durban.

It is only, however, when the rivers are much swollen by rain, that these creatures ever find their way so far up as this. One has been killed not far from Maritzburg; but it is very rarely that they are found higher up from the coast than three or four miles, though they infest the outlets of some of the rivers, more particularly the Tukela and the Umkomasi. Another instance of the dangers to be guarded against by travellers in crossing the Natal rivers at their mouths, is given in the following fearful adventure, which befel one of the American Missionaries, Mr. Butler, just before I landed. He had been across one of the rivers, a little to the south of Durban, to inspect a house that was being built for him, and was returning on horseback, when, just as he had almost got through the drift the second time, his horse began to plunge about violently, and presently, as he thought, his own feet got

entangled with the animal's legs. However, the grasp quickly left his ankle to fasten upon his knee, then upon his thigh, and he found, to his horror, that an alligator had seized him. The horse was still plunging about desperately, and was making for the middle of the stream. The Missionary lost his seat, and was dragged off his back, and, though he still clung on by the bridle and mane, he gave up his life as lost. He bethought himself, however, of Him who once heard the prophet's cry from the belly of the fish, and lifted up a momentary ejaculation for help from above. At this instant the horse turned towards the shore, and Mr. Butler was enabled to lay hold of the weeds which grew there, and drag himself by means of them up upon the bank, the beast still keeping his hold upon his thigh. In this position he shouted for help to some Kafir women, at work in a neighbouring field: and they hastened down, and with their knob-kirries beat the creature on the head, until it let go its hold. The Missionary and his horse were both saved, though terribly mangled; but ultimately both recovered of their injuries.

I obtained a Kafir guide, the head of a small kraal in the neighbourhood, and recommended by the ferryman as thoroughly trustworthy, who was to walk before me, and show me the way (twelve miles) to Mr. Lindley's; and with a present from the ferryman himself of a fresh-grown orange and lemon, and (what was most acceptable) a glass of milk, I started. The man sometimes walked, sometimes ran, before me, taking me by a curious Kafir by-path for

some miles, through very romantic spots, but bringing me out at length into the main road, upon an eminence, from which I had an extensive view of the magnificent Inanda country. We took two hours and a half to reach Mr. Lindley's, where I was most heartily welcomed by Mrs. Lindley, surrounded by her splendid family of eleven as fine and healthy children as one would wish to see, almost all, I believe, born and reared in the colony. She was a little alarmed, however, to see me approach without her husband, who had gone to meet me, and apprehended at first that some disaster must have befallen him, until relieved by the tale of my wanderings. I shall not soon forget the delicious draught of milk with which my parched lips—dry, not only with the effect of the heat, but with some remains of the fever—were refreshed by her kindness; nor will she soon forget, I imagine, though she could hardly have understood at the time, the eagerness with which her large jug was drained. In due time Mr. Lindley arrived with Jantjee at his heels. He was much perplexed, however, at the route I had taken. For, on the way, he had passed an English wagon, which had left Peel's Drift that morning early, and the owner was certain that I had not passed him on my way. Not knowing that I had taken a Kafir guide, and supposing that I had ventured to come on alone, the good Missionary began to fear that I had lost my way, and was wandering about in helpless uncertainty in that singularly wild Inanda country. He begged Jantjee to search with him



carefully for the *spoor* (track) of my horse; and very soon they distinctly found it, which perplexed them more than ever, for how could I have gone on without passing the Englishman? The puzzle was explained when he reached his home. He had forgotten the old, unfrequented Kafir path, by which much of my journey had been accomplished.

I found, however, that it was no very uncommon thing for travellers to lose their way about these wilds; and Mr. Lindley gave me two anecdotes in illustration of this point, from the experience of the late Rev. F. Owen, formerly missionary to the Zulus in the time of Dingaan. (See Introductory Sketch.) Once he had dismounted upon a journey, and on getting up again, with his wife in a pillion behind him, he rode on until he found that he had missed his way. At last, after having travelled some distance in complete uncertainty, he set Mrs. Owen down, and rode up a height before him, in order to have a look at the country. On reaching the summit, he found that he stood in front of—his own house, which he had left some hours before! The horse had turned round, while he was off his back, without his noticing it. Another adventure, however, of Mr. Owen's, was likely to have led to a much more serious conclusion.\* He was riding down to Captain Gardiner's place, and was directed along a new-made road, which he "could not possibly mistake or get out of"—an assertion, which my own short experience has shown to be not always infallible, when hazarded by an old hand in speaking of an inexperienced adven-

turer. "There is only one turning out of it, and that is the *old* road, and so little used and indistinct, that you will never think of taking it?" It was just this very path, of course, that our traveller must per-versely make a point of taking; and very soon he got thoroughly bewildered. After moving about for some hours, at length he offsaddled, knee-haltered his horse, sat down on a rock, and so spent the night, with no little apprehension of an attack from some of the wild animals around him—at that time far more numerous than now. When the morning came, he mounted again, and rode on in that direction which he thought the most likely to be the right one. But for many hours past he had had no food, nor was there any prospect of his getting any, unless he fell in with human beings of some kind or other. It happened, most providentially, that the Rev. A. Grout, American Missionary, was at that very time travelling with his family from the Zulu country towards Natal. Having outspanned for the night, he had breakfasted, and yoked his oxen once more, and was plodding along the road, when he saw upon a distant hill the figure of a solitary horseman, slowly advancing towards him. The sight of the wagon appeared to quicken his pace, and very soon the poor way-worn Missionary was embraced by his warm-hearted brother, who immediately outspanned for him, and ministered to his necessities. Mr. Owen was riding straight on for the Zulu country, through a region at that time desolate and uninhabited; and but for this providential meeting

he would very possibly have perished of hunger and misery.

I spent a most delightful evening in the bosom of this amiable family, and at night was asked to close the day with family prayers, which I did with a short exposition, as usual, from the passage of Scripture read. There were two or three coloured servants in attendance in another room, into which the door opened from ours; but they could scarcely have heard my voice, so as to take any part in the Scripture reading and prayer; nor, I fear, would they have understood much if they had. The converts on the station, I found, were expected to have family prayer, each in his own little cottage; but were not called up by the Missionary for daily prayer, and reading of God's Word. And I did not learn that he had any regular services with them of a religious character, except on Sundays, when he preached to them through an interpreter—Mr. Lindley being a perfect master of the Dutch tongue, but not of the Kafir. He had been, in fact, pastor to the Dutch church in Maritzburg, upon the original occupation of the country by the Boers in 1837. There was a woman's weekly prayer-meeting, at which Mrs. Lindley usually attended; and there was a Sunday morning school, at which the eldest boy used to attend, but now had ceased to do so. Nor was there any daily school for the little ones of the flock, at which I was the more surprised, as with such a blooming family of children, some grown almost to maturity, and who had already learned, as their excellent father told me, "to speak

the native tongue with more or less fluency, for it was impossible to prevent this," it seemed so natural that this singular gift of nature should be improved, for the glory of God and the salvation of the poor dark souls around them. But I found upon inquiry, that there were serious objections to allowing a free intercourse between the white and the black children. The conversation of the latter is said to be so impure and disgusting, that a Christian parent cannot dare to commit his children to its contamination. And on this ground both Mr. Lindley and Mr. Lewis Grout, whose station I next visited, and who plainly told me that "he would not have his little girl learn one word of that filthy people's language on any account, if he could help it," think it their duty to their children to protect them from such corrupting influences. Some other of the American Missionaries, I find, agree in this principle; others do not, especially Mr. A. Grout, whom I presently after visited. Doubtless, there must be need for great watchfulness and care in such a matter; but I cannot help believing that some measures might be adopted, to render such invaluable help, as the teaching of young persons, available for our natives. We should never choose to leave our children in England exposed, without protection, to the possible evil consequences of teaching in a ragged school: but, with proper precaution and discipline, surely we should not fear to see them thus employed.

Mr. Lindley, I found, was somewhat desponding about the improvement of the Kafirs, and thought

“it would take 500 years to produce any sensible effect upon them.” There were eighty souls upon the station. And certainly some of these gave evident outward signs of very considerable improvement. Several had built for themselves neat cottages, as good as those of many an English settler. Indeed, on first entering the valley, I had taken one of them at a distance for Mr. Lindley’s own residence. I had a very pleasant bedroom assigned to me—a separate building—in which Bishop Gray had been accommodated four years ago.

*Tuesday, April 4.*—All the people within call were summoned up this morning, some thirty or thirty-five of all ages, to make their salutations to me. I found that I must go through the ordeal of shaking hands with every one of them; and was not a little amused at the process. And there was my friend Jantjee, a chief superior in rank and importance to any one of them, who had been present at so many interviews between the great Kafir chiefs and myself, and had never presumed to do more than kiss my hand; and I could not help observing the grin of derision, with which he watched this motley group, seizing one after another the hand of the inKos’, and shaking it. [I may as well add here that, the next day at noon, when I dismissed him to his home, my friend, having received my gift of money, must ask for my hand, and, instead of kissing it as I expected, had the impudence to shake it. Mr. Mesham, when he heard of it, was very indignant; and Mr. Shepstone, I imagine, will give my Kafir friend *his*

opinion on the subject.] But this is a mistake, I think, with some of the excellent American Missionaries; though there are, I believe, differences of opinion, even among them, upon this point, as well as the former. To shake hands, is the English, not the Kafir, way, of showing goodwill and brotherhood; and they might just as well introduce at once the apostolic kiss. Of course, the objection would not extend to the senior converts, and such as had shown decided progress in piety and civilization.

I wished now to have my usual conversation, and make my inquiries among these natives, with the help of their Missionary. I had told him of the traces of natural religion, which I had found among the savage tribes, and how they appeared to me to attach very just notions to the names umKulunkulu and umVelinqange, however imperfect and confused their ideas might be. I wished to know if his people, before Christianity had reached them, had any such notions conveyed to them from their fathers. Mr. L. told me that he knew they had the name umKulunkulu, which they used to express the Creator of all things: but he felt sure that, if I asked further, I should find they meant by it a little worm in the reeds, a sort of caddis-worm—(said to be poisonous—but I doubt this, from the safety with which I have seen it repeatedly handled)—whose cylindrically shaped houses, constructed of little strips of bark, may be found on the willow-tree in great numbers. This was quite new to me; but I felt already so sure of the ground on which I stood,

that it would not have staggered me with regard to my general conclusion, formed from so many replies, obtained from so many different tribes, if I had found that those now before me had, previous to their conversion, been sunk in yet lower degradation, and lost yet more of the truth of their original traditions, than others of their brethren.

With this preparatory talk, we proceeded to our inquiries. The subjects selected for the examination were chiefly two men—aged forty-six and forty-nine—whom Mr. L. considered to be the most devout and truthful of his whole body of converts; but four or five others sat with them. The conversation was carried on by means of a young half-caste woman, Nancy, a very pleasing and intelligent girl, and one of the very best of interpreters, by means of whom Mr. L. was in the habit of preaching to his people. They told us that they had heard the name uTixo from Dr. Adams, and before that from Captain Gardiner, more than twenty years ago. “Had they ever heard any other name besides uTixo?” “Yes—umKulunkulu. He had made all things.” In answer to Mr. L., they “did not hear whether he had made the great *mountains*.” “He made the reeds first, and out of them came men.” “Was umKulunkulu the same as uTixo?” “Yes: but they did not understand uTixo at first. They do now, because they have been taught its meaning?” “They think umKulunkulu would be the best word to use for the unconverted heathen.” “They think umKulunkulu the best word altogether”—

two or three speaking. "Did they think at first that uTixo was the same as umKulunkulu?" "When they heard about His creating all things, they said, 'This is umKulunkulu.'" "They would have liked better—attended more—if the Missionary had spoken to them at first about umKulunkulu, instead of uTixo. They would have said, 'The teacher is right. It is umKulunkulu that he talks about.'" "But," asked Mr. L. "if you had been told about umKulunkulu, would you not have thought directly about the little worm down in the reeds?" This question was received by the whole party with a smile of respectful derision. "O no! we only call it so; we use the same name for it; but we do not pay any honour to it." (One remembers a flower, called by the name, Everlasting.) "Did they know where umKulunkulu was?" "No! they had only heard of Him, that there was such a Being; they did not know *where* He was." Mr. L. was quite convinced by their replies, that there was more of truth in their rude conceptions of the Divine Being, than he had imagined; and regretted with me that the Americans had not—as the Norwegian Missionaries now have done—laid aside altogether the word uTixo, and adopted at first umKulunkulu, or some other word. He said they had thought of doing so; but, being strangers in the land, they had deferred to the example and judgment of the Wesleyans and others, whom they found in the field before them.

[Since I have been in England, the young lass, I believe, who interpreted for us upon this occasion, has *eloped* with a young Kafir, to whom she was



attached, and who came in the dead of night, on horseback himself, and leading another horse for the dark lady of his love, and carried her off in triumph. I have not heard, but presume the young man to be a Christian. The couple were pursued, and brought back—the young man severely reprimanded, and threatened, though it is very difficult to see what law could be brought against him; for by white law the young damsel was quite marriageable, and old enough to have her own choice in the matter, and it would be somewhat strange to bring a Christian girl under the mercenary rules of heathenism. It remains to be seen, whether she will content herself with the husband selected for her by others, (for, though not married, she is said to have been betrothed, though not seemingly with her own approval;) or whether the passion, “strong as death,” will have its way in the breast of this poor black girl, and keep her true to her plighted word.

About noon Mr. Mesham arrived, and, accompanied by Mr. Lindley and two of his young daughters, on horseback, we had a delightful ride to his pretty cottage—the Inanda Magistracy. It was posted on a mound, which rose in the centre of a very romantic valley or gorge, bounded on one side by an almost perpendicular ridge of great elevation, which the next day we were to climb. After making the acquaintance of my new hostess, Mrs. Mesham, a hearty, good-natured Dutch lady, I had an opportunity of witnessing the administration of justice by the magistrate, in a case at issue between two Kafirs.

The court was a large thatched outhouse, in which was placed at one end a table and chairs for the magistrate and his friends; while the parties, with their companions, squatted themselves down upon the ground at the other end of it. Next to Mr. Mesham sat his own two Indunas, or head-men, and then three "young men," who composed a sort of council for him upon matters of Kafir law. They had already heard the case between themselves; and now it was in a fit state to be brought before his worship. There were seventeen or eighteen Kafirs, interested in the question to be decided, who all sat round in still attention—most of them perfectly mute all the while, though, now and then, one or two would have a word to say, in elucidation of some point of the affair. I noticed particularly that the son of the accused did this several times.

The case was as follows, The complainant, a young, gloomy-looking Kafir, accused another, an old man, with grizzled beard, and a sorrowful woe-worn countenance, of having committed a violent assault upon him. Coming forward from the row of his companions, he had to tell his tale at length; while the interpreter translated, and the magistrate noted it down. Not a sound or movement interrupted his story, except that the magistrate would ask a question or two to clear up an uncertainty. Meanwhile, the poor old greybeard looked the very picture of wretchedness, watching with open mouth, with anxious face, and, it seemed to me, with tearful eyes, the lips of the other, as he proceeded confidently

with his charge. The young man had gone, it appeared, with two of his companions—whether he had persuaded them, or they him, was not exactly clear—to the old man's hut. The latter was already aware that they had spread a report of his being a Takati, (wizard,) and immediately left his hut, and sat down outside with his fellows. They followed him, and sat down beside him, and began to abuse him with being a Takati, &c. Whereupon he called upon his friends to beat *them* as Takatis, which they did very lustily,—at least, the one who now brought his action for damages. Such was the truth of the story, as it ultimately came to light, from the statements on both sides. The evidence, however, was not completed that day; and they were ordered to be present again by daybreak the next morning. Only the old man, however, was at hand by noon,—a confirmation of the impression we had formed from the evidence, that the young rascal richly deserved the flogging, which the friends of the grey-beard administered. And such seemed to have been the conclusion of their own chief, Umkonto, who was present at the trial, and by whom the case had been adjudicated in the first instance; for he was the chief of both the parties, though they belonged to different kraals. Considering that the three young men had no business whatever in another man's hut without his leave, and that one of them had suffered in his back and bones, but would not have gone upon the business without the support and presence of the other two, he adjudged them each to pay a goat to the sufferer

as a salve for his wounds. One of them had already paid the goat, worth 5s.; the other demurred, observing, that his friend, the plaintiff's body, "was not worth it." Before the trial began, each had to deposit 5s. as costs, which I have little doubt was in this case forfeited by the young accuser.

All that the Kafir wants, I am told, when brought before a magistrate, or when he comes to you in any trouble or difficulty, is that you shall hear what he has to say. They cannot bear to be taken short with sharp questions. "Did you do so and so?" "Why, yes; but . . ." "Did you do so, I ask?" They would like to give their whole account; "I did it, but not from the motive you assign:" and, when you have heard the tale, do what you think right, and they will submit without a murmur, believing that you have done what is *just*.

*Wednesday, April 12.*—After an early dinner, I started, with Mr. Mesham and his Kafir interpreter, Edward, for the Rev. Lewis Grout's at the Umsundusi. We had first to climb the high barrier of which I spoke, in the ascent of which my poor horse had a repetition of his former desperate work, in scaling the rocky stairs of Pakade's stronghold. I found, by the bye, that he had been very imperfectly groomed by that scamp Jantjee, with whom I had just parted; and his ears had to be relieved of several large ticks, disgusting-looking creatures, of a pale-blue colour, and as big as a large black currant, for which this valley of the Inanda has a very bad reputation. These ticks, like the sheep-tick in England,

only attach themselves to animals; but there is another, (the male, I believe, of the same species,) which I have caught now and then upon my hands or face, especially if I had been travelling through the high grass, which frequently overtopped my head as I rode along. This one is very much in shape and appearance, I must confess, like a small English bug; but though it sticks very close where it has fastened, and sometimes requires a drop of oil to be laid on to detach it, its bite is not felt at all, and leaves no effects whatever behind. There is yet a third species, corresponding very much to the "harvest-bug"—exceedingly minute, so as to be almost invisible—which buries itself in the skin, and causes considerable irritation, just as the latter does in England. I mention these nuisances, that I may not conceal from my readers the disagreeables of the colony; and these ticks, and rather severe boils, which are not unfrequently experienced after landing, probably as a kind of acclimatising process, are really the only ones to be named—except, of course, the general roughness of colonial life in Natal as elsewhere. But with respect to the former nuisance, the ticks, though I rode about so much in the wildest parts, I do not remember altogether to have found more than six on my person; and they are much more common along the coast, and then chiefly in the heat of the summer, than in the interior about Maritzburg. And, as to the Natal sores or boils, they are such exactly as I have known among my parishioners in Norfolk, and are doubtless the

result of an effort of nature to throw off something deleterious, which may or may not have arisen from want of care, or excess in labour or in food. I did not suffer from this cause myself ; but I must add, that, while sailing back from Natal to the Cape, after my ten weeks' residence and exertions, I *did* feel certain sensations on my arm, which *might* have resulted in a veritable boil, had I remained any longer in the summer heat of Durban.

On this point, however, of the salubrity and general characteristics of the climate of Natal, I may as well quote a few extracts from the reports made to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, by official persons, as given in the Blue Books of 1850 and 1851.

“The climate of Natal is very healthy, but, I think, more salubrious at some distance from the coast. There appears to be scarcely any disease incidental to the country. Dysentery is not frequent. Ophthalmia occurs occasionally, and is, perhaps, the only disease of the country. It is, however, not often of a severe character.

“The rains commence with violent thunder-storms about the month of September, and continue till about April, when they also terminate with thunder. During the rainy season, which is also the summer, the average daily temperature is about  $76^{\circ}$  ; but the evenings are generally cooled by a S.E. breeze. The thermometer rarely rises above  $80^{\circ}$ . The winter temperature varies from  $50^{\circ}$  to  $60^{\circ}$ . Frosts are frequent in the higher parts of the district ; and at

the Mooi River, in June, I have seen the thermometer stand at 27°, at 7 A.M. Cold nights are generally succeeded by warm days. Rain rarely falls in the interior between or during the months of May and August. On the coast the seasons are not so well defined, as showers occur throughout the year. Long droughts are almost unknown.”—DR. STANGER, Surveyor General, *Blue Book*, 1850, p. 70.

“The climate is most healthy, and subject to none of the epidemics that are incidental to other parts of Africa. Could the fertility of the country, and the salubrity of its climate, be pointed out, together with advantages such as those we have mentioned, we doubt not numbers of the class we allude to (practical farmers, possessed of small capital, say from 200*l.* to 500*l.*) would be found willing and even anxious to avail themselves of the facilities, which this district in particular promises to emigrants.

WM. STANGER, Surveyor General.

T. SHEPSTONE, Diplomatic Agent.

C. J. GIBB, Lieut. R.E.”

*Blue Book*, 1851. p. 34.

Passing now along close to the edge of the cliff, we looked down into the Inanda basin, and a more extraordinary sight, surely, never met the eye. We seemed to be standing on the edge of a gigantic crater, perhaps twenty miles or more in diameter, bounded by precipitous heights of 1,000 feet in perpendicular altitude, in which sometimes the bare rock appeared, but generally they were covered with ver-

ture to the very summit, and the kloofs (or hollows) filled with forest-trees. But it was in the bottom of this huge basin, that the most singular appearance was exhibited. Imagine a large inland lake, covered with huge waves, not crested with foam and wind-driven, but rounded and regular as the waves of a ground-swell, sweeping one after another along ; and then conceive this surface suddenly to become fixed and immovable, and clothed with a rich green covering of natural velvet, shaded here and there with innumerable streaks of darker or lighter hue, according as the shadows, or the rays of the setting sun, were thrown upon it,—and you obtain some idea of the strange scenery of this part of the Inanda Location. “It cannot be called *wild*,” says Mr. Mesham, in his evidence before the Natal Commission, “for to the eye it is scenery most beautiful to behold. Yet it is so billowy in its structure, so like the endless succession of ocean waves, as to render it for the most part quite inaccessible to wagon-travelling.” Speaking of the whole Inanda district, an extent of 900 square miles, Mr. Mesham writes as follows :—“The face of nature in this territory presents to the view such varied and wild contortions, as to make it almost idle to attempt a description. Yet it seems to me too marvellous a country to be left wholly undescribed ; where the equal elevations and rugged sides of the mountains, with the adjacent gulfs and gorges, and the ten thousand intervening hills and valleys, ridges and slopes, brooks and waterfalls, all combine in a scenery at once wild, grand, and beautiful.”



Having gazed for awhile on this glorious spectacle, we went on our way, winding along for a time close to the edge of the basin, with all its wondrous beauty spread out beneath us, many hundred feet below. By-and-by we turned aside from it, and before long I had the great satisfaction of finding that my good friend, Mr. Mesham, an old experienced colonist of thirteen years' standing, had fairly lost his way. We had still an hour and a half of daylight before us; but an hour is soon lost in wandering about the veldt. Our first attempt to recover the path cost us half an hour, and that was unsuccessful; except that it brought us near a Kafir lad, who was tending some oxen, and from whom we were just able to make out that we were certainly now in the *wrong* road, though we could not clearly learn from him which was the *right* one. At this moment, upon a neighbouring height, cantering along on the very road we had just forsaken, was seen the form of our attendant, Mr. Mesham's interpreter, Edward, who had been sent back by his master on business soon after we started, and was now spurring on to overtake us. Of course we hailed him, and were soon in the right way again, which, I doubt not, my dear friend, the magistrate, *would* have found in due time, but which it amused me much that he managed to miss.

We reached at length Mr. Lewis Grout's, and rode along the avenue of beautiful seringas—the growth of some four or five years only—to the Missionary premises. Mrs. Grout, I was grieved to learn, had been

for a long time very seriously ill, and, though recovering, was only just able to see us for a moment, and express her welcome. But her husband most kindly discharged the duties of hospitality towards us. We spent the evening in conversation on Missionary matters. Mr. Lewis Grout is a strong Independent, I find, as some others of the American body are. Mr. Lindley and Mr. Aldine Grout (no relation whatever of Mr. L. Grout) are both Presbyterians. Altogether the exertions of the American Board of Missions, among the natives in this colony, for which their nation is not responsible as ours is, may well put to shame the doings of the Church of England. They have twelve Stations along the coast, maintained at an expense last year of 2,300*l.* numbering 166 church-members, and 801 average attendants on Sunday worship; while the Church of England has hitherto done nothing, except by the vote of 500*l.* a-year made two years ago by the S. P. G., in answer to the appeal of the Bishop of Capetown, who wished to found *ten* Stations, at a cost of 500*l.* each.

*Thursday, April 13.*—There were on this Station, I found, only ten adult converts as yet, with nine of whom I had a short conversation this morning, but nothing remarkable was elicited.

I then started for a long ride to the Station of the Rev. Aldine Grout, upon the Umvoti River. For the first few miles, I had the pleasure of Mr. Mesham's company; and, when he left me, he gave me as a guide, his interpreter, Edward, a nice, clever,

Kafir youth, who had been under Mr. Lindley's teaching. We pushed on, by narrow Kafir tracks, as rapidly as the state of the paths, and consideration for our horses, would allow. The country was beautiful, as usual ; but sometimes we had to pass through the thick bush, indeed more dense and forest-like than any I had ridden through before. It was quite conceivable, that at any moment some wild creature might be started from its lair at one's feet, or some huge reptile be discovered, dangling in the air, over one's head. And such apprehensions would not have been altogether groundless, inasmuch as, within sight of Mr. L. Grout's Station, which I had just left, a whole herd of elephants was grazing one day, since I have returned to England, and eleven of the number were killed by the natives. A lion, too, has been committing some depredations, of late, upon the farms along the coast not far from Durban. Otherwise, it was imagined that the more savage animals, which formerly were very numerous, had been all expelled from the colony, by the presence of the white man. Nothing, however, of the kind was seen upon this journey, nor in any of my Natal rides have I witnessed anything out of the common, in the way of animals, except a few harmless bucks, birds, and insects.

We crossed the Tongati, and off-saddled for an hour, during which I read the following passage, upon a scrap of an American Missionary Intelligencer, which I had picked up somewhere on my travels. It was the report of a Colporteur, who was

describing to his employers the manner in which he conducted his ministry, entering first one house and then another, and distributing according to the necessities of each. In one, for instance, he would find the people careless and negligent in divine things, and then he would talk to them about the *heathen*, and what would become of *them*; and would ask them what would become of themselves, if they lived like heathen. "They would perish *like those heathen*; and their children, about whom they thought so much, would twine about them, like creepers on a gnarled oak, and they would burn—burn—burn on, for ever!"

Here is another passage from the correspondence of a Missionary. Speaking of the heathen, the writer says: "Every hour, yea, every moment, they are dying, and dying, most of them, without any knowledge of the Saviour. On whom now rests the responsibility? If you fail to do all in your power to save them, will you stand at the judgment guiltless of their blood? Said a heathen child, after having embraced the Gospel, to the writer, 'How long have they had the Gospel in New England?' When told, she asked, with great earnestness, 'Why did they not come and tell us before?' and then added, 'My mother died, and my father died, and my brother died, without the Gospel.' Here she was unable to restrain her emotions. But, at length, wiping away her tears, she asked, 'Where do you think they have gone?' I, too, could not refrain from weeping, and, turning to her, I inquired,

‘Where do *you* think they have gone?’ She hesitated a few moments, and then replied, with much emotion, ‘I suppose they have gone down to the dark place—the dark place. O! why did they not tell us before?’ It wrung my heart, as she repeated the question, ‘Why did they not tell us before?’ ”

I quote these passages, not for a moment wishing it to be supposed, that the good American Missionaries of Natal hold and preach, as a body, these fearful doctrines—God forbid!—but to enter my own solemn protest against them, as utterly contrary to the whole spirit of the Gospel,—as obscuring the Grace of God, and perverting His Message of Love and “Goodwill to man,” and operating, with most injurious and deadening effect, both on those who teach, and on those who are taught. Why! if such be indeed the condition of the heathen world, how can a Christian comfortably eat butter with his bread, ride in a carriage, wear a fine nap upon his coat, or enjoy one of the commonest blessings of daily life? What a monster of selfishness that man must be, who could endure the thought of ease or enjoyment in body or soul, for himself, while such was the horrible destiny of so many millions of his fellow-men, simply because they knew not—had never heard of—that Name of Love, and the Hope of Life Eternal!

After another ride, of two hours and a half, we reached Mr. Aldine Grout’s, a most cheerful and happy-looking Station; and the appearance of the Missionary and his wife corresponded thoroughly

with that of the place. There was a bright glow of health and activity about the work here, which very much refreshed me ; and certainly I heard nothing from Mr. and Mrs. A. Grout about the utter hopeless depravity of the native character, or the necessity of strictly separating their own children from all intercourse whatever with the Kafirs. We were friends together at once, and talked very freely about Missionary matters. "Could anything be done for the American Missionaries, who were laying out 2,300*l.* a-year on their twelve Stations, but had no grant of land whatever, and no security that their Stations might not be taken from them at a moment's notice, and all their buildings confiscated?" It would be, I imagine, contrary to colonial custom or law, for the government to make free grants of lands to *aliens*; and it is certainly possible that the lands, on which they have built their Stations, selected in very fine positions, all along the line of coast, may at some future time be wanted by the purchasers of farms for the growth of sugar or cotton. But it does seem very reasonable that, in return for such valuable services as these devoted men are rendering to the colony, they should be so far protected, as to have the purchase guaranteed to them, (within certain limits, and subject to valuation by surveyors on both sides,) of such buildings as they may have erected on any Mission-ground, which may be required hereafter for colonial purposes.

*Friday, April 14.*—I awoke thoroughly refreshed after my labours of yesterday, having richly enjoyed

Mrs. Grout's exquisitely clean bed, and cheerful airy bedroom. We walked out into the well-stocked garden, planted on a slope, at the bottom of which flows the Umvoti, with the sea only two miles off. There are alligators, it seems, in this river, and it is not safe to bathe in it. I had the curiosity to note down, as I looked around, the several products of the garden which met my eye. They were the following, with, probably, some others which did not attract my notice, and all thriving well, though a very miscellaneous collection; viz. arrow-root, ginger, cabbages, yams (three sorts), papaus, beet-root, onions, carrots, pine-apples, beans (of all kinds), peas, sugar-cane, turmeric, potatoes, sweet potatoes, peaches, oranges, lemons, quinces, custard-apples, (common apples will grow too,) pumpkins, vegetable marrows, mealies, tomatas, bananas, mulberries, guavas, grenadillas, peppers, chilies, cayenne, ground-nuts, (producing a very valuable oil, likely to be an extensive article of commerce,) strawberries, (said to be delicious,) grapes, parsley, coriander, rape, (grows like a weed, winter and summer, cannot be rooted out,) salads and pot-herbs, pomegranates, &c. It appears that the mulberry grows remarkably well in this colony. Mr. Grout's plants were cuttings only last June; they were now higher than our heads, and are green all the year long. "In America," he said, "they did not grow at all like this, and had to be buried all the winter." There seems to be no reason in the world why we should not grow silk largely in Natal. And, since I

have returned to England, I hear that the experiment is being made on a small scale.

We now proceeded to the schoolroom, where the people were assembled, the *chapel* not being as yet completed. There were present about ten men and ten women, fifteen young girls, and sixteen children; but the whole number of church-members was forty-seven, of whom thirteen had been received during the year, and the average attendance at Sunday worship was 150. We began with all repeating together the Lord's Prayer in Kafir, and then singing a hymn, which latter they did very melodiously. The Kafirs have good voices, and are very fond of singing, and, in fact, are a musical people. But they like grand and stately music, such as good church tunes and chorales; while the Hottentots delight in a jig or other light air, to which they wriggle about their bodies in a perfect ecstasy of enjoyment. The Zulus have a native musical instrument, a sort of bow with a gourd attached to the string, which latter, being struck by a little stick or *plectrum*, produces (no sound, but) a *vibration* only, which gratifies the performer, as he stalks about the street playing it, and annoys nobody else.

I then conducted a little *examination* in matters of common knowledge, geography, explanation of natural phenomena, &c.; for Mr. Grout is the first, I believe, who has attempted to introduce instruction of this kind among his people. One day he predicted to them an eclipse of the moon; and, on the evening before it was to happen, he brought out a globe,



and managed to give them a rough explanation of the event, and told them that it would take place at such an hour in the morning. In the morning they were all ready, sitting down, and waiting for the moon to be eclipsed: and, as the event did really agree with the prediction, Mr. Grout has gained great influence among them in consequence. I asked them, accordingly, a few questions. "How is it that the moon comes to be eclipsed?" "Because of the earth; it comes between the sun and moon." "What makes the new moon?" "The sun does not shine on the part which we look upon." "What is the shape of the earth?" "It is round—like a great ball." I was amused to find that they seemed to know rather more about *America* than *England*. Their answers were quick and accurate enough, to show that they are not at all wanting, as a race, in intelligence; and that such instruction *must*, (as, of course, under any circumstances, it *would*,) form a special item in our list of subjects for their education. I was a little surprised, however, to see several of the children, and one or two of the young women, sitting unclathed before me—as naked as the wild heathen of the kraal—and that, within the confines of a Mission station, and within the very house of prayer. I was informed that many of the people, having only recently arrived as refugees, were still very poor; and I suggested that a Sunday "Offertory" might very well be gathered from their "richer" brethren, for the purpose of clothing them, if they really stood in need of such charity. I gave

1s. each to purchase a frock for six of the young children; and Mr. Grout read the others a lecture on the impropriety of their appearance, to which they listened with evidently abashed faces.

We next selected the four oldest men for a little separate inquiry, as usual—Mr. Grout being considerably interested in the questions, which I had told him I wished to put to them, as I had done to all others. These, however, were still but young men, and were mere boys, none older than *ten* years, when they were first Christianised; and, therefore, their reminiscences of pure heathenism could only be faint shadows of their early childhood. It was useless, we both felt, to ask of them what they or their fathers *believed* before the Gospel reached them: but I thought there was a chance of our being able to learn from them what they *practised*. And, particularly, I wished to ascertain whether they could corroborate at all the statement of the Norwegian Missionary, which was quite new to Mr. Grout, viz. that the Zulu parents sent their children out at times, when they themselves took their meals, to pray to umKulunkulu. They gave us immediately the two Kafir *names*, as those by which their fathers knew the Great Creator, before that of uTixo reached them. And then Mr. Grout went on with his queries. “Used they to eat with their parents, when they were children?” “O no!” “What did they do, then, when their parents sat down to eat?” “They used to go out, and play.” “Did their parents ever tell them to go and pray to umKulunkulu, to give

them meat, corn, cows, &c.?" "O no!" and they laughed innocently, good Christians as they were, at the notion of their heathen parents teaching them to pray. We were—at least, I was—a little discomfited, and disappointed: though I had no reason, for all this, to doubt the authority of Mr. Oftebro upon the subject. But—while Mr. Grout and I were talking together, and concluding that they might have been too young to notice or remember such a practice, when they were first taken from their state of heathenism, and brought under Christian teaching—we observed the face of one of them suddenly gleam, as it were, with a bright flash of memory, and he began instantly to chatter vivaciously with his three brethren, who were very soon in a similar state of excitement. With eager eyes and unanimous voices, they turned to tell us that "they now recollected there *was* such a practice among them, and sometimes parents *did* send their children out to call on umKulunkulu, though from lapse of time they had almost forgotten it."

From all I saw at this Station, I could not wonder that the Missionaries were greatly beloved by their people, and even by the wild Kafirs around them. In fact, Dr. Sutherland, at Durban, had told me that he had, not long ago, been staying three weeks here, in attendance on Mrs. Grout, who was then very ill; and, every two or three days, there would come ten or twelve Kafirs, from distances of two or three miles, to inquire for her, and to ask to see her, which they were allowed to do for a moment, standing at

the door of her room. And yet only a few of these were *Christian* Kafirs.

A very similar proof of the affectionate sympathy of the Kafir people is given in the following extract, which I copy from a letter of the Rev. Mr. Wilder, of the Umtwalumi Station, to the American Board of Missions. "I was much affected, a few weeks ago, when Mrs. Wilder was very sick, and I was daily fearing that she would die, by the frequent visits they (the heathen of the neighbourhood) made, to inquire about her, and to comfort and sympathise with me. Heathen though they were, they would talk to me of God's mercy, of His sovereignty and power, of my duty to trust Him, because he would do all things well, like ministers of the Gospel. One day, when my own heart was almost bursting with fear and sorrow, and with rebellion against what God seemed about to do, four men came, and talked so piously, and repeated so much of what I had told them in my sermons, as also of what I had said to one of them who had been sick, that I could not have been more surprised, had an angel from heaven appeared, to reprove, and strengthen, and comfort me. And yet these were naked, filthy, heathen! I wept, and felt like covering my face, and bowing in the dust before God, who thus spoke through them to me in my loneliness and anguish." Verily, such "heathen" men could not, we must think, have been very far from the Kingdom of God.

I heard also of the following facts, which are indicative of the same kindly spirit among the people.

In the Zulu country, a trader was taken ill with a dangerous fever, and the chief of the neighbouring tribe forbade any of his people going near him. In the dead of night, however, a silent step approached him, and some charitable Kafir brought regularly a supply of food for the morrow. By this means his life was sustained, and he ultimately recovered, though at the certain risk of life to his black friend, not only from the danger of the infection, but from the punishment which would have followed detection at the hands of his chief, living, as he did, beyond the bounds of British jurisdiction.

Again, Mr. —, lately a Kafir magistrate, was once also very ill in the interior, and lay so long upon his side, that, at length, it became diseased, and the worms ate into it. In this state he was most assiduously tended by the Kafirs of the tribe nearest to him, who performed for him, with all possible kindness and gentleness, the most disagreeable services; so that he was in a measure restored by their attentions, though, from the suffering and exhaustion which he then endured, among other causes, he has since become completely deranged in intellect. One of his last acts, before I left Maritzburg, was to write a wild note to my friend, Mr. Shepstone, in which he derived my name, Colenso, from two Kafir words, *kola*, to satisfy, (whence *kolwa*, to be satisfied, to *believe*,) and *enza*, to make—"to make believers"—"to convert."

I had arranged to leave the Umvoti after an early dinner, and ride to Compensation that evening,

where I was to be the guest of Mr. J. B. Millar, whose wife had lately gone to England, and inspect his sugar plantations. But just at noon there came up a Kafir messenger on foot from the Bay, to say that the *Natal* had arrived at last, and would sail on Monday again for the Cape. I had many things to do at Durban, and had therefore no time to lose; so I made up my mind to start as soon as possible, and ride down to the Bay (46 miles) that night. Of course, it would have been easy to have done this, by starting after noon upon *English* roads. But here, though the greater part of my journey would be upon the main line of the coast road, leading from Panda's country down to Durban, yet some of it was rough, some hilly, some through the bush; and several streams—among others the Tongati, and above all the Umgeni, towards the end of the journey—would have to be crossed. My expected host at Compensation, I found, would no doubt have already gone down, to meet Mrs. Millar and his children, who had unexpectedly returned by the steamer to Natal.

I started Edward, therefore, at once, leading my horse, which, as well as his own and himself, he was to rest and refresh at the Tongati, and there await me. And after half an hour I followed him, on a horse which Mr. Grout had kindly lent me, and with one of his Kafirs, as a guide, mounted on another; taking leave with much regret of the dear Missionary party, who were rather startled at my sudden decision, and very much wished me to remain till the morning.

And perhaps I *should* have done so, *if* only my letters, just arrived from England, had been sent up by the Kafir from Durban.

We rode on briskly; but my poor horse began to show unmistakeable signs of exhaustion, long before we reached the Tongati; and it was with some difficulty that I brought him on, and reached its banks at about 3 P.M. Here I found Edward and his horses, but they had not yet been fed; and I was obliged to expend half an hour, while Mr. M'Ken, the agent here for Chiappini's Sugar Company, very kindly supplied my beasts with mealies, and myself with milk—as well as my dark companion with food to his liking. Mr. M'Ken spoke with great confidence of his sugar-canes. “He had never seen finer at their age in Jamaica; and he fully hoped that next year he should have 200 acres under sugar, and a mill at work.” Then we rode on for miles, until at length we reached the scattered hamlet of Verulam, inhabited principally by Wesleyans. I off-saddled here for half an hour, and called at two or three of the houses, at one of which I was presented with a liberal supply of milk, and a hearty invitation to come and preach to them. But no time was to be lost. It was getting towards dusk, and there were full twenty miles more of riding before us, and only one horse for the work. So we passed on from the good folk of Verulam, with whom I would gladly have lingered awhile, and hope to make a closer acquaintance when, please God, I return to the diocese—as well as with those of York, who are also

mostly Wesleyans, and whom I have not been able to see at all upon this Visitation.

After some time, Master Edward lingering behind to chat with some Kafir friends, I rode forward by myself, and—lost my way, or, rather, took the wrong one of two paths which lay before me at a fork, and was not informed of it by my guide, when he came after me, till we had got a mile or two upon it. The path I took would have been, I found, the best road by *day*; but at night it would not be generally chosen, as being disagreeable and difficult, if not dangerous, from its passing through a great deal of thick “bush.” This caused us a mile or two extra of gallop in the dusk across the veldt, to reach the house of Mr. Williams, upon whom I had, providentially, resolved to call, in order to thank him for his kind exertions on my behalf, on the day I failed to meet him at Gee’s Drift. I say, *providentially*; for, without his further aid, I do not know how I should have got that night to Durban. I might, indeed, under Edward’s guidance, by the light of the moon, when it rose, have reached at length the banks of the Umgeni; but to have crossed the river, as will presently appear, would have been out of the question. Pitch-darkness presently came on, and we had considerable difficulty in finding the house. But, when we reached it, all was made plain for me at once; and Mr. Williams himself, as well as his host, most readily offered to see me safe over the Umgeni.

So, after taking tea, we started, now with bright



moonlight, and had a very romantic ride for some miles through the "bush," abounding, beyond doubt, with wild creatures, which, however, the presence of four horsemen was sufficient to keep at a distance. By 10½ P.M. we reached Gee's Drift; but here we were met by a staggering difficulty. Mr. Gee's house was on the *other* side of the river, which was flowing wide, and in some places deep, before us; and Mr. Gee's boat was safely moored beside his house. It was in vain that we shouted and yelled for him; and, by and by, we began to suspect that the ferryman did not, perhaps, *choose* to be disturbed in his repose. This suspicion was turned into certainty, by one of our party galloping off to a cottage hard by, and learning, for our satisfaction, that Mr. Gee had made it "a rule," never to go across after dark. The owner of the house came down to the bank, and told us that he had once kept a boat here himself, but had been beaten off the ground by Mr. Gee, who for some small consideration had purchased the right of way on the other bank, exclusively for himself and his passengers. And not long ago, he said, his wife wished to cross about 6 P.M.; but "the rule" would not allow of her being taken at that hour. So she took off her shoes and stockings, waded through the mud, unfastened the boat, and ferried herself over; and then her husband was threatened with an action for the trespass committed on the boat.

What was now to be done? Our new friend proposed to send two of his own Kafirs through the river on our horses, which, he thought, would not

need to swim; and they might then unfasten the boat, and bring it over for us. Two uncertainties, however, attended the carrying out of this proposal. One was, that Mr. Gee might have locked the chain of his boat, as he had done for some time after the goodwife had made use of it; the other, that the Kafirs, by their bustle and chattering, might wake up the slumbering river-god, and bring him down to the bank in wrath, before his bark was fairly afloat. It was an anxious time for us, while by the clear moonlight we watched their proceedings on the other side of the river. But the deed was done at last, and the boat brought over, and we ferried across the stream; and then I was carried through the mud, by which the bank was fringed for a yard or two, upon the back of the friendly stranger, and safely deposited, about the midnight hour, on dry land. Our poor horses, after we had mounted them, had to plunge through an awful mud-hole, in which they sank nearly up to their bellies; but then a brisk and pleasant ride of four miles brought us happily to the camp, where, alas! I found no letters—they were somewhere in secure keeping at some too careful friend's in the town.

*Saturday, April 8.*—News from England, and, thanks be to God, all good. And here is the way most providentially opened for my return, by the arrival of the *Natal*, on her first trip—not, as I had expected, in time to bring me *up* to the diocese, but in time to bring me *down* to the Cape. Thus I shall escape the misery of spending a week on board the

dirty, and even dangerous, *Sir R. Peel*. Besides, if the *Natal* had not been at hand, to come up with these mails, they would have had to wait for the *Peel's* return voyage. And she left the bay too recently to allow of her coming up for a week or two; in which case she would be too late to catch the home-ward-bound steamer from India this month, and I should have to wait for the next, and waste much time at Capetown.

[In point of fact, the *Peel* did come up about ten days after I left, and was all but lost on her return voyage to the Cape—being quite worn out, and unfit for service. Whereas the *Natal* reached the Cape with me on the morning of Easter Day, April 16; and on that very evening the *Indiana* came in, which brought me happily to England, on May 27, after an absence of rather more than five months. Two months after my return, the Indian steamers were entirely taken off.]

I was occupied to-day in settling various matters of business. My dear friend, Mr. Shepstone, who had watched over me, during my journeys among the tribes, with more than a brother's affection and care, would not let me go, without riding down from Maritzburg to see the last of me; and had the great joy of finding that his own two boys had landed from the *Natal*, of which fact he had had no hint or expectation when he started. As I passed through Capetown in January, whither they had been sent to the Bishop's College at Woodlands, they were waiting for some means of conveyance home to Natal

for the Christmas holidays. The *Calcutta* could not take them—the *Peel* was deemed unsafe—and the *Natal* had now brought them, just four months after their vacation had begun. So much for the use we can make at Natal of the educational institutions of Capetown! Of course, they can be of no avail to us whatever. The very expense of going to and fro for the holidays once a-year would be twelve guineas each way—or more than 25*l.*!!—for each child.

*Sunday, April 9.*—Rode off at 7½ A.M., four miles, to consecrate a burial-ground at Sea-View. Returned in time to preach an S.P.C. sermon, on behalf of the Zulu Missions—collection about 10*l.*

Thank God! I have now finished my work—except that I regret exceedingly not to have been able to visit, as I intended, and should have done, had the *Natal* been delayed only two or three days longer, the stations of the American Missionaries to the *South* of Durban, and some others to the North, particularly Mr. Dohne's under the Table Mountain. One of the most distinguished of their body, Dr. Adams, had died not long before I reached the colony; but there are many able and devoted men among his successors, whose friendship I should have been glad to have acquired before quitting the colony. I was sorry also not to have seen the Wesleyan Station on the Zwaart Kop, not far from Maritzburg. I was on the point of visiting that which they have at Indaleni, near Richmond, and of which I could see the buildings from a distance; but I was informed that, since Mr. Allison had left it,

no work was going on there, and only a Missionary in infirm health, and a few stray natives, resided there. However, these visits were not essential to my purpose in visiting the colony ; and I had many opportunities of observing the faithfulness and zeal of the Wesleyan Ministers at Maritzburg, Messrs. Pearse and Thomas, (both, it appeared, of my own *county*, and one of my own *birthplace*, in England,) and Mr. Spenseley at Durban. Mr. Campbell, the Minister of the Scotch Church, and Dr. Faure, the head of the Dutch Church, were absent from Natal during the greater part of my stay ; so that I had not so much opportunity of making personal acquaintance with them. I had the pleasure of calling on the Roman Catholic Bishop in Maritzburg, and of receiving his call in return. I found him a very gentlemanly Frenchman, with a benignant expression of countenance, and an appearance of sincerity and earnestness about him, which I was rejoiced to witness. He told me that there were not yet any Missionaries of *his* Church among the natives ; but he was about, without delay, to set some at work. One of my last duties, before I left Durban, was to write a short farewell note of brotherly love to him, as I had not been able to call and take my leave of him in Maritzburg.

I believe that I can thus live in charity and union with my brethren in Christ, who are striving to walk religiously before God, and to bring forth fruit to their common Master, although I may not, and certainly do not, agree with them on all points,

and some of them important points, of faith and doctrine—and that, without compromising in the least my own Church principles. I believe the Roman Catholic is in error, in holding as true, and mingling with the essential Truth, as it is in Christ Jesus, what I hold to be the fictions of men, unscriptural and untrue. I believe the Wesleyan to be in error, because, (in direct opposition to the wishes and commands of his founder,) he has separated from the Church of England, and taken upon himself “the priesthood also.” I believe the Presbyterian and Independent to be in error, because, as it seems to me, they set at nought the testimony of all history, and set up their own will, or the judgment of the leaders of their body, against the example and direct injunctions of our Lord’s Apostles. But, while I have every reason to believe that these men are all cleaving to the One Blessed Truth, of a crucified, yet glorified, Saviour, of a Father, Who sent His own dear Son to save us, and a Spirit, proceeding from the Father and the Son, Who now lightens our eyes and teaches our hearts—while I have reason to believe that they are walking daily by faith in the Son of God, and seeking, by prayer and communion with their Lord, to grow in holiness and love, and in meetness for His Presence in Heaven—I feel that we must “receive one another, even as Jesus Christ has received us, to the glory of God”—and that, as we hope to meet together hereafter, as fellow-servants in His Kingdom of Glory, so we may and must walk together in brotherhood and

love by the wayside in this life, and commune together of our Master's Will, and perchance be drawn closer to one another even here in Him, in Whom we are One.

*Monday, April 10.*—At noon I received an affectionate farewell address from a large party of the townspeople ; and then, after taking refreshment, provided by the kindness of His Honour, the Lieut.-Governor, I rode down, accompanied by himself and Mr. Shepstone, and about forty friends on horseback, to the Point, from which a boat took me to the steamer,—just at the very same hour, and on the same day of the week, as that on which I had landed from the *Calcutta*,—having spent, in the interval, through God's Grace, a not inactive, and, I would hope, not unprofitable,

TEN WEEKS IN NATAL.





MARCH 1, 1855.

As the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel has been unable, from want of funds, to contribute any additional assistance as yet to the support of the Natal Missions, I should be thankful for any help which may be granted by the friends of Church Missions, either by way of *Donation*, or *Annual Subscription for five years*; which may be forwarded, either to the NATAL SPECIAL FUND of the Gospel Propagation Society, 79, Pall Mall,—or to MESSRS. DRUMMOND'S & Co., CHIRING CROSS, for the Bishop of Natal,—or to the Treasurer of the Natal Fund, GEORGE STEVENS ALLNUTT, ESQ., 30, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, who has kindly undertaken the labour of attending to the Financial Affairs of the Mission in my absence.

It is requested that all *Annual Subscriptions* may be considered as becoming due on the first of January in each year, and that all *Post-Office Orders* may be made payable to GEORGE STEVENS ALLNUTT, at the CHIRING-CROSS Post-Office.

And any present of Books or Clothing may be sent to MESSRS. SAVORY, 18, SIDNEY STREET, COMMERCIAL ROAD EAST, LONDON, by whom it will be duly forwarded to the Colony.

J. W. NATAL.

THE following Extracts from Letters, which I have received from Mrs. Woodrow and others, since my return to England, will show the nature of the work in which we are already engaged, and which is daily growing in interest and importance.

“On Easter Sunday my first three children came home. I had planned asking them to dinner, because I thought it would seem a treat to them, and they would be less likely to fret. It was a great comfort to find them bright and happy. One G. M. was about 11, a pleasing-looking little girl, with a patient expression of countenance, as if she had suffered. H. L. 4 years, a fine boy, and M. L. his little sister, 2½, were the others. It was quite beautiful to see *their* delight in being restored to each other. They had for some time been looked after by different persons. My little H. came to me at night, to tell me that his ‘poor mother was dead,’ and that ‘Mr. Jenkins [the clergyman] had taken her away.’ I directed his little mind to another world, where his mother still lived, and where, I trusted, he would see her again. His faithful heart *received* every word. He begged to be laid in his bed with the blind up, that he might look at the stars, which seemed his idea of heaven, and he said, ‘Put my little sister so that she may look at the stars too.’ The dear little sister is the most loving thing, a picture of an English cottage child. When she first saw me, she held out her arms to me, and repeated continually, ‘Mama, Mama,’ as if there were some happy association in her mind. Their only fear was that they were to leave me. When I take them out to walk, they are afraid I shall not bring them back again; and little H. says repeatedly, ‘You won’t be dead, too, Mama!’ His mother’s death has deeply impressed his mind. Whenever he is most happy, he suddenly seems to recollect it, and clings to me—‘You won’t be dead too, will you?’

“Our Kafir ‘Boy’ sleeps in the stable, not in the kitchen; I could not get reconciled to that un-English custom; and now he has begged that his wife may come, which Mr. Shepstone advised me to grant, and in gratitude she washes the children’s clothing. He is really good and affectionate, and a great favourite, and so is ‘The Missus’ with him, when she does not find fault with him. He is a constant attendant at the Wesleyan School, and has been baptized ‘Abraham’ since he has been with us. Little G. is our interpreter; but I am picking up Kafir by sound. I think we shall get on very happily; his wife has attached herself to us, and he

wishes her to learn housework and nice ways, and she seems providentially thrown in my way.

“Our Kafir always brings everything he *breaks* immediately to me; so that I have not an excuse for being cross, and so, perhaps, making him less truthful; but they are—at least he is—very careful, and extremely clean and neat.”

Afterwards Mrs. Woodrow writes:—“Our ‘Boy’ is getting on very nicely. His wife is improving, and they are both so anxious for their children to grow up in Christian and civilized ways, that I think they will gradually become my pupils. They observe the improvement in my children, from soap and water and neat clothing, and come and look at us while at our lessons and work. I often watch the eldest child, a boy of about six or seven years; he seems innocent in his play, and his father tender with him, and he wishes to join my children in their amusements. I like the Kafirs,—there is something you must respect in them. I was obliged to do a little scrubbing, in order to show ‘Boy’ what it meant, and then he did it thoroughly.

“I have told you little G. is our interpreter. When ‘Boy’ has anything on his mind, he comes to our school-room door, looks over it, and says, ‘Where Georgy?’ The other day he did this, and, having found her playing on the ‘stoep,’ brought her in, and gently, in his usual way, (he is very gentle with the children,) placed her half-way between himself and me. ‘Now, Georgy, tell Missus.’ Then G. explained that ‘the man standing by him was his brother—that he had been entrusted as driver to a load of mealies, and had committed some fault,—(we cannot quite make out what he did wrong, but we think he was a day or two too late)—that he had been taken before a magistrate, and fined ten shillings or condemned to the tronk (prison)—would I lend him the ten shillings upon his wages to free his brother?’ He was hired at ten shillings a-month, and the month was nearly ended, so that his wages was nearly due: but he had already borrowed three shillings in advance, when he was going to be prepared for baptism, and he had also told me that his wife and his two children were ill, and he could scarcely clothe himself and support them with his earnings. I reminded him of these. ‘What will the poor little piccaninnies do, Boy?’ He looked very sorrowful, and the veins started on his forehead, as he thought of his wife and children; but he only said, ‘My brother not go to the tronk;’ and he told little Georgie that ‘this month was “*file*” (dead)—the Missus was to give him nothing; and the next month she would only have to give him 7s., and then she would have the money.’ When I gave it to him, he said in a tone quite humbling to me, it had so much of reverence in it, ‘The Missus is good.’”

Again Mrs. Woodrow writes on July 3:—"The children are quite acquiring a love of Missionary work, and seem to consider themselves one with all that is going on. Georgie, with her knowledge of Dutch and Kafir, is a capital interpreter. Amongst other attempts at self-improvement, imagine Boy asking Georgie to lend him her scissors to cut his hair, and then begging the gift of an old comb, and the two little girls holding their looking-glass out at the window that he might arrange it. Boy is very particular too about his dress on Sunday; and yesterday he lifted Georgie on a chair, that she might tie his cravat properly."

"Now I must tell you about our *Missionary* doings. Boy takes great interest in the coloured illustrations of Scripture, which Mr. Rose gave to the Mission. Through little Georgie, as my interpreter, he now thoroughly knows them; and I have learned enough Kafir to teach them to his wife. Our pictures are become so well known, from first one coming to the house, and then another, that Kafirs arriving out of the country, come to 'see the Missus's pictures, and learn about JESUS CHRIST.' The more one knows of the Kafirs, the more one gets interested in them. You *must* value them. There seems to be an increasing earnestness among them to learn, and they beg for schools. One day Boy came in—"Missus, Boy is very frightened; more Kafirs come to know about JESUS CHRIST." This tone of *deprecation* was because I had told him that my children must not be neglected, and that I cannot teach the Kafirs in their lesson-time. Now the Kafirs about here all know me, and I might have my room filled with them—some of them knowing *something* about Christianity, but imperfectly, and earnest to know more.

"Pray tell Mr. Rose how much his pictures are valued here. I always tell them, 'A good man in England gave them to the Bishop to show to the Kafirs;' and this very much pleases them. The pictures of the sufferings and crucifixion of our Blessed Lord cut them to the heart. They strike their breasts, and turn away at the sight—so that it is quite a relief to show the Ascension, just as one turns to Easter Sunday from Good Friday. Their questions, indeed, show both feeling and intelligence; and it is very often ten at night before they leave me, grieved that I do not know more of their language, and humbled by their earnestness. Often, when their eager faces are around me, I think of the disgust expressed by some in England at the thought of teaching coloured people, and I wish that I could only bring these simple-minded, earnest, noble people so livingly before them, that they might love them as we do. They come to me of all ages, men and women—some old men from the country, with their *rings* upon their heads, and wrapped in their brown blankets.

There they sit down upon the kitchen-floor, our Boy telling them in his earnest way about JESUS CHRIST. These I cannot speak to; but I manage to let them know that I care for them, and Boy says they go away with 'tears in their hearts.'

"Mr. Robertson comes to us very often on Sunday from his tent on the Mission ground; and yesterday some Kafirs came in while he was here, and he went through some of the pictures in their own language. Afterwards, while we were at tea, some more Kafirs came in. Little Georgie told them that I was going to Church; upon which they said, 'Oh! we come two, three, times again for the Missus.' When I came home I found them waiting, and we thoroughly enjoyed our evening together. One of them, Peter, a young man, who had been partially taught, told us that, when he was a little child, he did not know about JESUS CHRIST; but now he had heard about Him, and wished to know more, and how he might get to Him when he died. Again and again he said, 'How I get to Him? What I do to get to Him?' Then, with a very thoughtful look, he asked me, if *prayers* would make him clean? would they make his brothers and his sisters clean? and he was quite rejoiced when I told him, that it was his duty to pray for his parents, and his brothers and sisters, and then to pray that *all* people might know JESUS CHRIST. He finished by asking whether black people, as well as white, might go with *Him* (the LORD JESUS) when He comes again? There was but one answer to this; and I told him also *why* he was *black*. It was 'because GOD the Father, who had made him, loved him, and did not wish the hot sun to kill him: *we* were *white*, because the sun was not so hot in England; and we should die here, if we went out into the sun.' He quite understood this after a little time, and it seemed greatly to comfort him.

"One evening four Kafir women came, and it was touching to see how they appreciated the picture of the 'little children coming to JESUS.' With their infants in their arms, they told each other that *they* might come to Him. The thought of the Resurrection fills them with awe. They shade their eyes with their hands, and, like St. Peter, they seem to say, 'Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O LORD.'

"Your heart would have ached at the scene I have just witnessed. Three old wrinkled Kafir women from the country, who had never heard of their GOD and SAVIOUR, came to see the pictures, which some others had told them of. I was so engaged in writing to you, that I gave them to Boy, and told him to show them. They had been with him a long time, when they begged to come and thank me. They were weeping, and came and took my hand, and said, 'They had never known anything about it.' It was heartrending."

see their careworn faces, which spoke of life's trials and troubles borne hitherto *all alone*.

"Oh! if I had but the gift of Kafir! Now, here is one of my Kafirs come with a woman, who has just arrived from the country, and has begged him to find her a 'Missus,' who would teach her to work, and she would only ask for food—no money. He brought her to me, and I cannot refuse to take her. She looks so earnest, and wants to know about 'the Book,' and to learn to earn her living."

"It is encouraging to see Mary's improvement. She can now work; and it is the greatest kindness to teach them to work, now that the Government requires them to appear clothed in the towns. They cannot be tidy, until they can work for themselves. She now mends her husband's clothes, and is making herself a gown, while I *fix* it for her. They think much of having their gowns long and full; and you would have laughed to see Boy come forward, when I was measuring the skirt, 'Missus, it is for school—make it very big here,' pointing round his feet. Mr. Robertson has given me some clothing that was given to the Mission party for Kafirs, which is not so valuable as it might have been, from its being so short. The Kafir women are very tall, and need large gowns, if any one is so good as to send any more. It would be a real kindness. They beg for cotton, or anything to assist them to clothe themselves. It is so pleasant to look into our kitchen at night: Mary sits working, and Boy reading to her; and, when they go to their *stable* to sleep, you may hear them singing hymns. Boy, in his simple earnestness, is quite a Missionary. He says: 'The Bishop is his baba (father) now,' and 'the Bishop must have schools up the country, where his other baba and his bruders are.' It is a good feature in the character of the Kafirs, that, when they know anything of the truth themselves, they always wish their relations to know it. Boy has a noble, warrior-like brother, who, he is anxious, should love 'the Book.' He is employed as a waggoner, and, whenever he comes to town, we are sure to see his fine face at our window, where he stands to look at the pictures. He is the man we saved from fine and imprisonment, and he looks upon us as his friends.

"But we are all longing for your return, and cannot always resist a feeling of loneliness and forebodings, especially Mr. Robertson, who is so much alone at the Station. His work there seems gradually taking root and growing. Yesterday, he told us of great encouragement he had in finding that a party of Kafirs, who were hired to make the cattle-kraal on the Mission ground, *expected* to be taught. Two other youths also came begging him to teach them every day. He says he shall now be able to proceed decidedly and in right

earnest with his work. He had been feeling his way, and feared to drive them away if they did not wish to learn."

Again, July 17, Mrs. W. writes:—"Our good Peter is a man of earnest piety, and comes now regularly every morning; and I have another pupil, Paul, and another, Jacob. I do not yet know so much of Paul; but Peter, and Jacob, and our own good Boy, are characters that you gain from in teaching. Their chastened, reverent, earnestness and reality of mind are such, that it strengthens your faith in what the Kafir character may become, under the grace of God. Peter already reads in English some Scripture lessons, which I brought with me, printed in large type. They are in sheets, and he takes one home with him every day after reading it, and really *meditates* upon it, and tells me, in his low, earnest voice, his thoughts, which are often very anxious. He is the only member of his family who has embraced the Christian faith; and, contrary to our idea, there is strong family affection among the Kafir people. Peter said one day,—'Ah, Missus! some days my heart is sad all day for my baba and my bruders.' I have had three Kafir women to teach sewing to. I make them wash their hands, and sit on a form, and work, which they do very nicely. They have been taught to read and sing by Wesleyan or American Missionaries; and often I ask them to place their hymn-books before them, while they work, and they sing very sweetly; and sometimes Boy comes in to write, and then he joins in with his deep bass voice. Mary, his wife, has just been sent for to her parents in the country, who are both ill; and this duty of attending to their parents' wishes is another amiable trait in the *natural* character of the Kafirs. I asked Boy, when he came to tell me that Mary must go to her mother, how they knew she needed her. 'When the baba or the mama sick, the Kafula tell each other, "Come on, come on—baba is sick;" and then they no *sebenzi* (work)—they go; and Mary not good to stay when her mama want her.'

"It is so touching to see how mere sympathy brings them to you. But really my people are getting too much for me. Last night the room was so full—there were at least forty: I stopped counting at thirty, because there were so many more. These had, most of them, been taught more or less by some of the other Missionaries. They began with singing a hymn from their little books; and then Peter said the Lord's Prayer, all responding. Then Peter stood by me, and I gave him in English a rough outline of the Scripture subject in the picture, which he interpreted into Kafir. It was delightful to see their quiet courtesy and reverent attention. Our Boy sat the picture of happiness. He never puts himself forward: his pure delight is to see people learning good things.

They asked, if they might sing another hymn before leaving. I could not but think of the war shouts and wild screams, which had startled London ears, when the Zulus were exhibited last year in St. George's Gallery, and raised a doubt, in some good people's minds, whether such a set of savages could ever be civilized at all. The pictures, that we have had of them in England, do not do justice to the Kafirs, as I have known them. There is an expression of thought, and goodness, and intelligence about them, which I never saw in the repulsive figures, that we had of them in books. But, in spite of all, it does make one feel a little nervous, to be all alone amongst so many dark faces. Nevertheless, I trust it is God's work. My gaining of their confidence in this way has been entirely involuntary on my part. I thought I had been only living for my orphan children, and yet I am throughout the day receiving Christian and Heathen Kafirs. And it all seems one work with my children, and my strength is so supported, that it is like one great blessing on my life."

Since the above was written, Mrs. Woodrow has been suffering from serious illness, brought on, I fear, from over-work; but a letter has reached me from her, (Dec. 12,) of the date Oct. 2, from which the following passages are taken:—

"Mr. Robertson longs for your return. He is very anxious to have buildings got up upon the Mission ground, where the work is daily growing in importance, and to devote his whole time to the Kafirs there. He is waiting to write by the *Natal*; but, in case my letter should reach you first, he begged me to tell you that, since he last wrote, two more families had come to settle on the ground, and others are coming. He continues the Sunday evening service here in town at the 'Home,' which is regularly attended; and if we had any building with a *bell*, set apart as a chapel for the Kafirs, I do think we should have a *large* congregation. At present there is a very interesting gathering of blaek faces; and Mr. R. has practice in Kafir preaching. I am sure he will have told you of his dear Kumgani, whom we had under our care for six weeks." (This youth had met with a severe accident on the Mission ground, by which his leg had been broken; and Mr. R. had taken him at once into the town, and put him under the kind care of Mrs. Woodrow.) "He is now returned to the Station, restored, but still lame. Since he left us, his mother has been to visit him, brought by reports in his tribe that he was becoming a Christian. Mr. Robertson had cherished hopes about him, but was not prepared for such a touching scene as his mother's visit caused. With great emotion, he told her that 'it was quite true'—that 'he could never return to his tribe as one of them'—but that 'he would continue to love them, and send them presents, and would visit



them after a year's time.' He begged her to give what he had of his own in the *kraal*, as remembrances to those of his tribe who were most dear to him, reserving the best spear he had for Mr. Robertson. It was a most painful thing to hear the plaintive pleadings of the mother, telling him that 'it was breaking up his kraal'—that 'to lose one son was to her like losing all;' and to witness the poor boy's distress in taking leave of her. Mr. R. says, it almost depressed his own spirit amidst his heartfelt rejoicings at this first-fruits of his Missionary labours. He is now being prepared for baptism. His accident was the means of keeping him from being carried back to his tribe; for the chief had sent his son for him, to assist in a sacrifice, which was about to be made by the whole tribe, for one of his daughters who was ill. It was a Sunday evening when the chief's son arrived, and found the poor boy removed to the 'Home.' He came, and was present very attentively at our service, and afterwards the chief came himself. There are seven men of the same tribe as Kumgani, who have come to Mr. R. on the Mission ground, and have gone home to visit their tribe, and again returned to him. Kumgani has now invited his parents to come."

Mrs. Woodrow adds in her P.S.—“I have applications to receive twice as many orphan children as I now have.”

Mr. Robertson writes on Sept. 1, as follows:—“Some time ago, I saw two of uJojo's men in town. uJojo is chief of the tribe amaXesibini, lying between Faku and the Umzimkulu. He is rather a powerful chief, numbering about 800 men. When the Bishop of Capetown passed through that way, about four years ago, he promised to send a Missionary, to stay with him and teach his people. The men said that 'they had been looking for him all this while, but he had never appeared;' and they told me that they were still very desirous to have one. I made a very formal affair of it—got out my book, and wrote down all that they had to say, telling them that 'I would write and tell you all about it, and ask you to send them a Missionary.' I must not omit to say that these two men, having heard of Mrs. Woodrow's Scripture Pictures, went and spent nearly a whole night in examining them, and having them explained by Boy, Mrs. Woodrow's Kafir man-servant, who came to his mistress's room for them about 11 o'clock at night, begging that he might have them to show to these strangers.”

On Nov. 9, Mr. Robertson writes:—“I am thankful to say, that at last God has been pleased to bless our labours among the poor heathen with (I trust the true) conversion of two persons. Mrs. Woodrow, I believe, mentioned about Kumgani in one of her letters. He is going on steadily, increasing daily in knowledge, and, I hope, also in the fear

of the LORD. He is extremely anxious to be able to read and write; and, considering the short time that I am able to devote to him, it is astonishing that he should learn so much. He is not baptized yet. I am teaching him to look forward to *that*, as an act requiring much preparation and prayer.

“The other case is that of an old man, named Boy, (not Mrs. Woodrow’s Boy,) who has been but an irregular attendant on our meetings, in consequence of his having to serve in town. But, whenever he did come, he was always most attentive. He was present at both meetings on Sunday last; and on Monday morning he sought a private interview with me, making inquiries after me at Mr. Green’s, as early as six o’clock in the morning. He had but little to say. But he told me that ‘he had long been much afraid lest he should die and be lost; but he rejoiced much to think that God loves the sinner, and that CHRIST had died for him—*that he was Christ’s*; and, in consequence of what he had heard the day before, (when I had been explaining the parable of the barren fig-tree,) he was afraid to remain any longer from Him.’ I talked to him a long time, and appointed to see him again. I saw him last night, and again had fresh cause for rejoicing. I never in my life saw any one more earnest; and, as far as it is right to judge a fellow-creature, I think there can be no doubt about his sincerity. He has cut off his *isigcoco*, (ring of hair upon his head, worn by married heathens), and dressed himself like a Christian.

“The meetings in town are becoming more and more interesting. Hitherto, it has been rather up-hill work, the numbers varying much; but now they are very regular. I had thought at one time of giving them up altogether, and confining myself entirely to the Mission Station. But Mrs. Woodrow remonstrated so strongly against it, that I was glad to say nothing more about it.

“I am grieved to report that Mrs. Woodrow is still very weak, and confined to her bed. I think every one wishes the Bishop were here, to order her to work less. I am quite sure, that, if she had less to think of, she would soon get well. But she will have everything exactly right, and it is too much for one so weakly.”

Happily, long before this, it may be hoped that Dr. and Mrs. Callaway have reached the Colony, and taken part in her labours.

The following sums have been already contributed towards the objects of this Appeal, and are hereby thankfully acknowledged :—

DONATIONS.

			£	s.	d.				£	s.	d.
F. Peel, Esq. M.P. ....	50	0	0	Mrs. Lilley, sen. Peckham ....	5	5	0				
Miss Hunt, Sunningdale .....	10	0	0	Miss Gurney, Northrepps.....	10	0	0				
Rev. R. Dalby.....	5	0	0	Dowager Lady Buxton, and							
R. Williams, Esq. Dorchester	10	0	0	Charles Buxton, Esq.....	100	0	0				
Rev. J. Bower, Lostwithiel...	5	0	0	D. Powell, Esq. St. Helen's Place	5	0	0				
E. F. a Lady, Exchequer Bills				J. T. Mott, Esq. ....	10	0	0				
and Interest .....	1041	10	1	Mrs. Fry, Leicester, coll. by ..	27	11	0				
Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Harrow...	10	0	0	Rev. M. F. F. Osborn, Kibworth	5	0	0				
Rev. J. W. Cunningham .....	5	0	0	Rev. R. W. Fitzpatrick, Bedford	5	0	0				
H. Young, Esq. and Family..	5	0	0	Talbot Barnard, Esq.....	10	0	0				
Harrow Boys .....	22	17	0	Mrs. Stirling, Linlathen .....	10	0	0				
Consecration Off. (moiety) ...	130	18	6	A Lady, Bedford.....	5	0	0				
Miss F. Macaulay .....	5	0	0	Miss Polhill, Bedford.....	5	0	0				
Rev. W. N. Griffin.....	10	5	0	Miss Tanqueray, Bedford.....	5	0	0				
Rev. R. Lawson.....	5	0	0	Miss Mary Green, Bedford.....	5	0	0				
Anon. by Rev. Ern. Hawkins	25	0	0	Rev. Charles Ward, Maldon..	10	0	0				
Rev. F. W. Baker .....	5	0	0	Mrs. Ward .....	10	0	0				
Hon. Mrs. Upcher and Friends	50	0	0	Rev. Canon Rogers, Exeter...	5	0	0				
Miss Anna Gurney.....	5	0	0	Sir Thos. Dyke Acland, Bt. M.P.	10	0	0				
Mrs. Fyvie, Inverness .....	5	0	0	Major Godfrey, Exeter.....	5	0	0				
Radley College .....	7	12	9	Rev. G. S. Le Maistre, Jersey	5	0	0				
Thos. Wilson, Esq. S. P. G. ....	10	0	0	Friend, by J. H. Markland, Esq.	50	0	0				
Rev. E. P. Cooper, S. P. G. ....	5	0	0	W. Cosens, Esq. Langdon.....	5	0	0				
W. Earle, Esq. Camberwell...	10	10	0	Rev. Lord John Thynne .....	25	0	0				
Mrs. Earle.....	5	5	0	The Duke of Bedford .....	100	0	0				
Ditto .....	2d don.	21	0	Rev. F. J. Smith, Taunton...	5	0	0				
Rev. W. M. H. Church.....	5	0	0	C. Kohler, Esq. Winkfield....	5	0	0				
Rev. Thos. Bowdler, Brompton	50	0	0	H. Farre, Esq. Friends by.....	20	0	0				
Rev. X. Y. ....	500	0	0	C. J. Bunyon, Esq.....	10	0	0				
James Baiss, Esq. Camberwell	10	10	0	Rev. George Ray, Statherne.	10	0	0				
Wm. Powell, Esq. Notting-hill	10	10	0	Mrs. Fyvie, Inverness.....	5	0	0				
Rev. Canon Anson, Windsor.	5	0	0	Rev. F. G. Burnaby.....	5	0	0				
Rev. F. S. Bevan .....	50	0	0	Rev. J. N. Simpkinson.....	5	0	0				
A Lady, E. F. ....	2d don.	350	0	Harrow Boys, by ditto .....	4	12	6				
Sir Thos. Fowell Buxton, Bt., a				Rev. F. Dyson .....	5	0	0				
Gift, in memory of, valued at	6	6	0	Rev. W. Dalton .....	5	0	0				
Miss Brodriek, Oxford .....	5	0	0	Rev. W. H. Vale .....	5	0	0				
H. S. Thornton, Esq. ....	20	0	0	Mrs. R. Ware, Hornsey .....	10	10	0				
Anonymous, P. through S. P. G.	10	0	0	Mrs. Erskine, Bryanstone-sq.	6	0	0				
Jonathan Barrett, Esq. Croydon	5	0	0	Rev. E. Brumell, Holt .....	5	5	0				
Wm. Pearson, Esq. Hull, the late	5	0	0	Rev. W. O. Newnham, coll. by	6	0	0				
C. Hanbury, Esq. and Family	5	12	6	Mrs. Parry, Godstone .....	5	0	0				
Rev. E. Venables, Bonchurch	5	0	0	Rev. C. Dyson and Friends...	10	0	0				
James Cropper, Esq. Kendal.	5	0	0	Rev. G. Currey .....	5	0	0				
Miss Scott, Bonchurch, coll. by	5	0	0	Misses Windle, Brighton .....	5	0	0				
Miss C. Naish, Bath, coll. by	5	0	0	Amphill Parish .....	8	3	6				
Rev. J. W. Cunningham, Harrow	5	0	0	Rev. J. H. Stephenson .....	5	0	0				
Mrs. Foster, Lostwithiel .....	5	0	0	Miss Nicholson, Dorking .....	5	0	0				
Rev. Dr. Tatham .....	5	5	0	W. Gibbs, Esq. ....	50	0	0				
Miss Gurney, Northrepps, Cromer	5	0	0	R. S. Blaine, Esq. ....	5	0	0				
R. A. Gray, Esq. Camberwell-ter.	10	10	0	Mrs. and Miss Blaine .....	5	0	0				
Huson Morris, Esq. Peckham.	20	0	0	Sir W. R. Farquhar, Bart.....	10	0	0				
A Lady's Gold Chain, valued at	5	5	0	Lady Mary Farquhar.....	5	0	0				
Miss Wilson, Ely Grange ...	25	0	0	Mrs. Wilson, Sackville-street.	5	0	0				
Mrs. Mitchell and Family ...	5	5	0	Silsoe Parish .....	18	3	2				
A. Greenslade, Esq. ....	5	5	0	Rev. B. Edwards, Ashill.....	75	0	0				
Miss Brodriek .....	5	0	0	Thomas Grueber, Esq .....	5	0	0				
Miss Sheriffe, Southwold .....	10	0	0	Mrs. Mayers, Brighton.....	5	0	0				
The Lord Berners .....	40	0	0	Rev. A. B. Congleton.....	8	0	0				
W. P. Hericke, Esq.....	5	0	0	Rev. T. G. and Mrs. Curtler..	5	0	0				
Miss Hericke .....	5	0	0	W. Newnham, Esq. Farnham	10	10	0				

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
J. M. Paine, Esq. Farnham...	10	0	0	— Wilson, Esq. Quay, Waterford	5	0	0
Ven. Archdeacon Bentinck ...	100	0	0	Mrs. Alice Black.....	5	0	0
Mrs. Bentinck.....	100	0	0	Rev. J. Burrell Hayley .....	5	0	0
Miss Mary Morse.....	10	0	0	Bevis E. Green, Esq. Kensington	10	10	0
Miss H. Morse.....	10	0	0	Rev. C. T. Frampton & Family	12	0	0
J. Smith Windham, Esq.....	5	0	0	W. B. Jones, Esq. ....	20	0	0
Rev. G. Gordon, Muston.....	10	0	0	Winchester .....	7	12	6
Rev. G. E. Gillett, Waltham.	5	0	0	Joseph Roberts, Esq. Truro...	5	0	0
Wm. Balleny, Esq. Liverpool	10	0	0	Miss Harriss, Reading .....	5	0	0
C. Groves, Esq. Liverpool....	10	0	0	E. W. Cooke, Esq. Kensington	5	0	0
A. Castellain, Esq. Liverpool.	10	0	0	Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean			
Mrs. W. Longley.....	5	0	0	of Norwich .....	10	0	0
W. Egerton, Esq. Knutsford..	10	0	0	Rev. J. Lee Warner, Walsingham	5	5	0
John Wilson, Esq. Congleton.	5	0	0	Rev. F. D. Maurice .....	10	10	0
Joseph Martin, Esq.....	5	0	0	Mrs. Montgomerie, St. Leonard's	5	0	0
Lady Inglis.....	5	0	0	Rev. D. Capper, Iluntley.....	5	0	0
John Torr, Esq. Liverpool ....	10	0	0	Dow. Countess of Abingdon...	5	0	0
T. H. Holderness, Esq.....	5	0	0	Mrs. Cattel, Peterboro', coll. by	22	11	0
Messrs. Lamport & Holt.....	25	0	0	Rev. J. Salter, Iron Acton ...	5	0	0
Mrs. McGillivray .....	10	0	0	Rev. R. B. Mayor, Rugby ...	10	0	0
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