

to hasten next morning to Chumie in front rather than to King William's Town in the rear, where I had some time ago hired a cottage in case of need. Colonel McKinnon had kindly offered to take us out to the open country, and when he should file off to the right for Fort-Cox, gives us the protection of an escort thence to King William's Town, whither he thought it better to send Major Bisset, as he was badly wounded. The troops, it was feared, would be again attacked by yesterday's assailants, who threatened to do so; and, in that case, our waggon was likely to be disabled and abandoned, while all thought our way to Chumie over the hills, a distance of twenty miles, would be unobstructed. I met with the people of the station in the church, along with not a few friendly natives of influence, and consulted with them as to this step, arranging myself to return on the morrow. The latter chiefly demurred, remarking, "Though there is no danger to be apprehended in going out, we do not wish your family to leave—it will be the signal for war." They acquiesced, however, when I stated that they knew that Mrs Niven from the commencement of the panic in the colony had told them she would not, and could not, remain if peace was broken on either side, and that, by the removal of the family, I would be left at liberty to act with themselves for the protection of the station, and the peace of the district.

*Journey to Chumie.*—We started accordingly at seven A. M., mounted on five horses only two of them my own, accompanied by Tausi, Tiyo's sister, Ball the carpenter, and three Caffre men unarmed, who carried small bundles, and occasionally carried one of our four boys, who had to trudge it on foot. The troops had moved before us, going southward, and we in a westerly direction. Till we got to the descent into the Wolf river, we saw only women with sticks, the men and cattle concealed in the bush; but this did not alarm us, as the affray of the preceding day occurred in that neighbourhood. Sixteen armed men whom we knew, met us when we were dipping into the Wolf valley. They were most friendly, and quietly dispersed when I allayed their fears of an indiscriminate attack from the troops. For the next five miles through the Wolf valley all was peaceful and on gaining the height looking down into the Matole glen, the aspect was no less tranquillising, only that one of our attendants, Nkenye, ob-

served that he heard the war cry sounded, men running together, and then dispersing, as they do when there is a false alarm.

*The First Attack.*—We reached the usual place for off-saddling at the Matole river, under a gorgeous grove of yellow-wood trees. It was now noon—fatiguingly hot to our slow moving cavalcade that lingered now and again on our exhausted foot travellers. Most refreshing was this change, and most busily did each help to prepare materials for a cup of tea—even a few girls of the neighbourhood turned some milch-goats they were herding into the thicket, and drew off some milk for our repast. In the midst of this, a dozen armed men appeared, among us, declared the country was dead, charged with their assagais our three Caffre attendants for helping the white enemy, he he teacher or no, pounced on everything where the ladies and children were sitting in the shade, seized the horses and saddles and went off, not before having threatened to kill myself and the carpenter, whom they attempted to strip. Our attendants now fled back, and told, as we have since learned, that the teacher was killed.—Only yesterday, a distant chief sent hither to see if I was yet alive.

Thankful for our escape, animated by the intrepidity of Miss Ogilvie and her aunt, and encouraged by the fidelity of Tausi and a man who joined us at the Wolf river, we resumed our journey on foot. We had scarcely set out when another armed band overtook us, pilfered us of everything they well could, rifed my pockets and pulled off my neckcloth, when I resisted farther spoliation. Tausi took one arm, and I another, on either side of my dear wife, who, I feared, would never clear the steep ascent in front, not less than 800 feet high. Two women who came up carried a boy, and two men coming on with cattle, one of whom I knew, promised for ten shillings to see us safe to the Chumie.

*Second Attack.*—Beholding at last with delight the grassy summit that commanded a view of our destination, though the latter was still tully six miles off, a pang shot across our hearts by seeing armed men bearing down on us. They turned out to be some of the first plunderers mounted on our horses. They made ferocious attempts to strip us, took all the money they could get on us, and but for a kind Providence, would have killed Ball at