

the previous day, worn a boot during my lifetime before, and they felt heavy and weighed my foot down. However, I saw Vamsinya in a little kraal in the centre of the Court looking at me with a smile, and this made me determined not to falter, but to push bravely forward and vanquish my enemy. I was pushed about from one place to another until I found myself in a small box (*mkumbi*) raised above the level of the floor. I was surrounded by white people of all shapes and sizes. I could see Vamsinya a short distance off smiling at me in an impertinent and confident manner, and talking occasionally to a white man just below him; I had no white man to talk to, and I was much annoyed when I saw that Vamsinya had one. Opposite to me was a nice-looking old gentleman who spoke Kafir. Below on my left were four or five white men sitting at a table, who were dressed in clothes which hung over their backs, and reminded me of the *mtika* worn by the Gcalekas in ancient times; these men appeared to be the Councillors of their Chief, the Judge, and were apparently eloquent, fearless men, who spoke in confident tones, as if they were well versed in public matters. They inspired me with admiration. But what I was most struck with was the judge. Was he human? Did he eat? Had he arms? Did he ever take off his clothes? Was he standing or sitting? Could he see that I was standing there? were thoughts that rushed through my mind. He appeared to move occasionally on the right side, and that was the only sign of life I could perceive. His eyes were pink, and appeared to look at nothing, he had peculiar hair, such as I have only once before seen upon a white man, and he had glass over his eyes. His coat was most magnificent, and I thought I was in the presence of a spirit; I was appalled, never before had I seen such a sight. But I felt assured that here was one who was far above being influenced to unfairness for one side or the other.

There was a dead silence, and I began seriously to realize the awkwardness of my position. The silence for a few seconds was so great that I could actually hear my hair growing. And oh! those boots of the Gcaleka war, how they did bite, my feet felt as if they

were growing larger every moment, and the trousers made me experience symptoms of an approaching fit. I felt too loose in some places, and in others too tight; my coat was so tight across the chest that I could not breathe; it was clear to me that if something did not soon happen I would die (*qawuka*); and I became firmly impressed with the idea that Vamsinya was the cause of all this by means of his medicines.

The old gentleman who spoke Kafir put up two fingers of his right hand, and told me to speak the truth, so help my God! This I solemnly declared I would do, and when I was about to add that it was against my conscience to deviate from the strict lines of truth when before my chiefs, he told me to cut it short and say so help my God! which I did. I felt proud as I held up my hand and displayed the absence of the first joint of the little finger (*ngqiti*) by which the Fin- goes could see that I was a true Gcaleka.

(To be concluded.)

GENERAL NOTES.

TRIAL BY JURY IN INDIA.—Trial by jury is attended with peculiar difficulties in India, an instance of which I remember as having occurred. In that case also a man was on his trial for the murder of another. He had been caught red-handed, and there was no possible room for doubt in the matter. The murdered man had succumbed almost immediately to his wound, living only long enough, after being discovered, to ask for some water to drink. Some surprise was felt at the time taken by the jury in considering their verdict; but when at length they returned and recorded it, the astonishment of all in court was unbounded when it proved to be one of not guilty. So extraordinary a verdict could not pass unchallenged, and the judge inquired by what process of reasoning they had arrived at their decision; if the accused had not murdered the man, who had? "Your Lordship, we are of opinion that the injuries were not the cause of the man's death. It has been proved that he drank water shortly before his death, and we are of the opinion that it was drinking the water that killed him." The explanation of this remarkable verdict—the more remarkable when it is remembered that the men who brought it in never drank anything but water themselves—was that on the jury was a high-caste Brahman, to whom the very idea of being a party to taking away a man's life was so abhorrent that no earthly persuasion could have induced him to agree to a verdict that would have hanged the prisoner; and the earnestness of his horror had exercised an influence over the rest of the jury so powerful as to make them return the verdict which so staggered the court.—*Notes and Queries.*