

come on, as I felt if I once could explain the matter to the Judge, the extermination of Vamsinya and his family from our side of the country would not take long. What made this more desirable was that we did not consider Vamsinya to be a true Gcaleka; he had been brought up by, and lived amongst, the farmers of the Colony for many years, he is a man of canteen habits, and a lover of white man's food. He is neither Gcaleka, Gcaika or a real good Fingoe; but an individual whose parts are made up by a little from each, the combination making him too crafty for us to deal with, the result being that he is obtaining a footing in our neighborhood and assuming an important position amongst us which is highly objectionable.

The day for our departure at last arrived. Vamsinya, I heard, had left the previous day. Having engaged a law agent to take his case for him he went in to see him. Our case belonged to the Government, so we did not consider it necessary to trouble ourselves about law agents. My party consisted of Nowayiti, her sister Nolente, Bambela, and myself. Nowayiti and her sister carried our clothes, while we men walked in front carrying our blankets suspended to a stick resting on the shoulder, feeling the weight of our importance, and anxious for the time to arrive when we should see Vamsinya carried off to the Butterworth prison by the Fingoe policeman.

When about two miles from Butterworth we sat down under the shade of a thorn tree and commenced to put on our clothes. Bambela soon dressed; he is a spare young man and found no difficulty in getting into his clothes, in which he could have found room for a friend had a necessity arisen for placing him there. But with me it was different. I cannot remember when I last wore European clothes, and I was much exercised at the idea of having to put them on. It took some time to get the trowsers on; all my companions assisted, and I was reduced to a condition of intense moisture, when Bambela announced that they were on enough. So we tied them around the waist with a strip of cotton blanket, and then put on the hat and coat which I had borrowed by the way. Bam-

bela now appeared to brace himself together. He expectorated carefully on his hands and seized the boots; I could see very clearly that the real agony was about to commence. The women seized my leg and held it firmly. Bambela turned his back to me and put one of his legs on each side of mine, caught hold of the boot with both hands, and while I clung desperately to the stem of the thorn tree, he pulled like an ox, until, to our surprise, the waistband of the trowsers broke. The astonishment of the women was great, as they could not understand the connection between the waistband and the boot. Bambela, who is a man of determined character, was not daunted by these troubles, and assured us it was all right, so the trio once more bent their backs to the boot question, with the result that both were eventually reported to be on. I heaved a deep sigh of relief, and with the assistance of the women managed to get on to my feet. I cannot describe to you my feelings as I stood on the ground in my new garb. I felt like a bird in a snare; the trowsers irritated me beyond measure. But, oh! the boots, they nearly drove me mad. My feet, which had lived a life of freedom until this day, are large and broad, and when they got into these hard boots, which were originally constructed for a white man, it seemed to me as if my feet were being quietly roasted in the fire. I lost my temper, abused the women, cursed Vamsinya, and was about to strike Nolente for not answering me when I spoke to her, when Bambela came to the rescue and suggested that the boots should be taken off and carried by the women; I acted upon this suggestion, and felt greatly relieved.

Next morning, shortly after sunrise, we duly appeared at the Court House, having passed the night at the kraal of a Gcaleka friend, who has for many years resided amongst the Fingoes. He was very hospitable, killing a goat for us, and showing us all the attention he could. We gave him full details of the Vamsinya case, and he sympathised with us, telling us he thought we would have no cause to complain of the Judge. Our friend, living near Butterworth, had already attended the Judge's meetings. He added that the Judges were severe upon