

not likely that they would ever see me again, and therefore, they must listen to one word which I had to say to them. A few young women to whom I was speaking, excited the fears of their friends, lest they should be bewitched by the word of God, and a person was sent to order them away from me altogether. How strange their ideas are!

They ascribe the same influence to the word of God which we do to the temptations of Satan. Several of the people of the tribe who knew me better, invited me to speak with them; but their conversation turned always to earthly things. I continued thus going along the semi-circle of the men—dropping a word here, and another there, as occa-



a Cattle Kraal.
b Feasting on Caffre Milk.
c White and Spotted Abakweta.
d Old women teaching Abakweta the attitudes.
e Women beating upon a dry hide.
f Women waiting their turn to beat upon the hide.
 The Spotted are best dancers.

sion suggested, till I came to a tall, fierce looking fellow, who appeared determined not to hear the charmer's voice. He commenced the peculiar Caffre whistle, at the very top of his voice, and beat time with his stick on the ground, as if he were stimulating the dancers to greater exertions. He wanted the people to laugh at me; but

I waited patiently, looking him in the face, till he had exhausted himself. To keep his courage up, another joined him, and there they kept whistling so loud, that a host might have been frightened out of propriety in a scene less strange than the one in which we were then present. Finding that they had better lungs than I anticipated, I