THE HISTORY

OF

THE BATTLES AND ADVENTURES

OF

THE BRITISH, THE BOERS,

AND

THE ZULUS, &c., IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

CHAPTER I.

INCEPTION OF DISCOVERY OF THE CAPE.

Most historians, in their opening remarks upon South African History, first begin with, and introduce to notice, the celebrated Portuguese mariner, Bartholomew Diaz, who rouuded the Cape in 1486, but if we go back to Herodotus—"the father of History"—whose matter-of-fact style and sterling common sense impart such a material value to his writings—we find that, in the time of Pharoah Necho, a Phœnician admiral sailed with a fleet through the "Pillars of Hercules" now (as is known) the Straits of Gibraltar, and disappeared down the Western Coast of Africa, and did not return for about two years. Herodotus —in the matter-of-fact style alluded to—records how that, for many weary moons, the mariners sailed down the West Coast (which they hugged) with the sun, of course, rising on their left side, and lo! and behold, one morning they found it rising on their right side, thus proving that they had rounded a continent. He also says, in the same book, "Clio," that when the sailors returned they brought back "ivory, feathers and gold,"—the marketable commodities of South Eastern Africa to the present day. The writings of Herodotus—there is little doubt—stimulated the ardour of Maritime Southern discovery in the breasts of the Portuguese.

From fragments of the works of Diodorus Siculus, rescued from the famous Alexandrian library (which to the everlasting disgrace of the sons of Othman they burned) we gather pretty much the same information.

Mauch, Petermann, Baines, and other celebrated men, who also wrote on South Eastern Africa, describe very ancient ruins some 200 miles north-westward of Sofala. They mention extensive ruins, towers, huge blocks of stones, elaborate cornices, tesselated pavements, &c. &c., around which silent oblivion has now thrown her dank and dark embrace.

In connection with the above subject there is one fact, important to scientists, that should be mentioned. Most travellers credit the Portuguese as the architects of these old buildings. But in the case of the ruins of Mazambae, the discovery of Mauch of the Phœnician and Egyptian lozenge shape character carved on some of the stones would seem decisively to subvert this theory.

But although, in my humble opinion (at least) Herodotus is a good man, yet the first positive information we are in possession of regarding the early Cape period is that of the days of Diaz. But we must pause to consider what were the springs that set the movement, in which Diaz was unconsciously involved, in motion.

The "springs" then were intimately connected with a period of vast interests in the destinies of the World—when, finally, the mind of Europe, after a struggle of ages, achieved the victory over the East, and entered on its career of conquest and civilization among the nations. The dawn of the existence of this land of "Good Hope" among the shores within the scope of European genius and enterprise has been obscured by the darkness of its subsequent annals.

The gloom and aspirations of the 15th century scarcely afford, in our minds, a subject of contemplation for the 19th, enveloped in its own busy schemes of to-day. There is in all our education, says the late Judge Watermeyer, an amazing negligence of the enquiry into our share of the philosophy of history. And yet what more glorious, what more worthy to be held forth to the admiration of men, than the spirit of that age, the interpretation of one whose thoughts was the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope?

For eight centuries had continued the conflict of inveterate hatred between the genius of fanaticism, evoked by Mahomet from the Arabian deserts, and the influences of Christianity. From the time—only seventeen years after the flight of the prophet from Mecca—when the aged patriarch of Jerusalem, compelled to be the guide of the Chief of the Unbelievers through the holy city, led the stern Omar over the spots hallowed by the Saviour's footsteps, and, in the depths of humiliation, while the conqueror stood proudly within the sacred precincts of the Church of the Resurrection, uttered the language of despair, "of a truth I have beheld the fulfilment of the words of the prophet—the abomination of desolation standing in the holy place"—the tide of Moslem conquest swept ever onwards, engulphing city and shrine, wealth and civilization.

The Holy Land subdued, towards the north, on the ruins of the seven primitive churches of the Apocalypse, the faith of Islam was established with the rapidity of invincible enthusiasm. In the East the proud monarchy of Persia was rooted up from the face of the earth, and Fire Worshippers and Christians alike were consigned to an equal doom of destruction. Towards the West, in the seats of African Christendom—both where the Alexandrian Pontiffs had haughtily trampled on heathenism, and had beheld the final defeat and submission of the Greek philosophy to the tenets of Christianity, and whence the Augustine had ruled the destinies of the Catholic faith throughout Europe—shrines and temples and monasteries were abandoned to the ruthless zeal of the fanatic sons of the desert, and soon every vestige of the religion planted by the Apostles disappeared from the Red Sea to beyond the Pillars of Hercules.

It had been in vain in Egypt and Syria to resist the torrent that rush from the despised land of Ishmael. After three centuries it seemed to be in vain to attempt successfully to stem the flood, which, more slowly, yet with equally sure fatality, threatened from the victorious East to whelm in destruction alike the nations of Europe and their Christian faith. It was the instinct of self preservation in Europe, awakened to a vague sense of peril, combined with the enthusiastic devotion aroused by the zealous eloquence of Peter the Hermit and the

ambitious plans of Pope Urban, that sent forth to the conquest of the Holy Land, in the first Crusades, the tumultuous crowds from every nation of the West, incited to a wild confidence on their own invincibility, but doomed, despite heroic endurance and occasional triumph, to misery and disaster, without achieving a result worthy of the marvellous preparation. In vain had the truce of God been proclaimed—and in vain the Norman and the Frank, and the Teuton, and the Latin, gave to each other the hand of fellowship, and swore that at the bidding of the Church, which was the Western civilization, all private feuds and minor contests should die, and war be waged—a hallowed war,—against the Anti-Christ alone, the barbarian power, the harbinger of woe and destruction from the East.

The efforts of force seemed futile. The entire Christian world was baffled, the Saracen and the Turk arose from each repeated struggle with new vigour; in each new contest adding to their barbarian energy the advantages of civilization gained in their manifold conquests, after the ninth Crusade and the failure, captivity, and death of St. Louis, and at the end of the 13th century the Mahommedan power, as compared with that of Christianity, divided by factions and jealousies, and wasted by intestine wars, was even more terrible than in the middle of the 11th, when the applauding multitudes echoed the Hermit's words, "It is the will of God," and rushed forth to rid the earth of their foe and the foe of Christ.

Dreadful indeed were the humiliation and losses in which these expeditions of impassioned zeal resulted. But there were effects upon the future civilization of the world beyond this loss and humiliation. The gallant chivalry of the Middle Ages. the warrior hosts from France and Britain and Germany, indeed, knew not thoroughly the true origin of the enthusiasm that impelled them to the *banner* of the Cross, nor the tendency of the disasters which, with heroic fortitude, they endured.

These disasters were the Educatian of Europe, to enter worthily on her final successes. The enthusiasm was the uncontrollable instinct Eastwards, to the land of religion, *bordering on the land* of wealth *nntold*—to the East whence their forefathers and their faith had come, where

all that was deemed precious had its home; and whence, too, came rushing on the formidable new race and Anti-Christian new faith, to destroy and uproot—if not destroyed and uprooted. This instinct, developed, became the mission of Europe to civilise, govern and regenerate the whole Earth. Its first vast endeavours resulted in apparent utter discomfiture.

When at length, a century and a half after the cessation of the Crusades, the New Rome of Constantine fell a prey to Turkish valour, and Mahomet the Second, the head of the Scythian Moslemism, was installed in the seat of the Eastern Empire—when in like manner as the Churches of Jerusalem, the magnificent dome of St. Sophia had been despoiled of its crosses and sacred ornaments and was degraded to the unhallowed worship of the false prophet—the spirit of Europe and Christianity seemed to quail utterly before the Asiatic fanaticism—the struggle of the faith seemed well nigh approaching its end; and had the Conqueror survived a few years (in the words of the historian of the Fall of the Roman Empire) "the same Ottoman reign might have been decorated with the trophies of the ancient as well as the new Rome." In truth, for some years after the conquest of Byzantium, the fairest regions of the South were at the invaders' mercy. The prayers for succour, reiteratedly sent by the last of the Greek Cæsars to the Latin powers, had been unheeded, and a spiritless consternation among the nearer Western sovereigns succeeded his fall. Some feeble voices were lifted up for a new Crusade against the common foe, but the disunion of Christendom could present no warlike front. And if the future state of the world were dependent on the direct power of Europe to offer successful opposition to the Turkish arms, hitherto resistless, the aspect of modern history would have been utterly changed.

Happily, however, a developement was proceeding in some of the more distant states which had hitherto less influenced the destinies of mankind, silent indeed and unobserved, but which ere long decided for ever the Western superiority. Although an eminent ecclesiastic, who afterwards ascended the Papal throne when a few ardent men endeavoured, on the fall of Constantinople, to awaken the ancient spirit of religious chivalry, in words

of bitter complaint, pictured the deplorable state of Christendom: "It is a body without a head—a republic without laws or magistrates. The Pope and the Emperor may shine as lofty titles, as splendid images; but they are unable to command, and none are willing to obey. Every state has a separate prince, and every prince a separate interest. What mortal could reconcile the English with the French; Genoa with Arragon; the Germans with the Hungarians and the Bohemians? If a small number enlisted in the holy war, they must be overthrown by the Infidels, if many, by their own weight and confusion"—and these words embodied undeniable truth, *yet* the same spirit which in former ages, in its rash enthusiasm, found expression in the tumultuous array of the Crusaders,—the same spirit of European determination to possess the ancient abodes of the faith, and to claim the wealth of the fabled lands beyond these abodes, now wrought in the studious intellect, and the Western mind was victorious where the Western arms had recoiled in disgrace.

It is evident that the Ottoman power has now gone beyond a rude warlike process. The Italian commercial republics, which sprang into flourishing existence during the Crusades, alone supplied the advancing Northern and Western civilization with the luxuries, soon to become necessities, and the rich products of the Indian markets, of Acre and Alexandria. Guided only by the principles of commercial gain, Venice, the chief of these republican states, felt not strongly the sympathies and antipathies which swayed the general body of Christians. From day to day more dependent for her wealth, which dazzled the nobles and burghers of the North, on the fostering power of Egypt, and of the petty Mahommedan princes on the Asiatic Coast of the Mediterranean—these last again tributary to the great Sultan—the interests of Christendom were manifestly at variance with her commercial supremacy. Her connection with the Saracen Governments was intimate even while the Christian banner still waved over the Bosphorus, and when the Crescent supplemented the Cross, her increasing commercial importance became yet more interwoven with the fortunes of the successors of Mahomet, who soon held sovereignty over the entire East with which Europe had intercourse.

Thus the trade of the West, passing perforce eastwards through this channel, fed the vast military power which steadily advanced its aggressive front; the commercial spirit, then born in the maritime nations which have since been in succession the foremost of the world, ministered to the martial supremacy of the victorious Asiatic; and if, by the mere strength of its vigorous arm, when as yet it knew not the value of its grasp on the high road of European Commerce, Turkey was able, before the century closed, to seize Naples and threaten Rome,—who will venture to limit the natural progress of its indomitable and energetic might, if the commerce of the Christian world had continued, as it soon completely became, tributary to its sway,—a commerce daily increasing and daily more enslaved? It may sound strangely to our ears, accustomed as we are to the known results of history, and loth to accept aught at variance with our foregone conclusions, if it be asserted as a possible, or perhaps even a probable truth, that under such favourable circumstances for the Turkish fortunes the call for the faithful to prayer might, before another century had passed, have been heard from St. Peter's as already from St. Sophia's dome—and that the Eternal City would not then, as in her previous sieges, have succumbed merely to a temporary barbarian assault, but would have fallen a permanent appanage to the new and resistless Empire of the sons of Othman.

To a spectator of the world in the middle of the 15th century, whose eyes were fixed on the regions which, those days, had been the seats of rule and Empire—Greece and Rome and Persia, Assyria and Egypt, in their dazzling glories of bygone time open to his view—his horizon, limited by the boundaries of the world as then known to the learned and the most powerful,—it must have appeared an almost inevitable destiny that the diadem of universal dominion should now grace the brows of the conqueror of Christendom in the East, whose onslaught the champions of Christendom in the West could not elude; and before whose consolidated strength their disunited and convulsive efforts must at length have sunk in powerless defeat. Such a spectator would not have beheld, or if he had beheld, could not have understood *the deep significance of the constant passing and repassing of small barks on the*

North Western African Coasts,—hardy mariners venturing along the desert-shores washed by the Atlantic—now gazing in despair on the currents deemed impassable by the wisest amongst them,—now urged to renewed exertion, as the more adventurous successfully overcame the threatened danger. He could not have imagined those tiny skiffs were guided by the *earliest renewed impulse* of European energy,—the same in its object, but changed in its means, which was *destined to counteract the progress of Ottoman grandeur and Christian downfall*, otherwise presented to his view: in a word, *that in the Atlantic the victory of the West over the East was being won.*

An eminent living writer has beautifully and truthfully remarked of the interest in comparatively obscure and isolated beginnings of great social and historical changes, in words worthy of quotation:—"The traveller willingly dismounts to see the streamlet which is the origin of a great river; and the man of imagination (who is patient in research because he is imaginative), as in science he laboriously follows with delight the tracks, now hardened in the sandstone, so in history he will often find material to meditate upon and to observe—in the slight notices, which, however, indicate much to him of bygone times and wondrous changes." From the bygone times of which we speak date wondrous changes that have come over the fortunes of nations and men. Let us trace how eminently these were due to the thoughts, which became works, of one man of that age,—representing a phase of its intellectual advancement,—*Prince Henry of Portugal.*

While the Wars of the Roses, caused by the ambition of one of the sons of John of Lancaster, were desolating England, one of his grandsons (for the mother of the great Portuguese Prince, the wife of John I., was a sister of Henry IV. of England) was earning on the Atlantic shore the meed of fame which posterity has gracefully conceded to the lofty intellect that planned discoveries and conquests for Christianity in the Indies, even before the birth of Columbus.

It is worthy of remark that the ardour for enterprise *which was, ere long, to inflict irreparable injury on the fortunes of the Votaries of the Koran*, to undermine the supports of its Empire, and precipitate to decline in the

apparent vigour of its strength, arose in a part of Europe where, almost alone, Christendom had permanently wrested from Mahommedanism a portion of the territory where the Moorish ascendancy had been established; where, almost alone, there had been durably successful resistance to its encroachments,—the Western Peninsula. But the destruction on the Field of Ourique, where, according to the heroic legend, the Saviour himself appeared in the Heavens, to encourage the gallant founder of the Portuguese Monarchy to victory over the Infidels, stained as it was on that day with the blood of five Moorish Kings and their countless host, was not so fatal to the dominion of the Crescent as the bloodless victories of Alphonso's more famous descendants,—who, on his rough charts, traced to his adventurous mariners the probable track over unexplored seas *beyond the known extremity of the world;* the promontory of Nam explained to them how the magic needle ever pointed to the pole; and enabled them, by the aid of astronomical observation, to regain their perilous course, when driven by the fury of the storm or the current's strength from the Coast, which the skill in navigation of the 15th century would not permit them to avoid with impunity.

Not that the labours of this eminent man were confined to the meditations and conferences of the closet. Even yet the existence of the Portuguese and Spanish Kingdoms depended on the expulsion and restraint of the Moors within the African limits. Portuguese patriotism was synonymous with Moorish defeat and extirpation, and the wars of the Iberian States were, to some extent, of the same nature as the Crusades of the East.

But, though he was second to none on the field against the hereditary foes of his country and his religion, and foremost in the councils of his Sovereign, *the object of Henry's toil and ambition throughout life was the extension of the true faith, the possession of the Holy East,* the exaltation of the power of Christianity, *by means of successful maritime discovery.*

Derided, but not discouraged, when his earliest enterprises met with failure, through the terror of his captains on rugged shores in unknown waters, he exhibited what was decried by the popular clamour of his contemporaries

as an insane obstinacy, but what appeared to them not many years after to have been a large-souled perseverance under divine inspiration. The wisdom of the theorists, the experience of practical seamen, alike contemned the thought of the man in advance of themselves. Twelve years of zealous enterprise had secured the discovery of only seven leagues of barren coast, and a promontory had been reached, to use the words of the mariners "beyond which there could live no people whatever; the land as bare as Lybia, the sea so shallow that at a league from the land it was only a fathom deep, the currents so fierce that the ship that passes that Cape will never return."

But these invincible currents were again overcome; Cape Bojador was passed: plants from the Gambian coast borne to the Prince were hailed by him as fruits from the promised land, and he besought the Virgin "that she would guide and set forth the doings in this discovery to the praise and glory of God and to the increase of his holy faith."

The unswerving earnestness and sustained purpose in a gigantic labour misunderstood, which indicate the hero more truly than immediate success and uninterrupted triumph, at length conquered the popular prejudice and derision.

On Henry's death, after he had, for nearly forty years devoted his wealth, intellect and influence to the holy cause of *discovering for his nation and his religion the maritime route to the Orient*,—although no further fruit of the enterprise could yet be shown than that the poisoned coast of Sierra Leone had been reached—the great wish of his heart was not suffered to die. *The thought of the man had become the living ambition of the nation.* In a few decades it was the moving power of the most wonderful age since the birth of Christianity. *A third of a century more, and the Southern point of the continent was gained.* Three score and ten years of unremitting energy, heroism, and perseverance had been completed from 1413, when Henry bade his first explorers God-speed, to the year when Bartholomew Diaz passed the "Cape of Storms" and planted the *symbol of the faith* on the island of Santa Cruz in Algoa Bay.

The erection of the cross by the Portuguese navigators

points out the true nature of their enterprises. The religious element in these discoveries, as well as those which, in imitation of them, were undertaken by Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, is a *remarkable feature*, which presents a forcible contrast to the maritime expeditions in the following century, of the English and Dutch navigators. *The conversion to the faith of the infidels* who might people the wide tracks between Portugal and the Indies, *was the stipulation on which Pope Martin V. granted to the Portuguese Crown all that it should conquer in these lands* with a plenary indulgence to those who should die while engaged in the conquests. The wealth of the East, the subjection of the East under the banners of the Cross, the seizure of the Holy Sepulchre from the Infidels who profaned its sanctity,—these were, in the 15th century, the hopes which animated all in whom Prince Henry had lit up the enthusiasm for discovery, as they had been the hopes of Godfrey of Bouillon and the hearers of St. Bernard.

The religious motive was indeed predominant in the great minds which led the spirit of discovery in both nations of the Peninsula. Every act of the father of modern navigation shows that he was urged by such influences. The memorial of Henry's disciple, possibly his superior in merit as in fame—Columbus, to the Catholic Sovereigns, who had enabled him to seek Japan, Cathay, and the Indies, by braving the Atlantic—(this was immediately after the Spanish conquest of Grenada, and before the great Genoese knew that his bold endeavours would bestow richer Spain in a new world on his protectors)—was, in words which plainly speak the feeling in which the zeal for the discovery of new lands was then rooted. "Your Highnesses," he says, "as Catholic Christians and Princes, lovers and furtherers of the Christian faith, and enemies of the sect of Mahomet, and of all idolatries and heresies, have thought to send me, Christopher Columbus, to the provinces of India to see the princes thereof, their cities and lands, and the disposition of them, and of everything about them, and the way that should be taken to convert them to the holy faith." Indeed, as to Columbus—both before and after he had added the new world to the possession of Castile—his heart bounded with the thought that he might be fated to

wrest the Holy Land, for the Faith, from its Infidel possessors, and his dreams were of a triumphal entry into Jerusalem.

In truth a similar tone runs through all the enterprises of this nature throughout the century. The Portuguese historian felt the true origin of these labours, which were the glory of his nation, and soon their shame, and felt, too, how quickly his countrymen had fallen from their noble aim when he said, "I do not imagine that I shall persuade the world that our intent was only to be preachers of faith; but, on the other hand, the world must not fancy that it was merely to be traders"* They could not long serve both God and Mammon. The temptations could not be overcome, and they fell, worshippers of gold, perpetrators of fearful atrocities, and traffickers in human flesh! But in spite of the swift desertion of the worthiest impulses of action with which they set out in their career, justice requires it to be admitted that the principal objects of the leaders in this new path of glorious adventure were *the exaltation of the faith and the service of God.*

But to return from this digression. John II of Portugal, the politician, understood what Diaz, the navigator, had failed to apprehend,—the value of the triumph which had been gained over the "Stormy Cape" afterwards, as we all know, the Cape of Good Hope. The voyage of Vasco de Gama verified the omen. India was reached. Wealth streamed into the uttermost limit of Europe. Honour and power crowned the brows of a nation which, not long since, had battled for very existence. A petty province was, for a time, Mistress of the Seas. But the temporary national riches and importance were not the principal achievement of the men who were worthily carrying out Prince Henry's schemes. De Gama's diplomatic parleying with the wily Zamorin of Calicut, his successful avoidance of the treachery of the Moorish nobles and merchants who sought the intruders' destruction, his commercial alliances with the various potentates on the African and Indian Coasts, despite the Moorish opposition,—all these secured the entry of his nation into the portals of glory and wealth, but secured

* Faria y Sonza—quoted in "Spanish Conquests."

greater treasure far, and fairer fame, for the European world of Christianity and civilization. The paltry skiffs which a few years since had laboured from the lately doubled Cape Nam under disheartening failure, to conquer the irresistible current of Cape Bojador, were now proudly manned fleets under Cabral or Albuquerque, prepared to cope victoriously with the largest force the Infidels could venture to oppose to them in their own waters. The battle of Christianity and Moslemism, lost ages past in thy Holy Land, lost in the fall of the Empire of Constantine, lost more recently in Southern Italy and the Mediterranean—everywhere lost where there had been a conflict, save in Portugal and Spain,—was renewed in the Red Sea, and in the Persian Gulf and in the Indian Ocean, *and was at length decisively won. The change of the route of the traffic wrought this victory.*

Egypt and Syria instinctively knew their impending ruin if the ocean commerce were substituted for the trade by which their revenues were upheld. Terrible threats were denounced if the Christians did not immediately desert their new discoveries. Ambassadors were sent to Rome and to Lisbon to picture the sufferings which Christianity would be made to endure throughout the East unless the sole occupation of the Indian Seas were yielded to its ancient possessors. But Rome, ruled by Julius II. did not fear, and Emanuel of Portugal was resolute.

At length a vast armament. built at Suez, manned with Turkish seamen, flushed with constant victory in the Mediterranean, and supplied with Venetian cannon and engineers, was fitted out to destroy, ere it took strong root, the new commerce, and to save the trade of the Levant and the fortunes of Venice.

Over this last endeavour for the old supremacy the two Almeidas triumphed by their naval skill and chivalrous valour, and from 1508 to this day no Mahommedan fleet, worthy of the name, has been seen in the Indian waters, and there, too, the proud republic of the Adriatic received the blow more deadly than that aimed by a coalition of the Pope and the Sovereigns at Cambray.

But the destruction of the Egyptian, Syrian and Venetian trade resulted in yet more important effects. The question at stake never was in truth, although in

appearance, the supremacy of one commercial nation and the depression of others. It was, in effect, the struggle, for life or death, of civilization with barbarism. If we follow history in the supposition that Venice had remained Queen of the Waters, and that the victory of Portuguese commerce over the Red Sea and the Levant had not been obtained. the prospect is appalling indeed. Egypt, which, though, heretofore politically allied with the Ottoman power for an onslaught on the Christians, yet formed no portion of that Empire, after not many years became a province in subjection to Stamboul. Then European and Asiatic Turkey, Greece, Syria and Egypt were one, the most powerful military organization in the world, vigorous and victorious, supported by the entire trade of the earth. The bigoted fanaticism of the Turks at the end of the 15th and the beginning of the 16th centuries was not less than in the previous period of their career. Irresistible by land, and with unequalled resources for naval strength, in command of all the commerce of Asia and of Europe, the Ottoman Empire held the key, and had the means to enforce the claim, of universal dominion.

The state of Christendom has been sketched. No reflecting mind can doubt that, but for unforeseen events, a crushing retribution of the Crusades was imminent. Some years, possibly a considerable portion of a century, might elapse ere the warlike barbarian race, now firmly planted in the strongest position in Europe, would thoroughly comprehend and apply the vast engine of its commercial monopoly in aid of its martial energy, to the utter annihilation of the Christian rule. But the impression certainly cannot be driven from our conviction that the revenge for the deeds of Godfrey, and of Cœur de León, of the Templars and the Knights of St. John, of the attempts of Louis IX, was to burst in a storm over Europe, and with fatal effect.

The gigantic prowess of the powers which seemed destined to inflict the blow had become then more threatening than that of the Northern Empire,—the aversion of whose menaced preponderance in Europe has aroused the imperilled Western liberties to a defensive warfare. And, as resistance would have been seemingly vain, escape was impossible. There existed then no great republic beyond the Atlantic where the ruined freedom of the Old

World might receive a refuge and a welcome, there were no lands in the Indian seas whither, as the sturdy Dutch projected when their destruction was threatened by another candidate for universal Empire, they might carry their independence and the national character—and live at least beyond the yoke of a slavish submission.

But the impending tempest did not break over devoted Europe. It was dissipated suddenly, noiselessly. The men who were the instruments believed that they were chiefly exalting their own land in the scale of nations, while they were saving Europe.

The success of De Gama's expedition was the salvation of the world from the curse of the Mahommedan domination. It was a miraculous prevention of a yet darker repetition of the Dark Ages. *It was the great end of the Crusades gained*—the victory of Christian freedom over the gloomy despotism of the false prophet's faith,—even though the physical possession of the Saviour's tomb was not changed.

From the 15th century dates the modern history of the world. The age which, on the final decay and ruin of the remnant of the Empire of the Cæsars, *beheld the first printed book*—which witnessed the birth of European literature as distinguished from that of Greece and Rome—which was adorned with the divine art of Michael Angelo, of Rafaelle, and of Titian,—which fostered the germ of the grand conflict of the Latin and Teutonic Christianity, a conflict to endure for all time as a living test of the grandeur and weakness of the human intellect,—which saw the earliest essays of navigation fitly so-called, and wherein a new world sprang into existence, while the political labyrinth of modern statecraft was planted in the old—is *the beginning of the history of the time in which we live.*

All the former nations seem equally ancient in their thoughts, actions, and aspirations—habitants more of an imaginary world of beings similar to ourselves than of the actual world in which we live and breathe. From that time, in our limited comprehension, we can, in some degree, understand the poet's words, that

> "Thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
> And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

for from that time the progress has been large, visible, in one uniform direction.

Perhaps the most remarkable event of this wonderful age in its effects on the world *was the discovery of Diaz, perfected by De Gama; the preservation of the liberties of mankind from the sceptre of Islanism; of the intellect from the fanaticism of the Koran; and of their infant printing-press from the censorship of an Omar or an Amarath.*

Such, then, is the connection of the discovery of the Cape with historical Europe.

Murray & St.Leger. RAISING OF THE CROSS BY DIAZ AT ALGOA BAY IN 1487. *Cape Town.*

CHAPTER II.

EARLY CAPE HEROES AND THEIR ADVENTURES.

ANYONE casually glancing at the title of this book may say "What has this serious exordium (however useful) to do with 'Battles, Adventures, &c.?'" but a further glance will discover the word "History" at the commencement of the title. It is necessary, however, (especially as my humble endeavour and object is to make these volumes practically useful to the students of South African History) to give a synopsis of the important events which lead up to the "Battles, &c.," but which have not been touched upon so deeply by any writer, with the exception of the late Judge Watermeyer, whose excellent remarks, I have said, I have gladly availed myself of. To those who would like to dash at once into "Battles and Adventures" I can promise enough thrilling adventure and stirring incident to satisfy the most ardent lovers of that sort of thing. The incidents, however, will be based on the certainty of fact, and the frequent and useful landmarks of faithful history.

Before beginning, therefore, with the narration of the particulars of the first battle between the Dutch (or Boers) and the British, *videlicet*, that of Muizenberg, I must, perforce, make a few more leading remarks.

The discovery of the extreme point of the African Continent by Diaz took place 166 years before the Dutch first established themselves at the Cape. The Portuguese had but half a century before commenced to colonize, or to establish a colonial trade. They had founded Madeira in 1120, the Azores in 1433, and, shortly after, the settlements on the Gold Coast of Guinea. In 1486 Diaz was sent out by King John II of Portugal, on the voyage in which he made his great discovery. The change of the name of the Cape from the stormy one of "De todos los tormentos," which he gave it to that it now bears is known to all, and

the object of Portugal to find a route to India in order to compete in commercial rivalry with Venice is also known.

The fate of the gallant Francis d'Almeida, who, with his brother, beat the Moslem fleet, and thus changed the fate of the world, and poor Diaz* is rather sad. Both lost their lives at or near the "Stormy Cape." Diaz was drowned off the coast seven years after his famous discovery, and Almeida was ingloriously killed by the Hottentots in Table Bay. Mr. Theal, in his "Chronicles of the Cape Commanders" gives an account of his death. He says that in returning homewards with the fleet which left India at the close of 1509 the Viceroy D'Almeida put into Table Bay (Saldanha, as it was then called by some) for the purpose of obtaining water and refreshing his people. When the ships came to anchor, some natives appeared on the beach, and permission was given to a party of Portuguese to go ashore and endeavour to barter cattle from them. This traffic was successful, bits of iron and pieces of calico being employed in the trade, and it was carried on in such a friendly manner that several of the Portuguese did not fear to accompany the natives to a village at no great distance. But on the way some daggers and other small articles were missed, and it was ascertained that they had been pilfered, which so enraged one Gonsalo, that he determined upon taking revenge. His violence, however, cost him dear, for in a scuffle with two natives he received some severe wounds. He, and another who had also been badly beaten, made their appearance before the Viceroy, who was at the time surrounded by his principal officers. There was at once a clamour for vengeance, and D'Almeida was reluctantly persuaded to give his consent to an attack upon the native village.

Next morning (March 1, 1510) the Viceroy landed with 150 men, the best of all his people, armed with swords and lances. They marched to the village and seized the cattle, which they were driving away when the Hottentots, supposed to be about 170 in number, attacked them. The weapons of the Portuguese were found to be useless against

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* Ungrateful Portugal gave the next important maritime command to South Africa and the East to De Gama.

the fleet footed natives, who poured in upon the invaders a shower of missiles (assegais no doubt) and a panic followed.

Most fled towards the boats as the only means of safety. A few, who were too proud to retreat before savages, attempted in vain to defend themselves. The Viceroy committed the ensign to Jorge de Mello, with orders to save it, and immediately afterwards was struck down with knobbed sticks, and stabbed in the throat with an assegai. Sixty-five of the best men in the fleet, including twelve captains (several of them of noble blood) perished on that disastrous day, and hardly any of those who reached the boats escaped without wounds.

It was in the year 1595 that the first ships bearing the flag of the United Provinces of the Netherlands, four in numbers, touched at the Cape of Good Hope—the forerunners of Dutch commerce to the East, while for a century the wealth of the Indies had been the exclusive possession of the Portuguese.

The Dutch, after the Spanish had acknowledged their independence, and the former had thus lost their commerce with the latter, turned their attention to the north in order to endeavour to discover a North-East passage by which they could reach the northern ports of China and Japan, but foiled in this they then turned their eyes to the Cape of Good Hope, and determined to rival the Portuguese (who, as the subjects of Philip the Second of Spain, were inimical to them) in their own seas.

The success of the Dutch Expedition of 1595 to the Cape, consisting of four ships, was much talked of at the time. These vessels were fitted out under the auspices of the "Association of Distant Lands" and they were put under the command of Jan de Molenaer, who had been a prisoner in Portugal, but promised to let the Dutch authorities into the rich secrets of Eastern trade if they paid his debts and thus released him, and released he was accordingly. The *Commercial* management of the Expedition was entrusted to Houtman. These were the very first Dutch ships that anchored in Table Bay, and the fruit of the voyage was most important. It resulted in an alliance with the King of Bantam, in Java, where the Portuguese had no settlement, and this step was, of course, the foundation of the Dutch power in the East.

The success, then, of this Expedition caused the start of several associations in the Netherlands for the purpose of Eastern trade, but to avoid the dangers of competition, and to secure a monopoly of the anticipated commercial prosperity, the several companies coalesced, and a charter was obtained for the United Company from the States-General of the Netherlands.

The Dutch Eastern trade flourished apace, beneath the fulminations, however, of the jealous Spaniards and Portuguese, but no notice was taken of them, and no occupation of the Cape was made until years had flown by.

At length, however, on July 26, 1649, a move was made in the matter by Messieurs Leendert Janz and N. Proot, who addressed to the Chamber of Directors in Amsterdam, a memorial or "Remonstrance," in which, to use their own words, they "briefly set forth and explained the service and advantage and profit which will accrue to the United Chartered East India Company from making a fort and garden at the Cabo de Bon Esperance."

Judge Watermeyer in this matter, as in many others, quotes from the Cape "Record" published by A. S. Robertson, in Cape Town, in 1838, and compiled and translated by my late father, Donald Moodie, R.N. The "Record" opens with the letter of Janz and Proot, which was then first translated, and from the "Inkomende Brieven."

With what shortly afterwards followed most South Africans are acquainted. Jan van Riebeeck, a Dutch surgeon, or "Sick attendant" and who had previously been at the Cape in 1649 with the fleet of Wollebrandt Gelijnsen, repeated the suggestions made by Janz and Proot, and so the Directors determined to build a fort at the Cape. "A place of call for refreshments, and for recruiting the sick." It thus appears that there was no intention whatever to establish an ordinary Colony.

There seems to be some doubt as to the spelling of the celebrated Dutch surgeon's name, but if any one likes to go to the "Archives" in the Cape Parliamentary Buildings, and examine the first volume of old documents, he will see the letter of the first. "Commander" (not "Governor" as some have it) in reply to the "Remonstrance" of Janz, plainly signed "Jan van Riebeeck." This was in June,

Murray & St. Leger. *Cape Town.*

LANDING OF GOVERNOR VAN RIEBEECK IN 1652.—(FROM PAINTING BY C. D. BELL).

1651, before the Commander indulged—as he afterwards did, in his signature—in a maze of flourishes, which I fancy have led some to suppose that his christian name was "Johan" or "Joan" as some have it. As an additional proof I may say that I am in possession of an autograph letter of his of the 7th of November, 1659, also plainly signed "Jan van Riebeeck."

Any way, Van Riebeeck arrived in Table Bay, with his fleet, on the 7th of April, 1652, and set to work to carry out the orders of his masters in Holland.

Three years after the landing of Van Riebeeck he let out to several Dutch soldiers and sailors tracts of land between the Fresh River and Liesbeek. These were the first "free burghers" of the Cape, and, it is interesting to note, this very origin of the Boers of South Africa, as according to Cape authorities, these first free burghers, kept ever retreating to the interior parts of the Colony as the "Company's" repressing measures became more and more galling, and "thus," says the judge, "the Trekking System, with its attendant evils, the bane of South Africa, was born."

And a few years later, in 1659, several native tribes in the close vicinity of the Cape, perceiving that the whites evidently intended to remain on the soil permanently, became alarmed, and a combination was formed between them to compel the departure of the Europeans, and the *first Frontier War* was thus commenced in 1659 by the sweep of the Colonists' cattle from the Colonial side of the Liesbeek River.

Looking at Cape Town now (1887) is very interesting in connection with the writings of the old Cape authorities. To think that where the Civil Service Club now stands was a huge swamp fed by the Fresh River, in which herds of hippopotami daily disported, and that as to Antonio de Saldanha, *the first European to enter Table Bay* (1503) appeared the huge adjacent mountains, just exactly so do they appear in their frowning grandeur more than three centuries afterwards!

I submit that it will now be acceptable to give a kind of *olla podrida* of interesting Cape items up to the first battle between the Dutch and the British, after which my course—descriptive of all the other battles—will be straight plain sailing.

In 1684, the Governor, Simon van der Stell, founded Stellenbosch; and shortly after, the country about the Paarl, Drakenstein, &c., was parcelled out to the French Huguenot refugees. We all know that some time before the flight of the Huguenots from France they were debarred from holding any military or civil employment, therefore they were obliged to resort to mechanical trades. To the traveller in some parts of the Cape Colony, and in the Free State and the Transvaal, it is to this day interesting to notice how many of the descendants of these Huguenots still stick to the enforced trades of their great-grandsires. In a remote part of the Transvaal some years ago I came upon a rough but jolly old Boer, with a French name, turning, with a turning lathe, the most elaborate articles out of ivory and giraffe leg bones.

As to the first child born of European parents at the Cape, we find that a "Sick Visitor," Willem Barents Wylant by name, came to South Africa in the *Dromedaris* with Mr. van Riebeeck. His family was the first to whom quarters were assigned within the walls of the fort, when on the 6th of June, 1652, his wife gave birth to a son. It is a matter of regret that the child's name is not recorded.

In glancing over the old records I find the information to strangers, although not to old Cape hands, that Robben Island is named after "Waterrob" the Dutch for "Seal."

On the 18th of October, 1653, the second child of European parentage was born in the fort Good Hope. The infant was the son of Commander Van Riebeeck, and was destined to become a man of distinction. In 1709, when he was fifty-six years of age, he attained the rank of Governor-General of Netherlands India, which he held until his death in 1713.

In July, 1654, the yacht *Haas* arrived from Batavia with rice. With her came the first of a class of persons afterwards numerous in South Africa, and whose descendants form at the present day an important element in the population of Cape Town. Four Asiatics had been sentenced by the High Court of Justice of Batavia to banishment and hard labour for life, of whom three were sent in the *Haas* to Mauritius, which was then in the Company's possession, and one was brought to the fort Good Hope. In this year the vine was also introduced from the Rhine and Persia.

The second lot of free burghers (Boers) who took up ground beyond the Liesbeek in February, 1657, were five men named Herman Remajenne, Jan de Wacht, Jan van Passel, Warnar Cornelissen and Roelof Janssen. To the tract of land they selected they gave the name of Groeneveldt, or, the Green Country, and as Remajenne was the principal person among them, they called their location "Herman's Colony."

It is interesting to read of a party who started to find Ophir and the fabled city of Monomotapa. The description of scenery about the Paarl is good. "To the West there lay a long isolated mountain, its face covered with verdure, and here and there furrowed by little streamlets which ran down to the River below. Its tops were crowned with domes of bare grey granite, and as the rising sun poured a flood of light upon them, they sparkled like gigantic gems, so that the travellers named them the "Paarl" and the "Diamont." In the evening, when the valley lay in deepening shadow, the range on the East was lit up with tints more charming than pen or pencil can describe, for nowhere is the glow of light upon rock more varied or more beautiful. Between the mountains the surface of the ground was dotted over with trees, and in the month of October it was carpeted with waving grass and gorgeous flowers. Wild animals shared with man the possession of this lovely domain. In the river great numbers of hippopotami were seen; on the mountain sides herds of zebra were grazing, and trampling down the grass, which in places was so tall that Abraham Gabbema (the leader of the expedition) described it as fit to make hay of, were many rhinoceroses."

Previous to the year 1658, the only slaves in the Cape settlement were some ten or twelve individuals brought from Batavia and Madagascar, but during this year the Dutch took 250 picked slaves of big boys and girls from a captured Portuguese vessel which had brought the poor wretches from Angola on the West Coast of Africa. Eighty of them died before they reached the Cape, and the rest were landed at the Cape in a miserable condition.

The *Hasselt* having brought a cargo of slaves—many of whom died at sea—from Popo (wherever that is) the authorities found they had too many slaves, and therefore

shipped a lot to Batavia and sold the residue, on credit to the burghers for from £4 to £8, and these, it seems, with the Mozambique and Madagascar slaves, were the progenitors of the present Cape blacks, with their congenitor the Cape half-caste.

In this year—1658—the culture of the vine was extended beyond Table Valley, and the cuttings were now so plentiful that the Commanders had a large lot planted at a farm beyond Rondebosch, and so called Wynberg.

Now, also was the first maize brought in the *Hasselt* from the coast of Guinea.

From the vintage of the 1659 season a small quantity of wine was made, *for the* first time in South Africa. The fruit used was Muscadel, and other round white grapes, and the manufacturer was the Commander himself, who was the only person in the settlement with any knowledge of the manner in which the work should be performed.

At this time, too, the ever vital question in South Africa—the Native one—began to crop up unpleasantly. Theal says that early in 1659, when the Kaapmans moved with their herds to the Cape Peninsula, they found large tracts of ground at Wynberg and Rondebosch dotted over with the houses of the settlers. They could no longer graze their cattle in the rich herbage at the foot of the mountains, as they had been wont to do in days gone by, or, owing to crops, drive their cattle to the water; and their hearts swelled with bitter hostility towards the strangers. The white men, though few in number, possessed weapons so destructive that the Hottentots feared to attack them, but there was a possibility of driving them from the country by systematic plunder, and so it came to pass that one Simon Janssen was murdered whilst endeavouring to prevent some cattle that he was in charge of being taken away, and the usual reprisal was of course the result. The watch houses "Turn the Bull," and "Hold the Cow" were also built at this time for defence purposes.

The first Huguenots that came to the Cape were wrecked on the 9th of May, 1660, in the French ship *Marichal* near the mouth of the Salt River. Thirty-five of the Frenchmen entered the Company's service at the Cape, and the remainder of the crew did the same as soon as they reached Batavia.

On the 2nd of April, 1662, Mr. Wagenaar—the successor of Van Riebeeck—arrived at the Cape as Commodore of two ships. He was warmly welcomed on landing, and the reins of Government were handed over to him on the 6th.

On the 7th of April, 1662, Mr. Van Riebeeck and his family embarked in the *Mars*, and early on the following morning he sailed for Batavia. Having landed at at the Cape in the evening of the 7th April, 1652, he had governed the Cape Settlement exactly ten years within a few hours.

CHAPTER III.

ADVENTURES CONCERNING THE VESSELS "STAVENISSE," "BONA VENTURA" AND THEIR CREWS.

HAVING now devoted some chapters to solid, and, I hope, useful history, I must bear in mind for a while that part of the title of these books called "Adventures" which will, however, it is hoped, serve as useful and yet interesting landmarks, and which will always be based upon the instructive history alluded to.

The next interesting South African event, the description of which next comes within the scope of this work, is "The wreck of the *Stavenisse*" and the scene lies in Natal.

On the night of the 16th of February, 1686, the East India Company's third class ship *Stavenisse*, on her return voyage from India to Europe, was wrecked upon the African coast about 70 English miles south of the Bay of Natal.

The weather had been overcast, and Skipper Willem Kuyf, and his officers, believed themselves far from land. In those days longtitude at sea was always uncertain, but in this instance the latitude had also been miscalculated. When the look-out reported that he saw land, the chief mate, who was the officer of the watch, sharply replied that it could only be a bank of mist. He would not even take the trouble to go forward and look for himself, so confident was he of being well out to sea.

Presently the look-out reported again that land was close under the bow, and almost at the same moment breakers were seen, and the roar of the surf was heard. It was very dark, and the light breeze was dying away into a perfect calm. The alarm was given, when all hands sprang on deck, and, as fast as possible, the two bower anchors were put out.

The *Stavenisse* was drifting slowly in shore. The port

bower held, and she swung to it, but by this time she was among the breakers. In this condition she lay for a couple of hours, when the cable parted and she struck. As the ship immediately filled with water, the crew tried to save themselves by getting to land, in which effort sixty succeeded, and eleven were drowned.

When day dawned it was seen that one side of the wreck was stove in, the masts had gone, and the cargo of pepper was washing out. Fortunately the main and fore yards, with the sails attached to them, had been thrown up on the beach. The sails when stretched over a rough frame made a very tolerable tent. On the 17th and 18th the compasses, charts and instruments for measuring altitudes, a couple of casks of pork, a small quantity of biscuit, and some clothing were recovered from the wreck. On the 19th a general consultation was held, when it was considered advisable to start at once, and attempt to travel overland to the Cape.

The resolution was acted upon without delay. There were three officers who had been severely bruised in getting ashore, and these, being unable to travel, were left behind in the tent. The others, *fifty-seven* in number, set out that same morning. But, within a couple of days, the skipper, the three mates, the sailmaker, the boatswain, and four sailors, finding themselves unequal to the effort of walking over such a rough country, abandoned their companions, and returned to the wreck. The remaining *forty-seven* men continued their journey along the coast.

Those who were now at the wreck resolved to repair a broken boat and endeavour to reach the Cape in her. The work occupied a fortnight, and when it was completed, the compasses and charts, with a small quantity of stores and clothing that had been recovered, were placed in her and she was launched. But in trying to get through the surf the boat was overturned, and everything was lost, the voyagers barely escaping with their lives.

Meantime the natives in great numbers flocked to the scene of the wreck. At times there were as many as a thousand armed men present. The Europeans managed to purchase a little bread and millet from them for nails and bolts, but they soon set to work to burn and cut them out for themselves

Having now nothing to buy food with, the wrecked seamen were in great distress, when, one day, two Englishmen made their appearance. These strangers stated that on the *17th May* of the preceding year they had lost their vessel at the Bay of Natal. For nine months they had been living with the natives at that place, and upon hearing the report of a wreck of a ship to the southward, they had come to offer assistance. They understood the native language sufficiently well to make themselves understood, and had plenty of beads and copper rings to trade with. At the Bay of Natal they stated that they and their three companions had sufficient merchandize to purchase bread and meat for them all for fifty years, and Skipper Kuyf, and his party were very welcome to share it with them.

The wrecked men gratefully accepted the timely aid thus offered. Three of them were unable to walk, and the natives could not be induced to carry them, so they were left in the tent with one of the Englishmen as their protector. *Ten* of them, guided by the other Englishmen, immediately set out for the Bay of Natal. After a while one of the sick men died, and the remaining two recovered and joined the main party. In the meantime a petty officer had been trampled to death by an elephant, so that the little European community, when united, consisted of eleven Dutchmen and five Englishmen.

The Englishmen were part of a crew of a ketch named the *Good Hope*, of fifty tons burden and manned by twenty-four hands, which had gone to the East Coast of Africa to trade in ivory and slaves. In warping over the Bay of Natal she was struck by a squall and driven on the Point, where she remained immovable. Her crew then proceeded to put together a large decked boat, the materials for which were on board, and, when this was finished, the master and nine men left for Mozambique.

Another English ketch, about this time, put into the Bay of Natal to procure a supply of beef, and four more of the crew of the *Good Hope* got away in her. Five had previously died of dysentery, and the remaining five were those who welcomed the people of the *Stavenisse*. They had a good supply of beads and copper rings with which to purchase food, and they had even got in barter about 3 tons of ivory. Some of them, being anxious to

examine the country, had gone far inland, and had everywhere found the natives friendly and hospitable.

After about four months spent in idleness, the Dutch and English unitedly resolved to build a vessel in which to make their escape. There was plenty of timber at hand, and the wreck of the *Good Hope* would furnish some of the other necessary materials, but there was not a sufficient supply of bolts or tools. A large party of natives was therefore hired to proceed to the wreck of the *Stavenisse*, where a quantity of iron was collected, which they carried back. For a single copper arm ring each one bore a burden ranging from fifty to a hundred pounds in weight over the intervening seventy miles.

Among the Europeans there was one Englishman from Bristol, John Kingston by name, who was fertile in expedients for overcoming difficulties. They had no saw, and without one it would be in vain to attempt to build a vessel. Kingston set to work, and with only the shank of an anchor for an anvil, he turned a stout iron ring into a tool that answered for one. Then they had the keel of a vessel fifty feet long, and fourteen feet beam. They employed natives to carry the timbers from the forest, and to do the rough work in hewing planks. But it was an arduous undertaking with the limited means at their disposal, so that nearly eight months elapsed before their craft was completed.

Early in 1687 another party of shipwrecked men arrived at the Bay of Natal. On the *25th of December, 1686*, the *Bona Ventura*, of London, a ketch of twenty tons burden, was lost at St. Lucia Bay. One of her crew was drowned, and the remaining eight men, and a boy, set out with the intention of walking overland to the Cape of Good Hope, but to their great joy they found at Natal a party of Europeans and a vessel ready for sea. The new comers were welcomed to a share of whatever the others had, and in return joined them in the labour on hand.

Soon after this the little vessel was launched and named the *Centaurus*. A supply of provisions was purchased from the natives, consisting of about six thousand pounds of millet, a thousand pounds of salted and smoked meat, a quantity of millet ground into meal, twenty goats, a couple of hundred (or so) of fowls, and one hundred and fifty

pumpkins. Seventeen small casks of water were put on board, and the ivory which the English had obtained in barter was shipped.

The difficult task which they had undertaken was at length finished, and on the 17th of February, a year and a day after the wreck of the *Stavenisse*, the *Centaurus* was ready for sea. But, at the last moment, three of the Englishmen who had been wrecked in the *Good Hope* changed their minds and resolved to remain behind. They had formed connections with the natives, and contrasting the ease of life at Natal with the hardships endured at sea, they clung to the former. And who would blame these humble philosophers? An Englishman and a Frenchman of the crew of the *Bona Ventura* also preferred to stay where they were. There sailed, then, in the *Centaurus* the *eleven* men of the *Stavenisse*, *seven* of the *Bona Ventura*, and John Kingston and William Christian of the *Good Hope*. They had neither chart nor compass, so they kept in sight of the coast all the way to Table Bay, where they arrived safely on the 1st of March, 1687.

CHAPTER IV

THE VOYAGE OF THE "CENTAURUS."

When reporting themselves at the Cape, Skipper Kuyf and his party expressed great surprise that nothing had been heard of the forty-seven men who left the wreck of the *Stavenisse* on the 19th of February, 1686. The Council, after taking a number of depositions, considered that they ought to be searched for, and, with this object, the *Centaurus* was purchased from her builders. Her hull was found to need only a little finishing off, and, after she was rigged afresh, she proved to be a staunch sea boat and an excellent sailer. Kingston and Christian was paid £33 6s. 8d., in cash for their share in her, and were then engaged as quarter-masters in the Company's service, on the understanding that they were to be employed in any expedition sent to Natal. The crew of the *Bona Ventura* worked their passages to Batavia in the next eastward bound ship that called.

After the *Centaurus* was fitted, she was used at the Cape for a few months, and it was not until the 10th of November that she was sent to look for the missing men. Eastwards of St. Blaise she encountered a succession of head winds, so that on the 6th of February, 1688, she was only as far as the mouth of the Kei. It was then a calm, and the current setting south-westward, carried her back with it. On the afternoon of the 7th she was off the Coffin, or, as now called, Cove Rock, which she had previously passed and repassed several times. Being close in shore, an anchor was dropped, and a boat was sent off to see if a landing place could be found. During the time the boat was away some persons on shore were noticed making signals, but whether they were Europeans or Hottentots waving karosses was uncertain. The boat returned with an unfavourable report, and as a light breeze was then rising, sail was again made in the *Centaurus*. But next morning the officers began to reflect that the signals they had seen were probably made by Europeans, and they therefore determined to go back and make sure.

On the afternoon of the 8th it was nearly calm and the sea was quite smooth. Something, which could not at first be clearly made out, was noticed on the water at a distance, but, as it came nearer, it was seen to be small raft with three naked white men upon it, paddling towards the vessel. When the strangers reached the *Centaurus*, they announced themselves as part of the crew of the *Stavenisse*, and stated that there were on shore eighteen others, besides a French boy who was the sole survivor of a boat's crew left behind by a passing ship. Upon hearing this, every effort was made to get close in to the land, and at sunset the anchor was dropped in sixteen fathoms of water and the national flag was hoisted. That evening another of the crew of the *Stavenisse* was got on board.

On the 9th of February, 1688, the sea was so smooth that communication with the shore was easy. Fourteen men of the *Stavenisse* and the French boy were brought off, as also the flesh of a fat ox which was bartered from the Native Chief for an arm ring of the value of four shillings. The following day a present of five pounds of beads, a neck ring, and two arm rings was sent to the Chief in the name of the Honourable Company as an acknowledgment of the kindness with which he had treated the Dutch sailors.

The Chief was highly pleased with this present, which was to him of considerable value. Two more oxen were purchased with an arm ring each, but before they could be slaughtered, and the meat got on board, a stiff south-easterly breeze sprang up, and it was necessary to get the *Centaurus* away from her dangerous position. She accordingly made sail for the mouth of a river, which was distant about six or seven English miles to the eastward, and there dropped her anchor again. This is the river known to us as the Buffalo, and it was called the Eerste by the Dutch sailors. The surf at its mouth was so high that it was found not possible to enter it with a boat. There were still three men of the *Stavenisse* on shore, but as it was believed they preferred to remain with the natives, and were therefore purposely keeping out of the way, the officers of the *Centaurus* determined to wait no longer for them. On the 11th sail was set for Table Bay, where the little vessel arrived safely on the 19th.

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST VOYAGE OF THE "NOORD."

A FEW months after the above time (February, 1688) it was resolved to send another search expedition along the east coast. For this purpose the galiot *Noord* was made ready, and was despatched on the 19th of October, 1688, with a crew of nineteen men, including the quartermaster, William Christian. Her instructions were to proceed, first to Delagoa Bay, and carefully examine that harbour and the country around it, and then, in returning, search along the coast for the still missing men.

The *Noord* arrived in Delagoa Bay on the 15th of November, 1688, and found there two vessels, one of them English, the other Portuguese. On one of the islands the crew of the English vessel had put up a tent, where they were trading with the natives in a friendly manner. On the mainland the Portuguese had a small fort, but the natives were not subject to them. The Portuguese were known at this time to be in the habit of sending out trading parties to procure ivory as far south as St. Lucia Bay. The Dutch found the natives friendly in the whole, but inclined to be thievish. They remained in the Bay, surveying it roughly and making a chart of it, until the 29th of December, when they sailed with four men down with fever.

On the 4th of January, 1689, the *Noord* came to anchor off the Bluff at Natal. People were seen making signals on shore, and when a boat was sent in two white men came running into the water to meet her, thanking God that they once more saw Christian faces. They proved to be two of the crew of the *Stavenisse* who had returned from the main party through Kafirland. It was two days only before full moon, and on the shallowest part of the bar there was sixteen feet of water. On the following day the *Noord* went inside. The sick men were taken on shore,

where two of them died of the fever which they had contracted in Delagoa Bay. The natives were friendly as before. Supplies of food were brought by them for sale, and were purchased at very cheap rates. A hen could be bought for three beads, three pumpkins for four beads—milk, millet, bread, &c., on the same scale. The water casks were emptied and sent ashore in the boat, and the women filled them with fresh water, which they carried in large earthenware jars poised on their heads. A party of men, with whom were William Christian and an experienced miner, went inland searching for indications of ore, and were away for eight days, but discovered nothing of consequence.

Twenty three months before this, when the *Centaurus* sailed from Natal, four Englishmen and one Frenchman were left behind. They were not there now, and not a word is said of their fate by the journalist of the *Noord*. But when the galiot was ready to sail, William Christian gave three letters into the custody of a native, a faithful friend of his in bygone days. It may, therefore, be presumed that his old companions were still in the country, and that they had probably gone on an inland journey.

On the 23rd of January (1689) the galiot left Natal. On the 26th she was off the mouth of a river in latitude 33° 2′ S, according to the skipper's reckoning. The great rock, where the men of the *Stavenisse* were picked up the year before, was visible to the westward at a distance of about a Dutch mile and a half, or seven English miles—fifteen Dutch miles being equal to a degree of latitude. There a storm from the north was encountered, which drove the galiot out to sea. On the morning of the 28th she was again at the mouth of the Buffalo, where she dropped anchor and a boat was sent in. The surf was too high for the boat to pass, but a strong swimmer made his way through it to land, taking with him a letter for any Europeans who might be there. He returned safely after delivering the letter to some natives, and ascertaining that two Dutchmen were living close by.

That afternoon the boat was sent in again, but the bar was still too rough to be crossed, though an old man, one of the crew of the *Stavenisse*, swam out through it and was got on board. He stated that two white men had recently

left that part of the country with the intention of proceeding to Natal. The European who was still on shore was an indifferent swimmer. On the 30th an effort was made to get him off at Cove Rock, but the surf was too high for him to reach a line that was sent in towards him. He then made signals to the boat's crew that they were to desist from attempting to rescue him. The galiot thereupon set sail for the westward, and that evening, shortly after sunset, she passed the Bird Islands. Between Cove Rock and these islands her officers observed the mouths of the four rivers now named the Keiskama, Fish, Kowie, and Bushman, none of which could be entered. Heavy weather followed, and prevented her from examining the coast between the Bird Islands and Mossel Bay, now (then) the only portion of the Southern seaboard not well known. On the 6th of February, 1689, she arrived in Table Bay.

In October, 1689, the Council of Policy resolved to send the galiot *Noord*, for the second time, along the coast as far as Natal. The objects in view were, first, to rescue the *nine* missing men of the *Stavenisse*, who were believed to be still living with the natives, second, to endeavour to purchase for the Honourable Company the Bay of Natal and the land around it, and, third, to survey Algoa Bay, and purchase it, and the country about it, from the native proprietors.

The galiot sailed from Table Bay on the 28th of October, 1689, but, owing to contrary winds, did not arrive at the Bay of Natal until the 9th of December. There three men of the *Stavenisse* were found and taken on board, and the desired purchase of territory was effected.

On the 11th of January, 1690, the *Noord* sailed from Natal, and on the 15th arrived at Algoa Bay.

On the evening of the 16th the galiot was believed to be well off the land, when, about half past nine o'clock, she struck suddenly, and, with the next wave, was washed high up on the reef called Klippen Point, about 15 English miles west of Cape St. Francis. Her officers were afterwards severely blamed for her loss, but they appear to have used due precaution. The night was dark, and it is now known that the Agulhas current at this place often sets dead inshore.

At low water the crew found that they could walk to land without wetting their feet. They numbered eighteen men, all strong and hearty. The wreck was full of water at high tide, but they had no difficulty in getting what they wanted out of her. No natives whatever were to be seen in the neighbourhood. On the 23rd, they started from the scene of disaster to make their way, as best they could, overland to Cape Town. Each man took with him a matchlock and ammunition, and as much food as he could carry. For several days they kept together, but at length they broke up into parties, the sturdiest pushing ahead.

On the 27th of March, 1690, the mate, Theunis van Schelling with three companions, arrived at the Cape, and reported the loss of the *Noord*. These men had suffered much from hunger until they reached the kraal of Capt. Klaas, by whom they had been entertained and cared for in the most generous manner. Indeed, they attributed their preservation to his kindness. Klaas immediately sent some of his people to search for the other men, but most of them perished before aid could reach them. The few that were rescued told piteous tales of the misery they had gone through and the cruel treatment they had received at the hands of Bushmen.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HUGUENOTS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE history of the Huguenots must, naturally, be a most interesting one, and peculiarly absorbing to South Africans, who are everywhere surrounded by people of Huguenot descent, such as the De Villiers, Jouberts, Du Plessis, La Blanches, Labuschagnes, Delportes, and many other well known to South Africans, and especially to Cape people.

The Huguenots (whose name is derived—according to some—from the German Eidgenossen, *i.e.*, Confederates, and according to others, from Hugues, a Genevese Calvinist), were, of course, first known as the followers of Calvin, who was born at Noyon in Picardy, in 1509.

Calvin, adopting the Reformed doctrines, fled to Angoulême. A formal separation between the Calvinists and Lutherans took place after the conference of Poissy in 1561, where the former expressly rejected the tenth and other articles of the Confession of Augsburg, and took the name of Calvinists. Calvin was likewise called Chauvin and Cauvin, many of which latter name, it is known, are at present in South Africa. In France, as we know, the Calvinists took up arms against their persecutors. Henry the Fourth, originally a Calvinist, on becoming king, secured their liberty by the famous Edict of Nantes in 1598.

Long before—on the 24th of August, 1572—on the evening of the festival of St. Bartholomew, had occurred the frightful massacre of the unfortunate Huguenots. According to Sully, 70,000 of these poor people, including women and children, were murdered in cold blood throughout the Kingdom, by secret orders from Charles the Ninth, at the instigation of his mother, Catherine de Medicis. Another author estimates the number slain at 100,000. Any way, above five hundred persons of rank, and ten thousand of inferior position, perished in Paris alone, besides those slaughtered in the Provinces.

During the above butchery, Pope Gregory the Thirteenth ordered a Te Deum to be performed with other rejoicings. Another branch of the French Protestants—Calvinists or Huguenots—were to be found formerly in the Cévennes mountain chains in the South of France. They were called Camisards, from *Chémise*, or the Latin *Camisá*, shirt, which the unfortunate people frequently wore over their dress during the night attacks that they were so often subjected to. The Camisards also suffered severe persecution in consequence of the withdrawal of the Edict, and, in July, 1702, they flew to arms to rescue some imprisoned brethren.

The Camisards amply revenged the cruelty of their enemies, and maintained an obstinate resistance against the royal armies commanded by Marshal Montrevel, and other distinguished generals, till 1705, when the Insurrection was suppressed by Marshal Villars. After futile conciliatory efforts, several of the heroic leaders of the Camisards suffered death rather than surrender.

Cavalier, an able Camisard General, unable to carry out a treaty made with Villars, seceded in 1704, entered the British Service, and died Governor of Jersey in 1740. The Edict of Nantes, which, we have seen, was granted to the Huguenots by Henry the Fourth in 1598, was furthermore confirmed by Louis the Thirteenth in 1610, and by Louis the Fourteenth in 1652.

Another interesting author states how the revocation of this Act cost France fifty thousand Protestant families, many of them of her best blood. The Revocation gave to England, Germany and Holland thousands of industrious artizans. It caused a fierce insurrection in Languedoc. Some of the refugees settled in Spitalfields in England, so named from the priory of St. Mary Spittle, which was dissolved in 1534. At Spitalfields their descendants yet remain. Others settled in Soho and St. Giles, and pursued the art of making crystal glasses, and carried on the manufacture of silk and jewellery, then little understood in England. Long afterwards, in 1829, the silk weavers of Spitalfields endured much distress in consequence of commercial changes.

Such then is the essence of the History of the Huguenots. Having taken up arms against their perse-

cutors in 1561, they were, after a delusive Edict of toleration, massacred in large numbers at Vassy on the 1st of March, 1562, when the civil wars began, which lasted, with some intermission, till the promulgation of the Edict above mentioned. Then came the St. Bartholomew massacre in 1572. To make the matter worse, this slaughter occurred during a truce between the religious combatants. By the way, the Crypt in Canterbury Cathedral, assigned to the French Protestants in 1550, is still used by them for divine worship.

The Huguenot persecution was indeed a remarkable episode in the history of the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries, being withal, according to most historians, a principal cause of the subsequent French Revolution. The revocation of the "Edict" was, we know, brought about by the licentious Madame de Maintenon, and her confessor, the Pére la Chaise, who were thus the cause of the deaths and the expatriation of over a million Frenchmen, and those who left the French shores carried with them their virtue, piety, industry, and valour, which proved the source of wealth, spirit, freedom, and character in all those countries—Holland, Prussia, England, America, and the Cape of Good Hope—in which these noble exiles took refuge. At the risk of being somewhat disconnected, I must mention the incidents in the history of these people as I find the landmarks.

Owing to the influence of Madame de Maintenon, the Mistress of Louis the XIV—a woman of abandoned character—the French monarch imposed very rigorous laws upon the Huguenots, one being published in December, 1685, ordering that every child of five years old, and upwards, was to be taken possession of by the authorities, and removed from its Protestant parents. Even where Protestants were about to take refuge in death their troubles were not over. The priests had the power of forcing their way into the dying man's house, and offering him conversion and the viaticum. If the dying man refused these, he was liable to be seized after death, pulled along the streets naked, and buried in a ditch, or thrown on a dung hill. In spite of great vigilance on the French borders, large numbers of refugees fled in various disguises. Sometimes as bodies of armed men, at other times in

solitary parties, travelling by night, and sleeping in the woods by day. They went as beggars, travelling merchants, sellers of beads and chaplets, gipsies, soldiers, shepherds, women with their faces dyed, and sometimes dressed in men's clothes, and in all manner of disguises.

When all this became known, Royal orders were given that before any ship was allowed to set sail for foreign port the hold should be fumigated with deadly gas, so that any hidden Huguenot, who could not otherwise be detected, might thus be suffocated. They were often surprised at open air prayer meetings, and cut to pieces by the dragoons, who hung part of the prisoners upon the nearest trees, and took the others to prison, whence they were sent to the galleys for life, or hung upon the nearest public gibbet.

I venture to submit that it was a remarkable thing that this gross persecution went on for two complete centuries, from 1562 to 1762, when about a tenth of the victims perished by sword, gibbet, fire, or the wheel, and yet, without either money or arms, they persevered, and even fought hard until they had secured their hearts' desires. There seems to be little doubt that the Jesuits, during the long period that they had the exclusive education of the country in their hands, did thus fashion France for diabolical cruelty, for in 1793 the people educated by them treated king, priests and aristocracy in precisely the same manner that they had treated the Huguenots about a century before. Thus does the whirligig of time bring about its revenges.

The "Revocation" was disastrous to many a town, Sedan had been the seat of great woollen manufactures, originally founded by great Protestant families, and for the manufacture of arms, implements of husbandry, and all kinds of steel and iron articles. Sedan was ruined, and remained so to our day, for the Protestant mechanics fled bag and baggage into the Low Countries, and mostly into Holland and England.

Many noble martyrs went about among the Huguenots, preaching, subject to famine, and the severest hardships, and carrying their lives in their hands. Amongst these was Claude Brousson, who, however, was at last caught and executed in 1698. On mounting the platform he stood

forward to say a few words to the people, and give to many of his friends, whom he saw in the crowd, his parting benediction. But his voice was instantly stilled by the roll of twenty drums, which continued to beat a quick march until the hideous ceremony was over, and he ceased to live. Strange are the vicissitudes of human affairs! Not a hundred years passed after this event before the great-grandson of the monarch at whose instance Brousson had laid down his life, appeared upon the scaffold in the Place Louis XIV in Paris, and implored permission to say his last words to the people. In vain! His voice was drowned by the drums of Santerre!

The insurrection of the Camisards was also a remarkable event, and of a piece with other religious struggles, like that of a comparative handful of people in the Low Countries who had banded themselves together to resist the armies of Spain, then the most powerful monarchy of the world.

The cases of these two poor peoples was, I say, very much the same, and very singular. The despised Dutch beating mighty Spain, whilst the simple Camisards frequently, in the Cevennes, crushed beneath their feet the flower of the Imperial and magnificent armies of Louis XIV, and frustrated the tactics of his most experienced and valiant Generals. It is therefore interesting to us here, in South Africa, to see around us every day the blended descendants of those two peoples, whose indomitable courage, given birth to by justice and truth, carried all before it.

The struggle had also been in progress in England and Scotland, where it culminated in the revolution of 1688, and it was still raging in the Vudois Vallies of Piedmont. The object contended for in all these cases was the same. It was the vindication of human freedom against royal and Sacerdotal despotisms. It could only have been the direct necessity that drove a poor, scattered unarmed peasantry, such as the people of the Cevennes, to take up arms against so powerful a sovereign as Louis XIV.

The passive resistance of these people had lasted for fifteen long years, during which many of them had seen their kindred racked, hanged, or sent to the galleys, and at length their patience was exhausted, and the inevitable

outburst, which defied the power of Louis for years, took place. In Scotland as in the Cevennes, the resisters were Calvinists. The immediate cause of the outbreak was the same in both countries. In one case it was cruelty of the Archpriest Chayla, the inventor of a new machine of torture called the "Squeezers." This inhuman man caused a beam to be split in two with vices at each end. Every morning he would send for victims, and if they refused to say what he wished, he caused their legs to be put into the slit of the beam, and then squeezed them until their bones cracked. And, in the other case the cruelty of Archbishop Sharpe, the inventor of that horrible instrument called "the iron boot" that excited the fury of the people.

The descriptions of the sufferings of the Huguenot prisoners, both from the Cevennes and elsewhere in France, are shocking. The chain which bound each rower of the galleys to his bench was fastened to his leg, and was of such a length as to enable his feet to come and go whilst rowing. At night the galley slave slept where he sat—on the bench on which he had been rowing all day. There was no room for him to lie down. He never quitted his bench except for the Hospital or the grave. Yet some of the Huguenot rowers contrived to live upon their benches for thirty or forty years. Religion had no effect, crime abounded, and cruelty upon Huguenots was not even investigated. The seizure and violation of young ladies was common.

The daughter of a Huguenot was violated at Uzes in 1733, when the father immediately died of grief. Two sisters were seized at the same place, to be "converted," and their protectors thrown into gaol meanwhile. This was a common proceeding. The Tour de Constance was always filling and kept full.

One day, in a Languedoc village, a soldier seized a young and beautiful Huguenot lady with an infamous intention. She cried aloud, and people ran to her protection, but the King's Dragoons turned out and fired upon them. An old man was shot dead, and a number taken prisoners, and, with their hands tied to the horses' tails, were taken away for punishment. The soldiers had quartered themselves upon the people, and were most of

them drunk after robbing the cellars. The populace were always wild for an exhibition of cruelty. In Provence, a Protestant named Montague died, and was secretly interred. The Catholics, having discovered the place, disinterred him. A cord was attached to his neck, and the body was hauled through the village to the music of a tambourine and flageolet. At every step it was kicked and mauled by the crowd who accompanied it. Under the kicks the corpse burst. The furious brutes then took out the entrails, and attached them to poles, going through the village crying. "Who wants preaching—who wants preaching ?."

All these abominations grew up in France because the people were deprived of individual liberty by profligate Kings. Louis the XIV and XV were not Kings of the slightest virtue or religion, but were both men of exceedingly immoral habits. Madame de Pompadour, when she ceased to be the mistress of the latter, became his procuress. This infamous woman had command of the State purse, and she contrived to build for the Sovereign a harem which cost the country at least a hundred millions of francs. The number of young girls taken from Paris to this place excited great public discontent ; and though morals were not very high at that time, the debauchery and intemperance of the King (for he was almost constantly drunk) contrived to alienate the nation, and foster those feelings of hatred which broke forth without restraint in the ensuing reign.

The last executions of Huguenots in France because of their Protestantism occurred in 1762, the trouble, as I have pointed out, having begun as far back as 1561. At this stage Voltaire appears upon the scene. Indeed it appears that the Huguenots owed their respite to him, for he powerfully advocated the cause of one Calas, whose sentence he got reversed, and, at the same time published the iniquitous proceedings that were going on to the world at large, but in the meantime, however, poor Calas—old and paralytic—had been broken on the wheel.

This latter was a horrible instrument of torture, a bequest from ages of violence and barbarism. The victim was stretched upon a St. Andrew's cross, with eight notches cut upon it—one below each arm, between the elbow and

the wrist—another between each elbow and the shoulders, one under each thigh, and one under each leg. The executioner, armed with a heavy triangular bar of iron, gave a heavy blow on each of these eight places, and broke the bone. Another blow was given in the pit of the stomach. The mangled victim was then lifted from the cross, and stretched on a small wheel placed vertically at one of the ends of the cross, his back on the upper part of the wheel, his head and feet hanging down. There the tortured creature hung until he died; some lingered five or six hours, some much longer.

A visitor described the place I mentioned before—the Tour de Constance, where Huguenot women—no longer young—were kept. He says "Words fail to describe the horror with which we regarded a scene to which we were so unaccustomed. A frightful and affecting picture, in which the interest was heightened by disgust. We beheld a large circular apartment, deprived of air and light, in which were fourteen females still languishing in misery. It was with difficulty that the Prince (his companion) smothered his emotion, and doubtless it was the first time that these unfortunate creatures had there witnessed compassion depicted upon a human countenance. I still seem to behold the affecting apparition. They fell at our feet, bathed in tears and speechless, until, emboldened by our expressions of sympathy, they recounted to us their sufferings. Alas! all their crime consisted in having been attached to the same religion of Henry IV. The youngest of these martyrs was more than fifty years old. She was but eight when first imprisoned for having accompanied her mother to hear a religious service, and her punishment had continued until now!"

CHAPTER VII.

CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF THE HUGUENOTS.

REGARDING the Emigration of the Huguenots, Mr. Theal, in his "Chronicles of the Cape Commanders," wherein he quotes a venerable phalanx of South African authorities, says that during the last twenty years of the sixteenth century the population of Holland and Zeeland was largely increased by immigrants of the Protestant faith from the Southern Netherland Provinces. Many of these immigrants spoke no other language than French, and whenever they settled in sufficient numbers, clergymen using that language were appointed to conduct religious services for them. In this manner numerous French and Walloon congregations were established throughout the Free Netherlands.

These congregations did not, however, form separate churches, but only new branches of churches which previously existed in towns where they settled. To each ecclesiastical fabric several clergymen were usually attached, and when a French congregation was formed, one of these clergymen was selected to attend it. In the same building where the ordinary Dutch services were held French services were conducted at different hours, the whole body of worshippers being united in one church with its deacons, elders, and other officers.

During the century following the pacification of Ghent these congregations were constantly being augmented in size and in number of immigrants from France and Belgium, though gradually the settlers became undistinguishable except by name, from other Netherlanders. Strong, sympathy in religious matters, and facility of obtaining employment, were the attractions which drew French Protestants in numbers that more than compensated for the loss of those who by long residence became thoroughly Dutch.

When, therefore, about the year 1670, the larger stream of emigration which was the result of the cruelties inflicted by Louis XIV upon his Protestant subjects, commenced to set out of France, there was no country to which the refugees looked more hopefully than towards the United Provinces. Numerous Protestant French families had branches already long settled there, so that when the immigrants arrived they found men of their own tongue and blood, and very often their own name, ready to welcome them. The world-wide commerce, also, which had its centre in the Free Netherlands had created such a demand for labour of all kinds that many thousands of them found no difficulty in making new homes. But owing to this very cause, the Republic, though it had vast foreign possessions, could not become a great colonizing country.

A few refugees who left France between 1670, and 1685 entered into the service of the East India Company, and some of these were stationed in South Africa. Dominique de Chavonnes, the officer in command of the garrison at this time, was one.

On the 3rd of October, 1685, the Chamber of Seventeen passed a resolution to send out French refugees, with other emigrants, but so few were found willing to leave Europe that in the course of two years only three or four were obtained. These were persons of irreproachable character, who gave no trouble to the Government or employment to the courts of law.

The ordinances which annulled the Edict of Nantes—*issued by Louis XIV in October, 1685*,—though they forbade the emigration of the Protestants, gave a tremendous impetus to the movement. But now, as it was not possible to leave the Kingdom openly, every kind of property, except money and jewels, was of necessity abandoned. The fugitives, escaping in various disguises, were glad to cross the frontier in utter destitution as far as worldly wealth was concerned. One of the saddest features in this sad chapter in the history of human woe was the small number of women and children who escaped, compared with that of young and strong men. Very often a single youth found himself in safety after every other member of his family had perished, or had been lost to sight for ever in prisons and convents,

During the two years that followed the revocation, the towns of the Free Netherlands were filled with refugees, still those suited to make good colonists managed to find employment. At the same time the Protestants were migrating in great numbers from the valleys of Piedmont, and though most of these found homes in Switzerland and Germany, a few made their way to the United Provinces. When the Directors of the East India Company met in the autumn of 1687, it seemed possible to obtain some Piedmontese and French families, and they therefore resolved to make an attempt.

With this view they promised, in addition to the advantage previously held out, that a clergyman speaking the French language should be engaged to accompany the emigrants, and that they should be at liberty to return to Europe after the expiration of five years if they should desire to do so. On the 29th of October they engaged the Revd. Pierre Simond, Minister of the refugee congregation at Zierickzee, at a salary of seven pounds ten shillings a month, to proceed to the Cape, and on the 5th of November they resolved, as a further inducement, to offer a gratuity of from five pounds to eight pounds six shillings and eightpence, according to circumstances, to every head of a family, and from two pounds ten shillings to four pounds three shillings and four pence to every young unmarried man or woman, to assist in procuring an outfit.

Several small parties then consented to emigrate, and, on the 10th of the last named month, the Directors wrote to the Commander and Council that these would be sent out at once. The conditions under which the Huguenots agreed to come here as colonists were, with the exception already named, the same as those previously offered to natural subjects of the Netherlands. They were to be provided with free passages, and with farms in full property without payment. They were to be supplied with all requisite farming stock at cost price on credit. They were to subscribe to the same oaths of allegiance as those taken by persons born in the United Provinces, and were to be in all respects treated in the same manner and to enjoy the same privileges.

While making such efforts to procure Huguenot emigrants, however, the Directors had no intention of

making the Cape a French Colony. Owing to the competition arising from the influx of such numbers of refugees, it was now less difficult than it had hitherto been, to obtain emigrants of Dutch blood, of whom more families than of French origin were being sent out at the same time, so that these, with the settlers already in South Africa, would absorb the foreign element without undergoing any change. At no time did the French exceed in number one-sixth of the Colonists, or one-eighth of the whole European population, the Company's servants included.

The Directors hoped that the Huguenots would supply the knowledge which the Dutch colonists lacked in some particular kinds of industry believed to be suited to South Africa, such as the manufacture of wine and brandy and the cultivation of olives. The vine bore grapes in the Cape equal in flavour to any in the world, yet the wine and brandy hitherto made were greatly inferior to those of Europe. The olive tree was found wild, and the varieties introduced flourished as well, apparently, as in France or Spain, but the production of fruit had, so far, been a failure. Some of the Huguenots sent out were men who had been reared among the vineyards and olive groves of France, and who were acquainted, not only with the best methods of cultivating the vine trees, but with the manufacture of brandy, wine, and oil. At the same time, the Directors were careful to lay down the rule that such occupations were not to be pursued to the neglect of the more important industries of growing wheat and rearing cattle.

Arrangements were made by the different chambers of the East India Company for the passages of the Huguenot emigrants to the Cape Colony, as they had been engaged in different provinces, and could not all embark at the same port. As much as was possible, families and friends were kept together.

The list of the names of the emigrants thus sent out will be found in the Appendix.

The Huguenots landed in South Africa without any property in goods and money. The East India Company sent out a quantity of ships' biscuits, peas, and salt meat, to be served out to them as provisions for a few months, and deal planks to make the woodwork of temporary

houses. Whatever else they needed was to be supplied on credit from the Company's stores. From Europe they had no assistance to expect, for the demand on the purses of the benevolent there were excessive. A fund for their benefit was raised in the Colony, to which individuals contributed in cattle, grain, or money, according to his circumstances. The amount subscribed is not mentioned, but Commander Van der Stell reported that it was very creditable to the old Colonists and very serviceable to the refugees. It was given to the Rev. Mr. Simond and the deacon of Stellenbosch for distribution.

The Burgher Council furnished six wagons free of charge to convey the immigrants to their destination. The Heemraad of Stellenbosch supplied six more to be used until the immigrants were all settled. Some of the Huguenots were located in and about Stellenbosch, but the larger amount at Drakenstein, and Fransche Hoek. Particular care was taken not to locate them by themselves, but to mix them as much as possible with the Dutch colonists who were already in the Colony, or who were arriving at the same time. This was, almost from the day of their landing, a point of disagreement between them and the Commander, for they expressed a strong desire not to be separated. Several even refused to accept the allotments of ground which were offered to them, and, in preference, engaged themselves as servants to some of the others.

With regard to church services an arrangement was made that the Rev. Mr. Simond should preach in French on alternate Sundays at Stellenbosch, and at the house of a burgher at Drakenstein. The sick comforter Mankadan was to read a sermon and prayers in Dutch at Stellenbosch when the minister was at Drakenstein, and at Drakenstein when the minister was at Stellenbosch. Once in three months the Rev. Mr. Simond was to preach at the Cape, and then the Rev. Mr. Van Andel was to hold service in Dutch and administer the Sacraments at Stellenbosch.

This was in accordance with the custom of the Netherlands, or as closely as circumstances would permit. There, the refugees, as they arrived, formed branch congregations and established churches, here, they formed a branch congregation of the Church of Stellenbosch. That church, though without, as yet, a resident Dutch clergyman, had a

fully organized consistory, which was presided over by the minister of the Cape acting as consulent. It was an arrangement which was designed to meet the wants of both sections of the community, but it did not satisfy the French, who desired to have a Church entirely of their own.

The refugees commenced the work of building and planting with alacrity. Those who had been accustomed to manual labour soon erected rough dwellings of clay walls and thatched roofs, and laid out vegetable gardens, but there were men among them who had been bred in the lap of ease, and to whom such toil was exceptionally severe. These fared badly at first, but with some assistance in labour from their countrymen, they were also able to make a good commencement in farming. The Company had promised to supply them with slaves as soon as possible, but was at this time unable to procure any.

Those who were located at Drakenstein had hardly got roofs above their heads when they addressed the Commander upon the subject of a school for the education of their children. He approved of their request, and on the 8th of November, 1688, Paul Roux, of Orange, in France, who understood both languages, was appointed schoolmaster of Drakenstein. He was to receive a salary of twenty-five shillings and a ration allowance of twelve shillings and sixpence a month, and in addition to his duties as a teacher he was to act as church clerk.

A few months after the first party of Huguenots left the Netherlands, a number of others were engaged to come out as colonists. The first vessel brought out forty immigrants, and the second, which arrived at the Cape on the 6th of May 1689, brought out three brothers named Abraham, Pierre, and Jacob de Villiers, who were vine dressers from the neighbourhood of La Rochelle.

Shortly after the refugees arrived in South Africa, the board of Deacons in Batavia sent a sum of money equal to twelve hundred and fifty English sovereigns to be distributed among them according to their needs. Now-a-days £1,250 may not seem a very large amount, but if its purchasing power at that time be considered it will be found to have been a generous and noble gift, and it was appreciated as such by those whose wants it was intended to relieve. It was decided that all the

Huguenots should share in this present, except a very few who were otherwise provided for. A copy of the names of those to whom the money was distributed will be found in the appendix, as taken by Mr. Theal from the archives of the Hague.

The list of names gives a total of 177 souls, while in despatches of nearly the same date from the Cape Government the number of Huguenots of all ages in the Colony is stated to be 155. But in the last case, those in the service of the Company were certainly not included, and possibly those who were married into Dutch families would not be reckoned. It is more than likely also that out of these 177 souls there must have been several who, from long residence in the Netherlands, would not be considered refugees by Commander Van der Stell. This supposition is strengthened by the fact that many names in the list had been familiar in the Low Countries for two or three generations. Thus, a branch of the family Le Tébre had been settled at Middelburg since 1574—there had been Lanoys at Leiden since 1648—Nels at Utrecht since 1644, Du Toits at Leiden since 1605, Cordiers at Haarlem since 1627—Jouberts at Leiden since 1645—Malans at Leiden since 1625—Malherbes at Dordrecht since 1618, and Mesnards at Leiden since 1638.

Before January 1689 the Directors had it in contemplation to send out a party of six or seven hundred Vaudois, all of the labouring class, and most of them understanding some handiwork as well as agriculture. This party had taken refuge in Moremberg, where they were in such distress that they sent deputies to beg assistance from the states provincial of Holland and West Friesland, and offered to emigrate in a body to any colony of the Netherlands. Their wretched condition excited the warmest compassion of the States, who, after providing for their temporary relief, addressed the Directors of the East and West India Companies, asking whether either of those Associations would be willing to receive the applicants as colonists. But at this juncture the Vaudois obtained employment elsewhere (in Europe) and the matter collapsed.

With most of the Huguenots the first difficulties of settling in a new country were speedily overcome. Houses were built, very small and rough it is true, but still giving

shelter from sun and storms, gardens were placed under cultivation, and, as the crops of the first season were particularly good, there was no want of the necessaries of life. A few, however, who declined to accept farms at Stellenbosch, were in very poor circumstances. The manner in which they had been located was by all felt as a grievance, though as each one gradually improved his property, it was a grievance which, naturally, would soon disappear. But there was another cause of discontent, which was that they were considered by the Government as part of the congregation of Stellenbosch, whereas they understood the promise of the Directors, that they should have a clergyman of their own, as implying that they should form a congregation by themselves. The Commander declined to take any notice of individual representations on this subject, and the Huguenots therefore resolved to proceed in a more formal manner, and at last, under certain conditions, received permission from the Chamber at Holland to establish a church at Drakenstein. But their request to be located together was refused, and the Cape Government was instructed, when granting ground, to mix the nationalities together so that they might speedily amalgamate.

The despatch in which these resolutions were embodied reached the Cape in June, 1691, after which date the parishes of Drakenstein and Stellenbosch were separated. Before this time most of the Huguenots, who had been located elsewhere, had managed to purchase ground at Drakenstein, and, when the next census was taken, only three French families were found residing in Stellenbosch. Already there had been several intermarriages, and henceforth the blending of the two nationalities proceeded so rapidly that in the course of two generations, the descendants of the Huguenot refugees were not to be distinguished from other colonists, except by their names.

CHAPTER VIII.

My indulgent readers will, at this stage of this History, perhaps be asking when they will arrive at the descriptions of the "Battles" which, in the title page, are promised, but I must remind them of my former remark to the effect that they, as well as the "Adventures," will be based on the solid facts of History, and it therefore becomes necessary to indicate the sources from which the more stirring subsequent events have arisen. But these sources having been sufficiently touched upon, I must now skip nearly two centuries, and so conclude the subject of the Huguenots by giving a Cape newspaper (the *Argus*, Oct. 31st 1885) report of the laying of the foundation stone of a public building at Wellington.

HUGUENOT MEMORIAL DAY.

Thursday was a red-letter day in the history of Wellington. The celebrations which had lately taken place in Cape Town, Stellenbosch and Paarl, in connection with the day commemorating the arrival of the Huguenots in South Africa, were brought to a fitting conclusion in the place where most—in fact nearly all—the inhabitants are their descendants. The proceedings were conducted in the grounds of the Huguenot Seminary, were largely attended, and were enlivened by the presence of His Honour the Chief Justice (Sir Henry de Villiers), the Revs. A. I. Steytler, M. C. Botha, J. F. Stegmann, J. du Plessis, J. H. Neethling, G. W. Stegmann, A. Murray, Professor Marais, Wm. Murray, P. D. Russouw (Fraserburg), A. D. Luckhoff, Professor Hofmeyr, J. C. Paauw, Messrs. H. E. Bright (Resident Magistrate of Stellenbosch), Leibbrandt (Librarian), and many others.

On the wall of the building, in front of which the platform was erected from which the different speakers held forth, were pasted a large number of tablets or

emblems, which were explained in turn by each speaker. These emblems were arranged in columns as follows:—

The Column of France.—At the top was a shield, covered with the fleur-de-lis, the floral emblem of France. In the shield was the seal of the Reformed Church of France. The design is a burning bush, with the motto, "Flagror non consumor: I burn but do not consume." Beneath this shield was an open Bible, with the words on the one side, "Verbum Dei Sufficit: God's Word is enough," and on the other, Lefevre, 1512. Under this were the name and seal of Calvin. Then followed the medal struck by the Pope of Rome, in approbation of the St. Bartholomew massacre, in which 50,000 Huguenots were martyred. Then followed a Maltese Cross, with the dates of the Edict of Nantes, 1598, and its revocation, 1685, and the number of the martyrs and exiles, at the lowest computation 600,000. Above was the martyr's crown.

The Column of Holland.—On the upper shield was a medal commemorative of the Synod of Dort. It showed a temple upon the top of a rock. Then followed the motto of the United States of the Netherlands, "Eendracht Maakt Macht: Union is Strength." And under it the name of the Father of the Fatherland, William of Orange, with his arms and motto. Under this is a Maltese cross, with the words often used by the Dutch Church in her time of tribulation: "As a Lily among Thorns," and the number of martyrs, 100,000, in her time of persecution, from 1517-1563. Beneath are two oval medals. The one on the left is a copy of the Beggars' medal worn by the famous Beggar Warriors, under Brederode. The other oval tablet bears one of the devices and mottoes of William. It is a pelican feeding her young with the blood drawn from her own breast. Between the medals was a tablet to the Sea Beggars, with the histories, names and dates, Briel, 1572, Leydon, 1574. And below this a tablet with the name and date of the Synod of Dort, when the Confession of the Dutch Church was finally confirmed, and the body appointed that gave the translation of the Dutch Bible still in use. At the foot of the column was Delftshaven, 1620-1688. It was in 1620 that the Pilgrim Fathers sailed thence in the *Mayflower* to found the New England States. It was in 1688 that the larger part of the French refugees

embarked for the Cape. In the Huguenot Seminary the descendants of these two parties of refugees have, in God's Providence, been brought together again—the daughters of the Pilgrim Fathers, the teachers from Mt. Holyoke in New England, and the daughters of the Huguenots as their pupils.

The Column of Scotland.—On the centre of the shield was the seal of the Established and Free Churches of Scotland. It is a burning bush with the motto "Nec Taman Consumebatur—And yet it was not consumed." Upon the shield, just above the seal of the Scotch Kirk, is a dove with outspread wings, representing the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, whose symbol is a dove with an olive branch in its mouth. Beneath this name was a tablet to John Knox, the eminent Scotch Reformer. His name is printed on either side of an oval, upon which, in gilt letters, is his motto:—"The truth I speak, impugn it whoso lists."

At the top of the column of Africa was the seal of the Dutch Reformed Church of South Africa. In the centre is a female figure, representing the Church, holding a cross, and with the right hand on an open Bible. On the altar at her side is a heart with the flame burning upward, and on the altar the text Rom. 5: 5. In the back ground is Table Mountain. The inscription is from the text "Hope maketh not ashamed." Below this was a scroll with the dates of the Portuguese discovery of the Cape by Diaz and Vasco de Gama, and the Dutch settlement by Van Riebeeck. Then follows a Dutch ship of 200 years ago, with 1688 on the stern, the year in which the refugees were brought here by Dutch vessels. Underneath was an anchor, the symbol of hope, and so of the colony and the Church of Good Hope. Round it are three folds of a flag, the first referring to the Church, the second to Missions, the third to Schools, a threefold cord that cannot be broken. The African Column closes with the seven-branched Lamp of the Sanctuary, type of the Seven Churches. On the one side is the motto, "Multae Lampades una Lux: Many Lamps, one Light." It is the Symbol of Unity in Diversity, the various churches holding forth in different ways the one light of God and the Word.

Several old documents and papers, which are still in the

hands of descendants of the Huguenots, were read. One was a deed of transfer of the farm Sandwyk, which was ceded in 1693 to a Mr. Van Wyk, and which bore the signature of Governor Van der Stell. On the wall was also exhibited by Mr. B. Malherbe a handkerchief which was brought out by a Mrs. Du Toit in 1688. It has a map of Spain and France traced on it. The spectacle of such a vast concourse under the grand old oak trees, singing together the old, old hymns of the Dutch Reformed Church, was a spectacle never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. It may be mentioned that Mr. Bright, Resident Magistrate of Stellenbosch, addressed those present during the afternoon in the French language.

The proceedings were commenced by the Rev. Andrew Murray asking those present to sing the 10th verse of Ps. 68. He said that this Psalm was always the war song of the Huguenots in France. Often when they went to war for the cause of their religion, they did so singing, "De Heer zal opstaan tot den stryd."

The Rev. Mr. Murray said that nothing was treasured more by a nation than the recollection of its past glory. Our nation was small and insignificant at present; but there was so much more reason to be proud of the glory of our forefathers. It was of great necessity to remember the strength of mind which they exhibited, and the determination which they expressed to serve their God according to their convictions. Such a remembrance should be an incentive to education; we should be educated until we became a noble nation, a nation which could hold its own amongst the nations. The idea had been started to erect a place where the Word of God could be spread, and the foundation-stone of such a place would be laid to-day. They thought that the most fit place where this festival could take place was in the grounds of the Huguenot Seminary, which had been built twelve years ago.

The Rev. D. P. Russouw said that he had to speak about the emblem of the French Church, "The Burning Bush." This bush, as would be seen, burnt, but was not consumed. The reason for this was that in the centre of the bush was found the name of Jehovah. He said that those present should see the absolute necessity of not undertaking anything except it was in the name of the Lord. The God,

who was with Jacob and with the Huguenots was the same God, and was with those present. They should try their best to become worthy followers of the Huguenots.

The Rev. J. H. Neethling spoke on the second subject, an open Bible, on the one page the motto, "Verbum dei Sufficit," on the other page the name of Lefevre, 1512. He deprecated at length the foolhardiness of a number of people who did not believe that God had made Balaam's female ass speak, but he was sure that the Lord had made a large number of male asses also speak. He then referred to "mof" Christians, to the fact that Huguenots of old and even their descendants of the present day, would rather die than give up their Bible. After at length discoursing on the many persecutions the Huguenots had suffered, he said that he could not find a drop of Huguenot blood in his veins. He was a "mof," but the Chairman had said that he would point out that he had Huguenot blood in his veins. He concluded by referring those present to the necessity of valuing their Bible at its true worth.

The Rev. J. du Plessis spoke on Calvin and his coat of arms, a hand with a heart in it, and with the motto, "Cor meum tibi offero, Domine." He said that Calvin was a well educated man; he had come to the conclusion that the best treasure he possessed—the seat of his love and his life—he had to offer to God's service. He impressed upon his hearers, like Calvin, to say, "My heart I offer thee, O Lord." It ought to become the motto of everyone.

The Rev. Andrew Murray pointed out that in the last two speeches special reference had been made to the question "What constitutes a Huguenot?" He trusted that all would see that the answer to that question was: the Word of God.

The Rev. Dr. Hofmeyr spoke on the medal which had been struck in commemoration of St. Bartholomew's night, with the inscription, "Ugonottorum Stranges." The Roman Catholic Church, its teachings and principle, were referred to and criticised. His speech had special reference to the troubles the Huguenots had gone through. In pointing to the vast difference between the Roman Catholic Church and the Reformed Church, he said that it behoved no one to condemn the former too harshly. He had no doubt that there were many Roman Catholics who meant really

well ; and who were not aware that the teachings of their Church were wrong.

Professor Marais spoke on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He said that an English writer, Spenser, had said, "It chanced eternal God that chance did guide." Had it not been for the Revocation, the Church would not, perhaps, have been purified as it had. In an able speech he referred to Luther, Calvin, and other Reformers, and gave a general *résumé* of the events which followed the Revocation.

The Rev. Andrew Murray said that a Hollander would address a few words on the Church of Holland.

The Rev. J. C. Paauw said that the "penwortel" of the South African Church was in Holland (cheers). There were many roots from which the Church derived moisture, but the main root was in Holland. Much had been said about the sufferings of the Huguenots ; 100,000 martyrs were killed before the Dutch Church could peaceably preach the lily-white truth of religion. He referred to the eighty years' war, to persecutions of the bloody Alva, and other historical epochs. Holland, he said, was a veritable ark to the flying Huguenots. Continuing his narrative until the time when the Huguenots had arrived in Africa, and to the present day, he said that they had been brought here for a certain object. Africa was in several places yet a valley of the shadow of death. It was the duty of everyone to do what he could to forward mission work in the colony.

The Rev. Andrew Murray said the next thing to be done was to lay the foundation-stone of the new hall which was to be erected. He explained that Mr. Goodnow, of the United States of America, had provided the funds for this institution. Miss Mary Elizabeth Cummings, who is a teacher at the Ladies' Seminary, had written to Mr. Goodnow, who was her uncle and a bachelor, and had told him that a building was required in which large meetings could be held. Mr. Goodnow had then forwarded £2,000 as a present, but when it was represented to him that £2,000 would not pay for the construction of the building, he had written that he would send over all the woodwork for the building complete, which would cost another £1,000. He read a letter from Mr. Goodnow, in which that gentleman

stated that the reason which had moved him to make the gift was because he believed that when the education of the women in South Africa was well looked after, the general tone of society would be vastly improved. He stipulated that the hall should be built so as to be suitable for a hall where large meetings could be held; that the name of Goodnow Hall should be given to it, as his niece had specially made this request; that the Board of Curators should give ten purses each of £12 sterling a year to be applied towards the education of ten deserving girls, which movement must be begun in February, 1886; that the Board of Directors should take a formal resolution that they accepted his gift on the terms he had mentioned.

The procession was then formed as follows:—Seven curators, with Sir Henry de Villiers; ministers; teachers and pupils of the schools; the public.

Arrived at the site of the new building, where the foundation-stone was swinging from the davits, a hymn was sung by the ladies of the Seminary, and a bottle, containing papers referring to the day's proceedings, a copy of the act of donation, a photograph of the building and other papers, was deposited in the cavity under the stone; the stone itself was lowered into its place, and declared "well and truly laid" by

Sir Henry de Villiers, who said that it had been a happy thought on the part of the Rev. Mr. Murray to call the building opposite them the Huguenot Seminary, as there already he began to celebrate in name the meeting of to-day. He pointed out the great influence that the Huguenots had exercised not only in Holland, France, and this and other countries, but also in England. One of the permanent marks of their work in England was the manufacture of silk. He considered it a happy circumstance that this celebration should have been held at the same time as the commemoration of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and that the foundation-stone should also be laid at the same time. He would have liked to have addressed those present from a social, political and moral point of view, but when he thought that he would have to keep them all in the sun, it would have been unfair. There was one lesson which we must learn from the Huguenots, and that was

their truthfulness, as the men who came out here came out for the sake of truth, and they had established a reputation for their truth. Another lesson to be learned from them was charity, as they did not seem to have cherished any feeling of revenge against their tormentors; their simple desire was that they might see the error of their ways. He then referred to the munificent gift of Mr. Goodnow, to whom they all owed a deep debt of gratitude. They ought not, however, to forget that it was Miss Cumming who was the one who deserved their thanks principally, for, if it were not for her, this idea would never have entered Mr. Goodnow's head. In referring to the different nationalities in the colonies—Dutch, French and English—the Chief Justice said that he had always considered the term American as synonymous with that of Englishman. It might be that 200 years hence we should have a history written, and he trusted that then a fusion of all the different nationalties in this colony would have taken place —that Dutch, French, and English had joined together and formed one great united South African nationality.

The Rev. J. du Plessis then offered up prayer, after which those present adjourned for luncheon.

The building is to face the present Huguenot Seminary block. The plans and specifications have been prepared in America, and sent out by Mr. Goodnow. The block will occupy a space of 46 feet by 48; on the ground floor there will be ten rooms, with an observatorium at the back; on the second floor there will be four rooms in front, a large hall, 30 by 42 feet, supplied with a stage, to which will be attached two dressing-rooms and a gallery about 20 feet deep. The ground floor will be 13 feet in height, and the second floor 25 feet, the whole building attaining to a height of 50 feet. The frontage will be 60 feet in width; while the main building will be 46 feet; above the door, which will be placed on the east side of the building, will be the words "Goodnow Hall," and the date 1885. The woodwork to be sent out is of the best American wood, and highly finished, and would cost fully £2,000 in this colony. In addition to Mr. Goodnow's magnificent gift, the Board of Curators think another £1,000 will complete the building

On the grounds luncheon was served at the very moderate price of 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d., the proceeds of which were applied towards the funds of the Institution.

A bazaar by the ladies of the Seminary, for the purpose of furnishing Goodnow Hall, was then commenced, and the selling was brisk, and a goodly sum was realised. A fair amount was also got together by means of selling small souvenirs of the Huguenot Bicentenary, explaining the object of the meeting that day.

At three o'clock the crowd again assembled, when the Chief Justice again addressed those present in Dutch, giving an explanation of the speech of the morning. Several speakers followed, and shortly after five o'clock a pleasant day's proceedings were brought to a close.

CHAPTER IX.

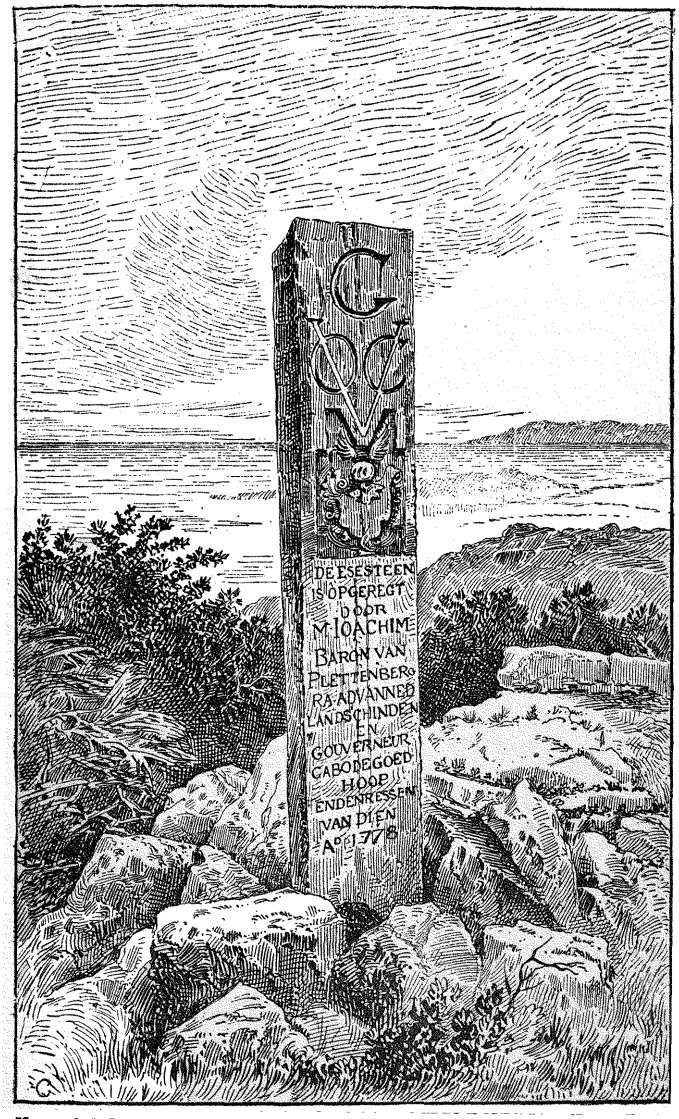
THE WRECK OF THE "GROSVENOR."

With a view of keeping the concurrent events, and their dates, as nearly together as possible, we must now mention the "Wreck of the *Grosvenor*," of which I shall give three accounts as also Van Reenen's Journal. At the risk of apparently unnecessary repetition, I submit that in many cases of battle and other adventures it is advisable to give different accounts, if only on the principle that in the mouths of many councillors there is wisdom.

Of the many wrecks which have conferred so mournful a celebrity on the Southern coast of Africa, from the shipwreck of the discoverer of the Cape of Storms to the destruction of the last vessel on this coast, none has attracted more notice or excited more painful interest than the wreck of the above East Indiaman.

This vessel, says a writer in the *Cape Monthly Magazine* of 1859, sailed from Trincomalee on the *13th of June, 1782*, homeward bound, with a large crew and a number of passengers, and was wrecked early in the morning of the 4th of August following, on the south-eastern coast, above the Umzimvubu, near St. John's River. The greater portion of the crew, and apparently all passengers, amongst whom were some officers of rank, several ladies, and a number of children, succeeding in reaching the shore, only to encounter misery and destruction in worse shape than they had just escaped. Nine of the European crew, and some of the Lascars, ultimately reached Cape Town. The rest of the crew, the officers, the passengers, men, women and children all perished. The adventures and fate of one of the latter, a young gentleman named Law, of the tender age of only eight or nine years, constitute one of the most affecting portions of the sad narrative.

The boy seems to have been a great favourite, and when the shipwrecked people divided themselves into several



Murray & St. Leger. *Cape Town.*

MONUMENT ERECTED BY BARON VAN PLETTENBERG, 1778.

(Reproduced from S.A. Illustrated News.)

bands, in the hope that one, at least, might escape, he was taken charge of by the pioneer party, and especially entrusted to the custody of the ship's steward, who devoted himself to his little charge.

The gallant child shared all the toils and privations of the party, bearing stoutly "ineffable toils" until they reached a locality, calculated by Mr. George Thompson in his well known travels to be somewhere south of Sunday River. Here, alongside the fire, where the horny hands of the tender-hearted seamen had laid him, the poor child breathed his last, only two days before the survivors met the first party of friendly Boers. The narrative says "the witnesses to this affecting assistance (of the seamen to young Law) bestowed a last sigh on the departed innocent, and leaving him in the place, where the cold hand of death had arrested him, moved on. The steward, who still continued ill, did not find his illness or his sorrows alleviated by this fresh affliction; on the contrary, the loss of a young person he so much valued, and who so long had been the object of his tenderest care, nearly overwhelmed him, and it was with the utmost difficulty his companions got him along."

The next day the steward himself, "whose benevolence ought to immortalize his memory," followed his lit le favourite into another world. Henry Lillburne was the name of this affectionate attendant. Upon the arrival of the first party of survivors in the Cape Colony, the Dutch governor humanely despatched an expedition in search of those left behind. They were fortunate enough to save seven Lascars, two native women, and three of the white crew; the rest, it was concluded, had all perished. For some years, however, the feelings of relatives in England were harrowed at the mere possibility of some of the crew or passengers, especially the women, surviving amongst the savages.

The Colonial Government again moved in the matter, and in the year 1790 fitted out an Expedition under Mr. Jacob van Reenen, with instructions to proceed to the locality of the wreck and ascertain whether any of the *Grosvenor* people still survived. None were found, and it may now be assumed that all met the fate that overtook their little fellow passenger, Law. A belief is, however,

still prevalent in England—indeed it has very lately been asserted in one of Chambers's publications to be a fact—that three young ladies, daughters of General Campbell, and passengers in the *Grosvenor*, survived the perils of sea and land only to meet the worse fate of being compelled to become the wives of one of the Kafir Chiefs. Faku is commonly supposed to be a grandson of one of the Misses Campbell. Van Reenen's journal, only eight years after the wreck, however, establishes the fact of the death of *all* the European women who landed from the *Grosvenor*. The two aged white women (from one of whom Faku may have been descended) who were wrecked in their infancy, and had forgot their native names and language, could not have formed part of the *Grosvenor* passengers.

But what puts the question effectually at rest is the passengers list of the *Grosvenor*, which seems to be very carefully drawn up, and which does not give the name, even, of Campbell. This seems decisive.

The following re-publication is a translation from the Dutch M. S. Journal of Van Reenen, made by Capt. Riou, R.N., "the good, the gallant Riou," the author of the "Battle of the Baltic." He was killed in command of the *Amazon*, at the battle of Copenhagen, under Nelson.

The original is a thin quarto, of which only 100 copies were published. It is now very scarce; the writer has only met with two copies, one his own, the other in the possession of Mr. Geo. Thompson. It is not to be found in the public library. From its rarity it is worthy of a full reprint:—

JOURNAL OF A JOURNEY from the CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, undertaken in 1790 and 1791, by JACOB VAN REENEN, and others of his countrymen in search of the WRECK of the HONOURABLE THE EAST INDIA COMPANY'S SHIP the "GROSVENOR;" to discover if there remained alive any of the UNFORTUNATE SUFFERERS.

Tuesday, August 24th, 1790.—Jan Andries Holtshausen, Hilgert Mulder, Ledewyk August Prins, and myself, Jacob van Reenen, set out from Kaffir's Kuyls river with four wagons, and in seven hours arrived at the little valley near the Gous River.

Wednesday, 25.—We proceeded from the before men-

tioned Valley to the Lange Touw, and passed the Gous River. At nine o'clock at night, one of our baggage wagons was overturned, which obliged us to unharness. Had travelled seven hours this day.

Thursday, 26.—By break of day, the wagon having been put to rights, we travelled on to the Klyne Paerde Kraal which was again a seven hours' journey.

Friday, 27.—We were now at the beginning of the Hattequa's Kloof, and had travelled only three hours towards the Groote Paerde Kraal, when one of the hindermost fastenings of one of the baggage wagons broke, which was repaired at the house of Jacob Ruyter.

Saturday, 28.—Thence we proceeded five hours, to Savrana Kraal.

Sunday, 29.—From which place we journeyed on to the Was River, where Mulder and Prins, taking the road through the Lange Kloof, left us, and having agreed to meet at the Assegaye Wood on the other side of the Bosjesman's River, Holtshausen any myself took the route thro' the Caroo as the nearest way. At ten o'clock this night one of the baggage wagons was again overturned, which accident happened between the Camnassie and Doorn Rivers. We had this day travelled eight hours, and, having put the wagon in order, proceeded.

Monday, 30.—At eight o'clock in the morning we forded the river Camnassie; and by the time it was dark, in a journey of eight hours, the Elephant River was passed. The Camnassie falls into the Elephant River.

Tuesday, 31.—We this day travelled seven hours, in the course of which we crossed the Elephant River six different times.

Note.—As our route was to proceed along the banks of the Elephant River, we were frequently under the necessity of crossing and recrossing it, in order to preserve the best track.

The Cangoos River discharges itself into the Elephant River.

Wednesday, September 1.—We this day crossed the Elephant River five times, when Holtshausen and myself left the wagons, and mounting our horses, proceeded to the warm bath at Tjaart Van der Waldt's, situated above the Elephant River. Here we saw the bath, which is very

powerful and salutary for several diseases. Van der Waldt promised to meet us at Stephanus Scheeper's house in the Winterhock, where we agreed to wait for him.

We had this day travelled eleven hours.

Thursday, 2.—Returned to our wagons. Passed the river eight times to its source, and arrived at the dwelling of Anthony Nortie Lyd, which we left and proceeded 8 hours to the Capok Kraal.

Note.—The Elephant River discharges itself into the Gous River, and the Gous River into the sea in or about St. Catherine's Bay.

Friday, 3.—Departing from the Ganna Kloof, and leaving the black rocks on our left, we took the way to Winterhoek; and having travelled seven hours, arrived at the deserted dwelling called Dieniedouw.

Saw several Terra Natal fowls.

Saturday, 4.—Thence proceeded 5 hours further, to a deserted dwelling called Koeyefonteyn.

Sunday, 5.—We were obliged to remain the whole of the day at this place owing to a very heavy fall of rain.

Monday, 6.—Travelled forward again, and in 6 hours arrived at the beginning of Winterhoek.

Saw several tracks of Springbucks.

Tuesday, 7.—This day, in 5 hours, we arrived at the place of Stephanus Scheepers in Winterhoek.

Wednesday, 8.—Remained here all day.

Thursday, 9.—Tjaart van der Waldt and his son Peter came to us.

Friday, 10.—Preparing to depart on the next day.

Saturday, 11.—Left this place in company with Holtshausen, the two Van der Waldts and Scheepers, and in 7 hours arrived at the Groote River, which falls into the Camtours.

Sunday, 12.—Thence for 8 hours through a fine meadow country to the Wolvesfonteyn.

Monday, 13.—From which place, in ten hours, we arrived at the Sunday River, which keeps its name until it falls into the sea, and is in this spot (the Caroo Veld) quite dry.

Tuesday, 14.—We were obliged to halt this day as the river was too deep to pass.

Wednesday, 15.—Forded the river to a little brook over-

grown with thorns, and in five hours travelled over the Bruynjies heights in the Caroo Veld.

Thursday, 16.—Thence onwards, seven hours to Bosjesmans River through a country of fine long broken grass and small shrubs.

Friday, 17.—Forded the Bosjesman's River, and having travelled ten hours, arrived at the house of Hendrik Janssen Van Rensburg.

Saturday, 18.—Here we rested, Holtshausen and I, mounting our horses, rode to the Assagaye Wood, the place of our general rendezvous, to see if the rest of our party were arrived.

Sunday, 19.—It being very rainy weather, and none of our companions having yet joined us, we remained at the Wood all day.

Monday, 20.—Three wagons of Cornelis Mulder, the wagon with the boat, and one belonging to Hilgert Mulder arrived; and, with them, Ignatius Mulder and Philip Holtshausen, who told us that the rest of our companions, purposing to return the next day, had gone on horseback to the mouth of the Bosjesman's River, in order, if possible, to persuade Solomon Fereira to accompany us. We immediately rode back to our wagons, to prepare everything for the journey, having appointed the next rendezvous at the Brakke River.

Tuesday, 21.—The whole of this day was employed in making preparations for our journey.

Wednesday, 22.—Proceeded three hours to the Brakke River.

Thursday, 23.—Here we rested, all our party being assembled, except Jacob Joubert.

Friday, 24.—Left the Brakke River with the wagons each provided with double teams; fifty six horses and forty armed Hottentots; and in four hours travelling arrived at the Little Fish River.

Saturday, 25.—Four hours elapsed in getting the baggage, boat and wagons over the river, whence we proceeded three hours to the Great Fish River.

Sunday, 26.—It was with great danger we crossed this last mentioned river, after which we arrived in 4 hours at the spring called Kruger's Kraal, the *boundary of the Christians and Kafirs.*

Monday, 27.—We this day got in 5 hours to a little brook to which we gave the name of Punch, as the weather being exceedingly cold, our punch for that reason was made rather strong.

Saw a great quantity of game and shot two male elands (the largest species of antelope.)

Tuesday, 28.—We travelled hence 8 hours further, and passing over a small brook called Caaga, came to a vast plain, extending as far as a river called Caapna, or fine meadows, which name it highly merits from its delightful situation. The whole country is intersected with rivers capable of overflowing the adjacent meadows, and possesses every requisite for becoming a most convenient and charming settlement. It is well adapted for cattle, as it is covered with abundance of long broken-down grass. We here met with a great quantity of different sorts of game. Shot two buffaloes.

Wednesday, 29.—Proceeded 6 hours further, but we were under the necessity of halting to unharness, as old Holtshausen was taken exceedingly ill with the gravel.

Thursday, 30.—This day we travelled 7 hours to the Kat River, or Kafirs, or Hottentots' Hunca River, *and arrived at the first Kafirs' kraal*, where we were visited by several of these people.

In the evening we posted a night watch.

Friday, October 1 (1790).—Passed another brook at the beginning of the Keiskama where several Kafirs came to us from their Chief Sambee. We sent two of our Kafirs to speak to him, and ask permission to travel thro' his country, and that he would supply us with interpreters. Passed another small brook and arrived at the Keiskama, where we shot two birds unknown to us, the Kafir name for which was Heemoe, which signifies "I see something." It is a bird about the size of a large blue heron, but perches in trees, has a tuft of hair on its head, in the shape of a paint brush of yellowish colour, with black stripes; the head or crown like black velvet, with blue neck like a heron, black and white wings, and long feet.*

We had travelled this day eight hours.

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* A good description of the bird called in Natal and elsewhere in South Africa "Ihemu."

Saturday, 2.—Travelled, and this day proceeded seven hours, during which we saw several Kafirs. We came to the determination of leaving this country and getting over the Kafir mountains as soon as possible, dreading otherwise the encountering delays, or worse consequences, as those people were at war with each other, Sambee being opposed to Capt. Jacca, who with considerable loss had already been twice beaten.

The two Kafirs that we had sent to Sambee returned to us with a message from the Captain expressing his sorrow that he could not come himself, owing to his being unwell, and wishing us a good journey; above all, recommending us particular caution regarding the nation with which he was then at war, informing us likewise that the country to which we were destined was dangerous and difficult to pass.

After having procured two Kafirs as guides, we crossed river Keysana.

Sunday, 3.—Ascended the mountain, and having got on five hours, were under the necessity of stopping and unharnessing on account of the rain.

Monday, 4.—We this day proceeded five hours, but in order to effect a passage over the mountain, were obliged to cut our way through a large wood.

Three Kafirs came to us with an intention to accompany us on our journey.

Tuesday, 5.—Having got over the mountain, and passed through a branch of the Black Key river called "Hoomenpoefoege," we *arrived in the Bosjesmansland*, at a small brook where the Bosjesmans had painted, in the cavities of the rocks, very natural resemblances of several wild beasts. Amongst them was that of a soldier with a grenadier's cap.

We had this day travelled the distance of ten hours, and had seen Bonteboks, two lions, and other wild beasts.

Wednesday, 6.—Travelling on, we proceeded this day 8 hours, to a great river called the White Key.

Van der Waldt descried three Bosjesmans that were hunting, and, pursuing them, laid hold of one, to whom he gave a bunch of beads, and a piece of tobacco, and then, letting him go, he promised to return to us to show us our way.

Thursday, 7.—Here we rested, some of the party

making excursions on horseback with an intention to shoot hippopotami, but none were seen.

Friday, 8.—Crossing the last mentioned river, and pursuing our journey 4 hours, we came into a plain country.

Saturday, 9.—Rode five hours over a fine plain, interspersed with thorny bushes, and passed a river, which keeps the same name as the one before mentioned.

We this day shot an eland.

Sunday, 10.—Proceeded 5 hours further and passed another river of the same name as the last mentioned.

Monday, 11.—Travelled again the distance of 5 hours and passed another river. In the meanwhile we shot two elands and a male buffalo. Saw three tigers and met with a great quantity of game.

Tuesday, 12.—In 5½ hours' travelling we came to the river Somoe. This is the last that discharges itself into the Key, which is the largest river running through the Kafirland, and has (with the exception of the *Grosvenor* search party of 1783) always checked the progress of former travellers.

Wednesday, 13.—Passed the river Somoe, situated in a beautiful country, and in 5 hours *came into the country of the Tamboekies.*

Thursday, 14.—Arrived at the Dae or Mud River in a journey of 7 hours.

Pursued and shot three male elephants.

Friday, 15.—Cut out the teeth of these animals, and proceeded the distance of 4 hours.

Saturday, 16.—This day we travelled 9 hours, and in the meanwhile rode out in search of more elephants, but found none. However, we saw and came up with a lion and a lioness, which had killed a buffalo. Waldt shot the lioness.

Sunday, 17.—We had only proceeded 3 hours from our last resting place when we were obliged to halt and unharness, owing to heavy rain.

Monday, 18.—During our stay at this spot several of the Tamboekies visited us. Amongst them was the Chief Joobie, and subject to him Louve. We gave them presents and secured from them three Tamboekies as guides.

Tuesday, 19.—We still remained here in order to shoot sea cows, of which we shot two, shown to us by the Tamboekies. We were this day astonished at the arrival of Jacob Joubert, who came up to us with a wagon, attended only by 8 Hottentots. Great as our joy was in having another Christian of our party, our astonishment was not the less at the boldness of the enterprise, in following us through such unfrequented deserts, merely because he had promised to join us.

Wednesday, 20.—We now harnessed again, and proceeded 5 hours, passing a river called Nabagana. In the course of the journey we saw a lion, which was the largest that the most experienced amongst us had ever seen. We pursued it, but it escaped into the bushes, and we saw no more of it.

Thursday, 21.—Travelling on 5 hours further, and ascending a great height, we saw a large river called the Bosjie, about the distance of two hours from us, but to which we could not descend, owing to the steepness of the approach.

Friday, 22.—Here we halted, and whilst some of us were employed in exploring the best route to take, others went in quest of sea cows (hippopotami) and shot five.

Saturday, 23.—Harnessed and proceeded five hours again, but were obliged to go a good way round about, in order to avoid precipices. It was by far the worst travelling we had, owing to rocky hills and underwood.

Sunday, 24.—Rode 5 hours on to this river Bosjie, which comes from far inland.

We this day shot 12 sea cows.

Monday, 25.—Forded the river and proceeded 3 hours.

Tuesday, 26.—We thence crossed over a very steep mountain, and in seven hours came to a river called Nooga, having in the course of that distance shot four buffaloes and six elephants.

Wednesday, 27.—Rested this day, and in the meantime some of the party shot a male elephant.

Thursday, 28.—Forded the last mentioned river, when we saw the sea about 2 hours off. Here we met with a horse that had escaped from a party which had, seven years ago, gone on a similar expedition in search of the unfortunate Englishmen. It belonged to one Daniel Pot-

gieter, was quite wild, and, on our approach, ran into a herd of elands. But we pursued him, and at length caught him. He was the next day quite docile, and was mounted.

We now passed the river Nodee, and had this day travel'e1 the distance of 6 hours.

Friday, 29.—Saw several elephants, of which we shot seven. After travelling 7 hours we arrived at the river Tathad, where we shot a sea cow, and were visited by two of the Tamboekies, which was something extraordinary, as, ever since the 18th inst, when we parted with Capt. Joobie, we had seen no natives; this part of the country having been depopulated by the father of Capt. Sambre, called Gagabe Camboosa, who drove them and all their cattle into his own territory. Such few that are at present remaining, hide themselves in the woods and caves, and live solely on seaweed, and whatever they can procure by hunting.

Saturday, 30.—Having passed the last-mentioned river which is a very large one, we came in six hours to the Dombie* or young maiden river. It was from this part of the country that formerly, before Gagabee had laid it waste, the Kafirs and other nations got their women, in trading with the parents.

Sunday, 31.—We travelled the distance of four hours, when we were under the necessity of stopping and unharnessing near the river Tasana, in order to explore a way. Several persons, seven years ago, got as far as this river in search of the crew of the *Grosvenor*, whence they returned back.

Monday, Nov. 1, 1790.—Lodewyk Prins shot a sea cow in the nose, which afterwards came to the shore and was killed. Passed the river and advanced only four hours, as we were obliged, in order to proceed. to cut through two woods.

Tuesday, 2.—Thence we rode two hours to a wood where we shot an elephant, but were obliged to unharness, as I was taken ill with violent pains in my limbs, and a lameness in my right arm, which prevented my being any longer able to endure the motion of the wagon.

The weather was very unsettled, suddenly changing

* Intombi.

during the day, and for two hours we had a very severe thunderstorm.

Wednesday, 3.—We left this spot and arrived on a height, when we saw several villages of the Hambonas, a nation quite different from the Kafirs, are of a yellowish complexion, and have long coarse hair frized on their heads like a turban. We sent four of our men to the chief, whose name is Camboosa, with a present of beads and a sheet of copper. Five of them came to us, to whom we gave small presents of beads. They told us that subject to them was a village of Bastaard Christians, who were descended from people shipwrecked on that coast, and of which three old women were still living, whom Oemtonone, the Hambonas captain, had taken as wives.

Thursday, 4.—Proceeded an hour when we were stopped by heavy rain, but mounted our horses and rode to the beforementioned village, where we found that the people were descended from whites, some too from slaves of mixed colour, and the natives of the East Indies, and had, when children, been shipwrecked on this coast, but could not say of what nation they were, being too young to know at the time the accident hapt. We offered to take them and their children back with us on our return ; at which they seemed very much pleased.

Friday, 5.—We now travelled on seven hours, in which distance we passed the Little Moyasie river on the banks of which is situated the Bastaard village, where they have very extensive handsome gardens planted with kafir-corn, maize, sugar canes, plantains, potatoes, black beans, and many other things. They had also some cattle.

We crossed also the Great Moyasie River, where is the residence of the Hambona Captain, Camboosa.

During this day we shot 7 sea cows.

Saturday, 6.—Proceeded seven hours, near to a very large river, called Sinwoewoe, or Sea Cow River,* where we understood from the natives that there was still an Englisman remaining alive of the crew of the unfortunate ship the *Grosvenor*.

Sunday, 7.—Arrived at the river after 2 hours travel-

* Alluding evidently to the St. John's River, *i.e.*, the Umzimvubu, meaning in Zulu "the abode of the sea cow."

ling, but were obliged to unharness, as it was too deep to pass, on account of the flood. We, therefore, waited for the ebbing of the tide, and, in the meanwhile, saw on the opposite bank the before-mentioned Englishman, to whom we immediately called. He spoke the Dutch language; but for the width of the river, we could not hear what he said.

Monday, 8.—We forded the river, when this, so called, Englishman came to us, and told us that he was a free man, and had sailed in an English ship from Malacca. He promised to conduct us to the place where the *Grosvenor* had been wrecked; adding that there was nothing to be seen, excepting some cannon, iron ballast, and lead. He likewise said that all the unfortunate crew of that ship had perished. Some by the hands of the natives, and the rest by hunger.

The natives here brought us some gold and silver, to exchange for red beads and copper articles, of which they seemed excessively fond.

This day we only proceeded two hours.

Tuesday, 9.—We now rode on four hours to a river called Woewanpoevoe, where we shot a sea cow.

Wednesday, 10.—Passed this river and proceeded five hours farther to the river Tanwoota. We now concluded —as this so-called Englishman did not make his appearance—that he was a runaway slave from the Cape: in which conjecture we were confirmed by one of our bastaard Hottentots called Moses, whom this man had asked who his master was, and being answered by Moses that his master's name was Jacob van Reenen, he then asked if it was a son of old Jacob van Reenen or Cootje, as my father was commonly called. The Hottentot answered "Yes." He then told him that he was well known at the Cape, and had a wife there and two children. The fear that we should lay hold of him and carry him with us most probably prevented his ever returning to us again.*

Thursday, 11.—We remained the whole of this day by the side of the river, it being too high to pass.

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* It will be seen in Hynes account that he alludes to this fellow as "Trout." Price and his companions called him a "Malay."

Friday, 12.—Having passed the river and travelled 3 hours, we arrived at a wood, through which we were to cut our way.

Saturday, 13.—We got through this last mentioned wood, and were soon obliged to cut through another, having only proceeded two hours.

Sunday, 14.—We this day proceeded three hours, and crossed a river called Bogasie, at the mouth of which, in the sea, we shot two sea cows.

Here the natives brought us potatoes, sugar canes, corn, and beans—and likewise gold and silver, for which we exchanged with them beads.

Monday, 15.—Travelling on, passed a little brook near the sea side.

Here J. A. Holtshausen had the misfortune to fall into a pit of burnt stakes,* by which he was terribly wounded in the palm of the left hand.

We now came to a height we could not pass without great danger and difficulty; and where we learnt that the wreck was not far off. We therefore determined to halt, and to go on horseback to the spot, to see what could be discovered. J. A. Holtshausen, Waldt, Mulder and Hilgert Mulder and myself with J. Mulder, mounted our horses and rode the distance of one hour and a half, when Holtshausen and myself were obliged to return to our wagons, owing to the necessity there of dismounting and leading our horses through a river, in order to proceed, the bed of which was full of holes and rocks, and I was exceedingly troubled with a great pain all over my limbs, and old Holtshausen, who had regarded his wound as a trifle—not having even applied a bandage to it, found his hand very painful; we neither of us dared to venture on such an undertaking.

At our return to the wagons, we administered sweet oil to Holtshausen's wound, and made use of every other means in our power to assuage the pain; but in vain.

At night our companions returned to us, and told us they had been at the spot where the ship was wrecked, but

* The natives make a pit in which are stakes placed sharp points upwards, and often poisoned. In this manner they catch large game.

had then found nothing of it remaining, except some cannon, iron ballast and lead. They brought with them two pieces of spermaceti candle, and some fragments of English China.

The wreck lay four hours from this spot, in which distance there were seven rivers to pass, for which we had no name.

We this day shot a sea cow.

Tuesday, 16.—Some of our companions went again to the spot where the wreck lay, but saw nothing more than what has already been mentioned. H. Mulder brought a piece of red "Sapana"* wood. Shot two sea cows.

Wednesday, 17.—On this day, with some others of the party, I rode to the above mentioned spot, but saw nothing but five cannons, and a great quantity of iron ballast. It was plainly perceived on a spot of ground, between two woods, that the people had made fires and sheltered themselves. Likewise, in the rising ground between the two woods, was a pit, where things has been buried and dug out again, this confirming to us what the runaway slave had told us, that everything had been dug up and dispersed very far into the country. We also understood from the natives that the greater part of the goods had been conveyed to Rio De la Goa, there to be sold. Which place, as well as we could learn, was from this spot a journey of four days.

Thursday, 18.—Waldt, H. Mulder and Joubert rode along the sea side, about two hours further to the northward, but could find nothing.

It was now determined that we should return home, as, in the first place, several of our draft oxen had died, and many others were in a sickly condition; besides, old Holtshausen from the excessive pain that he suffered from his wound, was very impatient to get back.

From the place where the wagons halted we travelled the distance of 12 hours inland on horseback, during which we crossed 7 rivers; the wagons at the same time proceeding homewards, a journey of seven hours to the river Bogasie, where we caught some delicious fish and oysters.

* By this name the Dutch call a wood they bring from Japan, used in dying. Resembles Brazilwood. Called by French "Sapan."

Friday, November 19, 1790.—We this day continued our journey 5 hours further.

Saturday, 20.—Passing the rivers Tamvoeta and Woewanpoevoe in 8 hours we arrived at the Sinwoewoe, or Sea Cow River.

Sunday, 21.—We this day were under the necessity of halting on account of the alarming indisposition of old Holtshausen, who was attacked with a locked jaw and violent convulsive fits, so that we expected his death every moment. At night our outposts gave an alarm of being watched by the natives, upon which we fired several times in the air and heard no more of them. That same day about 200 of them had been with us, with gold and silver to barter, but we were now inclined to think that they came with that pretext in order to discover our force, and, if possible, to take an opportunity of surprising us when we were off our guard.

During the day we shot 4 sea cows.

Monday, 22.—Poor old Holtshausen's illness was now increasing so rapidly that we were obliged to sit up and attend to him the whole night.

Tuesday, 23.—This afternoon, at half past four o'clock, he expired. We immediately, with some of the plank of the wagons that was most convenient for the purpose, set about preparing a coffin.

Wednesday, 24.—About half past eight this morning we interred the body of our friend under a large Kafir tree standing alone, on which we cut our names, and departing, passed the river Sinwoewoe. In an eight hours' journey arrived at the Great Mogasie River.

Thursday, 25.—Here we were obliged to halt on account of a heavy fall of rain.

Friday, 26.—Hence we passed the Great and Little *Mogasie Rivers, and after travelling 8 hours, arrived at the Bastaard Christian village. I would now have taken the three old women with us, to which they seemed well inclined, as appearing much to wish to live among Christians, but mentioned their desire, before they could accomplish such a plan, of waiting till their harvest to gather in their crops; adding that for this reason they would at present rather remain with their children and grandchildren; after which, with their whole race, to the

amount of 400, they would be happy to depart from their present settlement. I concluded by promising that I would give a full account of them to the Government, in order that they might be removed from their present situation. It is to be observed that on our visit to the women they appeared to be exceedingly agitated at seeing people of their own complexion and description.

Saturday, 27.—We left this village and travelled three hours to a wood where we shot three elephants, the teeth of which we cut out.

Sunday, 28.—Proceeded five hours in the course of which we passed the river Tasana, and shot four elephants. We also caught a young one, and tied it to one of the wagons, but were in a very short time under the necessity of killing it, as its cries brought about us such a number that we were fearful of being trodden to death, and during the night a very large herd of them passed quite close to us.

Monday, 29.—We this day halted on account of the rain, during which several of our oxen died.

Tuesday, 30.—We now crossed the river Dombie and travelled eight hours.

Lost many more of our oxen. Passed the river Tathaa, in which we shot five sea cows.

Wednesday, December 1.—We employed ourselves this day in cutting up and salting the meat of the sea cows that we had shot the preceding evening. By the time we had accomplished this a large male elephant came up to the wagons. We instantly pursued and attacked him; when, after having received several shots, and that he had twice fallen, he crept into a very thick thorny underwood. Thinking that we had fully done for him, Waldt, Lodewyk Prins, and J. Mulder advanced to the spot where he was hid, when he rushed out in a furious manner from the thicket, and, with his trunk, catching hold of Prins—who was then on horseback—trod him to death, and driving one of his tusks thro' his body, threw him thirty feet into the air. The others, perceiving that there was no possibility of escaping on horseback, dismounted and crept into the thicket to hide themselves, the elephant, having now nothing in view but the horse of Waldt, followed it for ome time, and when he turned about came to the spot near

where the dead body lay, looking about for it. At this instant our whole party renewed the attack, in order to drive him from the spot, when after he had received several shots, he again escaped into the thickest of the wood. We now thought that he was far enough off, and had already begun to dig a grave for our unfortunate companion, at which we were busily employed, when the elephant rushed out again, and driving us all away remained by himself then on the spot. Van de Waldt got another shot at him, at the distance of 100 paces. We, every one of us then made another attack upon him; and having now received several more bullets, he began to stagger, then falling with a shot or two more, killed him as he lay upon the ground.

The fury of this animal is indescribable. Those of our party who knew anything of elephant hunting declared it was the fleetest and most furious they had ever beheld.

We now set about finishing the grave, and at half past six o'clock in the afternoon interred the body of poor Lodewyk Prins.

Thursday, 2.—We now proceeded, and during this day got on eight hours and a half, in the course of which we passed the river Nodei, and shot a buffalo.

Friday, 5.—Travelled on six hours and passed the river Nooga. Shot two elephants and one sea cow.

Saturday, 4.—This day we arrived in a journey of eight hours, with very great difficulty, at river Bosjie, and which we should not have accomplished had I not harnessed four of my saddle horses to one of the wagons, to enable us, tho' slowly, to move on. We were likewise under the necessity of throwing away many of our elephant teeth. One of the wagons had but eight oxen, another six. Not one that had a tolerable team to draw it. So that, with the distress of not being able to proceed for want of cattle, and the melancholy reflection of having lost two of our companions in a very unfortunate manner, we were in a very lamentable situation.

Sunday, 5.—This day was spent in getting all our baggage over the river in the boat. We shot two sea cows.

Monday, 6.—Having passed the river we proceeded three hours further.

Tuesday, 7.—We got on this day seven hours, and were

obliged to travel very gently, as the oxen were continually failing and some dying. And as it was with the utmost difficulty that we moved, it was determined that Jacob Joubert should be immediately despatched into the country of Joobie, the Tambookie, to endeavour to obtain some oxen.

Wednesday, 8.—We this day saw several elephants.

Jacob Joubert came back to us bringing three oxen, which he had purchased. Unaccustomed as they were to the yoke, having never yet drawn, we were under the necessity of immediately harnessing them.

Travelled six and a half hours to-day.

Thursday, 9.—We thence proceeded by a different road, three hours higher up country than that by which we had come, being much more even, shorter, and in every respect better travelling, and, after a journey of eight hours, crossed the river Nabagana.

Friday, 10.—Thence got on eight hours further.

Saturday, 11.—Travelled six hours. Passed the river Somoe.

Sunday, 12.—We this day shot four elands. Could only proceed three hours, and as we found it was no longer possible to get on for want of oxen, in order to avoid leaving our wagons behind us—having already thrown away a great part of our baggage—it was agreed that Hendrik Van Reusburg, with some Hottentots on horseback, should proceed as fast as possible to the Bosjesman's River, and procure a number of draught oxen.

Monday, 13.—Travelling three hours. We now found the weather exceedingly cold; full as much as if it had been in the depth of winter; which I can only suppose to be occasioned by the height of the mountains we were in.

Tuesday, 14.—We halted this day in order to refresh.

Wednesday, 15.—Finding it necessary to make this another resting day, some of our party rode on horseback to White Keys River, where they shot fourteen sea cows.

Thursday, 16.—We were employed the whole of the day in cutting up the abovementioned animals. The half of the best part of the meat we left behind, as it was necessary to load ourselves as little as possible, the oxen we had now remaining being so miserably weak.

Friday, 17.—This day we passed the White Keys River and proceeded five hours.

Saturday, 18.—Thence seven hours, in which distance we shot two elands.

Sunday, 19.—We now passed the Black Key River, having travelled in the course of the day eight hours.

Monday, 20.—Pursuing our journey we arrived at the Bontebok Plain, and shot several Bonteboks.* Getting on eight and a half hours, we passed two more rivers, which discharge themselves into the Black Key, and have the same name—which name that river has acquired from the treks about it being of that colour.

Proceeded nine and a half hours, and crossing the Kafir Mountain, came into the country of the great kafirs of Captain Laambee. Here we had the satisfaction of meeting with Jan Vioen, and Pieter Van de Voorn, who had brought with them the draught oxen we had sent for.

Wednesday, 22.—Travelling seven hours further, we passed the River Keys Kama, and another small river running into it.

Thursday, 23.—We this day passed the Kat or Hunca River, and in seven hours the Little Doorn River.

Friday, 24.—Hence we proceeded eight hours further to the river Caapna.

Saturday, 25.—Crossed the river Caaja, which runs into the Caapna that falls into the Great Fish River, and arrived, after a day's journey of eleven hours, to our no small joy, once more at a Christian habitation, the dwelling of Willem Bota.

Sunday, 26.—Thence we passed the Great and Little Fish Rivers, and the Kama Dagga, the dwelling of Andries Dryer ; and in seven hours and a half we came to the place of Hendrik Janssen van Rensburg, on the banks of the Bosjesman's River.

Monday, 27.—Here we stayed all night ; when Honoratus Meynier, the secretary of the district of Rynet, arrived.

Tuesday, 28.—We now took leave of each other, and at two o'clock in the morning Tjart Van der Waldt, and his son Pieter, Hilgert Mulder and myself, leaving our oxen, and putting our horses to the wagon, rode the distance of twenty-two hours to the Sunday's River.

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* A handsome piebald Antelope.

Wednesday, 29.—Thence we proceeded fourteen hours to the river Naraa.

Thursday. 30.—Then travelling twenty-six hours, we passed the Groote River as far as under the mountain Ernkroon.

Friday, 31.—After which we went six hours further to the dwelling of Antonie Nortier above the Elephant River.

Saturday, January 1, 1791.—We now rode to the Bath near the Elephant River, where we arrived after a journey of eight hours at the house of Tjaart Van der Walt.

At this place we remained the two following days,

Tuesday, 4.—The next day—after we had taken leave of each other—Hendrik Mulder and myself proceeded ten hours to the place of Frederick Boota, on the banks of the Elephant River.

Wednesday, 5.—This day we travelled twenty hours to a deserted dwelling near the Hattaquas Kloof.

Thursday, 6.—And passing the kloof, arrived by a journey of twenty hours at the Haagel Kraal, the place of John Marx.

Friday, 7.—Thence we departed and passing the Gous, the Walvis, and Kaffer Kuyl Rivers, safely arrived, after a journey of twenty-six hours, to my great satisfaction, at my place on the Kruys River.

Jacob Van Reenen concludes by saying: "This expedition was planned by me, with the previous knowledge of the Governor Van de Graaff, in pursuance of whose command it met with the approbation of the Landdrost of the district of the country of Rynet. It was undertaken with the view of discovering if there still remained alive any of the English women as had been reported were shipwrecked in the *Grosvenor*, on that part of the coast, in the year 1782; that we might have relieved them from a miserable situation; which was the only motive for undertaking the journey, But, to our sorrow, we could find no soul remaining, and we are fully pursuaded that not one of the unfortunate crew is now alive. I was informed by a Malay, or Bojanese slave, who spoke Dutch, and had some years before run away from the Cape, that two years ago the cook of that ship was alive; but catching small-pox, he then died.

CHAPTER X.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LOSS OF THE "GROSVENOR," INDIAMAN, ON THE 4TH AUGUST, 1782; WITH A RELATION OF THE EVENTS WHICH BEFEL THOSE SURVIVORS WHO HAVE REACHED ENGLAND, VIZ.: ROBERT PRICE, THOMAS LEWIS, JOHN WARMINGTON, AMD BARNEY LAREY*

On the 13th June the ship left Trincomale.

They saw no land after leaving Ceylon till the ship was lost.

At 8 p.m. on the 4th of August, by sea reckoning, when Thomas Lewis left the helm, the course was W.N.W. with a fair wind. The ship was then under double reefed topsails and foretop-gallant sail, maintop gallant-mast being down; their mainmast having been fished. The mast was faulty before they left Trincomale, and they met a hard gale of wind after leaving that port. It was fished about six days before they ran ashore, and the same day they fished their mast they saw a small brig, which was the only vessel they saw.

T.L.

In the middle of the watch; the wind having come to the S.W., the second mate had laid the ship on the starboard tack, but the captain came out and put the ship about again. He heard the captain say they were 300 miles from land.

T. L.

The wind having freshened in the S.W., and blowing hard in squalls, the ship was under fore sail, fore stay sail and mizen stay sail, and standing about N.W. by N.

About half-past three a.m. Lewis was sent aloft to get down the foretop gallant yard. He thought he saw land and came down to tell. But he was sent up again, as they would not believe him. After the watch was relieved at four a.m. having been detained in getting down the yard,

*Their evidence was taken by Alex. Dalrymple, Esq., for the East India Co. in August, 1783.

when he came from aloft about half-past four he saw the land plainly from deck, but the third mate, who had relieved the second mate—the chief mate being ill—would not believe it, saying it was only the reflection of the sky, and would not put the ship's head off to sea.

William Mixon, quartermaster, however, went in and told the captain, who came out and wore ship immediately, and in wearing she struck. They had just time to call all hands once. The wind very soon shifted and came off shore, when they hoisted up the fore topsail and tried to back off, but they only twisted the ship's head off shore and her stern upon the rocks; the water gaining upon them fast, the ship was soon full of it. They cut away the masts, and the mainmast went presently and drove ashore. The Coffrees clambered upon it to get the iron and copper. The foremast was a pretty while before it went, and they could not clear of the ship's side. She remained with her head off shore till she went to pieces, the sea breaking over her.

They hoisted out the yawl, but she was stove immediately. They made a raft, but the seven inch hawser, by which it was fast, broke, and the raft drove ashore with four men on it. Three were drowned, viz.: George Wellborn, midshipman, Simon Griffiths, boatswain's first mate, and Christopher Shear, poulterer. The fourth, Lawrance Jonisqua got ashore.

As soon as the ship was lost, two Lascars swam ashore with the lead line, and made a hawser fast on a large rock on the shore, and hauled it taut. Many of the sailors got ashore by this hawser, and some were drowned in the attempt by the hawser* slackening, viz.:

John Woodward, Quartermaster.

Seamen.
- Thomas Gentilo,
- Val Payers,
- John Higgins,
- Andrew Nowland,
- John Morrison,
- Bartholomew West,
- Thomas Mayo,
- Francis Dogherty.

* Hawser and many other words are quaintly spelt, but for time sake, I have used the spelling of to-day.

Joseph Barkini was drowned in swimming ashore with Pandolpho, a lad who came on board with Captain Talbot was never seen after the ship struck. And a black man, assistant to the Captain's cook, was drowned in the ship. All of the rest of the crew but these 15 got ashore. The boy Robert Price was forced off the hawser, and his head dashed against a rock by a violent sea. The cut he received—of which the mark remains—was so bad that he was not able to help himself, and would have been drowned if Francis de Larso had not taken hold of his hair, and pulled him out of the sea, and then others assisted to draw him up by the arms. This wound made him take less notice of what passed while they kept by the wreck.

About noon the ship parted by the forechains, and, about 1 p.m. by the mainchains. Almost 100 persons were aboard when the ship parted. The ship lay down very much. They got the ladies out of the starboard quarter gallery, the people standing on the starboard side of the ship, and when she parted, the side sank down into the sea with them all upon it, and floated into shallow water, when the sailors helped the ladies and children ashore, the body of the wreck breaking off the swell. Captain Talbot, of the Navy, who was a passenger, and some others, came ashore on the fore part of the ship.

They made a tent of a new mizen topsail for the ladies, &c., on the flattish part of the rock, where they found plenty of fresh water gushing out amongst the rocks.

The ship was lost just to the northward of a rocky point, where there was a high surf. The coast was rocky, slanting up, and a top flat with grass, in some places very high, which the natives are there accustomed to burn. Beyond, the country was hilly and woody. A little to the southward of where the ship was cast away, the cliffs were steep, right up and down, so that there is no passing along the sea side. A little to the northward was a sandy bight—where most of the things were cast ashore—ending in a low blackish point. In the sandy bight there was a creek, into which many things drove; particularly a cask of wine, and one of their sows, which was killed against the rocks. The creek was full of large rocks which they passed over at low water.

Plenty of timber from the wreck, and the booms and sails

were cast ashore, sufficient to have built and fitted several vessels. Nor were tools, as adzes, &c., wanting.

Plenty of beef and pork came ashore, but all in pieces. There was one cask of flour also came ashore, and some of their hogs, which the natives killed—particularly one old boar, who thought himself the king of the place, rutting up the ground, &c. The natives coming to catch him, he turned up his snout and grunted at them, so that they were afraid to seize him, but killed him with a lance, and the women and men cut him up.

Provision was taken sufficient for eight or nine days, which was as much as they could carry. The ship's steward made a distribution of that and what clothes they could pick up.

It was on Sunday morning the ship was lost, and on Wednesday morning they set out to travel for the Cape, the Captain saying they would get there in 16 or 17 days at the farthest, but he hoped, in 10 days.. All their arms were 5 or 6 cutlasses. Plenty of fircarms were cast ashore, but no gunpowder.

T. L.

After the ship struck, the natives pointed *the other way* —not the way they travelled afterwards—and said something, which they imagined was to tell them there was a bay that way. He was told by the Dutch that the ship was lost near Rio la Goa, and that there was a great river between; by the distance the party went without reaching the wreck, the Dutch said the ship was lost nearer La Goa than any Dutch from the Cape had ever gone by land.*

As soon as the ship was lost the natives, who are all woolly headed, came down to pick up any iron or metal they could; but they did not seem to regard the bales which were thrown ashore, only slitting them with their lances as they past.

W. & L.

The natives dress their heads high, with a hollow in the middle, and stuck into their hair the brass nails picked up from the trunks cast ashore. They had very little clothing.

* It will be seen that this passage is rather obscure.

Whilst they remained by the wreck the natives did not offer any violence, but stole what they liked and ran away.

At the end of the 3 days they staid by the wreck, the chief part of it remaining together was the head and cut water.

W. & L.

When they set out the chief mate was carried, being sick. The second mate led the van, the Captain in the rear, and the ladies in the middle. They kept regular watch in their journey.

T. L.

John Bryan being lame and unable to walk, and Joshua Glover, a fool, staid by the wreck.

As soon as they marched the natives threw stones and hove lances at them. They could not go along the sea side on account of the steep cliffs to the southward, but they travelled along the top of these cliffs, never far from the coast and always in sight of the sea, except in passing the hollows. They sometimes passed the paths of the Kafirs in which they travelled along, and in some places was grass, and along the shore some parts were rocky, some sandy.

The day of leaving the wreck from whence the natives followed them they fell in with a man lighter coloured than the natives, with straight hair ; they supposed him Malay man (but the Dutch suppose it was a Dutchman named Trout.) He came up to them, clapping his hands, and calling out "Engels, Engels." He talked Dutch with John Suffman, Mr. William's servant, and told them the Cape was a great way off, and being desired to guide them, said he could not, as he was afraid of being killed if he went into the Christian country. They offered him any money if he would conduct them. He said he did not want any money, but copper. They said they would load him with copper, but he would not go. He advised them to go along the coast, for that inland they would meet the Bosjesman Hottentots who would kill them all. This man was with the natives, but he thinks they were not the same kind of people as those where the ship was lost, because they were taller and not so black, and had their cheeks painted red, with feathers in their heads—he thinks ostrich feathers.

He (Lewis) believes the Malay was a rogue, as he showed the natives where their pockets were. The Captain had a stick with a bayonet on it, which the natives snatched away out of his hand, but the Malay persuaded them to give it back. The natives, with whom the Malay was, came and cut off their buttons.

The natives always left them at night. They have but one shoe, made of Buffalo hide, which they wear on the right foot. It has no top leather except over the toe, and it is tied round the ancle with two strings from the heel. The Dutchman, with whom he afterwards remained, told him they make great springs when they go a hunting. The Kafirs (say Lewis) are sometimes out for three or four days from their huts. They feed their dogs with what they catch, not eating it themselves, and only bring home a little on their knobstick.*

T. L.

The tenth or eleventh of August. About three or four days after leaving the wreck, the Captain going up a very high hill, took a lance from one of the natives,† who endeavoured by signs and entreaty, as his words were supposed, to get it back, but to no purpose. There was no village then in sight, but he went away to the village and called the rest who came out with their lances and targets.

T. L.

The Captain put the ladies, and those who were unable to do anything, upon a rising ground with the baggage, and then attacked the natives and drove them out of the village.

T. L. W. and L.

The weapons used by the natives were targets made of hides to cover themselves, so that when our people threw stones at them they could never hit them. They had reddish sticks, seemingly dyed, with a wooden knob at the end, and lances, but not choosing to lose the iron of the lance, they drew out the lance staffs and sharpened the end, and threw their staffs at our people. It was one of these

* Those who know the wily Kafir will appreciate this.

†A great deal of this narrative is corroborated by that of John Hynes.

that stuck into Mr. Newman's ear. He was stunned and fell down, at which the natives made a noise.

One of the natives having fallen down in running away, he was overtook by the boatswain and others, and bruised terribly, but the Captain told them not to kill any. T. L.

Afterwards the natives brought sweet potatoes to exchange for the lance staffs and sticks they had thrown at our people.

They sat down peaceably round the Captain and they had toys given them, and they went away. After stopping about two hours, our people proceeded, the natives not molesting them. T. L. confirmed by Price.

After this scuffle they never opposed the natives, but let them take what they pleased. W. & L. &c.

Having proceeded on, after beating the natives, about three or four miles further, in the evening the Malay came up with them. He laughed at the dispute that had happened, and being asked which was the right road? said, that he was going. He had been at the wreck where he got a load of iron, and had on a long gown of the Captain's which he had found there.

After the Malay had left them, they marched on and met some other natives, from whom they got some sweet potatoes for buttons, and after travelling some way it began to rain a little, whereupon they made a fire of grass and tufts, there being no bushes nigh; and after resting a little, they went on and took up their lodgings for the night at some bushes a top of a hill under a bank, with a running stream of fresh water in the hollow beneath.

(Eleventh or 12th August).—Next day they came to a village where the Malay's house was. It is by the sea-side. He brought his child to them and asked for a bit of pork for it. The Captain said he was in great distress, but gave him a little bit for the child.

The Malay looked at their buttons and called "zimbe" which is copper.* The captain told them to give the natives nothing, because they would think they had more and would search them.

* "Inzimbi" is, however, the Kafir for iron—not copper.

The officers and passengers would not let the seamen have any parley with the natives, thinking they could manage better with them.

W. & L.

After leaving the Malay's village, the natives followed, throwing stones. The sailors desired to walk on, thinking the natives would not follow far. They came to a creek which they passed at low water. It was then about noon. They went on till evening, when they found water by the side of a hill. There the Kafirs came down and surrounded them, wanting to take buttons and such like from them, and wanting to search the ladies. Some of the natives kept on the hill, threatening to throw down great stones upon them.

The sailors advised the Captain to go on, and not sit still and let all their things be taken from them, but (Lewis says),—the Doctor being sick, he would not move, so different people set off without him.

The Lascars went first away, and the natives followed them and robbed them.

T. L.

After leaving the Captain, they saw, at a distance, the ladies coming over a hill. That night they came to a salt water river, and gathered wood to make a fire—they could not strike a light, but seeing a light on the other side of the river, one of the Lascars swam over and lighted a stick at a Kafir hut, where he saw no people. He swam back and lighted a fire.

Colonel James and Mrs. James came up to them. As they had no water, Colonel James advised them to dig in the sand, which they did, and got water. The same night the Captain and the ladies came up, and by next morning they all joined again, except Bastiano Nordeen, who, being a big man, had dropped behind, unable to walk; and the two left at the wreck.

In their way this day they found a tree bearing a sweet berry, with one small hard stone, of which fruit they ate, but they found it bound them very much, the berry grows upon the branches, it is about the size of a pea. When ripe it is black, and before it is ripe, red.

In the morning the ladies waded over the river breast high, being supported by the sailors who carried over the

children. This was the first river since they left the ship. It was small, and after they got up the hill on the other side, they saw it almost dry by the ebbing of the tide. This was about a week after leaving the wreck.

After crossing the river, the Lascars and Mrs. Hosea's black maid, Betty, left them first, and then some of the people set out, straggling, and leaving the Captain and ladies behind.

The Captain was not sick, but out of heart when they parted, and their provision was not then expended. They know nothing of the Captain or the ladies since they parted from them about ten days after the wreck.

The natives never offered to carry away Mrs. Logie or any of the ladies; nor offered them any injury, except taking their rings or such like.

The following persons were left with Captain Coxon:—

Mr. Logie, Chief Mate,
Mr. Beale, Third Mate,
Mr. Harris, Fifth Mate,
Mr. Hay, Purser,
Mr. Nixon, Surgeon,
Bob Rea, Boatswain,
John Hunter, Gunner,
William Moxon, Quartermaster,
Geo. McDaniel, Carpenter's First Mate,
James Mauleverer, Carpenter's Second Mate,
John Edkins, Caulker,
William Stevens, Butcher,
Frank Mason,
Domo Kircanio,
Jof Andree,
Matthew Bell,
Roque Pandolpho,
John Stevens,
John Pope, } Seamen.
Jof. Thomson, Chief Mate's Servant,
James van der Steen, Boatswain's Servant,
John Hill, Gunner's Servant,
Anto. Da Cruza, Captain's Cook,
Patrick Fitzgerald, } Discharged Soldiers from
John Hudson. } Madras.

Passengers left with Captain Coxon—

Colonel James,
Mrs. James,
Mr. Hosea,
Mrs. Hosea,
Mrs. Logie,
Mr. Newman,
Captain Walterhouse Adair,
Miss Dennis,
Miss Wilmot,
Miss Hosea,
Master Saunders,
Master Chambers,

BLACK SERVANTS.

George Sims,
Mr. Newman's,
Reynel, Master Law's,
Don, Mr. Hosea's,
Betty, Mrs. Logie's. Since arrived at Cape, says her mistress sent her away,
Sally, Mrs. James'
Mary, Miss Dennis's,
Haakins, Mrs. Hosea's,
M. Plaideaux de Lisle, French Officer,
J. Rousseau, Servant to Colonel D'Espinette went inland the same day, or the day after they left the Captain.

The same day they parted with the Captain and the ladies, they came up with the Lascars in a bit of a wood.

W. and L.

About 16th August. The day after, they came to a river's mouth. Here Thomas Wren was knocked up. Francis Feancon and S. Pars also staid, saying they would swim across—the Lascars also parted from them again. They went three days up along the banks which are very hilly and steep. Here they were robbed by the natives, and then crossed where its depth was about up to their middle. The French Colonel D'Espinette, was left before they crossed the river, being quite knocked up, and about a couple of hours after they had crossed (about

August 19th) Captain Talbot was knocked up. His coxswain wanted to stay with him, but Captain Talbot would not let him, saying, it was of no manner of service. There were no natives then with them, but they saw some huts soon after. This was a hilly country. T. L.

About August 24th. About eight or ten days after leaving the Captain, it was thought they were still too many together to be able to get provisions, and they parted again. The party which set out first consisted of 23 persons,* viz :—

Robert Price, Captain's Servant, about thirteen, now in England.
Barney Larey, Landsman,
Wm. Thompson, Midshipman, dead, Feaneon told T. L.
Thos. Page, Carpenter, dead and buried, T. L. W. and L. P.
Henry Lillburne, Ship's Steward, left behind after passing Great Fish River.
Master Law, Child of five or six. Died 4th November.
James Thomson, Quartermaster, left about ten days after entering 1st inhabited country.
Thomas Simmonds, Quartermaster, dead (Schultz told W.).
Robert Auld, Cooper, dead and buried in Sandy country.
George Reed, Armourer, went back from Sunday's River to look for Lillburne, &c.
George Crighton, Caulker's Mate, left at G. Fish River.
William Couch, Captain's Steward, dead and buried at Sundays River : P. W. & L.
Lan Jonesqua, Boatswain's Yeoman, died at River Nye or c K by. Feacon told T.L.

Franco De Larso, gone to Copenhagen in the *Laurwig*.
Jeremiah Evans, left at Cape.
Lan M'Ewen, left in 1st inhabited country.
Edward Monck, left about 4 days after coming into inhabited country.
John Squires, left at Great Fish River.
All Schultz, dead. Found by W.
Thos. Parker, dead } Feacon told T. L.
Patrick Burne, dead }
Isaac (Blairqu.) left at Great Fish River.

* In the enumeration only twenty-two can be made out.

The other party consisted of 22 persons,* viz.:

John Warmington, Thomas Lewis. } now in England.

Mr. Shaw, 2nd Mate, left at a river in the 1st inhabited country. Hubberly told T. L.—first who died

Mr. Trotter, 4th Mate, left by Hubberly at the river where Mr. Williams was killed.

Mr. Williams, Passenger, Dead. Hubberly told T. L. that he was driven into a river and killed by Kafirs.

Mr. Taylor, Passenger, Dead. Hubberly told T. L., that he would not eat after Williams' death. Died two days after.

John Suffman, Servant to Williams, Dead. Hubberly told T. L. was left by Warmington at river in first inhabited country.

Wm. Hubberly, Servant to Mr. Shaw. Gone to Copenhagen.

Wm. Ellis, } servant to Colonel James, left with Shaw.

Edward Croaker, } left at Third River to East of Great Fish River, discharged soldiers.

James Stockdale } left at same river as Mr. Shaw.

John Hynes, } gone to Copenhagen.

Will Truel, } left in Sandy Country near Sundays River.

Chas. Berry,

James Simpson,

R. Fitzgerald, } seaman, dead.

Jacob Angel, } left at same river as Shaw.

John Blain, } dead, T. L. found him dead in a hut.

John Horves, } left same river Shaw. Hubberly told T. L. that he was the second who died, about three days after Shaw.

John Brown. } left at a river.

Master Law was first carried by William Thompson, midshipman, and then by each of the party in company by turns; and when they were knocked up, Mr. Lillburne said he would save the boy's life or lose his own.

* In enumeration only 20. Where's Wren?

The first party continued on the sea coast, the natives still about them, but dropping off little by little. The natives minded nothing but metal. One of the Kafirs took a watch (Hubberly told him), and then broke the watch with a stone, and picked the pieces out with their lance, and stuck them in their hair. This was up a pretty large salt water river.

They met a black Portuguese—rather young than old—in a house by a salt water river near the sea. He had two Kafir women with him. His house was by itself, but there was a Kafir village of 5 huts near. This Portuguese had no cows, but he gave them three fish which he cooked for them, together with what shell fish they had picked up, and some white roots like potatoes. This was about 3 days after entering the 2nd inhabited country.

L.

The other party went inland, and were 3 days out of sight of the sea. There were 4 days without seeing any inhabitants, though they saw some old huts and many wild beasts, elephants, tigers, &c., &c. Being distressed for provisions they returned to the coast, where they fed on shell-fish and fared pretty well, when they came up to a dead whale, of which they saw 3 or 4. They did not eat of the 1st or 2nd, having no knife, but made a shift afterwards to cut it with a spike nail, till Warmington found a knife in a boat upset on the shore.

W.

In about 3 weeks or a month after parting with the Captain and ladies, they came into a sandy country. By this time they were separated into small parties.

The party in which Thomas Lewis was consisted of about 11 persons. Hubberly told him Mr. Shaw was the first who died. In about 3 days after John Howes died. Lewis came on alone, and came up with the carpenter, &c. near a deep narrow river, at the end of 49 days after leaving the ship, according to the Carpenters' account (but Larey says he had lost his notched stick ten days before) Captain Talbot's servant Isaac, who had been his coxwain, and Patrick Burn stopped at the river—he swam back and told them to make a cattarmaran, and he would swim it over, which he did, and brought them across.

T. L.

Two days after he joined them the carpenter, Thomas. Page, died and was buried in the sand. T. L.

Afterwards he came to another river, where he joined several. Here he eat a piece of a dead whale that made him sick. From hence he went back seven days by himself and met James Sims, John Brown, and Ed. Croaker. John Blain was lying dead in a hut. He proposed to go back to the natives. Brown was not able to come, but he and the other two went back till they came to the river where they met the carpenter. Then his companions would go no further. He swam across at low water. Next morning he saw two of the natives on the sea-side. They seemed travelling. They looked at him and pointed to go along with them, but they were going another way, *i.e.*, to the Westward.

The same afternoon he saw three girls on the shore. They took him home about a mile and a half from the coast. There were about 6 huts in the kraal. The men were broiling meat. They all came round him. He made signs for something to eat. They gave him a little milk, but took his muscles from him, and afterwards drove him away, throwing stones at him. He went to another kraal about ¼ mile distant, and they gave him some milk. He staid there all night under the trees; and next morning went to another kraal; and then come back to the first kraal, and found there Francisco Feancon, and S. Paro, who had come through the country and not along the coast; they staid at that kraal, and he went to another about ½ mile from the first kraal, and stayed with the Kafirs 3 months, taking care of the calves and gathering wood.

When he had been about 3 weeks with the Kafirs, Wm. Hubberly, Mr. Shaw's servant, came there. He told him all his companions were dead. Mr. Williams was driven into a river, and killed by the natives throwing stones on him. Mr. Taylor would eat none after, and in 2 days died.

About 16 or 18 days after Hubberly came, Feancon and Paro left the huts. After a month's absence Feancon returned and told him that Paro was dead. Also that Thompson the midshipman; Parker; and Browne, were dead. The boy from the information of De Larso,.

who went in quest of the wreck, says that Feancon and Paro *had come within 3 days' journey of the Dutch farms*, when they returned. Feancon was nine days in the desert without water but his own urine, and then Paro died.

The Hottentots sent by Daniel King from the Dutch farm Zwartkops brought them through the country, and on the 15th of January, 1783, ten or eleven days after setting out from the kraal, he met, at Sondag's river, the wagons going towards the wreck, with Jeremiah Evans, and Francisco de Larso, who had been 28 days from *Landross van Swellendam*. They wanted him to have returned with them, but he would not, thinking he had already suffered enough.

He—Lewis—stayed at Skypper's house, at Zwartkops, two months. Near it is the first house belonging to Christian Feroos, to which John Potose brought the others who travelled along the coast, and in the neighbourhood is Daniel Kings, a Hanoverian, with whom the boy remained.

T. L.

The Dutch and Kafirs are on bad terms. Dan King and all his cattle carried off by them not long ago.

T. L.

The Lascars and Mrs. Hosea's maid left them at first. Mrs. Logie's maid told him the Captain had left Mr. and Mrs. Logie and Mr. and Mrs. Hosea behind.

The Lascars and black maids were left at *Landross van Swellendam*, He was ten days at the Cape, and sailed from thence the 7th May, in the Danish ship *King of Denmark*.

Captain Miller, the Captain of the wagons that went in quest of the wreck, took a slave who had run away from the Cape, and made him fast to the wagon, but he got away in the night. He supposes this was the Portuguese.

T. L.

The Governor of the Cape has sent again in quest of the people. Dan King goes himself, and carries presents of copper, brass and beads, for the Kafirs.

T. L.

When the party with which John Warmington was, first

came to the sandy country, only eight of the party remained together. They had not then overtaken any of the party in which the boy* and Larey were.

W.

Three weeks or a month after entering the sandy country, they came to a salt water river too deep to wade. At this time only four of the eight remained together, viz :— Warrmington, Fruel, Fitzgerald and Hynes, but they had overtaken Lilleburne with Master Law, Auld the cooper, and Jeremiah Evans, and at this river they came up with the boy, Larey, De Larso, the Armourer, William Couch, and Simmons and Schultz. There are three or four small rivers between it and Great Fish River.

Having now traced the others, the boy's account of his party will follow without interruption.

Some of the natives who they met on the seaside put a lance and nobby stick into his hand, by way of making friends, and took him by the arm, wanting him to go with them, but he began to cry, and Wm. Couch, who was his comrade—helping one and other ever since the wreck—and the others also fell a-crying, whereupon the natives let him go. This was in the second inhabited country after leaving the Portuguese, he thinks these were the last Kafirs he saw.

After coming into the sandy country they saw no natives. The sandy country is sandhills so loose that they could not go over them, and could only travel at low water where the sea ebbed and made it hard. They found rocks scattered on the shore in many places, and one rocky part to the sea, which they could only pass at low water, but luckily they came to it at low water.

At this rocky place they saw some pieces of wood with nails in it, and afterwards a Dutch boat cast on the shore. Warmington, who followed, found a knife in this boat. They also saw, on the shore, an old rotten mast and not long after they past Great Fish River, they saw a small old topgallant mast *in a fresh water creek.*

He learnt the name of that river, and of the others afterwards, from De Larso, who returned with the Dutch party.

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* The "boy" would be Price.

A little before they came to Great Fish River, which was in sight from a rising ground, they passed a little gully where they were called to by Paddy Burne. Mr. Lillburne, Thomas Lewis and Squires were there. The carpenter then dead and buried at that place.

Great Fish River is very broad at high water—like the sea—but narrow at low. It has flat sands at the mouth, and some black rocks on this side. De Larso was almost drowned by the eddy tide in swimming across. The others passed in catamarans made of rotten wood and stumps of trees brought down by the rivers and thrown up, which they tied with their handkerchiefs, and roots that grew on the sand, twisted together. They waded and guided the catamarans round the sand banks, till they came to the narrow deep part. He, Larey, and the Armourer were left behind the first day, their catamarans having gone across the river without them. Couch, Schultz and Simmons passed over at that time. They stayed that night and passed Great Fish River next morning. Mr. Lillburne stayed to sleep there that night, intending to go back to a whale. With him remained Master Law, Warmington, Fruel, Fitzgerald, Hynes, and Evans, who crossed the river afterwards; and the following, who did not cross the river, viz., P. Burne, G. Crighton, S. Squires, and Isaac, Captain Talbot's coxswain, together with one of the Lascars who is arrived at the Cape. The Lascars said it was a great way to the Cape, and that he would go back to look for the natives.

Those who had gone over the Great Fish River found a porpoise left amongst the rocks, Francisco De Larso caught hold of its tail, and it splashed him all over, but he at last stuck it with a little knife, which he brought with him to the *Landross* and gave to Mrs. Logie's maid.

They continued on after having stopped at the fresh water creek where the topgallant mast was seen, till they came to a pond where was fresh water, and then stopped. They went up a steep sandy hill and stayed in a fine jungle atop of a hill, where they made a fire.

When he and his two companions crossed the Great Fish River, they followed the others by their tracks, and called out when they saw the tracks striking up from the shore, when Wm. Couch answered. It was then dark, and they joined atop of the hill.