

procure otherwise than by purchase. Some refused to sign the paper, and others were raised up by God, to become their friends. He will reward them for the cup of cold water, given to His servants in that day.

I spent the 1st of February chiefly at home. In the afternoon, while I was drawing by the help of the camera obscura, several Hottentots gathered round me, whom I gratified by letting one after the other peep into it. One called to another passing by, "Come and peep, Susan, Mynheer has brought the church, and all the trees, into his box."

CHAPTER V.

Visit to Messieurs Teunis, senior and junior, and to Mr. Linde. Account of a Funeral. Consultations regarding a reconnoitring journey into the interior. A Hottentot garden described. Journey to Groenekloof. Night spent in the Wilderness. Arrival at Groenekloof. Excessive heat. Storm of Thunder. Birthday. Transactions at Capetown. Mr. Melville. Visit to Kerstenbosch, and to Newlands. Return to Gnadenthal. Uncertain dependance on African hospitality. Fires on the Mountains. Nursery of young trees. Gravestones. Singing of the Hottentot women. Hottentot Clans. Visit the boundary of the Settlement. Brother Bonatz's farewell. Instance of good discipline. Arrival of Brother Schmitt and Mr. Melville, at Gnadenthal. Preparations for the reconnoitring journey.

FEBRUARY 2nd. Brother Bonatz, Brother Clemens and his wife, Sister Kohrhammer, and I, set out on a visit to some farmers, who being acquainted with the interior, could give information respecting the Chamtoos-Revier, and other situations proposed to me

as suitable for a third settlement. Our equipage was a covered waggon, drawn by ten hired oxen, with a driver and leader. We passed the Bavians-Revier, and turned up the heathy hills, behind the Caffre-Kraal, towards Stoffels-Kraal. Brother Bonatz walked with me to an eminence, from which I could overlook a great part of the boundary of Gnadenthal. There is indeed, to appearance, a sufficient quantity of land, for every purpose of culture and pasturage; but of four thousand acres, granted to the Brethren by Government, the greater part is barren, and incapable of cultivation; or at least of that description, that the expense required to make it fit for use, would be much greater than we could well afford. Stoffels-Kraal is an ancient Hottentot station, but now forsaken. There is, however, some good land along a small gully, now dry. From hence we went to the farm of a widow, Mrs. Giebeler, whom we did not find at home. It is, like most farms in this neighbourhood, an assemblage of mean houses and sheds, but the plantations are fine, consisting of large peach orchards, and gardens, surrounded by avenues of firs, and of groves of various kinds of trees. This place likewise belonged to a tribe of Hottentots, but was taken from them, by a species of robbery, very common in former days, when for a few bottles of brandy, or some other trifling consideration, the best lands in their possession were purchased of them; and the Hottentot captain, perhaps in a state of intoxication, led to some magistrate, by whom the shameful bargain was ratified. The poor fellow did not come to his senses, till it was too late, when he perceived with dismay, how he had suffered himself, and his people to be duped.

Our road now led through a barren country. In about three hours we arrived at the Sieckenhaus, the residence of Mynheer Teunis senior. It was interesting to me to see and converse with this man, who, at the commencement of the mission, rendered essential services to the three Brethren, till their unexpected success in collecting a congregation of Hottentots made him, for a season, a dangerous enemy. He is however again considered as

a friend, and received us with much cordiality. He seemed pleased, when I informed him, that ever since the renovation of the mission, I had been well acquainted with his name and services, when, by orders from the Dutch Governor, in 1792, he first brought the missionaries to Bavians-Kloof, and lodged them in his house, at Soete Melks Valley, till they could put up a cottage for themselves. Though upwards of seventy years old, he is full of activity, of a very intelligent mind, and seemed interested in all that passes here and in Europe.

On consulting him about the best place for a third settlement, he recommended an examination of the banks, both of the Chamtoos, and Kierbooms Reviers, and named several situations, the advantages of which he enumerated.

No trees or hedges adorn his premises, except four small oaks behind, and two Chinese rose-trees before the house. The river Sonderend flows in the vale, but its waters, in this dry season, are hid from view by large shrubs, brush-wood, broom, and reed-grass, growing in its very bed. The view of the mountains is grand, and makes amends for the melancholy appearance of the plain.

After dinner, we set out for Mr. Linde's farm, lying likewise on the Sonderend. A sudden change of weather had taken place. Clouds began first to hover above, then to obscure, the highest peaks, and gradually to envelope the whole range of mountains. We hastened therefore to get under shelter, and after a short visit to Mr. Teunis's son Jan, reached Mr. Linde's house, just before the rain came on. It lies not far from the river Sonderend, which, in most places, is hid by bushes. I had expected to find a man, formerly in the employ of Government, as a commander of Hottentots in the Caffre war, a Veldcornet, and justly esteemed as a truly respectable character throughout the country, inhabiting a well-built mansion, and I was preparing a handsome apology, for not appearing in full dress, till I saw his miserable cottage and its homely furniture. But African and English ideas, of the necessity of suiting your appearance to your rank, widely differ, and a man of consequence is here

not less respected for the shabbiness of his attire, or the wretched and ruinous state of his house and premises.

Brother Bonatz was highly diverted at my disappointment, especially when, Mr. Linde not having returned from his fields, our reception seemed rather dry. As soon, however, as he entered, though clad in an old jacket and trowsers, and barefoot, the ease and urbanity of his manners, and the kindness, with which he pressed us to spend the night at his house, showed him in his true character, as a well-bred, intelligent gentleman. He had already one guest, and a farmer from the south arriving, he gave him also a friendly invitation, though the size of the cottage did not seem to furnish accommodations for so many. Some black coffee without milk, as is here the fashion, was handed round, and we soon entered into conversation respecting the aim of our visit.

Mr. Linde seemed exactly to coincide in opinion with Mr. Teunis, as to the country on the Chamtoos-Revier, but did not advise us to attempt a settlement on the Kierbooms-Revier. He was not well disposed towards the Caffres, but described them as a people without faith, to whom the British Government showed undeserved lenity.

The rain ceasing for some time, after sun-set, I walked with Brother Clemens to the river, and found the rocky banks to consist of the same ferruginous sand-stone, which abounds everywhere. Here and there, it seemed to rest on a bed of a species of slate or Thonschiefer, of a blue-grey colour.

At supper, no beverage of any kind was on the table, and our host informed us, that he never drank either beer, wine, or spirits, but only water. I therefore called for water, when the slave-girl in waiting, brought me a slop-bason full, no glass being used in this house. The supper was abundant, and well dressed. The conversation turned upon some of the beasts of prey, haunting this country, when the Southland farmer gave an account of the depredations lately committed by wolves and wild-dogs, in his neighbourhood, the latter being numerous, between the mountains and

the coast. Tygers are not often seen; they skulk about the cattle-kraals, and in the woods, but wolves roam singly, all over the downy or heathy country. The wild-dogs go in packs, are very bold and mischievous, and will attack oxen, horses and sheep, in spite of watchmen and dogs. Both they and the wolves, attack always either from behind, or in flank, never in front, as a tyger does. Serpents are more dangerous to man. Mr. Linde related, that a wood-keeper he employed in the kloofs, had lately lost his life by the bite of a Berg-adder. He died before notice could reach his master, and assistance be sent, which was in about three hours. Not long since, one of his oxen was bitten, on the road, by a Puff-adder, and died the same night. The bite of the Nachtschlange, or night-serpent, is said by the Hottentot poison-doctors, to be incurable. It is a beautiful creature, marked with dark blue or black, vermilion and yellow rings, following each other from head to tail.

Some time after supper, the ladies retired, but Brother Bonatz and I received still much entertainment and information from our host and his guests, who were sensible, pleasant companions, till at length we requested to be shown into our bed-room. In passing through an anti-chamber, we found a Dutch folio bible, and a testament in octavo, lying on the window-seat. Both had been used, the latter some time ago, for it had lain so long with the leaves upon the boards, that the opened pages had assumed the colour of the wood. As for the bible, one use of long prefaces, introductory exhortations, and other prolegomena, with which these ancient editions abound, was here rendered manifest, for they had saved the text of the Scriptures itself, as some of the family had torn out the greater part, both of the first and last leaves, and had not yet reached either Genesis or the Revelations, the latter being defended by a translation of Josephus's account of the destruction of Jerusalem. Thus by a timely remonstrance, I hope the bible itself, has been saved. It was furnished with very good prints, in the old Dutch style of engraving.

On entering the bed-room, how great was my astonishment, now

to discover, how our hospitable landlord had provided for so many guests! We found Brother Clemens and his wife, lying in one, Sister Kohrhammer in another, and a bedstead for us, in a third corner of the room. A square hole in the wall served for a window. A savoury supper, without any thing to drink, had created sufficient thirst, to keep our friends awake. They were eagerly expecting our arrival, as Brother Bonatz had the key of the waggon-chest, who was now called upon to administer a draught of wine and water to each of the party. Trying to open the shutter for air, it fell out, and as we could not leave the square hole open, for fear of a visit from some of the numerous dogs, which guarded the premises, I had some trouble in recovering and fastening the shutter again. These operations, and the amusement occasioned by the remarks made on the accommodations afforded in the mansion of an African 'squire, kept us some time awake, and when at last I attempted to join my friend in his narrow couch, I found it utterly impossible. I therefore put on my boots and great coat, and sitting on the bed, leaning my head against the wall, got a very sound nap. To complete our happiness, we were all night serenaded by the cries of Mrs. Linde's children, in an adjoining apartment; and roused early in the morning by the dying screams of a poor pig, which, as we were afterwards informed, was butchered, to provide us with a good breakfast. This was the first time I had spent a night in the enjoyment of African hospitality, and Brother Bonatz assured me, of what I was in the sequel sufficiently convinced, that it was much better, than I had to expect, when travelling into the interior. We were greeted by our cheerful host in the morning, with his hopes, that we had found ourselves comfortably lodged, and which we could answer in the affirmative without hypocrisy, for his goodwill, and desire to please us, made every thing bearable.

He provided us with an excellent breakfast, broiled pork, omelets, eggs, tea and coffee, with milk and grapes in abundance, and though custom has excluded attention to what Englishmen call the comforts, yet there seems to be no want of the necessaries of life, and no feeling of inconvenience attending the absence of neatness,

and elegance. We took leave of Mr. Linde, with sentiments of gratitude and esteem, having obtained from him sufficient information respecting the country I was about to visit, and proceeded to Gaense-Kraal, which at some distance appeared very inviting with groves of lofty oaks and pines. We forded the Sonderend close to the farm, but on entering, found the building in a very dilapidated state, and the gardens much neglected. Sister Kohrhammer was also here unsuccessful, in her endeavours to procure some articles of house-keeping, for Gnadenthal.

We admired the oaks growing on these premises. They are an additional proof, that had the first settlers been attentive to the growth of timber, both for their own and their children's sake, they would now have had timber and fuel sufficient, and not been under the necessity of fetching the former from Plettenberg-bay, and the Zitzikamma, and of stripping the country of its bushes, to procure the latter. I am convinced, from the experience made at Gnadenthal, and many other places, that whole forests of oak and other useful timber, might be reared in a short space of time, wherever the soil retains any moisture. But it appears, as if neither the first settlers nor their descendants, had the least notion of providing for posterity. Many answers given to me by boors, otherwise intelligent, proved that their only thought is, "What shall we eat? What shall we drink, and wherewith shall we be clothed? How shall we increase our herds of cattle, and leave to our children a set of fine beasts."

Mr. Teunis senior, who is one of the most sensible and shrewd men I have seen in this country, very ironically described the indolent life of the common African boors, in answer to some observations I made on the possibility of improving the cultivation of the country. "What," said he, "would you have us do? We " have nothing to do, but to fill our bellies, to get good clothes, " and houses; to say to one slave, do this, and to another, do that, " and ourselves to sit idle, and be waited on; and as to our mode " of tillage, or building, or planting, our forefathers, did so and so,

“ and were satisfied, and why should not we be the same. The English want us to use their ploughs, instead of our heavy wooden ones, and recommend other implements of husbandry than those we have been used to, but we like our old things best.”

From Gaense-Kraal, we proceeded to Soete-Melks-Valley, and Hartebeest-Kraal, the farm of Mr. William Teunis. As we approached this place, the chain of mountains to the right assumed an appearance singularly romantic, and beautiful. They are chiefly huge masses of rock, extremely rugged and precipitous, full of kloofs, and chasms, within which, upon but a scanty portion of soil, trees grow, to a considerable height. The sides of the mountains, in many places, look like immense walls, supported by conical buttresses.

Mr. William Teunis is an intelligent man. He had been employed as a commandant in the wars, both against the Caffres, and the rebellious boors, but seemed cautious in giving his opinion respecting the cause of the rebellion.

An old schoolmaster, who attended his children, hearing that we were lovers of music, treated us with some pieces on the violin. We obtained here likewise some useful information, and after dinner, set out for Gnadenthal. Our driver, Paul, set his oxen a-going at a rate I had never yet seen. Ten of these long-horned animals in full gallop, is a sight truly ridiculous. About eight in the evening, we reached our home. Here we heard, that a tyger had been seen behind Brother Leitner's garden, at the entrance of the kloof, and that a great many Hottentots, armed with guns and other weapons, had gone in search of him, but in vain.

4th. After the forenoon's service, and the baptism of a child, we attended the funeral of a poor Hottentot woman. I guess the company that followed her remains to the grave, to have been about three hundred in number. The Hottentot mode of burying in our settlement is this: The corpse being neatly tied or sowed up in skins, is laid on a bier, and covered with a white sheet. The

bier is borne by six men, members of the congregation, dressed in white jackets and trowsers. After the funeral-discourse, as soon as the people have arranged themselves in front of the church, a verse is sung, treating of the happiness of those, who have departed this life in the faith of Christ. The boys' school begins the procession, then follows the minister, preceding the corpse, the relations next, and lastly, the rest of the congregation two and two; the men or women taking the lead, according to the sex of the deceased. As soon as the company arrive at the burial-ground, the bier being placed next to the grave, the congregation range themselves around the ground in order. The Liturgy at burials is then read, during which, two of the bearers, descending into the grave, receive the body from those above, and place it in a recess, made on one side, at the bottom. The service being concluded, bushes or branches of trees are put in as high as the top of the recess, and the earth thrown in upon them. Of the origin of this custom I could obtain no information, but as it is done with the greatest decency, the missionaries have wisely refrained from obliging the Hottentots to discontinue the practice of making a recess, and using the branches or bushes. Europeans are buried in the manner usual in Europe, and the service and liturgy are the same. In the evening-meeting of the whole missionary family, I communicated some recent letters from our Brethren in Greenland.

5th. At a special conference, we took into serious consideration, the measures to be adopted in making a reconnoitring journey into the interior, and my proposal to take Brother Schmitt and his wife, of Groenekloof, and one of the two single Brethren Lemmerz or Stein with me, was approved. I had made some experience of Cape travelling, sufficient to discover, that it is no luxury; but I came thither to serve the mission, and not to seek my ease. I therefore gladly entered upon this service, though the only plan, which we could form at present, was, to take our own waggon and oxen, and to purchase an additional span, in the interior, to help us along. It will be seen by the narrative of that journey, that, by God's gra-

scious providence, we were enabled to perform it on a plan much more eligible and effective; without which, indeed, all our contrivances would have been rendered abortive. Thus committing our case and ourselves to His care and guidance, we are sure to be directed in the best way.

I resolved to go in a few days to Groenekloof, and both there, and at the Cape, to make the needful arrangements, and obtain His Excellency the Governor's permission and sanction. In the afternoon, I was busily employed in making a drawing of the missionaries' premises from the hill to the right, coming out of the kloof, having lately found a situation from which I could see some part of every building belonging to them.

In the evening, Father Marsveld, after a suitable discourse, offered up a fervent prayer for the prosperity of the work of God on earth, particularly among the heathen, the Brethren having here followed the practice of other missionary societies in England and Holland, to meet for this purpose every first Monday in the month.

6th. I attended the instructions given by Father Marsveld to a person who was to be confirmed, previous to her admission to the Lord's supper. I was greatly edified and affected by the simplicity, cordiality and genuine piety with which this venerable man imparted his instruction to the candidate, as well as with the attention and devotion with which she received it. At the conclusion, he offered up a fervent prayer in her behalf, and both he and his wife added some suitable exhortations respecting her future walk and conversation, as a worthy communicant, and child of God.

In the afternoon, Brother Lemmerz accompanied me to the hill on the other side of the Bavians-Revier, and to the garden-grounds belonging to the Hottentots. A little man, very ill dressed, beckoned to us, inviting us to come into his cottage and grounds. From his appearance, I guessed him, to be one of those, who were either too poor or too indolent to provide better for themselves and their families. I was therefore preparing to impart some friendly exhortation, when, on stepping within the outer fence, to my surprise, I saw a hedge



Drawn by R. Coburg, from a sketch by Elizabeth.

Engraved by J. Bird.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE MISSIONARIES' PREMISES, & PART OF THE VILLAGE OF GNADENTHAL.

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neatly cut and trimmed, with a small gate, through which he showed us into one of the best cultivated gardens I have yet seen in the settlement. It was divided into squares, with borders of Indian corn, each square containing a different kind of produce, beans, potatoes, cabbages, or other vegetables. The orchard was well stocked with peach, apricot, pear, and apple-trees, in abundance. The cottage was mean, and his children almost naked. On inquiry, I found, that he was very poor, and had only one suit of decent clothing, with which the family appeared on the Sundays at church. His name was Benjamin Okkers.

To-day, I received a letter from Mr. Melville, Government-surveyor at the Cape. This was the commencement of an acquaintance, which in the sequel proved a most valuable acquisition, and will always be considered by me, as one of those unforeseen channels, by which God, in His providence, conveys mercies unto us, and grants success to whatever we undertake, according to His will.

7th. Two Hottentot women called upon me, purposely to inquire about the son of their late beloved teacher, Father Kuehnel, now at Fulnec in Yorkshire. I gave them every information in my power, and having a print of Fulnec with me, showed them the school, the windows of the room in which he lived, of the room in which I was born, and the chapel, which highly delighted them. I was surprised to find them not at all puzzled by a representation of this kind. They proved, that they understood the picture, by asking many sensible questions, showing more intelligence than a boor, who lately on seeing an "*Ecce homo*" (a picture of Christ, crowned with thorns), in Father Schwinn's room, inquired, whether it was a picture of the English Governor at the Cape.

In the evening-meeting, Brother Bonatz mentioned my intended journey to the Cape, and in prayer commended me and my company to the protection and blessing of God.

8th. At four in the morning, the whole family was at breakfast, soon after which I set out on horseback, accompanied by their best wishes for a prosperous journey. My companion was

Brother Lemmerz, and mygroom, Solomon Pfeiffer, a very steady and trust-worthy Hottentot, with a led horse to carry a portman-teau. I did not feel quite well, and the missionaries, having charged Solomon to take all possible care, that I received no harm, he was almost troublesome with his anxieties about the safety of my person. Perceiving however, that I meant to ride more soberly than a Hottentot, who is always in full gallop, he observed, that unless Mynheer used more speed, we should not reach Mr. Alexander's farm, beyond Hottentot-Hollands-Kloof, where he thought I meant to spend the night. But, as the weather was intensely hot, I had no intention of murdering either myself or our horses, but kept on an easy pace.

After passing Klemms' farm, we met Brother Leitner returning with his wife from the warm-baths. We all alighted, and spent a quarter of an hour together in conversation. Our first halt was at a farm, belonging to a Mr. Joorst. The heat grew almost intolerable, and we were glad to retire into any kind of shade; not a tree or bush affording any defence, against the burning rays of the sun during the whole journey. The farm, like most others, is a mass of ruined walls, and wretched hovels. The master was a paralytic old German, painfully striving to make himself intelligible to Brother Lemmerz, and by the help of his son, as interpreter, to satisfy his eager curiosity about the politics of the day and the fate of nations, which seemed grievously to trouble the poor man's brains, and set his lame tongue to work. He had been a sailor on board a Dutch Indiaman, some fifty years ago. His son was a friendly, hospitable man, and a shoemaker by trade. Some hints, given by my worthy companion, relating to the necessity of his becoming, in his present infirm state, better acquainted with the things of Heaven, than those of the earth, were neither understood nor taken. We left him with emotions of sincere compassion.

After a very hot ride over the barren desert, we reached a farm on the Botte-Revier, where I soon recognized the possessor to be

my old friend, whom Sister Clemens and I had visited on our journey to Gnadenthal. (p. 56). Hither we had sent relay-horses which were ready to carry us forward. But I was in no hurry to proceed, and had serious doubts, whether exposing myself longer to the rays of the sun were not sporting with my health, for by the time we reached this place, I felt quite overcome with heat and fatigue.

Our host, however, treated us with so excellent a dish of tea, which, as he said, had been given him by an English traveller some days ago, that it greatly revived my spirits, and a plate of fine grapes completed my recovery. Having forded the bed of the river, in which there was hardly a few inches depth of water, we reached the foot of a long hill called the Haue Hoek, where the English have established a turnpike, to cover the expense of mending the road across the mountain, which formerly was very rough and dangerous. We had resolved to take up our night's lodging at a German farmer's house, on the east-side of the mountain, of the name of Urie, who keeps a kind of inn, and has good accommodations: but when we reached his place, as it was yet early, I was disposed to proceed. The road is in general pretty even, but here and there carried along a steep slope, which makes it dangerous for a loaded waggon, if not driven with great care. The view of the mountains near Hottentots-Holland is grand, and the variety of their shapes forms a singular outline. After fording the Palmite-Revier, we rode up to a farm on the waste, the appearance of which was not in its favour, nor did we find the master and mistress at home. We therefore determined on proceeding to the next farm, belonging to a German of the name of Sibran.

He received us with a hearty welcome, and though every part of his premises betrayed poverty and a disregard of order, he gave us a good dish of coffee with milk, (a rare article in this part of Africa), and a good supper: but his accommodations for sleeping were bad. Brother Lemmerz and I were jammed into a narrow bedstead, and our Hottentot groom, contrary to the usual eti-

quette, lay down in the same room on the floor. The furniture of this dark chamber was in unison with general appearances. On a broken chair lay a quantity of butcher's meat, in reserve for tomorrow's dinner, when Mr. Sibran expected his wife and family to return from a journey of pleasure to Capetown. But fatigue and no choice, made us make the best of it, and we rested tolerably well. Mean-while, our good-humoured host did all in his power to amuse us, by relating the history of his whole life, and requesting Brother Lemmerz to examine one of his daughters in reading. Among his servants was an Englishman from Hull.

9th. After paying cheaply for our fare, we set out before sun-rise, to pass the kloof in the cool of the morning. The ascent from the east is rough, but not steep. The wildness of the scenery can scarcely be surpassed. Rocks of every shape, weather-beaten and worn, pointed and jagged, start on all sides, to a great height, one ridge towering above the other. They are the haunts of hosts of baboons; but some waggons having just come up, these timid creatures had probably been frightened by the cracking of whips, and fled into their lurking-places; for though the morning is the proper time for them to make their appearance, not one was to be seen.

The prospect from the summit of the kloof, over the fertile grounds of Hottentots-Holland, and towards Simons' and Table-bay, is delightful.

We continued our route, till we arrived at Mr. Dirk Cloete's charming place beyond Stellenbosch, where we dined with the family, and rested about six hours. After sun-set we proceeded, hoping to arrive at some place of shelter towards midnight, or even perhaps to reach Groenekloof between one and two in the morning, before the moon should set. The coolness of the evening refreshed both men and horses, and we travelled pleasantly till midnight, when Solomon observed, that he had lost the track, and feared we were taking a wrong direction. Fires, occasioned by the burning of the bushes on the sides of the hills, illumined the horizon

for some time. The moon set, reddened by a kind of haze, which by degrees spread all over the sky, and covered the lower ranges of hills, leaving no marks, by which we might discover our way in the dark. We now reached a place where two roads met, one taking a westerly, and the other a northerly direction. Solomon walked forward on each, and returned with very evident marks of dismay in his countenance. "Well Solomon," said I, "which way are we to ride?" "Ah, Sir," replied he, "I am lost. God must help us! Mynheer must decide, and we shall be right." The roar of the sea to westward was now very distinct, and knowing, that towards that quarter we could not err, I chose the western road, on which we proceeded with our weary horses for some time, till perceiving the light of a fire, apparently at a short distance before us, we made towards it, and after much anxiety, the fire appearing and vanishing by turns, as though it fled from us, we at length arrived at it. Here we found two waggons, with two slaves sleeping on the bare ground, to whom we were announced by the barking of their dogs. We dismounted, and turned the horses loose, to seek a supper. Solomon, overjoyed at finding a resting-place, exclaimed, "Well, I knew, that the road Mynheer would chuse, must be the right one, though he has never been here before." The slaves informed us, that we were at the Diep-Revier, and in the right way to Groenekloof. Brother Lemmerz and I kept awake, and fed the fire with bushes; but Solomon, with a saddle for his pillow, lay down on the ground, and instantly fell asleep. It was now two o'clock, and we spent the following two hours in agreeable conversation, chiefly on the mercies of the Lord shown to us during our whole lives, but particularly on our late voyage and journies together; to our brethren, engaged in the service of this favoured mission, and to the Hottentot race, in sending the gospel to them. I believe His eye was upon us in this wilderness, and He filled our hearts with His love and peace.

Our situation presented a picture worthy of the pencil of the most expert artist. Two men, sitting on stones near a fire, the blaze of

which illumined the surrounding heath, showing, to the right, the weary oxen belonging to the waggons, lying in different attitudes, and at various distances, and, to the left, our horses in similar positions; the two covered waggons in the back-ground, and the slaves and Solomon asleep under the bushes. After four o'clock, some cocks in the waggons announced the approaching day. Their crowing was answered by the yells of jackals on the waste, and shortly after, by the more frightful howl of a wolf, not very far off. Some large birds flew croaking over our heads, and joined the dismal concert, accompanied by other voices, unknown to us. Never did we more gladly hail the morning's dawn. We waked our sleepy groom, saddled our horses, and set off, before the sun had risen. At the farm of a friendly miller, near the Dassenberg, both we and our hungry beasts found some refreshment, and after two hours' rest, pursued our journey towards Groenekloof. Our arrival, about noon, was unexpected.

This was the hottest day known for some years at the Cape. About two in the afternoon, Fahrenheit's thermometer stood at 107° in the shade. I found Brother Schmitt and his wife, and Brother Stein well, and willing to accompany me on the reconnoitring journey into the interior, according to the plan proposed. I spent the remainder of the day in walking to different parts of the village, and visiting many of the families. Some of them are very poor, which the state of the cottages on the west side of the valley sufficiently declares. Those who, from the number of their children, or from age or sickness, are not able to help themselves, are now and then assisted by a collection made, at stated times, for the relief of the poor; but wisdom and discretion are required in the exercise of this charity, lest a dependance upon gratuitous help should occasion neglect, and prevent proper exertion on the part of the healthy.

11th. The Sunday-services were held as usual. Groenekloof lying in the neighbourhood of large farms, Sunday visitors frequently occasion interruption; the Holy Communion, therefore, is here likewise celebrated in the evening. To the missionaries, as well as

to me, the state of the communicant congregation here, was truly encouraging, as a proof, that "their labour is not in vain in the Lord."

12th. Soon after four in the morning, I heard the sweet sound of Hottentot voices, singing a hymn in the hall before my chamber-door. It reminded me, that this day was my birth-day, which had been mentioned to them by some of the missionaries. I was struck and affected by this mark of their regard, nor was their mode of expressing it confined to a morning-song. They had dressed out my chair, at the common table, with branches of oak and laurel, and Sister Schmitt's school-children, in order not to be behind in their kind offices, having begged their mistress to mark on a large white muslin handkerchief, some English words, expressive of their goodwill towards me, they managed to embroider them with a species of creeper called cat's-thorn, and fastened the muslin in front of a table, covered with a white cloth, and decorated with festoons of cat's-thorn and field-flowers. On the table stood five large bouquets, in glasses. The whole arrangement did credit to their taste, for Sister Schmitt had left it entirely to their own invention. This table I found placed in my room on returning from my morning's walk. The words were; "May success crown every action."

Recapitulating, within my own heart, the undeserved mercies of God my Saviour, experienced during the year past, I felt particularly grateful for the favour conferred upon me, to behold with my own eyes, and hear with my own ears, what He has wrought in this distant land for the accomplishment of His thoughts of peace towards the Gentile world. To serve such a cause, shall, by His enabling grace, be my heart's delight, during the remainder of my earthly pilgrimage.

The excessive heat of the last days, which we had felt so oppressively on our journey hither, seemed to have brought into action all the electricity contained in the atmosphere, and already, early in the forenoon, very dense, black, towering clouds were seen covering the mountains near Stellenbosch. It thundered almost incessantly in that quarter for several hours before the storm rose towards

us. We were at dinner, when the increasing darkness announced its approach, and it began to rain violently. I scarcely ever remember to have seen lightning so vivid, and heard peals of thunder so loud, with a crackling and roaring not to be described. In a short time, every part of the premises was inundated. The streams flowed in all directions, and some hundreds of a species of frogs, or toads, came clumsily hopping from the wood, and passed in procession with the stream across the yard to the pond in the valley. For above an hour and a half, there was no intermission in the fury of the tempest, after which the thunder roared incessantly round the horizon for three hours more. In the evening, all was calm, the air cool and refreshing, the moon shone bright, and after the family had retired to rest, I walked by moon-light, for half an hour, on the raised terrace before the house, engaged in recollections, grateful and humiliating, and closed my birth-day with prayer and praise to God for all his goodness to myself, my family, friends, and connexions. I should not have noticed the celebration of this day, had it not served to exhibit some traits in the character of the Hottentots, whose sincerity, gratitude, and attachment to their teachers and benefactors, and their manner of expressing these sentiments made a deep impression on my mind, and are more deserving of record, than the day itself.

13th. Having been employed all day in various correspondence, Brother Schmitt and his wife agreed to accompany me to Capetown, in a waggon and twelve oxen, leaving Brother Lemmerz and Solomon to follow us in a few days.

We left Groenekloof at seven in the evening, with fine moonlight, but in about an hour, a fog and cold, drizzling rain came on, which made us glad to take shelter in a cottage, consisting of two roofs without subjacent walls. It is built in two divisions standing in a right angle, and kept by a very civil couple, whose furniture showed their love of cleanliness and order. The weather cleared up, before we arrived at Capetown.

14th. We were received by Mrs. Disandt and her family with their wonted kindness, and spent the day in visiting friends. I was in-

troduced to Mr. Hammes, who accompanied the Rev. Mr. Campbell on his late tour to visit the settlements of the Missionary Society in London.

15th. I called this morning upon Mr. Melville, Surveyor to Government, of whose friendly letter to me I made mention on the 6th. His house is situated towards the foot of the Duivelsberg, or Devil's hill. On communicating to him my intention of making a journey into the interior, he expressed an inclination to accompany me, at least part of the way, which, though uncertain how it might accord with our plans, I immediately felt disposed to encourage, and before I left Capetown, my companions most gladly concurring in the measure, we made an arrangement, by which Mr. Melville and his family were to follow us in a fortnight to Guadenthal, and leaving Mrs. Melville and the children there, give us the pleasure of his company, as long as his other engagements would permit. I then waited on Colonel Bird, and had a long and satisfactory conversation with him, respecting the affairs of Groenekloof and the above-mentioned journey. He kindly furnished me with a list of all the loan places belonging to Government, situated on the Chamtoos and Klein Reviers. Mr. Alexander coming in, insisted on my accompanying him to his seat at Kerstenbosch; and hoping that I might find there a favourable opportunity of conversing with him, as First Colonial Secretary, on some business, which I felt anxious to have completed, I agreed and went with him. Passing Newlands, we met Mr. Bentinck, whom Mr. Alexander prevailed upon to return and dine with us. The presence of this very agreeable gentleman prevented the conversation I had proposed to myself.

As wolves every now and then descend from the mountains behind the house, and pass through the premises, and the moon shone bright, I stood long at the window, in vain watching for them. My curiosity was punished with a severe cold.

16th. In the morning I felt unwell, but walked before break-

fast with Mr. Alexander into his woods, up the mountain. They consist of oak, chesnut, and witte-boom. We were engaged in a discussion on affairs of our establishments in this country. After breakfast, I went with him and his lady to town, where I found an invitation from the Governor to come and spend a few days with him at Newlands. My good friend, Mr. Hancke, accompanied me, but I was far from well, and could not much enjoy the kindness and hospitality I experienced. Some medicine, however, relieved me.

17th. I rose, considerably recovered, and walked before breakfast into the gardens, which are laid out in the Dutch style, with long avenues, covered walks, and square compartments surrounded with high trees, enclosing orchards and kitchen-gardens. The principal walks are made with a vermilion-coloured iron-stone, beat into gravel, or brought in that state from the mountains. Near the houses, are groves of oaks, planted in quincunx, and a labyrinth of shady paths intersecting each other. The house is large, with good rooms, and fitted up in the English taste. Looking towards it from the garden, Table-Mountain and the Devil's hill form a noble back-ground, being also here much more picturesque in their form, than on the town-side. After breakfast, Captain Cloete, the Governor's Aid-de-camp, walked with me all over the grounds. His Excellency asked me to ride with him, but feeling yet somewhat feverish, I was obliged to decline it. When left alone, I took another gentle stroll into the wild wood under the Table-Mountain, and examined, or I should rather say, admired, some curious trees and plants, knowing nothing of the names of either genus or species. The witte-boom is used for fuel, being unfit for building, furniture, or implements of husbandry.

Mean-while signals, made at the signal-house on the Devil's hill, and shortly after a dispatch, announced the arrival of a Dutch ship of war, with the Governor of Batavia, Baron de Capelle, on board. The Governor was therefore again obliged to postpone his intended

journey to Groot-Post, near Groenekloof, and my visit to Newlands was likewise shortened. I employed my time in writing several letters to England.

18th. His Excellency having suffered me to claim his attention to some business this morning, I had the satisfaction of much private conversation with him, both before and during breakfast, and experienced every mark of goodwill in his approbation of the subjects I laid before him, both relating to the building of a new church at Groenekloof, the possession of land belonging to our settlements, the objects of my intended expedition, and the gift of such unoccupied land, as I might find suitable for a third settlement. He promised, that letters should be directed to the landdrosts of Zwellendam, George, and Uitenhagen, to afford me every facility in my search, which, in the sequel, proved of the most essential service to me. On this occasion, I became better than ever acquainted with his Excellency's favourable disposition towards the Missions of our Church, as they contribute to further the propagation of Christianity, and to introduce industry and civilization among a nation, hitherto considered as the most abject and degraded part of the human race, but whose improvement and welfare he seemed eager to promote; and I could ever after feel full confidence in proposing to him any plan, having these benefits for its object.

As he went to town to meet the Dutch Governor, he proposed to send word, whether he should stay or return, and kindly detained me. My time was well spent in writing and completing my journal and memorandums, till his return.

19th. The Governor, attended by his son and two dragoons, went to town. Captain Cloete with myself followed in his coach. Brother Lemmerz having arrived in town from Groenekloof, we resolved to set out on our return to Gnadenthal in the afternoon. It turned out a windy evening. After about two hours' ride through the sands, or Cape Downs, we hoped to find shelter with a farmer; but as he had no stable for our horses, we

proceeded, and after two hours more, reached a small farm, near the Erste Revier, where, after battering for some time at doors and windows, we found no entrance. Total silence announced the family fled. We forded the river, and called at another larger farm, where we were assailed by ten or twelve fierce dogs, and heard the woman of the house bid her slave tell us, that, her husband being absent at Stellenbosch, she could not give us quarters, in which, however, she was contradicted by her more honest servant. It was midnight, and our horses as well as ourselves were not much disposed to proceed. But there was no remedy. Providentially the night was fair, and the moon shone bright. At one, we reached a good-looking house, from which we were again sent to get accommodations at a Veldcornet's. We crept on, and on our arrival, a slave-girl opening the door, told us, that her master and mistress were gone out, and had left her alone in the house; then banged the door in our faces. What could we do, but keep on our way. At two, we reached Mr. Morkel's farm at Hottentot's-Holland. Here a slave took pity on us and our beasts, provided the latter and our groom with good quarters and food, and showed us into an empty room, with a plate of peaches on the table. In an adjoining chamber stood two empty bed-steads, on one of which, with my portmanteau for my pillow, I enjoyed some refreshing sleep for about three hours. My companion slept in a chair.

20th. On rising, the family received us kindly, lamented their not having been aware of our arrival, and treated us with a good breakfast. About seven o'clock, we reached Hottentot-Holland's Kloof, where Mr. Schultz, late of Gnadenthal, overtook and kept us company all day. We made halt for a few hours at Veldcornet Schwartz's house, and passing to the left of the great Haue Hoek, over a wretched-looking wilderness, descended to the Botte Revier. The many fires kindled on the mountains, by the burning of bushes, gave the country the appearance of a manufacturing district in England, and our imagination conjured up furnaces, coke-burnings, and stacks of iron-works, in the midst of this

uninhabitable waste. By Mr. Schultz's good guidance, we forded the river safely, and found our way along the valley to Mr. Leroux's farm, where we were well received and entertained by him and his numerous family.

21st. We set out before sunrise, and hastened towards Gnadenthal. Mr. Schultz accompanied us across the hills, as far as the vale of the Sonderend, when he turned to the right. In the vale are some delightful prospects, and the mountains about the Yagersbosch are singularly grand and picturesque. We entered Gnadenthal from the west, by Robyntjes Kraal, a farm within the boundary of the Brethren's land, and, descending from the hill, were charmed with the view of the village, the great mountain rising majestically beyond it. When the Hottentots perceived us, they came out of their cottages and gardens to the road-side to bid us welcome, and we soon found ourselves again in the midst of our friends and Brethren.

To my great satisfaction, one of the first objects that presented itself in riding into the missionaries' premises, was the foundation of the new house, laid in the best manner, and a number of Hottentot workmen diligently employed.

We now began seriously to make preparations for the reconnoitring journey, and Brother Bonatz had, during our absence, engaged oxen and drivers. In the afternoon I walked out, determined not to yield to drowsiness, and lose any part of the short time I am favoured to remain at Gnadenthal. After all I have seen of situations in this country, I have found none to be compared to Gnadenthal for snugness, cleanliness and comfort: and I often felt disposed to wish that I were young, and my lot cast in this place, that, with full vigour of mind and body, I might assist in this work.

22d. Brother Thomsen accompanied me to the nursery of young trees of various kinds, chiefly kierbooms, oaks, and firs, situated beyond the burial-ground. They seem at present to be in a thriving state, and if any dependance could be placed upon the growth of wood in this soil, provision is here made for timber and fuel for fu-

ture generations. Brother Leitner then showed me the foundation of a school-room, which I had previously directed to be added to the new house, destined for the use of his wife, who, like her countrywoman, Sister Schmitt of Groenekloof, has instructed a number of Hottentot girls in working satin-stich, which they do with great neatness. Thunder-storms and heavy rains prevented our meeting at the church this evening, but we held a conference, relating to various outward concerns of the settlement, concluding with the usual evening-worship. The weather grew very boisterous towards night, with lightning, thunder, rain, and hail.

23d. I was busily engaged all day, and among other employments, undertook to assist Brother Bonatz in making grave-stones for two of his children, who died on one day, of the hooping cough. How distressing this bereavement proved to the parents, no pen can describe, but they sought and found comfort in resignation to the will of God. Were it but for these effects of true religion, how eagerly ought men to seek to become possessed of it. A heart truly devoted to, and relying upon, a gracious heavenly Father, can never become a prey to despair.

Having been charged fifty-eight rix-dollars for a grave-stone from the Cape, Brother Bonatz, anxious to save that expense to the Mission, procured two squares of good sand-stone, and was endeavouring to do the work himself. As I had, when a boy, sometimes watched a mason near our school, cutting in stone, I was able to assist, and in due time, though but dilettanti in the art, we produced well-executed inscriptions, and placed the stones on the graves, to the great admiration of the Hottentots, with whom ability to work with the hands is far more highly esteemed, than any learning and labour of the mind. In the evening, two pair were betrothed. When a Hottentot wishes to marry, he mentions his intention to the missionaries, with the name of the person he has chosen. A time being fixed for the purpose, they promise each other marriage, in presence of all the missionaries, and receive suitable exhortations respecting their conduct, the precepts given in the word of

God concerning the married state, being explained to them. They are then recommended publicly to the prayers of the congregation, and shortly after, married at the church, in a public meeting.

To-day a child was drowned in the Bavian's-Revier. Means were used for its recovery, but in vain.

24th. After breakfast, I visited some Hottentots' gardens, which were kept in good order, and also walked with Brother Leitner, to see the Hottentots making unburnt bricks. The clay of this country hardens to such a degree, that a brick made of it, and well dried in the sun, is more difficult to break, than many a stone. In the afternoon was the funeral of the poor drowned child, Brother Leitner delivered a very suitable discourse to the children, on the uncertainty of life.

When it had grown too dark to write, I sat down to play something on the piano-forte. Hearing a rustling behind me, I perceived, that three or four Hottentot girls had quietly entered the room, to listen to the music. I told them, that I would play for *them*, but they should sing for *me*, as I wished to ascertain, whether, by the help of an instrument, they would keep true to the tune, without sinking their voices. They then gave out, and sung some verses, in different tunes; I always found them true to the pitch of the instrument, though every now and then I let them sing some lines by themselves, then falling in with the piano-forte, found they had not in the smallest degree lowered their voices. The number of singers gradually increased to thirty. I was pleased with this new proof of the naturally musical qualities of this nation, and was convinced, that the sinking of the voices at church, is only owing to bad precentors, but would be prevented by an organ.

After our evening-worship, the spirit of singing seemed to come upon us, and we were above an hour engaged in playing and singing verses to a variety of beautiful German hymn-tunes, some of which were new to me.

To-day, a tree-serpent haunting a tree near the garden gate,

was announced by the fiscal-bird. The bird did not cease calling and screaming, till the venomous reptile was discovered and killed. Two serpents of the same kind, were shot in the garden.

25th. About two hundred persons attended the funeral of a worthy member of the congregation, who departed this life, having giving full evidence of her faith in Jesus, and her hope of a blessed immortality.

In the afternoon, a deputation of Hottentots came to request a conversation with us, about the appointment of a captain of the Hesqua tribe, intimating, that there was too much work here for only one captain of the Koopman's tribe. After proposing the subject, Brother Bonatz represented to them, that the captain, regularly appointed by Government, with two resident captains, and a corporal to assist him, could surely manage the concerns of this village; but that it appeared to him, as if, according to the fashion of the heathen, they wanted now to distinguish their particular clans, by having a captain for each, which had, in their heathen state, produced nothing but quarrels. Those who now addressed us, were all of the Hesqua tribe. Being appealed, and desired to give my opinion of this extraordinary business, I did it to the following effect:

“ When I arrived among you; I expected to find here a family
“ of God, who considered it their highest privilege to live together
“ in true brotherly love and harmony, as One in Jesus, delivered
“ and redeemed from the traditions received by the vain conversa-
“ tion of your forefathers, who were heathen, and knew not God
“ and His word, but were left to themselves.

“ Your divisions into separate clans, attached to particular chiefs
“ and captains, has produced, and would again produce envy, jea-
“ lousy, quarrels, and feuds, very unbecoming Christian people.
“ Whenever the Hottentots of Gnadenthal are spoken of by the
“ members of Government, I rejoice to hear them praised for
“ the quietude and good order prevailing among them, which
“ make the usual precautions taken to preserve good order, by

“ multiplying magistrates and other officers, unnecessary in this
“ place. You say yourselves, that the captain’s business is not
“ *in* the village, but *out* of it, in securing deserters, assisting
“ in the regulation of taxes, &c. and in other general affairs of
“ the country. For that, he has a salary and leisure, and with
“ the before-mentioned assistants, may easily accomplish his task.
“ Do you wish to be like the heathen, who glory in some fa-
“ vourite chief? Then let me tell you, from the history of the
“ Jews, once the only chosen people of God, how it went with *them*
“ when, from the same motive, they demanded a king.” I then told
them the story, and Father Marsveld added, “ Yes, and you will
“ remember, that when Samuel complained of their conduct to the
“ Lord,” His answer was, “ they have not rejected *Thee*, but *Me*,”
I proceeded: “ Consider, therefore, well, what you are doing, and
“ whether pride and vanity are not at the bottom of this pretence
“ of caring for the better regulation of the place. If so, pray God
“ to deliver you from so baneful an influence. Remember also, that
“ this land would not be your dwelling-place, as in former times, but
“ for your teachers. It is given to *them* for your use, and under
“ *their* superintendency and controul, for they may dismiss any
“ one, who transgresses the rules of a Christian society. But the Bre-
“ thren and your teachers, are the well-wishers of all Hottentots
“ without exception. Their aim is, to collect here a living congrega-
“ tion of true believers, who shall walk worthy of a heavenly vocation and rejoice in Him, who is the only Captain of our Salvation, under whose banner we are all collected as one body, to
“ whatever tribe or nation we belong. The Brethren never thought,
“ nor ever can admit of clans; and the English Government, which
“ has spared you in many ways, on account of your orderly and
“ and Christian conduct hitherto, will take for granted, that your
“ demanding more captains proves your degeneracy, and requires
“ other measures to be adopted. The English will hear your proposals with great disapprobation and surprise. Recollect yourselves, therefore, and be satisfied with present arrangements.”

Several Hottentots then spoke in explanation, but Father Marsveld proved to them, that the Koopman family were duly entitled to the captaincy of this place, and not the Hesqua. They seemed to receive the exhortations and even severe reproofs, given by Brother Bonatz, with patience and kindness, and several thanked us afterwards for the pains we had taken to make the matter clear to them, promising to desist from their silly projects, to which they had been urged by a designing and crafty Hottentot in the village.

26th. Brother Bonatz proposed to show me the western boundary of the land belonging to the settlement. We set out in a bullock waggon, passed through Robyntjes Kraal, and saw a piece of land, lately exchanged and given to us by Government; after which, mounting a poney, I rode with Brother Leitner up the hill towards the Jagersbosch, to see the boundary-stones, or *baakens*. One of them stands in a romantic little glen, in which, as well as in a gulley on the opposite mountain, there were some beautiful water-falls. From hence the boundary-line passes across the vale of the Sonderend, to the heathy and rocky hills towards the south, then takes an eastern direction along their summits, for about two English miles. The Hottentot captain Koopman and his corporal were with us in order to become acquainted with the boundary. After the evening-service in the church, I generally spent an hour with one or other of the missionaries in their own rooms, in pleasant and useful conversation. On these occasions, Father Marsveld always gave some interesting accounts of the origin of this settlement, when he and his two fellow-labourers, Schwinn and Kuehnel, suffered many privations, and likewise much persecution, but most cheerfully and harmoniously went to work from day to day, each taking some particular part of the labour, as settled among themselves in friendly conversation, by which, in a short time, their cottage got built and furnished, their garden dug and planted, fences and ditches made, and that with very little assistance from the Hottentots. But the "joy of the Lord was their strength," and they "served Him with gladness."

27th. I spent very busily at my desk.

28th. In the afternoon Sister Schwinn proposed showing us a curious water-fall in the western division of Bavians-Kloof, and we made a party to follow her. We scrambled up a very steep and rough road, to gain the object of our search, fighting our way through bushes and bogs, till one after the other gave it up; and when our leader arrived at the spot, she had only one man and one woman of the party, to witness her disappointment, in hardly finding a few drops trickling down the rock. However, the scramble afforded much amusement, and we found some refreshment provided among the bushes on the bank of the Bavians-Revier, where it passes under the hanging rock. I made two sketches of the singular rocks, in both divisions of the glen.

29th. Mr. Bartlett, a missionary from the Missionary Society in London, arrived here, wishing to engage Hottentot drivers and leaders to accompany him into the Namaqua country; but though encouraged by us, and even by an address of Father Marsveld to our people, in which he represented, that in assisting this missionary to proceed to his station among their countrymen, in the north-west part of the colony, they would be serving the cause of God, they very civilly declined it, on account of their engagements with the farmers, and the very long absence from their families, which the journey would require. We therefore recommended to Mr. Bartlett, to endeavour to procure assistance from Groenekloof, in which he succeeded.

March 1st. Brother Schmitt and his wife, and Brother Stein, arrived here from Groenekloof. I walked with Mr. Bartlett through the settlement, and visited some of the gardens. He was much pleased with that of Benjamin Okkers. We found the Caffre, Wilhelmina, sitting in her hut, reading a Dutch translation of the exposition of Christian doctrine. After breakfast, I was called out, to see a baboon on the hill to the right of the kloof. This was the first of these creatures I had seen here in a wild state, and a very large animal. He had approached near the gardens, with a view to steal peaches; but perceiving so many people standing to observe him,

walked backwards and forwards, apparently not intimidated, now and then sitting down on a stone or large ant-hill, and surveying us. Solomon fired at him, when he retreated a few paces, but returned, and amused us for some time longer. I was glad that a second attempt to kill him did not succeed, but, on the day after, hunger bringing him into the great garden, he was hunted down by dogs, and shot.

3d. Brother Bonatz preached his farewell sermon, intending to set out for Groenekloof to-morrow in the same waggon that had brought Brother Schmitt. The congregation was much affected, and yet more in the afternoon, when Father Marsveld addressed them on the services rendered to this Mission by Brother Bonatz, and commended him and his family in prayer to the grace and protection of our Saviour. Many were the tears shed by old and young. At the close of the service, they thanked Brother Bonatz and his wife aloud for their faithful labours in this place, and afterwards came in parties to take leave. In the afternoon, we met in conference, when several subjects were discussed relating both to Brother Bonatz's return to Groenekloof, and our journey into the interior. In the evening, several of us went as far as the river Sonderend, to meet Mr. and Mrs. Melville and their children. We found them near the ford, and accompanied them to the settlement, where they met with a most cordial reception from the whole family.

4th. This morning, I was witness to that submissive attention to the directions of the missionaries, which distinguishes the Christian Hottentots, and always pleased me much. Yesterday, as we were accompanying Mr. Melville through the village, we heard in one of the cottages near the road, a great cry of some child, seemingly under the lashes of an unmerciful disciplinarian. Brother Schmitt went to see what was the matter, and to put a stop to any violence. When he entered the cottage, he found a mother lashing her daughter with a thong. She seemed in a great passion, hardly knowing what she did. He stopt her, and ordered

her to come in the morning, and show cause, why she had beaten the child. This morning, she came into my room, bringing her daughter with her, and made me understand, that she was the person summoned. I called Brother Schmitt, and by her very modest and intelligible account of the girl's behaviour, it was clear, that the latter well deserved the chastisement. We spoke, however, to the mother about the passionate manner in which she administered her correction. That she acknowledged, but said, that it was occasioned by the girl's biting and kicking, and seeking to hurt her. The girl confessed all the mother had said to be true. Brother Schmitt then, in a fatherly manner, gave her due admonitions, and exhorted her to ask her mother's pardon in our presence, and to thank her for having punished her for her wicked conduct. This she immediately did, with many tears. The child being dismissed, the missionary added some words of advice to the mother respecting the treatment of her children, which she very humbly received, and of her own accord, begged his pardon for not having immediately on his entering her cottage, left off beating the child, and in her hurry, asking, who he was, as if she meant to treat him with disrespect, which had never been her intention. She is known as a woman of very good character and understanding.

It was affecting to see, with what grief the Hottentots parted with Brother Bonatz, his wife, and children, and to hear their warm expressions of gratitude for their labours of love in this congregation. After dinner, the waggon being ready, and the family seated, about two hundred Hottentots, old and young, assembled under the grove, sung a farewell-hymn, and once more expressed their best wishes for them, that the Lord would bless and reward them. Above a hundred accompanied the waggon beyond the river Sonderend.

When they were gone, we began to prepare for our journey in good earnest, and I finished my many letters, written to Europe and the Cape, with which I was likewise busily engaged on the 5th, during the whole of the forenoon, though continually interrupted