

CHAPTER VII.

Zeekoegat on the Vat Revier. Conversation with Hottentots. Soete-Melks-Valley. Delay at Tygerfonteyn, and on the Gowritz Revier. Kleinberg. Mossel-Bay. Arrangements made by Government. Aloes. Mr. Meyer's farm at Hartenbosch. Account of Wild Beasts. Flying Ants. Beautiful scenery on the Great Brak Revier. Groeneland. Description of Hoogte Kraal. Arrival at George. Account of the Execution of five of the rebellious Boors.

11th. **H**AVING dispatched a horseman to the next Veldcornet for relays, and taken leave of our kind host and hostess, we left their hospitable mansion about seven in the morning. Mr. Du Preez is a lively old man, and constantly wears a large round hat. His house is well built, and the farm extensive. The oxen he had furnished were extremely wild, and set off in a gallop. They almost ran over our Hottentot Johannes, as he was tacking through the bushes, down the hill, towards the river. We passed through several pretty vales, full of shrubs and low wood, in which the thorn-bush and milk-bush, (*fiscus*), a tree not unlike a Portugal laurel, were most abundant. The hills are low and heathy. In one of these sequestered vales, we made halt to breakfast. Near the road lay the carcasses of three large vultures, half devoured by beasts of prey. About noon we arrived at Zeekoegat, on Vat Revier, a large farm belonging to Mr. Cobus Du Preez. An avenue of noble oaks leads up to the house. The buildings are substantial, and surrounded by rich plantations, unlike most of the farmers' dwellings in this country. The master very civilly came out to meet us, and prevailed on us to stay with him, till the heat of the day had somewhat abated. After dinner, Mr. Du Preez walked with

us into the grounds, where oranges, lemons, figs, peaches, and other fruits grow in rich abundance. This is owing to the quantity of water, by which he is able to irrigate all his orchards, gardens, and vineyards. Seeing some Hottentot women sitting under the shade of a large orange tree, Brother Schmitt addressed them, asking some questions relating to their knowledge of spiritual things, as one of them professed to belong to Mr. Seidenfaden's congregation. She seemed however, to have little concern about the way of salvation, and very seldom attended the ministry of that good man, or visited his institution. She said, her name was written down, and thought that enough; but Brother Schmitt very earnestly admonished her and her companions, not to neglect the opportunity afforded them to hear the word of God, nor to be content with having their names written down in man's book, but to turn in faith to Christ the only Saviour, that they might, on the great day of judgment, find their names written in the book of life. They seemed attentive to his serious but affectionate address.

The view up the vale of the Vat Revier is grand, high mountains forming the back-ground. One of them has a remarkable precipice towering above the other summits. We left Zeekoegat towards evening, and had two young lively slaves for drivers, but the leader was a poor timid old fellow, who could hardly creep along. We therefore dismissed him, at a place where he had a home, and made Johannes leader, which, though an office inferior to that of driver, he willingly undertook. The slaves drove their oxen at a gallop, sometimes to the endangering of our safety, on a road full of holes and slopes. But our remonstrances were answered only by good-humoured laughter. After travelling for some miles, we found the chain of hills, to which the road had long run parallel, take another direction, and assume a different appearance, presenting an outline of Table-Mountain's, round-topped, triangular, conical, or gently-sloping summits. We were sorry, that by darkness and fogs, they were so soon hid from our view. About nine o'clock we arrived at an outspan-place, Soete-Melk's-Valley, and encamped in the field. The name

did not deceive us, for the good-natured *baas* of the adjoining farm, coming out to meet us, offered to supply as much sweet milk, as we might want. We therefore sent a man to his house, and got enough for supper, and to fill our bottles in store for the next day. Our friendly neighbour spent about an hour in conversation with us. He was eager after news, and of a more inquisitive turn than many of his brethren. My fire-box surprised and amused him much. Being a dealer in timber, he gave us some interesting information concerning the state of the woods.

As the pressed oxen were rather wild, and too near home, to be left loose in the waste, without danger of their escaping, the men tethered them to the waggons, by which we were greatly annoyed during the night. Our own oxen, which we had not seen since we left Zwelldam, overtook us at this place, and as the tent happened to be pitched on a grassy spot, they soon came browsing close to it. This disturbed us a little, but we were completely roused, when some of them began to fight with the strangers, and it required all the attention of our men to keep them in order.

12th. After a restless night, we broke up early, but not before our talkative neighbour had paid us another visit. We proceeded through a dull country, the weather cloudy, and the views obscured. We saw many rehbocks, and Marcus Moses was sent, but in vain, to get us some venison. Between nine and ten we arrived at Cornelius Snyman's farm, Tygerfonteyn, deriving its name from the death of a Hottentot by a tyger, some years ago. Here we hoped to find oxen, but, through the blunder of the Veld-cornet, were disappointed. Mr. Snyman and his wife were civil people, and we all soon found employment, Mr. Melville and I in writing and drawing; Sister Schmitt, with the help of the maids, in attending to our linen, and the Brethren Schmitt and Stein, in following some ostriches, with the vain hope of shooting one of these wary, and swift-footed birds. To please the children, I set up my microscope, and though some were afraid to peep into it, the father and mother, and a little boy seemed highly gratified.

by the exhibition. Unpleasant as in many respects this delay appeared, yet we were glad, that we had met with a friendly family, who did all in their power to assist us.

13th. Our generous host and hostess would take nothing for what we had enjoyed at their house, but even provided us, gratis, with milk and bread for our journey. For a fine fat sheep, Mr. Snyman was satisfied to take two Gnadenthal knives, called here Boschlemmers, the goodness of which has long recommended them to the inhabitants of the colony. From hence we travelled through a bushy country, with a vast variety of flowering shrubs and plants, many of which we brought into the waggons to examine. They afforded us great gratification, though our want of knowledge in botany made it impossible to describe them. After a ride of nearly four hours, we forded the Gowritz Rivier, which here has a sandy bed, enclosed between low, heathy hills. The descent to the river is very steep. We passed between two farms, both of which had received orders to furnish oxen. But we were again disappointed, and obliged to encamp. The plain was almost covered with a species of large black beetles, apparently journeying from place to place, disgusting in their shape, and slowly crawling upon every thing we laid down. Mean-while Mr. Melville found an old friend, Mr. Petersen, Government-Surveyor of the district of George, who had just arrived, and to whom he mentioned the object of our journey. The surveyor being well acquainted with every part of the district, his information was of much use to us, but he gave us no hopes of finding any unoccupied land suitable for a missionary settlement, either near George or in Mossel-Bay.

To the latter place, we had resolved to bend our course, both by advice of Mr. Von Buissini, and in consequence of an offer of land made to me by the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Alexander, in case we should find his estate an eligible situation.

Brother Schmitt was here taken very ill with violent head-ache, and general weakness. When we therefore had procured oxen, we were obliged to proceed gently, as he found the motion of the wag-

gon almost insupportable. The slave-boy, given us for a leader, was a remarkably lively lad, and, with his stories and mimickries, afforded to our Hottentots a good deal of merriment. In general, we seldom found the slaves, either old or young, much depressed by their situation. They appeared full of vivacity and mirth.

About six o'clock we arrived at a farm on Stinkrevier. Mr. Melville accompanied me into the yard, where we sought in vain for the proprietor. Only one Hottentot maid seemed left in charge of the premises. Half a hundred geese, and as many ducks, turkies, and fowls, having probably been accustomed to be fed about this time, came running and flying towards us, all cackling and crying out for food. They followed us to the waggons, and we could not refuse a meal to such hungry supplicants.

Having left our orders for a relay, we proceeded towards the river, which was nearly dry, and pitched our tent for the night. The moon shone bright, but the air was very cold. The Hottentots, therefore, after making a hearty meal, retired into the waggons to sleep.

14th. Early, we were disturbed by a great bleating of oxen and other noises close to the tent. We rose to see what was the matter, and perceived, that about fifty head of cattle, passing on to a grazing place, according to their usual custom, greeted the strangers. Being tethered to the waggons, and not able to follow, the latter answered by moans, expressive of their disappointment, some even making serious attempts to disengage themselves. This serenade broke our rest, and prepared us for an early departure. No oxen being furnished by the farmer, we detained those we had in possession, and after a ride of two hours, arrived at a farm called Kleinberg. Here we were received by the farmer Muller, with much civility, and though we had sent Leonhard forward with the landdrost's order to the Veldcornet, and had no written commands to produce, he readily furnished us with the two spans required, supplied us with various articles we wanted; and, having a smithy adjoining his house, permitted Brother Schmitt, who understands something of the

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trade, to convert an iron bar into a pot-hook, to be used at our nocturnal fires; which proved a desirable acquisition.

Few Hottentots live in this part of the country, and those we saw seemed to be in miserable plight. At Kleinberg, we found an old grey-headed man. On putting a few questions to him, we discovered him to be quite ignorant, not even knowing that there was a God, who had created all things, and by whose mercy and power all things subsist. Brother Schmitt endeavoured to make him acquainted with that, which surely to a man on the brink of the grave, must be of most importance, the love of God in Christ Jesus. The poor old man seemed to listen with eagerness, while the missionary explained to him the way of salvation, and how a sinner, such as he acknowledged himself to be, might be pardoned and reconciled by the merits of the sufferings and death of our Saviour. He then exhorted him not to forget what he had heard, but before this life was ended, to cry for mercy and the remission of his sins, that he might be accepted of God, and depart into the mansions of peace and bliss. This the poor old Hottentot promised to do.

We now proceeded towards Mossel-Bay, and got on with speed. The country through which we travelled, was uninteresting. We passed by a farm belonging to Mr. Alexander, and turning to the left, towards the coast, soon came in sight of the buildings erected by Government in the bay. On our arrival, we were very civilly received and hospitably entertained by Mr. Abue, the store-keeper. He is by birth a Dane. While dinner was preparing, I took a walk to the sea-shore. The rocks consist chiefly of sand-stone, coloured in some places by iron or manganese, with veins of quartz. I had broken several pebbles by throwing them upon the rocks, for want of a hammer, when a large fragment flew into my face, threw my spectacles aside, and wounded my cheek close to my right eye. For some minutes, it put me to a considerable degree of pain, and I was apprehensive of injury done to the eye itself; but on bathing the wound with salt water, it ceased to bleed, and the pain left me. I felt thankful to God, that my glasses were not broken, and



D. Hevel sculpt.

Drawn by R. Cocking. From a sketch by C. Labroze.

MOSSSEL BAY,
on the Indian Ocean.

Published April 1786 at R. Ackermann's, no. Strand London.

forced into the eye by the stone. Our friendly host applied some camphorated brandy, by which all inflammation was prevented.

Not being able to obtain any oxen, we were under the necessity of remaining some hours at this place, to give to those we had brought with us sufficient time for food and rest. Mr. Abue showed us the premises, and went with us into the king's store-house, built as a deposit for corn, to be purchased at a fixed price from the farmers, and shipped off to Capetown for Government-use. Though the benevolent intention of Government to furnish a market for the farmers has not altogether been fulfilled, since the latter think the price given not a sufficient reward for their trouble in raising and delivering the corn, yet by some arrangement, it is hoped, that the settlement in Mossel-Bay will be of use, in affording the means of disposing of the produce of the country. The coasts of the bay are bushy, and aloes grow in great abundance on the surrounding hills. Formerly the extract of aloes, used in medicine, fetched a price sufficiently high to make it a lucrative trade; but at present, since the article has become more common, and the price fallen, it appears to be not worth the farmer's while to attend to it, as we were informed by several persons inhabiting the neighbourhood.

About three in the afternoon, we left Mossel-Bay, and went on to Hartenbosch. The road was bad, and led through a forest of large bushes of various kinds, among which we started some wild peacocks, and a bushbuck antelope; but it was impossible to follow them, the great quantity of thornbush, Indian figs, and other prickly plants rendering the thicket almost impenetrable. We passed by another farm belonging to Mr. Alexander, lying between low round hills clothed with aloes and low wood.

At Hartenbosch, we found friendly faces, and excellent quarters for the night. Mr. Meyer and his whole family gave us the kindest reception, and seemed much pleased with our visit. They were amused with the fire-box; drawing utensils, portable writing desk, ten-bladed knife, and other English ware in our

possession. We visited also an old carpenter, who has lived here many years. The furniture in Mr. Meyer's house, made of stink-wood, yellow-wood, and other curious woods, does him great credit, both as to beauty and strength.

As it turned out a very boisterous evening, we thanked God for having found shelter in the house of so good a man. He hoped the unfavourable state of the weather would detain us, and give him more of our company.

15th. When we awoke in the morning, the sky was covered with black clouds, and it lightened and thundered much. At eight it cleared up, though the thunder continued to roar all round the horizon. Our friendly host, at breakfast, gave us an account of the many wild beasts that haunt the woods and bushy coasts of the bay, where they have good cover. Tygers and wolves now and then commit depredations; wild buffaloes are sometimes seen; but wild dogs are numerous and most to be dreaded. A wolf hunts only at night, is cowardly, and may be guarded against, by various means; but the wild dogs go in troops, and hunt night and day. They attack every living animal, and the "dread of man" is but slight upon them. Mr. Meyer related, that if they have killed a tame animal, they will quit it, on being attacked by man, but not, if their prey is wild game. Not long ago, a troop of them hunted a rehbock into his neighbour's yard. The farmer sallied forth with his gun to drive off the pursuers, and secure the fugitive for his own table, but was instantly attacked by the dogs, and his life with difficulty saved by his people. Porcupines are numerous; serpents creep into the poultry-yards and houses and do much mischief. Our host getting up in the dark, and walking into the hall, felt something like a rope about his legs. On calling for a light, he discovered it to be a yellow serpent. Had he accidentally trod upon it, he would have been bitten by the venomous reptile.

About nine o'clock, we took leave of the family. Nowhere have we yet met with a more cordial reception than at Hartenbosch.

We entered a kloof between hills moderately high, intersected

by charming little glens and coves, filled with luxuriant bushes and many aloes. A pleasant brook ran winding down the vale. But we had not long enjoyed the delightful scenery among these interesting and ever-varying hills and dales, before black clouds came sweeping along their summits with lightning, thunder, and rain. When the rain ceased, and the sun began again to shine upon us, the air was filled with millions of small flying ants, each having four wings. Many fell upon our clothes, and stuck to the wet coverings of the waggons, while the main army passed over us, in appearance like a cloud of dust. From the hills, we descended into a grassy plain with a ridge of higher mountains before us. On a peak in the fore-ground stood two remarkable rocks, shaped so as to resemble decayed castles. Mr. Melville and Stein followed some wild peacocks for some time, but in vain. After fording the Little Sout Revier in two places, we halted on the banks of the great Brak Revier. Here we saw our own oxen feeding, having advanced no farther towards George, and we were glad to find them in good condition.

From hence we sent our old groom, Leonhard, to Mr. De Watt's house, where oxen had been ordered for us, to desire that they might meet us on the banks of the river. The old man gave such an account of the dignity of his employers, that the honest farmer was soon awed into compliance, and sent his son with the beasts, with an apology for not waiting upon us in person. This was the first time, that the requisition for relays had perfectly succeeded.

The vale, in which we had halted, pleased us much, and appeared to have many requisites for a settlement. But besides being occupied, we were informed, that in the rainy season it is turned into a lake, by the overflowing of the river. In all directions the scenery is beautiful. Towards the estuary, the low hills consist of white sand, their tops covered thick with bushes. The state of the tide admitting of our fording the river, we proceeded towards its eastern bank, and ascended the hills. Here the character of the soil seemed to change, and instead of iron and sand-

stone, which had followed us from Gnadenthal, the road glistened with bright silver-coloured mica, in small fragments of granite. The quartz was of a bluish hue, the feldspath brown, and in some stones mixed with hornblend and shoerl. On each side of the road are deep glens. Down that to the left, a broad brook hurried swiftly amidst rocky shores, and impenetrable thickets, which rose to the brow of the hill. A smaller stream glided more gently down the right-hand deeper glen, in which a considerable quantity of large timber shaded its dark recesses. The descent into it was, in many places, almost perpendicular, with rocks richly clothed with beautiful creepers, the crevices affording nourishment to their roots, and to those of a vast variety of shrubs and trees. Our walk up the hill was rendered extremely pleasant, by the view of these natural beauties, and of the hilly country we had left behind.

Having gained the summit, we arrived at an extensive, grassy plain, with a distant view of the mountains of George to the north and east. The plain is called Groeneland. At a mean solitary cottage, we quenched our thirst with some butter-milk, and travelled along a smooth road, till an unexpected steep descent seemed to arrest our progress. A rapid brook, fed by numberless small streams, precipitating themselves in cascades, from the steep and rocky banks, rushed wildly through the bottom of the glen.

Having overtaken a waggon with fourteen oxen, with a family travelling towards George, and halting near the descent, a consultation was held, and Leonhard dispatched with a horse to try the depth of the ford. The bed of the brook consisted of loose stones, over which the water passed furiously, about three feet in depth. Being no courtiers, neither party strove to take precedence of the other, but each offered to its new friends the honour of a first plunge, and as *we* had arrived last, we submitted to remain spectators of the extraordinary manner in which their waggon reeled from side to side through the flood, when we likewise ventured in,

and got safe to shore. The thunder-showers of last night had considerably increased the waters of the brook, but the tide coming in, had now swelled it into the appearance of a large river, farther down the valley.

Having a desire to see the missionary institution called Hoogte Kraal, under the superintendency of the reverend Mr. Pacalt, sent out by the Missionary Society in London, we left the above-mentioned party to proceed alone to George, and turned to the right. The ascent from the brook led us to another grassy plain, intersected by two narrow and rocky glens, by which we arrived about six in the evening at Hoogte Kraal. We were received with much friendly attention by Mr. Pacalt, but not having a house spacious enough to harbour so large a party, he proposed, that we should put down our mattresses in his chapel, after the usual evening-service. This, however, did not begin till nine o'clock, to give the Hottentots time to return from their work in the neighbouring farms. Mean-while, the time was agreeably spent in conversation. At nine, the people were called together by the sound of a cow's horn, blown by a maid-servant, in place of a bell. About a hundred men and women attended. The men and women sit separate, as in most foreign churches, on benches, and are addressed from a table and desk, as with us. The chapel is a temporary building, with one door at the gable-end. By a judicious arrangement, therefore, on leaving it, the women go out first, then the men, and the minister follows. The service consisted of two hymns, an exposition of a portion of scripture, which this evening was the beginning of our Saviour's sermon on the mount, a prayer, and a concluding hymn. The voices of the congregation were excessively loud, and the tunes sung, some of the most lively now in use in some chapels in England, but, both in their character and the manner of singing them, bidding defiance to all solemnity and good taste. After Mr. Pacalt had spoken about two minutes, a woman began to make a strange tremulous noise. Supposing her to be suddenly seized with illness, I was

surprised to find no one ready to help and lead her out, till her neighbours, catching the infection, the noise spread throughout the whole assembly, the men uttering deep groans. In his prayer, the missionary affectionately remembered us, and we were sorry to be so much disturbed, by the continuance of these jarring sounds. On expressing our astonishment at the disturbance thus occasioned to the service, Mr. Pacalt informed us, that it had been considered as a sign of conviction, by the power of the Word. But supposing even, that true conviction of sin might, in some, produce this effect, who does not see, that insincerity may easily adopt such external marks, to gain the good opinion of men, whose piety and truth being unsuspected, are willing to believe others incapable of so great a fraud. Feeling as I do for the honour of the cause we are all equally eager to promote, and highly respecting the efforts made by missionaries of every denomination, though differing from us in forms, and perhaps in opinions, as to minor points, I would humbly submit to the consideration of the directors of all missionary institutions, whether it would not be well to avoid every thing that needlessly gives occasion to the evil-minded to ridicule or oppose our labours. We have reason to take the apostle's frequent warnings to heart, that we may not "let our good be evil spoken of."

16th. After breakfast, Mr. Pacalt proceeded to show us the settlement, which is as yet but small. The cottages are placed in regular rows. The gardens are well laid out, and the Hottentots, both by precept and example, taught diligently to attend to the rearing of garden-produce of various kinds; but there are no trees, nor any plantations or nurseries. Indeed, the elevated situation of the place, and the nature of the soil, is said to be unfavourable to the growth of trees, the shade of which, however, is an almost essential requisite in an African summer.

Mr. Pacalt has a small house of two rooms. His labour is great. Every day he keeps school, and meets the congregation in the evening, being without an assistant, and having the direction and

management of all the outward concerns of the establishment. He was now building a smithy.

Our Hottentots having suffered the oxen to go astray, some of us visited the people in their kraals, and conversed with them in a friendly way. Wild dogs have lately done much harm in this neighbourhood. When we were ready to set off, a Berg-adder, reported to be one of the most venomous of serpents, appeared under the oxen, and was killed. She was about two feet long, beautifully marked with a double row of multangular spots down the back, and underneath, of a silver-grey colour.

After an hour's ride across the desert, we arrived at the town of George, and immediately proceeded to the house of the landdrost, Mr. Van Kervel. He was absent, but soon returned from accompanying Mr. George Rex, an English gentleman, who possesses a large farm in Plettenberg Bay, called Melkhout Kraal. Having presented Colonel Bird's letter to the landdrost, we conversed some time on the particular business, for which we had undertaken the journey. He expressed the greatest readiness to render us every service in his power, and a wish, that we might find some land to suit our purpose, within his district. He advised us to look at a spot in Plettenberg Bay, called Jackal's Kraal, which, though rejected by Dr. Van der Kemp, as not sufficiently large, might yet suit *us*, and under cultivation, be made a fit dwelling for a Christian Hottentot congregation of about five hundred persons, having also the convenience of conveyance by water, between the bay and Capetown.

After some consultation, we resolved to take the landdrost's advice. He offered every facility to enable us to perform the journey; proposing also, that we should stay at his house till Monday morning, that he might send messages to the Veldcornets, both in Plettenberg Bay and in the Lange Kloof, to furnish us with oxen at the different stations, and prevent delay. We determined accordingly to spend another day with this worthy man, of whose excellent character we had heard many a true report; far short, however,

of what we found it to be. In the afternoon, he invited several friends to meet us, with whom we spent a very pleasant evening. The landdrost being a great lover of music, I did not want much entreaty to play for him many of Haydn's and Mozart's compositions, which, though familiar to me, were new to him, and seemed to afford him great delight. When the company had retired, we took a walk to see the new church now building, after a design of Mr. Petersen, the Government Surveyor. The outer walls and roof were finished. It will be a handsome structure in the Grecian style, and contain from a thousand to fifteen hundred people, but without a steeple, on account of the high winds, or rather, the low state of the town-purse. The clergyman's house will be placed on one, and the school on the other side of the church, forming a handsome range of buildings.

17th. Being Sunday, we prepared to go to church. Service is now performed in a farm-house, the inner walls being taken out, so as to form a spacious room, holding about two hundred people.

In the morning, the whole country was enveloped in a thick fog, but it dispersed during the forenoon. We accompanied the landdrost in his travelling waggon, drawn by four horses, to the temporary church, and found an assistant, reading a sermon to about sixty hearers. It was a dry discussion of doctrinal points, with an attempt, in the usual way, to prove the doctrine of particular election and reprobation, which tended but little to edification. The reader, however, concluded with an extempore prayer, in a strain of humility and true christian charity, which seemed to proceed from his heart. We regretted, therefore, the more, that he was not left to preach the doctrine of salvation by faith in the merits of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of all repenting sinners, but obliged to unfurl the banner of a party, in reading a controversial discourse. The concluding hymn was accompanied on an organ, much out of tune. After service, we took a walk in the garden, and on our return, ascending the foot of the mountain in the waggon, visited the woods on its declivity, admiring the luxuriant growth of many large timber-trees.

George is a new district, town, and drosty, settled by Sir J. Cradock, when Governor of the Cape; Zwellendam having been divided into two separate districts, each governed by a landdrost, Heemraaden, and other officers. The town has about one hundred inhabitants. The houses are two stories high, having an "erker," or bow-window over the door, They stand detached from each other by intermediate gardens, and form a broad street facing the drosty, or landdrost's mansion, from which, turning in a right angle towards the south, another street has been begun, containing the church, parsonage and school-house. The town is watered, rather scantily, by the Zwart Revier, a small stream from the mountains, but which, unlike others, flows both in the dry and rainy season.

After dinner, the reverend Mr. Herold, minister of George, having returned from Uitenhagen, called on the landdrost, to make a report of his attendance on the five rebellious boors, who were executed last Saturday in that district. He gave a most melancholy account of that event. The hangman was a black. The halters were too weak, or rather, as some suspected, intentionally cut; but no sooner had the delinquents been turned off, and the platform removed, than four of the five fell from the gallows. Having unfortunately been persuaded to believe, that by English custom, a man thus falling down is free, the poor wretches cried for mercy, and one, addressing the by-standers, exclaimed, that by this accident it was made manifest, that God would not permit them to be put to death. The landdrost, Colonel Cuyler, was, however, obliged to let justice take its course, and other halters being procured, they were launched into eternity. The clergyman described them all as well prepared to die, acknowledging the justice of their sentence, and appearing truly penitent. Not many spectators attended; but their wives and relatives were present, which is hardly to be explained by the standard of English feeling. No disturbance whatever took place, a party of dragoons and the Cape regiment keeping guard. This is said to be the first time, that any