

African's descendants from Europeans, have suffered death for crimes deemed capital in Europe. Government has often extended mercy to such as deserved condign punishment, but it seems only to have had that effect, that the rebels believed no Government to have the courage to take away their lives, for crimes committed against the state. It was, therefore, necessary to make an example, and out of twenty-four condemned to die, five of the most notorious offenders had been selected for the purpose. The rest were punished with imprisonment, forfeiture, or banishment. The reverend Mr. Herold seemed greatly agitated, and declared, that the impression, made on his mind by so dreadful a catastrophe, would not soon be effaced.

CHAPTER VIII.

Departure from George. Beautiful Scenery. Description of the defiles of Kayman's Gat and Trekata'kou. Arrival at Mr. Zaayman's farm. The Veldcornet's account of tygers. Ford in the Ruygte Valley. Accidents which befel some of the party. First view of the Knysna. Arrival at Melkhout Kraal. Survey of Jackal's Kraal in Plettenberg Bay. Objections of the Hottentots to a settlement at that place.

18th. **H**AVING dispatched our letters to Gnadenthal, with an account of our journey and transactions, since we left Zwelldam, we prepared for our departure. Mr. Van Kervel had provided two spans, each of fourteen strong oxen, to bring us across the dreadful defiles between George and Plettenberg Bay. He also furnished me with an order for relays as far as Uitenhagen, and

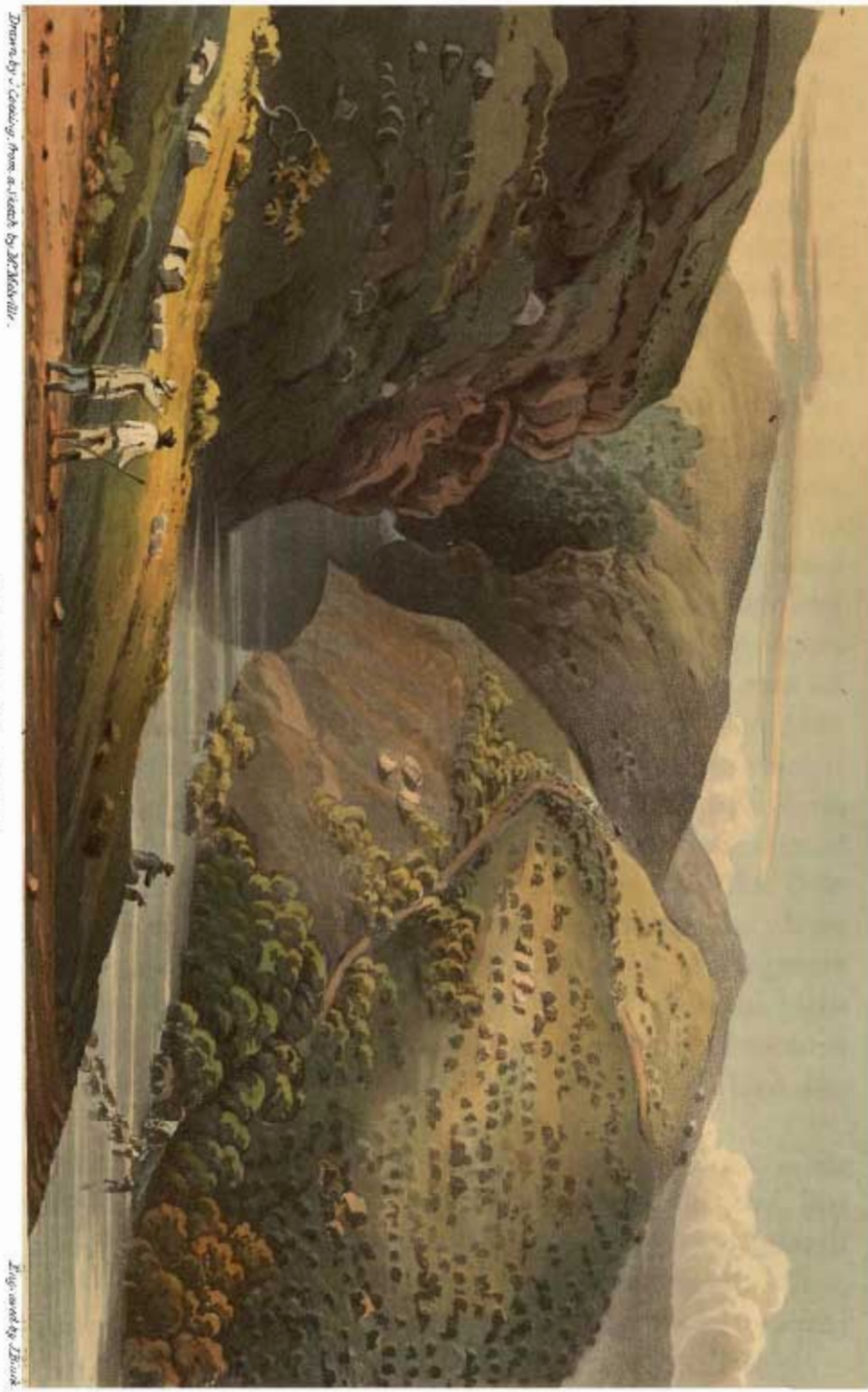
with letters to Mr. Rex, and a list of places in our route. To Mr. Zaayman also, a farmer, at whose house we were to spend the first night, directions were sent to put us forward on our return from Jackal's Kraal, in case we took the road over the Duivelskop into the Lange Kloof. Our own spann of twelve oxen, which we had brought hither from Zwellendam, were left, by his advice, at George, as they would serve us on our return, but were too weak to be of any use in crossing the mountains.

At eight o'clock we took leave of this worthy man. I have seldom, if ever, met with a character so justly deserving all the praise bestowed upon him, for the exercise of those qualities which distinguish a good magistrate, master, and friend. Not long ago he lost an amiable partner, of whom the servants and slaves in the family spoke with the sincerest esteem, and tears of regret. To us he behaved like a father, felt interested in the success of our undertaking, and it would be ingratitude in the extreme, not to add our tribute of thankful praise to the general voice. To Hottentots and slaves he conducted himself not with that severe, repelling air, assumed by so many, who think themselves belonging to a higher class of beings, but with friendly condescension, calling forth both their reverence and love. Our Hottentots spoke often with gratitude of the goodness of the landdrost of George. In his house, peace and order reigned, and his friends and relatives, among whom was his nephew, Mr. Du Toit, treated us with the greatest civility. On taking leave, he repeated his pressing invitation, on our return, again to make his hospitable mansion our home.

The farmer, to whom the oxen belonged, and the Veldcornet, accompanied us, to lend assistance in passing through the defiles of Kayman's Gat, (the crocodile's cove), and Trekata'kou, (the maiden's ford), by which we had to enter Plettenberg bay. Early in the morning, thick fogs had again spread themselves over the mountains, and we began to fear an unpleasant day, and the loss of the romantic views Mr. Van Kervel had described, as awaiting

us in our way. But the sun dispersed the mists, and about noon the atmosphere became remarkably clear. We were extremely delighted with the beautiful woods and glens, upon which we soon entered, and pronounced the environs of George, flat as its own situation appears, to be as interesting and romantic, as any part of the country we had yet seen. In about an hour's time, passing by the farm to which our oxen belonged, they all on a sudden turned short round, preferring to graze at their own quarters, rather than to toil through the defiles before us. It was with some difficulty that they were made to proceed.

Our road lay in a line nearly parallel to the high range of mountains, which here take a direction towards the Indian ocean. After crossing several pleasant and well-wooded vales, we reached Kayman's Gat, and found the description given of it by the landdrost, by no means exaggerated. The view of the glen is both magnificent and terrific. On leaving the waggons to walk down the steep, we began to fear for their safety, and our apprehensions were not lessened by listening to stories, told on the road by the Hottentots, of misfortunes experienced by travellers, whose waggons were broken, and their cattle killed in the descent, especially in stormy weather. At first, the road slopes down gradually through a thicket, with larger trees interspersed. A deep ravine to the right receives the brook Zwart Revier, the same which passes by the drosty at George, which, rushing over precipitous rocks below the road, and out of sight, causes a great roaring of hidden waters, and adds much to the grandeur of the scene. It is not so much its steepness, which renders the passage of Kayman's Gat so dangerous, as the extreme unevenness of the road, if road that may be called, where, as yet, art has not assisted nature, and the traveller must pass over rocks, in steps of from one to two feet perpendicular height, the waggons bouncing down, reeling from side to side, and but for the management of Hottentots accustomed to such service, in continual danger of over-setting. They support the waggon, by thongs fastened to each side,



Drawn by 'Crawley' from a sketch by Mr. Kinnaird.

Engraved by Thos. Agnew & Sons.

**KAYMAN'S GAT,
Plettenberg Bay.**

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pulling with all their might, either to the right or left, as otherwise, in several places, the waggons, with all their contents, and the poor beasts staggering before them, would be precipitated into the abyss beneath. Long before we had reached the bottom of the glen, we were convinced, that our own oxen would not have been able to perform this service. The poor animals seemed often quite confused; the shaft-oxen being almost thrown down, the waggon nearly falling upon them, and the rest of the spann sometimes hurried forward to draw, and then again kept back to prevent mischief. It being ebb-tide, we passed the Kayman's Revier, which flows through the glen into the Indian ocean, without difficulty, and gave a few moments' rest to our frightened cattle, upon whose strength we were going to draw still more largely, to work our waggons up the rocky acclivities of the eastern bank. The view of the glen from below is majestic. The steeps on both sides are clothed with a noble forest. Strata of red rock, shelving down the western bank, form a singular contrast with the lively green of the bushes on the slopes between them. A deep chasm or rent receiving the Zwart Revier, as above described, divides the bank, and forms the Gat, or crocodile's cove, in the dark recesses of which a small water-fall glistens, by the admission of some faint light from above. It is said, that formerly crocodiles were found here in great numbers, making this chasm their chief place of resort. But they have long since withdrawn, and left to man full possession. Now and then, a leguan is seen, and the woods and glens afford pretty safe haunts for various descriptions of wild beasts. Several glens meet here, all filled with wood, through which mountain-torrents swell the revier. It must be crossed at low water, by which the time of our departure from George had been measured.

The eastern bank was, if possible, more steep and rugged in its ascent than the western. The baggage-waggon took the lead, but having laboured hard for about two hundred paces, the oxen refused to stir another step. No shouts of the drivers, cracking of whips, or hard blows, would make the poor dispirited beasts move forward;

but when farther urged, they turned sharp round, and threw the whole spann into such confusion, that there was some danger of the waggon rolling down and dragging the shaft-oxen backwards. It was therefore necessary to bring up twelve of the second spann to their assistance, and after a long time spent in unyoking the former, placing them again in order, and adding the latter, it afforded a singular sight to see twenty-six oxen, with all their might working the waggon up the layers of rock, of which the road consisted; every five minutes resting to take breath. After the heavy waggon had reached the summit, both spans were sent down to fetch up the travelling waggon, which, being lighter, was more easily accomplished.

It is impossible to describe all the romantic glens and singular scenery, with which this region abounds.

The farmer, notwithstanding the excessive fatigue his cattle had suffered, after short rest determined to proceed, without an out-spann at Barbier's Kraal, as proposed. Our road lay now through a thick wood, in which many a mighty tree seems to have yielded to the axe. Bushrope, or Bavianstau, a species of creeper resembling a rope, grows here in abundance, and nearly envelopes some of the loftiest trees, to the destruction of their growth and beauty. In the woods, a number of Hottentots and slaves were busily employed in sawing, and preparing planks, beams, and shingles. In about an hour, we arrived at Trekata'kou, the second grand defile, justly dreaded by travellers. The descent from the west, though rugged and steep, is not attended with more difficulty than many others in this mountainous country. The view towards the mass of hills to the north, is remarkably grand and beautiful.

On these occasions, Brother Schmitt always attended the waggons, and, depending on his skill, precaution, and advice, we could rest satisfied, that every care was taken to prevent mischief, and overthrow. After crossing a rapid mountain-stream at the bottom of the glen, rushing through the dark recesses of a wild wood, over a stony bed, and forming, to the left of the road, a large pool



Painted by E. Goding, Miniaturist by Czarnocki.

TREETATA' KOU,
in Fletenberg b'ov.

Painted by E. Goding, Miniaturist by Czarnocki.

A. H. 1867

under some horizontal strata of overhanging rock, crowned with beautiful trees and shrubs, we beheld the eastern bank with some degree of dismay. The road ascended with a steepness, which seemed to baffle the attempt of any beasts to draw up the lightest weight. The travelling-waggon, however, reached the top after great exertion, but the other required both spans to be yoked to it. The poor exhausted oxen made more objections to put forth their remaining strength at this place, than at Kayman's Gat, and shouts and lashes seemed to have lost their effect. They turned round, entangled themselves with the tackle, and more than once, ten or twelve of them were obliged to be unyoked, to bring them again into order. We were above an hour working the waggon up the cliffs.

This afforded time for some examination of the stone of which the mountain is formed. Towards the bottom of the defile, huge blocks of granite lie dispersed upon the surface, but higher up, the chief stone is sand-stone, with iron and quartz, as usual. The granite is beautiful, with a great quantity of bright, silver-coloured mica, in large flakes, and in some instances crystalized. The feldspath and quartz are much decomposed. Iron has inserted itself, and seems to be the cause both of speedy decomposition, and of the division of some of the blocks into irregular strata. When protected within the bowels of the earth, this species of granite may be of a more durable quality, and some of the larger blocks at the bottom of the glen were so hard, that my hammer and cold chissels made but little impression upon them. Of what the strata of rocks beyond the pool might consist, I was not able to discover, their surface being covered with red lichen, moss, creepers and ivy.

After sunset, we closed the adventurous business of the day, and arrived at Mr. Zaayman's farm. The houses, or hovels, are wretchedly constructed, but the inhabitants were friendly. The farmer and several other men came out and received us with much civility, shaking hands, as is the custom of the country, and bidding us welcome in the Dutch style. Our tent was pitched in the field, and

we were soon provided with a good supper, being our only meal on this day. While it was preparing, Mr. Melville went with me, to pay a visit to the farmer in his dwelling, braving the attack of an host of dogs, to whose cowardly barking we could pay no attention, having carefully to mind our balance on the stepping stones, over which we passed through the deep mud and filth surrounding the premises. We sat some time with the family, the Veldcornet, and some visitors, and obtained much information on various subjects, connected with our future progress. My fire-box was also exhibited, to the utter astonishment of all present. Before we went to rest, we returned thanks to God our Preserver, for having safely brought us thus far, through a dangerous path, which to some has even proved fatal. We were favoured with fine, dry weather, without which few travellers will venture to cross the defiles of Kayman's Gat and Trekata'kou.

19th. We rose before sunset, vainly hoping to reach Melkhout Kraal, Mr. Rex's house on the Knysna, before dark. In an hour and a half, we arrived at the Veldcornet's house. He had accompanied us the whole way, and now invited us to partake of his breakfast. This consisted of excellent white bread and butter, sweet milk, wild honey of delicious flavour, peaches and pears, served up in the old patriarchal style. His house and premises lie on an eminence, without any trees or gardens about them. Having lately shot four tygers, he exhibited their skins. The largest measured five feet six inches, from the nose to the root of the tail, the tail itself four feet. It had seized a young heifer by the throat, whose bellowing and dying groans brought the Veldcornet to the spot, when he shot the ferocious animal through the body. The skin was much injured, but beautiful in the brightness of its colours.

Here we saw for the first time, a proof of the devastation made by the Caffres during the late war, in the ruins of the farm-house, of which the walls only were yet standing. The inhabitants, fearing a repetition of the incursions of that restless people, have not ventured to rebuild their houses, and are now satisfied to dwell

in huts, little better than those of the Hottentots. The Veldcornet's house, however, was clean and respectable.

From hence our road lay along the declivity of a hill: the mountains with their numerous woody glens, following each other in succession, appeared to great advantage, till we arrived at the farm of a widow Wyers on the Zwart Revier. The ford over the river used to be at this place, where often the water was so deep, that it proved dangerous to travellers. The new ford, though shorter, has likewise a deep, muddy bed, through which we plunged rather unpleasantly, passed over the hill on which the farm-house is situated, and reached the Ruygte Valley, where the ford across the river is both broad and deep. The waggons were emptied, and their contents, as well as ourselves, brought across the stream in a species of canoe, made of one immense tree.

The relay-oxen provided for us, being on this side, were obliged to cross the water, and we were amused by observing the different degrees of courage or fear, shown by these sober animals, in choosing their own places to enter it. Some leaped in at once, and swam boldly forward. Others, after contemplating one spot, went on to another, till they found one more shallow, which they entered warily: some found themselves deceived in the sequel, and had a longer and deeper stream to cross, than the more courageous. The delay occasioned by unpacking and repacking the waggons, was the most annoying part of the business, and it was noon, before we reached Mr. Meeling's farm, where we were hospitably entertained with thick milk, bread, and butter.

But here we had nearly met with a serious accident. Sister Schnitt, stepping into the baggage-waggon, slipped off the pole, and fell backwards, by which her head received such a severe contusion, that, for a short time, she lost her recollection, and was in much pain. Some relief was afforded by an application of bukku brandy, but her anxiety to proceed, made her unwilling to cause delay, by staying at this house to be nursed, and we ventured to

continue our journey down the valley, between low, heathy eminences, for about an hour. The road then led up a steep, barren hill, from the summit of which one of the finest views we had yet seen, presented itself before us, with a well-wooded fore-ground of hill and dale, forming very picturesque scenery. The descent was rough, through deep sand, mixed with large stones, which rendered the jolting of the waggon insupportable to Sister Schmitt, who, preferred walking down the hill through the wood, though the pain in her head required rest. The Gowcomma flows through the valley, and the narrow road, rising through a thick wood, runs rather too close to its steep banks, to remove all apprehension of the waggon being precipitated into the stream. We forded this river at a place darkened by the shade of large trees, and in view of some black rocks, through which the water forces its way, and arrived safe at the house of Mr. Terblanche, a farmer of decayed fortune. Ruins of a larger house, than that which he now inhabits, made us suspect, that the Caffres in the late war had destroyed it; but it seems to have been forsaken from other causes. He was much pleased to see some company arrive to cheer him in his solitude, and treated us with bread and thick milk. Here we saw that beautiful bird called the green cuckoo, one of the few feathered inhabitants of these lonely woods, where the enlivening song of the nightingale and lark is never heard, but merely now and then the monotonous whistle of some painted finch, or the melancholy cooing of a turtle-dove.

Leaving this place, we passed along a low hill, resembling a huge bank or dyke, from whence, to the left, we had a view of a great number of low green hills, in regular rows, not improperly compared by some of us to a succession of long Atlantic waves made stationary, by being converted into land. By a turn of the road, we were unexpectedly treated with a view of the Indian ocean, the estuary of the Knysna, and Mr. Rex's farm at some distance beyond it. A steep hill and marshy plain leads to the ford, which,

from the state of the tide was now impassable. Shortly before we made halt, Brother Schmitt met with an accident, which might have been even more serious, than that which befel his wife. Having left the waggon to fetch some remarkably beautiful scarlet flowers, which had attracted our attention, on venturing to enter it again, without stopping the oxen, the fore-wheel went over his right foot, and hurt it considerably.

Two of our party were now rendered invalids. Yesterday was a day, when danger was expected. To-day we had no fears. Thus we received a serious but merciful warning, that in every situation, and whatever appearances may be, we ought not to forget, that we are never safe, but under the protecting care of our heavenly Father. The sufferers, as well as our whole party, were thankful, that these accidents had not been such as to prevent our proceeding.

The out-span place was in a romantic situation near the ford; on all sides enclosed by woody hills, the river flowing at the foot of those to the east. Here Mr. Melville shot a bird, which proved to be a curious species of king-fisher, the wings and body beautifully marked in black and white. The report of the gun produced one of the finest echoes imaginable. A large fire being soon kindled, Sister Schmitt, with her usual zeal to sacrifice her own convenience to our comforts, which, at least, under present circumstances, deserves once for all to be noticed, insisted on our permitting her to cook supper for us, as we had made no meal all day; after which, she retired to rest in the waggon. Brother Schmitt obtained considerable relief by bathing his foot in the cold Knysan, by which inflammation was prevented.

While we were at supper, and for some time during the early part of the night, we were treated with a horrid serenade by wolves on the opposite hill. These creatures, as also tygers, are said to be numerous in this woody part of the country. We were not without fears about the safety of the oxen, belonging to the two spans we had brought, and of those provided as relays by the Veldcornet, according to order, and feeding loose near our encampment.

20th. At one o'clock in the morning, we were roused by our drivers, who were anxious to proceed, as we had the Knysna and another river to cross, before we could reach Mr. Rex's house, both being fordable only at low water. Our tent was soon struck, and preparations made for our departure, by the light of a large fire. Forging the Knysna required skill in our drivers, for the river was both deep and rapid, and the farmer, therefore, to whom the cattle belonged, thought proper to drive them himself. Having also crossed the second river in safety, we encamped on the opposite bank, between some low hills and a grove of lofty trees, and got a dish of coffee. Our two patients were both much better, for which we gave thanks to God. The morning was clear, and the air refreshing. The views also toward the estuary of the Knysna delighted us, whenever an opening in the woods and high bushes permitted us to see them. At nine o'clock, we arrived at Melkhout Kraal, and were cordially welcomed by Mr. Rex, to whom Mr. Van Kervel, with his usual kindness and consideration, had already sent notice of our approach.

We soon perceived, that it was our worthy host's intention to detain us here as long as he could. Some rest was indeed needful, and Sister Schmitt immediately availed herself of the kind offer of Mr. Rex's lady to let her servants assist us in various household concerns. Mr. Rex found in Mr. Melville's company and conversation, much pleasure and information respecting the measurement of land, being himself fond of that science. I was employed chiefly in writing, and a day spent quietly at home seemed to suit the inclination of every one of our party.

21st. The morning was foggy, and threatened rain, but about nine it became clear. A ride to the mouth of the Knysna had been proposed, but we delayed rather too long; for, by the time we arrived, the fog returned, and by degrees covered the sea and the whole coast, while the inland country remained clear. After our return, the Veldcornet, who was directed to supply oxen to carry us to Jackal's Kraal, came to consult with us about the time of

our departure. We now had much difficulty to prevail upon our hospitable host to let us depart in the morning.

After dinner, he showed us his gardens, which are at some distance from the dwelling, towards the valley. They are well stocked with a great variety of produce, but no attention has been paid to ornament.

22d. Having at length convinced Mr. Rex, that it was our duty no longer to indulge in the pleasure he proposed to give us, by prolonging our stay, but, impressed with great gratitude for the hospitable reception we had met with at his house, to proceed on the business committed to us, he consented, and resolved himself to accompany us to Jackal's Kraal. His lady having furnished Sister Schmitt with a supply of very needful stores and refreshments, we left Melkhout Kraal at ten o'clock, Mr. Rex and his son following us on horseback.

When they came up with us, Mr. Rex took a seat in the waggon. The road was uneven, but presented charming views of the surrounding country, and of the woods, which partly crown the summits, and partly adorn the sides of the hills. For some miles, the forest extends from the range of high mountains, forming the northern boundary of the bay, to the sea-coast. This region is called the Port. At a place in the wood, where two roads met, Mr. Rex related, that here, during the last invasion of the colony, a party of Caffres surprised some boors with their wives, five of whom they murdered in cool blood. One of the women begged hard for the life of her husband. After some consultation, they suddenly seized him and cut him in pieces. They carried off one of the women, and kept her for four days. They then sent a message to her husband, demanding two hundred rix-dollars, as a ransom for his wife. Fearing treachery, he refused to treat with them. Mean-while she persisted in her entreaties to be released, which at length they not only granted without ransom, but gave her a safeguard to conduct her home, having treated her well during her stay.

The immense forests of Plettenberg Bay are not without inhabitants. Elephants, buffaloes, tygers, wolves, and wild boars, having little to dread from that grand destroyer, Man, find here shelter. They seem all to have chosen their ground, some preferring the coast, and others the mountains. Thus, if not followed into their haunts, they are not often seen by the traveller, especially during the day, and we were never amused by the gambols of tygers or leopards, near the road. A few partridges were put up by Mr. Melville's dog, and one or two of them shot; but passing through these woods, nothing is heard of that cheerful chirping and singing of birds, that busy hum of flying insects, with other symptoms of animated nature, which delight and inspirit the traveller through the forests of England and the European continent.

We crossed several brooks, running, all but one, from the mountains towards the sea. This perverse stream is called Samson's Revier, and taking its rise on some high land near the coast, runs rapidly towards the hills, where it is taken up by the Kierbooms Revier, and turned back. Its waters were remarkably clear and sweet, and whether from this cause, or feeling some interest in its capricious course and opposition to general rule, we here replenished our stock of fresh water. On the banks of one of the abovementioned brooks, we found the larger species of bukku, one of the most aromatic, medicinal plants in the country, and justly esteemed for its healing properties. Its leaves steeped in brandy or vinegar, and the bottle placed in the heat of the sun, emit an unctuous juice, by which the fluid is rendered as thick as honey, and applied particularly for the healing of contusions, sores, and all external complaints. The Hottentots also use it for inward hurts, by mixing a spoonful of it with warm water. Its leaves are lancet-shaped and serrated.

After leaving the woods, we passed over an uninteresting, barren country, and were rather alarmed by perceiving, what the height of the trees had hidden from our view, that thick black

clouds, covering the western horizon, were fast following us, thunder muttering at a distance. In a short time, a violent wind arose, which filled the air with clouds of dust. The backs of the oxen and the waggons were covered with it. Soon after, it began to lighten, thunder, and rain, and almost made us fear, that we should be obliged to give up the thoughts of visiting Jackal's Kraal to-day, and be forced to seek shelter. We persevered, however, and by the time we had reached the heights, which overlook the vale bearing this name, the rain ceased. The sudden change in the appearance of the country] afforded us much pleasure. From an insipid flat, it swelled into hills, with woody glens sloping down towards the vale. As it was now too late to examine the spot proposed for an establishment, a consultation was held; the result of which was, that we would not proceed to the next farm, but, to save time, descend with our waggons into the vale, and there encamp for the night, though the weather threatened to be rather boisterous, and the appearance of the situation below was wild, resembling a haunt of beasts of prey in undisputed possession.

Mr. Rex offered to accompany us down the hill, but having business at a farm, several miles from hence, much as we delighted in his company, and profited by his conversation, we could not accept of a service, which would have put him to much inconvenience. Here, therefore, though with sensations of regret, we took leave of our worthy and generous conductor. The Veldcornet, Mr. Van Huysteyn, accompanied us into the valley.

Previous to our arrival at Melkhout Kraal, Mr. Rex had made application to Government for the possession of Jackal's Kraal. Though no answer had been returned, I should, as in other instances, have considered this circumstance as a sufficient bar against occupation on our part, not wishing in the smallest degree to interfere with the plans of any individual in the colony, in fixing upon a tract of land, for a settlement of the Brethren's Mission.

But Mr. Rex generously declared, that he not only gladly quit-
ted all claim to Jackal's Kraal, where he had intended only to
put up a small cottage, as a sheltering place in the hunting
season, but rejoiced in the hopes of seeing the land cultivated,
and a settlement of Christian Hottentots formed in his neighbour-
hood. This declaration was now solemnly repeated, and made
us determine to examine the situation, with a view to a missionary
establishment.

The descent into the vale was not too steep, but finding no
path, we pulled through the long grass and bushes, over stony or
marshy ground, with some difficulty and uncertainty, till having
reached a spot near a grove of tall trees, rising out of thick under-
wood, we pitched our tent on a dry place, surrounded with high
bushes, which served us for fuel. Here we made two large fires,
both for culinary purposes, and to frighten away any wild beasts
which might be disposed to visit us during the night, this place
having been reported to be the haunt of a great number of fero-
cious animals. But, as usually is the case, the love of frightful
tales had probably created monsters in the reporter's imagina-
tion, for we neither saw nor heard any thing to give notice of
their presence, and our cattle walked about the bushes, picking
their food, without molestation. Yet as caution was necessary in
a place unknown, and to appearance admirably suited to be a
dwelling-place for wild creatures, we men went in a body, while it
was yet light, to view the spot where formerly the old Hottentot
captain Jackal, from whom the place derives its name, had his dwell-
ing. Sister Schmitt and the Hottentots remained in the camp,
and prepared supper. The captain's house was built upon a rising
ground on the south side of the valley, probably of very perishable
materials, for, besides a few broken fragments, resembling the rem-
nants of uprights or rafters, nothing was to be seen, but some traces
of a square field or garden.

Dark clouds hovering about the horizon, seemed to threaten a

rainy night. It lightened much, the wind rose, and some rain fell, but besides a little annoyance from the flapping about of the curtains of our tent, which we had not sufficiently secured against the wind, we spent a quiet night in this solitary wilderness, under the protection of our Almighty Preserver, and rose early in the morning to praise Him for His mercies, and for the return of fine weather, so desirable and needful for our present undertaking.

23d. We commenced our survey, according to a plan agreed on last night. Brother Schmitt and Stein went with me to captain Jackal's hill. From hence we proceeded to a narrow kloof out of which the rivulet flows. On leaving the kloof, it buries itself under an assemblage of stones, from which, at about an hundred yards distance, it emerges in sufficient force, even in this dry season, to supply a mill. A broad path, made by wood-cutters, afforded a convenient passage into the kloof. The eastern sun shone with great brightness into it, gilding the banks on both sides. They rise steep to a considerable height, and are clothed with a romantic wood of every species of tree growing in the country, innumerable flowering plants and shrubs covering the ground. Here and there, masses of rock peep through the surrounding foliage. The rivulet rushes rapidly through the shady grove, over a stony bed, and we followed its course to a place where it forms a deep pool under a perpendicular rock. From the accidental position of the broken fragments of stone, piled up in order at its foot, this rock might, at some distance, be taken for a mass of basaltes. The water filled the whole space, and obliged us to ascend the hill. Having, however, satisfied ourselves as to the supply of water to be gained from the rivulet, we returned to the tent, much pleased with the discoveries we had made. We made a favourable report of them at an excellent breakfast, for which, through Mr. Rex's goodness, we had been provided with every requisite, sweet milk, fresh butter, and good wheaten bread, and a partridge, shot by Mr. Melville.

On reading the portions of scripture appointed for this day, ren-

dered remarkable for being the first day, on which we could execute part of the commission given to us, we were excited to fervent prayer, that the glory of the Lord might fill this place also, if it be His gracious will, that here a settlement should be formed for the gathering together of a congregation of believers from among the Hottentot nation. To us it appeared in various respects an eligible situation, though rejected by Dr. Van der Kemp, as not sufficiently large, and by our Hottentots, as not possessing sweet grass. There is land enough for a congregation of about five hundred persons, and probably the soil might be so much improved, as to produce every necessary article of subsistence, though some place of change, at certain seasons of the year, would be required for the cattle. Conveyance from the Cape is rendered easy, by ships sailing to Plettenberg Bay.

After breakfast, the Veldcornet returned to us with Mr. P. a farmer living at the entrance of the vale, at whose house he had taken up his night's lodging; and we set out, to make further inquiries into the nature of the soil, and other properties of the unoccupied land. Our horses were very lame, and stumbled grievously among the rushes and brushwood, through which we had to pass. We ascended the hill by a gulley, which appeared to us like the narrow bed of a water-course, but, by the report of the Veldcornet, was made by wild boars. Part of the ascent has good land, some fit for corn, and some for pasture, but the flat summit, which stretches far away towards the sea, is unfruitful. We passed along the edge of the hill, the farmer describing every part of the vale in view, which he pronounced to be in many places fit for cultivation, especially for gardens and corn, the kloofs descending on the opposite side being well stored with wood, useful both for building and fuel. We now directed our course towards Mr. P.'s farm.

From an opposite kloof, a rivulet furnishes a constant supply of water, sufficient to irrigate his garden, and forming a natural division between the two properties. From the heights above the farm,

there is a fine view of Plettenberg Bay, the western point of which is marked by a promontory and small island, the resort of a vast number of seals; and the eastern, by a high, conical hill, called the Grenadier's cap. Several lower peaks appear to rise at its foot. We noticed here a gigantic species of a plant, from its singular form, very properly called the chandelier. The specimen I obtained, had twenty shoots, proceeding, in a direction nearly horizontal, from its centre, each a foot long, with a beautiful scarlet flower at its point. Its root is a bulb. A smaller species is common all over the waste.

Having alighted, we walked to the house, along a gulley filled with fragments of a soft iron-stone, porous, and of various colours, brought off the hills by torrents. Some of it was flaky, full of larger or smaller cavities, filled with fine yellow ochre. Sand-stone and quartz lie, as usual, in abundance upon the surface of the ground.

Mr. P. and his old mother received us with civility, and set before us what their house afforded, *tea-water*, bread and butter, and preserved quinces of excellent flavour. The hills opposite the farm, are intersected by woody kloofs, and rendered picturesque by ledges of grey rock, with intermediate bushes. We were informed, that they swarm with apes and baboons, as likewise with tygers, wolves, and other wild animals; and though the latter seldom approach the dwellings, yet the cries of the poor antelopes and other game, seized and worried by them among the rocks and woods, are frequently heard below. Mr. P. walked with us into the garden, which is large and plentifully stocked with all kinds of fruits, apples, pears, peaches, quinces, oranges, and lemons, which he has some trouble to guard against the monkey tribes, infesting the neighbouring woods.

When we first met, Mr. P. seemed shy and cautious, made the worst of every thing relating to Jackal's Kraal, that we might consider it as unfit for a missionary station; but by degrees, he softened, and was ready to give every encouragement, hoping, that if a settlement was made, Hottentots would come into the country, and hands be obtained to assist in the farms. At present, the few Hot-

tentot inhabitants are chiefly employed in cutting and preparing timber. Hitherto, Mr. P. has used the kraal for pasture-ground, as being an uninhabited spot, and as he would not wish to lose that convenience, he may be forgiven for viewing intruders with some suspicion. He showed his good sense and candour in so soon forsaking selfish views and prejudices. Men who have lived all their life-time in so sequestered a state, remote from society, consider, of course, their own affairs as of the first consequence, to which they have been accustomed to sacrifice every thing within their reach, not having discernment sufficient to judge of the relative importance of human concerns. Religion is generally quite out of the question, and its propagation considered as a secondary, if not wholly unnecessary business.

The Veldcornet accompanied us through the valley to our little camp. On our way, we observed much good land, fit for gardens and pasture. A vast quantity of palmite covers the banks of the rivulet, which is always considered as a sign of good and rich soil, but it is very difficult to eradicate, having a strong tap-root, running deep into the marshy ground. Brother Stein, who had walked forward, called to us to observe a large bird of prey he had driven off a carcass, which, on coming up, we found to be that of a young kid, just killed, and its entrails torn out. The bird was not much intimidated, for he alighted at a short distance, from whence he observed us undismayed, ready to return to his prey; and as we had neither the means, nor the right to prevent it, we left him to reap the benefit of his acquisition. Upon one of the bushy eminences to the right, I found the small aloe still in bloom, three weeks after they had left off showing any flowers at Groenekloof. After our return to the camp, Mr. Melville and I continued our ride into the kloof, which we had visited this morning, and as the sun was now at its height, the appearance of the wood, water, and rocks, was extremely beautiful.

Sister Schmitt meanwhile had not been idle, but after writing a letter, went with the Hottentots to the western side of the valley,