

and discovered, among the bushes, several pools of clear water, which she now advised us to visit. This was done, and we were convinced, that there is water sufficient for every purpose, and in every season, to serve a town of four or five hundred inhabitants.

We now took leave of Jackal's Kraal, with thanks to the landdrost, for having made us acquainted, both with Mr. Rex, and with a situation, not unworthy of consideration in the choice of a missionary settlement in this colony, notwithstanding the objections raised by our Hottentots, who ever prefer the rearing and tending of cattle, to labour in the field, and the rearing of crops.

CHAPTER IX.

Departure from Jackal's Kraal. View of Plettenberg Bay. Restless night. Passing over the Paerdekop Mountain into the Lange Kloof. Wild Scenery. Dangerous road. Delay at Klip Revier. Receipt of letters from England. Enter the Lange Kloof, farms of Wellgelegen, Ungelegen, and Kliphuebel. Mr. Fereira's rencontre with a tyger.

OUR worthy friend, Mr. Rex, in proposing to detain us some days longer at his house, had informed us, that we might gain time, by not returning to Mr. Zaayman's, and going over the Duivel's kop into the Lange Kloof, but by crossing the mountains by the Paerdekop, which, in a fine season, like the present, might be easily effected. We resolved, therefore, to take his advice, and proceed towards the Paerdekop. After reaching the top of the western boundary of Jackal's Kraal, our road lay over a flat, dismal country, to the Veldcornet's house, seen through an opening

between low hills. On the road, a slave, attempting to get on the box, without stopping the waggon, fell, and the fore-wheel passing over part of his leg, hurt him severely. Bukku brandy being repeatedly applied by Brother Stein, the pain was soon relieved, and inflammation prevented.

Mr. Melville had gone in quest of game, and shot two partridges, which, though in itself of not much importance, proved, under present circumstances, a most acceptable gift, our stock of fresh provisions being consumed. The Veldcornet's house is pleasantly situated at the meeting of three vallies, and notice being given of our arrival, we were kindly received, and treated with a well-dressed plain dinner. Mrs. Van Huysteyn afterwards presented Sister Schmitt with two cocks, a large square bottle of wild honey, and some other useful articles, and her husband accompanied us for some miles. His father, a venerable old Dutch gentleman, had been at Zeyst in Holland, and seemed pleased to see friends belonging to the same fraternity.

Having forded the Wittedrift, a brook running into the Kierbooms Revier, we began to ascend the heights, from which we had a full view of its course, and of Plettenberg Bay. The vessel, regularly employed to convey timber to the Cape, lay at anchor not far from the shore. The bay, however, being exposed to the south-east, from whence the wind generally blows with violence, makes it unsafe for any vessel to lie in it longer than necessity requires: otherwise, it affords great convenience to the inhabitants, to have communication with the Cape by water. The same advantage would likewise attend the possession of Jackal's Kraal.

While Mr. Melville was vainly following one of those cunning birds, the wild peacock, a bluebock, one of the smallest antelopes, started up, not far from the road. The Hottentots could not resist the temptation, but both our own people and the guides and drivers left the waggons, and, with two dogs, set off full speed in pursuit. As this animal is not as swift as others of the same kind, he may be run down in the open field by a swift-footed Hottentot;

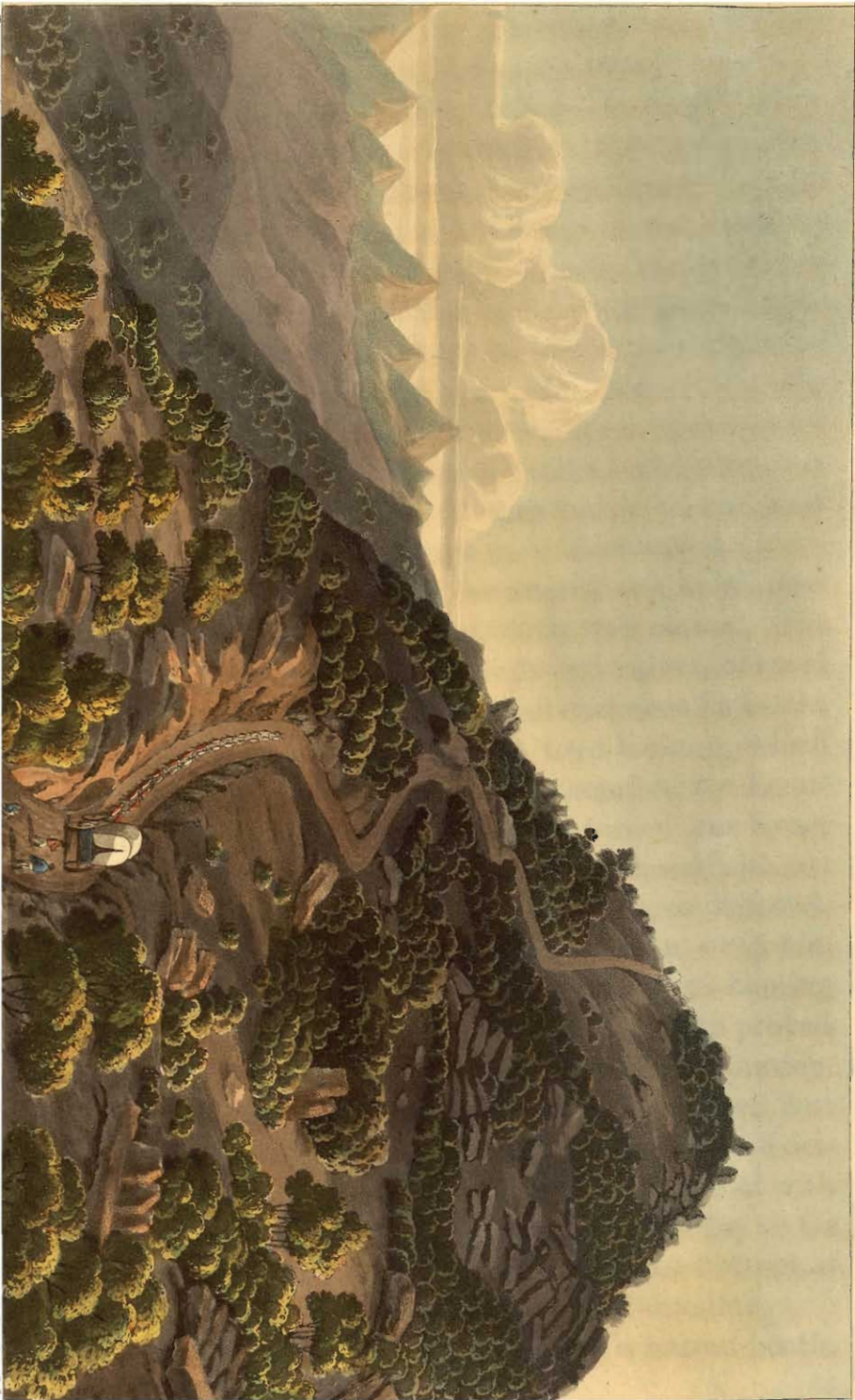
and now, but for his dextrous turnings and doublings, would have been taken, had he not reached a wood, and thus narrowly escaped. It was very amusing to us to see the chace, and the disappointed looks of the returning huntsmen. The fur of the bluebock is remarkably fine; brown, changing with a blueish grey. It was quite dark before we arrived at a farm, the possessor of which, after some hesitation, permitted us to pitch our tent and unyoke our oxen in the field before his house. We kindled a fire, and after a supper, consisting of coffee, bread and honey, lay down to rest. We were, however, prevented going to sleep, till near two o'clock in the morning, by a drunken Hottentot, whom neither the exhortations of Brother Schmitt, nor the more forcible means used by Brother Stein, who thrust him out of a Hottentot house, where, in quarrelling and fighting with a woman, he had bitten a piece out of her arm, could bring to reason.

24th. During the night, black clouds had over-spread the heavens, but providentially dispersed at sunrise, and the morning proved fine. Had it turned to rain, we durst not have ventured to proceed, and to encounter the passage across the mountains. The farmer seemed last night not much disposed to assist us; but Sister Schmitt had this morning got into favour both with him and his wife, and procured a supply of bread, milk, and cabbages. After breakfast we set out, and soon entered upon roads, not easily described, so as to give to Englishmen an adequate idea of them. How those African waggons can bear such thumping, bouncing, twisting, and screwing between rocks, and large masses of broken stones, irregularly piled upon each other, is almost beyond belief. But the Creator has mercifully provided for the wants of men in all countries. Here grows that valuable wood called Eysterhout, or ironwood, so hard, and likewise so tough, that an axle-tree made of it will bear more than an iron one of twice its thickness.

The views from the heights are most singular. I wish I were able to paint them, so as to present a true picture to my reader's imagination. Along the horizon to the east and south-east, runs

the range of high mountains, enclosing the Lange Kloof, and exhibiting a rugged out-line, with many peaks. Before them are ranges of lower hills, of which, from one point, we counted no less than five, running parallel to each other, and intersected vertically by numberless kloofs, likewise in parallel lines, so as to give to the whole the appearance of division by art. These kloofs are partly naked, partly filled with bushes, or lined on each side with rocks. To the right of the road, the slope of the hill, sinking into a deep glen beneath, grew more and more steep, as we proceeded, and in some places to that degree, that we began to give credit to the stories of waggons and oxen rolling down altogether, and being seen no more. A misfortune of this kind is said to have happened to a waggon in General Dundas's retinue, when going over the Dui-vilskop.

In about two hours, we reached the Paerdekop (Horse's Head) mountain, over the very summit of which we had to pass. Its steepness in all directions renders it impossible to carry the road round its sides. Our exhausted oxen were hardly able to drag the waggons along, and we were obliged again to have recourse to a double spann. The sand-stone rock, forming the mass of the mountain, appears lying in strata nearly perpendicular, besides which, a vast number of large loose fragments are strewed upon its surface. Many of them are clothed with a lichen of a bright vermilion colour. Quartz lies in veins, or in detached pieces. The soil produces a variety of bushes, flowering shrubs and aloes, between the stones. With the help of our men, bearing the waggon up on either side, as the slope of the road required, and suffering our cattle to rest every two or three minutes, we at length surmounted every difficulty, and got safely across this dreaded mountain, to an out-spann place in a dreary wilderness. After an hour's rest, we set out again, and our groom, Leonhard, having pointed out a footpath, by which we might shorten our road, Brother and Sister Schmitt and I ventured upon it. It led us through a rocky glen, into which a stone, accidentally rolling down from the heights



Drawn by R. Cocking, from a sketch by M. Kaulitz.

THE PAERDEKOP.

Published April 1868 at R. Ackermann's, 25 Strand, London.

J. F. G. W. W. W.

above, produced such a grand effect, that we amused ourselves for some time with great zeal, in repeating the experiment.

Meeting an old grey-headed Hottentot, with a long beard, dressed only in a kaross and skin apron, we entered into conversation with him. I presented him with a few doppelgens (penny pieces). He thanked me, and observed, that of all things in the world he loved money best. Brother Schmitt asked him, whether he did not love God better, to which he replied, that he knew nothing of him. This gave the missionary an opportunity of declaring to him the love of God to man, and to direct the poor old man to Jesus, who had loved him unto death, and deserved to be loved above every thing in earth and heaven. The Hottentot listened with attention and surprise, and promised to think on that which he had now heard, and pray to God to give him grace to understand it.

After a tedious and troublesome walk, we arrived at a kraal, near a valley, where an aged Hottentot lived, with two slaves. The kraal consisted of a circular building of reeds and rushes, covered with grass, a garden near the brook, and a small enclosure for cattle. Two shaggy dogs announced our arrival with loud barking, which brought out the old man, accompanied, to our comfort, by Leonhard, who had reached the place before us, and turned our horses into the field to graze. The man seemed much pleased with our visit, and not well fitted for a hermit. On leaving him, we descended into the valley, crossed the brook, and mounted a steep hill, from which, in a short time, we discovered our waggons coming down the woody glen. They followed us up the hill, which proved one of the longest ascents, and heaviest roads in the whole journey. Here I found the first chrystals of quartz, diminutive indeed, but clear, in veins and fissures of sand-stone, and, in general, more disposition to chrystallization in the quartz, than I had ever met with before in this country. Had we foot-passengers not got so far forward up the hill, before the waggons arrived at the bottom, it was the boor's intention to have spent the night in the valley.

After gaining the summit, we passed through a barren heath,

and arrived long after sunset, at a place called Kloetes Kraal. Here was neither house, nor Hottentot's hut; but some pieces of timber, the remnants of an old habitation, lying on the ground, enabled us to kindle two large fires. I had been troubled with headach during the latter part of our journey, and as soon as my mattrass could be got ready, lay down in the waggon to rest. While supper was cooking, which for some days was our only meal, Sister Schmitt, knowing that I generally find relief in strong coffee, but should have refused giving her additional trouble, prepared it unobserved, and unexpectedly brought me a basin of it into the tent, before I ascended into my dormitory. Services so generous, and unasked for, deserve to be recorded with gratitude; nor is this the first time, that I have experienced the exquisite delight of indulging a grateful sense of the disinterested and unsolicited services of my South African brethren and friends, whose unmerited kindness towards me on every occasion, will ever remain deeply impressed upon my heart.

The situation of our encampment was dreary in the extreme, high and bleak, surrounded with low eminences, which shut out the view of the mountains, not a tree in sight, and far distant from the dwellings of men. During the night, which was very dark, I was roused from sleep, by perceiving some odd motion of the waggon. I sat up, and for a moment felt afraid, that some wild beast had approached our camp, when one of the wheels seemed fairly lifted off the ground by some external force. Being so closely shut in, that I could not discover the cause, I called to the Hottentots, who were sleeping round the fire, to come to my assistance, and my shouts alarmed the whole party. It was soon found, that the innocent author of this disturbance was one of our horses, who, having returned from the place, where he had been sent to feed, was amusing himself by scrubbing his back against the wheel. He was, of course, driven away, but soon returned to my great annoyance, till my patience being exhausted, I got up, and sent him off to some distance. Notwithstanding my rest had been thus broken, when

the morning dawned, I rose with the rest of the company, in perfect health.

We now found that our sociable friend from the round kraal had followed the waggons, and arrived with our Hottentots, after we had retired to rest. He had thus gained a good deal of amusement, and, we hope, some useful information and instruction, besides partaking of their supper and breakfast. We were at least six miles from his hermitage, and our arrival was to him, no doubt, an event of much importance.

25. The boor, who brought us thus far, had behaved with so much reserve, and had such a forbidding countenance, that we had set him down for a very sulky fellow; but we now found ourselves so much at his mercy in this wilderness, where we might have waited long enough for a relay of oxen, that we resolved to try his temper, and whether he had good nature enough left, to agree to put us forward another "skoff" or day's journey. Brother Schmitt conducted the negotiation, and having represented our case, found him much more pliable than expected; and surely one ought not always to judge of a man's heart by the cut of his face. After some silent consultation with his own feelings, he observed, that he could not be satisfied, to leave us in this desert, but though his oxen were tired, he would bring us to Klip Revier, on Kierbooms Revier, being the first farm in the Lange Kloof. For this exertion of good-will, he was treated with coffee and brandy, and at the end of the journey, with a good meal, and a Gnaden-thal knife.

We set out after breakfast, and walked along a steep, broken ridge of barren hills, while the waggons took the road lower down. Wild boars having been seen this morning on a neighbouring hill, Marcus was sent with a rifle gun to try to get some venison, but returned without having discovered their retreat. In fact, we could not spare any of our people, as every assistance was wanted to keep the waggons from oversetting. We had now arrived among kloofs and low hills, each of which, however, would have obtained

the name of mountain in the midland counties of England. They are uniformly very steep, and the ravines dividing them, full of huge stones, rocks, and bushes. One must see such a wild and truly horrid region as we passed through, to have any conception of it. It is in vain to attempt to describe it. The weather had appeared very unpromising in the morning, but cleared up, though the sun did not break forth till late in the day, which kept us and our cattle cool. We were indeed highly favoured in venturing to make the passage over the Paerdekop into the Lange Kloof. Had it rained, we might have been detained among the mountains many days, as is the fate of many a traveller. The people belonging to a waggon we met on the road, informed us that they had been three days on the journey, and had the misfortune twice to overset.

After a tedious, difficult, and I may say, dangerous passage over many a hill and glen, we made one hour's out-span in a deep valley enclosed on all sides by steep banks, and got a luncheon of bread and honey. Brother Stein mounted a rock, unobserved, and played on his flute the tune of that hymn, "*Now let us praise the Lord,*" while we all felt disposed to join with heart and voices; for we had indeed cause to praise the Lord for bringing us thus far in safety. Our musician afterwards regaled the English ears among us, with "*God save great George our King*", which we may venture to say has never yet been heard in this part of his Majesty's dominions. I remained in the waggon, writing my journal.

After our refreshment, we entered with renewed courage, upon our toilsome journey, of which, indeed, the poor oxen had more cause to complain, than we. Sixteen drew the heavy, and twelve the light waggon. We had our full complement of drivers and leaders, who with our own Hottentots found sufficient employ. Let no one ever hereafter complain of the passage of Hottentot-Holland's Kloof, or the Haue Hoek near Gnadenthal, who has passed over these roads, or rather plunged up and down these precipices. Barren as these mountains in general appear, they yet afford a rich harvest for the botanist, and we found several curious

plants, unknown to our best botanist, Mr. Melville. In some places, the rugged sides of the hills are clothed with aloes, and other larger plants, and as we proceeded, we saw, on many hills, the so-called Wageboom growing dispersed, resembling a planted orchard, the trees standing fifteen or twenty paces asunder. Of wild creatures, we saw only a few rehbock antelopes, but being excessively shy, our huntsmen Schmitt and Melville rode or ran after them in vain. Elephants, wild boars, wolves, and tygers, as likewise baboons, haunt these desolate regions, the first however, only where they find wood and water.

One of our young drivers related to his companion, that at the round kraal, which we visited yesterday, he watched a tyger for several nights successively, climbing up the poles of the hen-roost. This is a platform made of branches of trees covered with bushes or grass, supported by four or more uprights, about ten or twelve feet high, to which the cocks and hens fly, about sunset, and there roost during the night, out of the reach of mausehunde, foxes, and other destructive animals. Nor can tygers, or wild cats, well scramble up a smooth pole, with an overhanging superstructure. The tyger had succeeded in siezing one or two chickens, near the edge of the roost, and the Hottentot was determined to stop his thieving. He made two small holes in the side of the kraal, one for the muzzle of his gun, the other for his eye, behind which he lay in ambush. The tyger soon came, and clasping one of the poles with his claws, seemed contriving how best to mount to the platform. At that moment the lad fired, and the animal fell, but uttered so loud a roar, that, thinking him yet alive, and likely in his fury, to make an attack upon the kraal, he first let out his dog. The dog soon put an end to the tyger's life, as he had received the shot through his body.

About five o'clock, we arrived at Klip Revier, and were welcomed by a friendly farmer of the name of Barkhuis, but who had it not in his power to put us forward to-day. We therefore sent a message to the Veldcornet, to have oxen ready for us to-morrow at

the next station. Thither our host proposed to bring us, but not before noon. As the orders of the landdrost to the Veldcornets were given, under the supposition, that we should cross the mountains by Mr. Zaayman's, and over the Duivelskop, it was our own fault, that we did not meet with relays on this road. We thus lost more in time, than we gained in distance. Having pitched our tent in the field near the house, and given our host a good supper, we enjoyed a comfortable night's rest.

26th. We breakfasted in the house with the family, and had the pleasure of treating them with a dish of genuine and well-made coffee. They are poor, and have many children, whom they find it difficult to maintain. Wherever we found this to be the case, far from wishing to lessen their stock of provisions, by our requisitions, we gave them what we could afford, out of the supplies we had brought with us, or purchased from richer boors. But though they were poor, Mr and Mrs. Barkhuis treated us in return; and sweeter grapes and richer milk, we had nowhere tasted, since we left Gnadenthal. Some friends of our host were here, and dined with us. Their conversation turned upon that never-failing subject of complaint against the English Government, the new taxes, and the measuring and valuing of the lands.

About two o'clock, we left Klip Revier, and set out for Kierbooms Revier, belonging to the mother of our host, where we expected to procure relays. The road was very uneven, in many places steep and rocky, and having our host's son, a huge lad of seventeen, for our driver, his giddiness and inattention caused us considerable alarm. In about three hours, we arrived at the above-mentioned place, where we not only found no oxen, but no tidings of the result of our message to the Veldcornet. Here, therefore, we were again detained, with a family apparently not well pleased with our visit. An old lady, of extraordinary bulk, and determined countenance, occupied one corner of the room, and not a smile or inviting word bid us welcome. After staring some time at one another, the usual laconic address was uttered; "Sit" was the word, and we

sat down. "Tea-water" was next offered, and we heard afterwards that we were expected to sup with the family, but no invitation being given, we thought best to bid them good night, and retreat into our tent.

27th. We were amused this morning by all manner of contradictory accounts, given by a half-drunken dragoon, as to his having seen a packet of letters from England at the Veldcornet's house, addressed to me. It seemed almost incredible, but, to my very great satisfaction, proved a true tale, for the packet was delivered to me in the afternoon by a dragoon. It contained letters from my family of November, and December, and from friends in London; and had been forwarded to me by the kindness of Mr. Van Kervel. The receipt of this welcome present, in this dreary region, contributed much to lessen the regret we felt at meeting again with so unpleasant a detention. We had sent a boy on horseback to the Veldcornet, to obtain information respecting the relays, in consequence of which, that gentleman arrived in the afternoon. He had provided the necessary relays, but having ordered them, some days ago, on the road towards the Duivelskop, they were now countermanded, and directed hither. Meanwhile Sister Schmitt had got into favour with the old lady and her daughters, who now insisted upon taking our meals with them. Mr. Melville and I were employed during the day in drawing and writing, and some of us took a walk into the rocky glen, out of which the Kierbooms Rivier flows, in a deep bottom. The rocks on each side appear in strata of considerable breadth, with bushes interspersed. They are of sand-stone, coloured by iron, with much quartz. But the most remarkable feature of the country, are the hills to the eastward, exhibiting, as it were, a huge bank, with an even ridge, divided downwards in parallel lines, by narrow kloofs. At the bottom of each kloof lies a round hillock, formed, to all appearance, by earth and stones washed down out of the kloof. This singular formation of whole ranges of hills in this part of Africa, is a geological phenomenon, perhaps more

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easily explained than some others ; but what with their barrenness and their regularity, they are unpleasant objects to the eye of a lover of the picturesque.

In the evening, Mrs. Barkhuis proposed that Brother Schmitt should deliver a discourse to the family, the Hottentots and slaves in her service being admitted. This was done ; about thirty persons were present, and we hope that the Lord, who has promised, that His “ word shall not return void, but accomplish the thing whereunto it is sent,” will have caused some of the seed sown, to have fallen into ground prepared by His Spirit to receive it, so as to bring forth fruit. The Hottentots and slaves were particularly attentive, and expressed afterwards their thanks to Brother Schmitt, and their earnest wish, that, in this neighbourhood, a settlement might be formed, where they might hear the word of God. From our own Hottentots they heard much of Gnadenthal, and of the benefits enjoyed by their countrymen living in our settlements, and, no doubt, profited by the unadorned and simple account given them of the way of salvation by faith in Jesus.

28th. Being now in high favour with the old lady, she invited us to an early breakfast, after which we set out, passing over rough roads, into the narrower part of the Lange Kloof, properly so called, being a vale of perhaps a hundred miles in length, enclosed by mountains of different heights. On entering upon it, we felt not a little disappointed. We were no longer amused with a magnificent show of peaks, table-mountains, or round tops in succession, but saw a long ridge of comparatively low hills, divided, as above described, by narrow, parallel kloofs, without wood or water, skirting a dull, uncultivated vale. On one of the hills we descried a company of baboons. They first seemed to wait our approach, but soon retreated in haste towards the summit. In vain we looked for the rich country and pleasant farms described by some travellers, and after passing some mean-looking houses, halted on the waste.

In the afternoon, we arrived at a farm called *Welgelegen*, where we were received with civility, and got a fresh relay of oxen. The

region of sand-stone, iron, and quartz, continued, but the country began to look better, and some beautiful groups of high mountains were seen, in different directions. It was dark before we reached another farm called *Ungelegen*, where not having any choice, we pitched our tent, by the faint light of some fires on the neighbouring hills, on the werft or yard, which was little better than a dung-hill. Before we lay down to rest, it began to lighten and thunder, and during the night, some squalls, with showers, disturbed our rest.

29th. We were glad, when the day dawned, to quit this unclean spot. The clouds were still hovering on the mountains, but we found ourselves in a more interesting country, and every now and then a charming prospect opened. After about an hour's ride, we saw waggons and horsemen coming to meet us. They were a transport of Hottentot soldiers with some dragoons, returning from the interior. Among the former, two or three belonged to our people, and had some conversation with Brother Schmitt. The officers followed in a horse-waggon.

This forenoon Mr. Melville found some employment for his gun, but owing to a dog, belonging to the driver, who had followed the waggons, could not succeed. This animal, as soon as he saw any game, made off full speed towards them. Thus, they could never be brought within shot.

Soon after parting with the military, we met the Veldcornet, Stephen Ferreira, and his son on horseback, following the soldiers. He informed us that relays were provided at his farm, Kliphübel, where we arrived about noon, but did not meet with a very gracious reception. No notice was taken of us, and Mrs. Ferreira suffered Sister Schmitt to go about seeking water and milk for breakfast, wherever she could find it, without offering her the least assistance. The wind was very cold, and we endeavoured to screen ourselves behind the stump of an old tree, in the middle of the yard. At length our hostess relented, and sent word, that we might come and take our tea in the house.

She even set before us a dish of excellent rehbock-venison. Her son, an intelligent young man, with whom I had much conversation after dinner, gave me an interesting account his father's history. The Fereira's are of Portuguese origin. His great grandfather (or one above him, I forget which) was the only person saved from a Portuguese ship, which foundered at sea, off the Cape. He got upon a plank, which supported him for three days, and rowing with his hands in a direction, in which he expected to find land, by God's mercy, he succeeded, and reached the Cape shore, though nearly exhausted, and perishing with hunger. Here, by industry, he and his successors raised themselves into creditable situations. Of his father, a singular instance of courage and good fortune is told. A large tyger, having long infested his premises and the neighbourhood, and killed many sheep, belonging to him and other boors; a party assembled to endeavour to destroy the monster. His haunt being discovered, Mr. Fereira was foremost in the attack, when the tyger instantly made a spring at him, as he sat on horseback, the rest of the party not having come up, and only one slave being with him. The horse taking fright, ran off with his rider, who was but slightly wounded. The tyger was meanwhile attacked by all the dogs, and a furious contest ensued. Mr. Fereira, not intimidated, as soon as he could again command his horse, returned to the charge, and encouraged the dogs by the usual cry of Zaza, Zaza. The enraged animal, hearing this cry, quitted the dogs, and flew a second time at Mr. Fereira's head, when with one gripe he tore off his scalp, and threw him upon the ground, where he was proceeding, with teeth and claws, to put an end to his existence. The faithful slave, seeing his master in such imminent danger, ran to his assistance, and attempted to stab the tyger with a knife. The infuriated beast, however, was too quick for him, seized his hand with his teeth, and flung him upon his master, doing his best to kill them both, which, by his strength and swiftness of motion, he probably would have accomplished, had not the other huntsmen,