

coming up, shot him through the heart, and thus delivered the sufferers. Though Mr. Fereira was dreadfully hurt, and his life for some time despaired of, he completely recovered.

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## CHAPTER X.

*Wagebooms Revier. Oversetting of the baggage-waggon. Brother Stein much hurt. Difficulty of procuring oxen. Ellandsfonteyn. Kromm Revier. Jagersbosch. Account of a young tyger killed. Objections to a settlement near a high-road. Farms deserted on account of taxation. Description of an encampment at Essenbosch. Account of the appearance and dwelling of the lady of the manor. Soekow. Ungracious reception at a Veldcornet's house. His apology. Remarks on the fruits of conversion to Christianity, Winterhoeks mountains.*

AT one o'clock, we left Kliphübel. Our road lay along the Wagebooms Revier, which takes its name from the quantity of Wageboom, loosely covering the hills on each side. About sunset, we arrived at a farm, bearing the same name, and had some thoughts of taking up our abode here for the night; but hearing that the roads were good, and being impatient to proceed, we went forward, and arrived at another farm, called Oliviers, intending, if possible, to reach the place of a Mr. Mey, on Kromm Revier, where we expected to find a relay of oxen ready for us. Having crossed a large brook with a rough bottom of loose stones, we found the road sandy, and easy, and though the night was very dark, we pleased ourselves with the thoughts of being no longer among rocks and precipices, in constant danger of over-setting.

The weather in the afternoon had turned out rather unfavourable, and we expected a rainy, windy night, yet every now and then, the stars appeared, and while we were amused by a sudden flash of light, not much inferior in brightness to what is called white lightning, occasioned by a shooting star, all on a sudden, a crash was heard, and the baggage-waggon being foremost, and conspicuous by its white covering, vanished out of sight. The careless leader, a Hottentot lad, had suffered the oxen to turn upon the grassy bank, which on each side, by degrees, rose to the height of two feet above the level of the road. On turning in again, both wheels slipping of the edge of the bank at once, the waggon immediately overset, and fell into the hollow, with its top downwards. Brother Stein was lying in it, fast asleep. We instantly quitted our waggon to come to his assistance. To our great sorrow, we found him much hurt, both in his head and right arm, particularly in the latter. He felt faint, and stunned with the blow. Our first business, therefore, was to do all in our power to afford him relief. The oxen were unyoked, the tent set up, and a fire kindled with some bushes, which our Hottentots, contrary to their usual custom, had gathered, and tied behind the waggon. It was well, that, for once, they had been so provident, for the place, where the overthrow happened, was quite destitute of bushes or any kind of fuel.

The night was so dark, that we could not see far around us, but only perceived, that we were in a valley between low, barren eminences, with a flat top. With a view to discover whether there were any bushes in the neighbourhood, we set the dry grass and rushes on fire. The fire ran along so fast, that I began to be apprehensive, that in case we were near any dwellings, or Hottentot huts, mischief might ensue, and with much trouble we extinguished it again, but not before it had afforded light sufficient to examine the damage done, and to see Brother Stein comfortably housed and put to bed in the tent. He bore his misfortune with uncommon fortitude and resignation, never uttering a single com-

plaint against the careless Hottentot leaders and drivers, who had been the cause of it. He was not able to lift his arm, but did not think that it was fractured, and, as none of us possessed the least skill in surgical affairs, we were obliged to leave him to apply what he thought best. The bottle of bukku brandy was not broken, and this was the only medicine he used, from first to last.

We now began to examine the waggon, when, to our great joy, we found, that it had not received the slightest injury by the fall. That part of the hollow road, into which it had fallen, was full of fine sand, soft and yielding, whereas, if it had overset about half a dozen paces sooner, or as many farther forward, it would have fallen upon a bare rock, and probably been greatly damaged. The mischief done to the contents of the waggon, was likewise not so great, as might have been expected. A few cups, saucers, and plates, were broken, but we regretted most of all the total loss of our stock of wild honey, both jars being thrown out of the waggon-chest, and dashed to pieces, and all their sweet contents spilt in the sand. After emptying the waggon, and setting all hands to work, we lifted it up, drew it forward upon even ground, and packed it again. Providentially, we were favoured with better weather. Brother Stein, after the pain in his head and arm had somewhat abated, regained his usual cheerfulness, expressed thankfulness to the Lord that it was no worse, and perfect resignation to this dispensation, which he was assured was meant for good, and only regretted, that he should be for a season prevented from rendering us any assistance. He even retained his appetite, and as we were supplied with a good supper by our faithful caterer, he ate heartily of it.

Each having contributed as much as was in his power to set matters again in order, when we met together in the tent, we could not but reflect on the situation into which we were unexpectedly thrown. While exposed to dangers among frightful precipices and rocks, in the mountains and defiles, through which we had passed, we had met with no accident whatever; but here, when we thought

ourselves perfectly safe, and on level ground, we were suddenly brought into trouble, by this unlooked-for event. We were humbled under the mighty, but merciful hand of our God and Saviour, and commended ourselves anew to His protection, of which, even now, we have experienced a singular proof, in the manner in which we met with this accident, as above stated. One of the company observed, that in every dispensation, with which the Lord visits His people, there is a voice, a word of admonition, reproof, or encouragement, and it would be right and profitable, on the present occasion, for each of us to be attentive to it; for if we are His sheep, we shall be taught to know His voice, and well to distinguish it from the voice of a stranger.

During the night, not being disposed to sleep, I thought much on our situation, uncertain what injury Brother Stein might have received, and whether, perhaps, our progress might not be interrupted, if not our plans frustrated, by this circumstance. Whenever I perceived him stirring on his mattress, I asked softly, how he felt, and always received that comforting answer, that he did not think, that his arm was broken. He begged no alteration in our plan might be made on *his* account, and expressed his trust in God, that no further harm was done, than that he was for a time disabled, and we should miss his assistance on the journey. Meanwhile we all waited anxiously for the morning, and considered it as very providential, that it did not rain. Rain would have rendered our situation much more inconvenient and distressing, and the small stock of fuel we had brought with us, served us and our people no longer than was necessary to cook some victuals.

30th. The morning's dawn showed us the surrounding country: a dreary waste, a valley without water, enclosed between barren hills. The same careless fellow, who had been the immediate cause of all the mischief, had left the oxen to stray so far from the wagon, that all search for them seemed to be vain. In about three hours, Jeremias discovered and brought them back. Meanwhile,

Brother Schmitt and Marcus had walked on to Mr. Mey's farm, on Kromm Revier, where we had intended to spend the night, to announce our arrival, and procure the relays. Lebrecht Aris was gone forward in another direction, to order a second spann. The Hottentots belonging to the relays, were wandering about, on a vain search for the strayed cattle, and we were left alone with Johannes and Jeremias. We were therefore all obliged to assist in yoking the oxen, some of which did not seem to have much respect for their new masters, but ran about, or showed a threatening pair of horns. At length they were subdued, and having made up a bed in the baggage-waggon for our wounded companion, we proceeded, and reached the hill above Mr. Mey's farm. On inquiry, we heard that Brother Schmitt had sent Marcus forward to a farmer of the same name for a relay, and was himself gone to Ellandsfonteyn, a place belonging to Mr. Piet Fereira. Sister Schmitt and I followed him, while Mr. Melville staid with the waggons. We met him returning, and though he had got no oxen, he was well-pleased with his visit. The farmer's wife was anxiously concerned for the salvation of her soul, and very eager to hear from him, in what way she might find rest. He showed her, from the scriptures, that she could not obtain it, but by coming to Jesus, according to His own gracious invitation, given to "all that labour and are heavily laden." She seemed to derive comfort from his encouraging address. He recommended to her to read the bible, with prayer, that the Spirit of Truth might explain to her soul the word of the Cross, which is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." He had also met with a man from the Chamtoos Revier, who gave him much useful information about that country, and of its occupation by many new settlers. A Hottentot from Gnadenthal had already made our errand known among the farmers. One of them, on a visit to Mr. Piet Fereira, informed Brother Schmitt, that he had a place exactly suited to our purpose, which he wished to dispose of, and would have him

immediately come to see and judge for himself. Brother Schmitt promised, that if we discovered nothing to suit us in Uitenhagen district, we would, on our return, call and look at his place.

As we could not procure the oxen we wanted, we proceeded with those we had brought with us, to a valley, whither Mr. Marcus had ordered two spans to meet us. Here we turned the former adrift, leaving them to find their way home, which they are sure to do, though no driver be with them. We were very thankful to Mr. Marcus for his civility, especially as he had at first declared, that he would not furnish any oxen, except by command of his own Veldcornet.

Our road lay through a narrow vale, with the Kromm Revier running in a deep bottom. This river rises in a barren glen, above Mr. Mey's farm, and must be often forded, as it winds from side to side, and truly deserves the appellation, of the Kromm, or crooked river.

Our next station was Jagersbosch, a farm belonging to a German of the name of Akkerman, who received us very civilly, and promised to send us forward in the morning. A tyger had just been killed by one of his Hottentots, and two dragoons werẽ helping him to skin the animal, the carcass being still warm. It was a beautiful young creature. The manner in which it was killed deserves notice. The Hottentot having discovered his haunt, went out with ten dogs, but without any other weapon than a club. As soon as the animal perceived the dogs advancing, he fixed his fiery eyes upon the man, and flew towards him. The Hottentot presented his kaross as a shield, and succeeded in warding off the stroke and throwing the tyger upon his back, when the dogs, instantly falling upon him, kept him down, till the Hottentot had an opportunity of hitting him some severe blows on the head with his club, by which he was stunned, and then stoned to death. The skin was not injured, and I promised the conqueror to purchase it on my return, if I found it well tanned.

Our tent being pitched near the river, we spent a quiet night. Brother Stein complained of more pain in his arm, but continued to apply bukku brandy to the part injured.

31st. After breakfast, Brother Schmitt and I walked up to the farm-house, and took a view of the premises. The poor farmer was so much alarmed at the expense of measurement and taxation, that he offered to dispose of his place at the low price of twelve hundred rix-dollars. It has many advantages, and water in abundance, brought by a *slote*, or canal, from a considerable distance, and lying so high, that all the grounds may be irrigated with ease, and a mill supplied by it. The house was in ruins, and one miserable room contained the whole family. In the grounds stood a remarkably large, wide-spreading oak, bamboos of very stately growth, and a great number of orange, lemon, peach, and other fruit-trees, but all neglected, and going to decay. In former days, the place was kept in good order, avenues of trees and hedges still remaining. The lands, belonging to the farm, extend for a considerable way, both up and down the river, and appeared to us well adapted for the growth both of corn and grass. But there is an objection to this place for a missionary station, which, in our view, was an insuperable one. It lies on the high road; the inhabitant is continually annoyed by calls, and put to great expense by entertaining all travellers without exception, and though African hospitality is by no means what some have described it to be, but the traveller is often turned out, and sometimes prefers to encamp upon the werft, or in the field, yet every one thinks himself at liberty to enter any house on the road, and sit down to talk.

The time, before Mr. Akkerman's oxen arrived from the hills, was spent in various useful employments, till about ten o'clock, when we set off, keeping for many miles along the banks of the Kromm Revier, in a narrow vale, in which, now and then, we met with some picturesque scenery. We passed two farms, deserted, as we were informed, by the possessors, on account of their inability to pay for measurement and taxation.

At three in the afternoon, we reached Essenbosch, and the weather having become unpleasant, with much wind, and threatening rain, we ordered the drivers to pass the farm-house, and descend into a woody glen, through which ran a clear brook, falling in small cascades down the rocky declivity, and altogether appearing a romantic retreat. The place first chosen for our tent being much exposed to the wind, we found another, more sheltered, and, as the oxen had been some time unyoked, and were gone away, we performed, in their place, the service of drawing the waggons to it.

Our tent was now pitched on a grassy spot, surrounded with bushes, and defended by high trees against the wind, which had risen to a pretty heavy gale. It blew and rained all night, but having reached this snug sheltering-place, before the rain began, we did not suffer much by it.

After dinner, as Sister Schmitt was going to fetch something from the waggon, she was alarmed by the sight of an animal, in appearance as large as a mastiff, running out of one thicket into another, the light of the fire showing his shape pretty distinctly. Though she was laughed at for her fears, we all felt some degree of alarm, and rekindled our two fires, for we were in a region, where wild beasts were said to abound, and where cover enough was to be found for them among the rocks and bushes.

During the night, I awoke, and heard distinctly an unknown noise, seemingly not far from the tent, resembling both the growl of an angry cat, and the low bleating of a calf. Perceiving Brother Schmitt to be awake, I asked softly, "Do you hear *that*?" "Aye," said he, "I have been listening to it for some time: no good comes out of *that* throat!" In the morning, the Hottentots, who had likewise heard it, pronounced it to have been the roar of a tyger, probably of the creature, seen by Sister Schmitt.

April 1st. To our great joy, all the clouds had fled, together with the wind, and the sun shone bright. We now first saw and were delighted with the snugness of our encampment, and the





*Drawn by F. Coebig, from the Original Sketches of Clarcke*

**ENCAMPMENT AT ESSENBOSCH,  
in the District of Uitenhagen.**

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beautiful prospect towards the west. A very high peaked mountain, of a conical form, which we had yesterday noticed, though obscured by the rain, appeared now to great advantage, overtopping all the other hills. It looked like a huge volcano. Under it lay three ridges of subordinate hills, of various shapes, one rising above the other. The wood, with our tent, waggons, and fires, formed the fore-ground, and the whole was worthy of the pencil of a Nicholson. Both Mr. Melville and I endeavoured to obtain an exact sketch of this charming landscape.

As to our departure, we remained some time in unpleasant uncertainty. One spann had been ordered at Essenbosch, and the other from a Mr. Miller at Soekow, who was to fetch us from Jagersbosch. We feared, therefore, that the latter might have passed by, during the night.

Meanwhile Sister Schmitt reported, that on going to procure some milk from the farmer's wife, living on the hill eastward of our camp, she had found her to be a woman of uncommon size, occupying a huge arm chair, above a yard wide, out of which she was scarcely able to lift herself. She had expressed a wish to see the whole of our party, and certainly, though she herself would excite as much curiosity in England, as the famous Lambert, she had a right to consider us, as Englishmen, equally worthy of attention in Africa. Otherwise, being perfectly content with things of ordinary size and appearance, I should not have gone a step out of my way to see a monster. But being so kindly invited, we went in a body to pay the lady a morning-visit, at her own house, if the hovel she inhabited, may be dignified by that name. It consisted of an oblong square, enclosed in a wall of unburnt bricks, one half of which was covered with a roof of rushes. The entrance was through the uncovered part. In this vestibule three or four naked slave-children were crawling about; a woman, partially clothed in rags, with a child strapped to her breast, was cooking some victuals at a fire, and dirt, guts, old shoes, rags of sheep-skins, and other filth, occupied every part of the premises, out and inside. On

entering the main apartment, the first thing that met the eye, was the carcase of a sheep just killed, hanging from a cross-beam with a pool of blood on the clay floor, under the head; five fox-coloured cats were sitting round, watching for their share of the spoil: a milk-pail, churn, and some other kitchen utensils to the right; and to the left, the lady herself, who kindly invited Sister Schmitt to come and sit down on a stool, between her and the pendant carcase. Her husband, a very civil, old man, with a grey beard, and a large straw hat, sat at the table, and a bench was placed for us, between the carcase and the door. The lady herself entered freely into conversation, told us, that notwithstanding her enormous bulk, she was only forty-three years old, and good-humouredly observed, that Sister Schmitt looked now only like a little girl, passing several jokes on the difference between them. Her face still retained some vivacity and comeliness. Her body entirely filled the vast chair she sat in, on the arms of which her elbows rested. She intended soon to remove to another habitation on Serjeants Revier. When once hoisted into the waggon, she can no more quit it, till she arrives at the place of her destination. From her wooden throne, she issued her commands to her slaves, Hottentots, and brutes, with the same shrill voice, for which the African ladies are noted. Close to the dwelling, was the beast-kraal, and the surrounding premises exhibited a congeries of lumber, rags, ruin, and disorder, not to be described. Through all this chaos, ran a small stream of spring-water, clear as chrystal, in vain offering its aid to cleanse the Augean stable. The lady, however, conscious of mortality, had already provided herself with a coffin of immense size, which, with her gigantic bed, is screened off the apartment by a bulk-head of matting.

The old gentleman walked with us to our encampment, and not only gave good advice, but agreed with Mr. Akkerman who had followed us, that he should put us forward with his oxen as far as Soekow, for which we felt much obliged to him. The latter wishing to sell us a spann, Brother Schmitt entered into some negotiation

with him, ending in a reference to a determination on our return. At half past nine, we left this romantic outspan-place, and passed through an uninteresting country, till, about one o'clock, we arrived at Mr. Miller's farm. We here procured sweet milk and good bread. Some dragoons seemed pleased to meet with their countrymen, and Mr. Akkerman, with the old farmer from Essensbosch, had preceded us on horseback. Relays being soon provided, we set out for the Veldcornet's, hoping to reach his place before dark. The road, however, was bad, and we got on but slowly. Several antelopes were seen, but their swiftness saved them, nor had we dogs used to the chace. On the road we met a serjeant of dragoons with a private. The former had been at Groenekloof, and was acquainted with the missionaries, with whom he entered into conversation, and seemed quite in a kind of ecstasy, speaking of the religious disposition of all classes of people about Uitenhagen. He was sent to call off all the dragoons stationed on the road, as that mode of conveying dispatches is rendered unnecessary, by the conclusion of the war with the rebellious boors.

When we arrived at the Veldcornet's, we found him very much out of humour. Mr. Melville, who first entered the house to announce us, met with a very ungracious reception, though we had sent Leonhard Paerl to him with the landdrost's order for relays. In his absence, his wife had ordered them, but he pretended ignorance, and rudely asked, "Who are you? What is your business at Uitenhagen?" with other questions equally impertinent. Mr. Melville replied, that we should inform the landdrost of our business, when we reached the drosty, and meanwhile required him to furnish us with the means of proceeding. When the rest of us followed, he began to use language which soon convinced us, that we should be much happier in our tent, than under his roof. We therefore took leave, pitched the tent on the werft, and kindled a fire. Sister Schmitt had previously mentioned to the lady, that we should be glad to purchase a sheep, but we now doubted, whether we should obtain one. Her husband, however, unknown to us, ordered two

slaves to bring a sheep to the waggons. They did so, cut its throat, and left it to bleed, without informing either us or our Hottentots, who accidentally found it weltering in its blood. This extraordinary conduct gave us no favourable opinion of the character of our ungracious host.

2d. About four in the morning, I heard a noise in the tent, and thinking that Mr. Melville's dog, Rambler, who always slept there, was seeking something to eat among the plates, sat up and called to him, when a large black dog passed close by me, and ran out. He had devoured the candle, emptied the butter pot, containing about two pounds of butter, and would have made a better breakfast, had he not been disturbed. When I left the tent at day-break, I saw the Veldcornet and another person standing on the werft. Mr. Melville accompanied me to him, to inquire, when we might hope to be forwarded on our journey. To our surprise, we found him disposed to be more civil, and he informed us, that we might expect oxen by eight o'clock. As he seemed open to remonstrance, we inquired the cause of his marked rough treatment of us yesterday evening. He made an apology, by explaining, how he was continually harassed by orders for Vorspann, caring for the transport of the military and their baggage, and put to the inconvenience of sending his men up and down the country, instead of doing work in his own farm, by which he sustained more injury, than any exemption from taxation could possibly repair, and was prevented from erecting necessary buildings, and putting his place into better order. He appealed to a dragoon, who stood by, and added, that his patience and temper were so much tried, and himself fatigued by continual calls, and riding about to secure the oxen ordered, that it was no wonder, that he could not contain himself. His apology was gladly admitted, Mr. Melville only observing, that his complaints might have been made in a more gentlemanly way, and without using insulting language. Our quarrel was then made up, and he entered into friendly conversation with Brother Schmitt.



His wife, whom we had found to be a very civil and obliging woman, seemed quite to revive, on seeing the reconciliation take place, having been truly distressed by her husband's strange conduct yesterday.

The Veldcornet expressed his admiration of the appearance and behaviour of our Hottentots, exhibiting, as he said, such a contrast to that of the miserable and neglected race of Hottentots, living among the boors. Nothing was more encouraging and satisfactory to us, than such remarks, nor is there a more convincing proof of the benefit conferred upon this nation, by the introduction of Christianity. It shows the necessity of obtaining more opportunities for planting missions among them, in which Christian instruction and civilization go hand in hand.

In this part of the country, more than about Gnadenthal and Groenekloof, one may behold the state of degradation, into which the Hottentot nation has sunk, the blame and shame of which lie heavy with some of the former possessors of this land, who, first having robbed the aborigines of their paternal inheritance, took advantage of their tame and defenceless state, to thrust them down into the most abject servitude. In this, they are, by some, far worse treated than purchased slaves, who are spared, because if lamed or destroyed by excessive labour or cruel treatment, they cannot be replaced, but at an enormous expense. But there are yet superior considerations, which make us desire the propagation of Christianity among the heathen. They are summed up in that earnest prayer of every true believer, "that Christ may see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied." Though the conversion of the *hearts* of those, to whom his servants preach the gospel, is their principal aim, yet it is most gratifying to perceive, that even men of no religion acknowledge the effects of the gospel in the mind and manners of those, who have received it in faith.

From this place, we saw, for the first time, in the north-east horizon, the Winterhoeks mountains, which present themselves with many peaks.