

JOHN BURROW
TRAVELS IN THE WILDS OF AFRICA
BEING THE DIARY
OF A YOUNG SCIENTIFIC ASSISTANT
WHO ACCOMPANIED SIR ANDREW SMITH
IN THE EXPEDITION OF
1834-1836

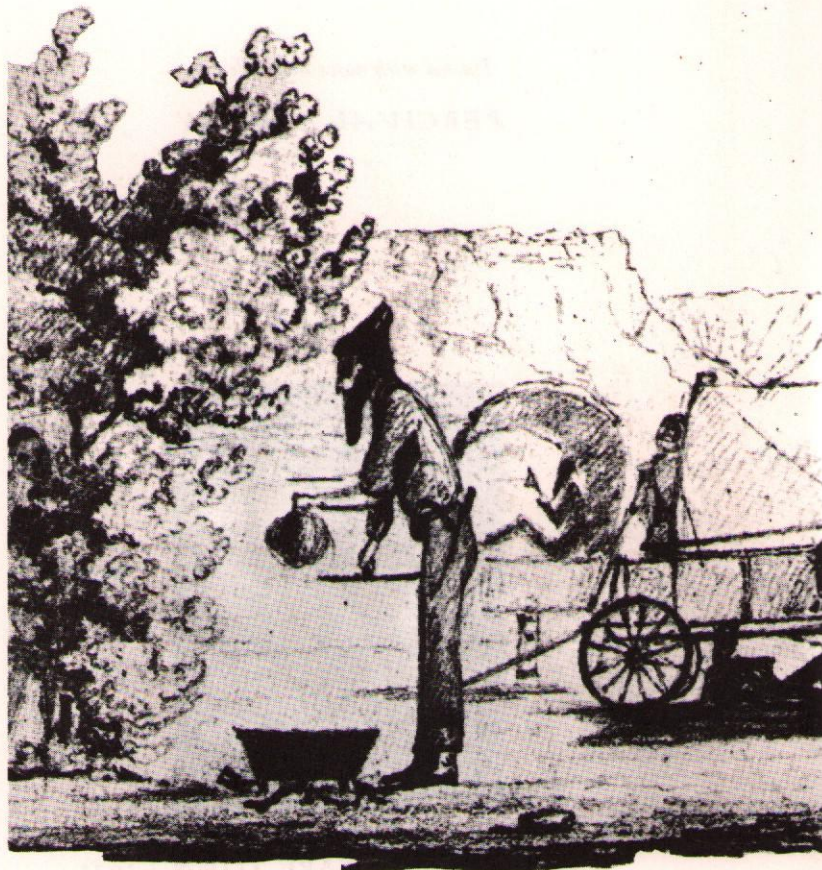
Edited with notes and index by
PERCIVAL R. KIRBY



A.A. BALKEMA / CAPE TOWN / 1971

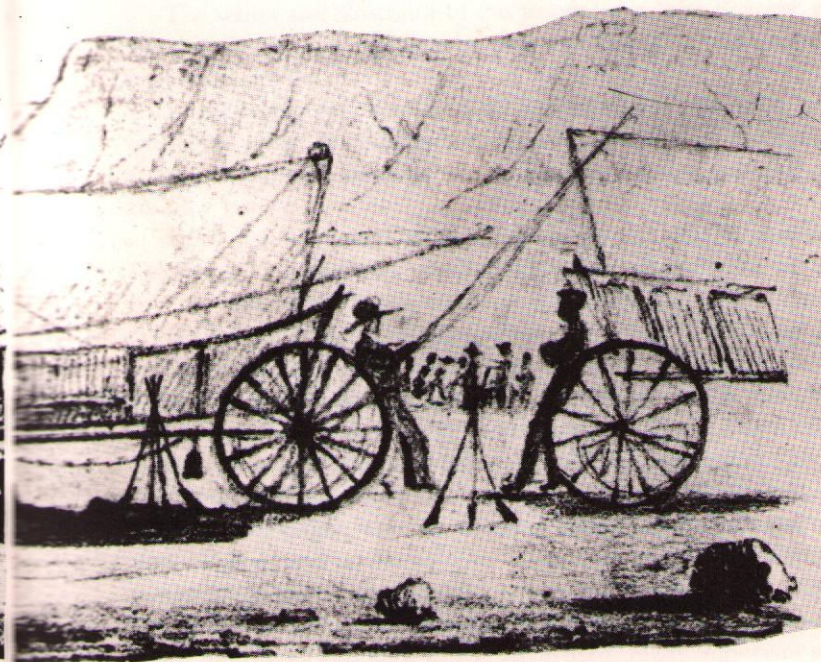
DE LUXE BINDING

Of this edition, one hundred copies have been bound full leather and numbered in sequence.



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To Quentin Keynes, Esq

Admirer of Andrew Smith and Owner of the Burrow Manuscript,

who has generously permitted the editor

to publish it.

INTRODUCTION

Towards the end of 1967 my friend, Mr Quentin Keynes, informed me that he had acquired a very interesting manuscript journal, descriptive of the great expedition to the northern areas of South Africa, which had been organised and directed by Dr Andrew Smith, and which took place from mid-1834 to the beginning of 1836.

The writer and illustrator of this journal was John Burrow, a youth who at the age of eighteen became a member of Andrew Smith's exploratory party.

I need hardly say how thrilled I was to receive this news, and how overjoyed when Mr Keynes arranged to have the manuscript photostatted and to have the copy sent to me. The present publication is the result.

Until the discovery of the Burrow journal, the 'Expedition for Exploring Central Africa' was known to historians by the existence of four reports, of which only two have been published in full. These were (1) the official *Report of the Expedition*, a pamphlet of sixty-eight pages, published in Cape Town about June 1836; (2) Andrew Smith's *Diary of the Expedition* which remained in manuscript until it was published in two volumes by the Van Riebeeck Society of Cape Town under my editorship in 1939 and 1940; (3) an untitled geographical and geological description of the entire route covered by the expedition, amounting to 114 foolscap pages, also by Andrew Smith, which likewise remains unpublished; and (4) *Journal of the Expedition*, two manuscript volumes in Smith's handwriting, intended to be a fully illustrated description of the whole journey, but which was not completed by its author and was never published, although widely advertised. Many important passages

in it were incorporated by me in my biography of Sir Andrew.

The non-appearance of the *Journal of the Expedition* was a matter of great regret in many quarters in the eighteen-thirties, but it was soon forgotten when the works of James Edward Alexander, Robert Moffat and David Livingstone 'hit the headlines'. Because of this Andrew Smith's exploratory and, indeed 'ambassadorial' work has not until recently been given its due, though his outstanding achievements in the field of Zoology have never been forgotten.

Of the four reports which I have mentioned above, the first, issued only to subscribers to the Cape of Good Hope Association for Exploring Central Africa, was, in the nature of the case, merely a general description of the achievements of the exploratory party, and contained no illustrations. Nor were these required, since the thousands of articles of all kinds brought back by the party, whether ethnological, zoological, or geological, were more than sufficient for this purpose at the time, backed as they were by the hundreds of pictures of Native tribesmen and of animals, as well as of landscapes, drawn by the expert young artists who accompanied the expedition.

The second report, Andrew Smith's own *Diary*, was a day to day account of all the principal events which occurred during the journey, interspersed with elaborate field notes on zoological and botanical matters and on the history and nature of the various Native tribes met with *en route*. This *Diary* was, of course, never intended for publication, by its author, and this is proved by the existence of the uncompleted *Journal of the Expedition* that he wrote for that purpose, which was in narrative form.

The third report, like the second, covered the whole journey, and contained a number of sketches made by Smith himself. But the discovery that, years ago, the Scottish National Museum had been presented with a large number of drawings which had belonged to Andrew Smith, revealed the fact that his young artist, Charles Bell, had made on the spot sixteen drawings manifestly intended to illustrate Smith's geological report, indicating once more the thoroughness with which the doctor tackled this particular branch of science.

The fourth report, the *Journal of the Expedition*, was, as I have said, written in narrative form, and contained many vivid pen pictures of people and places, which I unhesitatingly drew upon for my biography of the Scottish doctor, chiefly in order that, as far as possible, he might speak for himself.

The Burrow journal, on the other hand, is a straightforward and concise description of the great journey, written with a view to giving its readers some idea of the vicissitudes undergone by the travellers and of the thrills experienced by them. Garnished by equally vivid sketches made by the author, whose ability in this direction was never mentioned by Smith, it forms an eminently readable account of a memorable experience by a youth who obviously possessed a prodigious memory.

Burrow's journal was written on paper watermarked 1836, so that it is reasonable to assume that, although written and illustrated 'from memory' it was, as one might say, 'near-contemporary'. It was, nevertheless, a brilliant feat on the part of the young author. There is a certain amount of internal evidence to suggest that the present journal was intended to be read to the members of some Society, but not sufficient to enable that society to be identified.

Who was this John Burrow? Although we know very little about him except for what he has revealed in his journal and what we can gather from Andrew Smith's notes and the Maclear papers, we know a fair amount about his father's movements, and from them we can deduce a little about the son's early life.

Rev Edward John Burrow (1785-1861) had quite a brilliant career in many ways, being an M.A. of Cambridge, a D.D. of Oxford, and a Fellow of the Royal Society. He thus earned an entry in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, in which, for some unaccountable reason, no mention was made of either his wife and progeny, his long and fruitful association with the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, or of the years which he spent in South Africa!

After performing regular clerical duties in Yorkshire from 1810-1816, Rev E. J. Burrow migrated to London, becoming minister of a chapel-of-ease at Hampstead from 1816 to 1823. During his stay in the metropolis he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, his sponsors stating that he was 'a Gentleman well versed in various branches of Natural Science, and author of a work entitled "Elements of Conchology according to the Linnean System".' It is therefore clear that young John, during his first seven years, was brought up in a scientific atmosphere.

In 1823, however, Burrow senior moved to Winchester, having been appointed domestic chaplain to Tomline, Bishop of Winchester. In that city, then, young John must have received his education be-

tween the ages of seven and eleven. For towards the end of 1827 Rev Edward J. Burrow became principal of a college and school at Mount Radford, Exeter, a position which he held for only a little over three months ; time enough, however, for his son to note the local methods of building Devonshire houses and to compare them in later life with those of certain African tribesmen !

But at the beginning of 1828, as the result of a disagreement with the authorities, Rev E. J. Burrow left Exeter and took up residence first at Epping in Essex and then in Fitzroy Square in London. At this time his interest in the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, of which he had been a member since 1809, had increased to such an extent that by December 1829, he had become one of its two Joint Secretaries (senior executives), and continued in this office until June 1831, when he resigned on the plea of ill-health, though he retained his membership of the Society until his death in 1861.

Believing, as so many did, that the climate of South Africa might be beneficial to him, Burrow sailed with his son, John, and his two daughters, the Misses F. and C. Burrow, on the ship *Duke of Bedford* (bound for Calcutta), which arrived at Table Bay on 4 October 1831.

In a letter sent to Sir Lowry Cole, Governor of the Cape, by William Parker, Secretary of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the writer expressed the deep concern of the Society at losing Burrow's services, and described him as 'a very learned, judicious and amiable co-adjutor'. Further evidence of his erudition is afforded by the fact that Burrow brought to South Africa with him '14 cases containing books, forming my own private library'.

Before long Burrow had been appointed Chaplain to the Garrison of Cape Town, his residence being Harrington House, near the Castle. This position he appears to have retained until about the beginning of May 1834, when he returned to England.

But in the meantime, in June 1833, Dr Andrew Smith and other enthusiasts, who were members of the South African Literary and Scientific Institution, fired by the accounts brought back from the north by a couple of traders who had penetrated much further into the interior than any previous travellers, had organised an Association which had for its object the thorough exploration of those northern regions, hitherto practically unknown. Rev E. J. Burrow was connected with the movement from the start, he and John Centlivres Chase being elected joint secretaries on 27 June 1833. His name appeared on

the list of shareholders of the Association published in that year, though the number of shares which he took up was not mentioned.

There is therefore no question but that young John Burrow was fully aware of what was going on, and that, like most boys of an adventurous nature, he wished that he could by some means or other join the great expedition. I have no doubt whatever that he became acquainted with some of the notabilities concerned in the venture, including Dr Smith himself, and that he did all that he could to impress them with his enthusiasm and ability. That he was not encumbered with undue modesty is, I think, shown by Robert Moffat's description of him a couple of years later, when he wrote of him : 'I like Burrow ; he speaks his mind', and this view of the lad is, I think, amply borne out by what we read in his journal.

One can therefore readily imagine that, when volunteers were called for to join the expedition, young Burrow offered his services at once, presumably in any capacity. His ability as a draughtsman, however, though very promising, could not compare with that of Charles Bell and George Ford. The former, the son of Sir John Bell, Chief Secretary to the Government, was already a skilful figure and landscape artist, while the latter, the son of an expert miniature painter, had been employed by Dr Smith ever since he was twelve years old in delineating animal life.

John Burrow accordingly expressed his willingness to undertake the duties of surveyor and astronomer, which suggests that he must have had a fair knowledge of mathematics. But to ensure that he was adequately qualified to undertake the work he, doubtless at the suggestion of Dr Smith, took lessons from Thomas Maclear, the Astronomer-Royal, and while doing so actually stayed with the Maclears at the Royal Observatory.

So far, so good. But about May 1834, just before the great expedition left for the north, Rev E. J. Burrow resigned his military chaplaincy, as he had decided to return to Europe. He must have sailed from the Cape soon after this, for in 1835 he became Civil Chaplain at Gibraltar. And as Andrew Smith and his men, including John Burrow, left on their expedition on 3 July 1834, it would appear that father and son parted company.

Of John Burrow's activities during the expedition we now know a good deal, and also a little about his doings on his return from the north in 1836. As might have been expected, he lost no time in renew-

ing his acquaintance with the Maclear family, though he must at first have had some difficulty in pacifying the Astronomer-Royal for having let both chronometers run down, thus endangering the accuracy of the observations that it had been his duty to record.

But if so, he must have succeeded, for he continued to visit the Observatory with increasing frequency ; so much so that Mrs Maclear noted in her diary : 'Burrows here every day'. Since the Maclears had two daughters, Mary and Carry, we may perhaps surmise that one or other of them was the magnet that drew the young man thither !

It is fairly certain, too, that John Burrow was one of the two young 'rips' who attended the fancy dress ball given by Lady d'Urban at Government House on 19 July, attired as 'Mzilikazi and his Great Wife', the other being his boon companion, Charles Bell. The newspaper report, however, designated them merely as 'Messrs B and B'.

After this John Burrow is not heard of again in South Africa, though he doubtless remained at the Cape until Andrew Smith had straightened out his journal of observations to be used later on in the construction of a map prepared by the doctor and to be engraved by Arrowsmith of London. This map, alas, has disappeared.

John's father, Rev E. J. Burrow, had, after leaving South Africa in 1834, been appointed before long to the position of Civil Chaplain at Gibraltar, and actually became Archdeacon there in 1842. His son, after leaving the Cape, with true homing instinct eventually found his way to Gibraltar too, and evidently decided to follow in his father's footsteps and enter the church. But of what he did while coming to this decision we have no evidence.

We know, however, that he was ordained a Deacon at Gibraltar in 1844, in the same year becoming Assistant Civil Chaplain there. We next hear of him as a Priest at Gibraltar in 1846, Curate of Camden Town, London, in 1848, and back in Gibraltar from 1850-1, though his status there is not known. In 1851, however, he became Curate of Ditcheat in Somerset, and from 1852-4 he was again in Gibraltar, this time as Government Chaplain. But from 1854-9 he was Chaplain to the Convict Establishment at Gibraltar !

In the meantime he manifestly determined to qualify himself for a clerical position in the mother country, for in 1857 he succeeded in being admitted as a 'pensioner' (i.e., one who pays his own expenses) at Peterhouse in Cambridge, where he was what was styled a 'ten-year man'.

From 1860 to 1867 he resided at Ilfracombe in Devon, during which time he must have pursued the necessary studies, for at Easter, 1866, he matriculated at Peterhouse, and in the following year graduated Bachelor of Divinity. This enabled him to become a Curate of Ilfracombe, a position which he held until 1871, and from 1872-3 he was Incumbent of Lee, also in Devonshire.

After 1873 his name is no longer to be found in the clerical records, so presumably he died in that year, at the comparatively early age of 57.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Before his death last year, Professor P. R. Kirby prepared the transcription, notes and index for this volume: he was not responsible however for seeing it through the press.

TRAVELS IN THE WILDS OF AFRICA

A ROUGH SKETCH OF A JOURNEY
THROUGH CIS-GARIEPINE AFRICA
BY A MEMBER OF THE EXPEDITION OF

1834-36

THE DATES NOTED DURING THE JOURNEY
AND THE REST WRITTEN ENTIRELY
FROM RECOLLECTION

Names of People on the Expedition for Exploring Central Africa.

Dr. Smith	-	Director	
Capt. Edie	-	98th. Regt.	
Mr. Kift	-	Superintendent of Commercial Department	
- Burrow	-	Astronomical	
- Ford	-	Drawing, Natural History	
- Bell	-	Sketching	
Mintern	-	Dr. Smith's Servant and Bird Skinner	
McKenzie	-	72nd. Regt. (drowned)	
Lowe	-	98th.	-
Terry	-	98th.	-
Tennant	-		
Hastwell	-	Volunteers (Civilians;	
Harry	-		
Hendrik	-		Andries
Du Toit	-	M. Rifles [i.e., Cape	Botha (killed by Lion;
W. May	-	Corps]	Jantje
Speelman	-		July
Adam	-		Apple
Ishmael	-	Guides and	Baba
Piet	-	Interpreters	Moketisi
D. April	-		<i>From Masulikatzi. Party to</i>
Gert	-		<i>Cape.</i>
Abraham	-		Mosiinkomo- Matabeele
Jonas	-	Genadendal	Monahing - ditto
Seym	-	Hottentots	T'umbati - 1 Chief
Jeremiah	-		brought to
Philip	-		Cape
Bezuidenhout	-		Mohwabe - 2 ditto
	-		Machaban - Blacksmith
	-		Moketire - Bechuana
	-		Interpreter
	-		Aletsetse (cornmill) Bacquain
	-		boy
	-		Pietoe - ditto

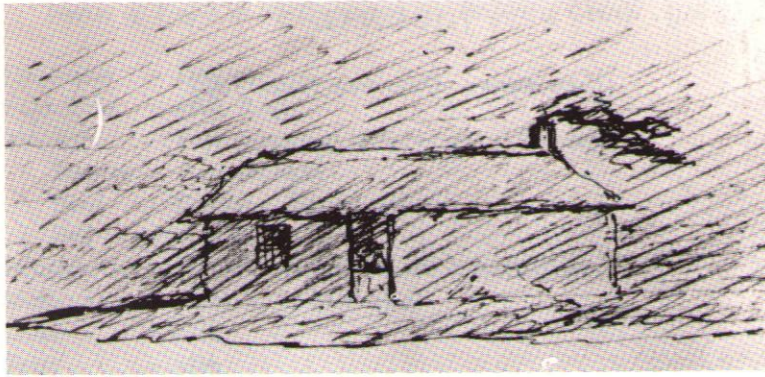
Besides native cattle drivers, frequently amounting to 15 or 20.

JOURNAL

(From memory. Dates from Notes. J.B.)

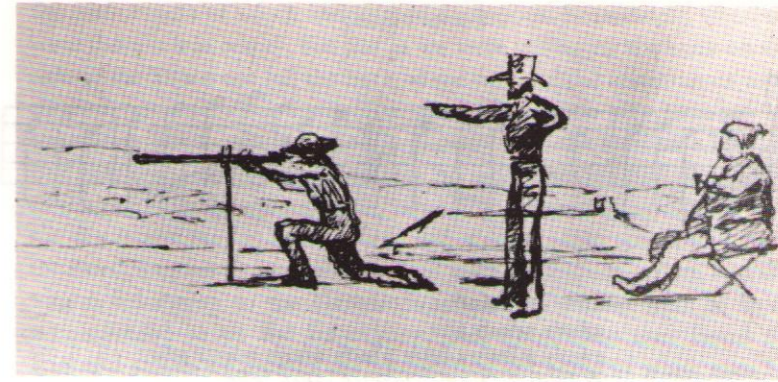
I was living,¹ as you are aware, at the Observatory with Mr. McClear,² A[stronomer] R[oyal] where I made the most of the short time allowed me to qualify myself for the department in the Expedition I had undertaken. Our starting, though fixed for the middle of June, was for some time necessarily delayed, as Dr. Smith was anxious to see the stores and men off, shipped to Algoa Bay from whence they were to be forwarded to Graaff Reynet our rendezvous. The wind blowing, however, from N, they were wind-bound in the Table Bay. McClear was to give us a breakfast at the Observatory, where we were to go for the instruments which were given into my keeping there. We accordingly started from the Main Barracks in a ten-horse wagon at 8 a.m. on July 3, 1834, and we soon found ourselves stepping into our 8 horse wagons to drive to the Observatory where McClear had hopefully hospitably assembled our friends to a good substantial breakfast preparatory to our final start.

The instruments being given into my charge and carefully packed in, we left the Observatory accompanied by some of our friends who were desirous of giving us a Cape salute consisting of small arms. The Expedition party consisting of Edie, Bell, Graham, Malcolm (Indians)³ and Granet [of the] 98th. (Ford having left about a month before in Smith's ox-wagon), who intended accompanying us as far as Lattakoo, which we were by our instructions to consider as our starting-point, as far at least as exploring went. The regiment turned out, the band struck up, and all wished us success and a happy return. When we arrived at the Observatory we found a large and substantial breakfast



spread out in the Old Chapel. Sir J. and Lady Herschel⁴ and some others were present, among whom Baron Ludwig⁵ was conspicuous as indeed he always was among the people of the Expedition. Having at length got the instruments packed in the cart (the one the Committee purchased of Pillans)⁶, everything being in travelling order, off we set for Stellenbosch, our first stage; where arriving late in the evening we found Cotton (Indian) waiting for us, having provided a dinner at the Hotel, which we found smoking on the table in the *fore huis*.⁷ We passed through the French Hoek and by the hot baths, Brandt Vley, which are really extraordinary, the water at the spring being so hot that I could not bear my fingers in it, and before it can be used for the bath it must stand half an hour to cool. Crossing the Breede River, then through Hex River Kloof, Worcester and Buffels Kraal.

I having an order for pressing⁸ from Government, met none of those delays that people travelling at the Cape generally meet with. We got on, as they say, like smoke as far as the first house on the Karroo, where we arrived about 11 p.m., a pitch dark night. The house, or hovel, belonged to a man called Sneuyder, pronounced Snider. We first knocked, but finding that of no use thundered at the door for admittance. At last out came the old man in his night-cap and shirt, the picture of fat and grease, swearing that no Englishman should enter his house that night, although it was four days across the Karroo to Beaufort and only one house on the road, and that two days off without water. Added to this our horses were so knocked up, for we had travelled the whole of that day, that one died the same night of pure exhaus-



tion. However, Smith was not to be humbugged in that way, so ordering the servants to bring in our bedding, for we were rich in those days, in we marched into the *fore huis* which was hall, parlour, and family bedroom, all in one. The bed he had just risen from to answer our knocking containing his wife and five daughters, who joined the man in screaming at us for our intrusion. However, after coaxing a little they allowed us to sleep in a small store-room about 12 feet by 6, where we spread out our beds, almost one on the other, and soon forgot all the difficulties we had encountered during the day. When we awoke next morning, the question was how to proceed, as we found that our surly host had neither horses nor oxen. But upon being shown the order he promised that if we would wait that day he would send for some oxen from a distance, and yoke them to his ox-wagon. So, having no alternative, we dispersed over the country, some for shooting and others for drawing to kill time the best way they could. After dinner, the produce of the day's sport, we managed to concoct a bowl of punch. You need not wonder, for Indians never travel unprovided, and now the stock consisted of an enormous cake in a square box, some dozens of Hollands, a cheese and biscuits. On the present occasion the Hollands was found very useful and consolatory [*sic*]⁹, and pumped a laugh and soon a song from our crusty host. The old man, after much persuasion, favoured us with a song accompanied by his wife. I give you the words and tune as they sung—at every word make a mark. At the end, as the song tells you, the marks will amount to twenty.

Booer's Song¹⁰



*Een Twee daar
weely weely war
weely weely weely weely weely whar
de booer hy canniet twintog reken [n]ie
so staat al daar.*

I give this as a specimen to show how simple are the Boers that live in that retired part of the Colony.

Next day the oxen came, the baggage was stowed, and we started for the first time in an ox-wagon at 1 p.m. Wishing to get as far as possible that night we travelled by moonlight till 2 a.m. the following morning. When we halted everyone found himself thirsty, and was of course calling loudly for water. The cart and wagon were searched, but none was forthcoming, the *faatbe* [vaatjie] or cask having been carefully filled, and left behind. So, making a roaring fire of roots and what little wood we could collect, we sat round enjoying our cigars (no less) with gin and cheese. We were again delayed at the Gamka River a day, waiting for a wagon, but at last safely arrived at Beaufort on the 16th. at 6 p.m., and were not sorry after desert traversing to find ourselves seated round a table with a good dinner before us, to which we did full justice. Next morning I walked about to see the lions [?] of the village, or Town as they call it. It is a miserable place and wretchedly situated with low hills round it. The Church is the principal building, and it even boasts of a Library, though a small one. We left Beaufort with fresh horses, slept twice on the road, and on July 18th at 4 p.m. we got to our journees' end, I mean Graaff Reynet, where the Hottentots and our wagons, that Bain¹¹ our agent had purchased, waited our arrival; though, as we found to our sorrow, that neither the men nor stores had as yet arrived from Algoa Bay. You'll see by the map that at the entrance to Graaff Reynet the Sundays River runs,

the bed or drift of which is deep and dangerous. Fortunately when we were there it was empty, but just as we were toiling up the bank on the side of the Town out fell the back of the cart and the instruments were thrown out on to the road. The artificial horizon was smashed—I afterwards got it repaired, though poorly—and the level case broken. But however I was glad to find that no more damage had been done, as the chronometers were in the same box. After waiting a long time for the stores they at last arrived, and were quickly transferred from the hired wagons to our own. We had now six wagons, a cart, and the wagon belonging to the German missionaries,¹² who were to have accompanied us on the Expedition, but who, when they heard the frightful stories of Masalikatsi's preferring the skins of white men for milk bags, at Philipolis thought fit to stop behind, saying that it was not proper for missionaries to keep company with fighting men. Bain, who was going into the interior for beasts, took this opportunity and joined his two wagons to our Party, making in all eleven wagons. Kift (who went round by water) and Ford, were sent on in advance with three wagons while we engaged Hottentots. All this time I was employed in making observations to determine the rates and errors of the chronometers before starting. We started August 12 after breakfasting at Mr. Ryneveldt's, Civil Commissioner, who was particularly kind both times we were there, and were followed out of the town by the principal inhabitants. All our Hottentots were drunk, as they always were when brandy was to be got, and as Smith and Edie were to join us in the evening on horseback the management of the whole was left to Bell and myself, who had enough to do to keep them from almost killing the oxen and dashing headlong down every hill, however steep, without rimming¹³ (or dragging) the wheels. There is, just three miles on the Colony side of the Zwarte Rivier, a village called Colesberg, formerly called Toverberg or mountain of witchcraft, but renamed Colesberg from Sir L. Cole. This part of the country used in old times to be infested with Lions, but with the increase of population they have entirely disappeared. At the outside there cannot (I think) be more than twenty houses. The Minister of Graaff Reynet goes there three or four times a year to administer the sacrament to all the Boers who assemble there from the country round to purchase tea etc. from Graaff Reynet shopkeepers, who manage to make a good thing of it by getting up a sort of fair. It lasts for three or four days, the streets lined with tables. There you see the fat Booer with the Vrowe and tall lanky



Booth's drift Na Gariep taken on the spot August 27. 1839. Looking N.E. to B's E.

Noois¹⁴ stalking about and looking down upon the Hottentots who may have a little money. It was rather a difficult matter sometimes to keep our men, who while with us always thought themselves above the Boers, from laying hands on them. The country is covered with tents, looking like so many ant-hills, and wagons. Graham was obliged to leave us there as his time was running too short to trifle with the Party, [and we] lost a most excellent and jolly fellow when he left.

August 26th. Crossed Orange or Zwarte Rivier, or more properly the *Gariep*. Water up to the nave of the wheels. There was a small Bechuana kraal on the bank and I now for the first time saw a native. I can assure you I stared to see a man in a woman's cap (for they have no distinction in caps) and wrapped in a *caross*,¹⁵ which with their faces and bodies were well rubbed with the red stone and grease. They, though, were civilized to what we saw afterwards. One of them was a doctor.¹⁶ They (the doctors) wear a string of animals' teeth, birds' claws, etc. round their necks, with which they pretend to tell what will happen to you, if you will have good luck in hunting, etc. He told Smith a long rigmarolle story, but having kept no journal which I hope you will not forget while reading this, I do not remember. However, we were to do wonders, meet dangers and overcome them, always to have bellyfulls and many prognostications equally absurd.

August 28th. Reached Philipolis, where we found Kift and Party all right, except that Jantje, one of the hired Hottentots, had helped himself to the best part of a sheep and disappeared, though he came back the following day. On our approach the Union Jack was hoisted and a tremendous shouting was raised. Philipolis, being without the Colonial boundary, is subject to a Coranna chief, Adam Kok, whose ancestors formerly possessed the Cape of Good Hope. The village itself is not much to boast of, but there is a very good Church built by Mr. Kolbe, the missionary. The inhabitants are Christian Corannas who ape, but at the same time detest, the Boers.

September 10th. The Indians and Bain left us for Lattakoo, as we found from the reports of the country that it was advisable to strike out to the eastward (where it was reported there was a kraal of chiefs) thereby escaping the drought to the north and surveying an unknown track of country to the eastward. All hands turned out to give the Hindus a parting salute and three hearty cheers.

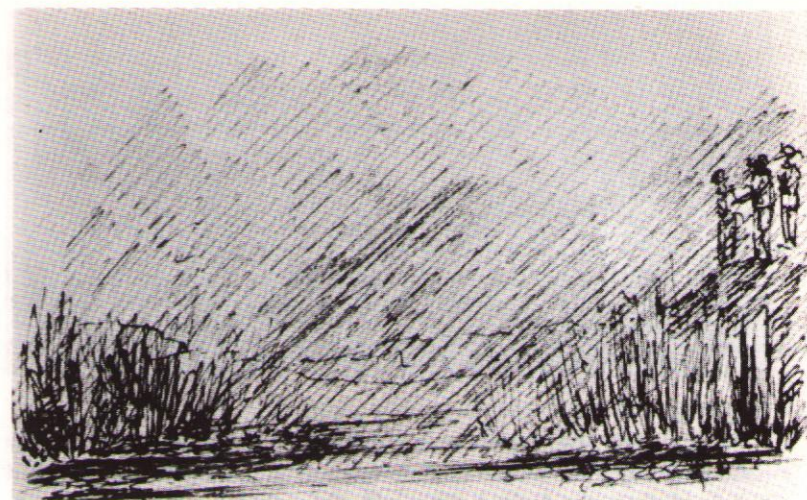
September 11th. Left Philipolis. Halted for the night at a Bechuana kraal. There we lost our guide, a Bechuana whom we brought from Oudberg [Oudeberg] four miles from Graaff Reynet, who took himself

off, breeches and all, they having been furnished from the Expedition stock.

September 15th. Arrived at Verhuil, formerly a Bushman missionary school but now a mixed station which is superintended by Mr. Pellisier of the French Protestant Church. Here we hired a guide, July, the best by far we had on the journey. He spoke Dutch tolerably well, and was invaluable as a spy; for if at any time he thought all was not as it should be on the part of the natives, he immediately set about sifting it to the bottom. Verhuil is a very large native town, the residence of a chief Lepui, and is situated on an extensive plain backed by hills and exactly three miles from the Orange River, for I measured it by the difference of Latitude. The River here, after winding between small hills, takes a slight bend to the north. It was here I first saw women digging, or rather picking, for the tool they use is something like a pick-axe. There were 20 or 30 in line keeping time to a song which two old girls in the front sang, and in which all from time to time joined. Smith being anxious to see what Bechuana skirmishing was like got Lepui the chief to order out all the inhabitants armed and upon his giving the word they set up screeching, whistling, throwing assagais, kerries and rattling their shields in such a manner as to startle some of our gentry. Smith having secured the good will of Lepui to the Colony by giving him a medal and a cloak in full counsel from Government and everything being ready, we started again on

September 23rd. We halted at the Slik Spruit, one of the numerous small streams which in winter swell the Zwarte R. to such a dangerous rapidity and depth that nothing can stand its rush. The cart again gave way, and delayed us until the 25th., on which day Corporal McKenzie of the 72nd. Regt. was drowned. It appeared from the statement of Hastwell, the only person with him, that, having shot a wild duck, it fell upon some straggling weeds on the opposite side. He jumped in, swam through the clear water, but on reaching the weeds, stretched out his hand for the bird, turned short round to swim back again, and went down like a shot. We did all we could to find the body, but after many fruitless attempts were forced to give up. Here we were detained by heavy rains and thunder-storms by no means agreeable to the traveller. Nothing particular happened till

October 1st., when about 10 p.m., in crossing the drift of the Leewe



River the cart broke. We were now entering a mountainous country, hills closing us in on all sides, and these hills all flat-topped or table-formed.

October 3rd. Crossed the Caledon River for the first time, which we afterwards traced to its source, having heard at Verhuil that it rushed from the mountains at once a river as we then saw it.

October 6th. Night guards first established.

October 8th. I had been after the Wildebeeste (Gnus) all the morning with W. May, whom I had taken with me in case of shooting anything. As we were joining the wagons again, they having been out of sight all the morning, I observed Smith standing behind one of the wagons which had halted, apparently very anxious and beckoning someone to the right of the road. While I was looking at him, wondering what all the fuss was about, I saw something trotting deliberately away from the wagon, and, turning round to W. May, I said "let us make haste; there's an ox out of the yoke", that being by no means an unusual occurrence. But on looking more attentively I soon found it to be an enormous Lion (which I afterwards found had been disturbed by the approach of the wagons while regaling on the body of a Wildebeest) with some of the Party after him. I immediately joined in the pursuits,



fearing to go to the wagons to get powder lest Smith should detain me (though I had a charge that was in one barrel of my double-barrelled gun, and that was loaded with ball, the other being unfortunately empty). We chased the Lion for some distance, when we halted and formed into double ranks; but he having received the fire of the first rank thought fit not to wait for the second, but walked scornfully off. He had not proceeded far when for a second time he stood at bay, and after two rounds he again ran off. All this time I had preserved my shot, fearing that when he really did come on I should be left in the lurch. The third and last time he took up his position immediately behind an ant-hill, showing nothing but his head. We again formed into line, almost weary of the pursuit. After a great deal of random firing, he got up perfectly furious with the wounds he had received, and, lashing his tail, rushed on with a tremendous growl. The Hottentots, although we ordered them to stand, were too frightened either to hear or to obey, and as people when frightened generally do, gradually backed off. They had proceeded not above four or five yards when one of them, Szym, paid dearly for his cowardice, for the Lion with one spring laid him under his feet, and instantly began gnawing [*sic*] his shoulder. The poor fellow groaned and hollowed for us to shoot, but most of their guns being empty, they could not, if they would, have tried so dangerous an experiment; for had they not killed the Lion, they must either have shot the man or have enraged and brought upon us the furious beast. The man now began to make most piteous cries, upon which I immediately resolved to make the attempt, kneeling on one knee and taking a steady aim.¹⁷ I fired – the effect of the ball was

instantaneously seen by the Lion's head falling on the man, and though dead we could hardly get the Hottentots to go near him to take up the man who was trying to crawl out. We were glad to find that the wounds were not serious, as they were principally deep flesh wounds in the thigh, caused by the brute's claws. The cart was soon brought and Szym was not long with his wounds undressed.

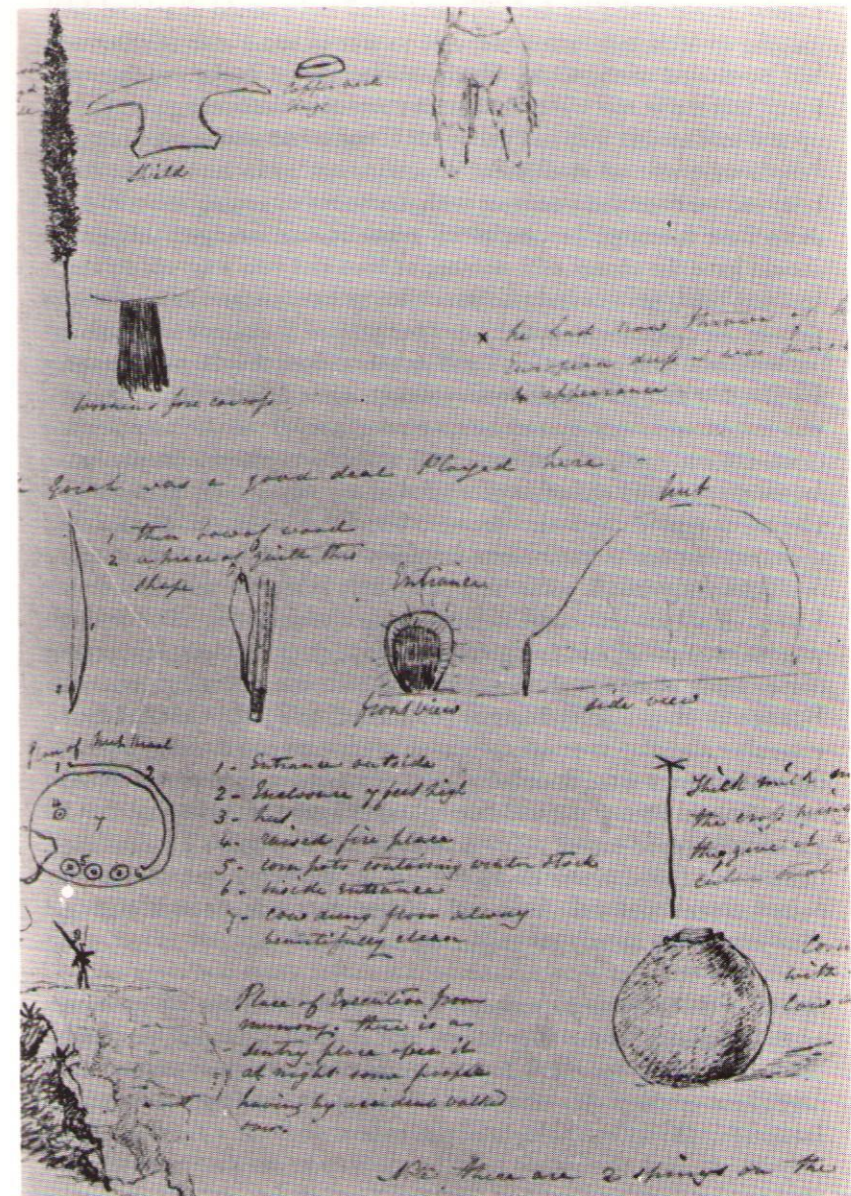
October 12th, Sunday. Having outspanned on the Saturday night without water we were obliged, contrary to the Regulations of the Committee, to travel on Sunday. However, at noon we reached Moriah, the French Missionary Station under Mr. Casalis, belonging to Moschesh, Chief of the Basutus. We were advised by the Missionary to wait the approach of the Chief, to whom we had already dispatched a messenger informing him of our arrival and intentions, no one knowing how he might receive us. All of us were anxious to see his place of residence (of this more anon) on a mountain inaccessible on all sides. On the

[*October*] *13th.* he arrived on horseback with a numerous escort, all well mounted. We all agreed that he was the picture of a Chief, although he wore, in honor of us, dirty European clothes and a large broad-brimmed hat. In figure he was tall and commanding, with a fine open forehead and rather large features. At first we thought him shy, but soon found him to be a trump. The same day he sent us an ox, and an abundance of sour milk, the usual present on such occasions.

October 22nd. Agreeably to an invitation from Moschesh we arrived at his mountain residence, appropriately called Tababosu¹⁸ or Mountain of Darkness, "Tabu" being the Basutu for mountain. We outspanned by his order immediately under it. The Basutus were unlike any tribe we had as yet seen, both in appearance and customs. They wore their hair long, ivory rings round their arm, enormous copper rings of several lbs. weight round the neck. They greased their bodies and heads with butter and wore whole sheep skins round the middle. They hunted on horseback without saddles or skins. Indeed, they are the only tribe I ever saw that hunted with horses; and it was a beautiful sight to see them galloping after the Quaggas etc. with long assegais until they came alongside the one they had singled out, when they generally brought them down with two or three stabs. Now for a description of Tababosu. There was only one accessible part or entrance, and that

was on the western side. The steps by which they ascended were so worn with their naked feet that it was with the greatest difficulty that I got up. When near the top you pass under a complete arch, formed by the two sides meeting above your head, and so narrow that the pass could in an emergency be easily defended by two men rolling stones on the advancing enemy. When on the top nothing was to be seen but huts, far better made than those of the Bechuana, the principal clump of which belonged to Moschesh and his wives. The first time I went with Bell, and, threading the labyrinth of huts, the guide at last brought us to the Chief's, which we found full of Courtiers, though not a word was to be heard but what proceeded from the Chief himself. He had now thrown off his half-European dress and was much improved in appearance. He sat still when we approached, and beckoned us to sit one on each side, upon which he squatted, field-fashion, upon a much cleaner floor than we had before seen. He asked if we would eat, and upon being told we had no objection, our maxim being always "Eat when you can catch it", he ordered an enormous wooden bowl full of meat cooked in no despicable manner and another of beans (*Caffre boontjes*) and a third of sour thick milk, upon which we set to and I, for one, left off well satisfied with Basutu hospitality. Indeed, ever after I made a practice of going up the Tababosu at milking time, for when the milking, which is the men's work, was over, we had as much as we chose of the milk by the Chief's order. There is on the eastern side of the Mountain a projecting rock used by the Chief as a place of execution. The criminals are led to the edge lightly bound and pushed off; and from the great height before they come to the bottom are dashed to pieces. The bodies are never buried but left as an example to others.

Note. I forgot to say anything about the Piet Show¹⁹ [*sic*] Moschesh ordered, at which Smith presented him with a medal and cloak from Government after answering a set of questions which Smith was desired to put to all chiefs before they received the Government presents. I went up immediately after, but being left in charge of the wagons I missed all the dancing and sham fighting usual at Piet Shows.²⁰ It was the first time I had seen Moschesh in a war dress, which was a tiger skin thrown across the shoulders which none but the Chief are allowed to wear. His head was fitted with beautiful plumes made of the vulture feathers and looked the Chief. His assagais were as sharp as razors, for I felt them, and the rest of his war equipage was in equally good order.



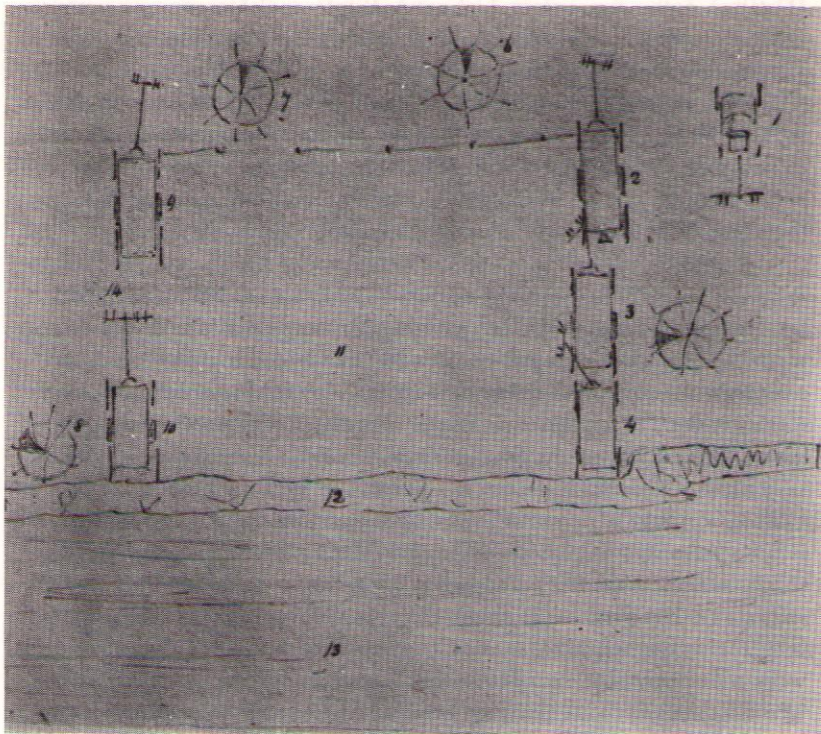
October 26th. (doubtful). Left Tababosu and outspanned at a kraal belonging to Moschesh where we were to take in some corn (Caffre) we had purchased of the Chief. Upon looking round in the evening we found that the horses were missing, and presently the horse guard came up and told us that they had galloped off and could nowhere be found. People were sent off in different directions but returned without success, and we consoled ourselves with the hopes of getting them at day dawn next morning. In case of an attack it was arranged that each should have the charge of a number of men and two wagons, so that an alarm being given every one should know his post, and as we always slept in our clothes with guns loaded and primed, it was not long before we were in a state of defence. I had not turned in, that is, put caps on my gun and thrown myself down to sleep, more than an hour, when I was awoke suddenly by the bugle blown strongly as if danger was close. Up I jumped, gun in hand, and, shoving my pistols hastily into my belt, ran to my station, where I found my men already grumbling. Having mustered the men I went to enquire what the alarm was. It appeared that Smith had heard a strange whistling like Caffres coming on. The sentry fired at something (I strongly suspect it was one of the horses, as they were found next morning to have been close to the wagons) and ran in, and had given the alarm, thinking it suspicious the horses being absent as there might have been some plot between the Hottentots (their fidelity being as yet untried) and [the] Caffres. However, after standing at arms a long time in the cold and nothing appearing, the sentries were doubled and all dismissed with orders to keep one eye open. I know not what the others did but I can safely say that I for one disobeyed orders; for I no sooner laid down than I forgot the Caffres, and found myself on board ship. At the first streak of dawn a party was sent out for the horses which they soon brought back, having discovered them quietly grazing on the opposite hills.

October 27th. Crossed the Caledon River again. Took up our position on the steep bank of the river from which in case of an attack we could not be easily dislodged. Du Toit was here tried by a court-martial for negligence of duty. We now came in sight of the Blue Mountains [Maluti] which lay on the right of our course.

[*October*] *28th.* Outspanned at the Holl Rivier.²¹ Moschesh paid us a visit.

[*October*] *29th.* Arrived at Lichuana, [Lighvane] Coranna or rather Bastard Missionary Station under Mr. Edwards, Peter Davids, Chief. Lichuana is situated under the hills. The house, for it does not boast of a church, is neat and well built, though small. Here we found Mr. Allison of the Mantatee Station, who, as we intended visiting it, offered to accompany us. This Station will never be forgotten by our men as it was the first place at which they got as much milk for buttons, which their jackets and trousers generally furnished, as they could drink.

November 5th. In the morning arrived at Umpoquani Bastard Missionary Station [Umpokani], Mr. Jenkins, Missionary. We had not outspanned long when a thunder-storm that had been long brewing burst over us with terrific force. The rain appeared to fall in a solid mass, and soon wet the wagons through, the tents neither being warranted waterproof. On the left of the Station there is a rock having a remarkable cave on it (I should rather call it a horizontal fissure a little more than halfway up) into which many years ago a commando coming down to attack a tribe that lived here, many (I think as many as 30 or 40) miserable wretches crept in [?] and, fearing to show themselves, died of starvation. Their bones are there, all perfect. I counted the skulls but I forget what the number was; but it appeared to me that the loose bones were more than the number of bodies when counted by the skulls, which I dare say the Wolves we heard at night knew something about. After noon we started for the Mantatees²² (who were living on a mountain about 35 miles (or 40) from Umpoquani), which we reached early on the following morning; but the inhabitants, having, I suppose, heard strange reports of us, had fled, leaving their women (domestic rubbish as they considered them) behind. However, they insensibly began to thicken on the mountains. The Chief Seconelli²³ came familiarly to the wagon. This Chief was short and had a thorough bad countenance, and every action was so suspicious that we were always expecting the worst and sent Kruger out to spy. The Mantatees are in appearance like the Basutos. It was this tribe that overran Lattakoo and the country to the westward. This mountain is not like the Basutos' but easy of access on the north side, and I think they would find it a difficult matter to make a stand there. There is here at the back of the Missionary's house a rock the exact shape of a hat turned down on its brim. I tried very hard to scale it but was forced to give it up, fully persuaded that nothing without wings could ever see the top.



- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 The cart, on the back of which I was when the accident happened | 9 Ammunition wagon |
| 2 Edie's wagon | 10 Kift |
| 3 Dr Smith | 11 Cattle kraal |
| 4 Mine & Ford's | 12 Steep bank of river |
| 5 Our tents | 13 River, when full |
| 6 Europeans | 14 Entrance to kraal. Sentries posted so as to form a semi-circle |
| 7 } Hottentots | |
| 8 } | |

November 8th. Every hill we passed had huts perched on the top, I suppose for the convenience of spying, as they live in constant expectation of commandoes. Indeed, this day's journey led us to a *Porte*²⁴ in the mountains in which it was said there was a commando either from Dingaan or Masulikatsi.²⁵ Crossed the Caledon where, being near its source, it was comparatively narrow, and here passing between two conical hills, was lost to our view. The bed of the river was one mass of agate. It now commenced raining violently and never ceased for three days; and we congratulated ourselves on being on the right side of the river, as the water came down from the mountains with such force that immense branches of trees and sometimes whole trees were continually floating past. On the night of the ninth we were all suddenly roused (not from sleep, for where the ground was considerable above the ankles so the shoes or *veldseboons*²⁶ were rendered useless, and we had been wet two days, and in consequence of the Commando report we were watch and watch [and] who could sleep) by the oxen making a rush from the side of the kraal that the steep bank of the river formed clean over the other side and were only stopped by the sentries, half the Party all rushing together and pushing them back by main force. Blue lights²⁷ were immediately lighted to discover the cause of alarm. Some said the Caffres were on us, others, among whom I was one, said that in all probability the Lions would be more likely to frighten cattle in that way than Caffres, and so, holding the blue lights over the bank at the foot of which the [lion] probably was we commenced the search. One declared he smelt it, another that he saw it; but as nothing was to be seen the sentries were challenged, and all was again quiet. Towards morning I was sleeping (Edie being on duty and the violence of the rain having abated), when I sprung up at the report of a gun which was fired off close to my head, and had the muzzle been the other way I had not written this. However, I jumped out of the wagon and saw Edie covered with blood and calling out for the Doctor, who quickly made his appearance and led him to the tent. Upon enquiry it appeared that Edie saw (for day was dawning) three Lions walking slowly along the opposite bank, and, having a small rifle only in his hand, ran to the wagon for his great double-barrelled elephant gun, which was capped and lying with a *caross* over it with the muzzle outside the wagon, but, being in a hurry, he caught hold of the muzzle, forgetting the *caross*, which as it was lying must have caught on the cock, and giving a sudden jerk, off it went. The ball entered his hand or rather went

through and passed so close to his head that the whisker was singed.

From the 11th to 16th [November] we were on the road to the Blue Mountains. Country very rough, and continually crossing streams running into the Caledon.

November 18th. Ever memorable day. Being anxious to get a view of the country from the top of this high range (if possible) and to ascertain the breadth as near as we could, this being the range that divides the rivers that run to the east coast from the west. Accordingly at 4 a.m. we left the wagons to make the attempt, the Party consisting of Smith, Kruger,²⁸ Bell and myself (with sextant on my back), Tennant, Minter and two Hottentots, and, fixing upon the highest peak, commenced climbing, making one stoppage to eat, for each had his allowance round his middle in a handkerchief, and to admire one of the most beautiful cascades I ever saw; and being considerably refreshed started again for the summit which we reached about 1½ p.m. The top was perhaps 70 square yards. Looking to the eastward nothing was to be seen but a continuous mass of mountains without the possibility of getting through. Having made the necessary observations and sketches and having indulged in half-an-hour's nap we commenced the descent, which is always found more fatiguing than climbing, and arrived at the bottom where we found the horses, and, mounting, got to the wagons about 11. Before reaching the wagons we had to ascend the almost perpendicular side of the hill on the top of which they were (you remember this is a broken country, nothing but hills or ravines) and of course had to dismount and drive our horses before us. But one of the Party was so knocked up that he laid down in the path until we sent some men for him. Even Smith declared he would never climb such a mountain again; so you may guess what the day's fatigue was.

[*Note :*] There were enormous herds of elands in the mountains; they were very wild, having been a great deal hunted by Moshesh and Siconelli.

[November] 20th. Left mountains. Shot some elands or Elks, by far the best eating the wilds produce. Lost one of my own pistols while hunting a bull Eland, and going through a *Porte* saw a lion quietly watching me from behind a rock. I being alone thought it better to pass without saluting.

November 28th. Terry, 98th. Regt. managed to lodge the contents of his gun in his hand, but fortunately it happened to be loaded with small shot. Reached Taba Unchu Missionary Station [Thabanchu], Mr. Archbell, Missionary, an enormous Town, inhabitants being Bastards, but the larger proportion Bechuanas under a Chief, Morocco, [Moroko] a young man whom we saw at Tababosu, on a visit to Moschesh, who was his ally. Although we arrived late at night he sent us a fine fat calf and some sheep into which the knife was immediately plunged and all hands set to feasting. Our encampment was immediately opposite Mr. Archbell the Missionary's house. The wagons were literally beset with people with milk for sale and all anxious to have a sight of the strangers; and Burgoo²⁹ or milk pap supplied the place of meat which was now thrown aside.

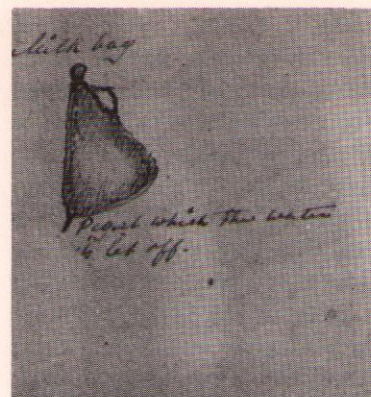
December 3rd. Mr. Archbell, Smith and myself went out to see a large native hunt, got up purposely by Morocco that we might see their mode of hunting. On arriving at the plain where there were tremendous herds of Springboks, Gnus (or Wildebeeste), and Quaggas, the people dispersed and formed a ring enclosing the game, so large that when standing in the middle I could not see a soul. However, they began gradually to be visible, coming on and closing up the interstices between them, until at last the game was enclosed with ourselves in a ring of about three-quarters-of-a-mile diameter, upon which we began to chase and kill as much as we could, and all that were driven to the edge were stabbed while endeavouring to break through the ring. In the scuffle M's [i.e., Moroko's] gun (not much to boast of) went off at half cock, and the ball cutting away the fleshy part of his wrist passed through the horse's head. Such is a sketch of a native hunt, The amount of what we shot, or rather murdered, I forget, but it was enormous. Great numbers of young Spring Bucks were taken alive, being knocked down by the throwing of the kerrie in which the Bechuanas are expert. In the evening we astonished the natives by setting up rockets, which we had hitherto fired at every principal station we had visited. I remember at the Mantatees they were, I may say, horror-struck, women screeching, men throwing themselves on the ground, and the Chief crept close to Smith for protection.³⁰

4 December. Taba Unchu. We were now glad to leave, as we preferred being in open country to living near habitations of whatever kind they

might be ; and were soon on our way to the Vaal Modder River. On arriving, the Bushmen were reported to be so annoying that orders were issued to the sentries to shoot at anyone seen approaching the wagons unless they walked erect and gave the watchword. I was not sorry when the time came for our departure, for being on the banks of a wooded river we were so tormented with mosquitoes [that] there was no possibility of sleeping, and in the daytime it was too hot. At length after crossing the Riet Rivier which is literally a river of reeds we arrived safely at Philipolis, and outspanned on the site of our former encampment. It was here that we heard the first news of our Indian friends and fellow-travellers, who had long passed through on their return from Lattakoo to the Colony, and were all well and perfectly satisfied with their trip. Cotton left behind one of his horses, which I had often hunted with and admired, for me, upon which I wrote to thank him for his kind and valuable present. Of Bain we had as yet heard nothing, he having struck off to the eastward when about half-way to Lattakoo.

December 26th. All was again in motion and Edie, in consequence of his wound, having come to the determination of returning, accompanied us as far as a place called Bushman's Fonteyn, two hours from Philipolis (an hour by wagon-travelling is three miles), and, wishing us success, left with a heavy heart amidst firing and cheering. After travelling a few days we were joined by our old friend, Adam Kok, and suite, who was going to visit his brother, Cornelius Kok, Chief of Campbell, a Missionary Station to the northward of the Vaal Rivier. Our route now lay principally on the banks of the Riet River, for the Riet and Modder Rivers, uniting, are called the Riet River.

January 6th, 1835. Arrived at the Vaal River late at night, when to our amazement we found it full and impassable, with a prospect (pleasant one) of being detained a week or more on the banks, feasting our eyes on the opposite bank. The weather now became insufferably hot, 114° Fahrenheit, and the principal part of our time was spent either sitting up to the chin in water, smoking, or lying under the willows with which the banks are abundantly covered. The inhabitants of a neighbouring kraal under Simonoe,³¹ a Chief subordinate to Mateebe,³² were our constant visitors, bringing with them bags of sour milk. Bartering with them was indeed the only amusement we had – of work



we all had our regular routine. We tried several times to get a line across, in which if we had succeeded we might with some little danger have got our luggage over ; but from the extreme breadth and rapidity of the river we found it impracticable. At last by the measure of a pole graduated in inches stuck in a few yards from the water's edge, by which the rise and fall was carefully noted every day, we perceived the water to be gradually decreasing, and Smith, fearing it might rise again, thought it better at once, though deep, to push across. Accordingly on

Saturday, 16th, at daybreak, we commenced making the necessary preparations, hoisting the chests on billets of wood that they might not get wet, there being specimens of Natural History in many of them. The first wagon, [we] being obliged to get one over at a time, now entered the water, which was just over the hind wheels, and at last by flogging and having a man on horseback at the oxen's heads to keep them up the stream, they, though swimming, at length reached the opposite bank; but being unable to reach the proper entrance of the drift were forced to try the bank lower down, where unfortunately the wagon stuck in the mud and could not be moved, so that they were obliged for the present to leave it, after getting the cases out of it and placing them for safety on the top of the bank. Three of the wagons were now safely lodged on the opposite side, but the fourth unfortunately upset in entering the river, and we found to our sorrow that our small stock of necessaries were either washed away or so damaged as to render them useless, among which was a quantity of powder. To add to our misery it rained violently the whole time, and on coming out of the water (for we were the whole day up to our chins every now and then swimming and encouraging the oxen) we found every stitch of clothes we had in the world soaking wet. However, by dusk all were on the right side, and, having set a guard on the bogged wagon, lighted fires, and made ourselves as comfortable as we could under such circumstances, the whole of the following day (Sunday) was taken up with drying luggage which, although hoisted out as I before said, got wet. It was now determined that instead of going to Lattakoo direct by way of Campbell, we should go round by Boochwap [Boetsap], formerly a Missionary Station, as we should then be able to pay a visit to old Mateebe, the old King of Lattakoo that Campbell and former travellers so often mention, and who was living on a hill with his own retainers, that is, all those that were circumcised with him, on the banks of the Vaal River, and which lay in our route to Lattakoo via Bootchwap.

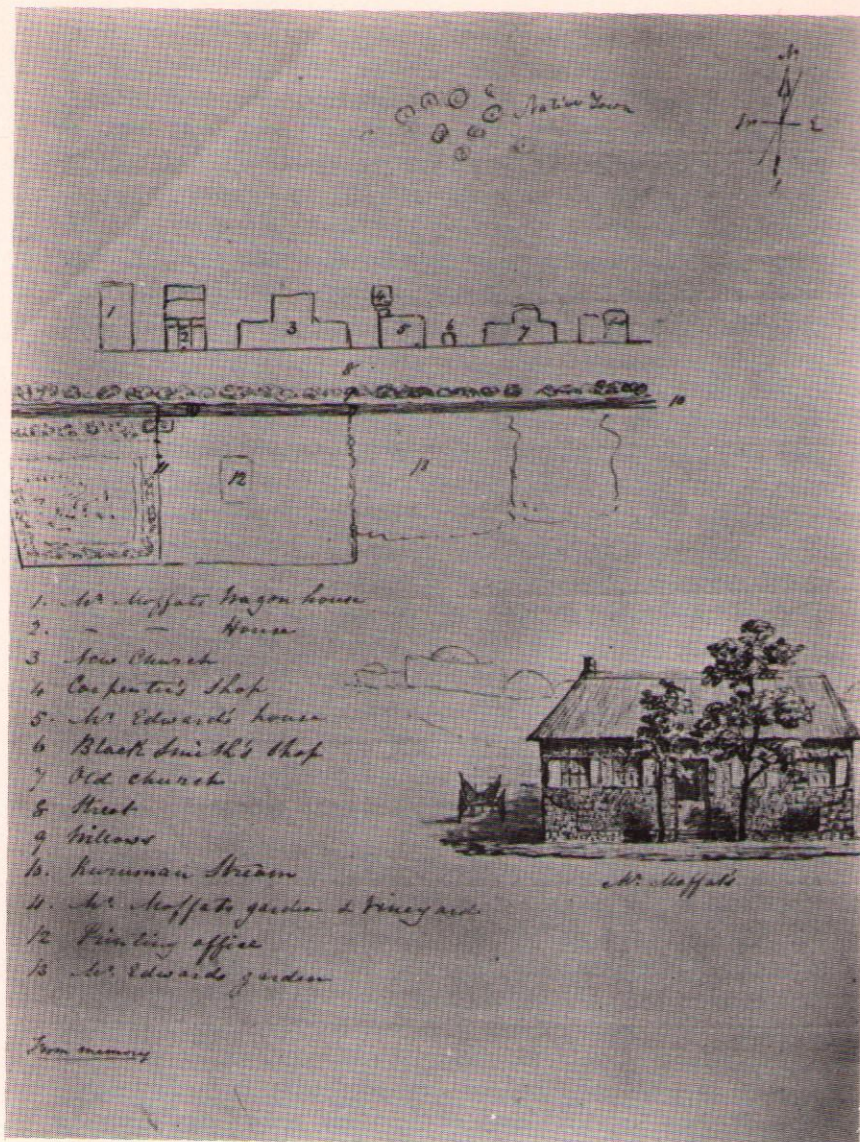
January 18th. Started. Passed a large kraal under Simonoe. Capital shooting on the river which is here deep [and] full of *Zee-koe-ghats* [*sic*] (or Hippopotamus holes), there having formerly been a good many about here, and consequently runs smoothly and slow. Quantities of wild geese and ducks, and so tame that even a bad shot could not fail of killing some.

January 20th. We reached Mateebe's kraal about midday, but there being no food for the oxen we were obliged to inspan after a few hours talk with the old Chief, the greatest beggar I ever saw. A Bechuana is proverbially a beggar, but old Mateebe beat his subjects hollow, and proved himself head of the trade. He would begin at your hat and beg downwards even to the shoes or *veldtschoons* as the case might be. Failing in getting any article of your dress he would then ask for guns, powder, etc., and as a last resource ask for little things he knew white people generally had, such as brandy (of which if reports say true he is exceedingly fond), beads, etc.

[*January*] *26th*. After having been delayed two days at Klein (little) Boochwap by the rain, which overflowed the Haartes [*sic*] Rivier (a river running into the Vaal River), we this day passed through Boochwap, now in ruins. This had been a very populous and flourishing Station, but the water failing they were obliged to disperse. The ruins of an excellent house [*Note:*] (with what had evidently been a very good garden) and church built by Missionaries still stand, and all the Bechuana kraals just as they were the day the Establishment was broke[n] up. Judging from the appearance of the place you would say that the inhabitants had been frightened by the plague, for in some huts I even saw their cooking materials of which they are very choice. The Bushmen are said to be troublesome in this part of the country, but as we were not to be trifled with, and they knew it, we were unmolested.

January 29th. Saw the Kamhanni range of hills that lie on the west of Kuruman, and

January 30th. Reached the long wished-for New Lattakoo, or more properly Kuruman. This is the most perfect Station we had seen. There are three Missionaries residing there, and their houses and a beautiful church form a village of themselves. The houses built by themselves are very superior, being made of stone and thatched in the Devonshire style. We here, by the kindness of Mr. Moffat and his family, spent a most delightful time, dining every day with them, and having free range of his garden which was completely walled round and well stocked with fruits of all sorts. By the persevering industry of the Missionaries the water from the Kuruman spring, extraordinarily



powerful, and been brought from a great distance, by means of a dam and aqueduct laid out with considerable skill. And, having a large wagon-house of Mr. Moffat's given up to us, we established ourselves once more under a roof, for as long as we might stop there. The native town which lies at the back of the Missionaries' is very large, and since the breaking up of Old Lattakoo considerably augmented since Mateebe left this. His eldest son has, I believe, been considered as the Chief although Mahura, Mateebe's brother, living at Old Lattakoo, transacted all business. I went one evening to see what they call a reed dance,³³ which they always hold by moonlight, and first on arriving at the cattle kraal where it was held, I could neither make head nor tail of it. But on looking more attentively I saw in one part a number of people blowing with all their might into reeds of different lengths, making a most horrible, and at the same time ludicrous, noise. In the middle were a number of men dancing, or rather jumping, stamping, sweating and making fools of themselves, while the women ran round them, clapping their hands and hollowing like so many mad creatures. Walking round to the opposite side to get a better view of them I was astonished to see some of our people who, not seeing me, were enjoying the fun as much as the Bechuanas themselves. However, knowing that they had stolen secretly away from the wagons, I called out to them and their merry-making faces soon changed to the repentant, when they cringed before me, hoping that the *lieve baas* (dear master) would not report them to the Doctor, who they were all dreadfully afraid of. The defaulters were Gert, Jonas and Philip. Gert was always in mischief,

and though only eighteen had two wives, which was the case with almost all our men. Visited, with one wagon, the hill to the W[est] and got a survey of the country round. A messenger was, upon being promised a cow, hired to go to Masulikatsi, who it was, if possible (so alarming were the reports of him) our intention of visiting. And to spend our time to best advantage it was determined to go to Lake "Chooi", or, as Burchell calls it, "Honey Vley". Accordingly

February 23rd. we started, being obliged to leave one of our men, Ishmael, who broke his leg by being dragged over a stone by a young untaught ox that he was holding by a *riem*, and were again on the road to Chooi. When we got to Tsining³⁴ about half-way, we heard of some mountains to the west called Langeberg (long mountains) which the natives, a few of whom had visited it, there being little or no water on the road and what little there was in deep pits, and Smith thinking it well worth the trial, determined to take one wagon and only as many of the Party as were absolutely necessary for surveying the country. Accordingly on

March 2nd, Smith, Bell and myself, Mintern, Tennant and the Hottentots belonging to the wagon, started with Edie's, now Bell's, wagon emptied. As they said, the road lay over heavy sands, and two horses, one (belonging to Smith) "Apple", an old traveller, for he had been to Dingaans kraal with him, and the other was mine. We outspanned, at night, at the first pits, which were of such depth (dug by Caffres, I presume) that we were obliged to pass the water from one to another until it got into the hands of the fifth, standing at the top, who emptied it into a small hole dug by ourselves, for the cattle to drink. From this place we started about midnight and arrived about 1 p.m. at a small rock standing by itself in the middle of a plain, in one corner of which was a small pool of rain water so aged that it was perfectly green, which, it being excessively hot, we were obliged to be content, it being exceedingly nauseous and, I should think, unwholesome. Having staid about an hour at this place to refresh ourselves and to get sights for time, at half past two we were again obliged to start as the next water was at a great distance, where we arrived about 11 p.m. after a tedious march. Smith's horse died about midnight, apparently in great torture, partly from fatigue and partly from a disease that rages in that latitude to a fearful extent, called the horse disease,³⁵ but which attacks animals

and human beings alike. Here we saw the traces of the Cameleopard [Giraffe] for the first time. Next day we reached the Long Mountains, from the top of which we saw that they were worthy of the name, for the native guide said they extended three days' journey to the westward. On our return we experienced heavy thunderstorms and violent rains. One night especially I remember on which I was on sentry, Bell with Tennant managed, how I know not, to miss the wagon, and, hearing the Lions roar, took refuge in a tree, where they sat back to back to keep themselves warm, having nothing but shirts and trousers on. The rain, however, rendered their endeavours useless. After great waste of powder on our side and expending a sky rocket they made their appearance, none the better for their alarm and considerably colder, and we were afraid the lightening being in the direction of Tsining that some of the wagons might be struck. On the

[*March*] *7th.*, when we got to the pits before-mentioned we found Speelman and Jonas with fresh oxen, and a piece of meat they had brought for themselves, but which was quickly seized upon by our Party who had had nothing since the night of the 5th. We were glad to find when we reached the wagons that nothing had occurred, and that there was some cold mutton and thick milk ready for us, having said we should return on that day. Having no date in [my] notebook, I think it was the *9th*.

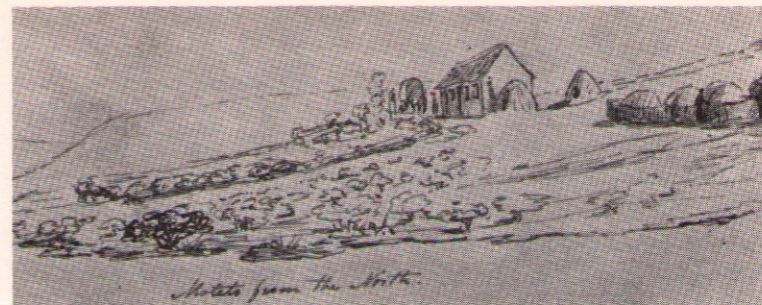
We set forward on our way to Chooi, our road lying over a barren tract of country without a drop of water. At last our guide brought us to the Lake Chooi,³⁶ far larger and better worth seeing than I had imagined. Its dimensions were I should (by guess, of course) suppose two miles broad and six long. We crossed the end of it, the greatest length being on our right, that is, nearly East or West. As I, on horseback, being ahead of the wagons, approached the opposite side where there is a *cranx* or cliff, I heard an extraordinary noise, and, looking up, saw it proceeded from a large troop of baboons who were chattering at me, and gradually filing off to my left. I noticed that some of the females, I suppose, had youngsters on their backs, looking for all the world like Bechuana women. In the *cranx* close to which we outspanned there was a remarkable cave or hollow with steps gradually rising from the bottom and terminating in what might be called a throne, which, being always in the shade, formed a favourite resort and dining place. There were on the lake, which was dry, abundance of game, which



appeared to assemble in the night-time only, and, what with the Wildebeestes' trumpeting and the Quaggas screaming, they formed rather an amusing concert, but which often caused them two or three lives by the hands of our Party. Now and then a Lion would disperse the rioters and was seen galloping after them over the white clay. Ostriches frequently stalked across, but never came in shot [*sic*]; indeed, only one was shot in the whole course of our travels. You have heard of the Desert which it was the object of this Expedition to penetrate. After a walk over the hills in a Northern direction of about two hours, I and Smith saw the far-famed Kalaghari itself, lying stretched out before us, which appeared to be a desert indeed; nothing but low bushes apparently two feet high in deep sand, totally impassable to wagons whatever it might be to pack oxen, This *cranz* I have mentioned was the habitation of Baboons which, the first night we were there, came to their old quarters, but upon one being shot they ever after kept aloof. At length on the

March 28th. we reached Motito, after having been very much distressed for water, for when we did get it, it was so muddy as to be almost useless. I was now (on the road to M.) attacked with Dysentery, which at the best is a dreadful complaint, and I found it doubly so, having neither the comforts nor medicine requisite. But everything was done for me that could be both by the Doctor and the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Lemue. Motito, the Missionary Station of Lattakoo or Old Lattakoo, is a French Station under Mr. Lemue. Being a young Station there is as yet no church, but since the dispersion of the Lattakoo people it is so increased that it would soon be necessary, . . . [the copyist has omitted a passage here] Mahura considered Mr. Lemue as his Missionary, and at one time he used every Sunday to ride over to Lattakoo for the purpose of holding service; but finding that things did not go on as they ought to have done it was necessarily given up. Smith had set off with Ford for the Kuruman, three days distant, immediately on our arrival here, and had not been absent long when he sent us word that he had heard a report that the Matabeeles, Masulikatsé's people, were coming south to attack Mahura, who had stolen some cattle from him, but that having put the Missionary's house in a state of defence we should wait to hear from him. I, having got much worse, indeed I did not expect to live, received orders from Smith to join him immediately at the Kuruman; and as an opportunity offered

the same day, by Hume, who afterwards went part of the way into the interior with us for ivory, I set off the same day I received the message. Reached Kuruman early in the morning, when I was immediately bled and put to bed in Mr. Moffat's house. As reports were constantly arriving that the Matabeeles were almost on Motito, the Doctor thought fit to send an order to Kift and Bell to come immediately and recommend Mr. and Mrs. Lemue to take advantage of the escort. I was able in a week to get up and go about, though I did not recover until the October following. Everything now looked gloomy, our cattle were dying in numbers, and forty were soon dead of the horse sickness. Our Hottentots were many of them sick of the Quartzi [*Quatsie*, or Black Quarter] which was prevalent in the town, but at last with blistering and dosing the Doctor managed to cure them all and not one died. The Quartzi is a dreadful disease which first shows itself in the form of swellings on different parts of the body. They gradually assume a disgusting appearance. If they do not burst the patient invariably dies. Though the Bechuanas knew that it was produced by eating diseased meat, yet they persisted in eating our oxen that died of the horse sickness which were always dragged to a distance from the Kuruman on purpose. Having received from Masulikatsi for answer that if "we had clean hearts we might come but that if we took his cattle he would do his best to kill us" we now no longer hesitated to go. We accordingly started with all the wagons, leaving Smith behind who was to follow on horseback with Mr. Moffat, who was to accompany us to Masulikatsi, who he had before visited, and with whom he was a great favourite. The man Masulikatsi had sent with the message was to act as our guide. His name was Monahing, a fine specimen of the tribe, and came to the Kuruman in his native fashion, that is, perfectly naked, but had now an old pair of plaid trousers Mr. M. had given him for decency's sake, as he messed in the kitchen. Among other things Smith gave him an old military dress coat of his which was only to be worn with the trousers on state occasions. He encamped with the Europeans as Smith wished him to be kept as much as possible from mixing with the Hottentots. This he did not appear to object to, having plenty of food and a tent to sleep in of which he took a large share as if he tried to forget that he was among strangers and enemies, for had he stirred from our wagons the Bechuanas would have immediately stuck him. Mr. Moffat, Smith, Hume and Schoone³⁷ (Elephant hunters) joined us late in the evening. The


Motito from the North.

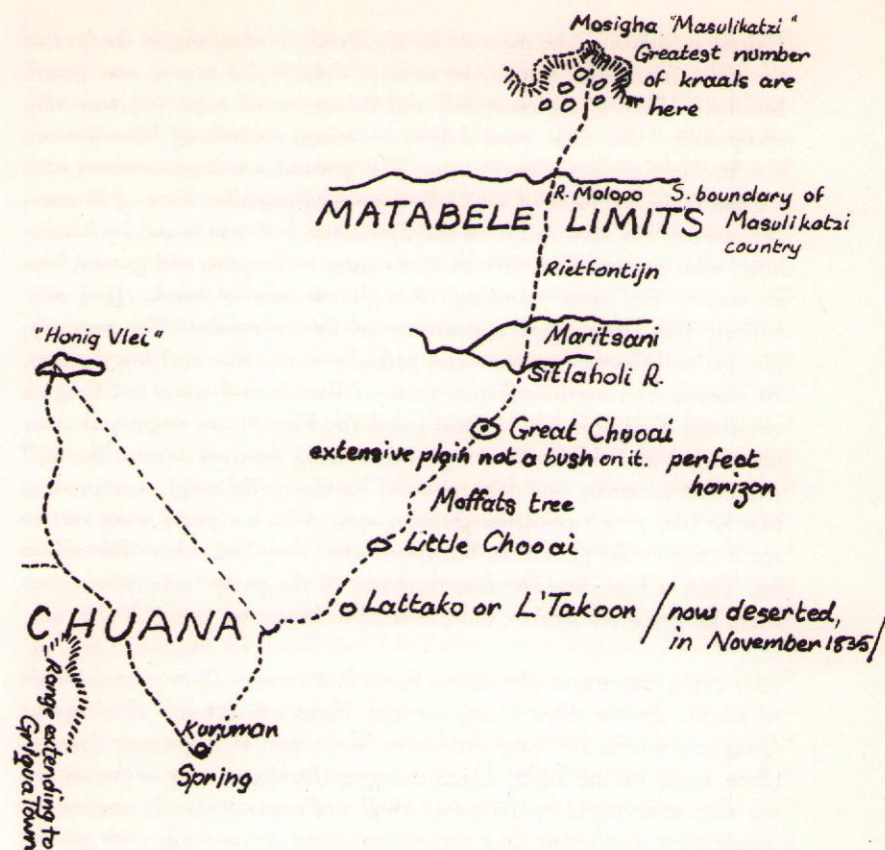
*Complete burden column
seen "Motito"*
From memory

People living near the "Kalkahari" river
From memory

Hottentots, who had made a fiddle and bow for which they were at a loss for horse hair, when, therefore, all these people arrived every Hottentot was running like mad to hold the horses, which were not a little surprised at the rough handling they got as soon as Smith's back was turned; for all hands immediately began tugging at the tails, and the horses thought by kicking to rid themselves of their annoyers, but they were neither to be frightened nor stopped in the execution of their purpose, for they jumped up face tailward and pulled away amidst all the kicking and plunging until they were properly satisfied with the stock they had got. We were now badly off for horses, as Bell's had died on our first visit to the Kuruman, and mine died now at Motito, so that Smith bought a mare as it never does to be entirely without. This mare got in a short time so fond of the loose oxen that she never offered to stray; but when they afterwards died on the road one by one she was obliged to be ridden, for being by herself they could not keep her in. On

May 14th. we left Motito for Masulikatsi. The cavalcade was now increased by the addition of five wagons, three of Hume's, one of Schoone's and one of Mr. Moffat's. The water of this journey is little and far between. Our first *scoff*³⁸ was fifteen hours, and brought us to Little Chooai (lake). The water here is in pits and very *brak*, no (or very little and wild) game, and altogether very dull. I mentioned before that Mahura, Chief of Lattakoo, had stolen some cattle from Masulikatsi, and was in daily fear of a commando being sent to attack him and bring away the cattle; and as their forces move with great rapidity and secrecy, passing over mountains and use unfrequented places, without shoes (sandals), and marching one behind the other and only in the night, so that it is next to impossible to guard against them for they come on as soon as the spies can get in and sometimes even before. Well, by dint of persuasion and threatening he at last consented to give the cattle over to us to take to Masulikatsi, which would at once satisfy him as to our good intentions.

(No date). Reached the Great Chooai, which is a very large salt lake, and even at this dry season was nearly full of water which was so salt that if you got sprinkled with it when dry there remained salt looking as white as chalk. This is a great place for Lions, but we had no reason to complain, for although their footsteps were seen on the spot we



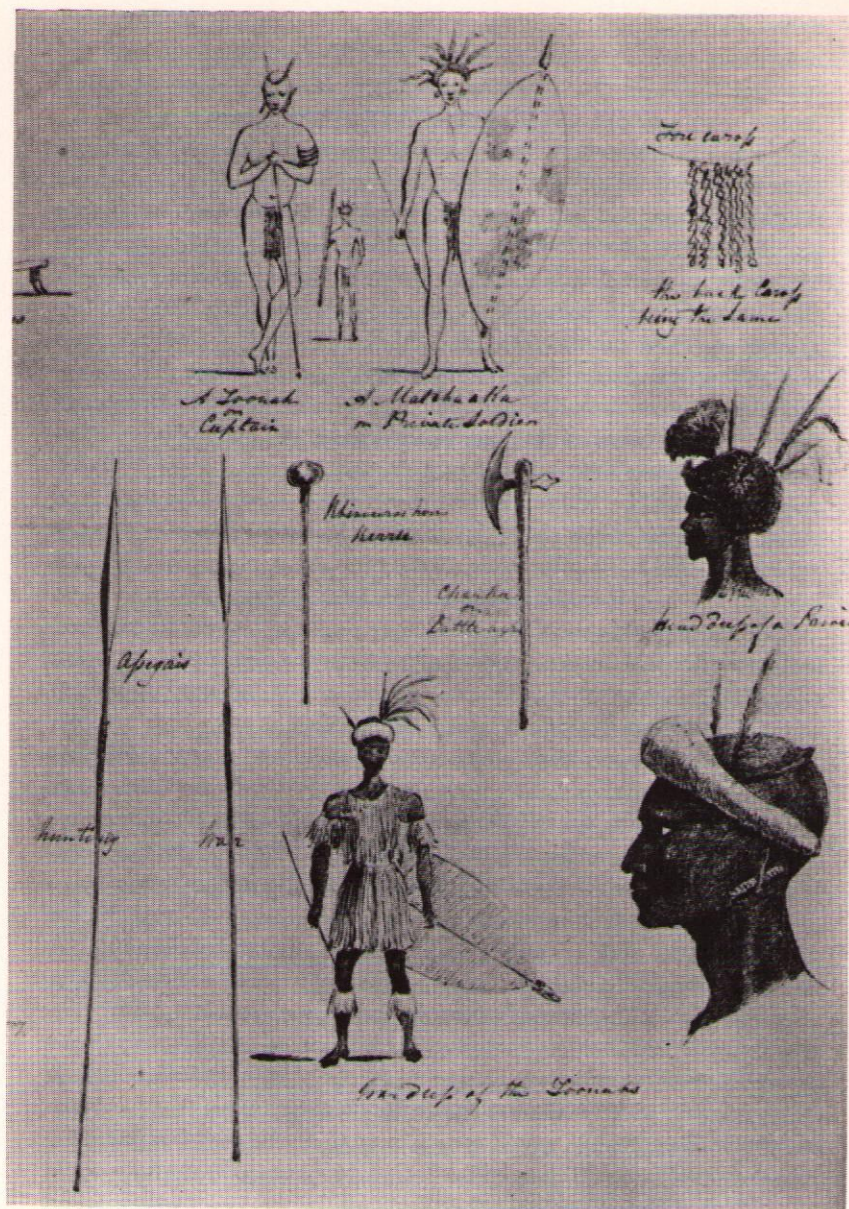
From memory

outspanned, yet they only stood on a hill at a little distance and roared at us, which I consider rather as a sure token of their good will, for when they attack they steal on almost without breathing, so that you never know when they come on. The plan we adopted in the present instance was to fill up the open space between the wagon wheels so that they could not creep in. I forgot to tell you in the proper place that it was on the south side of the Vaal River that we found some of Bain's Hottentots at a Coranna kraal, who told us that Masulikatsi had attacked their master, who was now in Graaff Reinet, taken both his wagons, chattels and all; and that they had, after shooting a great number of the Matabeele, escaped and were now on their road home.

Halted at Sitlaholi, the place of Bain's attack. Had to dig in the bed of the river for water, which, however, when it did come, was good. Meritsani. Shot a Cameleopard, and being out of meat [it] was very acceptable. I found it most delicious eating, something like mutton, but having a pleasant, sweet taste. The ground was here covered with a small fruit, the juice of which is a strong purgative. One of Hume's Hottentots was attacked with the dysentery, but was cured by Monahing, who ground a reddish root, a strong astringent, and gave it him in water. The next morning, though excessively weak, [he] was entirely free from every appearance of the complaint. The country, though still desert, was covered partially with trees and low bushes. At Rietfonteyn we found quantities of Elands and were not long in obtaining a large stock of meat; and the Hottentots employed their time night and day in cooking and sucking marrow bones. Seym,³⁹ while out shooting one day, returned hastily to the wagons, reporting that he had seen two Rhinoceroses, upon which a party went out to see if they could get them, but found that they had taken themselves off. This, if true, was the first time any of the party had come across these long-horned gentry. On our road to Molopo

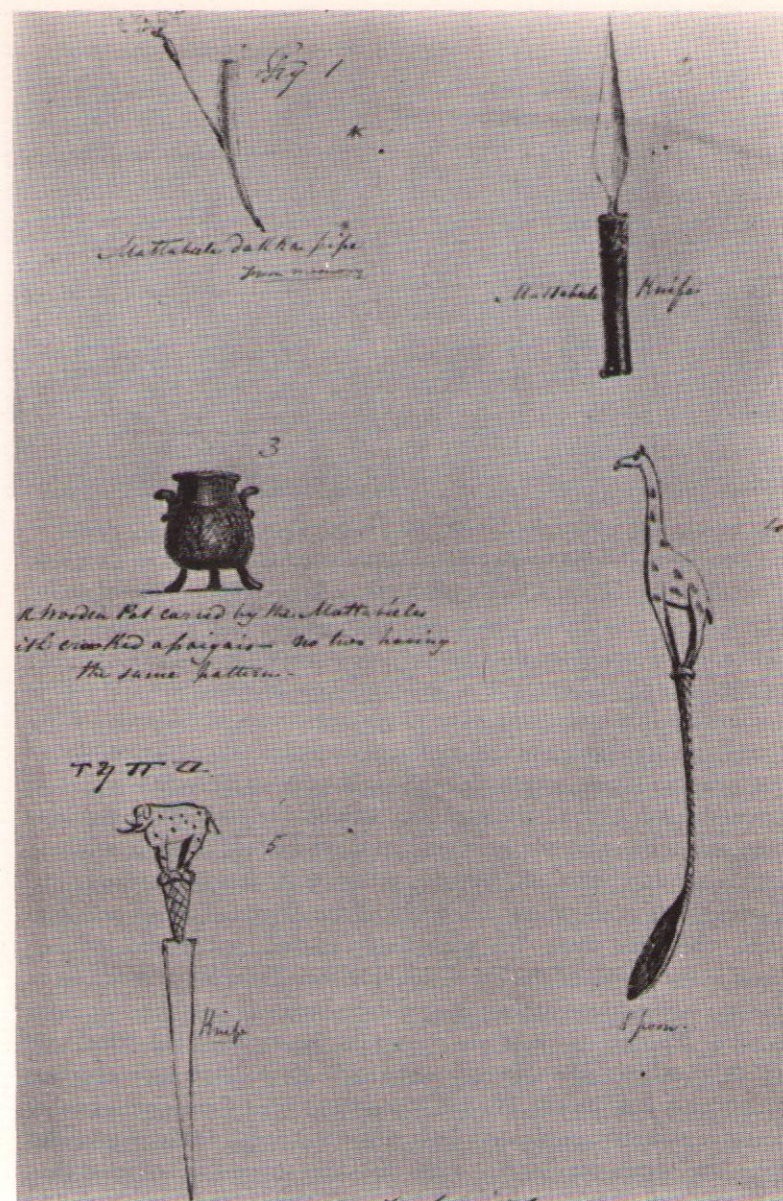
May 28th., Seym and Piet shot a Black Rhinoceros. This part abounds in Lions. As we went along we saw them on our left chasing the Quaggas, which are their favourite food; and at night our outspan place, being on the north side of the river (hardly worthy of the name), we were so annoyed by them that a bell was kept constantly ringing the whole time, and every time they approached it was rung with greater violence. This was quite a novel contrivance, but it was found to perfectly answer the intention, viz. of keeping them at a distance of a few yards, at any rate. Once, indeed, the oxen were alarmed, though by this time they were more used to them, and a party with blue lights and guns went round the kraal in hopes of getting a shot at him; but we returned with uncertain success, as some said he was hit and others declared it was only a bush that had received the shot. Paper No. 3 ends. We were obliged to wait here for leave from Masulikatsi to proceed, as he was supposed to be living at Mosigha.⁴⁰ After waiting some days a guard arrived to escort us to his Majesty, and to protect us from the curiosity of the natives which we afterwards found quite necessary. The guard was composed of a *Toonab* [Induna] (or Captain) called Calleepe⁴¹ and four men. The name of one was Sicotsieli. The

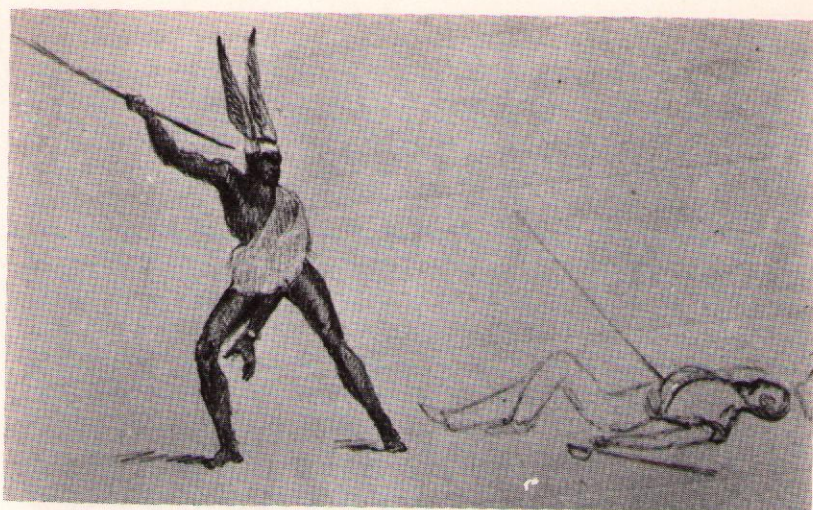
names of the others I cannot remember. Calleepe was in face very handsome, even compared with European[s], for though in skin the Matabeeles are jet black, yet many of them have fine aquiline noses. As a *Toonab* his head was shaved with the married man's ring on it; and in this ring two light blue feathers were stuck. Round his arm he wore rings made of gut, stuffed with the hard inside fat. The fore-caross they wear sometimes is composed of strips of skin cut first on one side and then on the other. The others were *Machaakas*⁴² or Private Soldiers. I have given you a sketch of one carrying his shield and assegay, which they use more as a dagger than other tribes, and have them consequently short in the handle with long blades which they finish very well. They wear the hair bushy, covered with grease which they all use abundantly on their bodies. Into this bush of hair they stick feathers of all kinds. On their body they use no ornament, and but seldom use the fore-caross. The shield is made of hide, and is by regulation to reach to the chin, and on the top is a jackhal's tail on a stick. Of their hair these *Machaakas* are so particular that they never lie down to sleep as others do, but use a pillow which they lay the neck on, in order to prevent the hair from touching the ground. When I first saw these people I thought that until then I had never seen savages. The men are, however, nothing to the women, who as yet we had not seen. Smith visited the source of the Molopo River, which consists of several springs in a NNE direction. Their (the Matabeele) war dress consists of Baboons' tails of a dark green colour, fastened to thongs of leather (see sketch), and round their arms and legs they wear the bushy part of the tails of white oxen. If these cannot be procured, everything being monopolised by Masulikatsi, the long hair of goats supplies the place. The *Toonabs* have instead of the plumes of the *Machaakas* things made something in the fashion of a lady's boa, the middle of which is thicker than the ends, and, crossing the forehead, is fastened behind. This, which is certainly a picturesque one, is the only thing approaching to dress they have, but is never worn except on grand occasions. Why they call it a war dress I cannot imagine, for when going to war they throw everything off in order to have free use of their limbs, of which in their long marches they have great need; for on their return from a predatory expedition no one would recognize in them the men that left a few weeks before, fat well greased bodies, and looking as if nothing could stand before them, but now the eyes sunk in the head, meagre, and their bodies yellow with filth. The distinction observed between



Caleepe and the *Machaaka* was very marked. They waited on him, eat separately, and never appeared to talk familiarly. This Caleepe was Commander-in-Chief of the *Machaaka*, and being bold to daring, but at the same time cautious, was always sent on commando by Masulikatsi, and was covered with wounds of which he was not a little proud. He was, indeed, in command at the taking of Bain's wagons, which he did not attempt to conceal from us, though of course we always avoided introducing the subject. We now started for the Great Chief, Masulikatsi, accompanied by our guard, but had not proceeded far when we were met by vast numbers of women bearing calabashes (which are there an enormous size) of beer from Masulikatsi, who had sent it to refresh us on the road; and I can assure you it was very acceptable. This beer, the only beer they make, is made of Caffre corn, and I can only describe it to a mixture of cider and champagne, but having a thick sediment in it. These women had travelled two days, having been ordered to deliver the beer to us however far we might be. This day I saw more Vultures than I could have supposed it possible to have collected in one spot. You may smile, but I assure you the sun was literally darkened by them, and although such a tremendous height above your head, you hear a noise like sawing, which at first you are puzzled to fix upon anything. Talking of Vultures reminds me to say something of the locusts by which the country to the north-east of Philipolis was laid waste. I had often doubtingly read of the immense flights of locusts, but never expected anything on such a magnificent scale. The commencement of the troop passed in the morning and continued till late in the evening. The whole of this time the sun was darkened almost like an eclipse. To give you an idea of the density of their swarms, I was out riding not far from the place where we met Bain's Hottentots when one of the swarms came over. I could not see where I was going to, but found quite employment enough in managing my horse, which, having some in its ears and nostrils, plunged violently. My shirt was full of the unfortunates that had flown against my face and fallen into the snare. But to return to the *Asvolges* [*sic*] (Vultures), where they hide themselves to spend their idle time I never could find out; but as soon as anything dies the sky immediately fills, thereby forming a most invaluable index to the poor natives, who immediately run to forestall their friends. We soon found ourselves entering the great basin of Mosigha, to the west of which lies the Kurrichane hills, and thousands of greasy, naked bodies rolled

out from the immense kraals that were on our right and left to get a sight of the *Macoa*⁴³ (White men). The guard now proved themselves to be essentially useful, for by dint of throwing kerries and stones with heavy hands they managed to keep these noisy visitors back sufficiently to allow us to pass. After passing through this concourse of people, they brought us into the middle of a wood (for the country had sensibly changed from desert to woods), where we were given to understand it would be necessary for us to wait further orders, and his Majesty being some distance off, it would perhaps be a week first [*sic*]. All this time not a soul was allowed to visit us, such being the policy of the Chief, so that we knew no more of the country than if we had remained at Kuruman. Our guard took care that none of the natives approached us, and if an unfortunate being happened to stray towards the wood we occupied, they all immediately set on him and belaboured him with sticks and stones, running, hooting, and jumping like madmen. You have, I dare say, heard of Dakka, a plant much used by Bushmen and by the Matabeele, who smoke [it] through water in an ox-horn (see sketch), and continue inhaling until they become almost maddened by the strength of it, when they spring up on their feet and extol their Chief until they are exhausted. The dose is again repeated. The Matabeele kraals are larger [and] more regular, and the huts better built, than the huts of the other tribes. The huts are built round the kraal, sometimes in a double line, but so arranged that there shall be abundance of spare room round each, and that every one shall have his own fireplace. The cattle occupy the centre at night. This is often made their granary, large caves being dug under the kraal, so that the oxen shall stand over them and blind those they do not wish to know of them. Every kraal is under the direction of a Matron, one of Masulikatsi's wives, who keeps the girls in order and sees that the cattle (all Masulikatsi's; no subject can have wealth) go out at the proper time in the morning after the milking, which is done by the *Matutu*⁴⁴ (boys,) who have the entire management of the cattle. This corps, though composed entirely of children, has frequently signalized itself in defence of the cattle in their charge. The Matabeeles are divided into four classes, *Toonahs* or Captains, Married men, *Machaka* or soldiers unmarried, and *Matutu*, boys. No man can take a wife without the leave of the Chief, which is generally granted if the applicant had been brave in war. When a *Matchaka* [*sic*] takes a wife he must shave his bushy hair off and wear a married man's ring (made of bulbs [*sic*]). They may have





any number of wives the Chief pleases, but they cannot purchase like the Bechuana. All the women in the country are considered as his wives. The off-spring of the Chief's principal wife is only considered as the Blood Royal; no distinction is paid to those of other women. Masulikatsi's heir is not more than twelve and is placed in charge of a trustworthy *Toonah*, Kaberonti,⁴⁵ who we afterwards visited on our return homewards, his kraal lying over to the north-west of Mosigha. After spending a miserable time of confinement under the particular care of our guards, during which Caleepe went to visit Masulikatsi and to report our safe arrival and quiet dispositions, and I believe at the same time the number of our guns and men, at last old Caleepe returned with a message from his Majesty, saying that we must come immediately to his kraal on the other side of the *Porte* and about two days from where we were. We accordingly started, and halted the first night in the mouth of the *Porte*, thinking that if they were to fall on us (for we never trusted them) it would be better to be found on level ground. We next day held our course on the banks of the Minatoe,⁴⁶ which runs into the Meriqua [Marico]. Here [we] shot the first Rhinoceros, a white one. We saw him first trotting through the bushes near our encampment, upon which all ran out and literally bombarded him. The Matabeele stood at some distance, amazed to see what they had imagined to be impenetrable beast so completely taken aback and peppered till he fell riddled. Of the Rhinoceros there are now by

our discovery three different kinds. First, the Black. This has been for ages the only one known in Africa until Burchell saw the White; though, having lost his description, [he] was unable to establish the fact of there being two kinds. With ourselves lies the merit of the discovery of an entirely new sort, as you will see by the sketch*, having two horns of an equal length. If this had been the only discovery we made, natural history could not have complained of the Expedition. The horn of the White Rhinoceros is used by the natives for kerries [and] battle-axes, and as the assegays will not penetrate their hide (an inch and a half thick; they have recourse to stratagem, making pitfalls in their paths, for the Rhinoceros makes his own path like the Elephant and Hippopotamus or *Zeecowe* [*sic*], the only name the Hottentots know it by. The drift of the Meriqua we now crossed, hearing of Masulikatsi being due east by compass, was infested by Crocodiles and Seacows, but we were unable to see any, although reported to be infested. Yet we had the good fortune to fall in with a herd of Buffaloes, of which we managed to secure three or four, much to the satisfaction of our suite, who made a point of grumbling when they could not have as much meat as they chose. Indeed, on our journey to the Colony we were told by T'umbati⁴⁷ that a piece weighing ten pounds was one man's ration. At last we arrived at Masulikatsi's kraal, or rather the kraal that he inhabited at that time, for he never remained long in one place, but moved secretly so that in the event of his outposts being forced they should not know where to find him. We passed close to the kraal, on the outside of which he and his people were standing, and first we were ordered to outspan close to his kraal, but second thoughts often being best he ordered us farther off on to a sort of dry bog thinly covered with thorn bushes. This was a more convenient situation for us, as we were nearer the water and had a good view round us in case of treachery. This was on

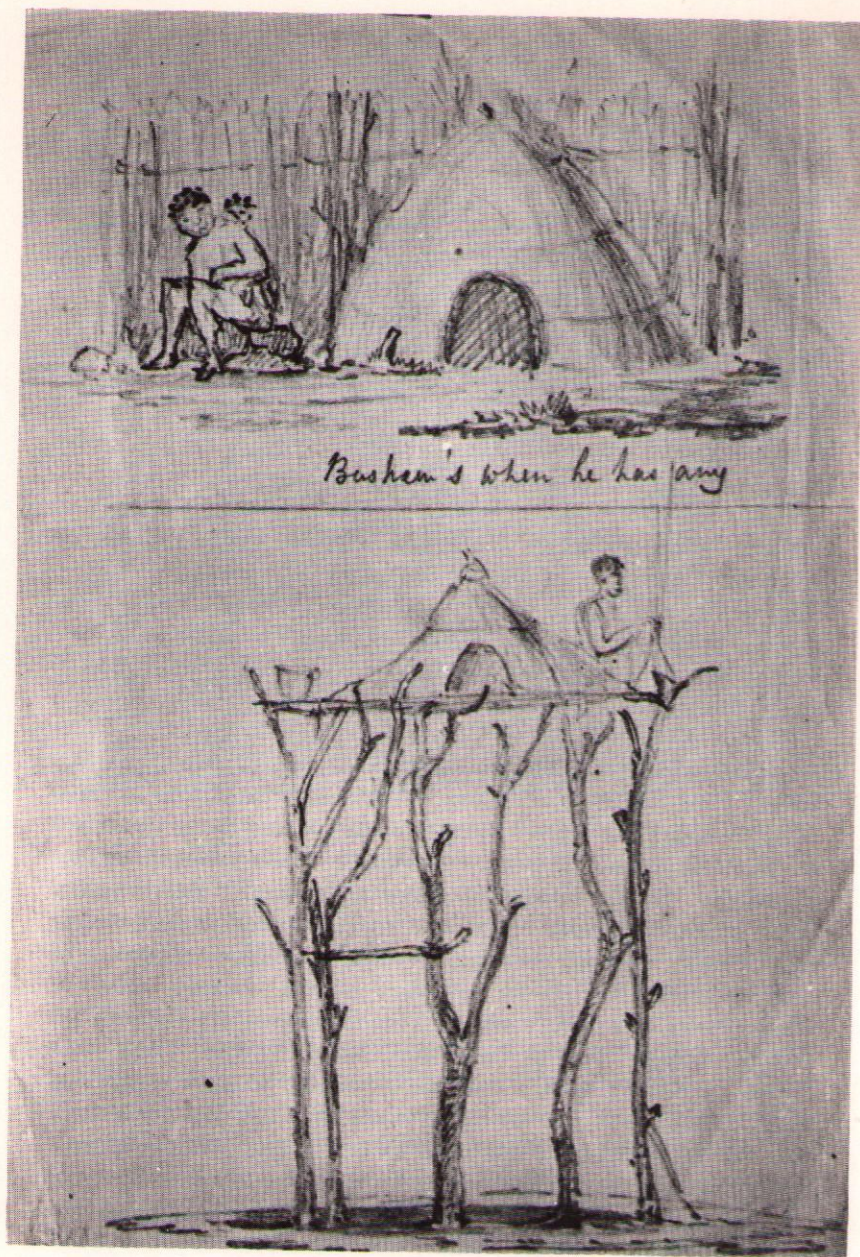
June 9th., and next day he came to receive the presents we had for him and in return for which he sent us quantities of beer and beef. When Masulikatsi came to visit us he generally brought a number of the *Machaka*, who all the time he remained with us continued singing and stamping in a most savage-like manner. It would be useless my attempting to give you an idea of their songs or the noise they made while singing them. Imagine three or four hundred men naked, black as jet and greasy, dancing or jumping round their Chief. Every foot



falls to the ground at the same moment, add to which their screaming and shaking long sticks, to give effect, I suppose, you could really fancy yourself in Pandemonium. On our arrival at this place we went to pay our respects to His Majesty, who received us much in the way I have already said Moschesh did; the only difference was that the kraal was larger and there were more people. We had here too some excellent beer. I saw the operation [*sic*] of slaughtering, which is only done where the Chief himself is, so that his subjects never taste butcher's meat unless he is present. A man stationed himself on each side of the kraal entrance, and as soon as the unfortunate ox was driven through, they rushed out and with one stab in the ribs brought him down. The hide was then immediately marked out for shields, one from each side, which were, with the tail (it happening to be a white ox) laid before the Chief. No one approaches the Chief without giving a grunt and

crouching, even though it be to answer a question. I heard that sometimes as many as sixty oxen, old and young, are killed in one day. We now began to think of prosecuting our journey, and it was thought advisable to take a tour to the eastward, leaving Kift behind to negotiate with the Chief for some corn of which we were in great want. Mr. Moffat promised us that he would await our return. Masulikatsi gave us a guide, besides the guards from the Baharutsi tribe, a tribe conquered by him and to whom this country had formerly belonged. This guide Moloiincom,⁴⁸ was the ugliest fellow I ever saw, with tremendous thick lips and flat nose. He was always called "Wido" or "Wide-awake", from an occurrence that happened soon after he joined us. The Europeans happened to be trying to make a sort of pudding, and this gentleman, guessing what was going on, always managed to be in the way when the lid was lifted off, and as soon as the lid was again on he esconced himself behind a stone to watch it. When it was reported to be cooked he of course got a bit. From this the Europeans called him "Alderman Wide-Awake", which finally settled to "Wido" and which he retained to Cape Town. He was at first humble, meagre and beastly, and was well satisfied if you threw him a bone to grind; but as he got fat he changed in everything excepting eating awfully. I give you a rather particular sketch of this "Wido" as I shall often have occasion to mention him.

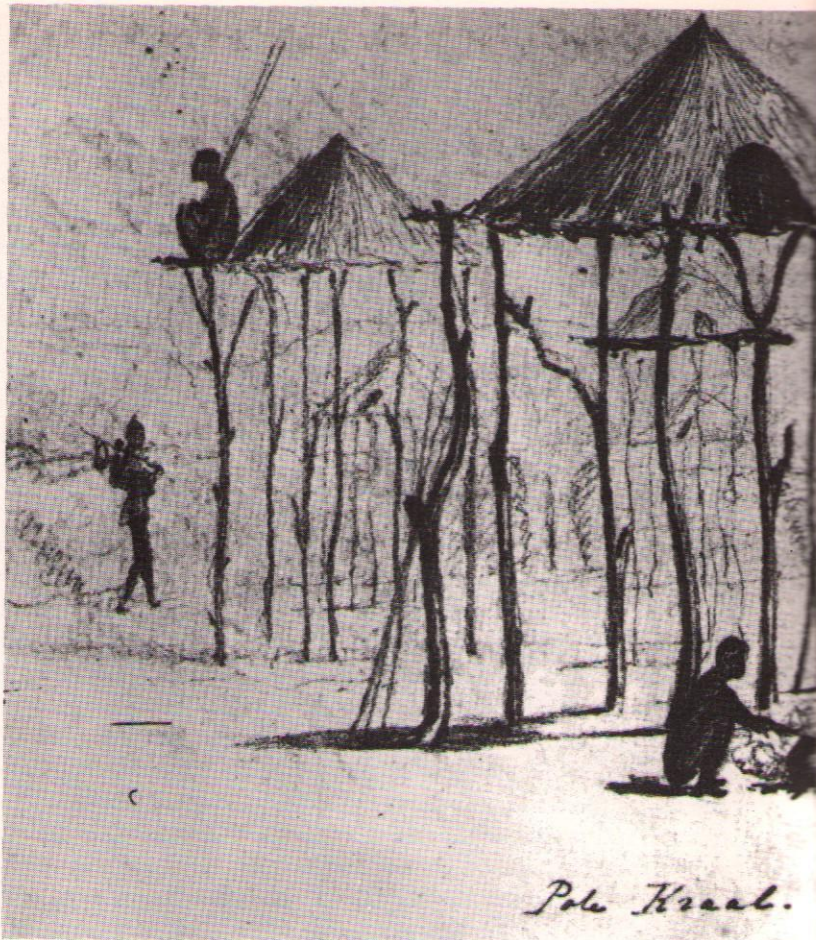
June 16th. We left Kift and two of our wagons, and set off on our eastern route, which lay at the foot of the Kashan Mountains in a sort of valley plentifully watered by large rivers running to the east. Here we found abundance of game, consisting of Bucks of all sorts, Elephants (the country being almost torn up by them), Buffaloes, etc. Some of the inhabitants of this part live in houses perched on the tops of poles, to protect them, I suppose, from the Lions (see sketch⁴⁹). The Matabeeles have in all their corn gardens similar houses, but smaller, in which a sentry is placed in the daytime to keep the birds off, and in the night Wolves, which tread down the corn. These pole-houses are all enclosed in a kraal like the others, but they never come down if they can avoid it at night, as the Lion will sometimes lie in wait the whole night and only walk off at daylight. We were a good deal annoyed by the cart breaking, as we were now in a country where we were obliged to be always on the lookout, this being the eastern boundary of the Matabeele territory. Many old deserted stone kraals



Bushman's when he has any

we passed in this valley, said to have belonged to the Baharutsi, and where they all died by the hands of the Matabeele Chief. One day while out shooting we discovered a most extraordinary beast, a Tricorn, grazing quietly and apparently being perfectly friends with a large flock of *Roi bok* [*Rooibok*] (Red Buck); but it gave us the slip after following it some miles, so that for that day we gave up all hopes of adding to our collection so splendid a specimen of natural history. The next day, however, Piet, one of our Hottentots, fell in with it and our splendid Tricorn turned out to be a *Roibok* having one split, probably by running against a tree. On the [date missing] we shot our first *Zee Cowe*, the whole of which was eaten by the Hottentots, and I found the foot baked in an ant-heap a great dainty. A species of Parrot, green and very small, was likewise shot near this, on the banks of the Oli [Oori] River, which we now reached and afterwards traced under the name of the Limpopo. The river now taking a turn to the northwards, entered a *Porte* which we also entered on the

July 6th, and halted close to the banks of the river on the opposite side. We had not outspanned long when we found that the river was literally full of Hippopotami, and in two or three hours there were no less than seven shot and lying on the surface of the water, some of which were not left long with a whole skin and the whole camp soon became a scene of cooking and eating, which they managed to keep up the best part of the night, as it was next to impossible to sleep for the noise (of blowing) those we had left made whenever they came to the top of the water, now in many places a mixture of blood and water. We still continued on our eastern route until we reached some known *koppies* out of Masulikatsi's territories, when we thought it advisable to beat a retreat towards his Majesty, who now began to evince his impatience by sending repeated messengers to us to learn what our intentions were, and to get us if possible to return with them. Our usual answer was that we had no intention of running away from him, but if it was the same to him we should take our time and return when we thought fit. Indeed, we suspected him of trying to throw obstacles in our way by setting fire to the grass and bushes, by which our wagons were several times only saved by our being beforehand and burning a ring completely round them and beating the fire out with bushes when it came close in. Once, especially, I remember when close under the Kashan Mountains we were kept up the whole night, and such was the violence of the fire on the side of the hill close to us that the noise



Pole Kraal.

resembled thunder more than anything else, and the flames went along faster than a man could run.

July 9th. We set out on our return to Masulikatsi, intending to take a circuitous route to the northward, that we might see as much as possible of the Matabeele territory, and might be able to form an estimate of the population, which was reported to be very large, though we had as yet seen nothing to confirm the report. On this day, while walking along after the wagons, I found two very large Elephants'



Kashaun Mountains.

From survey.

tusks on the site of an old kraal. They had to all appearance been washed out of the ground (it being a practice with the natives when they get any ivory to bury it in order to hide it from the Chief). The outer coating of the teeth was bleached and good for nothing, but upon breaking that off the inside was discovered to be perfectly sound. Outspanned again on the banks of the Oli River, which again disappears through a *Porte* which we found full of game. Before reaching the outspan place the oxen in the first wagon were charged by a Black Rhinoceros, and only escaped by being turned sharp round by the

leaders. He did not go far before a ball striking him in the hind leg brought him to, and two or three more soon finished him for his temerity. Shooting Rhinoceroses being now an everyday occurrence, I shall not notice it again. Indeed, Smith found it necessary to put a stop to the Hottentots firing at them at all as it was only an unnecessary waste of ammunition. One we killed close to the wagons on the

8th July, and next morning we saw two Lions and a number of Wolves quietly regaling off the carcass ; and the following night we shot a Wolf so glutted that, being hit in the stomach, [he] was literally pinned to the ground by the meat which protruded from the wound, and after trying to come near enough, in vain, to get a blow at him, I was forced to shoot him through the head. After leaving the *Porte* we got into a part of the country which from being covered with the Mimosa tree was a favourite resort of the Giraffe, which we saw stalking about in troops of from six to ten ; but having no horses we were unable to give them chase, though we did our best to get within shot on foot, and sometimes succeeded by carefully stalking them without shoes or trousers on. This was the first time I had seen them in troop, and was not a little surprised as I had always before seen them single. We now left the River Oli and struck off to the eastward, and on the [date omitted ; it was, however 17th July] reached a hill well known to the Griquas under the name of Barend's Koppie.⁵⁰ The Griquas, under the command of Barend, made an inroad into this country, and collecting all Masulikatsi's cattle together drove them to this hill. The land they occupied was enormous. One night, their intention being to leave with their booty next morning, having placed their guard round the cattle, they lit their fires and settled themselves to sleep, when the alarm was soon spread that the Matabeele were upon them, who had very cunningly crept in among the cattle, and in the confusion that ensued all the Griquas were killed. Only one escaped to carry the news to the southward. It was said that a great number died by the guns of their friends, it being so dark that it was impossible to distinguish one from the other. On the ground we saw skeletons and remnants of old clothing strewn about. Our Hottentots picked up tinder boxes, stocks of guns and an immense number of balls. Our Matabeele guard told us that by Masulikatsi's order none of them ever approached the place, which fully accounted for our finding [it] in the state we did. Here tremendous herds of Buffaloes grazed close to our wagons and we had

no difficulty in shooting as much as we wanted. In one herd we counted upwards of two hundred. They congregated here, I fancy, because this part was never disturbed by the natives passing to and from, as is the case with all other parts of this country. On the

18th. [July] fell in with the first Matabeele kraal, and were not sorry to be again in the society of our fellow-creatures, not having seen a strange face since leaving Masulikatz.⁵¹ This kraal we found to be a cattle station, one of an immense number belonging to Masulikatz. The cattle, all oxen, were under the charge of the *Mututu* or boys, and consequently there was not a man or woman anywhere to be seen, forming a strange contrast to the other kraals we had seen, both at Mosigha and elsewhere ; for it always appeared to me that, as indeed you find it in civilized towns, the proportion of women preponderates. We were all much disappointed at not getting milk, as, when we first approached a kraal, the question was are there cows, and if not, how far is the nearest cow kraal ; but upon being promised some beads we induced two or three to start off in search of some, and they returned on Sunday with a few pots of goat's milk.

[July] 20th. Monday. Started early in the morning, as the kraal we were next to visit was reported to be almost too far to reach that night, without reckoning stoppages, for it is next to impossible to keep up travelling for any length of time without stopping and outspanning every six hours to give the oxen a rest of an hour or so. Ours, from having travelled so long and far, were of course more in need of food, which they were often obliged to go without, than fresh oxen would have been. This kraal was situated close under a hill, and cornfields extended almost as far as the eye could reach. The inhabitants were mixed and under an inferior *Toonah*, who, having examined our guards respecting us, promised to assist us in everything that he could, and immediately upon his entering the kraal men, women and children came flocking round us with milk for sale ; and in the morning abundance of cows and goats were seen being driven off to the hills. This is generally the case with all tribes, that they prefer the hills or mountains, if there be any, to open ground. This I am surprised at, for I should say that without exception all wild beasts leave the plains in the day time and take refuge in the mountains, where they sleep until the return of night. They are only to be met with in the flats when

driven out by excessive hunger. I have often met them, but seldom have found them lying down. They have generally been chasing herds of the Quagga or Wildebeeste. The part of Masulikatzi's country we were now in appeared to be cornfield. Every piece of land thus sown was enclosed in a hedge of the *Cameel doorn* [Kameeldoring, the Mimosa], and was generally guarded by six or seven of these watch huts I have before mentioned. At this time there was nothing but stubble left standing, which made it very unpleasant for travelling. I and many others of the Party got sore feet, having nothing but *veldtschoons* made by our Hottentots of raw hide, which as soon as they got wet or even damp are completely useless; so much so that it is better to take them off at the first approach of rain and walk barefoot, by no means an agreeable way of travelling on corn stubble such as we now met with, each stem being three-quarters of an inch in diameter. I don't know which was worse, the stubble or the short, hard grass we had under the Kashan. In consequence of the immense fires we constantly met with, often while travelling, we would see a line of burning grass extending from our extreme left to right and approaching us so quickly that all hands were obliged to run forward to make a thoroughfare for the wagons; and I have frequently shot game while they were bewildered by being encircled by a ring of fire lessening every moment, and they have even rushed at the place where they saw me enter, by no means a pleasant predicament to be in.

[July] 21st. The leader of the cart, Gert, in passing through a cornfield ran foul of the stem of a tree about two feet high, which just took it by the fore-axle and snapped it. Unfortunately at the time we were followed by a host of the natives who had run out from the neighbouring kraals; I say unfortunately because it was our policy as much as possible to give them an idea of how far white men excelled them in everything by showing off our wagons and explaining to them as well as we could the immense time they would last. But as it was it turned out to our advantage, for by lashing the broken pieces of the axle taut with rims [*riems*, or raw-hide ropes] we again got it under weigh, when they all stared, for they had imagined that nothing could make it "walk" again. And now they changed their tune to the "wonderful white men", the friends of Masulikatzi the son of Matchabani [Mashobana]. One of our Hottentots shot an ostrich, the only one that was killed on the Expedition.

[July] 22nd. Piet found an ostrich nest with twenty-two eggs. We had before often found them with from ten to eighteen eggs in the nest, half the quantity being outside, but never so many as this. He (Piet) and two of the others carries them in their trousers, making them into bags by closing the legs up, forming most extraordinary looking creatures when seen coming on from a distance. On the

[July] 24th. we again sighted our old encampment, and were glad to see that Mr. Moffat's wagon was still standing there. When we joined them we found that Masulikatzi had long since left the kraal and was at that time at Mosigha, which, lying out of our course, we had no intention of visiting. Our Hottentots had all along imagined that this place was to be the end of our journey, and when told that it was our intention to proceed further, some said, though not before us, that if we did proceed they should immediately return. It was now time to prove to them how much they depended on us and how far they were in our power, and consequently how useless it would be for them to attempt either to mutiny or to desert. Smith instantly despatched a messenger to Masulikatzi telling him how matters stood. He immediately sent word that it would be impossible for them in case of their deserting to escape from his country without passing some of his outposts, when they should be seized and dealt with as his enemies. As soon as this message came on Sunday, Smith called the whole Party together, telling them his suspicions, and hoped to find that they had no foundation. "And let all those," he said, "who are willing to accompany me (for I am determined to prosecute the journey agreeably to the instructions of the Committee, even though I should travel alone) stand on my right hand and those who remain where you now stand I shall consider either as having some cause of complaint which I shall do my best to remedy on the spot, or as mutineers who shall be dealt with as such." The Gentlemen and Europeans of the Party instantly moved over, as we had previously agreed that the best means of stopping the mutiny was to show them that if it came to a struggle they would have little chance. Most of the Hottentots followed us, and I began to think from the numbers that came over we must have been misinformed. Among those that stood still were Jonas, Bezuidenhout and Botha. They were asked by Smith what cause of complaint they, who were nothing more than the leaders of wagons (with the exception of Botha), could possibly have. They appeared quite at a loss for answers.

One said that he had been accused of being lazy, at the same time being the laziest fellow in the camp, and the other made some equally absurd complaint. But when he came to Botha, a convict who was known to Smith as a good shot while in the Cape Corps, who stood with his arms folded, looking on the ground, he [i.e., Smith] knit his brow, and, clenching his fist, spoke in a voice that made everyone start: "Ungrateful dog", he said "I little expected, when you, just released from prison, crouched before me, declaring me your preserver, and that you would never leave me but follow me till death, that I was harbouring such a viper as you now prove yourself to be. Out of my sight, and for the future beware, for I shall always keep a watch over your conduct". All were now dismissed, and thus by acting with decision all discontent was suppressed. This Botha had been sent to Robben Island as a convict for murdering a man at Graham's Town, and Smith, I believe, having known something of the man while belonging to the Cape Corps, interceded with Government in his behalf and obtained permission for him to accompany the Expedition as shooter, he being a most excellent shot. The debt of gratitude he owed to Smith he subsequently repaid by treachery, shortly after which he died of wounds received by a Lion. We now began to think of again starting, our intention being to trace the Meriqua to its junction with the Oli, which here assumes the name of the Limpopo River. On the day we parted with Moffat we shot a splendid specimen of the Koodoo with a full-sized calf close to a kraal, which shows how little the natives here trouble themselves by hunting; and we outspanned [at] a small milk kraal about half a mile on the east side of the Meriqua River. Next day, while travelling nearly due north along the banks of the river, we fixed on a spot which we intended to occupy until the return of Kift, who was sent with two wagons under the guidance of a *Toonah* to fetch some corn and beans from a distant kraal which he, with the assistance of Mr. Moffat, had purchased from the Chief during our absence on the eastern tour. After a few days he again joined us, bringing with him corn and beans, and which, our larder being but poorly stocked, we found very acceptable. Everything being again in travelling order we proceeded, still keeping the eastern bank of the river. Here we saw Masulikatzi's principal herds of cattle, thousands together. We had not from what we had observed in other parts of the country the slightest idea of ever seeing such herds. The country seemed alive with them, and we estimated that there might be twenty

at least to every person, including children, in Masulikatzi's domain. These cattle were the fruits of the many attacks made by him on the neighbouring tribes. He had left the Bacquains [Kwena] not a single head. The Bahurutzi [Hurutse], whose country this was that he now occupied properly speaking was, he had conquered, and what few of them remained there were slaves; and as every *Toonah* had his own household, there were no inconsiderable number of them unfortunate victims of tyranny. The Matabeele looked upon them as inferior to the dogs in a kraal. The Meriqua here, as is indeed the case with all African rivers, was shallow and running over a bed formed of here and there rock intermixed with coarse shingle, and the banks were slightly wooded, principally with willow, and every two or three hundred yards you meet with deep holes or *Zee-cowe ghats* full of Hippopotami and Crocodiles. They appear to live together on friendly terms, as you will invariably in the daytime find them lying basking in the sun side by side. We now came to a range of low rocky hills stretching east and west about five miles, and when we began to ascend the kloof I thought I should never get the wagon over; but, however, everything being firmly lashed down to keep them from being thrown out by the violence of the jolting, for in some places there would be a perpendicular fall of four or five feet (no joke for the axle-trees); but after four hours' hard work we succeeded in getting the wagon about half a mile into a valley surrounded on all sides by hills, conical most of them, like those we had by unexpected good fortune succeeded in crossing without any accident of importance. Having got thus far, we did not know how to get out again, being as we were completely hemmed in by what appeared to us impassable barriers. Large herds of Buffaloes rushed continually past the camp, and having shot enough to victual us the rest were allowed to pass untouched, much against the inclination of the Hottentots, who could never bear to see game pass without having a shot. But ammunition being far too precious at this time to be thrown away upon Buffaloes, orders were issued forbidding any one to fire without permission from one of us; and at the same time they were promised that on our return they should fire at Rhinoceroses or whatever they pleased. A messenger arrived from Masulikatzi on horseback (the only horse they had and the only man that could ride it) entreating us to return to him, assuring us that when we returned we should want for nothing that he could procure, and that although our Matabeele guard should continue with us (which we would gladly have dispensed

with) yet he could not answer for our safety as we were now entering the Bacquain country, a tribe with which he was always at war. Our answer was that we were obliged to him for the hint, and that we had little doubt of being able to defend ourselves even without the assistance of his Imperial guard, consisting of *four men*, should it be necessary, which we trusted might not be the case, as we had rather proceed as we had hitherto done, in peace. Having stopped sufficiently long to recruit the horse, the messenger set out on his return, almost dreading to face Masulikatzi, as he was not likely to be satisfied at our refusing to turn back. It became now a matter of consideration with us as [to] how we should get our wagon over this rocky chain of hills, for although we had all been out in search of a pass, every one returned as wise as they had set out. But it being impossible for us to stay where we were on account of the scarcity of grass which was only to be found in the hills and in very small flats, at length the day of trial came. We travelled for about two hours without any accident, when at the same moment the whole of one wagon was literally shaken to atoms, and one of the other wagons was upset. This delayed us until Tennant the carpenter could make a new wheel, as the old one was found on inspection to be perfectly useless, so thoroughly had the jolt knocked it to pieces. However, after many attempts we found ourselves on the north side of this abominable range, and were rejoiced to find ourselves once more in a level, though sandy, country. The country here began to assume a totally different appearance, being heavy sand covered with thorn bushes running about nine feet high and flat at the top, as if they had been cut. We had considerable difficulty in passing through them, being so close in many places as not to allow of even an ox between them. This, of course, frequently delayed our progress, while a passage was being cut, and even when all was clear the sand was so deep that we found it impossible to go faster than two miles an hour, but from which, being on the banks of a river, we suffered no inconvenience. We were now among the Bacquain tribe. They were in dress and language more like the Bechuana than the Matabeele. Formerly, from all accounts, they had been one of the richest tribes known, but since Masulikatzi's arrival in the country they had not been able to boast of a single head of cattle, and were consequently reduced to extreme want, the roots their only food. At the time we were there [these] were extremely scarce, and I really cannot tell how they managed to drag on a miserable existence. I fancy, however, that it must have been by

catching Lizards, etc., and now and then succeeding in taking game in their decoys. These decoys are made in a manner that a civilized nation need not be ashamed of, and in making them they show how much they study the habits of the animals they seek to entrap. The Springbok, so common to the southward, is unknown, but its place is supplied by the *Roibok*, a much larger and finer animal. Its colour is as the name implies red, and its horns are much larger and more twisted than the Springbok's. This *bok* is seen in every part of this country in immense flocks, and where the inhabitants are very much scattered you may knock them down with a stick, but where the decoys are found they are always more knowing. In making a decoy, the pit is first dug with the hands to a depth of perhaps ten or twelve feet, and smaller at the top than the bottom. Over one edge they place branches of trees, so that game entering the decoy shall not be able to discover the pit. They then make the hedges, sometimes of reed but more often of branches of the thorn; this they lead from the pit, gradually widening it until they come to the mouth, which they sometimes make of many hundred feet in length, by which the game are enclosed before it is possible to see both sides of the decoy from one place. As soon as they come to the mouth, the natives, who lie in ambush all the while, rush out, upon which the game make as fast as they can for the decoy, seeing that it is the only part clear. When they get near the end they see what appears to be merely a few loose sticks over which they spring one after the other, falling one by one into the pit, where they are received by short pointed stakes driven firmly into the ground, by which, if they are not killed on the spot, they are so injured as to be unable to move. The natives remain in ambush for weeks together, and have the mortification of seeing the game pass close on the outside, and sometimes even have the impudence to go and peep into the pit from the wrong side, as much as to say, "You shan't catch us so easy as you may think". The river just in this part abounded in *Zee-Cowes*, and their usual companions, the Crocodiles. We shot as many of the *Zee-Cowes* as we could, purposely to give the poor natives a feed, of which the unfortunate wretches stood much in need. Even the skin, two inches thick, was not thrown away, but, after being well beaten with stones and sticks, was boiled, and if you could judge from their manner of eating it, far from being unpalatable however indigestible it might be. Grass now began to be getting scarcer every day, and we were afraid that it would be impossible to proceed; and as we were now fast approaching the

Tropic we determined to struggle forward to the last. To add to our misery, one of the wagons again broke down, which obliged us to wait until a new axle-tree could be made; and the accident happening on the bank of the river we were not long in cutting a new one of willow, the only wood to be got, none of the thorn being either long enough, or, if long enough, sufficiently straight for a carpenter's use. The weather was now very sultry, and being necessitated to travel by daylight, the country being unknown to us, we found it as much as we could do to travel six hours a day in this heavy sand. The Bacquains carry the same weapons as the Bechuanas and they throw the assegai in the same manner; and their extreme want renders them very bold in the chase. One of our men in shooting for them, which out of pity was often allowed, wounded a Buffalo in the hind leg, but he was not sufficiently hurt to bring him down. But being perfectly furious with the pain, stood throwing up the sand with his horns and bellowing in a most horrible way (which they always do when wounded seriously), when a boy *Aletsetse*,⁵² who we afterwards brought as Smith's servant to the Cape, ran forward with a hunting assegai, and as the beast rushed at him sprung nimbly on one side, and before the Buffalo could recover himself stuck him behind the fore-leg with force sufficient to bring him down on his knees. This boy, though not more than fourteen, judging by his appearance (for they have no way of reckoning their ages), had been in several engagements. In one he was left for dead, and was first aroused by violent sneezing, caused by Vultures pecking his face and pulling clotted blood from his nose. The scars in his face made by their beaks still remained. Another time the kraal he was living in was attacked, and as the enemy rushed in at the entrance he attempted to jump over the opposite enclosure; but being too young fell into the middle of the thorn hedge, where he quietly laid, thinking that the only chance he had of escaping. After ransacking the huts they came up to the place where he was lying to all appearance dead, and he actually allowed them to stick him through and through the legs and arms without even opening his eyes or giving any signs of life. This was about his ninth or tenth year. These people say you may cut us where you like so long as you leave the neck untouched; for they believe their heart, or, as they call it, their *life*, lies there. It's perfectly useless attempting to punish them by flogging, for while you are hitting them, however hard, they look you in the face and if you look pleased they are pleased and if you look sorry they do so too. Therefore the



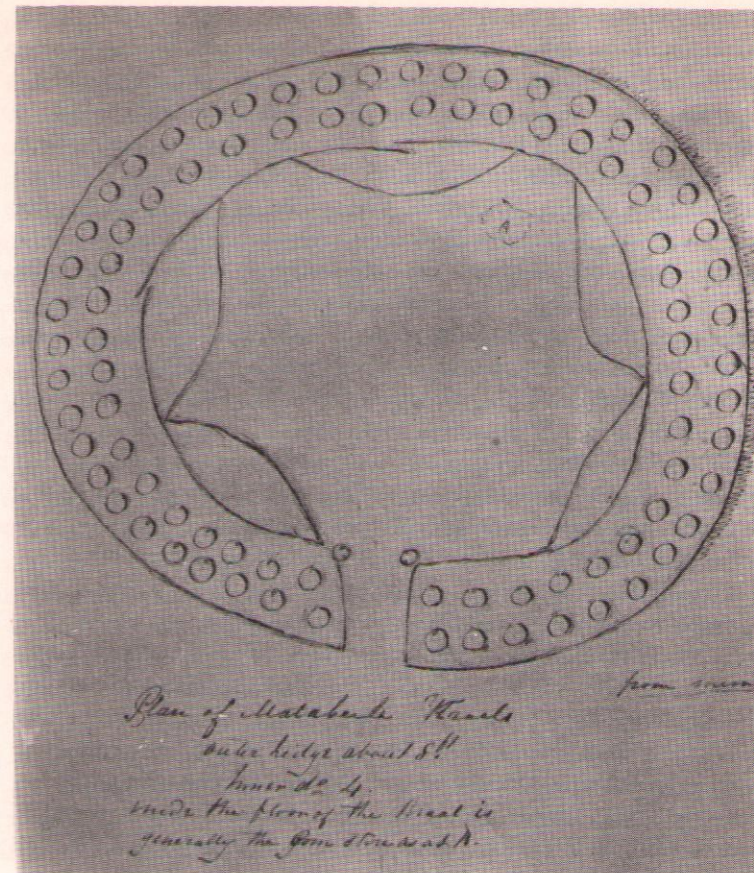
only way to make them feel while in that wretched meagre state [Note: "End of No. 5 Paper for Society"] would be to break a bone and look sorrowful while doing it. Their feeling, however, appears to increase with their flesh, for Aletsetse, after having fed with [us for] two months, had as much regard for his flesh and blood as anyone else. At length we reached the long-expected junction of the Meriqua and Oli. As I say, long-expected, for our guides told us every step we took that we were close upon it. The river, now the Limpopo, was much broader, and the banks throughout so thickly wooded, perhaps well covered with larger and finer trees of different sorts, some of which were many feet in diameter in the trunk. At the junction the water is shallow and running with great rapidity, having only a few Crocodiles crawling about here and there. It was found impossible to take our wagons further than this from the extreme scarcity of grass, which was only found close to the water's edge, and then very scanty and bad; so Smith came to the determination of proceeding with me and leaving all the people except those that we could not do without and taking one wagon to carry nothing but provisions for a week as we were afraid from the nature of the country that we should not meet with game which however very fortunately for us was not the case.

On the 31st. of August Smith and myself with two of the Europeans and four Hottentots set off, taking one wagon for provisions, with the intention of tracing the river as far as possible to the northwards, hoping that by so doing we might accompany it far into the Tropic and possibly reach an immense lake [Ngami] which if reports we heard of it were true was well worth seeing. Some of the Bacquains who declared they had seen it said that it was impossible to drink at the edge, from which we supposed that the waves must be sufficiently large to break which could only be the case where the piece of water was large. On our second day's journey we fell in with some of the natives, poor Bacquains, who were in a most miserable state of starvation, and I am happy to say that we were able to give them two or three very large Buffaloes, though from the state of the country we did not find any of them very fat. These people with their families attached themselves to us, no small burden ; but what could we do under such circumstances but feed them in the best way we could. There were among them two children, twins I believe, the most extraordinary figures I ever saw. At first you could hardly persuade yourself that they were actually alive, but you soon saw that they were living skeletons with enormous stomachs from drinking water in large quantities, which, thanks to the Limpopo, there was no scarcity of. One morning about two dozen Bacquains came down to us and said that hearing of our arrival in their country they had joined us, being actually driven from their kraal by Lions, which had for some time been in the habit of carrying off one a night, and that they had lost one, a man, while on the road to us, who was carried off while sleeping under a bush ; and when they jumped up at the alarm they saw the brute quietly walking off with his prey till he got about a hundred yards from them, when he coolly sat down to enjoy his repast. This same man had escaped once before in a most extraordinary manner. He was sleeping in a kraal when he was disturbed by the Lion creeping under the thorn-bush hedge close to him. He allowed him to get completely through and threw to him a Buffalo's head that he fortunately happened to have taken to form a pillow. The Lion looked first at one and then at the other, and finally taking up the head walked quietly off. The next day he left with the whole of the inmates of the kraal to join us, hoping, I suppose, to get food without trouble. The Lions frequently came close to us and frightened our oxen, but owing to the height and thickness of our hedge they found it impossible to annoy us. The natives, to prove that a Lion could not

jump but always preferred creeping like a cat upon his prey, told us that a Lion was once chasing a *Roibok*, which, being hard pressed, jumped over a thorn tree. The Lion attempted to follow, but being unable to clear it, fell into the middle, from which he was unable to extricate himself. The skeleton, they said, still remained there, and that if we chose they could show it us ; but as the direction in which they pointed lay out of our course it was not thought worth the additional time and trouble it would take. At length we found it impossible to proceed as the river now turned off southeast, but we had no reason to complain, for it had brought us within the Tropics, and I was resolved that there should be hereafter no doubt, but took a great number of meridian altitudes, which I had the satisfaction to find, after reducing them, all agreed within a few seconds. Smith took the horse which we had brought with us for this purpose and rode on for several hours, to try if he could see any alteration in the appearance of the country, but found none as far as he could see with a glass about twenty miles, being from a height. I believe he saw a hill to the westward, on the top of which the Bacquas [Baka] formerly lived, but were obliged to leave in consequence of the little spring at the foot of the hills (the only one in the country) failing. We now commenced our return homeward, and made the best of our way to the junction where we had left the wagons ; there we accordingly arrived on the

8th September, 1835, and found all well and rejoiced to see us return, as they had had fears for our safety, the reports they had heard of the country and Lions during our absence having been very alarming. The Hottentots were now told that it was our intention to return, and they testified their joy by shouting and making fools of themselves ; though when they had cooled a little most of them declared that they would never believe it until they found themselves safe within the Colony, for Englishmen, they said, don't seem to care whether they live or die. We were hired for one year, and now we have been nearly two. These complaints, however, were never made openly, for since the affair at Masulikatzis they had been remarkably active in their duty, and apparently well satisfied with the course ; though at the time I knew that such was not the case. They frequently came to me, requesting that I would speak about returning ; but I always dismissed them by saying that if I was Director they should not return for three years instead of two.

September 11th. We started with our faces once more southward, to the great delight of the Hottentots and the reverse of the natives, who had so long been entirely supported by our guns but who were too much afraid of the Matabeeles to accompany us, however much they might feel inclined so to do. When we first entered this country it was with the greatest difficulty we could induce them to come to our wagons when they heard we had some *Matchaka* with us; and when questioned secretly about the Matabeeles they told us of some dreadful instances of their barbarity. And when sitting together they would always keep their assegays near them, and staring them in the face sit for hours without opening their lips, so afraid were they of letting out anything that might be reported to Masulikatzi, and cause him to send out a commando against them as he frequently did if they had anything worth coveting, which, poor wretches, was not often the case; though they sometimes got ivory by looking out for deaths among the Elephants and Hippopotami, which are few and far between. We travelled onwards without anything particular occurring, taking our old course along the Meriqua until we got to the broken range we had had so much difficulty in crossing before, and accordingly struck out from the river more to the westward, intending to visit the kraal in charge of Kaberonti, one of Masulikatzi's chief *Toonahs*, and to whom the charge of the young prince and heir-apparent, a boy of fourteen, was entrusted. We first paid a visit to the Queen, who was living at the largest kraal in the country. Here we were drenched with beer, and bought an immense number of their wooden spoons,⁵³ which they carve very neatly, and wooden milk pots.⁵⁴ All the young girls of the country, almost, seemed to be collected here, I suppose in charge of the Queen, who was a woman apparently about five-and-thirty and so stout that it seemed to be a great exertion for her to walk to our wagons, which were outspanned not more than twenty yards if so much from the entrance of the kraal. All Matabeele kraals are on the same plan. In the centre is a large space for cows or oxen as the case may be, and from this are smaller places for the calves or sheep, if any, for their stock is very limited indeed. The houses are built round the edge, generally two deep (see sketch), and between them and the kraal (inner) hedge the floor is laid with cow dung, nicely spread and hardened like the walls in a Boer's house in the Colony. In the Queen's kraal the one we were now at, I counted nearly three hundred huts. This is almost [a] guess, as I was obliged to count from the outside, standing on one of



the wagons, as we always avoided doing anything that might give rise to suspicion, which counting their houses while inside would most undoubtedly do. When they (the Matabeele; first fix on an eligible spot for a kraal, which is always on a hill, they cut down every bush near that they may have a clear view round in case of being attacked. for, as they never give quarter, they never expect it from others. The favourite time for attacking with all savages appears to be about, or rather just before, dawn. At this time when we were suspicious of their intentions towards us, we took care to double the sentries and for one of us to be up to see that they did their duty. We arrived at Kaberonti's kraal late in the evening of the ... [Note:] Arrived on the evening of

the 24th of September, and as soon as he heard of our arrival he sent us two sheep, here a great rarity, and only to be met with where Royalty resides ; and at the same time a messenger came to say that he would come to us next morning and bring with him Masulikatzi's son, to whom Smith intended giving some beads and other trumpery. When they did come we were all struck with the appearance of the boy, who really had the bearing of a prince. Though he was black, his features were remarkably handsome, in stature, for his age, tall, and, though he always appeared to address every one familiarly, yet it was ever as a superior to [an] inferior. In conversation, Smith, who kept him and Kaberoni hard at work all the morning collecting information, said that he was sensible beyond his years, and that he made many remarks that would have done justice to a clever man. I was sorry that we were unable to stop at this place, but the grass was again so exceedingly scarce that the inhabitants of the kraal were obliged to send their cattle to a distance in search of better fare and fresh water, for that that we got here was excessively salt and hardly drinkable even for us, who by this time habit had made by no means particular as to eat and drink. Our oxen, that had hitherto served us so well from having at first starting been young and untaught, now began to show signs of flagging and looked very thin. However, we managed to get them as far as the Kurrichane *Porte*, when we found it absolutely necessary to halt and send messenger to Masulikatzi who was then at Mosigha, requesting Messrs. Hamilton and Edwards, Missionaries at Lattakoo, who were looking out for rafters for the Church they were building at the Kuruman, to do what they could for us. This was a most fortunate occurrence for us, as it enabled them to send us several spans. Before reaching the *Porte* we passed on the

30th. September several small kraals inhabited by Bechuanas under Masulikatzi, who had charge of a great number of his cows ; and we were rejoiced (for we were ever thirsty souls) to find every hut full of milk and all willing to give us as much as we chose. They even extended their hospitality to the Hottentots which they found to their sorrow was not often the case. Having now fresh oxen to our wagons, the solemn pace that we had lately been obliged to observe was frequently changed into a smart trot, which gave us exercise enough to keep up with them. On the night of the

[October] 1st. outspanned on the banks of what had to all appearance been a river, but which now was merely a few puddles of stinking rain-water in the bed of the river. About 12.30 we were disturbed by the Wolves, which we found regaling off a living cow shortly going to calve. Upon our firing at them they all, with the exception of one that seemed from the effects of a ball not inclined to rise, took to their heels. But they must have returned with additional courage immediately on our quitting the place, for next morning hardly a vestige of the unfortunate beast was left, so thoroughly had they done their work. These animals are, properly speaking, not Wolves but Spotted Hyenas, there being no such thing as a Wolf in Africa. They are like the Bushmen, the travellers' constant companions. Wherever you go you find the Wolf and Jackal howling about you at night. The Jackal's cry is not unlike the cry of a child. Some people say that they are the Lion's provider ; but I have invariably noticed that we never heard them on the same evening, so that I should rather say the Lion was the Jackal's provider. Of these Jackals there are several different sorts, the skins of which they (the Bechuanas) make the *carosses*. The skin of the Yellow Jackal is, however, considered of most value. It certainly is the warmest, and where a person cannot carry much bedding it is to be preferred to everything else, even to the *bont* (spotted) cat, and which is more valuable but colder. On the

2nd. of October we arrived at Mosigha, where we found the Missionaries, Messrs. Hamilton and Edwards of Lattakoo, with six wagons, four of which were without tents for the conveyance of timber for the roof of a church building at the Kuruman. By Masulikatzi's order we outspanned close to the kraal he then occupied, that he might, I suppose, be the oftener at our wagons, for now he seemed, from the characters our guard gave of us, I conclude, to place perfect confidence in us, and generally took his dinner with us, never omitting to send before a whole sheep cooked by his own people, with three or four immense bowls of a mess formed of pumpkin and Caffre corn, of which they all seemed very fond. Every morning he sent up twelve large calabashes of beer ; that was three for each, no small allowance. I know not in what quantities they were in the habit of drinking it, but I am sure that two or three large-sized tumblers of it would make any ordinary man decidedly heavy. From our being stationed nearer the kraal than we had before been, we were enabled to see more of their

customs, some of which were certainly absurd. One was that the Chief never stirred without his "praisers", namely, those men who did nothing but extol him until they fell foaming at the mouth like so many madmen. They call him everything that they can possibly think of, such as "The Elephant of Elephants", "The Lions' first born", and all the while they point with a long stick upwards, downwards and all ways. In crossing the Minatoe River before reaching Mosigha, one of our wagons was upset and the tent broken to atoms; but as fortunately there happened to be nothing [in it] but the Rhinoceros and Hippopotamus skins which no rough handling could hurt, we considered it upon the whole as a very lucky escape, all the rest of the wagons being stowed with birds and light specimens. Masulikatzi, being anxious of forming an alliance with the English Government, determined to send one of his chief *Toonabs* and three or four servants with us; that we might protect them in passing through the Bechuanas and Corannas, with whom they were constantly at variance. The names of those he selected were, first, T'umbati, one of his councillors, a very pleasing man; [and] Mohwabe, a surly and sinister-looking person, quite the opposite of the former. His employ at home we had afterwards every reason to suppose was that of Chief Spy. The servants were Monaheng, who was our first guide, and certainly the handsomest man of the tribe; Machakan, a blacksmith, and a very intelligent man; and the last, but not least, in life at any rate, was "Wido", or rather Moloiinkomo, who I have before mentioned as having fattened in our service. He now followed us in the capacity of interpreter between Bechuana⁵⁶ and Matabeele, the first interpreter between Dutch, which was the only language used by our Party and Sichuana, being "Apple", a Kuruman-civilized Bechuana and by his general good conduct and readiness in his capacity did great credit to the station. His Majesty honored me with his special notice, for he said that he could see by my face that I was the son of the White Chief (and indeed all thought that it was fear more than anything else, having doubtless heard from the guards most extraordinary stories about my using instruments both by day and night, for had they sought information from the Hottentots they would hear that I spoke to the moon and stars, and as long as I lived nothing could touch them). This day, the

5th. of October, he sent us presents about 7 a.m., our intention being to start about noon. They consisted of fifteen young oxen for the Party

generally, an ox and a sheep a piece for Ford, Bell and myself; and as he gave them to us he said that he hoped we would speak well of him to our King. In addition to these oxen, T'umbati took twenty with him to purchase things at the Cape. As soon as we were clear of Mosigha, we inspanned all these young oxen and turned adrift some of the old ones which were fast giving way. On the

6th. [October] Masulikatzi sent thirty women, each bearing a large bag of corn, and another ox, as a present to me, for he said that I must eat a great deal on the road lest the King should say that he must be a bad man to let his son be so thin. This immense quantity of corn, of course, we could not stow away, and having taken what we wanted sent it back, saying that we had through his bounty enough to kill me with eating on the road if I thought it necessary. The ox we kept, and put him bellowing into the yoke. Arrived at this place late in the evening, and having settled a little, it was soon found that Botha was missing. I had seen during the day's journey that he appeared tipsy, and had once or twice ordered him from one of the wagons that he seemed anxious to drive, for, being a bird-shooter, he had nothing to do with driving and had indeed no occasion to be near the cavalcade. When I ordered him from the wagons he appeared very sulky, and, calling a Caffre boy with him, struck out to our right (west) and said that he would be at the outspan place as soon as the wagons. Upon inquiry it was found that the boy had returned just after sunset with his gun, which he told him to take to the wagons, and that he would follow immediately. Fearing that he had either fallen by treachery or wild beasts, I instantly set out with six men in search of him. We had not gone far when we heard a low groan, upon which we doubled our pace and found that it proceeded from Botha himself, who had been dragged off while sleeping by a Lion that our appearance had fortunately frightened. When we got him to the encampment, apparently dead, it was found that he had been severely wounded all over, but the deepest were about the legs and thighs; from which it seems that the brute had dragged him by the legs. From what had occurred at Mosigha and the kraal no one pitied him; but who could see a fellow-creature in such agony without feeling. Not one of us slept that night for his groans. When he became sensible he told us that as soon as the boy was out of sight he had laid down to sleep, and had not been long asleep when he was disturbed by the Lion which he found standing over him. But with the indifference

that we had all now, by constant exposure to danger, acquired, [he] had merely driven it away by sitting up, and as soon as it was out of sight then, feeling himself heavy from the effects of the beer, [had] again sunk down to sleep. The next time he awoke the Lion was trailing him off, when we fortunately saved him, only to die a miserable death from the effects of his wounds, most of which he received in struggling to free himself. The next day a sort of bed was made for him on the top of the luggage in the wagon without a tent, for it was impossible for us to delay as our oxen were every day getting weaker and weaker, and the only chance we had reaching the Colony was by making a push for it while they had sufficient strength remaining.

9th. [October] Got to the Rietfonteyn, and on the

10th. 3½ [October] Peter Botha died and was buried by the Hottentots. Our oxen now gave way; every stage three or four dropped, unable to rise, and orders were issued that all such should be immediately shot. It was not often that the Wolves got such feasting as we now gave them. After calling at Motito we arrived at the Kuruman on

November 1st. before daybreak, and found our friends all well.

[November] 7th. Outspanned at Koning, where the Bushmen are often a great annoyance, and as everything is made bold by hunger, so they have been known to attack large parties on their way to Lattakoo. Though not armed as we were, thanks to a bountiful Government, of this in all probability they had been well informed previous to our arrival, as we did not see one, though their footmarks were seen all over the country. The only things that disturbed us were the Quaggas, who in the night had the impudence to trumpet close to our wagons, and were not quiet until a shot was sent among them.

[November] 10th. Daniels Kuyl. Here Clayton and Alex Miller,⁵⁷ the taylor, who were going to Honey Vley to get live Giraffes, brought us letters, and I received the first and only one from my family while on the Expedition. There were here two or three houses belonging to some of Waterboer's people. This place is called the "Kuyl" (hole) from an extraordinary pit several feet deep. When we arrived at Motito this last time we found to our astonishment that the station had increased

to nearly double the size that it was when we left, The reason was that Mahura, the Chief of Lattakoo, fearing Masulikatzi, had fled and his subjects, refusing to accompany him, half had attached themselves to Motito and the rest had gone to the Kuruman, so that now Lattakoo known to Burchell and former travellers is no more, the huts even, I believe, are burnt. On the

[November] 14th. arrived at Campbell, Cornelius Kok, Chief. Smith left us here while he paid a visit to Griqua Town, where he was anxious to see Waterboer the Chief, who had lately been at the Cape, where he was made a great deal of, having dined several times at Government House and had returned with a quantity of arms and ammunition to protect the northern boundary; and consequently all the other Chiefs are very jealous and wrathful, especially C. Kok, whose territory lay next to his. Griqua Town was fast approaching the time of its depopulation. The spring the only one, and at its best not very large, now began to fail and hardly supplied the inhabitants with sufficient water for drinking and household purposes.

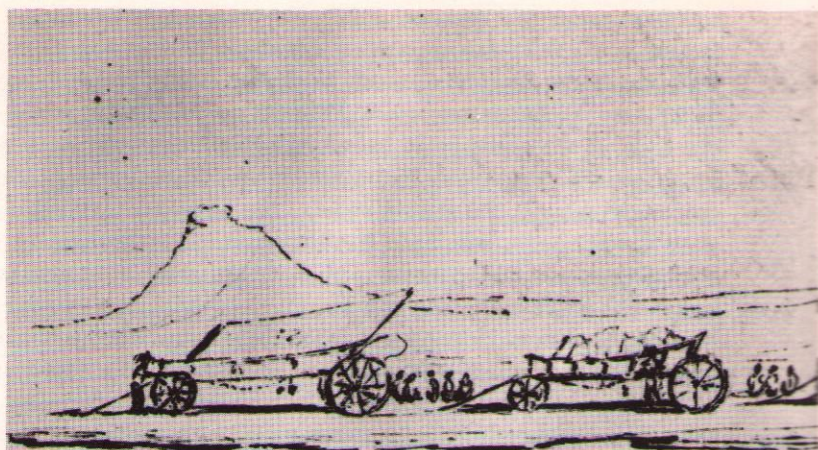
[November] 24th. Crossed the Vaal River, which we found fortunately empty.

[November] 27th. Got to the Salt Pan, or rather Salt Lake (dry). It was at night that we passed it, and as I walked over it I could fancy myself to be walking on a bed of diamonds, with the moon shining on them. But for a description of this Lake I refer you to the Revd. J. Campbell's *Travels in South Africa*.⁵⁸

[November] 28th. Reached a place that I call Trekboers' Station, for we found a number of Boers who had crossed the Orange River in search of grass, with all their families and flocks, and had at length pitched on this spot about four hours' journey from the river, where they had been some time, and having stripped the country of grass were now thinking of returning home. Mrs. Moffat and Family, who were going to Graham's Town with Hume, now joined us, and told us that the Vaal River, which they had just crossed, was now full. We immediately sent off a man to the Great River, who returned with the dismal intelligence that that also was impassable. We were now completely hemmed in, with the junction of the two rivers only a long day's

journey to the westward.⁵⁹ After remaining about a week here, we thought it advisable to move down to the banks of the river, that we might seize the first opportunity of crossing. The water, though deep, ran with tremendous [speed], and we had the satisfaction of learning from the Veldt Cornet from the opposite side, partly by signs and partly by bawling, that we might make ourselves comfortable where we were, as there was little chance of the water shallowing for three months, at least a pretty prospect for us, who, having been out so long, were anxious to get home as quick as possible. After waiting several days, the carpenter, Tennant, asked permission to try to build a boat, in which we could by making several trips take over everything, wagons included. We accordingly commenced working, and in seven days, by the help of three chests which were broken up for planks, a boat was launched in style, with the Union Jack flying at the bows, and we christened it the *Nu Gariep*.⁶⁰ It was afterwards given to the Veldt Cornet, who, I dare say, if he can get any one to row, makes a good thing of it. All this time the water continued to rise instead of falling, and everyone had their fears for the safety of the boat and the mens' lives, the first time they attempted to row across, there being about two hundred feet below us a sort of drift or waterfall that would have dashed them to atoms. However, they shoved off, when we saw that one of them, Hastwell, either from fear or incapability, could not pull a stroke, they all this time were drifting rapidly towards the waterfall, and were not more than 50 yards off it, when Smith called out lustily to me to try to help them, not thinking in the excitement of the moment how I was to do it, I did not want twice bidding, but stripping, sprang into the water, and after a hard swim, not being able to keep my own feet, reached the boat, which they were vainly endeavouring to pull ashore, which I and Tennant, after a hard pull, succeeded in reaching, and, putting Hastwell on shore, we, almost against orders, pulled across to show what the boat could do; and though from the shore we appeared to do it easily, yet if the river had been six yards wider, or the stream stronger, we must have drifted. Next day, however, the force of the stream was not so great, and by pulling up the river close to the bank to allow for drifting room, we managed it easily. Upon mustering all hands, we found that among the whole of us there were only four that could row. They were Bell, Tennant, Harry and myself, so that we should have only one release in taking six wagons, the cart, and about twelve boatloads of luggage. But if there

had been thrice the quantity, none of us would have murmured. As it was, on the third day everything was in the Colony, people and all. The Matabeeles were very much frightened while crossing, having never seen so much water before. They did not hesitate in getting into the boat at all, although it leaked most confoundedly; and when loaded was brought with [in] a few inches of the water. Once in crossing I thought we should swamp, for from the violence of the wind it was rough, and made her pitch and roll, as in a heavy sea; but being unencumbered with clothes myself (thinking it always the best policy to be prepared for a swim), and having nothing but live lumber, about eight Hottentots, I did not much care whether she upset or not, but as it was we got safe over with only half a boat-load of water. We were not surprised at her leaking, having nothing but flax to caulk her with, which no sooner got wet, than it soaked out like so much pap. Passing through the Winterveldt and Oudberg, we found ourselves once more safe in Graaff Reynet, where the hired Hottentots were paid off. It was determined that we should proceed altogether to Algoa Bay, and there take shipping for Table Bay, from whence the Cape Corps Hottentots could be sent to Graham's Town. We accordingly left Graaff Reynet in hired wagons with our collections, our own being left behind for sale, and what remained of the oxen we had before left in charge of a Boorer on the Winterberg. Poor creatures, they had earned rest. I cannot exactly say, but I think that we lost by disease and death from exhaustion nearly half, and had it not been for the additional supply from Masulikatzi, all of which were inspanned, I am sure that the wagons would never have reached Graaff Reynet. On arriving at the Bay we found only one vessel in, the *Margaret and Anne*, a brig bound to England, though several were daily expected in, one from Port Natal, to sail immediately for Cape Town, and the other from the Cape, expected to remain a week. There being several people from Graham's Town, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Rutherfoord, and about sixteen of us, including Caffres, we at length induced the skipper of the brig to take us round. The long-boat was covered with an awning for the Matabeeles, and in the State Cabin we mustered so strong that there was hardly room to stir. After eight days, during which we had some rough days, we anchored in Table Bay, but from the violence of the wind were unable to have any communication with the shore. The next day, however,



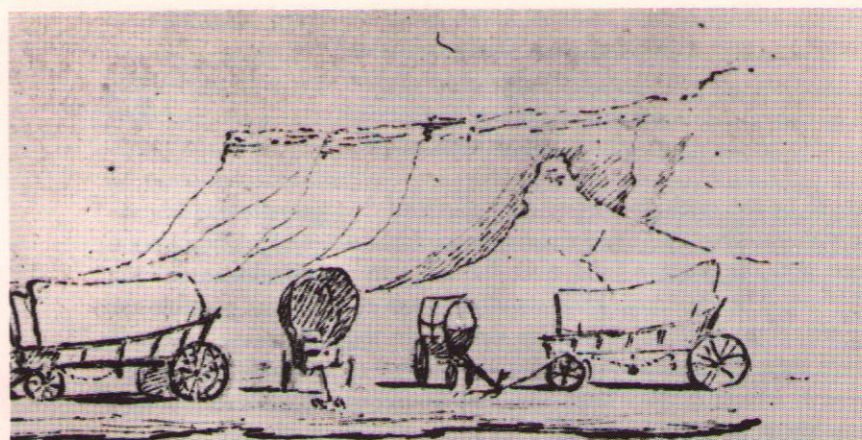
The appearance at the way on
- Jan. 4 1836.

In names of wagons were by
Borrow's Mr. Henry's
trunk broken trunk lost
shattered

January 31st., saw us all safe on shore and in our respective homes. The Matabeeles lived at Smith's,⁶¹ and the collections were left at Algoa Bay to be sent by the first opportunity.

Finis

When at Motito in April, Hendrik of the Cape Corps had been found several times missing, and on his return he always said he had been the whole day out shooting in the direction of Lattakoo. But upon examining his cartridge box it was found that he had not fired a single [shot]



on returning to the Colony.

courtesy

hon der - Edie's - Cart & Smith's
kifts. bottom
new wheels

as we suspected him of treachery. We kept a constant watch upon his actions, and it was soon found that he had entered into Mahura's service and had agreed to betray us into his hand. He was immediately arrested and sent down under a strong guard to his regiment, but he contrived to escape before arriving at Griqua Town, and as we afterwards heard he had joined the Caffres. He had, from the account of the guard, fixed upon a wet morning, and in consequence of the moist state of the ground his spoor could not be traced.

The more civilized Corannas and even some of the Boosers in the

Colony inhabit houses made of grass which are called "Haartebeeste Huts" . . . into which they stow their families and live stock.

Bushmen

Are to be met with over every part of Africa that we visited. They are very diminutive, and there appears to be little difference between the men and the women, and both have a strong resemblance to the Baboon. The children, when standing, have as nearly as possible the figure of the letter S. They live entirely in the mountains, and only leave them for plunder, in obtaining which they are most daring, frequently attacking twice their numbers, having no other arms than their bow about two feet and a half long and reed arrows, always poisoned. The poison is a vegetable extract which they roll round pointed pieces of bone which they insert into the end of the reed. As soon as this enters the object fired at the reed drops, leaving the poisoned bone behind it, whereby death inevitably follows. Sometimes at the end of the bone they have a small sharp piece of iron to make it penetrate easier. The women daub themselves like the Bechuanas with the red stone, and grease, which they carry round their necks in small tortoise-shells, which they sometimes ornament with beads. Their fore-caross is like that worn by the Corannas, only somewhat shorter, reaching a little below the knee; and owing to their poverty, I suppose, wholly unornamented. A Bushman will fight to the last and has been known when both arms were shot off to pull the bow with his toes. This I myself have seen done by a Bush-boy when firing at a mark, and he made some excellent shots. The Bechuanas account for the Bushmen having no cattle by the following tradition. At the beginning of things the Bushmen and Bechuanas came out of a cave the same night, and upon being asked how they should divide an immense herd of cattle grazing in the plain below them, the Bushmen said they would have all those with white eyes, all the dark-eyed falling, of course, to the share of the Bechuanas. Next morning they set about examining them, and found to the dismay of the Bushmen that there was not one in the whole herd with a white eye. The Bushmen may be called untamable animals, for when brought into the Colony the Boers find it impossible to keep them, so strong is their love of wild life (see Burchell).

APPENDIX

The water-pipe used by the Matabeeles is made of bullock's horn in which a reed is inserted through a small hole at the side. At the top of the reed is a small bowl, generally made of clay or pipestone if it can be obtained. Into this they put *dakka*. The operation of smoking, or I should say inhaling, is performed thus. The horn being filled with water, and *dakka* (wild hemp) lighted and firmly held by the knees, the hands are placed so as to cover the cavity of the horn, and placing the lips upon a small space left open by the fingers, the smoke passes gurgling over the water. The effects of this strong narcotic are soon visible, and I believe severely felt if one may judge by the red watery eyes and emaciated person of a *dakka* smoker.

FOOTNOTES

- 1 The first page of the journal had to be re-written on account of the many changes of wording. In its present form it has been restored to what I regard as the original. At any rate it is correct as regards the facts, and indeed amplifies those already known about the expedition.
- 2 [Sir] Thomas McClear, the Astronomer Royal.
- 3 Officers of the British Army in India, spending their leave in South Africa.
- 4 The great astronomer, then living at the Cape.
- 5 A German merchant who was an ardent botanist and a great supporter of scientific enterprise in South Africa.
- 6 A prominent merchant of Cape Town.
- 7 Correctly *voorhuis*, and literally hall, vestibule, or even living-room. But Smith's host on this occasion had no other room!
- 8 A Government order empowering the holder to demand remounts, oxen, etc., from any farmer in the Colony.
- 9 'consolatory' is meant here.
- 10 The notation of the song is faulty, but its intention is obvious.
- 11 Andrew Geddes Bain, a trader and explorer then living in Graaff-Reinet.
- 12 Messrs. Kraut and Gebel.
- 13 Securing with *riems*, or raw-hide ropes, to act as brakes.
- 14 'Nooi', young girl, maiden.
- 15 More correctly *kaross*, a mantle of animals' skins.
- 16 A herbalist. The name 'witch-doctor' is often erroneously applied to Native 'doctors', though not here.
- 17 It is curious that, in his sketch of this occurrence, Burrow depicted himself as standing, not kneeling.
- 18 Thaba Bosigo, or, 'The Mountain of Night'.
- 19 In present-day orthography, *pitso*, a tribal meeting.
- 20 Fully described by Smith in his Diary.
- 21 In his entry for 25 November Smith describes this stream as having 'the water in holes', i.e., hol, meaning 'empty'.

- 22 A Tswana tribe, called Tlokwa, which under the chieftainess Mantatisi ravaged large areas of Southern Africa.
- 23 Sekonyela, the local chief of the Mantatees.
- 24 Burrow invariably spells the Dutch word *poort* (a mountain pass) so.
- 25 Burrow's spelling of the name of the Matabele chief, Mzilikazi. Later on he substitutes 'z' for 's'.
- 26 *Velskoons*, or home-made shoes of hide.
- 27 Flares formerly used chiefly for signals. They were compounded from saltpetre, sublimed sulphur, and red orpiment.
- 28 Carel Kruger, a farmer who was a good blacksmith, whom they met on 24 September, and who accompanied the expedition for a time.
- 29 A seafaring dish, made from boiled oatmeal seasoned with salt, butter and sugar.
- 30 Smith says that the rockets were discharged on 2 December.
- 31 I cannot further identify this petty chief.
- 32 Mothibi, chief of a section of the Thlaping, a Tswana tribe.
- 33 Charles Bell made a drawing of this dance. The original cannot be traced, but two engravings of it are extant, one in the Elliott collection of photographs in the Cape Town Archives, and the other printed in Livingstone's *Missionary Travels* (1857), where it is erroneously attributed to Ford.
- 34 Present-day Digatlon, on the Kuruman River.
- 35 Compare Smith's Diary, entries for 8 and 9 December 1834, and for 12 February 1835.
- 36 Heuning Vlei, or the Valley of Honey. I have described this fully in my biography of Sir Andrew Smith.
- 37 David Hume and Robert Scoon came out to South Africa with Moodie's party in 1817. In 1835 Hume was 37 years of age. The spelling 'Scoon' is that given by Morse-Jones in his list of Settlers.
- 38 *Skoof*, the distance covered in a single *trek*.
- 39 Syme, according to Smith.
- 40 At present-day Zendelings Post.
- 41 Umkhaliphi, or 'Mr. Clever One', he was Mzilikazi's 'Commander-in-Chief'.
- 42 Zulu *amajabo*, or 'strapping fellows'.
- 43 Setswana *moshwen*, a white person.
- 44 Charles Bell uses the term *motsetse*, meaning 'cattle-boys'.

- 45 Kabalonta, according to Smith, but in Zulu 'Ugwabalandi'.
- 46 'Mainiloe', according to Moffat, in *The Matabeleland Journals of Robert Moffat* (London, 1945), Vol. I, p. 12, fn 4.
- 47 Mncumbati, a Matabele of high rank, who later accompanied Dr. Smith to the Cape as Mzilikazi's 'ambassador'.
- 48 The spelling of this word is uncertain. A better rendering of it is Mohanycom (see Harris, W. C., *Wild Sports, etc.*, London, 1839, p. 121). He was Mzilikazi's 'page', and was something of a linguist.
- 49 This particular sketch affords proof of Burrow's remarkable visual memory, for Bell's picture of the same subject exists, and can be compared with it.
- 50 Smith, realising that the Matabele 'guards' were very suspicious of his interest in this place, sent young Burrow with them and an interpreter to report on it. It was *tabu* to the Matabele themselves.
- 51 From here onwards the name is spelled with a 'z'.
- 52 The name appears to be connected with the Setswana *letsele*, a grain of corn. See the list on page 10, where after it, in parenthesis, is the word 'cornmill'. I imagine that he was the 'Cormill' who sailed with Smith to England in 1837.
- 53 The actual number of 'Zooloo' spoons purchased was 54, though they also acquired 90 made by the 'Bechuana'. See Smith's official *Report of the Expedition*, Cape Town, 1836, p. 63.
- 54 They obtained 35 'Zooloo' Milk Bowls. *Op. cit.*, p. 63.
- 55 Afrikaans 'bont', literally 'variegated'.
- 56 'Sechuana' in the original.
- 57 Alexander Miller had a tailor's shop in Adderley Street, Cape Town. The curious will find it depicted in Plate 37 in Gordon-Brown, A., *Pictorial Art in South Africa*, London, 1952.
- 58 I think that Burrow was 'off the target' here. The salt-pan which they passed was to the east of the Orange River, about halfway between Douglas and Hopetown; whereas the one described by Campbell (*First Journey*, London, 1815, p. 197) was what he called 'Burder's Lake', to the west of the Orange, and almost due south of Read's Drift over that river.
- 59 Actually north-westward. They were encamped opposite to what is now Hopetown.
- 60 After the Native name of the Orange River.
- 61 At his house in Schoonder Street, Cape Town.

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