

**R. J. GORDON 2nd JOURNEY 6 OCTOBER 1777 TO 8 MARCH 1778**  
**[N.B. All entries or comments in bold are editorial and not part of the original text]**

Journal of a journey through a part of the South of Africa. Made in the year 1777 by R.J. Gordon, Captain, starting from the Cape on 6<sup>th</sup> October.

***Monday 6th October 1777***

Departed from the Cape at nine o'clock with Mr. Paterson and my artist. Yesterday evening, about 5 o'clock, a great number of porpoises were washed ashore. They had been injured, most probably in a fight. They were six and seven foot long. My portable barometer was leaking so sent it back to the Cape to have it mended. Continued our course beside Table Mountain and at about two o'clock arrived at 't Goed Geloof, a wine-farm belonging to a certain Becker. Here we ate and after having strolled around, we rode on at five o'clock to the farm of Pieter Ecksteen called Bergvliet, where we spent the night. They informed us here that by putting wood-ash in a kettle of boiling water, eggs could be cooked without them becoming too hard.

***7th October 1777***

At about ten o'clock we wished to continue our journey alongside the innermost shore of False Bay but, after the wind had dropped, heavy showers of rain began to fall. We decided therefore to stay at Bergvliet for the day. Went to the Constantias in the afternoon and returned to Bergvliet in the evening, where we found the ash experiment fallacious.

***8th October 1777***

We rode beside De Zandvaley where there were many flamingoes, and then on through to Muizenberg, continuing our abovementioned course eastwards. This Zandvaley gets its water from the mountains around Constantia. It is therefore very brack. It is an hour's going in its circumference and shallow, except in heavy rains and when the sea washes over into it, which happens here in the time of the severe monsoon. (But it can always be crossed, even by wagons, at Muizenberg.) The mouth which is fifty roods from Muizenberg, was blocked by sea-sand. When fording this place one should do this close to the sea, on account of the quicksand. When travelling north east from Muizenberg, the usual place for the wagons to cross is on the edge of the low dunes. From there on one can see the wagon tracks. \*But, once past Muizenberg, wagons can always continue traveling.

Because the water was still flowing it was heavy going for our horses. The shore is flat and sandy but behind the island, which is reasonably high, low rocks begin which continue in intervals to behind the so-called Swarte Klip. Here, except at very low tide, you have to trudge for half an hour round the dunes which lie close to the sea, after which the shore again becomes flat.

Here, two Europeans living in a fisherman's hut, gave us some bread. The island lies about an hour and a half from the shore. A good quarter of an hour out to sea, there are breakers on this shore. They occur at the lightest of winds, it having blown a little yesterday.

**Monday. 6th October 1777.**

*Thermometer 62 deg. Fine warm weather, light easterly wind.*

**Tuesday 7th October 1777**

*60 deg. at 8 o'clock in the morning. Fresh, north west wind blowing up. Sky overcast, Table Mountain covered. Showers of rain throughout the whole day. The wind veering round through the South.*

**Wednesday 8th October 1777**

*Fine, clear weather. South easterly wind. The thermometer on 54½ deg. The air noticeably cooled by the rain. At midday a temperature of 60 deg. Towards the evening overcast sky, a misty haze over Hottentots Holland.*

There are various reefs around the island; also saw a rock where the sea was breaking very heavily and which does not appear on the map. It lies east of the island about opposite to where one leaves the shore, going around the Swarte Klip. The distance from Muizenberg to Hottentots Holland (or the innermost part of the Bay) is ten hours' going. Although one can see no rocks in the sea by the shore, except for the three so-called Katte Koppen at Swarte Klip and at a few other places, it is impossible to land troops here. The Swarte Klip lies two hours more to the west of the mouth of the Eerste River, which we found very narrow. For fear of quicksand I waded through it on foot, near the sea, taking note of the time the breakers took to flow back, thus finding hard sand. Mr. Paterson and the artist crossed on horseback. We began to find red coral here. Along the shore there were no good shells or anything remarkable to be found other than several banks of clay that had been hollowed out by the sea. They were dried out and almost as hard as rocks.

Darkness overtook us and we began to lose our way. But knowing approximately where the mountains were which we wished to reach we found De Waal's farm, called Vergelegen, after passing the Louwrens, a small river. This has its source in Hottentots Holland, half an hour East of the Eerste River which begins behind Stellenbosch and runs into the sea. Vergelegen lies in a thick forest of Camphor and Oak trees. It was about nine o'clock and completely dark. Before we arrived here we heard two hyenas howling, very close to us, and while we were walking through the bushes, trying to find the road, something sprang up which my dog had been barking at and which he was afraid of. Could not see, however, what it was.

**Thursday 9th October 1777**

Stayed and botanised around Vergelegen. Saw a large cobra on the Schapenberg but could not catch it because it went into a hole. It was about five foot long and a brownish yellow in colour. It is held to be one of the most poisonous in this country. We caught some beautiful lizards and planted some beautiful wild flowers in De Waal's garden to be looked after for us. Because it kept raining intermittently, took measurements of a bontebok to pass the time. It had to be forced to allow this although it was so tame that it walked after us and went sniffing among the papers. However the wild bontebok that run in flocks not far from the River Zonder End are very wild.

### **Friday 10th October 1777**

On account of the bad weather stayed and wandered around Vergelegen. We went up the Schapenberg which is one of the high ridges running from the great chain of mountains to the west. So strongly was the wind blowing on it that at times we could hardly stand. These winds never blow gently in this country but briskly, at intervals. This is caused by the mountains.

### **Saturday 11th October 1777**

Because of the overcast weather could not proceed with our journey round Hangklip. Went however to the Louwrens River and from there along the shore to the innermost part of the bay.

This Hottentots Holland is a basin formed by the great chain of mountains to the East, by the Helderberg to the North and by a branch jutting out to the West. To the South is the above-mentioned Schapenberg, although there are some farms behind the same so that [the basin] is in fact bordered by False Bay. One can see Table Mountain across the wide plains to the west.

### **SEPARATE ENTRY**

*Measurement of what is here called a bontebok which I have sketched. It was a female and still not fully grown, being a year old last September. Born about 25 hours East of Cape Town. It had no long hair on the knees of its forelegs. It had tear-ducts (larmiers). Nine rings around the base of the horns, the ninth however under the hair.*

*Rhineland Feet.*

*Feet Inches*

*From the snout to the beginning of the tail 4 5°*

*Length of its head 1 2°*

*Length of its horns 10½*

*Distance between the top of the horns 5½*

*Between the base of the horns 7/8*

*Length of the ears 6½*

*Height in front 2 10½*

*Height behind 2 10*

*Length of the tail which is white below and covered with black hair on the outside, somewhat long 1 0½*

*Length of its neck 1 0½*

*Circumference behind its forelegs 3 0½*

*Circumference behind its back legs 3 0½*

*Circumference of the neck behind the ears 1 3æ*

*Circumference of the head behind the horns 1 7*

*Distance between the ears and the horns 2æ*

*Distance between the horns and the eyes 2*

*Length from the Snout to the eyes 7½*

*Circumference of one horn at the base 5°*

*(Many red and blackish-grey hairs, about three inches long, on the lower lip and a few around the upper lip.)*

**9th October.**

*Overcast sky. Thermometer 56 deg. at 8 o'clock in the morning. Weak S.W. wind. 58½ deg. at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Rainy sky. Fresh S.W. wind and rain in the mountains as well as the valleys. A strong S.E. wind towards evening.*

**10th October.**

*Thermometer 56 deg. at 8 o'clock. Strong, steady S.E. wind with showers of rain. Thickly overcast on the mountains but mainly clear sunshine in the valley. Thermometer 61 deg. at two o'clock. Strong S.E. wind with gusts of rain around and on top of the range.*

**11th October.**

*Thermometer 57½ deg. at 8 o'clock in the morning. The level of the water in the Lourens River dropped from 3 lines to 1/3 of a line. Thermometer 66 deg. in the afternoon. Fine weather. The wind S.E. but began to drop somewhat from nightfall until 12 o'clock. Still overcast in and on top of the range. Wind S.E. but not strong.*

**SEPARATE ENTRY ENDS**

To the South is the above-mentioned Schapenberg, although there are some farms behind the same so that [the basin] is in fact bordered by False Bay. One can see Table Mountain across the wide plains to the west.

This district, about four hours in diameter, has eleven farms; some of which are very beautiful. However there is an over abundance of water near the mountain range, and this makes it cold in winter. The changes of season come about two weeks later than at Cape Town. It produces wheat, very good fruit, and on some farms, good wine. East and South East winds blow violently here. Notwithstanding this, Camphor and Oak trees flourish North of the Schapenberg at Vergelegen and better use could be made of this. Vergelegen was Governor Van Der Stel's farm and is now in a bad state of decay. However, it is very pleasant because it is shady and the garden was full of a variety of very good orange trees. In addition, the inhabitants of Hottentots Holland make a living from agriculture, fruit, vines and fishing. Also from lime by firing limestone which they find on the shore.

It is two hours' distance from the Modder or Louwrens River to the corner of the bay opposite the mountain range. Four more small rivers are to be found flowing into the sea, from the Hottentots Holland, before one reaches the point which is called De Combuis. The shore is flat but a little after the Louwrens River low rocks begin to appear, running in a South-easterly direction. Here the sea breaks strongly, in particular upon and over the so-called Franse Bay, an hour from De Combuis. These

little bays, such as Hexe, Franse, Lange etc are nothing more than places without stones, a beach where the farmers can draw their nets. The whole area is called Vishoek and no boat can reach it from outside on account of the breakers, except in particularly calm weather. But in the corner of De Combuls this can easily occur. But who would be willing to take so great a risk in the face of a rising wind?

Having observed everything accurately, returned to Vergelegen in the evening.

### **Sunday 12th October 1777**

We first sent our horses and baggage to a farm called De Cromme Rivier which lies over the Hottentots Holland Kloof. This is a wagon road that here runs eastward over the large chain of mountains and can be reasonably easily crossed within two hours. We then rode to the aforementioned De Combuis or to the innermost corner of False Bay. We were accompanied by a half-breed Hottentot and a certain Marthinus van Coppen, a smith who wanted to go with us. We each carried some food with us. We found the shore immediately below De Combuis steep and stony so that we were forced to ride across the range on a cattle track fairly high up and in some places where it was too steep, we had to clamber down and

**[SEPERATE ENTRY]** *Thermometer 45 deg. at 5 o'clock in the morning. Cold. Calm. Fine clear weather. At 12 o'clock thermometer 64 deg. Fine, clear, calm weather.*

Mr Paterson, who was looking elsewhere, rode into a large leucadendron. His horse, which was young and stupid, kept on going with the result that he had a bad fall, flat on his face, and lay without moving for a long time. But having helped him up I found him to be bruised somewhat but not seriously, so that after a pause we continued on our way. Shortly thereafter the horse again fell with him, almost on to its back, but fortunately into a bush, otherwise he would have fallen down the cliff and been dashed into the sea. The gradient became much steeper here but in two hours, when we had passed around the first point, the path became much better. Though the shore was still fairly steep, we reached the Steenbrass River where it runs into the sea. It was impossible to ride any further from here so we sent the horses back with a certain Niewenhuis and a slave who had been brought for this purpose. We tramped on to the valley where this river runs south and south west through the mountains and then west into False Bay, about two hours to the south of De Combuis. It has its source behind the Hottentots Holland Kloof. This little river rises strongly with rain and cannot be forded. It has formed a cleft 40 to 50 paces wide through the rocks and into the shore. We found it to be full of smooth, round, large pebbles and saw some baboons, old and young, enjoying themselves at a waterfall which we had to pass. We let off a shot towards them, whereupon with a great shout they took flight. Once we had clambered over the stones of this small fall and over the river, we climbed up the other bank and tried to fish in the sea using hooks. It is said that the largest romans are here in abundance but we were not able to catch any on account of the choppy sea, and, after having had something to eat, we continued our journey southwards.

At this point we began to come upon frightful heights which in some places we had to cross with two paces or less to spare. We had no more than small shrubs to cling to so that losing hold one would inevitably have fallen badly. However this was only in three places. Although it was fairly dangerous on the whole it was not extremely so.

At these places one should climb as high towards the cliffs as possible because lower down the mountain has subsided and this has formed large

**[SEPARATE ENTRY]** *Thermometer 64 degrees at 12 o'clock. Fine, clear, calm weather.*

heights and hollows. Here I saw clearly how it comes about that next to the bays and in the valleys the strata of the rocks, though parallel to each other, stand aslant and even vertical and are not bent over forwards but are so compacted by subsidence or pressure that the outer side towards the sea rises upwards or askew. This is the natural result of a subsidence. In places these natural pillars are formed like arches which a boat could go through. Looking from the outside, the rocks of these mountains lie jumbled up together in peaks and kloofs and are sparsely covered with earth even at the feet. Here, however, there is grass and some plants, though not many, mostly leucadendrons, chrysanthemums and ixias here and there in the kloofs. In the part we had to go through we found fairly high trees: *Eunona capensis*, [*casinia hileria lucida*]. Proceeding four hours south east we found a large inlet or bay with a low sandy shore in the middle with no rocks. I named this Plettenberg's Bay after the Honourable Governor. A small stream that comes from the hills flows on each side of the shore. At this point the mountains lie further from the sea. The sandy shore lasted for about half an hour after which we again had to walk on stones, but the ones that lay on the shore were round and smooth. This bay formed a half circle open to the south west. We did not find any beautiful shells but we did find plants: some beautiful gehistas and geraniums and a beautiful erica. Reaching the southern tip of the bay we came to a rock, the sun already down. Here we found a small trickle of water and the remains of the camp and meal (shell fish) of a runaway slave. We both also found the old footprints of a man walking barefoot. Here it was decided to spend the night since it was getting dark and it was not known whether better water was to be found close by. I proposed however that we should go on in order to get better water, so going up the mountain again we tramped on for half an hour, whereupon we found good water and a good camping place in a kloof. Here we made a fire and grilled cutlets on wooden spits and passed the night sleeping behind a rock with a good fire in front of us. The south east wind began to blow again and it was cool but made excellent use of my Scottish cloak which I carried rolled up on my shoulders during the day.

*Thermometer 52 deg. at six o'clock in the evening. Fresh south east wind. Weather cool. Moonshine.*

### **Monday 13th October 1777**

We resumed our course south at six o'clock, thinking to reach Hangklip within a few hours. We found the track of an eland, here so-called, and a buffalo track which brought us fairly easily around the steep mountain, whereafter at eight o'clock we came into a sandy bay but smaller than the previous one. We wounded a klipspringer but could not get it, for which we were sorry because our provisions were almost exhausted. This bay had a large marsh towards the mountain which lay far from the shore. There was also a river on the southern side which was running low. We called the bay Gordon's Bay and the river Van Koppen's River. Behind this marsh the mountains are very easily crossed because they are very low at this point. The stony

reef runs far into the sea on the southern side of this inlet. The road, which goes around from the southern mountain of Plettenberg Bay, is also very easy. After we had had something to eat in a large plain close to the first Hanglip, we tramped on through the plain to the second Hanglip which lies nearly a quarter of an hour from the shore. There was good grass growing everywhere which our companions set alight. After half an hour we came to another bay which was larger but not as large as the first. It had a fine, flat sandy beach and a large marsh with fresh water from which a river ran into the sea. We called this Piet's River after our Hottentot, and the bay, Paterson's Bay. All these bays are half circles which lie open to the N.W.

The southern part of this bay runs on below the second Hanglip; there are dunes to start with, then rocks that run half an hour into the sea. Half an hour further on we found a complete rocky inlet. Continuing across the same plain we arrived at the furthest Hanglip at noon. This is the largest and it lies somewhat easterly. It is a good half hour from here to the shore. These Hanglips are no more than compacted mountains, the outermost strata of which stand high up, aslant towards the sea. The southern part of the land opposite the large Hanglip is formed into a peninsula by bays on both sides which have sandy beaches, as well as rocks and a reef that runs far out into the sea.

Took bearings on the two small mountains; from the tip of the Cape of Good Hope in the west, half west as much as north, the corner of Rio Dolce the tip of the large Bot River mouth or Onrust Mountain E.S.E.  $\frac{1}{2}$  East.

*Thermometer 50 deg at half past six in the morning Overcast sky, N.W. wind. but flat sea. Slightly cool*

*Thermometer 58 deg. at twelve o'clock in the afternoon. A N.W. wind rising. Overcast sky with rain clouds which we saw lying heavy over Cape Town and coming towards us.*

I called these two bays Castor and Pollux. Our course was eastwards. Had saved a drink of wine to have south of the Hanglip and this we had while showers of rain began to fall. There was a small shrub opposite and behind the Hanglip which we named Wyndorst Bos; there was also a marsh which was slightly brack. The shore continued to form several inlets, running inwards N.E. by E. and outwards S.E. After we had been going for two hours across a very wide plain we saw about 30 wild buffalo. It was surprising to us that we had neither heard nor seen any other wild animals since the klipspringer because there is no one here to disturb them. These buffalos fled before us. The showers of rain having grown stronger, we hastened to ford the mouth of the Palmiet River. Keeping an easterly direction all the time we tramped on for another two hours. Crossing a flat stretch of ground, which had a large marsh, and going beside the shore, where there were some high dunes, and crossing some small streams as well, we reached the mouth of the aforementioned river. It was flowing strongly although it was barely thirty foot wide at its narrowest. Our companions said the river was too deep and the current too strong to swim across and wanted to look for a place higher up in the mountains which were here an hour from the shore. However, anticipating that the river would rise further on account of the rain, I persuaded them to try it, whereupon the Hottentot did so, as we did, with the water up to our chests, our clothes wrapped into a bundle. The current nearly

swept us off our feet but each held the other up. A little before reaching this river the shore runs in a N.E. direction and then S.E. At the tip of the Onrust Mountains it forms a large sandy inlet which we called the Palmiet River Inlet. The mouth of the Palmiet River here is thus four hours east of Hanglip, and not to the west, as shown in the map of Mr. Cloppenburg.

From here the mountains begin to fall away until they form, three hours from the shore, a large plain through which the Bot River flows. The wide mouth of the same was blocked by sand.

*Thermometer 50 deg. at six o'clock. Rainstorms with a strong N.W. wind.*

It lies to the east, at the Onrust Mountain but the smaller mouth of the river, which is running, is an hour and a half from Palmiet River. The great mouth, or tip of Onrust Mountain, would be 8 hours E.S.E.  $\frac{1}{2}$  E from Hanglip.

We crossed the afore-mentioned plain in a N.E. and N direction in order to cross the mountains and to reach De Cromme Rivier, Michel Otto's farm, where we had sent the horses. From a distance, on our right-hand side not far from the shore, we saw a farmer's house belonging to a certain Guillaume but decided to continue our journey. As dusk fell we made our way up the mountain, which was not very high, and when we had crossed a small stream we sat for a while, intending to wait for daylight there. But it began to rain again and since this was a bad place to shelter, without anything to eat (having finished all our food there) we decided to tramp through the night rather than to sleep in the rain. I therefore encouraged Coppen to go on; whereupon we crossed the mountain in continuous rain but with the moon lighting our way. At about half past ten we came down the other side and walked on to the so-called Knoflook Kraals River where we looked for a place to cross but could not find one. The river was full of brushwood and deep holes. After we had spent an hour there, going backwards and forwards looking for a place, we were forced to wait for daylight. It was very cold and we were wet-through, without wood to make a good fire though the rain had stopped. We sought all around us and found enough small pieces of wood which, though very wet, eventually enabled us to make a small fire. However because it was not large enough to warm us **[continues 14<sup>th</sup> October below]**

#### **14th October 1777**

I chose not to sleep or lie down but to stamp up and down. When day broke my companions were very cold and stiff. We thereupon climbed over the palmiet rushes, getting across the river without wetting our legs more than halfway up. This palmiet is a root that grows very deeply in most of the rivers and looks very much like an alitoris. We

*Thermometer 45 deg. at six o'clock in the morning. Light N.W. wind. Fine weather*

have as yet not seen its flowers. After crossing some high ridges we reached the farm of the aforesaid Michiel Otto at about eight o'clock. There we slept for three hours, after first having had something to eat. At half past two we thereupon continued our journey to the Bath over the so-called Houw Hoek, taking leave of van Coppen and the Hottentot who stayed there. This Houw Hoek is a high ridge, a foothill of the great chain of mountains that starts at Hottentots Holland and which

runs S.E. beside the Bath. It is called this because the farmers find it a long labour crossing over them. At half past four, passed the Bot River by the lower drift, on the farm of a certain Beyer. After taking a course E.S.E. we reached the Bath at Dirk Gildenhuisen's on the Swarteberg at 8 o'clock.

### **15th October 1777**

In the morning we examined the Bath which lies quarter of an hour to the north of Gildenhuisen on the S.E. foot of the Swarteberg. Found the temperature of the Bath, where it is being used, to be 100 deg. It is led through an underground passage and through a wooden pipe into a dirty little hut. However, the temperature of another jet of water which comes out of the ground about forty foot lower down, and which is not used, was 133 deg. All this water has a strong taste of iron; the sediment which lies on everything is also a sort of ochre colour. Because I did not have enough time was unable to determine whether it contained any salt or sulphur. Its level dropped to 4 deg. thus it was very light. The cold water of another spring near here had almost no taste of iron and the level dropped to 2 deg. Great power is ascribed to this Bath either through bathing in it or drinking it. The water is said to cause thirst and it is a strong man who can stay in it for more than twenty minutes, having to lie down and sweat afterwards. The East India Company keeps two men in a small house to assist at the Baths. The ground around this bath appears black and burnt out and sounds hollow when one walks across it. One also finds many stones which seem to have been covered in molten iron.

*Thermometer at midday 64 deg. N.W. wind. Overcast and cold.*

*Thermometer at 8 o'clock in the morning 54 deg. Fine, calm weather. Thermometer in the afternoon 70 deg. Warm.*

Saw no true lava however, but presume that there must have been a volcano around here once.

At twelve o'clock we departed north east beside the afore-mentioned Swarteberg until we came to a farm, Drie Fontein, towards two o'clock. Thereafter we pursued our course east to the Tygerhoek, arriving there at about eight o'clock in the evening. Before this we stopped at a small Hottentot kraal half an hour from Tygerhoek to ask the way, believing, that we were lost.

Leaving the Swarteberg one sees a branch of the mountains which start behind the large chain at Franse Hoek, and which later diminish and disappear at the Hesquas Kloof. They too run S.E. and are called the Rivier Sonder Ends Bergen. The river runs on the southern side of the mountains, first through the same at the aforementioned Hesquas Kloof. It then runs east for another hour and flows into the Breede River which runs in a southerly direction into Struis Bay and into the sea. Saw many bontebok and rhebok today.

### **16th October 1777**

Continued our course east by north till Hesquas Kloof where we ate on the farm of a certain Vollenhoven. Here we saw the skin of a lioness which Vollenhoven had shot less than three weeks ago an hour from here. This is the nearest place to Cape Town where these animals live but there are only a few of them. This is because the whole

district towards the sea is an almost uninhabited hilly desert, and in it there are still bontebok and other game which the lion feed on. Thus when the water from the hills dries up in the dry season these animals come closer to the Sonder Ends River and are followed by the lion. We also saw the skin of what is here called a jackal; it looks very like that of a European fox, though smaller and differing in many ways. It has a wide, blackish stripe across the back.

We rode through the Hesquas Kloof which consists of some hills, at two o'clock and at five reached the place where the Sonder Ends River runs into the Breede River. We crossed the same in a pont, first observing some oxen swimming across.

*Thermometer 58 deg. at seven o'clock. Brisk N.W. wind. 70 deg. in the afternoon. Clear weather. 62 deg. at seven in the evening.*

The wagon and four oxen were brought across by the pont. The river here is about 50 paces wide. It has its source at Mostert Hoek. The Hexe river flows into it from the Bokke Veld Mountains, as well as the waters of the Goudeni and Brand Valey, and it runs south into Struis Bay. (There are still three hippopotamus here. Forbidden [**Sic**] ). We paid a shilling per man and a shilling per horse to be taken across, after which we rode on east and, having ridden through the Poespas Valey, the Klip River and Koorlands River, we arrived at Swellendam at half past eight at the Landdrost Ryneveld's.

From Cape Town to Hottentots Holland 10 hours' going.

From Hottentots Holland to the Bath 10 hours' going.

From the Bath to Tygerboek 10 hours' going.

From Tygerhoek to Swellendam 12 hours' going.

42 hours' going.

The terrain is mostly clay, reddish-brown with iron in it and small pebbles. The layer of clay is very thin and there are rocks everywhere. It contains nothing but grass and a few shrubs. We found little water and this was very often salty. We also found few plants and flowers, and these were mostly ixias. It was almost entirely hilly. When it has rained the road is slippery and therefore dangerous on the slopes, otherwise it is hard and very even, except for the slopes of the hills. In the kloofs of the Sonder Ends River there is timber and firewood but it is sparse. The Soetemelks Valey lies three hours north into the Swarteberg across the Sonder Ends River. It is a cattle and timber farm belonging to the Company, run by a Sergeant and five men. The hospital is also on it. There is another cattle farm on this side of the river. The Tygerhoek is another cattle farm also the Company's, with a Corporal and three men. This Overbergte District is sparsely inhabited but even in populated areas it is rare to find even one farm in every four hour stretch of a journey. The Headquarters at Swellendam consists of four houses: the Landdrost's, the Secretary's, the Messenger's, and the Deputy's. It lies in a valley close to and below the southern side of the great chain of mountains. There are three kloofs in this valley with timber and firewood but the best has been felled. These kloofs are called the Poespas, the Colonie and the Appelbos. The Koorlands River separates the Landdrost's and Deputy's houses from the [**illegible**] two. It is mostly dry except when it rains and has its source in the [**illegible**] bos. Six Members of the Judicial Council are here chosen

from the best colonists. They meet five times a year in the Landdrost's house and also when there are matters of an extraordinary nature. This District has three mounted companies which have to come and exercise once a year, in the latter part of October. It is a widely extended district and runs from the Tygerhoek and Cape Anguillas along the south east side to the Caffers. At present it contains 567 men, 372 women, 688 boys, 619 [girls?] and 11 servants; thus a total of 2257. They have 538 slaves, 198 women-slaves, 30 boy-slaves and 27 girl-slaves; thus a total of 793.

The mountain chain here has regular peaks and deep kloofs. Seen from the outside the strata are jumbled together. This whole district up to Hottentots Holland has its seasons a month later than at Cape Town. It has good wheat, bad wine and where it does grow the fruit is not good. At the Headquarters most of the orange trees had scale.

### ***17th October 1777***

Stayed at Swellendam. Examined everything around here.

### ***18th & 19th October 1777***

Still at Swellendam. Assisted at a sermon which was read out by a sick-comforter. This man journeys from place to place because there is no Minister here. There was but one farmer present although there were many camping out in the valley in their wagons in order to take part in the military exercises.

Ate some hippopotamus and rhinoceros. The first tastes much like bacon but is tougher, not as tasty as bacon: though in the pea-soup it could have deceived anyone. The rhinoceros meat was tough and unpleasant. Both had been salted for some time.

### ***Monday 20th October 1777***

At half past one, when we had eaten, we resumed our journey, travelling beside the large chain of mountains, first E.S.E. and S.E. until we crossed the Buffeljagts River, passing Appelsbos first, half an hour from Swellendam, a farm belonging to the Landdrost. This Buffeljagts River comes from Canna Land through the mountains by the so-called Tradouw, which is a foot-path over the large chain, six hours east by north of Swellendam. The river then runs in a westerly direction until about Appelsbos where it makes a loop to the south and flows into the Brede River. It is very dangerous in the rainy season on account of its swift current and stones. It is impassable in heavy rains but subsides rapidly. One passes same about half an hour E.S.E. of Swellendam, whereafter, in order to reach the Company's Post at Rietvaley one goes E. by N. beside the mountain, leaving the main wagon-road on one's right-hand side. In order to avoid this we travelled an hour away from the road. We knew that the post lay close to the mountain, and after having been shown the way by an old Hottentot woman whom we met in the hills near the Post, we arrived there at six o'clock.

We saw some bontebok, some so-called wild peacock and two cranes. A few lions frequent this part.

The Rietvaley lies in a hollow, right under the large chain of mountains, and is four hours east by north of Swellendam. Has a Corporal and five men; was planned to control the Hottentots and is now a stock-farm. They also fetch wood from the

Grootvadersbos which lies five hours east by north alongside the range. There are still a few Hottentots here at this Post. (Before one crosses the Buffeljagts River at Appelsbos one comes upon an old Hottentot battleground where the slain have been buried under heaps of stones, used by them to keep off wild animals, especially hyena. We saw only the scattered pebbles. It is called Aangoe Koe in Hottentot, meaning The Place of Fighting.)

**17th October.** *Thermometer 58 deg. at 8 o'clock in the morning. 64 deg. in the afternoon and 50 deg. in the evening. Strong N.W. wind.*

**18th October.**

*56 deg. at 8 o'clock in the morning. 75 deg. in the afternoon. 55 deg at 10 o'clock in the evening. warm weather. Calm.*

**19th October.**

*60 deg. at 8 in the morning. 70 deg. at midday. 63½ at six o'clock in the evening. West wind, overcast sky, sultry, as with a thundery sky. A little rain close to and in the mountains.*

**20th October.**

*62 deg. at 8 o'clock in the morning. 65 deg. At midday. 63 deg. at six in the evening. Cloudy sky, cool west wind.*

Saw some Hottentots playing a game which people in this country call 'Hottentot cards'. But they call it 'Gai'. It is curious to see and at first appears incomprehensible but upon investigation I found it very clear. They divide themselves into two rows, each consisting of five or six, more or less, sometimes sitting and sometimes standing, as they will. Each man gets a thin little stick about an inch long in order the better to conceal it, which is called *Gai hi hi*, meaning 'stick'.

One group begins, one man after the other, to challenge the opposite row, each man starting with the one who stands opposite him and making a sort of buzzing and singing sound. They start by singing, first blowing and then droning through their lips thus: 'veu brr, ho caméi!' which has no meaning other than as an encouragement, so far as I can establish. (Some of them who had seen Hollanders playing cards said it meant the same as 'Trumps!' (Troef!) but they had no idea what 'Trumps!' meant.) The whole idea of the game is that the challengers must each deceive the other group as to where the sticks are by making many twists of the body and hand. Each holds his hands closely together then the challenger separates his hands and the others must also do likewise. He then shows which hand his stick is in, between one or the other finger. If his group's stick is now also in the same hand, for example in the right hand, the challenger wins it. But if the challenger's stick is in the right hand, and the other group's is in the left hand then he loses it. Thus the sticks cross in each others' hands. Most of the time they do not play for any prize: buzzing, singing, twisting, jumping; sometimes serious, sometimes jolly, all at the same time. However they do sometimes play for dagga, their tobacco, but they never play for high stakes as the games played at the Kleine Societeit Club in The Hague.

**21st October 1777**

Went on a bontebok and wild horse (zebra) hunt but got nothing. We saw some bontebok and so-called hartebeest. We went to pay my Hottentot a visit and found his wife with a revolting, painted face.

**22nd October 1777**

Went to Swellendam to buy some drink for our journey and to settle a case about my Hottentot's son with the Landdrost. Returned to Rietvaley in the evening, having settled the case to the great satisfaction of my Hottentot. He displayed much parental love and 'point d'honneur' in this case.

**23rd October 1777**

Late yesterday evening received a letter from some friends who had arrived in Swellendam from Cape Town. Rode to Swellendam in the morning and saw the three Cavalry Companies exercising on foot, as well as on horseback. Joined the celebrations in the evening.

**24th October 1777**

At the earnest request of our friends we stayed in Swellendam.

**25th October 1777**

Departed in the morning for Rietvaley. Found the river much higher but we were still able to cross. Our friends accompanied us. Found everything ready for our journey. (We had an ox-wagon, sixteen oxen, three horses and five Hottentots with us.)

We ate at the Rietvaley and departed for Coetser's Valey which is one and a half hour's journey from the Post along the mountains. Crossed the Buffeljagt's River twice, the second time over two streams. Passed very fertile valleys with excellent clay soil. They lie beside the high ridge which starts here at the great chain of mountains. Arrived in heavy rain. There was a horse-stud here and the grain stood very luxuriant.

**26th October 1777**

Continued our course east beside the same ridge to Grootvaders Bos, two hours from Coetsers Valey. All this terrain is heavy clay, in addition to black vegetal soil. It sounds hollow in many places and more land could be cultivated with very great success, lying as it does in a pleasant region. At ten o'clock in the morning we arrived at the stock-farm called Grootvaders Bos which is half an hour west of the forest. Here we found our horses. Between this farm and Coetsers Valey there is a foot-path over the great chain called De Tradouw, which means 'The Woman's Path' in Hottentot. We set out to sketch the forest. On account of the rain it was very slippery so that the horses often nearly fell with us. When we arrived at the forest we found the mountains all very overcast with heavy rain-clouds so we continued riding, leaving the forest half an hour on our left hand side. This forest is about four hours in circumference and lies in the hollows and upon the hills which start close to the

southern side of the great chain. In the same forest stand great trees of yellow-, stink-, iron-, and assagaiwood, as well as other kinds. Yet the forest does not seem to be anything more than scrub until one enters it. This impression is created by the nearby mountains and high hills. Once past the forest we let the wagon go to the right of the main wagon road.

*Temperature. (Degrees on a Fahrenheit thermometer.) Morning. 8 o'clock. Afternoon. 12 o'clock. Evening. 6 and 8 o'clock 64 Cool easterly breeze. Fine weather, the sky somewhat cloudy.*

**22nd October.**

*69 75 63 60 Fine warm weather. Light westerly wind. Rain in the mountains, overcast sky, soft west wind. Cool weather. Forgot the thermometer. Fairly heavy rain, a little wind from the west. Cool weather.*

**25th October.**

*65 59 Heavy rain, fresh N.W. wind. Cool weather. Examined a Hottentot woman. Found that the labia of the vagina were long, in two flaps of a triangular shape and two inches long. The opening of the vagina slightly concealed; absolutely no hair.*

**26th October.**

*56 62 54 Overcast sky. Cold weather. Westerly wind. Heavy showers of rain from time to time.*

We continued straight down a large slope alongside the stock-farm of a certain De Pre. We passed many *Aloe succotrin* which grow in abundance on the hills, as well as many thorn trees, *Mimosa sativa*. We rode right beside the so-called Duivenhoks River which has its source in and around Grootvaders Bos, which is called 'Cainshi Neuj' or 'Blind-fly Forest' in Hottentot. It runs in a southerly direction into the sea, a full day's journey from this side of Vis Bay. This river is small but runs strongly when it rains. We passed another four farms along this river, each is a good hour from the other. Much land could still be cultivated here. We rode across the river, which was not deep, behind Roelof van Wyk's farm and after we had crossed some high hills which were heavy clay and thus very slippery from the rains, we rode to the top of another high hill. It took us an hour to cross this and we then reached the region which is known as Egypt, which consists of four farms, each about a full hour from the other. They lie in the valleys which begin close to the great chain. We arrived at the farm of Holtzhouzen which lay in a deep hollow, having the great chain to the north. A difficult wagon road crosses it here, called the Platte Kloof.

We found a very good house here, well-furnished and well supplied with everything. It also had excellent oranges and citrons. Holtzhouzen received us in a most friendly manner. From here to Swellendam the country-people live off livestock and butter and some of them make Spanish-soap. The grain does not travel well. The wine is like all Overberg wine. From Hottentots Holland there is little variation in the terrain; it is all rocky and clayey soil, sometimes with gravel but with very little sand, sometimes a light yellow and sometimes red.

The grass very often grows in tufts and becomes what the farmers call 'sour-grass' which is not relished by stock.

We have today advanced eight to nine hours eastward from Coetsers Valey.

### **27th October 1777**

Stayed here and botanised. Our wagon only arrived at four o'clock this afternoon. We found several particularly beautiful ixias, gladioli and antholysas, as well as some four-sided brown pyrites in the little brook that flows beside the house here. We made a sketch of the farm and prepared everything for our coming journey.

### **28th October 1777**

Departed early in the morning across the kloof and were at the top in about two hours. It was a difficult road on account of the bends and deep hollows. Found some beautiful shrubs and xeranthemums here. We walked to the top of the mountain range on the right-hand side from where we clearly saw the sea at a distance of about twelve hours to the south. We also saw that Fiscal Cloppenburg's map was not accurate, making the coast turn too suddenly to the north and getting the Swarteberg completely wrong. Took bearings on and sketched the whole of Canna land as well as the Swarteberg range and other mountains.

*Morning. 8 o'clock. 56 deg. Afternoon. 66 deg. Six o'clock. 54 deg. Eight o'clock. 54 deg. A little rain in the morning. Fine weather towards noon. Fresh S.E. wind.*

### **28th October,**

*6 am. 49 deg. 8 57 deg. Beneath the mountain at Egypt. Noon. 72 deg. 3 pm Canna Land 78 deg. 6 pm 69 deg. 8 pm 63 deg. Fine, warm weather. South east breeze.*

After about a good half hour we reached the bottom and wanted to take observations with the thermometer but found that Mr. Paterson had lost it. Whereupon we all climbed to the top again and after we had searched for a while our Hottentot called Mallegaas fortunately found it again. We then continued our journey and going E.N.E. for two hours reached the farm of a certain Oosthuisen, called Kliprivier. We found a great difference in people, houses and manner of life. Our course was north over the Platte Kloof; one can go from the one side to the other in about two and a half hours. The distance from the far side, where there is a hut and cattle kraal, to Oosthuisen is one and a half hours E.N.E. Killed a brown snake four foot long at the aforementioned cattle kraal. One of the Hottentots had almost stepped on it. Skinned it. It had a double row of teeth above, almost like a shark's and a single row below with pointed teeth, the points sloping to the rear. Could see none in front.

### **29th October 1777**

Had poor lodging and departed early, first east by north and then east and thereafter art eight hours' march south, closer to the great chain of mountains, until we reached

De Waterval, van Tonder's stock farm. Our course was mostly east today, a distance of six hours. Very stony, clayey soil. Very dry because there is less rain in this part of the country than over the mountains. We passed several dry rivulets.

Saw no game but for two steenbok and a bustard. The wheel of our wagon went over the back of one of our Hottentots' dogs whereupon it crept into a bush. It nevertheless caught up with us towards evening although we were a good four hours from the place where it happened.

### **30th AND 31st October 1777**

Departed at daybreak through a difficult pass, causing our wagon to overturn but fortunately nothing was broken. We readied everything in about an hour and continued on our journey. We came upon four or five sheep which had just been killed by wolves, (hyenas) and one, which had run into the mountains to escape them, came running to me when I called it and followed us till it reached the flock half an hour from there.

We went on eastwards for a good hour across fairly flat karoo country, called thus by the farmers though the Hottentots call it **[blank space probably 'shrub country' see page 16 Nov 1st]** or shrub-veld. We then came upon high ridges, going first north east and then south east with all manner of turns and about midday reached the Groote River which twisted through the middle of the kloof. It is called Tau cou è in Hottentot or Buffalo Country River. It has its source on the western side of the Swarte Berg range and runs to the north of the Tousberg and south east through Canna Land. It runs close to the pass through the great chain where the Gourits River runs through, and loses itself in the same. It dries out in summer, is running wide and fairly swiftly now with many bends but was not deep. We crossed same fairly easily having first unyoked on the bank and having something to eat. One of our Hottentots, Mallegaas, has dropped behind because the horse he is leading is exhausted. We continued going east over a very difficult wagon-road, across high ridges, until the Gourits River, which is about two hours on from the Groote River. It makes a southward turn here with bends beside the S.E. lower point of the Rode Berg, then it runs southward **[continues p15]**

**[In margin]** *The Gamka or Leuwe River runs through the Swarte Bergen south by east at the Camdous Berg where the Oliphants River flows through the Rode Berg and into the Gourits or Canna River. The Paarde Kraal River which comes through Attaquas Kloof flows into the Gourits River, close to the pass.*

### **29th October.**

*6 am 49. 8 am 72. 12 noon 79. (1 pm 81). 6 pm 63. 8 pm 60. The reverberation caused by the rocky ground was most impressive. Hot day, made bearable by a fresh south wind in the morning. A weak S.E. wind till noon, thereafter a brisk S.W. wind about three o'clock in the afternoon. As at Cape Town the southeaster is dry. A light south east wind with cloud.*

*N.E. The Rode Berg lies like an extended bow, the hollow of which faces S.W. An hour from Attaquas Kloof from the N.W. to the S.E. it is connected by high ridges to a chain that joins (at the Gourits River pass) the great chain. This chain stretches N.W. to Attaquas Kloof and ends at the aforementioned hills.*

### **30th October.**

*Six 52. Eight 59. Twelve 75. Six 66. Eight . Fine weather. Overcast sky. Soft S.W. wind. Some lightning in the evening.*

**[continues from page 14]** through the afore-mentioned pass belonging to the great chain and south into Vis Bay and the sea. That part of the Gourits River which we passed between the Rode Berg and the great chain is called Canny Camma or 'Turning Water' in Hottentot. It is called the Oliphants River where it runs S.W. on the southern side of the Swarte Bergen. Once past the great chain it is called the Gourits River. This is one of the largest rivers in the Colony and crossing it here is very difficult on account of its steep banks. It was fairly wide and deep and we were frequently on the point of overturning and of breaking everything as we descended. Crossed it at about half past six. It was dark before we ascended the steep bank on the other side and one of our teams of oxen that had been driven through the river became lost so that my Hottentot and his son had to stay behind to look for them. We crossed over the heights but were again on the point of overturning at any moment, having to hold the wagon steady with leather straps. We reached the Slange River at about half past nine, a small dry river with some pools of rather brack water, and unyoked in a flat dale encircled by high hills. We pitched our tent and after we had had something to eat laid ourselves down to rest. For almost the whole time we had been on foot in order to spare our horses.

For the most part our course has been east by north for a distance of 7 to eight hours but it has taken a good twelve on account of the steep places and bends. The Canna Land terrain is also, as it has been from Hottentots Holland, all clay with rocks and stones. The layer is very thin and has a reddish-brown colour mostly but it is very hard because of the drought. There is hardly any grass even when it rains but there are shrubs and herbs and many mesembryanthemums of differing colours with euphorbias and aloes here and there. The canna is a mesembryanthemum, has small white flowers.

This morning we passed two poor stock-farms directly below the mountains (the great chain), situated there on account of the water. There was a good stand of wheat. They take a few peas and beans to Cape Town and for the rest they live by their livestock, mostly sheep. In this part of the country the great chain is mostly steep and rocky. For this reason water runs off very rapidly on this side. There is abundant water on the southern side of the chain. From the heights took bearing on the pass where the Gourits River runs through the chain. Our camp lies S.S.W.

### **1st November 1777**

Having slept soundly we set forth east at six o'clock through the Slange Rivier, after having waited in vain for our Hottentots. The Rode Berg stretches to the South East and joins the Attaquas Kloof approximately where small foothills rise north east of the Gourits Pass. The Rode Berg is called the Gamdous or Lewepad Mountain where the Gourits River or Olifants River runs through it. It is called the Rode Berg on account of the reddish stones of which it mostly consists. We rode on in search of Cloete's house and had advanced a good hour when one of our Hottentots approached and told us that we had passed the place. We turned back and found his Hottentot, the one who had found the oxen. He took us through the kloof of the Slange River to a kloof where we found a poor house but well-planted fields. There were even oranges

and citrons which were fine and large but they had a watery taste. The other Hottentot arrived and said that the horse would not go further than the Grote River. Sent him back for it with one of my dogs and with food so that he should take the horse and the dog (which could no longer walk) back to the Rietvaley Post. Travelled on east by north and east until we reached a certain Joon at seven o'clock. He lives below the Attaquas Kloof on the Saffran River. We pitched our tent and this night were much disturbed by dogs and horses because there were wolves (hyenas) around. The Attaquas kloof is a difficult wagon-road and is a day's ride long, running mostly north east and south west. Everyone from the Lange Kloof and Oliphants River uses this road. Our course from Platte Kloof to here has been east by north, the direction has been a straight line east by north. The country has been karoo or Nounou which means shrub-country in Hottentot. It has little water and hard, red clay which is full of gravel or little pebbles. It is rocky and the layers are generally perpendicular. Two and a half hours before we reached Joon we crossed a small stream called De Wilde Paarde Boomen River which presented a wild and beautiful sight. Our day's journey was five hours. Many hills and dales however.

### **2nd November 1777**

Departed early in the morning north north east in order to cross the Oliphants River, which was said to be high, at Ocker Olivier's. (Three hours to the west of here, there this a hot spring close to the right bank of the Olifants River but have not been there). After a five hour ride through high hills reached the Saffran River which comes from the Attaquas Kloof and runs into the Oliphants River at Ocker Olivier's. We crossed it two or three times. Took bearings on the Attaquas Kloof at a distance of four hours NNE °E. We travelled north west through the river and then East North East and East along the right bank of this river, towards its source. We found the river very easy to cross, about fifty paces wide and not running very fast. On one night, that of 15th May, so much water came down from the Lange Kloof and Camnassi Ranges that it overflowed a good quarter of an hour wide, something which had never happened in living memory.

### **1st November.**

*Temperature: six o'clock 59. eight. noon 75. four 60. six 64. eight. Good weather. Sky overcast. S. westerly breeze. Cold when we came below the Attaquas Kloof and the wind, which they here call the 'berg wind', blew strongly from the S.W. as it does everywhere here up to about the Tradouw.*

*The country here also had a light covering of grass with loose blackish earth mixed with sand but this did not last for long.*

*From the high place an hour east of Cloete and two hours east of the Gourits river, took bearings this morning on the same pass in the great chain S.W.° S. of us, at a distance of three and a half hours.*

### **2nd November.**

*51 63 74 62. Overcast in the morning. Clear weather in the afternoon. Fine weather. Small S.W. breeze. Thundery sky.*

Saw some ostrich with young but could not get them. Saw some kudu: wounded the bull and my Hottentot shot a young one, half a year old. Could not pursue the bull because of the dark.

Three hours east of where we rode through the Oliphants River we crossed a small stream which comes from the Angoos or Natte Bergen (and which runs south into the Oliphants River here). An hour to the east is the Camnassi River which flows northward beside a high ridge into the aforementioned river. At about half past nine, in fine starlight, we reached a hill beside a small stream. We intended to travel down the hill to a farmer, Roelof Kamfer who lives on the other side. In spite of taking every precaution, since it had become dark, and walking in front of the wagon in order to point out the holes it nevertheless did pitch over. It fell on to its side and then completely over, landing in the hollow with a crash so that we thought it had all been smashed to powder. I thought that my artist, who against every warning always remained in the wagon, was lost. Reaching the wagon however we at first heard nothing, then after a while, a wretched moaning. When we had pulled him out it seemed that he had broken everything but after examining him and giving him some wine, found that he had only bumped the side of his cheek and had a light bruise on one hand. The man who made this road ought to be punished before more wagons overturn here. We went to the house where we found the owner absent and, after knocking for a long time, were allowed to enter. Spent the night here. This place is called Rietfontein.

### **Sunday 3rd November 1777**

Made everything ready again in the morning, our Hottentots helping to right the wagon. In the end found to our surprise that nothing was broken. Went uphill E.N.E. with turns directly under the Cango Ridge. After two hours reached a farm, Voorgelegen, on the Cango belonging to a certain van Roijen. All poor, wretched farms. Here the Cango comes to an end although the ridge still runs alongside the Swarte Bergen. We left the Oliphants River, a quarter of an hour to our right hand side. It here runs east and west beside a high ridge, and behind this is the Camnassi Berg which is in a straight line about two hours away. The Camnassi extends in all directions but principally north and south and lies on our right hand side. Travelled first in a slightly north-easterly direction through a deep kloof around the southern heights of which the Oliphants River runs. Arrived beside a considerable farm belonging to a certain Schoeman. The road was bushy and there were several small streams, all of which run south from the Angos into the Oliphants river. On these stood many thorn-trees, *mimosas*, as everywhere along the banks of the Oliphants River. (Karoo country everywhere, still continuing and for this reason one does not see the larger kind of moles, though some small ones near the houses).

The farm is called Rustgelegen Aan Doornrivier and here this man lives well and in a tidy fashion, even possessing a vineyard, oranges and other fruit. We then travelled on further east and towards six o'clock made camp on Rensenburg's farm, Kruys Rivier, where we exercised ourselves by shooting with ball.

Game along the Oliphants River is kudu, hartebeest and buffalo. We saw very little game however. There are also Cama, as well as lions from time to time and always wolves (hyenas).

*Temperature: at six 51 deg. At eight 63 deg. At noon 73 deg. At four 80 deg. At six 67 deg. At eight 60 deg.*

*Good weather, sky somewhat overcast. S.W. cool breeze. Our corrected course from Attaquas Kloof to Rietfontein at Roelof Camfer's was north-east to east, a distance of eight hours in a straight line, but longer due to turns. We are here directly below the end of the Congo, Natte Berg, a high ridge. At an estimate the Swarte Bergen lie two hours behind it in a straight line to the north, east and west. Our corrected course was east by north, a distance of four hours but longer due to turns.*

#### **4th November 1777**

We crossed the Oliphants River in the south early in the morning. It was very low and not fast-flowing. We travelled in an easterly direction on the left bank on a good road but uphill and with some small streams. At an hour's distance high ridges border the river on both sides here. The Oliphants River was on our left hand side behind the ridges. The Swarte Bergen were one hour's distance in a straight line across the river. The Camnassi Range was on our right hand at the same distance behind the other ridges. At about midday we arrived at Valkenhagen's farm, Rode Clip. It is a large, circular plain, between ridges on the western side, and is on the Rode River, a small river which flows from the Camnassi Berg northwards into the Oliphants River. (The Camnassi Berg lies closest to the Swarte Bergen at this point, about two hours in a straight line. It extends south east by south and north south by north [*sic*] and comes to an end about where the Bath is. It ends there at the bath in the E.W. by S.[*sic*]. It ends at about three hours from the bath. There it is one hour from the Camnassi in the S.E. it runs together in ridges about three hours from the Bath.) Stayed here, pitching our tent. My Hottentot's son, Hoedies, struck a beautiful blue hawk off a tree with a stone, breaking its wing. It had red feet and beak but with a touch of black at the tip. Valkenhagen had a large vineyard from which he distilled brandy only. This was to sell to farmers passing by. He sold it at a shilling a Dutch bottle or pint. He had his dwelling in a poor hut but he had made a most ingenious water-mill for wheat. He had placed the wheel horizontal and had attached the grinding-stone to the shaft in the middle of the wheel. The result was the simplest mill I have ever seen: the stream of water falling side-ways onto the wheel which was turned in this manner.

#### **5th November 1777**

We continued on our course at half past five, travelling slightly uphill an hour east by south until we came to the dwelling of a certain Rheinst. He being at Cape Town there was nobody at home. (Because I had been told by a certain Bota that there was a wolf skin here, I had a look at it and found that it was merely a hyena's.) We travelled on slightly uphill, east north east, until we reached the heights. The Bath was east north east and the place we had to reach in the evening was east by north, three hours distance in a straight line from Valkenhagen. Thereafter, descending all the time, on a good road with some small streams crossing it, we passed the Oliphants River to the north which was not flowing here and was almost completely dry, with a little brack water. There was a low kloof in the Swarte Bergen to the north of us through which a large tributary flowed into the Oliphants River. It is called the Tover Water, named Cuigha Camma in Hottentot because when the Hottentots

occupied this country one of them must have been drowned in a whirlpool caused by a waterfall. At Rensenburg's the Oliphants was still running fairly strongly, this must therefore be a powerful tributary. We reached the warm water at about eleven o'clock; it lies directly below the southern foot of the Swarte Bergen, which are not high at this point. Beside it was the abandoned dwelling of a certain Jordaan who had gone to live in the direction of the Caffers. Here we found a large spring bubbling out of the ground in several places. It has a basin 12 to 14 foot in diameter, about 2½ foot deep. The temperature of the water was 108 deg. here. It had an iron and sulfurous taste, somewhat briny. It would seem that this is the best Bath I have seen. We found another two springs close by; they were lower down and were clayey. The temperature of the one was 105 deg. and the other 107 deg. They also had the same taste. In addition the ground was hollow everywhere here, ashy, indeed pitch-black in many places; otherwise the ground was yellow and a dark yellow ochre colour, iron-stones. I also dug out something that is abundant here and which I took for bitumen. Hard, burnt charcoal also bubbled out of the earth there. Everywhere along the Swarte Bergen, close to which this water is found, it has an exterior appearance that is old and broken down and the strata are not uniform, seeming to have been pressed together and melted, the rocks all fire-bearing. We found two men and two women here making use of the bath. They were living in the open air in the tents of their wagons. One who was called Vermake had been bitten in the ankle five years before by a snake. He first bound himself above the bite, below and above the knee. As he was not far from his house, he sent for his horse and rode there. In the meanwhile he had become weak and sleepy and his face had blackened. **[continued]**

#### **4th November**

*1. At six 57, eight 61, twelve 69, four , six , eight . Some rain in the mountains with a fresh north west wind. Cleared up about nine o'clock. Good cool weather with a fresh east wind for the rest of the day. Our course today east by south, a distance of four hours Karoo country everywhere. Most rivers here are totally dry.*

#### **5th November.**

*56. 65. 75. two o'clock 82.(somewhat overcast sky) 88. 85. 71. Cool weather. Cool east wind until midday, becoming warm with a northerly wind, a thundery sky. Became hot in the afternoon with a fresh shower of large summer raindrops towards five o'clock. Lightning but no thunder, not dark. Our corrected course today east by north, a quarter north. Correct distance 8 to 9 hours although we travelled 12 hours on a good road.*

**[continues]** To start with he put his foot in briny water and drank a lot of milk. He had a sharp pain in his bowels and swelled up. Thereupon he began to vomit and purge and became unconscious many times. He improved the following morning but in time flesh began to fall off the wound on his leg and if he wanted to ride or walk briskly at all the leg became lame. For this reason he was using the Bath. He was a well-formed young fellow.

Departed east at two o'clock close beside the Swarte Bergen and after travelling along a good road for three hours we came to the end of the Swarte Bergen which are separated at this point from the next low-lying range by a large wide kloof. This

kloof is called Gore in Hottentot. Before entering the kloof we found a farm, called Hoeridap or Muiseval, belonging to the widow Van der Merwe, a poor stock farm where there is no bread. Three hours east of here the Oliphants River and various other streams have their source in the so-called Winter Hoeks Bergen and other hills. But it was dry here as well. We travelled east north east in a straight line for an hour through some deep, dry rivers but there was also another small, level, flat stretch half an hour wide. We arrived thus at Pieter van der Merwe's stock farm where no bread is eaten, only dried meat of game or meat and milk. It was named Ami Co or Struis Vogelbeen by the Hottentots when they lived here. But the inhabitants call it Struisfontein now. It is situated at the end of the Swarte Bergen. Our wagons arrived at nightfall and we pitched our tent. The country through which we travelled today was still karoo: the same very reddish brown clay but most dusty on account of the drought. From Valkenhagen to The Bath and up to here there were not so many mesembryanthemums or other flowers, there were shrubs however, mimosas and euphorbias. We saw a jackal, two blue cranes of the same kind that are in the Company's garden, some blue hawks and what is here called a Hartebeest, as well as other small birds. There were many beautiful lizards which ran too quickly to be caught. They ran as if flying over the road.

The [sic]

#### **6th November 1777**

Departed northwards In the morning for Beere Valeij so called because the first people who lived there were of that name. It is said to be a good twenty hours north of here, and it is also said that there are many lions in these parts and for this reason we made our guns ready. We travelled with some turns, away from the Swarte Bergen range, going north west and again N. and N.N.E out of de Nabe or White place, leaving the kloof where [illegible] lives behind us on our right hand side. When we had reached the top and come onto the plain we saw a foothill of the mountains which lies near the Tover Water Kloof, running north east and east from the Swarte bergen. It is called De Qua and we travelled round its eastern corner in a N.N.E. direction four hours from Van der Merwe. Its strata closely resemble those of Table Mountain at Cape Town. The range that we saw N.E. of us at a distance of 6 to 7 hours and which is called the Rietbergen lay lower than where we were, although we were in flat Karoo country. it descends in layers to the N.E. At sunset we passed a kloof which separates another foothill of the range behind De Qua from the Rietbergen. This is the Saansee or Rhebok Kloof. After this we again travelled N.W. About half an hour N.E. of this Saansee the Karica runs through a pass in the Rietbergen and is called the Groote River at this point. So far as I could see it ran east here. I am told that it later becomes the Gamtous River.

It began to get dark here with heavy showers of rain from the S.S.W. and we were told that there were many lions here. For this reason the people were dismayed at staying here because lions fear nothing at night. There would be many lions at the Beere Valeij as well but there would be no wood to make a fire there. Whereupon, I gave orders for wood, of which there was enough here, to be thrown on the wagon and decided to travel on further. We therefore travelled around the western tip of the Rietbergen and at about half past ten at night arrived at the so-called Beere Valeij without having seen or heard a lion. It was still raining in short gusts and we pitched our tent. The wood that we had brought with us served us well, warming us since the

wind was still S.S.W. and very cold. Sitting by the fire we heard something coming towards us, roaring and crashing through a thicket. We supposed that this was lion.

### **6th November.**

*six 57. eight 59. twelve 62. four 60. six 58. Eight --. Fresh south south west wind, overcast rainy sky. Very cool. A clap of thunder at nine o'clock. From sunset to midnight showers of rain and cold. Our corrected course today was N.N.E. 12 to 13 hours, though much longer on account of the turns. Karoo everywhere, reddish-brown, clayey ground with stones.*

The Hottentots were so frightened that they would not take one step from the wagon without a firebrand in their hands. Seizing my gun, I went towards the animal which I could now see approaching, the Hottentots meanwhile illuminating the place with firebrands. I clearly saw a blackish animal coming towards us and while I was taking aim to shoot, it began to bleat and I saw when it reached me that it was a calf, whose mother presumably had been killed by lion or else which had strayed. We tied it to the wagon and went to sleep.

Our corrected course today was north east, a distance of twelve hours but much longer due to turns. Terrain as before, little or on the whole no water but for two small pools. Many mesembryanthemums. Saw many springbok, also some rhebok.

### **7th November 1777**

Having slept soundly, without being aware of any lions, we briskly set to grilling the meat. My Hottentot shot a springbok, breaking its leg but we could not get it. Departed at daybreak over the Beere Valeij for the farm of Niewenhuis which we found on the further side, half an hour distant along the Zoute River. This had pools of brack water in places. Here we saw a lioness that was six foot from snout to tail. It had been shot in a trap the day before yesterday. It was stinking already. During the last month four lion have been shot in this way. Shot what is here called an aasvogel. Found the same to be a 'vulture', 7 foot 10½ inches across the wings and 3 foot 2 inches from the beak to the tip of the tail. It was feeding on the dead lioness here. It is amazing what a strong sense of smell and sight these creatures have: although one sees not a sight of them as soon as carrion lies dead and stinking there you will generally find them. They are very tough: even though it was shot through the thighs and the body it still kept on flying for quarter of an hour.

In the evening saw some Hottentots singing and dancing. The women sang, clapped their hands and one struck upon a pot which had a wet skin stretched across it. Their songs were: the song of the lion, of the wolf, of the eland and so on with other animals; singing the characteristics of each. Each song had a somewhat different melody. I noticed that they all took a turn in it together but it was all very wild and disorderly.

My companion Mr. Paterson complained strongly of a pain in the chest.

### **8th November 1777**

In the morning Mr. Paterson talked about wanting to return to Cape Town because he had not been well at all and was fearful of not being able to withstand further fatigue. He had now a good opportunity of returning with Piet van der Merwe. We took a

friendly farewell. I was most sorry since his fine character had brought me great companionship.

This morning Niewenhuisen, who was like an old Jewish Patriarch in many ways wanted to show me how he had got the lion with the trap, having set it to this purpose. When we arrived at it he wanted to walk into it in order to demonstrate how it went off. I asked him if the gun was not loaded? Whereupon he replied 'No'. I asked him once again and he said 'certainly not'. With this he walked into the cord and the shot went off with a powerful report. At first I thought he had been trying to surprise me. I laughed when he laughed, but having heard the whistle of the ball and seeing his astonishment, I saw that the gun had truly been loaded with a ball. Examining him I found that the ball had passed through his hide overcoat a hand's breadth from his thighs. Thus his stupidity nearly cost him his life.

Departed at two o'clock in the morning east half north beside the Rietberg and after an hour had left the same behind on my right hand. Do not know why it is called thus since I could not see any grass or verdure on it, just stones. Left the extensive plain, much resembling a Gelderland Heath, on my left. It stretches so far on this side that one can see nothing but plain, here and there in the north east there is a low range of mountains, the distance making them look like nothing so much as bushes, and small ones at that, a foot high. Almost no flowers but here and there a mesembryanthemum. The road was very good and only stony in places. At about midday saw a tree twelve foot high, the stem was six foot and it was four foot in circumference. For novelty and to be able to recognise it again I called it the 'stray sentry of the veld' since it was certain there was no companion to it for a distance of many hours. We had something to eat in its shade. We saw some ostriches, and bustards which are here called wild peacocks. After this we travelled between the Rietberg, which lie east by south here and are high, and a lower lying range called the Swarte Ruggens. There is flat land everywhere, without hills, like the country near Cape Town. There are only low stony hills here in a plain that gradually slopes away.

We saw a herd of about 20 kwaggas and what are here called eland or canna, but on account of the bare veld could not get close to them. Saw two gemsbok otherwise called pasan here, about 20 zebras and yet another 10 or 12 ostriches as well as a herd of about 40 of what are here called hartebeest but because of the bare veld we could not do more than take a long, uncertain shot at them. At about six o'clock we arrived at an abandoned farm where we found water, though somewhat brack, having seen no water the whole way but for two poor rainwater pools. Some thorn trees stood close to the house. About half an hour from same we passed the only hollow the whole way and which was a dried out river. We let our oxen graze a little but fastened the same to the wagon when it got dark, for fear of lion. Before sunset we heard a hyena howl close to us. Slept in the tent and the Hottentots in the abandoned house. I wanted to take an observation with the thermometer but it fell and broke which was a great sorrow to me. Through carelessness the Hottentots let the fire go out so that I had to call them in order not to lose our oxen from wild animals.

### **7th November.**

*six 59. eight 62. twelve 79. four 72. Six. eight. Fine, clear, warm weather. Slightly overcast in the morning, a thundery sky, but less so in the afternoon. Soft S.W. wind still.*

Examined a so-called werewolf shot in the trap. It is more like a hyena but differs from the others. This animal was very shaggy. The hair above was black but the bottom half was grey. The long hair begins at the forelegs and covers the whole body, tail and all the rest, and is unpleasantly rough to the touch. The forelegs are much thicker than the rear legs. The bottom of the legs around the pad was not shaggy. The forelegs have black stripes like the hyena of Buffon. The rear legs are much blacker, not uniform. The head is black with some short grey hair. Black whiskers. The neck has somewhat longer, russet hair. Had only four nails (claws) on each foot. In a half day the aasvogels (vultures) had almost pulled it inside out. Truly, it was very unusual.

And the flesh was removed from the bones so that I was unable to examine neither the ears, nor the sex, nor the little bag under the tail. The Chinese Hottentots call it Doe or Kor or Oar!

Rhineland Feet inches

Length from snout to tail 3 8°

Length of the tail 11

Length of the hair on its back. (No mane as on the other hyena) 1 9

Height in front 1 10

Height at back 0 10

Length of the head 0 10

Circumference of the snout under the eyes 1 0

(This and the eyes and head were like a hyena's but smaller.)

Had six incisors, two canines, eight molars in the lower jaw. Four incisors about the same size as the lower ones and two canines a little smaller than the lower ones, behind which were another two slightly larger canines. There was a distance of half an inch between both into which the lower ones fitted. Then there were two low, pointed molars, then two of ordinary size and behind same, the hindmost ones, also on each side of the mouth, one very large three-pointed molar, each having two points to the inner side of the mouth. Thus there were sixteen teeth below and sixteen teeth above. The molars of the upper jaw, the pointed ones as well, fit over those of the lower jaw.

### **8th November.**

*64.69.75.74.72. Fresh, cool north wind following the sun, being S.W. at sunset. Very fine, clear weather. From time to time a swirling wind making a small dust cloud in this karoo. After sunset a fresh south east wind: altogether, a most pleasant evening and night. Our corrected course was today east by north, half north, a distance of 8 hours. Always the same karoo: reddish-brown clay with stones but dusty on account of the drought, scarcely any flowers. It is a pity that there is not more water in the country because the whole area has very good clay soil. At Niewenhuis there was nothing but brack standing water, muddy and yellow. This was in some pools of the Zoute River which seldom gets running water, except in thunderstorms. This usually occurs in January and February but it also gets some rain in September and thunderstorms in October.*

Saw and heard nothing.

### **9th November 1777**

At daybreak we departed in a north-easterly direction through the same kind of terrain, but more hilly and with many stones. We left the Rietberg at a distance of four hours on our right hand. Saw some herds of 12, 18 and fewer gnus, called wildebeest amongst the farmers. It is beautiful to see them thrash their long white, swinging tails high as they begin to walk. Shot one of them and wounded it so that it stumbled; but could not get it. Also saw some herds of kwaggas, zebras and springboks but because of the bare plain one can only get up to two or three hundred foot from them and this gives one an uncertain shot. Scarcely saw any flowers but many euphorbias (*Caput medusa*). At ten o'clock we came to three or four Hottentot huts, a stock farm belonging to Jan du Plessis. Here we travelled through a dry tributary of the Groote River and went north by east to the farm of this du Plessis, a good hour from there. Our whole course from the Beere Valeij to here has been 14 to 15 hours east north east by east. Tomorrow we must go north north east.

This farm is called the Vuijle Fontein and falls under Swellendam. Due to lack of water this is a poor, wretched land. The little water that there is, is only brack. Stayed here in order to rest our cattle. From a small hill we could see the so-called Sneeuw Bergen lying behind the Camdabo. Here we saw many strips of game-meat lying in order to be dried by the sun and wind. This is used like bread here. The weather was very fine: a cool, soft easterly wind. The sky was somewhat overcast. Light wind veered with the sun and in the beginning of the afternoon came from the south east and blew strongly, a dry wind but not as it is at Cape Town. In these areas the stock live off various shrubs, many of which are aromatic and the butter and milk have a truly delicate flavour. Horses however do not do well here, mostly dying, I imagine for want of good fodder.

Thundery weather usually comes from the north north east and is very violent. The rain causes the rivers to rise. On 15th May last it rained violently from the north west. Winds from the north are different: slightly dry, and brisk.

### **Sunday 10th November 1777**

Last night the dogs made a terrible noise, often jumping backwards nervously. Went out of the tent at midnight. Sky overcast but moonlight. Could make out nothing, but my horse, standing next to the wagon, was trembling. The Hottentots were sleeping next to a small fire. Went back into my tent and after thinking about it found that the musket I had taken to hand was not loaded because I had been cleaning it yesterday evening. In the morning the farmer told me that lion had been close to us and warned me not to leave the tent in the evening or at night without a firebrand in my hand. It blew violently from the south east all night but it drizzled in the morning, the wind abating.

We departed N.N.E. with daybreak, travelling through the country with no road and with a Hottentot for guide. We left the low range or rather the Swarte Ruggens (the Rhinoster Berg here) lying to the east, close to our right hand. We saw 9 gnu, 30 hartebeest, 20 kwagga. There are also some few rhinoceros here, saw a foot print. There is also a multitude of springbok which run in small herds. Could not get any into range because of the flat countryside. At about ten o'clock we reached a widely extended plain, which only a range of low-lying hills separates from the Camdabo. Here we saw the Sneeuw Bergen which surround the Camdabo like a long half-circle.

Saw no snow on the chain of mountains and it appeared to me that it was not as high as the Rodesands mountains but the country itself is higher. Here we saw great herds of springbok, but they seemed few in comparison to the widely extended plain. I therefore believe that the story that one can kill them with sticks is a fable, except when one can drive these animals through the passes of these low-lying mountains which lie like round hills here on the plains. They were so wild that we could seldom get them within range of our guns even though we saw a good ten thousand, divided into several herds. We shot only two of these buck. They come to these parts about September, October and November for water, travelling south and always towards the wind. When the country becomes dry they return. They lamb once a year, one lamb, usually in August and September and in April as well. It is delicious game to eat.

The ewe has much smaller, thinner horns than the ram, is also smaller. The measurements of a mature one which was carrying a very young lamb were:

From snout to tail 4 0

The tail (the under side of which was bare and black while the upper side had short white hair very thin and up to the tip. Had a black tuft on the outer side below) 0 9

Height from in front 2 4

Height from behind 2 6½

Had no tufts on the knees, neither in front nor behind but had tear-ducts under the eyes. Eight incisors in the lower jaw. The foremost two are fairly wide, the next are a little smaller and the two rear ones are very narrow. Its colour [sic] . Found no besoar on it. These animals make curious bounds when they begin running, both by reason of the length as of the height of their bound. The legs are held out stiffly, the head bending over forward and the neck stiff. But not, as is said, all together at the same time but as it pleases them. The Hottentots call them Coung.

After travelling through a kloof in the aforementioned hills for two hours we came to the beginning of the Camdabo plains. We travelled through a small standing stream called the Brak River which had some pools of fairly good water but slightly brack. This was the only water that I saw today. Behind these is de Beer's farm where a certain Basson is living. We arrived there at about five o'clock and stayed. We found many lion-droppings everywhere on the road. They were white, about the same as a hyena's but larger. But although it is said they go in herds of twenty, even thirty, ten and twelve etc., especially after the springbok, I and my Hottentot did not succeed in seeing any, even though we went hunting everywhere, even into the aforementioned hills where some spekbosse (*cotyledons*) are growing. The man who leads the oxen told me that a short time ago he came upon sixteen lions lying asleep in some small bushes on their backs with their legs in the air. He said that when they became aware of him they ran off and lay crouching in the bushes like cats, without moving. He said that generally they are not seen by day. They stay in the hills around the springbok but at night they are very confident and attack everything. To drive them away fire and the crack of an ox-whip are said to be better than a shot. The day before yesterday they were in the kraal at Basson's and killed several sheep.

In spring the herdsmen left stock outside at night and the lions killed or mauled 150 of them. Wheat has been sown and is growing but it is very short. In these parts of the karoo we saw some hares, smaller than our ones and sitting in forms, bustards as well, mountain geese, many white-necked crows and in the Camdabo guineafowl, which are called Terra Natal fowl here. There was an overcast sky this morning so that the mountains that extend W.N.W. to E.S.E. around us were not visible. However the northernmost mountains are high and have a plateau-like appearance. S.E. wind, a little drizzle. Towards ten o'clock a violent storm came up from the S.E. with heavy thunder, rain and lightning which lasted till noon when it began to rain heavily, then at about four o'clock the weather became fine and warm. Could achieve nothing hunting today because game is always shy in bad weather. The wind went through the east to the north west. In the evening there was lightning from this point through to the north.

### **11th November 1777**

It blew briskly from the N.W. all night with showers of rain and some thunder and lightning. It appeared to have calmed down again this morning but it was not clear enough to make a drawing of the mountains. Towards eight o'clock the weather rose again with a strong W.N.W. wind, once again with some rain. There were heavy showers of rain until midday when it again cleared up. Went to a hill half an hour E.N.E. of Brakfontein from where I took bearings on the whole horizon and which I also ordered to be sketched. Willem Basson, who lives at Brakfontein, called this hill Gordon's Kop. It is about a hundred foot high and lies in an extended plain. The cliffs on the mountain lying to one side, beside and also behind which is the district of Camdabo or Groengat, look very like the Giant's Way in Ireland, although there is no basalt and not the slightest trace of volcanic material. In particular there are very uniform, horizontal slabs, split perpendicularly like long square pillars, all composed of a single firestone. Called this mountain the Reuse Casteel. Our course was three hours north east through karoo country, the same soil. Two hours from Brakfontein we crossed the Camdeboo River which was completely dry and about thirty paces wide. Half an hour further on the country began to change in appearance: the soil was less stony, the reddish-brown clay was mixed with vegetable matter and covered with long sweet grass. There were many thorn trees and flowers, mostly mesembryanthemums. After this we rode around the mountain for half an hour, descending to the bottom of a hollow. Here we rode through the Swarte River, Noe A, which was a knee-deep, strongly-flowing stream, full of stony slabs, and on to the farm of Opperman. There, this afternoon, I found a farmer, Frederik Botha, who in trying to strike a Hottentot had broken his arm against a black-smith's vice. **[Continues page 26]**

Our course today was generally north north east, a distance of eight hours. The weather cleared at about ten o'clock in the morning and the south east wind again blew briskly in the afternoon good, cool weather with scattered clouds in the sky. It began to rain a little about five o'clock in the afternoon with a beautiful rainbow. It was raining heavily in the Sneeuw Bergen, with some thunder.

We are still crossing the same karoo terrain. I have learned to eat a root called Aree. It has a woody peel, and is reddish-brown and spongy inside with an astringent, sour juice, but good when very thirsty. Could not see the leaves which were withered; was growing close to the ground among shrubs. I also dug out a poison bulb called Canie, a large spongy bulb with a reddish brown flower on top without leaves, like a cock's

comb. They shoot their game with it, which then becomes drunk and dies. They use it against their enemies too but they have other snake and tree poisons as well.

The gnu calves in this month.

Drew a ground squirrel. In Hottentot: 'Gradow'.

feet inches

From head (snout) to tail 0 9

The tail 0 8

Had the usual black and grey tail. Three inches wide but could distend it as it ran, swinging it up and down. It also covers itself with it like a squirrel. The hair is hard and bristly. Cannot climb trees Has four claws or fingers on the forefeet and a very short little thumb but without a nail. It holds things with it to eat but due to its short, blunt thumb must use the other forepaw to hold them. Can bend its tail over its back like a squirrel but the natural position is flat on the ground behind it. Its ears are just holes and do not stick out. It has five large fingers on the rear paw which has a heel like the dune-mole. Colour red-brown, has a yellowish-white horizontal stripe from the fore to the rear paw on each side. This is a sixth of an inch wide and under it is a dark reddish-brown stripe. Large black eyes on which there is a small white circle. White around and under the snout. Very large testicles. A split upper lip. Two incisors above and two below. The lower one a little longer and slightly apart. This animal becomes very tame. The head flattish. The eyes closer to the earholes than to the snout.

**[Continues from page 25]**The arm was in splints but found him in a severe fever. Ordered a blood-letting which he would not allow

It began to thunder and lightning from the north and west with heavy gusts of rain. For this reason I waited here for the wagon which has to cross the Swarte River, three to four hundred paces north above Opperman's. It arrived about half an hour after me and taking my overcoat from it I rode on north for a distance of two hours, the flat valley becoming ringed about with high mountains, narrowing like a fish trap. At about eight o'clock, in the dark, I arrived at the farm Vrede, which belongs to Hannes de Beer. Once beyond the Swarte River the district is called Swarte River but it is part of the same Camdaboo Valley. Here is the finest and best land that one could see, full of luxuriant grass and trees, mostly thorn-trees (mimosa) so that I nearly lost my way in the dark. Since riding round the Reuse Casteel I have seen no more springbok but this whole afternoon I saw small herds here and there which I could not get into range. Saw a pack of twelve so-called wild dogs which were also out of range. They had peaked ears and all of them had thick long white tails. As far as I could see from far off they were piebald black, of the same size as a large European wolf and they were certainly not dogs. They were eyeing the springbok. From their tails and general appearance I saw that they were the same animal whose skin I have at Cape Town. I spent more than an hour trying to stalk them but they kept running away, since the karoo countryside is too bare for stalking, except at the Camdeboo River where there are a lot of thorn-trees. The Camdeboo River comes from the so-called Sneeuw Bergen (called thus by everyone) in three streams down the eastern side of the mountain. It then runs east through the Camdabo, which is close to the foot of the mountains and then through the Caro. The Brak River comes from the western end of these mountains and flows south east for two hours, then through the Caro or so-called Brakke Rivier vlakte. The Swarte River comes from the highest part of the Sneeuw Bergen, behind Reuse Casteel, and flows through the deep basin, forming the Camdabo District on one side and the Swarte River District

on the other. These three rivers all run east and flow together two hours from the pass one uses to travel around Reuse Casteel. Another river together two hours from the pass one uses to travel around Reuse Casteel. Another river which begins more to the north east in the Sneeuw Bergen, called there the Sondags River, also joins the other three and from here on until the sea it is called the Sondags River.

Found excellent wheat on de Beer's farm, vines growing fairly high and everything in better order than one would expect. They say the rainy season is now beginning here with thunder storms from the north which turn in various directions through the mountain range. When it rains in June and July in Cape Town, clouds gather on the Sneeuw Bergen, a strong dry wind blows and it snows only on the mountains (where people are living). The snow does not lie long however, remaining for three, four, or five days to a fortnight, even for a month, sometimes to the depth of a few men's height when it is very cold. But in October-November it begins to thunder now and then, with rain. It is at its heaviest in January-February-March. It can sometimes also rain however when the north west wind compresses the clouds, strongly from the south east as well, as it did on last May 15th. It rained for 6 to 7 days from the north west, here and everywhere else I have been and heard tell of. Course today three hours N.E. half an hour N.N.E., one hour N. and W.N.W. wind this morning. Cold gusts of rain until noon. Fine weather, a light north wind until six o'clock thereafter wind N.W. and S. and E. and thunder and lightning with heavy rain.

### ***12th November 1777***

Heavy rain the whole night, wind from the south early this morning but on the other side of the mountains the wind was from the west. Cold rainy weather that continued till late in the afternoon when the weather became calm and fine with beautiful moonshine in the evening.

Prepared to make a journey beyond the Sneeuw Bergen tomorrow into the country of the wild Bushmen. I intend to see what can be done to make peace with them and to see whether I can get any of them to hold talks with me.

### ***13th November 1777***

Good weather. Sky slightly overcast, little wind and from the south. Departed northwards at ten o'clock on horseback and with an oxwagon, climbing the so-called Sneeuw Bergen, in Hottentot 'Noa Gore'. They could not say what it meant. This is the true land of the Hottentots who call themselves Oesjswana or also Saana, but called Bushmen or Chinese by us. Passed a round hill of stones half an hour from de Beer on the road. It had a diameter of 20 foot and is the grave of one of the chiefs of the Camdabo Hottentots (called the Korana People). He was killed here by an elephant. There are none of these people here any more, except a few with the farmers. Beginning to climb gradually, we reached the first level place. The mountains could not be better named here, for, after having climbed for some time, one comes onto large, flat plateaux three or four hours in circumference, ringed by hills or hillocks. Grass grows in these and in general there are no shrubs or wood. On the sides of the kloofs grow small resinous bushes which the inhabitants burn. Saw no flowers except for yellow irises and white and yellow arctotis. One climbs again after this and again comes to a similar plateau. There is usually a stream running through the middle with a waterfall. This continues for five or six plateaux until finally one arrives at the highest, also surrounded by hillocks. The strata from bottom to top,

as well as the terraces of the plateaux, lie surprisingly horizontal and the rocks are uniform. They generally have grass growing and the flat places have a fairly thick layer of clay. But the clay is more friable and is mixed with soil that has vegetable matter in it. These mountains extend widely from east to west and are not more than four or five miles wide from north to south, but they gradually fall away to the north over a very long distance. Here, however, they drop very sharply to the south. This range is higher than any other around here except for one ten hours east by north of here where the mountains appear to be even higher. (I am most sorry that my barometer has still not arrived.) In May, June and July, it sometimes snows here from the N.W., the depth of a man's height. Then the inhabitants of the highest places move down. This is the first mountain range in this country that we have found inhabited.

We reached the first farm at twelve o'clock. It is said that the Kleine Sondags River runs through it flowing east, beginning in the mountains to the west. Together with the Swarte, Camdeboo, Brakke and Gats Rivers (the latter rising an hour to the N.E.) it eventually forms the Grote Sondags River. The farm of a certain Koekemoer is situated here (rode across same) and called De Vlakke Kom Aan Sondags Rivier. Basson's farm is S.W. by S. from here. When we had passed this farm we began to climb more steeply. In some places it was as much as the oxen could manage and very dangerous, for if the wagon had overturned it would have fallen three or four hundred feet. At about half past three we were at the top of the highest level. One has no view here except towards the plain between the Camdabo Mountain and the Reuse Casteel and the other mountains, and a small strip where the aforementioned rivers flow together. This is because the view is blocked by the flat, widely extended stretch of the mountain and by the hills everywhere around. At this point it looked very much like the grassy plateau of Table Mountain. This was at the farm of a certain Van der Merwe, where fairly good wheat was growing. Here I shot a beautiful black and red so-called finch, but the tail of the same was not like those at the Cape but still three times as long as its body.

Continuing our way north, we travelled west by north for another half hour. Everywhere there was a grassy plain where we saw nothing move but a few horses belonging to the inhabitants. Because of sickness and the death of horses in the Camdabo drought the inhabitants send the same up into the Sneeuw Bergen. We arrived at the farm of a certain Venter called De Droge Heuvel where I saw a skin which I recognised as that of a male hyena. It is maintained that it is the best skin for placing under the saddle to counter friction against the horse. We travelled on half an hour westward and then a good hour southwest, again dropping down to a lower lying place and at seven o'clock arrived on the farm of Carol van der Merwe. It was called Doombos though there was not a shrub or bush on it. Further down however there are some so-called harpui bushes. The resin that comes from these bushes is used as tar for tarring under the wagons. For lack of firewood the inhabitants sometimes cook their food with dried cattle dung or cook the omentum of a sheep with a little wood or dung. Sheep is what most of the inhabitants make a living out of; here they grow fatter than cattle.

Found everything at peace here with regard to the Bushmen. I was told however that further east they had stolen sheep from a certain Villier and had killed the herdsman. These so called Bushmen or Chinese have a famous chief called Koerikei, or 'Bullet-Escaper'. Veld Wagmeester Van der Merwe told me that, after an action which he had commanded, this Koerikei, standing on a cliff out of range, shouted out to him: 'What are you doing on my land? You have taken all the places where the eland and

other game live. Why did you not stay where the sun goes down, where you first came from?' Van der Merwe asked why he did not live in peace as before, and why he did not go hunting with them and live with them, (He had been living with the farmers) and whether he did not have enough country as it was? He replied that he did not want to lose the country of his birth and that he would kill their herdsmen, and that he would chase them all away. As he went off he further said that it would be seen who would win.

Since we have been on the mountain the weather has been cold, the sky overcast with a strong S.E. wind.

The inhabitants have very poor houses. In general there is an oblong room with a window and a door but made of reed so that it is cold and filthy. There is very good water here.

#### ***14th November 1777***

Overcast sky in the morning, misty rain and the wind cold E.S.E. but it cleared up at about eight o'clock. We could not leave before the afternoon because the oxen had strayed far. Departed first N.E., to the first level, thereafter N.N.E. Descending slowly for two hours, we came to where the terrain again became karoo, though still on the mountain. We travelled on to another plateau, de Koker's farm, called Twe Fontein, whereafter, at eight o'clock, we arrived at the farm called Soete River, belonging to Griesel, a Dane by birth. There was a fair amount of wheat growing on both these farms. They are good stockfarms, above all for sheep, as on the whole of the Sneeuw Bergen. It became much warmer as we got lower. Our corrected course today was N.N.E., a distance of seven hours. The weather has been very good. The wind, N.E. and N., was not strong.

#### ***15th November 1777***

Departed this morning about eight o'clock. Fine weather, fresh north wind. We travelled E. then S.E. and N. through the plains between the mountains, descending all the time. We reached the farm of Tjart van der Walt at two o'clock. After having something to eat we departed north again and after about three hours, with turns, we came to the farm of Willem Burgers, descending in the same manner through the plains. Here we were overtaken by a heavy thunderstorm from the north so that we lingered here for three hours. There was a violent whirlwind and the claps of thunder followed the lightning like gunshots. There was also a little rain. After thunder rain often comes from S.E. The wind veered to the east today. Cool weather. Thereafter having first gone through a boggy marsh for four hours in beautiful moonlight, we arrived at the last farm. Three Fountains ... Kraane Valey. (There were 20 of them here. The farmer said that sometimes 400 cranes were together.) It belongs to Stephanus Smit. This farm is situated in a very widely extended plain although we still have to descend even more to the north.

We have the so-called Kleine Tafelberg in the W.N.W. at a distance of half an hour and the Renoster Berg 7 to 8 hours in the E.S.E. Our corrected course today was N.E., a straight distance of about 7 hours.

On 12th examined a Hottentot woman. Found that it was formed approximately like the others but that the two labia hanging down were each three inches long. The skin was very elastic and hanging loose. They were each an inch wide and a quarter of an

inch thick. However I was able by pulling to extend the width to an inch and a half without losing any of its length. It appears like two wings.

Yesterday obtained the skin of an animal which, to my great sorrow, was damaged, lacking claws, tail and teeth. Its basic colour was white, and yellowish, spotted like a leopard but with a mane. It was about five foot long and the farmers call it a lui-part. They say it has a tail like that of a tiger, so-called here. But it did not have retracting nails like a dog and is not dangerous.

Everywhere here one finds drawings of the Hottentots on the rocks; of people, animals etc, even in the Camdabo on Opperman's farm. The Farmers call them the Oeswana Hottentot People or Chinese. For this reason I do not know what to believe of the Dgaawas People mentioned in Beutler's journey. They speak Hottentot but their dialect as well as many words, though pronounced with clicks, differs from the others, so that they do not understand each other much.

15<sup>th</sup> Saw a few springbok and rietbok today, also an ostrich, which was the first I have seen going up a mountain (but quickly returned to the plain). Today the country was mostly grassy with the same clay everywhere but sometimes karoo. Also the lower we got the more flowers: irises, mesembryanthemums, moreas and many blue violas.

### **16th November 1777**

Fresh, north wind in the morning, cold weather, overcast sky. A little dew. Left for the mountain range S.S.E., a distance of an hour, towards a broken-down Hottentot kraal, named De Schanse Kraal. Arrived after a distance of two hours at the foot of a mountain. Their hiding place was in the highest crags of this. Climbed to the top and after a quarter of an hour's climb reached the cliff which jutted out and formed a shallow but long hollow. Here we found the horns of oxen that had been eaten and other bones. Here for the first time I saw their drawings on the rocks. Some of them were fair but as a whole they were poor and exaggerated. They had drawn different animals, mostly in black or red and yellow; some people too. I can easily understand why it is said that they have drawn unknown animals because one had to make many guesses as to what they were. Made a drawing of the best, where the cave lay deep in baboon droppings and left for our wagons.

Walked beside the father, Stephanus Smit, behind the body of his young son who died yesterday. We buried him in an old gin barrel out in the open country. Departed N.E. at one o'clock. Our company now consists of 25 persons (of which 13 are Hottentots), in four wagons. These people have the habit of making a journey now and then to shoot for hippopotamus bacon, bringing it back with them. They were now travelling with me as we descended slowly, almost unnoticeably, across wide flat countryside, half karoo and half grass, which they call 'broken veld'. It is believed to be the best because sheep prefer the shrubs and cattle the grass. We left the Rode Bergen, which is separated from the Renoster Berg by a small pass, on our right hand, a distance of 6 to 7 hours and at seven o'clock reached the so-called Champagnes Poorts River. This is a small stream that comes from the Sneeuw Bergen and flows north into the Zeekoey River, half an hour from this place, where a certain Van der Walt was killed by a poisoned arrow in a fight with Hottentots one and a half years' ago. We pitched our tent by the river in a meadow rich in grass and slept soundly not being aware of any Hottentots or wild animals, the cattle tied to the wagons. Our course to here was N.E. by N.E., a straight distance of five hours. We could see, although we were now beyond the actual Sneeuw Bergen, that we were still on the foothills of these mountains. It snows here as well, on some of the very low

mountains situated here and there on these plains. But it snows at Stephanus Smit's, more because he is closer to the high places. I can now see that people have exaggerated about the snow as it falls only one or two feet, except in hollows when there is a whirlwind. Up to this point we have seen some springbok, kwaggas and gnus, also hares. We shot a bird that was the size and likeness of a dove. It was light grey with a spur on each of its wings. In addition it was black and white, the head mostly white, its nature is that of a plover. Walking across the damp places the weather was very beautiful today. The wind veered with the course of the sun.

We ate some buffalo tongue which tasted somewhat of tobacco and it probably had been put into a tobacco-bag. All three of us who ate it became sick. It caused me to vomit violently whereupon I became better.

### **17th November 1777**

A heavy misty dew in the latter part of last night which the sun drew up one hour after sunrise. Up to here every night has been cold, especially the latter part. No cloud above the horizon except on the Sneeuw Bergen which here appear low. It became very hot with a light south east wind.

Seven of us left early on horseback in order to look at the battle field where Van der Walt was killed in June one year. It lay an hour out of our course. The same was a stony hill where they concealed themselves and although the farmers shot many of them dead they were still not able to take the hill. Here the Hottentots piled up stones everywhere to serve as breastworks. When they encounter one of their enemies, they shout. 'Hoi, Ha!'. Found their abandoned kraal with about twelve or thirteen huts but nothing was standing except for dry bushes in a half-moon, protected from the south, and open to the east. Over these they hang mats. They lie in a circle round these bushes. There are as many as eight sleeping places in one hut. These are shallow cavities in the ground, eight inches deep in the middle, all close to one another, where they cover themselves over with their skins. Found some badly-fired pieces of pots which were carved ornamentally on the outside. Van der Walt was shot at 74 paces. Saw no skeletons and only one grave which was a circular heap of stones.

Saw several herds of eland, 30 and 40 strong, a gnu, and two ostriches. A male ostrich was sitting on a nest which was a flat hollow in the ground with 17 good eggs in it. We each took one. Went hunting what are here called eland. We hunted them on horseback, cutting them off and this day shot six and wounded two. What surprised me was that such a heavy animal, the largest that we got being 8ft 11ins long and 5ft 10ins high, made leaps as it ran, like a springbok, but not often. Think that these animals, if domesticated, could become fine draught, slaughter and milk-stock. It is absolutely not an elk. The old bulls have a russet crest, bristly and hairy, on the forehead. It starts black at the side of the nose, like a gnu's but not so long or so low. They have a band of rough, short russet hair to the shoulders from the horns, something of a mane, and a black band from the neck to the tail. They were mostly a dunnish-russet and somewhat slate-coloured under the body. Some of the bulls have three to four very small white stripes from the shoulder downwards, though not all. The young bulls have the longest horns. The horns of the cows are thinner, though long as well, but the bend in the horns is not so marked. They have four teats, no tear-ducts and a large gall-bladder. Could find no besoar. The feet and its whole stance resemble an ox very much, but they are higher on their legs and somewhat thinner in the body with a smaller head, and with a very thick, compact neck. An inch-long cartilaginous knob sticks out under the throat and from it hangs a narrow, nine-

inch wide fold to the forefeet. It has russet hair underneath, two and a half inches long. In general it is one of the most beautiful animals one can see. They differ in size and also in colour from one kind of countryside to another. It is an animal that although hotly pursued can be killed without danger. One rides right past them, cutting them off on the windward side, to which they always run. One jumps from the horse and shoots.

We arrived at the wagons in the afternoon and made camp. I ordered the meat to be fetched which we briskly began to grill. It is very delicious meat. The wagons had caught a type of fox, called an 'A', as well as a young so-called bush-pig with its large tusks and no molars. We saw several hares, partridges, kwaggas and so-called hartebeeste. Our course today has been four hours north east by north over flat countryside, descending, but this was barely noticeable, it was stony in places with small stony hills here and there. As everywhere the soil is reddish-brown clay but somewhat looser. The country is grassy in general with low shrubs here and there and almost no flowers, yellow and white arctotis and small mesembryanthemums. We found good water in places when it had rained but this dries up and becomes brack. Much reed stands by this water, as in Europe, and it is frequented by many waterfowls. One of the party shot two ducks with one shot. They were very good eating but small. We have not seen any wild people. It was the most beautiful of days today and as the sun became stronger so did the wind. The wind veered with the sun until it went down in the evening. There were many ground-squirrel holes in the countryside as well as those of anteaters; antheps therefore as well. All our hunters, with the exception of myself, lost their ostrich egg.

### ***18th November 1777***

There was a slight dew but it was a beautiful night and we slept soundly. The finest weather in the world with a small westerly breeze that rapidly became easterly. When we had all risen briskly, cooked and eaten, we departed in a N.E. direction. We struck a herd of 17 gnu which approached us out of curiosity but did not come within range. We started to hunt them but could not get up to them. It is a pleasure to see these animals running, their white tails standing up in the air, kicking out backwards as well as bounding entirely off the ground. They have a curious humour: for I saw one of the same chasing a springbok for half an hour. We saw several more herds of gnu, a few bontebok and some springbok, bush pig as well and hartebeest. It was not even though the wind was again veering north with the sun and causing a breeze. About noon we arrived at a delicious fountain where, very hot and thirsty, we refreshed ourselves and continued on our course without being able to shoot anything. Towards five o'clock we reached a spring which was very brack where we had to remain on account of the good grazing. We came upon a herd of about dozen eland there which we could not get near to but we managed to shoot three of them and let two of them lie to be slaughtered tomorrow, since night had overtaken us. We found a pool of better water which enabled us to quench our strong thirst. This place is called Schuilhoek by the farmers because a commando sent out shot at Bushmen here. Today from far off we also saw another two broken-down kraals, one called Butter Kraal because much stolen butter was found there.

Our course today was N.E. by N. six hours. The soil of the countryside was mostly covered with sweet grass. Here and there it was karoo and broken country, horizontal mostly but rising slowly now and then. There were almost no flowers: only a few arctotis and small blue mesembryanthemums. I killed a dun-coloured snake four foot

long. We found ground-squirrel and anteater holes everywhere. Wounded a gnu but could not get it. There were also bush-pigs. These pigs sleep in holes at night. Bushmen spy on these places, block them up and pull the pigs out in the morning. We saw some so-called jackals which are the nearest thing to our fox. The weather was again delightful the whole day, rather hot. Saw not one wild person. At noon we saw some vapour on the mountains, like small misty clouds rising from the ground.

### **19th November 1777**

We slept soundly but in turns, watching over our stock which we kept close to us. We had a visit from a hyena which did not come very near us but which howled loudly. There was a fairly heavy dew and it is the finest weather in the world again, without a cloud in the sky, promising a hot day. There is an easterly breeze so that I suppose the wind will again veer with the sun when it rises.

We saw low stones in long bow-like formations placed in the countryside with an opening here and there. The wild people place ostrich feathers, heavily smeared with buchu on these stones. In these wild openings the hunters lie in hollows in the ground; then others chase the game upwind so that it passes through these openings. This fox is different from what is here called a jackal. It was ...[sic]

Departed northwards on the level for about an hour and a half and then, descending for two and a half hours across low countryside, we came to a river where it was hilly, with reed and small bushes, and where the soil was loose. Although it was different it has nevertheless been the same kind of countryside and soil on this day's journey. We saw some eland and shot one of them, some gnus and springbok and bontebok, but only a few of these. We saw many hares which are small here. One of our hunters shot one, taking its head off with the ball, but it was sitting. There were also partridges and many vultures around a dead eland. We passed many of the aforementioned Hottentot shooting and hunting-places, also other shooting-places which they had made in a hollowed out anthep. Again saw the vapour over the hills which appeared much higher and broken. When we came to the river this had many deep wide pools and in places it had almost run dry. This is because over this whole countryside, The Agter Sneeuwberg, it has rained very little this year. The river comes from the Sneeuw Bergen, flowing first north then east to here, then, say the wild people, it again flows north into the Gariëb or Great River. We called this river, which had sweet but little water, after his Excellency, the Plettenbergs River. We found the prints and droppings of many (here called) sea cows, actually hippopotamus. We also saw the skulls of several Hottentots who had been shot by a commando two years ago. They were unable to catch the wild people who crossed this river with stolen cattle, moving on further. The farmers shot some hippopotamus and then made as if to return, travelling back a few hours, whereupon the unhappy creatures came back for the remains of the hippopotamus and about 240 were killed. The farmers say however that it was they who first began to shoot at them with arrows.

At this river there were rocky reefs just like those at the sea and this could give one the impression that the sea had been here. I also found several mussel shells and whitish shells which the Bushmen fish up here. They also catch fish which are abundant here, but I was unable to see what kind they were. Now know that this fish is poor and soft and full of bones. The one looks much like our carp but with six long gills about the nose and the other looks much like our flat-fish. They make a type of basket of rushes which is deep and wide and woven with cords of crushed reeds.

They place these where the stream runs into narrow pools. Saw several old ones so I imagine that they have not been here for a long time. Riding along this river we saw three of these hippopotami floating, asleep in the water. We tried to stalk them but just as we were ready to shoot they smelled us up wind and dived under. It was curious to see them from moment to moment, first here then there, but upwind, the head sticking out of the water, blowing almost like a whale as they looked at us. I shot the first one right in the head at which it dived but I was using only ordinary hunting powder. As a result, our hunters said we should load more in when shooting this hardy animal. We wounded a few more. There were four of them in this pool which was forty foot wide and a quarter of an hour long. We did not see any more after this. One has to wait an hour before the dead ones come floating to the surface. Went and washed my shirt in the river as it was the only one I had, and because of the heat longed to have a swim but these animals can attack one in the water.

### Measurement and description of the hippopotamus **[heading only]**

About a year and a half ago, after they had been shot at, one of them bit a dog in two that was swimming here first taking it down to the bottom.

While I was washing, I saw something above water and walked towards it with my gun. I found it to be one of the hippopotamus that we had shot. It began to float higher and higher and was a dun colour. Hearing loud shooting downstream and not knowing if the wild people were there or whether it was something else. Since I heard more than ten consecutive shots, I put my shirt on half-dry and rode towards the sound. When I arrived there was a large hippopotamus, lightly wounded coming out of the river on the other side among the reeds. I rode up the river across a low place, and as softly as possible, approached the animal that lay there roaring furiously. After I had observed it a little I got to within four or five paces. It was staring at the hunters who were on the other side of the river. Afterwards I saw that I had shot it many times through the head. It was certainly a wonderfully monstrous animal. I shot it between the eye and the ear and a great stream of blood flowed out. It opened its great muzzle wide and bit on all sides in the reeds, roaring all the time. It kept trying to get to me but having had the true death-shot, it plunged, floundering back into the water. We saw it sinking, dead. It was the same one I had shot in the front of the head, wounding it slightly there, because the shot which was too small had glanced off its smooth, hard head. This was when the hunters had seen it trying to escape to another pool lower down. We went to the first hippopotamus and a Hottentot swam out to it, the remainder of these animals here being either dead or fled downstream. We tied a rope round one of its legs and went and sat on top of it and, floating in this manner, we drew him and another Hottentot, also on top, to the bank. With great difficulty the 25 of us hauled it out of the water, using the wagon sails as well which the oxen pulled. Measured the animal there, after having examined and drawn it. It was a cow.

Our course today was four hours northward. In general our course has been N.E. by N. from the Sneeuw Bergen to here. The weather has been very hot, the wind remaining in the north. Towards sunset there was thunder and lightning and there was rain at intervals during the whole night. We were very wary from now on mainly of hippopotamus which come out of the water to the fire. They can trample one to death. Although it has rained heavily the countryside is still absolutely dry and dusty.

A large tiger (here called) or otherwise panther sprang out in front of the oxwagon. It stood still for a while and then walked off. I did not see it as we had ridden away from the wagon across country. There were many small blesmol- or hamster-holes, as well as mouse-holes that make hunting on horseback dangerous.

### **20th November 1777**

We had little rest but heard and saw nothing. Although it rained at intervals with lightning, the countryside was dry. We went to drag out the other hippopotamus. The gusts of rain continued this morning with a light E.N.E. wind. Even together, all of us were unable to pull the animal out; it was a large bull. However pulling it to the bank we used 10 oxen to haul it to the side. Measured and drew it. We set to slaughtering it, trying, as much as possible, to preserve the skin because the cow's was damaged last night by jackal. From there we went N.E. about three hours down the river which flowed deeply with many bends. We passed a hole. It has already been said that the river is deep and fairly wide only in certain places. It has steep banks here and there which one can generally get to in shallow water using the hippopotamus paths. It has reeds, as in Europe, and is not like the rivers on the other side of the Sneeuw Bergen, where I have been, which have bullrushes. Where we found a hippopotamus in it we shot it and rode on further. When we came to a second hole in which there were five or six, as well as two calves, these were also shot. Many shots were fired however because if the first shot misses the animal it will only stick its nose out and although they do stick their heads out it is only for a moment. When the animals had sunk, which they do directly upon death, we rode back to the wagons. We found that the skin had almost been removed and we helped them further with the work. Examined the innards which are very large and as the whole animal is difficult and clumsy to examine it made those who had to help unhappy since they were not doing it out of any zeal, and this hindered things very much. I shall only here record that it had four stomachs, with a small *feuilliet* [omasum], a gall bladder and a heart with a closed *foramen ovale* [ovule?] which was a foot long, triangular, and eleven inches wide. (The testicles are large and under the skin close to the body where a bull has his.) We fetched the wagons and 14 of us, with great difficulty, loaded the slaughtered skin with the head and feet on to the wagon. Rode across a place beyond the Plettenbergs River where there was a vanquished Hottentot kraal. There were some skulls lying there and I took one for Professor Camper with me. At and about this river there are many stony reefs, as well as anteater. and bush-pig holes. It is bushier too with small shrubs so that we can make better fires than where we have previously been. It was only with difficulty that we were able to get shrubs together for a fire. We spent the night where we had shot the first hippopotamus. It has been very hot today with intervals of summer rainshowers and thunder in the distance but in the afternoon there was heavy rain, hail and loud thunder interspersed with gusts of wind all the time, lasting for a good hour but with the rain showers continuing. This all came from the north and north east. Ate some hippopotamus but the meat was very tough. Jackals yelped loudly around us.

### **21st November 1777**

It was warm last night with a light S.E. wind, also this morning. Has rained now and then. Calm, a light N.E. wind, cloudy sky. Saw a great flock of swallows flying overhead. Went to see what we had shot. Found five hippopotamus floating dead against the reeds. We gave orders to slaughter and salt. Went riding down river

another two hours with Johannes de Beer and my Hottentot in order to see if we could get any wild people to confer with us. We found old traps in places and heaps of old mussel shells. Saw some large water-crabs, also several holes which the wild people had dug out in order to eat ant eggs and young ants.

Remarking that I was surprised that we had come across no crocodiles, De Beer told me that there were large water-lizards. Whereupon I saw something lying in the water, gently blowing from time to time. I said I thought it was a hippopotamus; he thought it was no such thing. At this I approached to within about six paces from the same and fired my shot; at which it submerged, blowing. I saw that my shot had landed clean in the water. Although De Beer thought that it had been a crocodile, first three and then another hippopotamus pushed their heads above water, foaming as they drew breath so that we saw what they were. Shortly afterwards one of them came on to the land close to me. I did not want to shoot but rather to have the pleasure of seeing it run so I went after it. It ran at a clumsy trot, something like a pig, its head bent over forward a little. A man can overtake it but he must be very nimble on his feet. De Beer says that the same can gallop for a short while, but even so, clumsily. It ran towards another pool in the river, into reed, wounded most probably in the nose. When they are chased they do not generally keep to the land but rather go through reed or where there is marsh or water, from one pool to the other. Two of them did this but the fourth one came to the surface and while it was looking at De Beer I had time to approach it and to kill it with one shot between the eye and the ear. We saw that it was dying by the way it thrashed about and sank to the bottom. Whereupon we now had as much bacon as we could load. For this reason we did not want to do any more shooting although the further north east one goes, the fuller this river is of these animals. On account of its sunken bed one can only see this river from twenty to thirty paces away. At times it must rise mightily as one can see from what has been washed up on its many bends. It has many fish but of poor quality and many sorts of water fowl.

Went back to examine the innards of this animal once more and spent the rest of the day doing this and found that the only food it had digested was chewed grass or reed. This lay in each bag of the stomach and differed in colour. Its dropping is short rather than long and more like that of an ox than anything else, so that it appears to be half a ruminant or like an animal in between the ruminants and horse-rhinoceros (or elephant).

It rained all night from the N.W. and N. There was thunder now and then and rain. Our hunters discovered the footprints of a herd of eland and buffalo close to us. I did all I could to persuade them not to do any more shooting. They said they still could make use of skins and opened fire on them, killing another six of these animals, as well as another hippopotamus. Today we had already slaughtered four hippopotamus, and we let a cow be salted that had a calf inside her. All carry one calf only. Cannot determine the length of their pregnancy. We took the size of the large bull that was shot the day before yesterday. The others were not as big. The one female had sweet milk in her two small teats, which were now a little larger though the udder was not hanging down. Towards evening one of our Hottentots saw a wild or so-called Bushman-Hottentot going across country but was not close enough to call him. Saw one of their young here who was with a farmer who had captured him on commando. He was making a knife the natural way, in their fashion and cutting meat with it very well. It was a reed that he had splintered and every time that it became blunt he would pull off another piece with his teeth.

The long-legs were a nuisance this evening but they are not as bad as they are in Holland, though of the same kind.

### **22nd November 1777**

We again had heavy thunder from the north west last night with a heavy shower of rain. Because my tent had an iron spike a wet skin was thrown over it. Our dogs were very restless so that wild animals must have been close by, attracted by the strong smell of the dead animal. We hear jackal every night. From the morning on it was beautiful weather with a cool, fresh western wind. We went to slaughter the remaining hippopotamus. (Dug out the so-called stones which are bones around the eyes.) We have now shot nine in all, three bulls and six cows, two of which were only more or less fully-grown calves. Time prevented me from opening the others but would estimate that more were pregnant. According to the evidence of the farmers more cows are normally shot than bulls. Whether the bulls chase others away from a hole because they fight hard together or whether there are fewer bulls born, I do not know for certain but believe the former because the two calves were bulls as well.

Across the Plettenbergs River to the N.N.E. lies a mountain range that stretches east and west for a distance of six hours. It is not as high as the mountains around here. The Hottentots call this the Gordon's Bergen and it is said that there are also Hottentots living there. We have ridden backwards and forwards and have not seen a single one of them but I have found some poisoned arrows and a short assegai, probably abandoned in haste. I fired a shot in the night because the dogs were barking. Hearing this the farmers said that the Bushmen had been spying on us last night. Could not persuade my travelling companions to go any further. They said they were afraid the Bushmen would make off with their stock at home. For this reason, when we were ready in the afternoon, we departed S.S.W. We had been further out into this region, further even than any commando, and our Hottentots had not seen more than one wild man. The veld we travelled through was once more full of grass and a little greener due to the rain. Layers of rocks on the hills. Continuing for a further five hours, very little [indecipherable], we saw some gnus and shot a bull from among them, We caught a hare. They resemble those in Europe but are a third smaller. We also caught a so-called steenbok. Seeing a herd of kwaggas, we gave chase to them but they ran too fast. One of the herd a young one, broke away and we chased up close to it. The poor animal, which was about a year old, ran with the horses (without our haltering it) to the camp, calling for its mother with a yelp that sounded like a jackal's. We found a large, deep brack spring, surrounded by low reed full of waterfowl and old hippopotamus footprints. We chased two hyena out but they were too fast for us and we shot at an otter. Here we made camp. We have had a fine cool day today with a W.N.W. wind. We saw smoke coming from a far-distant hilly range to the right of us. This was the wild people making a signal, so the farmers said. We also saw some springbok and partridge. This spring was called Gordon's Fontein. The longlegs were a nuisance again. But the wind changed to the south and it became cool and they went away.

### **23rd November 1777**

We had it very cold tonight with a fresh S.E. wind which kept on blowing. The dogs were very restless but we heard nothing except for the cry of an old kwagga which sounded like a small dog barking far off. The aforementioned Roode Bergen extend to here with hills that are called the Schuijshoek. The aforementioned spring runs on

its western side and flows into a small river. We named this stream the Jager's; it also bears my name. When the young kwagga had been sketched, the horses went to the water and it then ran away into the countryside. Departed S.W. by S. and reached the road we had come on but now we rode more to the right. We saw many gnus, some springbok and bontebok. We shot at two springbok (with one shot) but only got one of them. The so-called blind-flies were a great nuisance to us. We arrived completely famished at a delicious and abundant spring which I called Princess Wilhelmina Fontein and here we ate our springbok with a piece of hippopotamus bacon without leaving a scrap. After this we travelled on further to the so-called Champagnes Poort River where we passed the night not far from our former camp. We were not able to find shrubs to make our fire so we had to spend the whole night without fire. The terrain was as before. The weather at noon and throughout the day was excessively hot with a calm east wind but it was very cold towards evening with a fresh S.E. wind. We wounded a hyena which we caught up to on horseback while galloping but it disappeared into the mountains. It runs as if it is rigid behind.

#### ***24th November 1777***

We were very cold tonight without fire. S.E. wind. Heard or saw nothing however. Were wet though with dew. Departed as soon as day broke, continuing S.W. by S. all the time. Saw very many kwaggas and gnus, as well as a fair amount of springbok and some few bontebok. After a distance of five hours we reached our previous camp at Stefanus Smit's. There we saw four ox-hides from animals that had been killed by the Bushmen's poisoned arrows, shortly after our departure. As they fled they took a further four oxen. We also heard that during this period they stole five cattle from a certain Krieger in this region. Departed, four o'clock S.S.W. to the farm of Andries Peter Burgers, after which we reached the farm of Tjart van der Walt, our best shot, in the evening. We had ridden hard the whole day with the result that some horses were exhausted. This morning we saw a so-called spitting snake. It was about three foot long, variegated, and yellow. It blew its head up to the size of an egg. Although the body was very thin it appeared to me to look something like a spectacled snake, a cobra. It moved with its head raised. Those who were with me were afraid to approach it, saying that at three foot it ejects venom which, if one has a scratch, is as bad as a bite. Just as I jumped from my horse to kill it, it crept into a hole.

Also saw a large fresh hippopotamus foot-print far out in the countryside. It will have to go 6 or 7 hours before it reaches enough water.

#### ***25th November 1777***

At daybreak we travelled further in a south and south westerly direction with more turns. Our road, across and over the Sneeuw Bergen, went more to the right than the one we had come on. Found it more stony with deep dales as well as heights, not so uniform and with terraces. More shrubs as well. After a distance of two hours we passed a small stream called Het Riviertje at which there stood an empty house. It runs into the Gaats River not far from here to the east. I saw a stork near it, the second I have seen here in this country. Heard that several of the creatures come here in March and April but do not stay long. Saw a small herd of springbok and a large herd of so-called hartebeest but not within shot. We rode on hard and about midday arrived at the farm of Karel van der Merwe which we had visited previously. After this we once again rode down the Sneeuw Bergen on our former road and about three o'clock in the afternoon reached De Beer's farm. This journey was

accomplished in thirteen days. The weather was pleasantly clear all today with a soft south wind. It was cool in the mountains but when we came to the lower parts it was hot. Flies are beginning to be a nuisance.

### ***26th November 1777***

Stayed on De Beer's farm waiting for the wagon. Most beautiful weather with a cool south east wind. Flies are beginning to be a great nuisance. Went out catching spring hares or Gerboas. It happens like this: this animal lives in the ground in holes, with tunnels like a rabbit, and usually close to water for the grass. It does much damage to the wheat which, because of the dryness of these regions, is irrigated so that every day water is led to the wheat and to the vineyards. Water is led into the holes of these animals which then run out of them and are caught by dogs or men while they are thus wet. Sometimes they are drowned in them. They also try to scratch earth from inside the tunnel to prevent the water reaching them. We could not catch any. They are eaten as one would a hare. The 'spring' is much exaggerated. The furthest they have been seen to jump is three paces. There are many of them here. Saw some Hottentots, both men and women, wearing bones or reeds 7 or 8 inches long through the middle of their nostrils. They were the thickness of a pipestem. The Bushmen or Chinese also do this.

### ***27th November 1777***

Most beautiful warm weather, light southerly wind. A heavy thundershower about three o'clock in the afternoon. Coming from the N.W. this lasted for a good hour. There were gusts of rain, whereupon the wind again changed to the S.E. with some rain. The wagon arrived from the Sneeuw Bergen about this time. I stretched the large hippopotamus skin out to dry, salting it afresh. Without doing this it would have been impossible to preserve the oiliness of the same. Made everything ready to depart tomorrow. At about eight o'clock in the evening there was another thundershower even fiercer and from the same quarter. The same continued for the night with heavy rain. It was still raining tonight with a south east wind which drove back the thunder clouds.

### ***28th November 1777***

S.E. wind. Rain in the early morning but cleared up at sunrise. Cool weather. S.E. wind. Departed two hours S. by E. repassing the farm of Cristiaan Opperman where beyond the Swarte River we saw a fine waterfall. We took a course E.S.E. for a distance of four hours and arrived at the farm of a certain Venter, where we first crossed the Swarte River (into which the Kleine Sondags River flows here) and a quarter of an hour after that we crossed the Gaats River, all very shallow. At eight o'clock in the evening we reached Greef's farm, De Fontein, where we spent the night. Our course was first S. by E. for two hours and then eight or nine hours E.S.E., always keeping the Sneeuw Bergen on our left hand side. These were first closer and then somewhat further but at the most a few hours away. But there are also hills jutting out which are closer.

We have left the Camdabo therefore and I called this place the Onder Sneeuwberg. On our right hand side saw only flat countryside falling away with some high mountains. We were travelling downhill as well to where the aforementioned small streams flow, after which we passed through karoo countryside, mostly flat but rising

and falling now and then. Here we saw great herds of springbok and a herd of about a hundred gnus, as well as some hartebeest as they are here called, but they stayed out of range most of the time. There were also two secretary birds and two jackals chasing the springbok. This whole countryside is well-populated by guineafowl. About half an hour from Greef's farm the karoo country becomes very bushy but the shrubs are not higher than ten or twelve foot. There are many cotyledons which are here called Spekbomen. This place is frequented by many buffalo, kudu and also lions. Six months ago they startled and caused a wagon-team to run away. This usually happens when oxen or horses smell an animal of this sort. We heard and saw nothing but the dog barked two or three times in this thicket. The climate was warmer here with whole swarms of flies, especially in the houses, which, had they bitten would have caused people to leave. They were already cutting grain on Venter's farm. The weather is pleasant but it was hot in the day and cold in the evening. Only when we had passed the Reusen Casteel did the wind blow S.W. It then turned S. for the whole afternoon and was a fresh S.E. towards evening.

### ***29th November 1777***

Fine weather. Cool easterly wind, the sky cloudy in places. Greef's garden was in very good order, full of flowers, vegetables and fruit trees. He has also planted a vineyard that was growing well. But the house, like most of them, was a small reed or straw hut with one room, and smeared with clay or cow-dung. We departed E.S.E. at half past eight and at a distance of one and a half hours crossed the small Melk's River which also runs south east into the Sondags River. After this, three hours further on, came the dry Vlakke River which runs into the Sondags River as well and then, after four hours, came the Heemraads River on the farm of Meiburg (at Bredecamp's). These little rivers all come from the Sneeuw Bergen which stretch to the east, and which we kept on our left hand side, first further and then nearer, mostly an hour away. We fed the horses at a certain Pieter Erasmus'. The members of the committee were three hours ahead of me. We rode on until we came to the foot of the so-called Bruijntjes Hoogte, called this after a certain De Bruin. It is a fairly high foothill that extends S.W. and S. from the Sneeuw Bergen. We crossed the Blije River between Pieter Erasmus and Court Grovelaar who live three hours apart from one another.

Whereafter we rode to the top of Bruijntjes Hoogte in two hours. This wagon-road is very steep at two places so that we had to make the horse-wagon fast while they rested. Twilight was beginning to fall when we reached the top. Measured our whole course to here E.S.E. After this we travelled downhill, dropping to the farm of Jacobus Potgieter, a distance of half an hour, where I met the committee members. We arrived at about half past eight. We calculated that it was a distance of twelve hours in a straight line from Greef to Bruijntjes Hoogte (an hour east of Potgieter). The Bosberg lies half an hour to the south west; it is a mountain that juts out and so called because a forest lies behind it, but it is all a part of the Sneeuw Bergen. The little Fish River comes out here from the north, about ten hours from its source in the Sneeuw Bergen. It flows S.E. and S. with many bends into the Great Fish River, a distance of about sixteen hours away. It is also just a small river. The terrain at Greef's was the same soil everywhere and all the same karoo. There were thorn trees at the rivers, many mesembryanthemums and arctotises in the karoo parts, and then grassy country again. At the Bruijntjes Hoogte it becomes bushier and there were many large thorn trees at Potgieter's. We saw very many springbok today and some hartebeest. We shot a springbok. There was a large flock of vultures as well, gnawing

at a dead springbok and among the same were two black ones. It has been the most beautiful weather all day but hot with an easterly breeze. We came across many flies in the houses. The wheat was mostly ripe.

### **30th November 1777**

Received my barometers. Waited for my Hottentots who were unable to follow with the wagon. Fine weather though hot, almost no wind, but what there was came from the S.W. There were fewer flies here. We fired off many shots in the evening to help the surveyor's son who had got lost. We also sent Hottentots out but they could not trace him. My Hottentots arrived with the wagons at about twelve o'clock at night.

### **1st December 1777**

A light dew last night. Fine weather. Slept now without a tent in the open. Very hot today, a light westerly wind.

A farmer brought the lost youngster back in the morning. He arrived at a Hottentot herdsman's hut in the night, neither could understand the other, were frightened of each other, together passed a terrible night.

We caught two basketfuls of fish in this small stream with one draught of the nets. There were two sorts: one looking like a large mullet and the other something like a stone-fish (though with scales) and called carp by the farmers. It was a flabby fish but tasted good. There were also some fairly large crabs in the stream. At four o'clock in the afternoon we had a thunderstorm with some rain from the north west. But it was high, **[continues page 40)**.

Description of the Oribi.

Height in front 23 inches.

Height behind 25 inches.

Length of the head 7 inches.

Length of the ears 4½ inches

Length from snout to tail 41° inches

Length of the neck 9 inches

Circumference of the neck 7½ inches.

Length of the tail 4½ inches

Had a small gall bladder like a marble. Had two flat hairy lobes behind its teats which smelt of balsam. Had oblong tearducts two inches long. Long hairy brushes an inch below the knee on the front of each foreleg. Is red with a black tail. White under the belly and chest. A black stripe between the ears. A black nose. White stripes in front of the eyes above the tear-ducts, also on the snout and under the throat.

Description of an unknown animal that falls between a kwagga and a wild-horse (zebra) and which was living among a herd of so-called eland.

**[continued from page 39]** coming over the mountains and lasted a few hours. Then the wind changed to the south east which usually brings some rain back again. Between evening and night very fine, cool weather

The dogs with me barked furiously last night so that some wild animals must have been near us.

### ***2nd December 1777***

Cool S.E. wind, fine weather. Was busy making tests on the barometer, as well as having the unknown zebra drawn and examined. This had been wandering for some months in and behind these mountains and was shot on 29th by a certain Adriaan van Jaarsveld. We got thundery weather in the afternoon, first from the north and north west with another shower from the south east. These came together and produced a heavy shower of rain with wind from the S.E. The wind went on all night with gusts of rain, dying down a little in the morning.

### ***3rd December 1777***

A heavy rainy sky in the morning, still from the south east. It began to rain heavily again at about eight o'clock.

Departed S. and S.E. and E. and came to the farm of a certain Prinsloo. It is right at the foot of the Bosberg, lying to the north. Saw a Hottentot game that looks very much like our knucklebones. Our corrected course today was E.S.E., a distance of three hours. Crossed the Little Fish River one hour east of Potgieter; after that it is still twice an half hour's distance between the two. We also crossed a river which comes from the forest and runs southward into the Fish River, in Hottentot 'Goer'. This farm of Prinsloo's has one of the most beautiful locations as to terrain that I have seen in these parts. The forests have very tall trees, principally yellow-, stink- and assegai-wood. They are all on the southern side in the kloofs and lie up against these mountains with the result that it is difficult to transport them. The terrain today is still all yellow and reddish-brown clay, with many stones in places. It is by no means flat country but very hilly, full of grass and thorn trees and abundantly watered.

### ***4th December 1777***

Very good weather: a clear sky in the morning with a cool south east wind. Climbed the heights up to the forest and found that at the foot and on the plain it was full of thorn trees, though as I came higher there were the most beautiful trees of the aforementioned kinds. Measured one of them which was four ells in circumference at the bottom of the stem and which had a trunk of about fifty foot, straight and smooth as a pine tree. They call these geelhout here; it is used for building houses and making furniture. There are monkeys here like those in the Outeniqua forest, as well as green wood-doves, called lories here. I was told that there were also green parrots with crooked beaks and many other beautiful birds, but could get to see none of them properly. There is also buffalo here but saw only two animals that looked like rhebok. Returned to Prinsloo's farm towards midday. The road through the forest was very tiring, full of thorns and very steep. This whole range is one and the same as the Sneeuw Bergen.

*On Potgieter's farm the two instruments each showed: 27 inches 7½ points. This was at eleven o'clock in the morning. The third was half-empty and broke when being re-adjusted.*

*The weather was of the very finest with a cool south east wind and not more than three or four little clouds to be seen on the horizon.*

*3<sup>rd</sup> The barometer stood at 27 inches 5½ points on Prinsloo's farm. The weather becalmed at six o'clock in the afternoon.*

*4<sup>th</sup> In the afternoon climbed the mountains behind Prinsloo and first tried the barometers at two o'clock. Both again showed 27 inches 5½ points as they did yesterday. The weather clear, with a soft S.E. wind on the mountain which I climbed with difficulty in an hour and a half. At five o'clock in clear weather both barometers showed 25 inches and 1 point.*

Climbing up we saw two buffalo and some eland in the distance. The top of the mountain was grassy with many xeranthymums which are called 'seven-year flowers' in this part of the country. When I returned in the evening at sunset found three Caffers who begged us for every possible thing, singing and dancing all the while. These were fine, large people with free, merry faces. Their chief is called Godissa.

#### **5th December 1777**

Fine weather with a fresh north wind.

Departed E.S.E. and afterwards E. and arrived at the farm of a certain Teunis Botha where we found three Caffer chiefs, Coba, Baberà and Godissa with some of their people. This farm lies an hour from the Great Fish River which has its source on the eastern side of the Rode Bergen, a branch of the Sneeuw Bergen. The Caffers appeared friendly and merry. They taught me several of their words and had a very ready wit. They pronounced my name clearly and appeared to make much of me. The three who went with us from Prinsloo's walked behind my horse for a while. I sang for one of them called Goroe a song in High Dutch. He managed to sing each line of the melody almost perfectly. When we had left Teunis Botha's for the Fish River one of them called Diensa pestered me to let him sit on my horse. In the end I gave up and helped him on to the horse. He galloped away briskly ahead of us to the Fish River to where the wagons had gone and left me with about thirty Caffers to tramp after him, and it was very hot. They are the freest, merriest people I have ever seen, and the most fond of begging but not, on the whole, thievish. Their language is liquid with almost no difficult words to pronounce. They speak very swiftly and in a heavy, manly tone, generally with a heavy emphasis on the one but last syllable of the word, usually long-drawn out.

Reached the Great Fish River at noon which one can almost cross dry-shod at this point. It did have large hippopotamus holes however where some of these animals are still living. Like the Little Fish this river also drops steeply and becomes broad and impassable with heavy rains. We went fishing with the nets but the stones prevented us from drawing it in. Sat in the middle of the Caffers with their chiefs, the greatest of whom is Coba. This particular man was about thirty five years old, stocky and well-built, with a truly martial face. He taught me various words and their names which I wrote down. Whereupon I repeated them which astonished them greatly, sticking their fingers into their mouths and laughing heartily. Then one of them came with some others and called out names, of some of their women and girls as well, and

when I had written them down he took the paper and made as if he was reading, repeating some of their names by guess-work. At which the othes gave a hearty laugh. I made a present of a fat wether to each chief and they also got some tobacco and presents from the committee members; in addition Coba got a grenadier's cap. They slaughtered the sheep by cutting their throats and began a dance which was most strange with its various changing movements. They formed up into a platoon with six or seven in a rank but the two foremost ranks faced the next two, or turned right around. Most of them remained on their toes, singing while moving their bodies which they did by balancing heavily on their toes, and shaking their heads with jerks. One of them sang the words and directed the music, the others mostly hummed, strongly exhaling the breath from their chests, then all together, in time, as they jumped off the ground. Then the ranks moved a little apart from each other and then together again, whistling. Most of the time they kept close to one another, armed, pushing their sticks up and down. Then, when the dance which had been performed by males only had lasted some time, some women and also some men went clapping around the others, producing a sling or large figure of eight as they turned around. Some of them also left the platoon at times and made all kinds of movements, after which they again went back and began to dance with the greatest zeal. It was curious to hear some amongst them whistling while dancing and singing. They do this through the teeth, very sharply like the cry of a finch and I danced with them which gave them great pleasure. Some of their wives were dancing and singing all the time outside the wings of the platoon and made a pleasant melody with the beat of a *contredanse*. When the sweat had broken out on all sides and one had a bleeding nose they broke away and after they had wished us 'Cabe" or 'Good day' went off to their kraal which lies half an hour to the north from here. I remained with the others.

Our course today was E.S.E., four hours. All grassy country with thorn-trees; yellow, clayey soil. Very warm, fine weather, northerly wind.

*Cokesi is the name of the dead Caffer, the herdsman. The Chief is called by de ei Vaka. Description of the Caffers . [Notes on separate page]*

### **6th December 1777**

Fine weather. Fresh south wind. From morning we again had the Caffers with us. Gave them some trinkets once more and for a prize let them throw their assegais at a sheep skin on a pole from 60 paces. This they did very badly: in general their throw reached only that far though some of them threw up to 80 paces. Their chief Coba threw about this distance and fairly close but in many throws none of them hit the skin. Eventually one, Diensa, threw well over the measure, hitting the pole. The others missed it even at 30 paces. They also gave a display of how they hunted which consisted in running backward and forward, jumping, and throwing assegais. after this they portrayed the animal dead. They started their barbaric song in a round circle around it, all in a deep humming voice which is their usual tone but which is more affected when they sing. They keep to a measure but without much melody. They formed up again for their dance which is called 'Conlocanjati' and pulled me into it once more, holding me under the arms. They started to sing their 'Ombe Mackai' and as on the previous day we finished up the dance briskly. After this I went with them to Godissa's kraal who did not come today because Coba had been given more than him. Coba came with me, on foot, teaching me Caffer, leaning on my shoulder now and then, and I on his. When we approached the kraals two of his young wives

walked behind us. There were 13 huts in all, which stood here and there, made of wood, reeds and little mats, just like a Hottentot hut, round with low openings. Nevertheless, they were so placed in the thorn-trees that each family was close to the other. They had five cattle-kraals close to their huts, made just like those of the Hottentots or farmers with thorn-branches and posts placed in a circle in order to prevent the cattle from getting out. Each family had its own cattle. Saw a Caffer woman playing on an instrument just like those that the Madagascans have, a circular bow made of reed or wood, strung with one string with a calabash on it. She struck the string with a little piece of wood and made some tunes. Since Godissa had not appeared I asked for him. Eventually he did come and I asked for something to drink. They brought me sour, thick milk in a little basket of closely-woven rushes. Coba drank first out of a scoop which was woven in the same way, placing the same in the milk and then showed this to me whereupon I drank. It appeared that they had an order of rank because Diensa, whom I made much of, did not dare to serve himself but requested me for a spoonful, which I gave him. Godissa was solemn and had me asked why I had called him. I had him told that it was custom in my land that when one was visited one then paid a return visit, whereupon he said no more. Since it was already late I left their village for the Fish River. Saw some of their fields which are small dug-over gardens which they plant with pumpkins, maize, tobacco and dagga. Some of their daughters and wives with small boys walked along with us. They took great pleasure in our horses, especially in watching them go fast. (The Caffers use oxen as well for riding and use them even when they are 2 years old.) When we reached the river there were still some Caffer women with us. I gave them a present of some tobacco and then some of the interpreters who were with us chased them off home.

#### ***7th December 1777***

Some drizzle, the air misty with a south east wind. Took leave of the Committee members who were travelling towards the sea in order to return once more to the Cape. In order to further continue the journey I had planned, I went to fetch my wagon which I had left five hours from here so as to rest the oxen a little. Went once more through the Caffer village giving Godissa and Coba some tobacco, Godissa is now better contented. Gave Coba two pieces of tobacco for two of his kraals that lie over the river. Had promised to do this yesterday but had forgotten to give them. They were all astonished at this, as well as at my double-barrelled gun and pistols. After I had taken leave of them I rode off. After a slight delay Godissa and Coba again came towards me so that I stopped. Coba and Godissa shouted "Cabe', Gordon, Cabe!" and I grasped that they wanted some more sheep to eat but I showed them that I did not have any more. They said that lions had killed three oxen hereabouts in the night and then they both turned back. Shortly afterwards I also saw the foot-print of a large male lion but arrived at Willem Prinsloo's farm in the afternoon without having seen anything.

#### ***8th December 1777***

Strong N.W. wind. Some rain last night but sunshine now with a cloudy sky. The dogs barked loudly in the night and the cattle in the kraal were frightened so that there must have been wild animals there. I am making everything ready in order to leave tomorrow.

### **9th December 1777**

We were still unable to depart. Went to the forest to shoot lories and other birds but they were too wild. A remarkable thing about this forest is that the wild vines, called monkey-ropes here, are right at the top of the highest trees and reached to the ground. The root of the same stands or rather hangs, going up and down two or three times, like the ropes of a ship. Can still not understand how they can get so high or whether they have to grow up with the tree. Some of them are eight to ten inches in circumference so that one can climb up them. Returned once more without having seen any animals. When the wild grapes are ripe, which is from March to August, the birds are easy to shoot.

### **10th December 1777**

Travelled back towards the Fish River, somewhat S.W. Almost no wind or cloud, very hot. Again went to visit the Caffers and was received now in a very friendly manner but with begging as always. Went with Chief Godissa and his son Gona to see their crops which are up against the mountain. These are sown in places here and there between the thorn-trees. Their grain was still young and I did not recognise it. Also saw pumpkins, calabashes, watermelons and peas. Asked where they had their tobacco and they said they had still not planted it. A girl looks after the plantings. Arriving at the kraal I saw Chief Coba who was still paying a visit to this kraal. He was busy forging assegais with two or three of his people. Their hammer was made of iron and their anvil was a stone. One of his soldiers had a leather bag in each hand and at the front of this was a hollow cattle horn. Both of these were inserted into a pipe made of ants' nest (of clay therefore) which lay in the fire. When he pressed shut the bags, which were open at his hands, the fire burned more strongly from the blowing.

Drank some of their sour milk and we did a brisk dance. After this I left but a whole swarm of Caffers, with the chiefs and some of their wives accompanied me to the Fish River. Here they came and sat around me smoking but in the end their continual begging was annoying. While we were sitting there a hen-harrier came flying over, I immediately took my musket and shot it. They admired this greatly and especially when I again hit a smaller bird with the other barrel. They were not pleased by the report of the gun. My Hottentots arrived with a beautiful blue crane which I had shot this afternoon at the Little Fish River. Coba immediately asked for it and when I had given it to him he cut off its wings. These are remarkable because their rear feathers form the long tail of these birds.

He held these to his head and made all sorts of strange caprices and postures, saying that he wanted to use them in war. They returned at sunset. It has been very hot today but towards evening there was a fresh S.W. wind.

Tried out the barometer at the previous camp on Prinsloo's farm at ten o'clock in the morning. Fine weather, a soft S.W. wind, almost no clouds. Got 27 inches and 5 points.

N.B. If one asks them they say that their gardens belong to their chief, but they all eat from it. Painted them ...[sic]

The Swede, Mr. Sparmann reached the Fish River here with Potgieter and then went along the Bosjemans River and returned to Cape Town the same way they had come.

### **11th December 1777**

Cleared up at sunrise. The two chiefs again came to visit me. Gave each of them a dog and a sheep. Had a painting done of myself and gave it to Coba. Had him and his wives painted. Saw him washing his hands with fresh cowdung this morning. Took leave of them and made a tour, alone on horseback, across the Fish River. Saw some more bands of Caffers. Returned before midday, crossing the Fish River a little lower down. The country through which I rode was hilly, with loose reddish-brown clayey soil and grass and thorn-trees. The Sneeuw Bergen or rather the range that extends forward from them comes, as it were, to an end here, gradually becoming lower in certain places but across the Fish River the mountains extend behind, further eastwards, together with a subsidiary of the river, though they are not high.

Departed north east alongside the right bank of the Great Fish river, called 'Oebaa' by the Caffers, An hour from Erasmus' farm on the river (where there was nobody at home, only some Hottentot women to do the milking) we came to an opening in the mountains lying in a basin and saw where the Fish River makes large bends. Going N.E., we crossed a low mountain and came to the farm, where we found a man called Esterhuisen in charge and heard that it belonged to a certain Prinsloo. We rode across the river at this place and thereafter went on further eastwards through hilly, grassy countryside with the usual reddish-brown clayey soil everywhere. Here we saw a springbok and two so-called hartebeest. We also saw for the first time a bird that looked like a skylark which kept hovering in the air and singing, though not as sweetly as our European skylark. At sunset we arrived at the farm of a certain Kruger. We were now three hours from De Conap. This farm has one of the most beautiful and romantic sites that I have ever seen. Against the mountain and in the kloofs there are forests of yellow-, stink-, assegai-, iron- and other woods and the countryside is green with grass and thorn-trees though there are few flowers.

Our corrected course today has been E.N.E., four hours in a straight line, but it took us a good six hours because of turns. The wind became stiff south easterly in the afternoon with gusts of rain. Cold weather today, we were nevertheless sorely pestered by flies in great swarms. Whenever we came to a cattle kraal they flew at me and kept flying around me. My wagon has to reach the so-called Koks Kraal on the other side of the Fish River and wait for me there since I have ridden here on horseback.

### **12th December 1777**

Hazy weather with moisture coming from the S.E. At daybreak rode off eastward beside the mountains. After an hour's riding, passed four Caffer chiefs with their kraals, Coba who was on a hill, Deca somewhat below him, Babera further on and finally Serambane who was at the stream called Agha Lei. I planned to visit them when I passed back this way and in order not to be pestered too much, I carried on riding at a gallop having only Hannes de Beer with me. Saw hosts of Caffer men, women and children. There were also very many head of cattle, the horns of which they fashion in all sorts of different ways, the skin on their head as well. Saw one of them riding a small ox through the countryside. Also saw a skull. They drag their dead into the countryside and cover them with a little grass. Only their chiefs are buried in their huts and this funeral has to be paid in cattle. We saw many huts, cattle kraals and their planted lands. They came running up to us and around us stamping, (many dogs too), and screamed out 'Cabe' 'Tabeca!' Their faces were painted white

and red. All had assegais in their hands. They quickly made way for us. I gestured to them that I would be coming back.

They were happy, whistling and shrieking, as they saw the horses galloping by. Rode east by south for a good hour more and then rode around a low mountain. These are the last farms, belonging to a certain Durand and one Van Aart. Last night the Bushmen stole 27 head of cattle from them. These farms lie on a tributary of the Coenap. All the mountains on this side are thickly wooded with the aforementioned species of wood, growing closely together; and in the flat places and hollows there are thorn trees, a few flowers and long grass. The soil is a greyish, reddish-brown clay with stones on the hills. We rode on hard for two hours east by south, grassy, hilly countryside everywhere. At a distance of two hours we saw the Coenap coming from the mountains to the north of us, in three streams. It had very crooked bends. We rode south east for one hour after which reached the Coenap. It is a narrow river, running over stoney ledges and at this point, where it was about thirty paces wide, it flows deeply and narrowly. It was the size of the Great Fish River. Crossed the Coenap on foot, leading the horse. The stones were so smooth that De Beer's horse fell with him, though the water here did not reach the knee. We rode over a hill and on a high place we saw, at a distance of three hours to the south, the place where Swellengrebel turned back. There are no Caffers there any more. He was not at old Mahotti's but at a son of his, called 'Hees' [**'Hoarse'**] by the farmers because of the way he talked. Our corrected course to here was east by south, about six hours. All the same terrain. We saw some hartebeest. We shot and broke the hind leg of one at the Coenap but could not get it. Saw many wild peacock as well and some springbok. Recrossed the Coenap and rode on west through the countryside. We saw many cattle belonging to the Caffers and reached the Caffers an hour before sunset. We were beset by whole swarms of them. We rode to Coba where we were received in a friendly way. He showed me everything in his hut. We let off some shots, threw assegais, danced.

They were astonished to the point of being frightened by the shooting, yet this is what they requested for chasing off wild animals. Departed at nightfall and reached Kruger late. This whole day cool, overcast weather; a south east and south wind. Light S.W. wind in the evening.

### **13th December 1777**

Fine weather, south easterly wind.

Three chiefs and a great host of Caffers came to visit us. Made them a present of four sheep. They were very merry and when we had had a long conference with their chiefs I let them see how our sending of letters worked. Sent presents to Gagabe with one of Gagabe's and Coba's Caffers. The Caffers were utterly delighted.

Departed west half north and in three hours came to the farm across the Fish River. Also reached a river that runs south into the Fish River and which formed a boundary, running north and south. Named this the Phrens River. Found the wagon here and sent the same north west along the left bank of the Great Fish River and rode myself northwards up the Phrens River to see where it ended. After riding for two hours north by east, climbed a high mountain range and saw that the same has its source in the range that forms a basin there. It is in two streams N.E. by N. and N.N.E. from the Fish River and at a distance of four to five hours. Went west then north west down the mountain and at sunset came upon the wagon and we camped by a small stream called the Kaukera by our Hottentot guides. We slept in the open air without tents.

Our corrected course today was N.W. seven hours. Fine weather, S.E. wind which became N.W. towards evening. The terrain mountainous and hilly. The same soil, much grass and many thorn-bushes. Saw many euphorbia trees about 20 foot high and 10 inches in diameter with square, fleshy leaves with thorns on the sides. I stabbed one of them with my hunting-knife and milk trickled out. Could hardly scrape the sap off my knife. We stopped against the mountain. We saw springbok, some eland and three bush-pigs. But although there is buffalo everywhere in the forests here, I saw none. Few flowers.

#### ***14th December 1777***

Fresh N.W. wind. Good cool weather. In the morning there were a few drops of rain on the ground.

Hyena howled around us but did not dare to come near, although we had no fire. This is because the kwagga kick and bite them in this part of the country and so they are frightened of horses.

Departed N.W. and when we had progressed for about an hour we saw a house on the other bank of the Fish River and rode across same, to it. Here a certain Andries Burgers was living. We saw some dark clouds coming W.N.W. out of the Sneeuw Bergen which we were now behind, in a large basin. Shortly afterwards we got heavy thunder with gusts of wind, large hailstones and heavy showers of rain that came up from the north west. (Fourteen days ago a thunder storm coming mainly from the west, pieces of broken ice, the size of a fist, fell.) The storm then moved in a half circle through the south towards the north. The wind started blowing from W.N.W. and then blew briskly from the S.E. It lasted a good four hours and when we wanted to cross the river, because the wagon was on the other side, we found this impossible on account of the strong current and the depth. After sunset the water dropped sharply and although I did not trust the river I suggested that we should cross it in the night, for fear of further rain. My travelling companions were against this, however, so we spent the night here. The drizzle from the S.E. stopped towards night. There are a few hippopotamus in this river, as well in the Little Fish and Coenap.

#### ***15th December 1777***

Clear, cool weather at dawn but the remnants of dark clouds on the mountains. The wind east. We rode through the river which was still running fairly fast but it was neither deep nor wide, and we dried ourselves off as well as we could when we reached the wagon. We then followed our course N.W. by N. and passed a cliff beside which the Fish River runs closely. Here we had to hold hard on to the wagon which fortunately did not overturn. After an hour we arrived at Van Staade's farm on the left bank of the Fish River. Since the evening of the day before yesterday we have had broken and karoo country, loose red soil, with ganna bushes, mesembryanthemums and euphorbias. We again saw the aforementioned euphorbia tree on the mountains, from which, it is said, the Hottentots extract their most deadly poison.

Took bearings from the corner of the basin to the Sneeuw Bergen in the S.S.E. and our whole course from Kruger, N.W. by N. Our future course will be N.E. by N. to the tip of a mountain near the Tarka. At this point the Fish River runs around the edge of the Sneeuw Bergen which here extend N.E. and then S.W. and S. to the aforementioned Erasmus. The river then goes north by west for a further 12 to 14

hours to where it flows into various streams from the Sneeuw Bergen. This is not far from a certain Meintjes and Willem Burgers, close to the Rinoster Berg, which I saw from the other side of the Sneeuw Bergen. But it also receives further streams from the mountains on this side of the aforementioned Rode Bergen. So far as I can determine here, the Tarka comes from the N.E. and flows from this point half an hour N. by E. into the Fish River which runs S.E. through the basin here with many bends until Phrens River joins it, running south. We went and fished the Fish River with a small net. Caught some fish, as we had in the Little Fish which were like a large mullet. There were many willow trees like the ones called 'rysweerden hout' in Gelderland from which hoops are made. The barometer showed 27 inches 2° points. Departed at half past four in a north easterly direction along the left bank of the Tarka. First travelled somewhat E.N.E. then in a more northerly direction and at sunset reached the place where we had to cross the Tarka. This river had steep banks like all the rivers but was narrow and not running fast and was much smaller than the Fish River. It runs directly from the N.E. to the S.W. here and it is said, into the Fish River. Crossed the same easily and made camp on the other side with dark approaching. Pitched the tent. Our corrected course from Van Staade was N.E. by N, a distance of two hours. The terrain is broken country, loose reddish-brown clayey soil. Generally the land rises gently. Many mouse-holes, ganna bushes, thorn-bushes and mesembryanthemurns. The cool, good weather continued. The wind S.E. and in the evening S. Dew and bright moonshine last night.

#### **16th December 1777**

Departed towards the mountain I had taken bearings on from Van Staade's. Very fine, pleasant weather, a cool S.E. wind. Here at seven o'clock in the morning the barometer showed 27 inches and about 3 points, although it was somewhat higher than where I measured yesterday. After a distance of five hours N.E. by N. we arrived at the last farm in this region. A certain Van den Berg who lived there had also sown good wheat. Went one hour S.E. in the afternoon to the bank of the Tarka in order to meet the wagon which was travelling on along the bank. We saw the same coming and continued our way N.E. with the same.

It was all broken country that we crossed today, as well as some low mountains that extend from the Tarka Mountains in the Sneeuw Bergen. On the whole the country is beginning to flatten out as it does on the other side of the Sneeuw Bergen with many flat places above but not so high. The strata and outcrops also show the same characteristics. There is little or no wood. We saw the mountain range that runs on the northern side of Cafferland make its beginning here, behind the Sneeuw Bergen. We had it an hour's distance from us today, in the S.E. As it is said, it looks just like the Sneeuw Bergen. This is the country that is called Dgawas land in Wentzel's map. But he did not travel as far into it as I have done here and I have not been able to find these people. The Hottentots who are on the Sneeuw Bergen and Fish River with the farmers call themselves there nothing but Cora (thus Coranas in the plural). All these Hottentots are called "'Hei 'Hei Tini" which means 'people who go without a covering in front of their genitals'. Saw some of them with the Caffers and with our farmers but they were all true, so-called Bushmen-Hottentots. Beyond the Caffers there is a kraal whose chief they very much fear. He is called 'Aree', meaning 'Left', because he shoots from the left.

In general they were lean and small. All Bushmen (or Inland-Hottentots) are called 'Chinese' by the farmers and so far as I have been able to observe till now they are all

the same people, differing in dialect according to their distance from one another. I have today seen several old Hottentot graves, which I also saw in Cafferland. In addition the rivers in Cafferland, the ones I have heard of, have Hottentot names. Think that the Caffers, as well as ourselves, have been spreading further out, for the Caffers say that they and all their stock come from the direction of the Mtamboenas.

Today we saw ostriches with many young, some hartebeest and two or three springbok and steenbok. The wind turned S.W. towards noon. Very fine, clear weather. My intention now is to go further north and see what more can be done. Jan Durand, Hannes de Beer and Hannes Meintjes are joining me in the journey. We have my wagon, ten oxen, eight horses and eight Hottentots. Because these people are at war with us we are very much on our guard. I shall do all I can to confer with some of them and see if this savage war cannot be brought to an end. About a month ago the man who lives on this last farm was hunting with his half-caste Hottentot and encountered one of these Chinese who was also hunting. The man was wounded on the head by a poisoned arrow and the half-caste in the nose. After great difficulty the Chinese was shot dead.

Towards sunset we saw something that looked like a lion. De Beer and I rode towards it and found that it was a wild peacock on an anthep, prancing. We made camp at the Tarka but we did not pitch a tent because the ground was too stony for the pegs. Progressed 6 hours N.E. today, although travelling slowly.

### ***17th December 1777***

Fine weather with moonshine last night. Was wet from the dew. Was aware of nothing wrong although tonight when visiting the watch I found them all deep in rest. As usual the horses and oxen are tied up close to us and every weapon is ready. Fine weather this morning and no wind, promising a hot day. Departed N.E. still beside the Tarka across plains. The mountains that still stretch to the north on my right hand are becoming lower. Where they lie north of the Caffers I have called them the Compagnies Welvarens Gebergte. The mountains close to this range which run on the left hand with hills up to the Sneeuw Bergen, I called Fiscaal Boers Gebergte, after the Fiscal. After two hours we crossed a small river which runs S.E. in to the Tarka from Fiscaal Boers Gebergte and I called the same Staringks River after the Baggage Master. We crossed here at the Tarka because the same runs too close to a cliff on Fiscaal Boers Gebergte. We rode past the cliff on the left bank. We were looking for a place to cross once more because I wanted to strike as much north as possible. After a long two hour's search I found another good drift which was a stone ledge with barely a half foot of water but a strong current. We unyoked by a spring on the other side which I called 'Charlotte's Fontein' after Mrs van Plettenberg. It was full of sweet water which was welcome since the hot weather had made us thirsty. As everywhere here it was surrounded by reed. After taking two observations with the barometer giving 26 inches 6 points and after having refreshed ourselves a little we continued our course northwards, hoping that we would soon shoot some game as our food is short. After travelling for an hour we shot an oribi at one of the reed springs. Had it sketched and I measured it. Followed our way over rising country and after travelling for two hours came to low stony mountains where we crossed, going through a pass. At six o'clock on one of these mountains the barometer stood at 26 inches 1 point. Beautiful clear weather with a cool south wind. Once over these hills we came to a reed spring where we made camp. There are so many swallows living in this reed that they blacken the air with their swarms. After flying backwards and

forwards they returned to their abode in the reeds. Our course from Mrs Van Plettenberg's (Charlotte's) Fontein was N., three hours. At the hill of the barometer observation measured our course from Jacob Erasmus at the Fish River N.N.E. We saw the northern tip of the Bamboes Berg at a distance of six hours north. This range is one of the highest and from this side has the same configuration as the Reusen Casteel (Giant's Castle) in the Camdabo. It seemed to form one range with the Compagnies Welvaren Gebergte. (The Tarka is behind the Bamboesberg.) Travellers have called it this name because of a reed that grows here and there in the kloofs. We have thus progressed seven hours N.E. and slightly E. It is rising countryside with higher hills than the Agter Sneeuw Berg but with the same terrain, now broken, now karoo country, though there are many stretches of purely grassy country with reed springs and rainwater pools. There are stones on the rising slopes but none in the hollows, many antheaps and there are anteater's holes in the shrub (Karoo) country or in broken, rough parts, and almost no wood to cook a pot of food. The soil is loose and reddish-brown and dusty without flowers. Where it is karoo there are some mesembryanthemums and many euphorbias. We saw some springbok, hartebeest and eland, but far off. The wind rose at dawn and was fresh S.S.W. Hardly a cloud in the sky and very hot. No wild people but could see their footprints and ant-heaps they had hollowed out.

### ***18th December 1777***

Fine, cool weather last night. Not a cloud in the sky, bright moon. Heavy dew. My dog jumped up three times and barked loudly so that we supposed that there were either wild people or animals around us, and that they had visited our camp several times but we saw nothing. My companions are very careless and prone to sleep, especially the Hottentots.

Departed north at daybreak. Fine weather with a soft N.E. breeze. Called this spring Tantalus Fontein because it was so steep that, although there was very good water in abundance, neither horses nor oxen could drink.

Saw some springbok one of which we shot. There was also a large herd of gnus with calves but we could not get any of them. Passed some pools of good rainwater where we let the cattle drink and some of which we took along for ourselves. Arrived at a place an hour from the Bamboesberg where we came upon a herd of eland, 20 of them with 2 calves. Gave chase to them, wounding four but only getting one. Stayed by a small river which was not running now but which had large pools of good water. As one can see from what has been washed up, it must rise steeply in heavy rainstorms. It has steep banks thick with reed. Here we had the plateau of the Bamboes Berg E.N.E. an hour's distance from us. Sketched this region. The course today is six hours north. The terrain is the same, almost entirely grassy country but not so dense as in Cafferland. I went around it in order to measure the Bamboes Berg. The barometer showed 26 inches on the plain. Coming to the mountain found it was full of crags, and that it was getting late. For this reason we climbed some ledges at the foot only. The mountain is the same size as the one behind Prinsloo's, Camdabo Berg, with the result that the level of the mercury will be one inch lower there. There were grass and thorn-trees up to the cliffs, otherwise nothing but stones. Riding beside it saw nothing that resembled reed or bamboo. We saw a large herd of hartebeest but could not get any. At sunset came to the wagon where we ate a good Oribi soup. For this reason I gave this river the name of Oribi River. It extends south with pools into the Tarka. When we arrived at ten o'clock Meintjes and I went ahead

to look for a place where we could take the wagon through and also to see whether the river came from the mountains which lay on our right hand side. Riding through thick, green reeds, through a pass between two stony hills, we saw that the river came directly from the north and riding back we saw that something had made a path in the reeds but we could not make out what it was. One of our Hottentots who came upon us here had seen a large male lion crossing here with several small lions. We pulled the wagon further from the reeds because we could certainly expect lion, seeing they had young.

Saw the path of a rhinoceros and its dung which looks very like that of a hippopotamus. We divided the watch and made fire. It was a very fine day but hot with a light N.E. wind. As they are in Europe, the mosquitoes were a nuisance because we were close to water and reed. Saw game footprints but none of people.

### **19th December 1777**

Saw and heard nothing. This night our watch was on the alert. The long-legs pestered us. There was dew and pleasantly cool weather. Our guns in the tent very moist. This morning a jackal yelped close to us in the reed. (We also heard something like people screaming.) Fine weather, a fresh north wind. We departed north. The country is hilly here like the Agter Sneeuwberg. Although one is here travelling continuously over country that rises (very gently on the whole) one can yet see from every point that the horizon to the N.W. and W. is closed by stoney hills which always remain at some distance. On the right hand one sees the tip of the Bamboes Berg which has been passed. To the N. and E. there are again more mountains of the same kind. They all look like each other; they have the same height as well and all seem to be joined together. However they do not form a regular chain, although the strata all tend to the horizontal, and have peaks and plateaux of every kind.

Saw two bushpigs, some hartebeest and eland. The ants here make very sharp peaks on their round heaps about a foot long, something that I have never seen elsewhere. According to the Hottentots, we have here passed three salt-pans which area good day's journey on horseback to the west of us. This is in the Agter Sneeuwberg where the farmers obtain their salt, which is always fine. One has salt even though rainwater has stood in it for only eight days. We also passed a place this morning where the salt struck out of the soil.

Two of our party who were riding after Cape eland, saw a dog following them, small, with pointed ears and which did not bark. They then saw a wild Hottentot sitting in the reeds. They called out to him and tried to give him tobacco but he remained sullenly sitting and watching and would neither come nor speak to them because he was hunting. Not wanting to risk a poisoned arrow, which he would have been the first to shoot from fear, they rode off. I was truly sorry they could not get him but I was taking bearings on a hill and they did not get back to us before noon. We made camp opposite a peaked mountain standing by itself which I called De Toren van Babel. It was about the same height as the flat Bamboes Berg. Saw here that the blue mountains I had seen this morning were one and the same *massifs* these mountains and without any gaps. It forms only one deep, half circle, the hollow of which faces N.W. and which is about as high as this Toren van Babel.

We had a thundershower for half an hour at midday with heavy rain. Departed at two o'clock, going further north and saw at evening that a foothill of this range, extending to the west, but lower and broken, lay right in our way. We also saw mountains at a

great distance to the west. Mostly we crossed karoo as well as broken and grassy country: the same terrain with some water holes. We had the Oerebies river till noon, still on the left hand side.

It rises in the N.E. somewhere behind De Toren van Babel. When we had crossed the same, the country became poorer, without water, so that I was afraid we would have no water this evening. Rode ahead with Meintjes to spy out the land directly north of us and to see whether we could get through this mountain range since we wished to continue due north. Found an abundance of rain-water. We made a fire as a signal and set forth into the low mountain range. We saw many hunting-places here as elsewhere in the countryside today. They are made of rocks specially placed upright. On our guard, we climbed the mountain and, although it appears that the pass is very uncertain, we shall attempt it tomorrow, otherwise we shall have to go to the west.

We returned before the sun had set and found the wagon at the water which, like all standing or hardly running pools, tastes better than it looks, having a reddish-brown colour like the soil. We made eight hours north today and saw many gnus, some eland, hartebeest, bush-pig, partridges and springbok but these were not in such great herds as in the Agter Sneeuwberg. At this watering-place, which I called Welgevonden, were the large kind of frogs. We heard them croaking but did not see them. The weather was very good and, for a few hours before the thunder, very hot. After the thunderstorm a fresh north west wind blew until night.

20<sup>th</sup>. Continuation of the journal of Captain Gordon's journey to the southern part of Africa which was started on 6<sup>th</sup> October 1777

### **20th December 1777**

Fine weather. Cool N.W. wind which veered through the W. and turned S in the evening, blowing freshly. Hot at noon. There was hardly any dew.

Saw and heard nothing last night. In the morning two so-called hartebeest came to drink at our watering place, which I called Welgevonden. We shot one of them, breaking its rear leg. We chased it until we caught up with it half an hour from the watering place and on our course. At the same time this animal showed us a path for the wagon. So we rode towards it, into the mountains, which I called Dwars in de Weg. While I was busy examining it and having it drawn, from afar we saw a few wild people walking on a ridge but they went away again. Took an observation here with the barometer and obtained 25 inches 3½ points. This was on a plain surrounded by mountains. These were not as high as the Bamboes Berg is above this place. After having made some turns N. by W. through the mountains, a true distance of three hours north, we came into a spacious valley in which there stood much green reed and grass. Here we unyoked since the oxen were unwilling to go further up the rocky, ascending road. Here we found some pools of standing water that were deep and oval and which must form a fair river in the rainy season. Tasted the water which was earthy but on climbing a mountain to see how we were to get through further on (and also to look for some wood for cooking) I saw another pool close to the first one which did not look as green. So when I again came down with a load of wood from old decaying trees, for these mountains are also bare, I found that the water was very good and fresh. Called this place Groenendaal. Made a soup of springbok and after we had refreshed ourselves we travelled further along this green valley going northwards, making a few turns through very stony, bare hills. After travelling for an hour we passed through two stony hills through which this river, or marsh runs, thick

with reed. Called this place the Reusen Metselwerk because the stones on these kills are very heavy and large. Packed loosely on top of one another, they lie in horizontal layers so that, had they not been so big, one would have said that people had placed them there.

We travelled a further two hours north through this narrow place and arrived at a large plain a good three hours wide and four long which I later called Sir Archibald Campbells Valeij. It was also full of reed and grass, but mostly an atrocious, sour grass as in all this region. We made our camp here. Our course was mostly north, five hours. The mountains to the north show promise of a pass. The terrain was as before but with a greyer clay and there is grass everywhere with many stones in places. We saw springbok and many gnus. We imagined we saw a rhinoceros but it disappeared. Found many good-tasting wild onions.

### **21st December 1777**

The dog barked loudly last night and the watch was very sleepy so that, doing my rounds, I twice gave them a fright. Saw and heard nothing. When the moon rose after midnight a heavy dew began to form. Very cold in the morning with little wind. At sunrise there was a cool west wind, very beautiful weather, and we departed north across the flat valley which rose gently most of the time. The mountains began to open out becoming lower on our left hand and ahead of us. We saw many springbok here and herds of 20 to 30 gnus but too wild to shoot. Rode up a hill where the flat marshy valley ended and obtained 24 inches 29½ points on the barometer. On the one however I got 24 inches 21 points and there appears to be some air in this one. We again travelled through a valley (a narrow one which I later called Lady Campbells Valeij) and saw a high ridge ahead which did not promise too well for us. Rode ahead to see what lay in front of us and arrived at a hill where I saw a flat sloping stretch of country. To the N.E. there were two high mountains, like the Bamboes Berg, and lying to the west and north at a distance of 10 to 12 hours, there were some hills but otherwise flat, greyish-brown grassy country. The wagon however could not descend at this point because of the steepness and the rocks. Went west along these same hills and found a pass which was negotiable but difficult to ascend because of stones. Near this I found a place where a wild man had lain, it was fresh and it was here that he lay to observe and shoot game. But I did not see him running off. We warned the wagon which did succeed in getting to the top with difficulty, after we had removed stones on the way. It travelled easily down the other side of the plain. Obtained 24 inches 6½ points on the barometer at this place. Having a wide plain around me I took latitude with an octant and got 30 degrees 55 minutes latitude south but cannot be confident of it. We unyoked an hour north of the pass (which Durand called the Schepmoed Poort) at a spring of abundant water which was so clear and cool and delicious I cannot remember having drunk such before. Called this spring Griffier Fagel's Fontein after the Registrar Fagel. After we had refreshed ourselves we continued our journey. We found that these plains contained many deep valleys which were like the dry moat of a large fortress. Springs surrounded by reeds were to be found in them and they were all very stony. For this reason our course veered to the most northerly of the two mountains which stand here in the plain to the N.N.E. but even so we had to travel through the dales. I called these two mountains Castor and Pollux. At sunset we made camp at a large, oval pool of water which was a good eighty paces long and twenty wide and which was surrounded by reed and grass. I called this place Allemand's Fontein after Professor Allemand. In the mountains and the plain today we saw many springbok and gnus, as well as

some bontebok but could get none of the latter. Saw later that they were much browner in colour than those at the Sonder End River, possibly even another animal. We saw some partridges, quails, hares and a jackal, as well as two oribi. We shot a gnu but because we were too far from the wagon we cut off the best pieces and the skin and in half an hour reached the wagons. They had seen two of the wild people hunting springbok with bow and arrow but they went behind a rise. One of our half-breed Hottentots went out hunting bontebok and wounded one. When I saw him ride out the two wild people ran behind the rise and on to a hill, watching him. I rode after him to warn him but he rode on. I beckoned to the wild people to come to me but they ran away.

The weather has been very fine with a fresh N.W. wind but it was very hot at noon at Fagel's Fontein. Went to Allemand's Fontein and sitting on a hammock passed a pleasant half hour until the wagons arrived. Saw many long-tailed and red Cape finches and ducks.

### **22nd December 1777**

Last night the dog barked loudly. Our watch was very sleepy but saw and heard nothing. Many longlegs. No dew, very cold at daybreak. Fresh N.W. wind. Departed N.N.E. close beside Castor. This mountain deceived me because the same appeared to be a single, mountain of no extent but when I had passed it I found it went on for three hours. We passed some more stones placed for hunting by the wild people and I now saw that these were so set as to resemble the heads of people and covered with buchu in order to make the game go into the gaps. They had placed ostrich feathers on sticks where there were no stones. This is why the game is so wild in this ostensibly totally unpopulated wilderness. Travelling on, the ground again rising slightly, we came to a pass which I called Ver Gesigt Poort; the barometer showed 24 - 9½ here. After the hollow we again saw a stretch of flat countryside ahead, (Castor was a quarter of an hour on our right hand) but saw that the fairly high mountains continued on all sides. (I called the place where the river formed one stream, Coblens.)

Braked both wheels of the wagon and still holding it steady we took the wagon down this pass and after a distance of three hours going steeply downhill over grassy countryside we arrived at a small river with pools of standing water. I called this Buffon's River after the great Buffon. An hour N.W. of here another rivulet flows into this river from the Castor and Pollux range. Castor and Pollux River comes from the S.E. here and flows N.W. with bends. It must grow large with rains as I can see from what has been washed up. We saw many gnus and springboks, as well as bontebok and two jackals. There were also so-called wild peacock and hawks of which there are many kinds in this country, swallows and blue cranes as well and the lark, singing all morning, but not as beautifully as in Europe. We continued our course for one and a half hours, first going north by east. Then riding ahead I saw from a stony rise that we would be blocked travelling on this course. At the same time I saw a wide plain to N.W. a good hour away with green reeds which meant water. Rode to the wagon and ordered it to travel to this place where we found a delicious and abundant spring. I called this Ambassadeur York's Fontein and the plain York's Vlakte after the Chevalier York at The Hague. So far as I could see from the rise we are surrounded here with broken, fairly high mountains with differing formations on the horizon. We made camp here as the sun set. On the slopes of the stony cliffs we found enough wood here to make fire, although we always carry wood and water with us when this

is possible. Our course today has been N. by E., a distance of eight or nine hours. All the grass in the countryside was rather sour. It had red and greyish-brown clay which was dusty since it does not appear to have rained much in these parts. The weather has been exceptionally fine but there was a fresh N.W. wind especially at noon, though there were no clouds. It was calm in the evening with some wind from the south. Saw many gnus and springbok.

### ***23rd December 1777***

We were very much on our guard last night because one of our oxen lowed loudly going upwind. Thus we were certain that there were wild men with stolen oxen close to us. When it was dark Meintjes and I went on to a stony hill to find out what we could. We thought we heard the wild men singing and dancing, I wanted to go on but Meintjes advised strongly against this and we therefore returned to our camp. My dog barked loudly but I heard nothing but a few jackals and a hyena. There was a little dew and it was cold. Fine weather this morning but hazy on the horizon. A soft S.E. wind that grew stronger with the sun. Departed N. at daybreak and after a few hours, when we had crossed the plain, we again had to travel through hills. When we had been through these we crossed a plain which I called De Beer's Vlake.

In the same there were two springs surrounded by reeds: the one to the east I called Durands Fontein and the one to the west Meintjes Fontein. All these places were named after my travelling companions. Half an hour later we crossed a deep, dry stream which we called Droge River. Now, once again, we had to go through hills and I rode up a fairly high mountain from where we could see that the wagon could easily travel through passes at every point and after that through a very low-lying hollow, sloping steeply to the north and west. So far as I could see the horizon was covered with fairly high, broken mountains, particularly to the N.E. Saw that our best course from here was north by west beside the western corner of a fairly high mountain. In the N.N.W. we saw a mountain that looked like the Toren van Babel at the Bamboes Berg. In the middle of the plain we noticed a long, wide band of green reed in our course and we reached this at about half past ten and unyoked. It was five hours north of Yorks Fontein. Close by, we shot a rietbok (A kei á in Hottentot) which I drew and measured. Called this spring Riet Reebokke Fontein; it had very good-tasting and abundant water. The barometer showed 25 inches 3 points. Found a long reed here which had a very refreshing root. Took latitude fairly accurately and got 39 degrees 12 minutes. We travelled on for about three hours N. by W. over this plain and it began slowly to become drier on all sides. The same soil everywhere so that on this whole journey our wagon made tracks not deeper than an inch but it was not a reddish-brown colour here and it is all grassy country which is very bare and dry in most places. Four of us rode ahead to look for water and saw some fires in front of us. The countryside, falling steeply away, promised nothing. Then in the flat stretch which was about five hours further we saw some green shrubs half an hour away, past the edge of the mountain. These we found to be thorn trees and all of a sudden we came upon the steep bank of a great river. It flowed from the east, a good hour to the west, through a gateway in these mountains. At its narrowest here it was about 225 paces wide as we saw from the flight of a bullet. In addition, it flowed as strongly as the Meuse at Maastricht. The southern bank was about 40 foot high and steep, though it was possible to get to the water. There was reed growing in the direction of the gateway in places and there were high thorn trees. The northern bank was lower, with reed and many willow and some thorn trees. This bank had stony ridges and coarse, shining sand but the soil in the river itself was clayey and vegetal. There were

reefs here and there stretching mostly from one bank to the other over which the stream rustled loudly. We called this river the Orange River; it is the same, we believe, that flows out at the Namacquas, the Garie or Great River. Since the sun was setting we rode rapidly back looking for the wagon and found the same at the tip of the mountain which I called Robertsons Macleod Bergen, after a friend. The gateway through which the river runs is in the same mountain. We found a good spring here which I also called Robertson-s Fontein after a friend. Here we made camp ten or eleven hours N. by W. of Yorks Fontein. We have seen many gnus and springbok today. Most beautiful weather but hot during the day with a cool S.E. breeze.

There was an abandoned camp of the wild people at Riet Reebokke Fontein.

### ***24th December 1777***

In the morning we rode to the gateway, having ordered the wagon to travel due north to the river and make camp. When we came to the river we saw some wild people on the other side. They kept too far away for us to see them well. They were lying down against a hill.

Fine weather. Fresh S.E. wind, no dew. Killed a cobra six and a half foot long at the river. Our Hottentots kept the head and the poison to use on their arrows, as weapons.

Saw many hippopotami in the river; they were not at all shy but watched us very inquisitively. They amused themselves by looking at us with half their bodies above water, mostly with the whole head above, and then by sinking under. They kept nearest to the other side however where the bank appeared to be more favourable. I had a fine prospect of the gateway here which I called De Oranje Poort. We went to the gateway which becomes narrower here and which is full of hippopotamus paths and signs of wild people. There was a multitude of crushed bones from varying kinds of game. There were hippopotamus as well. We were very much on our guard because it is thick with thorn-trees here and full of recent signs of the wild people.

The Oranje Poort, which is half an hour long and a good quarter of an hour wide, is a natural opening between two mountains. I dismounted among the trees and gave a Hottentot the horse to lead as I wanted to climb the mountain. I saw my Hottentot disappear in front of me, with a great cry. The horse jumped back and the poor fellow screamed for help. Going to him I saw that he was in a deep pit which the wild people make in hippopotamus paths to trap these animals and made so that one cannot see them. With the aid of a long stick I helped the terrified Hottentot from his prison. He was so full of dust that he could not see. They dig the pits 14 to 18 foot deep with an oval diameter of about six foot. They take the soil away in skins and then lay sticks across it, pushing the same into the soil on both sides so that the path remains level. Then they cover everything and make what looks like a hippopotamus foot-print across it with the result that one cannot see anything.

De Beer, the artist and I climbed the mountain which was eight to nine hundred foot high and we saw a large plain to the east, although there is a range of fairly high, broken mountains five or six hours away. To the north and north east it is all the same range. All these mountains from the Fish River and the Sneeuw Bergen are alike in formation, with grass on the tops and sides and a few shrubs. Saw that an hour east of the gateway this river consists of two branches, one coming from the E.S.E. and the other from the N.E. by N., though the one from the E.S.E. is the

widest. Called the second the Princess Wilheminas River after Her Ladyship, the Princess of Orange. One would be able to use a boat on this river even though there are reefs. Nothing grieved me more than the fact that I did not have a boat. Measured what I could see and saw with a spy-glass that there were many hippopotamus in the middle of the river. They had gathered there when Meintjes fired a shot, and came close to the side on which he was. Was so hot and had such an insufferable thirst that I chewed dry grass which is good for allaying thirst. Climbed with difficulty along a steep cliff down to the river where Durand and Meintjes were sitting. Saw 8 or 9 hippopotamus here, 70 to 80 paces away, lying and watching, even though Meintjes had wounded one of them at 20 paces. They asked me to shoot and I hit one between the eye and the ear. It was standing on a stony ledge, half out of water and because the shot was a mortal one we did not see it again. A remarkable thing is that these animals lie still in the strongest current where it is deep, apparently without floating, though they then have their feet on a rock under water. Stayed on this bank under the thorn-trees, lying and watching the animals for some time. Everything here enchants with the beauty of this river and foliage. One is accustomed to having torrents and brooks called rivers in this country. Rode alone beside the river to the wagon. I had shot with my gun and wanted to clean it. I therefore gave it to the artist to have it ready for me in a while. I had seen some Terra Natal fowl (which is a guineafowl in all respects) and several other beautiful birds and wanted to ride to a reef that showed a half-moon where the water foamed up against it, stretching from one bank to the other. I wanted to see if I could cross this river on horseback and spent some time looking at it. Eventually found this impossible to do on horseback. I then decided to ride away from the river and following a hippopotamus path through some reed on a hillock, fell unexpectedly into a pit which the wild people had made for hippopotamus, my horse going with me. While falling, I pulled at the horse's bridle violently so that most of the underside of its body fell below. Dust and stones fell on me from all sides so that in order not to smother I struck up with both hands and made an opening. I gripped the horse and began to beat it, working at both ears, closing them tightly, because I had heard that this was a good thing. The poor animal stood still, sweating in its death-agony and the suffocation of the pit. Being unhurt and completely in control of myself, I saw that the pit was eight foot high above me and that I had to make an attempt quickly because breathing had become very difficult, I therefore jumped as high as I could and fortunately remained hanging with my shoulders and feet in the hole above the horse that had started to thrash violently. I now gathered all my strength and worked myself upwards with three or four thrusts, like a chimney sweep. With one hand I snatched at one of the remaining sticks which was at the edge of the hole and where it was still firm enough to hold me and thus with every good fortune got free of the danger. I talked to my poor horse and the creature was calm once again. I then ran as fast as I could to the wagon and fetched people with a spade in order to save the creature but when we arrived at the hole we found that the animal had died of suffocation; the sweat stood like water on its body. It would also have taken us nearly half a day to dig it out. Since the pit was about 16 foot deep, it appeared incomprehensible to my travelling companions and to me how I had got out of the hole without help.

We let a Hottentot down into the hole to get the saddle and bridle out but it was so suffocating in there that he was unable to endure it until the saddle was loose. Eventually we did get the saddle and bridle out and nothing was broken. My pistols which were under the horse were also not damaged but the one had cocked itself. We left the wretched animal to lie here and went to the wagon.

In the late afternoon went swimming in the river which was deep and uneven with stony ledges and holes. Found I could hardly progress against the current. Did not dare to risk going far for fear of hippopotamus which are very dangerous in the water. This animal should be called neither seacow nor hippopotamus but river cow or bull. It was very warm today, the most beautiful weather with a fresh S.E. wind, blowing like the S.E. trade wind. Lightning at nightfall far to the north and across to the south east. No dew.

### ***25th December 1777***

Saw and heard nothing tonight. Fine weather, a somewhat overcast sky with a stiff S.E. trade wind and sky. Towards noon, while I was surveying the bank of the river towards the west, the wind changed to the north and went through the west to the south east with heavy thundershowers of rain. Found the bank of the river at this point just as wide and of the same formation. Saw some river-cows and recent signs of the wild people. To all appearances they have crept away into the bushes or have fled across the river. Saw here that the river flows to the S.W. two hours west of the Oranje Poort, though after a quarter hour's distance it again flows N.W. and then due west again, as far as I could see. Returned. The thunderstorm continued till evening but not as heavily. We have still not found the shot river-cow; it has most probably been carried away by the current.

### ***26th December 1777***

Fine weather, a cool N.E. wind. No dew has fallen. In the darkness of early morning the dog suddenly jumped up with a loud clamour. When we jumped up one of the guns that stood next to us fell on Hannes de Beer's eye, wounding him badly. Saw and heard nothing but walked along the river (keeping about a hundred paces apart as we always do on the plains so as not to be taken by surprise) we saw the footprints of many river-cows and assumed that it had been one of these animals. The water in the river was still muddy so that the river must be swollen by rains. Nevertheless it is by no means full. Since we have been here the water has fallen by about three foot and is still falling. The rainy season here is the dry season at the Cape as can be seen from the thundery weather and other climatic changes. In the dry season one should be able to cross this river almost dry-shod, using the reefs of which there are several. Sailing on the same at this time one would thus have to construct something in order not to damage the boat when dragging it. The river . . .  
**[sic. 2 lines following scratched out]**

The barometer showed 25 inches 6 points at the water. Found several stones in the river which resembled jasper and agate. One has to collect them from the soil under the water by diving. When the river is low it will be possible to obtain beautiful stones. While I was busy swimming and collecting stones, my Hottentot saw a river-cow (hippopotamus) on the other bank. With the result that we speedily retired. As we have not seen any at this place, I supposed that it had come to look for us. We saw some of them standing in the river with their backs out of the water but because their heads hung somewhat lower than their backs these hung down under the water. However they lifted them up from time to time and with their heads about level with their backs, looked everywhere about them.

Because there were no more observations to be taken here and because we were unable to cross the river, we departed after midday on our journey back. As I was

mounting my horse a bird of prey, called a white crow here, came flying above us and, on being asked to shoot it, my ball hit it right on the head, smashing it. They then called this place De Fraaye Schoot. We travelled on S. by E. and arrived at Riet Reebokke Fontein at sunset. The wagon however came much later and we had to signal by shooting and burning some reed. Very fine weather, wind from the N. all day but was fresh S.E. towards evening, blowing through the west. At nightfall lightning from the north across to the E.S.E. We saw nothing but a few springbok.

### ***27th December 1777***

Beautiful weather last night and a little dew. Wind N.E. this morning. Beautiful weather. We departed S.S.W. in order to travel over the Castor Berg Hills which we had previously crossed and also to see the bend of Buffons River lower down. The wagon travelling straight on, we rode over a mountain which I called De Wilde Berg, on account of the uncomfortable going. When we reached the top some so-called red rhebok came upon us. I jumped down and, while cocking my gun, fell over an anthep. The gun went off and knocked hard against me and I was also bruised in falling. We could get none of them which disappointed us, for both yesterday and today we have suffered from hunger. Through a kloof we came to a delicious spring which I called Onverwagt Fontein. As at most of the springs there is a reed here which is good and refreshing above the bulb on the lower part of the stem, though the bulb is bitter. We had to descend a steep uneven path for another hour, finding recent signs of the wild people. At this place we also saw that the spring in this kloof runs into the Buffon River which here flows with an inward bend around a mountain. There were also large pools of water at this place, though it is not running. But no hippopotamus. Crossed the same. (N.B. This river must flow into the Plettenbergs River and then into the Orange.) Waited for the wagon by a stony hill where we saw many of the wild people. Called it Het Wilde Casteel. On the rocks here there were some of the aforementioned 'wild people paintings', all of the same mettle. When, from a distance, we saw, the wagon reach the river, we rode to it and unyoked. After a two hour halt we proceeded on our course S.S.W., all the same countryside, and came to a spring an hour before sunset, which, owing to its round, green formation, was named Gordons Groene Hoed Fontein after my hat. Here we had Yorks Fontein three to four hours away to our north east. We used a much more level road here than in the up-journey. Half an hour on from De Groene Hoed we came to a spring which I called Graaf Bentincks Fontein, after Count Charles Bentinck. All in a flat kloof, an hour wide, we saw some gnus and so-called bush-pigs. Gave chase to them and wounded a bush-pig and a gnu but because it was dusk we could not get it. Made camp at a spring at nightfall. We called it Jagers Kloof Fontein. It was fine weather today but during the day it was hot. The wind blew across to the west through the north. Lightning from the N. across to the S.E.

### ***28th December 1777***

No dew last night. Good weather, this morning as well. The wind N.W. After a few hours S.S.W. I was on the side of Castor Berg, four hours' distance in all. We saw many gnus, springbok and bontebok. Gave chase to them and a half-breed Hottentot shot a bontebok at a spring, which we called by this name. Since it was nearly time to make camp, we unyoked and I found that this animal is the same as the one found in the Bovenland, at the Cape, though it was not quite as bright in colour. Here we again found a sleeping-place of the wild people, but for five or six couples only. Their

sleeping-places are like those of an animal: a pit three foot in diameter, seven inches deep in the middle, rising towards the sides. There was some reed in them and they each contained two people, one presumes a man and his wife. There were stones on which they had rubbed their paints and on which they had smashed bones to eat the marrow and there were also burnt reeds from their fire, since there is no wood here. Where there is wood there are three or four branched sticks on which they hang their provisions. When they move house, which they do daily, they take their mats with them, using them to cover the one side of their huts. Found some pieces of these here and there.

After we had satisfied our hunger in the most delicious way, we continued our course due south and arrived at Fagels Fontein an hour after dark. It was very hot during the day. The wind which had veered with the sun, turned south in the evening and it became sharply cold. We saw large herds of springbok and bontebok as well as many gnus. The countryside is starting to improve here and we are beginning to see more game. It surprised me that there are neither lion nor rhinoceros nor elephant here, since there is enough game and grass and water. There are no ostriches either, although it is mostly flat country. The tortoises have most probably been destroyed by the wild people who, to allay their hunger, have to eat everything. This evening there was bright lightning about.

### ***29th December 1777***

Fine weather but cold last night. No dew. Although there is no dew our guns become damp in the tent every night. Good weather, a fresh east wind. A very overcast, thundery sky. We shot a bontebok. Departed south through the Schepmoed Poort, past gnus and springbok and into the wide plains where we unyoked at noon at our previous place. We saw many gnus with young as well as springbok and some bontebok on these plains. It became heavily overcast from the N.N.W. against wind from the east. Departed, after resting for half an hour, so as not to be overtaken by the rains, in De Reusen Metselwerks Poort and in Groenendaal. We were immediately met by thundery weather, accompanied by heavy rains. Because of the cold and wet we were obliged to make camp in the Hartebeest Poort where we had hunted this animal. We had to dig a drain round the tent for the water running off.

### ***30th December 1777***

The wind came strongly from the south east last night, blowing cold with rain and thundering as well. Still dark this morning with only an hour's sun. A heavy thunderstorm again. Descending the Dwars in de Weg Gebergte the hailstorm was so heavy that most of the hail was like doves' eggs and the rest like ducks' and fowls' eggs and they also had the same shape as these and there were great pieces of ice falling as well. It lasted for about five minutes. It was accompanied by a strong wind.

We were in danger of being killed by the hail and we ran and sheltered behind the wagon. My dog stuck its head between the front wheels, lying thus out of the wind. The thunder continued for four hours, until the afternoon, but the rain came only in small gusts. For the first time in these parts we saw 35 ostriches, many herds of gnu as well with some bush-pigs. We struck out S.S.W. from the Hartebeest Poort and saw a fire, made by the wild people, in the plain towards which we were travelling. At about five o'clock we made camp close to this place which we called Chinese Fontein. The water was very muddy and reddish-brown like the soil. From far off we

saw the wild people, there were two of them, going towards the mountains. Took bearings on our previous camp at the Oerebies River, one and a half hours to the south east. The terrain everywhere as before, but very sodden from the rain. The wind south in the evening.

### ***31st December 1777***

After we had escorted the wagon through some low hills, we resumed our course S.S.W. riding ahead to the mountains after having shown them the course. Our intention was to ride straight to Van den Berg's in order to avoid the Tarka which would certainly have risen due to the rains here, as well as to make camp there. We saw very many gnus and some eland. The weather was still overcast with a N.W. wind: good, cool weather. Cold last night, heavy dew nevertheless. At midday rode west through a stony pass where there was very tall reed and a spring. Called this place De Riet Poort. We had a fresh shower of rain here, after this the wind was S.W. The reed was here the height of a tall man, and was above our heads when sitting on horse-back. We resumed our course, directing ourselves towards the 'table mountain' I had taken bearing on from the Fish River and after a difficult road arrived late in the afternoon at Van den Berg's farm, nine to ten hours S.S.W. of the Chinese Fontein. The terrain had the same grass, with broken as well as shrub country-side, and had some thorn-trees against the hills. We saw many partridges, hares and three large bush-pigs, as well as a herd of gnus. Some hartebeest with one gnu among them. The so-called bush-pigs, with 4, 5 and up to 8 or 9 in a herd, although generally moving on the plains, run so fast, their thin, little tails crooked in the air, that one cannot overtake them on horseback, even over a distance.

### ***January 1st 1778***

The wagon has not arrived yet but I am not apprehensive about the wild people; they are much too frightened.

Cold last night with heavy rain from the south. Overcast weather this morning, wind S.S.E. and cold weather. The wagon arrived at about three o'clock in the afternoon. They had shot a large bush-pig but had slaughtered it so that I could not examine it. The Hottentots call them 'Kouwnaba' which means 'earth-rhinoceros'. After we had obtained a fresh team of oxen I decided to leave at once. I was afraid of the water rising at the Tarka Drift, which normally after only six days of rain in the Bamboes Berg becomes impassable. Thus I left by the same way I had come. My travelling companions stayed to celebrate New Year. As soon as we reached a flat basin an hour before sunset in the Boers Gebergte we saw a signal fire of the wild people. It was on the edge of a mountain which we had to pass. For this reason we ordered the loose oxen to be driven close to the wagon. We prepared our weapons, and I rode near the wagon. Passing the spine of this range just about twilight and travelling beside cliffs we arrived at about ten o'clock in the evening at the Tarka crossing, at the place where we had slept on the up-journey. It was cold all day, especially in the evening. My Hottentot's son, Hoedies, a willing young fellow, and I tried the drift and found that the water was rising but that it was still very easy to cross. The water which we expected to be cold was almost blood-warm, in spite of the steep banks. We decided to cross in the dark; this succeeded well and we made camp on the other bank. Treated the Hottentots to tobacco, a glassful and a full belly of mutton and here we celebrated our New Year. The four Hottentots who were with my travelling-companions had stayed behind, so that I was now left alone with my own people.

### ***2nd January 1778***

At daybreak resumed our previous road to Van Staade on the Groote River. Rode ahead and found that the same was not very high. Here my travelling-companions rejoined me. We found nobody here except for some Hottentots. The farmer with wife and children had gone to Cape Town which they usually do once a year.

Letting the wagon follow its previous course, I crossed the Great Fish River here and rode to the farm of Andries Burger, where my travelling-companions were once more staying. Because I did not trust the Fish River I crossed the river again and came to the wagon. We pursued our course through the great basin, over the high ridges and across the large Doornbome Dal and at nightfall arrived at the Phrens River drift, a quarter of an hour N.E. of Botus' farm, and here we made our camp. The drift at this river is very difficult to ride into and out of. Have seen only two springbok and two steenbok today. The flies at the houses, however, have become an ever increasing nuisance. It was the most beautiful weather. In the forenoon and in the afternoon, towards evening, there was a pleasant S.E. wind. As we descended lower, sea air came through the pass and through the low range at the Fish River and it was hazy and very cold.

### ***3rd January 1778***

When we wanted to travel through the drift at daybreak the oxen refused to go up the steep bank, with the result that the wagon nearly overturned three or four times. Only after setting to and digging the road for nearly two hours were we able to first pull the wagon back, thereafter getting it to the top. We followed our previous wagon-course and crossed the Great Fish River less than an hour south of Botus, where the water was not deep but rapid. In the afternoon we arrived at our previous camping-place on Jacob Erasmus' farm. It was cold last night with a light dew. Cold overcast weather, the wind fresh N.N.W. all day. Sent to Prinsloo for the things I had left behind.

### ***4th January 1778***

Since my baggage did not come, I and De Beer rode to Prinsloo's. When we arrived I found that they were trying to reach me and that we had ridden past each other. Left De Beer there: he is returning to the Camdabo. I travelled back to the Great Fish River.

Passing Godissa's village on foot, at sunset, I met four Caffer women who asked me for tobacco, but not having any to give them they went off to their village. There are some lions around here; they again killed two head of cattle eight days ago. Three large males have been seen. Nevertheless I continued on my way without a gun, having only my pistols. I saw and heard nothing and arrived at the Fish River in the dark. Heard here that the Bushmen had murdered two herdsmen and taken about two hundred cattle. They are most careless about cattle here. The herdsmen fall asleep and I have come across many herds in this state. Then the wild men, who have seen what is happening from the mountains, come and murder them, never openly using violence.

There was no dew last night. There was a strong N.W. wind blowing with heavy gusts. Good weather this morning, the wind west. Found that the barometer showed

28 inches at the river. In the afternoon some thunderclouds came from the N.W. across the mountains and we returned as it was raining, as usual from the S.E.

Saw a large lizard swimming in the Fish River. Could not get it. They swim and dive but they do not cross the water, since they do not have membranes between their paws.

### **5th January 1778**

Wind strong from the S.E. last night, raining and blowing. Good weather this morning: N.W. wind throughout the day but turning through the west in the afternoon to the S.E. In the morning a merry band of Caffers came. [indecipherable] understood that they had been far across the countryside, they were not begging.

Left with my four Hottentots and went south along the river, examining the side closest to the sea. Two hours from Erasmus passed Labuschagne's farms, an hour later passed Botha's and another two hours further on Schalkwyk's. Though he has many cattle I have seen Hottentot huts better than his. Here a mountain range jutted out and I lost sight of the river which ran to the S.E. and before I could get to it again, evening overtook me, so I made camp by a pool of rainwater in a grassy plain with many hollows. Course: eight hours S. by E., half E. The terrain was grassy country with thorn-trees and spekboom; the long mountain range was all clayey soil as well. There are less flat places the lower one descends to the sea. There are large hills and mountains everywhere. Saw springbok and eland as well as two herds of hartebeest. Very fine weather today. There are buffalo, rhinoceros and some lion around here. Although they are everywhere in the bush here, I saw and heard not one of them.

### **6th January 1778**

There was a heavy dew last night as usually happens when there is calm, fine weather and when the moon goes down at midnight. Very fine weather with an easterly breeze. Departed E.S.E. to find the river. We shot a springbok here and wounded a hartebeest. After riding for a good hour saw some sheep which I rode towards and coming upon a wagon track we reached the farm of a certain Botha. Rode S.E. from here to see where the Little Fish River, 'Kinka' in Hottentot, runs into the Great Fish. This we saw after riding S.E. for an hour and also that in order to keep a proper boundary or limit, one farm too many was proclaimed. The Great Fish River flows here from the north west with many bends while the Little Fish flows from the west beside a fairly high mountain range. There is a pass in this range which I sent the wagon through. It was travelling towards the source of the Bosjemans River which starts in the same mountains where the Little and Great Fish Rivers flow together. At this pass the committee members have placed a beacon which together with the beacon at Bruijntjes Hoogte divides Swellendam to the south and Stellenbosch to the north. Rode through karoo-grass and broken countryside here with many spek- and thorn-bushes. We travelled across the Little Fish River and onto the mountain range. There are many rhinoceros and buffalo around here as I saw from footprints and droppings but did not come across any animals. Once on the summit I took bearings on Erasmus to the N.N.W. My future course is S.E. by E. Saw that the river ran due east here but that it later ran more to the south, close to this range which runs east. Reached the farm of a certain Bezuidenhout, on one of the tributaries of the Bosjemans River, by travelling through a deep valley for about two

hours, with mountain upon mountain and many bends. We continued our journey, crossing this stream often, and for a good hour bearing mainly south. We then came to one of the most romantic passes I have ever seen, the stream running through it. This lasted a good half hour. It was high and not quite a musket shot wide below, though it was wider at the top. As Buffon has said the receding angles of the mountains fit into each other; could these have not been formed by water? The strata lie very horizontal but at the start of the pass they lie almost perpendicular, although they may have been horizontal before there was a mountain there and I presume that this kloof was formed by an earthquake. It was closely covered by bushes on both sides, especially by euphorbia trees. Called the kloof the Naturalist's Kloof. It curved round from the south to the south east. I saw so-called dassies in it and heard some baboons. Riding on S.E. I found the wagon and, since it was nearly sunset, made our camp on the farm of a certain Pieter Joubert. Found a band of Caffers there to whom I gave a springbok haunch and some tobacco and they were very happy with this.

It was very hot today with almost no wind between the mountains but there was a soft S.E. wind. On the top the distance and course must be about six hours S.E. by E. but longer on account of turns. The same terrain everywhere and stony as well.

### ***7th January 1778***

Heavy dew, fine weather but calm, promising a hot day. Departed east through a valley between low mountains. Found that the barometer showed 28 inches 5 points at this tributary of the Bosjemans River. After travelling a distance of two and a half hours' came to the farm of Frans Joubert. From there rode with a guide, first east by north through a valley, and then northwards across this range. We then crossed three hills and hollows where there was much timber, as at Prinsloo's, and after a distance of about two hours from Joubert I came upon Sjomossi's great Caffer kraal. This is the same as the one Mr Swellengrebel was at, on the other side of the Coenap, where they were living at the time. He is the brother of Coba and thus Mahoti's son. He was sitting with some Caffers under a thorn-tree and after the usual 'Cabe' I gave him a piece of tobacco and some beads. I asked for some milk and he had this fetched and first even held the basket, not drinking first like the other Caffers but last. He pointed out his wife and children and when I asked him why he had only one wife he said that this was enough for him. In a short while there was a great host of Caffers around me, some of them painted a red and yellowish colour. From my knapsack I gave each one of these a pipeful of tobacco until I had no more and they were well satisfied with this. After staying here for some time, it being very hot, I took my leave. When they say 'Cabe' they usually stick their right hand straight out. I rode back followed by a whole band of them. In among the thorn trees in the valley to the east there were Caffer huts as far as I could see and large herds of cattle. None of them had bread, which they call 'Manassi'; they also had no 'Sama', their wheat, because they had left their country and these crops were not ripe. Reached Frans Joubert, where the wagon had just arrived, at about three o'clock.

The weather has been very hot and what little wind there has been, was S.E. The terrain the same, full of thornbushes and shrubs. Distance 2½ hours E. The largest tributary of the Bosjemans River has its source at Sjomossi's. He said we would visit it. Lightning in the N.W. at evening. Hazy, hot air. Saw a Hottentot woman shaped entirely in the same fashion as the rest.

### ***8th January 1778***

Sultry air, overcast last night. Warm again this morning. Sjomossi arrived at about seven o'clock. Presented him with a sheep and we parted the best of friends in the world. Departed on a very mountainous and difficult road with many bends, first west and then east, crossing the large tributary of the Bosjemans River. Continued S.E. by S. until midday when we entered a deep grassy valley where I had the oxen unyoked for a while in some bushes. Called this Swellengrebels Dal because Swellengrebel spent the night here.

We heard lion roaring here. It began to drizzle from the S.E. about ten o'clock. After an hour's rest we yoked up the cattle and after going S.E. by S. for the distance of an hour, we went W.S.W., the road becoming very good with flat grassy ridges on all sides. A good hour before we arrived at Bosjemans River we saw large herds of cattle and shortly afterwards four Caffers came up to us, their hands full of assegais, which is usual, and with some knobkerries as well. They asked for nothing and I spoke some Caffer words to them and repeated a snatch from their songs. Whereupon they began to sing and dance as they walked. Without being asked, I gave them a piece of tobacco. Immediately, they wanted to barter for cattle with me. I said that I came from far and had nothing. They offered me a head of cattle for my dog but when I told them I had only one and that I needed it to protect me at night from the 'Goronjama' (or lion in their language) they were satisfied. Nevertheless when I asked them for milk, they again asked for the dog and when I refused they left. Crossed the Bosjemans River which one could jump with a stick at this place. It was not deep: it runs into the sea too rapidly to become a large river. It flows here, though with large bends, through a plain which is surrounded with bushy hills from north to south. Have covered nine to ten hours today, the same terrain, and have passed much clay that is blood-red, as well as some flowers, many of which are antholysas. Saw some hartebeest and kwaggas. Made camp across the river, the drizzle still continuing in squalls.

### ***9th January 1778***

Saw and heard nothing last night. Still the same weather and wind. At the river the barometer showed 29 inches 2 points; we therefore descended a great deal yesterday. The Caffers we saw yesterday were Chief Langa's, which means 'Sun' in Caffer. He is the brother of Gaggabe or Cambushi, and both of them are sons of the dead paramount chief Paró or Paló. He is by no means in the good graces of his brother. He lives behind the Bosjemans Mountains on this side of the Great Fish River. We left him two or three hours away to our left hand side yesterday.

Shot a blackish-brown vulture in flight this morning, the ball striking it at more than 200 paces. It was the same size and has the same conformation as the grey-white vulture. Had it drawn. Departed, going first a quarter to the west, thereafter S. and S.E. for another hour and a half but longer if one takes into reckoning the turns as well as the hills where we had to use brakes. The river has more bends than any I have yet seen and has high eroded banks with much red clay and is covered with thorn and other shrubs. Close to the river here we found the old chief, Ruitter, who has the Gonaquas and other half-breed Caffers under him. This man has a courteous manner and a very good appearance. He had a copper plate on his chest with the arms of the Company. His kraal is divided into two, the other lying more to the south west. He had many cattle and sheep and I hear that he has a few hundred men under him. Gave him a breast-plate, some tobacco and a tot of drink (which Sjomossi would not take but which Coba liked). I also gave some gifts to his wife and children and he

gave me delicious sour-milk, the same as the Caffers have, and a guide to take me to the sea. He was most gratified when I told him that my Great Chief liked him very much because he had always been an upright chief. Took leave of him and left going across many high, grassy ridges with almost no stones and small bushes in the hollows. We went south and south east, as well as east with many turns and over hills where we had to use the brakes until we made camp at sunset at one of the forests in one of the valleys. Called this place 'Hope's Valey' after the Committee member Hope.

Today saw beautiful orchids as well as three kinds of aloe, the Succotrim, the Maculata and the Spinata, scattered from the Tarka to here. The terrain was clay, though mixed with black, vegetal soil.

Went past large herds of Caffer cattle and through a village where we attracted many flies and Caffers, men, women and children who ran alongside us in the best humour in the world. They belong under Chief Tsaka. They again wanted to give me an ox for my dog and to barter stock but without being impudent or begging. Gave them some tobacco. I wanted to barter a piece of copper wire for three assegais but after the Caffer had considered this for a long time, he decided that he wanted to give only two. In order to show that we did not always do what they wanted, I broke off the transaction. He ran to his village and brought three calves to exchange for the copper wire but I would not do this. Encountered more large bands of Caffers and when I wanted to plot our course from a high hill, they walked about me and gazed at the compass as it moved, astonished and frightened. I asked them to put their assegais away because the thing could not tolerate these and I would not be able to carry out my duties. They jumped back in fear and I took an assegai from the hands of one of them and altered the adjustment of the compass with it in order to demonstrate it to them. Since they did not understand much about this I had difficulty bringing them close again, since they were afraid they would certainly be bewitched. In the evening saw the sea through an opening in the sand dunes at a distance of 5 to 6 hours. Our corrected course today is S.E. half S., keeping always to the right bank of the Bosjemans River (Caugha or Hippopotamus River in Hottentot) sometimes further and sometimes closer to it. Once we have made the passage through these large, high ridges, which would have taken about 5 hours in a straight line, we saw some hartebeest, eland and springbok but they were shy. There are also some elephants and many buffalo here, but saw none. It has been misty the whole day, once more from the S.E. Have had squalls of drizzle which changed to heavy rain in the evening but it was not cold. At sunset we saw a large plain to the east across the Bosjemans river which stretched to the sea but there are still high ridges ahead of us and on our left hand side. We heard the barking of dogs which means that the Caffers are still in the neighbourhood. Their great herds of cattle graze down the whole countryside.

### ***10th January 1778***

It rained from time to time tonight. Saw nothing. At daybreak the wind went through the north to the W.N.W. The sky clearing up. A fresh wind. Heard the sea roaring which means, I think, that there has been a storm. Departed about 8 o'clock E.S.E. still travelling with turns across the same high, hilly terrain. It became the most beautiful weather with the same wind. We were going through beautiful grassy countryside, slowly rising and falling, the same terrain as yesterday, not one stone and in the hollows there were marshes of rainwater with many ducks and teal. The high ridges on our right hand became more bushy and extended for the distance of a

good hour to the dunes. We passed many Caffer kraals and herds of cattle and I was greatly entertained by the same; they danced and sang, running alongside the wagon. In the afternoon we saw a large kraal or town. It was black with Caffers who came to me, asking me to stop because their chief was approaching. I did this and shortly afterwards two old, grey men arrived with a large band of men, women and children, encircling me on all sides. These were the two chiefs Titi and Tsaka. The first was the son of old Paró's brother. Gave them some tobacco and they asked where I came from and also asked for iron. I told them that I came from far over the country and that I had no iron. Tsaka who spoke Hottentot, asked for a present which, he said, was what great people did when they met. Gave each Chief a small bunch of beads and gave the people small pieces of tobacco. They sent for milk but I said that the sun was getting low and that I was in a hurry. They again asked for my dog but I refused. They walked a little more with us and then turned off to their town. Followed the same course, wounded a hartebeest and shot some duck. Arrived at a Caffer town at sunset. They were afraid of me at first but approaching them, and giving them tobacco, found that they were the best and merriest people in the world, They showed me their gardens and gave me milk and begged in a very moderate way. Saw them milking their cattle which are very tame. They first talk to them, as though mindlessly rattling off a prayer, then they whistle but they tie up the rear legs nevertheless. And so the man does his milking talking all the while. From this man, who was called Poemla, I bartered a small basket and a calabash. While the moon was still shining I heard them singing from their huts. I went back to the tent escorted by four Caffers who, when they had had a smoke, went back to their town. These were soldiers, or people of Chief Umsella who lived across the river, 32 hours E. by N. of us. I had been in my tent for an hour when a Caffer arrived bringing me a basket of milk. My horse ran off to the Caffer town and they brought it back immediately. Hyena came close to us, howling. Our course and distance today is eight to nine hours E.S.E. At noon today we saw a small mountain at the mouth of the Fish River. Called this place Bleiswijk's Valey after the Grand Pensionary.

### ***11th January 1778***

A little dew. A misty sky. Strong W.N.W. wind still, which made the weather clear and most pleasant.

Gave some presents to the Caffers and their wives and children who brought me abundant milk, and departed for the mouth of the river. At first all the Caffers came with me but later only seven stayed. After we travelled E.S.E. for two hours we came to dunes, a little higher than the ones in Holland but not wide and covered with thick bush. There are many buffalo and elephant in these. Looked in vain for a road for the wagon and then rode directly to the river where I had seen a gap from on top of the dunes. But it became so bushy again that the wagon could not get through and at the river there were high sand banks caused by wind. Passed very close to two buffalo which I did not see. They were standing in a thicket as I passed. They came out and my Hottentot shot at them but missed and they ran away. Unyoked here, and went with the Caffers and my Hottentot to the beach which is less than quarter of an hour from here. The river was 80 to 100 paces wide at this place and ran through bushy hills which presented a fine prospect. There was a sand bank at the mouth where the buffalo cross and swim. This river could carry hippopotamus but not at the sea since they avoid salt water. Found the beach flat and sandy, without rocks and there were few breakers. The wind was blowing diagonally towards the beach. There was no

bay. So far as I could see the shore extended E. by N. and W. half S. and from the left bank of the river a rocky dune stretched right into the sea, but half an hour to the west the shore was flat and unbroken. After this there was another rocky dune. Found no amber or fine shells. The barometer showed 29 inches 6 points. Because I lacked an horizon was unable to get a clear view with my marine octant. Got 77 degrees 30 minutes. All this amazed the Caffers and also that my fingers did not become wet from the quicksilver. Let them look at the sun through a dark glass which astonished them very much. Took the views of this place and left for the wagon. There I found a large band of different Caffers with bunches of assegais in their hands. Treated my six to a piece of meat and gave them a tot which they tasted briefly. The others laughed out loud at the faces they pulled while they were tasting. The whole band turned back. The other Caffers were Titi's soldiers from across the river, not from beside the shore. As it was my intention to travel on to the Sondags River if I could, I returned, and because for the most part the course was W.N.W., it was not too much of a detour. Took leave of my friendly Caffers and made camp an hour away at a valley which was three hours from the Caffers. Called this valley 'Douglas Valey' after Colonel Douglas. Wanted to go to the river to shoot hippopotamus but found the bush too dense. There are low bushes everywhere at the river, full of elephant, buffalo and rhinoceros paths so that I could have got lost in the dark. Saw a hare here today, the first in this part of the country, as well as many hartebeest. Three hyenas came close to where we were in the morning but after a shot they went off.

### ***12th January 1778***

Departed early, travelling very close to our previous road. Passed great bands of Caffers with bundles of assegais; they belong to Chief Magolli or Magorri. (Wind still W.N.W., fine weather). These people confuse the sounds of R and L very readily. They begged impudently and for this reason gave them nothing, thus showing that I was not frightened of them. Told them to go back which they eventually did when we reached a valley. Four hours away from Ruiter our course went W.N.W. and thereafter, with a small turn, W.N. by W. We came to a Caffer town belonging to Chief Conga. (After we were given milk in a most friendly way by the other Caffers I gave them beads in exchange.) At this town our guide from Ruiter told me that one of them had seized his shield and wanted to go to the wagon to fight with me and steal everything but that the others had stopped him. Laughed about this and told him to tell the Caffer that I had not come to do them any harm but that if they molested me in the slightest way he would not lightly try it again. Continued our journey and arrived at Ruiter by sunset. Hyena came close again. Had a long conference with Ruiter.

Ruiter's name is 'Toena' in Hottentot. The Caffers call him Coosjoe.

### ***13th January 1778***

Fine weather but warm, light easterly wind, which became westerly during the day. A little dew last night. Had a visit from a large number of Caffers and from whom I bartered a shield and assegai. There are many so-called wild peacocks here, a bird half as large again as a woodcock, the same formation of beak and head and the body very similar. It is black and the male has a reddish forehead. The female, which I shot, has grey on the forehead. The beak is also red. After staying here till four o'clock in the afternoon, I departed N.N.W. in order to reach the wagon-road to Sondags River. Near Ruiter's kraal there is a small kraal belonging to a Hottentot

called Trompeter. He and two Caffers escorted me a part of the way. These Gounacas or Gounaqua Hottentots are larger than the other Hottentots. They are also almost completely fused and mixed with the Caffers. Before I left I told the Caffers that our Great Chief wanted them to live on the other side of the Bosjemans River and us on this side. They were surprised at this and unsatisfied, asking what harm had they then done? After travelling for another half hour crossed the first stock-farm, belonging to a certain Routenbag where there was a European foreman who lacked everything. The moon rising, I chose to travel on in the coolness. Went in a half-moon from the N.N.W to the W by N. After travelling for three hours passed the stock-farm of a certain Cok which had some Hottentots on it. We had the high ridges closer to our right hand side and a low dense forest of thorns and other shrubs. A stream flows from these high ridges which is generally dry. It is called the Cournou, which means 'narrow thorn river', and runs west beside the hills for about six hours then south east into the Sondags River. Stayed travelling beside the same, generally on the left bank, crossing it two or three times and after an hour, going through this undergrowth, we arrived at a plain where we saw two large herds of buffalo. There were three grazing alone and we seriously wounded one in the chest. It ran into a thicket however and we dared not follow it in the dark. After travelling on for a good hour we made camp at this river which flows out here at the place Aas Cou, or 'yellowwood thorn-tree', There was thunder this evening, far distant in the north. We also saw some lightning in the evening but got none. When we were a few hours from Routenbag's farm we came onto a sandy road for half an hour so that for the first time inland our wheels sank under sand. Our course was seven hours with a turn from the N.N.W. to the west, mostly hard white-grey clay, grassy soil and undergrowth. Hilly country.

#### **14th January 1778**

Fine weather. Light dew. The wind veered to the south. Warm in the morning At night heard many baboons screeching. The Hottentots said tigers were molesting them. Continued our course through the S.W.S. as well as S.E. with many turns and hills, much undergrowth as well. Crossing the river where it bends an animal jumped up and ran out close in front of me through the shrubs and I twice caught sight of a lion. After we had travelled south for a good hour we came to a halt at the Sondags River which here runs S.E. into the Swartkops River and where the last of the Company's beacons stands. This river was about thirty paces wide and its depth was up to a horse's belly. To the seaward side of these parts there are many buffalos as well as some lion and elephant. Here we obtained milk from a small kraal of Hottentots who are looking after stock for a farmer, a certain Ferreira. There is another small kraal a little further on. It is three hours from the yellow-wood tree to the Sondags River which the Hottentots call Ghoag Ghou A or 'Marsh-clay River'. We travelled S. and S.S.W. as well as S.W. with many turns in the afternoon and an hour after sunset we reached a small stream, the Cougha which means 'Soil-River'. From the Sondags River to here we had an uncomfortable road for most of the time with many limestones and pebbles and many valleys. The terrain was heavy white-grey clay, broken countryside with small gravel pebbles. There are many shrubs of various kinds here and there, as though laid out in parterres, and it has a mixture of euphorbias and aloes. This provides a most beautiful prospect since all the hills are green. Took bearings this morning on the high mountain range, south a point west half south, that lies on this side of the Gamtous River at an estimated distance of 16 hours. We reached a large plain at about five o'clock from which we could see the

sea. At the Cougha found Ferreira's stock-farm inhabited by a foreman. Our corrected course S. by W.  $\frac{1}{2}$ W., seven hours. The wind fresh S.E. all day, sky mostly overcast. We saw the large inlet of the Swankops River an hour before sunset. Saw some hartebeest and shot some duck. We were out of provisions.

### ***15th January 1778***

Very fine weather, no dew, wind fresh S.E. Rode S.E. through thick undergrowth to Cougha's mouth which is in the middle of the large inlet and opposite three high, stony islands. When it flows, it flows into the sea but this is only once in every seven or eight years. One of these rocks is less than an hour away from the other, the second is two hours away and the third is one hour away. At a distance of three to four hours from the bank they seemed small. The shore was sandy and flat though the breakers were heavy, the wind fresh S.E. Took bearings on the country as far to the east as I could see. The eastern horizon was made hazy by the S.E. wind and to the west it stretched away very flatly and as far as I could see to the south. Went right and then left along the shore and found no stones except for some small ones which were on the same level as the sand. There were a few shells as well and no fine ones. Wanting to cross where the Cougha had blocked up, the horse fell into quicksand and I had difficulty getting through. Found the fresh footprints of two lion at the mouth as well as many rhinoceros prints. The two footprints were on top of each other, crossing each other. One print was eight inches long. There are also many buffalo here; the undergrowth in and behind the dunes is tall, a little taller even than a man and horse, but so thick with thorns, aloes and euphorbias that one can only get through it by using the game-paths. Went to look for a rhinoceros but could find none. Saw many waterfowls and among them were many flamingos. Water is scarce and very brack in this whole region. The Cougha, except for a spring near the wagon-drift, becomes brack in the dry season. At sunset returned to the wagon by a natural salt-pan which yielded a little salt for some years. It was close to the low mountain with two hills which are the only two in the vicinity. It was very hot in the dunes today. We saw a large herd of kwaggas and wounded one of them. Six eland as well, one of which was seriously wounded but it got away in the thick undergrowth.

### ***16th January 1778***

Overcast sky, wind S.W., hot weather. Departed first S.W. for quarter of an hour then S.S.W. and S. and after an hour and a half hour we came to a large salt-pan. It was in the form of an oval, a quarter of an hour long in diameter, lying S.E. and N.W. with a long, narrow neck in the W.N.W. and is surrounded by undergrowth on all sides. It makes a beautiful display, just like a field of ice after snow has fallen and frozen after some unchanging weather; even when one stands on top of it. Walked across it and found about a foot of water in the middle lying on the salt. It was so hard at that point that I could not break through it with a sharp piece of iron. Towards the ridges of the pan the crust of the salt is a hand's span thick and under the same there is mud-clay mixed with sand. Around the pan there is yellowish and other clayey soil, mixed with sand. One can always collect very white salt here, both fine and rough, the former however is easier to collect in the summer. Even the farmers in the Camdabo and Sneeuw Bergen are supplied with salt from this pan. They come with their wagons every year, riding on to the pan and in this way breaking it out with iron tools

When we had travelled another hour south, going uphill, we descended into a hollow and arrived at the Grote Swartkops River, which is very small with flat banks. It is

called Gouw in Hottentot which means 'Melkboom River'. It has its source five or six hours to the north east of here in a fairly high range called the Winterberg, and it flows S.E. and E. into the sea. Found here the kraal of the Gounaqua Chief, Nouka who had ten straw-huts belonging to the people with him among which some were true Caffers. Asked for some milk, giving beads and tobacco in return. Nouka complained that he always behaved well to the Hollanders, fetching their runaway slaves from the Caffers and that they had now driven him from Van Stadens River where he had always lived. I promised him that I would talk to His Excellency about this. Crossing the river and travelling on for a while, I came to a small stream where a flock of flamingoes were perched. I stalked them and using my double-barrelled gun, shot three sitting and six as they flew up. Some Gounas and Caffers who saw this were most amazed. After travelling for half an hour we passed some Gouna kraals where there was also a Caffer Chief, Seiqúa. The Gouna Chief Sonqua also lives by the river. Passing some small pools of water I shot some duck and we came to a very large salt-pan. It was full of water, and the little dry salt that there was, was mixed with mud. It extended east and west and was three times as big as the other. Continuing south for less than an hour we arrived at a place where a farmer called Nouman had come to live. He was busy building a house, about half an hour from the sea. We have made five hours south today. The terrain was the same but about Nouman's farm we crossed the Kleine Swartkops River which runs into the Grote Swartkops about quarter of an hour from the shore. We came across sand in places and grassy country on the seaward side. In the afternoon strong wind and showers began to build up from the S.W.

### ***17th January 1778***

Strong wind and showers from the S.W. last night. From this morning the wind was strong S.S.W. with showers. There are lions around here; for this reason tied up the oxen last night. Here a Gounaqua came to complain to me that a certain Pieter Buis had beaten him almost to death. He looked pitiful and could scarcely walk. Promised him that I would speak to His Excellency about this. The rains held up towards noon and I rode to the sea across low, grassy hills and flat, grassy countryside. Found almost no dunes on the shore except on the projecting western corner of the bay and these were not high. The shore was very low and rocky here, with oysterbeds the size and taste of Texel oysters, though the shape of the shell was very irregular, and although very like a mother of pearl inside, I found no pearls. The water was not low enough to obtain many of them but in a spring tide one would be able to break wagon-loads from the rocks. This projecting side of the inlet, for one cannot call it a bay, is three hours' long, with no high dunes close to the sea. It is covered with undergrowth and extends S.S.E. with oyster beds in places, though the sandiest inlets hardly recede at all. At the tip of the land there is a large reef of rocks that is a quarter of an hour from the shore and on it the waves break violently. The shore extends then, with heavy breakers, from west by south half south, up to the side of Kragga Kamma. This side is called Dommeri in Hottentot. In calm weather one can reach the western side of the inlet with a boat, once one has got past the broken water of the reef inside, but the slightest swell creates heavy breakers on this whole coast. This is probably because there is such an open sea and because at this point we have almost reached the Anguillas Reef. A small river runs out in the middle of the western side. It is called the Bakens River because a beacon or coat of arms of the Company has been placed here. Somewhat further towards the point standing on a dune there is another such coat of arms and there are other small rivers flowing out

of the dunes. If one digs in the dunes here one gets good water in places, otherwise water is scarce. Another two farmers live near these rivers, half an hour from the sea. Am unable to see land in the east except in the N.E. by E. and almost nothing of the little islands or rocks. This inlet extends close to the Bosjemans River mouth. Returned in the dark and in the dunes saw the footprints of two lion, fresh, and many hyena and buffalo prints.

### ***18th January 1778***

Rained a little from the south east last night, the sky clearing up this morning. S.E. wind. Went E.N.E. across the large, grassy plain to the mouth of the Swartkops River. Passed a salt-pan; there is still another here, close to the one I passed yesterday but none as good as the first one. When I was not far from the small dunes I shot some duck on some marshy places formed by rainwater; whereupon going up to them I robbed a lion of his 'dejeuner', for seeing something lying there I went up to it and found a hartebeest (as it is here called) bull, fresh from the lion, with its throat bitten open. It was still not cold and not mutilated at all; the lion's teeth had gone well in to the throat but had not torn anything. There was a large foot-print about seven inches long next to the animal, just as it had sprung on it. Sent someone who was with me back to get the animal slaughtered and to carry it away. Could not see the lion anywhere though it is completely flat here except for where there are low dunes with undergrowth nearby. This is where it must have gone to hide when it ran away at my shooting. In the meantime I went to the sea by the mouth of the river and here found some more hartebeest which had probably been chased off by the lion. Saw an ostrich too. Saw two animals approaching straight toward me which I did not at first recognize. They came closer until at fifty paces I saw that they were an eland bull and cow. Could have killed them both with one shot had I had my gun but had gone out with my shotgun in order to shoot birds. After we had stared at each other for a long time they went off into the dunes. Coming to the mouth of the river which is one hundred paces wide here and in which the sea breaks violently I saw something black there. Coming closer I saw that it was a hippopotamus. It stayed up to fifty paces away from me and lay watching me for almost quarter of an hour and after submerging a few times it stayed away. It was nearly low tide and I tasted the water and found it to be very salty, with the result that my opinion concerning this animal has again been changed through this experience. It was not even two hundred paces from the breakers. Trustworthy people have assured me that they have been seen beyond the breakers though not far from the shore. At Sitse Camma one was killed in the breakers, although in the mouth of the river. Have also been assured that they do indeed swim along the shore in the sea, going from one river mouth to the other.

After I had taken bearings on the river and the beach and had them both sketched, found that it ran into the sea in an easterly direction, an hour from the inmost western corner. Also found that the land was very low with the result that the river flows far into the land at high tide. Along the shore the dunes are almost level with the land and there are heavy breakers on the shore. I left and found that my Hottentots had nearly finished slaughtering the hartebeest. In the short time that I had been away the vultures had torn a great deal off it. Reached my tent at sunset. Had a piece of the animal grilled and found it very good-tasting. It was the most beautiful weather today, it was not too hot on account of a cool S.E. wind. I set a trap with a gun to kill hyena. A small brook runs into the sea alongside Nouman's farm. From Nouman's farm, in the east by north, the sea lies at 40 degrees and at a distance of half an hour.

### ***19th January 1778***

There was heavy dew last night and it was cool. The trap did not go off. Soft E. wind this morning, fine weather, a slightly cloudy day. Hot this morning. Departed S.W. half S. across dunes and grassy ridges and S.W. about an hour later. Unyoked just past the Guigsand Plain, by the hill on the seaward side, in order to have a good view of the coast. Climbed some grassy dunes, where there was low bush growing in places, and from the hill had a fine view over the large inlet and of the coast to the west of the same. Saw that the land from the west point extended E. by N. to the Bosjemans River mouth and that from the western point of the inlet, west along the coast, it was mostly rocky with heavy breakers. Nevertheless there was white sand in places and the same kind of dunes running west by north. Saw three or four miles further on that the coast has a cape to the south like the large inlet and that the dunes were densely covered with beautiful grass and that very many had low bushes growing on them (but higher than undergrowth). Saw three farms beside the sea; on one they were busy threshing wheat. When I had sketched the view from this place, I rode west to the farm of a certain Kok which lay on a deep marsh or assemblage of waters and called Kragga Kamma. Course today was S.W. by W. four hours. Terrain today was mostly blackish, sandy vegetal soil: grassy country, bad sand, no high ridges, almost no stones. Saw many hartebeest, kwagga and eland. It has been good though hot weather the whole day, a light S.E. wind.

### ***20th January 1778***

Rode southwards to the shore. Passed, with intervals of grass, low bushes through which one must go using the paths of wild animals. These are mostly buffalo paths so that one has to lead one's horse. The trees are like large apple trees. There are many shrubs and thorns, and many trees which are here named Hottentot Boere Bonen, which they roast into good coffee. The leaf appears to be almost like that of a sugar-pear tree. The peel is very flat and wide like a sheet and has three or four beans like our large beans. It tastes astringent and sour. The Hottentots roast them. The shore here had nothing but stones and the waves breaking. The green dunes are close to the shore. We saw some buffalo; these forests are full of them. We wounded one but could not get it. We also saw some so-called bush-buck. These have a small bend in their horns, are the size of springbok and are russet in colour, though the ram seems blackish. Just as I came out from behind a bush saw a buffalo grazing on the other side of a grassy plain which I had to cross. I missed it and at my shot 40 to 50 came out of the forest, running directly towards me but they turned off, forty paces from me in the middle of the plain, and then stood still, staring. Returned to Kok late in the afternoon. The weather has been overcast today with a strong S.E. wind in the afternoon but it subsided in the evening and it was very hot in the dunes and forest. This farm is an hour from the sea in a straight line. Saw a troop of baboons and monkeys in the forest, the latter were very nimble in the trees.

### ***21st January 1778***

Calm this morning, sky somewhat overcast. Having heard from an old Hottentot living at Potgieter's that a great ship had been wrecked somewhere here and that there were some anchors, I sent for him. He said that this had happened in his grandfather's time and he was most confused in his story. Went to the beach with

him, to a place between the western point of the great inlet and this farm. We found that it was almost high tide so that we were unable to see any anchors or pieces of large metal, or as he put it, 'copper' cannon. The unfortunate people had made some huts in the dunes and all died of hunger and hardship, an old man living the longest. Saw some skulls and skeletons which we buried. We found many rusty nails and some finely worked ivory, a ciborium, but it had all disintegrated. There were some pieces of ebony lying on the beach. Here, from the soundness of the teeth in the skulls, I decided that it had been a French or Portuguese ship. Returning, I shot at a hartebeest. At my shot a large herd broke from the forest right upon me and before I could jump on my horse they were twenty paces away; then they turned and ran off. Returned in the evening to Kok. It was stifling hot this morning with a thundery sky in the north. It was so hot in the dunes that I had to go at a fast pace to get through them, fearing suffocation. In the afternoon we heard thunder to the north. Towards evening the wind turned to the N.W. and it began to blow strongly and to rain without thundering. The rain continued in the night. Saw many wax berry shrubs in the sand-dunes.

A strong N.W. and W. wind with rain last night.

### ***22nd January 1778***

A strong west wind early; hazy weather. Went early to the beach in order to reach the cannon at low tide. Arriving at the beach found the water fairly high so that there must have been a storm at sea. The water remained at about the same level the whole fore- and afternoon. Searching along the beach I found a piece of fine-smelling yellow-amber. Returned to Kok towards evening. A strong western wind this whole day; hazy weather. While returning, again saw a large troop of baboons. A strong wind from the west towards the evening and early part of the night. Kok shot a bushbuck which I then had sketched.

### ***23rd January 1778***

Soft W.S.W. wind, weather clearing up. Departed westwards, turning to the N.W. after travelling for an hour towards the end of a chain of mountains. These must start about the Lange Kloof or behind the Camnasi or Winterhoek. With many turns we travelled across hills and deep hollows, going southwards once more, and after a distance of three hours from Kok we arrived at the Van Stadens River. This is here so close to the sea that it is pushed back at high tide; it is also nothing but a brook. It runs N.W. and S.E. and does not flow very far. We unyoked here a while in order to make it easier for the oxen to travel up a large hill which we had to cross directly. When we had rested for an hour, we set forth up the hill which is very steep and sandy until half-way and on a gradient and stony after this. It usually takes half an hour to get to the top but it took us a good hour's battle, the oxen refusing time and time again. We continued towards the mountains W. by N. and S.N.W. through very bushy country that extends from the sea to the chain of mountains, with large intervals of grass. After travelling for two hours we reached the farm of a certain Marais, half an hour east of the Galgenbos. (Why it is so called no one was able to tell me.) Our course today has been W. by N. The terrain was sandy-vegetal soil, grassy, with stones here and there. There were many large hills and deep hollows, thickly wooded but with no tall trees. There were many deep, dry streams and on the hills we always had a fine view of the sea which in some places was only half an hour from us. The weather was hazy with rain in the mountains and a light west wind. The

mountains in the chain begin to look like those at the Cape, they are stony without apparent grass or shrubs except at the foot. We saw many baboons and monkeys, many flowers (antholisas). We ate blackberries as in Europe.

### ***24th January 1778***

A heavy dew last night. Misty in the morning clearing up. Calm weather, a S.E. breeze now and then. Very hot. Departed west towards and through the so-called Galgenbos and travelled almost to the Louri River. All the same mountainous and wooded terrain as yesterday. We again had clay till close to the Gamtous River where it became sandy. From Marais to Louri River it is three hours and from there to Gamtous River another three, but the road is very mountainous and thus has many bends. In Hottentot Gamtous River is called Ter Qua meaning 'Cold Day River'. It runs from the Karica for a great distance. We found that it was so deep and overgrown that the wagon could not get through. The current was so strong that it carried me away when I tried to cross it. The bed of the river was very steep here. The width was about forty paces at the drift. Course today west. Very hot. A few breezes from the S.E.

The Kleine River flows west into the Gamtous River half an hour before one comes to the same. It comes from the high ridges on the right hand side, as one is going to the Gamtous River from the Louri River.

### ***25th January 1778***

Heavy dew last night and it was cool. Misty this morning and clearing up, promising a hot day. The water has risen by about a foot. S.E. wind. It is fairly cool. Wind S.W. throughout the day. Sky mostly overcast, very hot. There was thunder from far in the north. Some drizzle in the evening. At nightfall much lightning from the north across to the east. The water has fallen 2½ inches today. Strolled beside the river which has flat banks here. There are many thorn and willow trees growing on it. From the thorn trees flows a sweet, brown gum which the baboons and Hottentots like eating.

In the afternoon another wagon arrived to cross the river.

### ***26th January 1778***

It rained in calm weather last night, continuing in soft gusts. Warm weather. The water fell two inches tonight. The rain gusts came more strongly from the S.E. I decided to try crossing the river by the upper drift, a quarter of an hour from the lower, because it was beginning to rise again. Rode through and had water up to the chest of the horse. The current was swift but the deep part continued for about ten paces only. So as to prevent the lead oxen from floating downstream we pulled them across on a leather strap and crossed at this place without mishap. At times this river rises very high as one can see from what has been washed up and sometimes remains impassable for a month. After we had gone back to the road on the lower drift we travelled S.W. for three quarters' of an hour through a kloof, after which the kloof turned S.E. and we followed the kloof for an hour, coming out onto a plain. Continuing for a good hour S.E. we crossed the Kabeljauws River and arrived on the stock-farm of J. van Rhenen. The Kabeljauws River comes from the high hills five hours to the north west and flows S.E. into the sea, a good hour to the west of the Gamtous River. From the Gamtous River the terrain is first somewhat sandy

with clay and thereafter all hard reddish-brown clay, with grass and broken countryside. The rain cleared up in the evening. There are still some elephants around the lower drift and to the north.

### ***27th January 1778***

Overcast sky in the morning but clearing up with the sun. Fresh N.W. wind again. Rode out to examine the banks of the Gamtous River and the mouth of the same, going first N.E. up the hill. Found that the river flows with wide bends between craggy ridges at this point and that it is mostly thickly-wooded with low undergrowth. The soil is red clay. We travelled a few hours S.E. descending into the plain and going beside the dunes which were bushy at the start and pure sand after that. All the rivers on this coast look exactly the same on the E.N.E. sides, especially at the mouths, with long extended, high ridges. On the west side at the sea there is heavy dune-sand which has been heaped up by the wind and at the slightest motion in the water heavy breakers occur in the mouth of the river.

From the top of the dunes, across which we had to clamber on account of high tide, I saw something in the river that looked very much like an hippopotamus, and approaching the place found that it was one of them. At times just the back was above water and then nothing more than the bulges of its eyes and at times just one eye protruded in order to see. The overseer of Van Rhenen's farm had brought his gun with him (I had left mine behind to be cleaned) and he sat forty paces from the animal which continued to lie in the same manner though our scent was thick on the wind. We began to whistle and cough. It listened and stared at intervals from the same position. Then all at once, as it pushed its whole head out, the overseer's gun refused to fire. The animal, which we now realised did not have enough water here, jumped up and half out of the water, ran into the river. But the musket, which had been put right, went off and the stricken animal rolled with great force back and forth in the water for a good while; it stuck its feet upwards many times and it died thus under the water. We marked the place and rode to the shore. Found that the river here was somewhat smaller than the Swartkops River and that there were heavy breakers in the mouth. It comes from far and gets much water from the Winterberg in the north and from the Lange Kloof in the North West. It also runs S.E. into the sea. I could see how the coast here forms an extended inlet as far as the western point of the large Swartkops River inlet which is E. by S. of here. Took bearings on the western corner of this inlet in the direction of Sitse Kamma which was S.W. of here. A beach of white sand and dunes stretches almost entirely from the Cougha up to the western point of this extended inlet. There was a heavy swell along the whole coast though the wind was in the N.W. Found no shells or amber and returned to the hippopotamus that we had shot. In the course of an hour it had come floating up and, as is usual, it was on its side. The sea water pushing back, left it lying half-way on a shoal. We sent for people but before they could arrive the water began to retreat and the hippopotamus became more buoyant and floated away. I did not want to let it drift into the sea so I went into the water with a leather strap from my horse and tied it around a foot. But because the current was so strong I would have had to let it slip away had the people we had summoned not come to help just in time. When we had pulled it from the deepest part, it took only four of us to roll it like a barrel, even though it was a fully-grown cow, to where the water on the shore was a hand's span deep. We made it fast there and left two Hottentots to guard it against wild animals. Because evening had begun to fall we rode back and arrived at Van Rhenen's farm when it was pitch dark. Hippopotamus feet though thick are very supple and it pushes

the part next to its nails or rather its hooves into and against its body and this helps it greatly when swimming. One can fold its feet and its legs into its body as one folds one's hand and it was for this reason that we were able to roll it so easily.

Fine weather all day. Fresh N.W. wind.

### ***28th January 1778***

Fine weather. Fresh S.E. wind.

Went to the hippopotamus and pulled it higher up the river through the water because the wagon was not able to get through the dunes. Occupied the day with drawing, examining and slaughtering. The skin was cut off in its entirety but had to leave it behind until tomorrow because the oxen could not carry everything at once on account of the difficult road. Estimate that the weight of the heaviest hippopotamus would be within three thousand pounds. This, which was only about eleven foot long, had an estimated live weight of two thousand, one hundred pounds. Left people with the skin.

### ***29th January 1778***

Good weather, though hot. N.W. wind. When the skin and bones had arrived we went on with the salting and drying. A somewhat thundery sky in the N.W. towards evening with some rain. Hyena howled loudly around the skin last night.

### ***30th January 1778***

Misty last night with gusts of rain from the S.E. which continued this morning and cleared up again in the afternoon. Departed in the afternoon for the farm of Jacob Kok which is two hours S.W. of here, lying on the Zeekoei River, half an hour from the shore. The terrain is hilly, grassy countryside with bushes. All clay, except close to the sea. Saw many cranes and some hartebeest. Half an hour from Kok one crosses the Kleine Zeekoei River which runs into the Grote Zeekoei quarter of an hour from the sea. In the past rainy year the Grote Zeekoei ran into the sea, otherwise it is blocked up. On this farm found the first proper house. The grapes are beginning to ripen here. Slept in a bed here for the first time.

### ***31st January 1778***

Fresh S.E. wind. Sky hazy. Rode S.E. to the shore where we broke off a bag of oysters from the rocks. These are not nearly as good as the English ones and the shells are very irregular in shape. One sometimes finds a very small pearl in them. Fresh S.E. breeze. Hazy. Rode W.S.W. for an hour and a half along the beach to the mouth of the Kromme River, which flows out at the western indentation of this inlet. The mouth is like the other river and the beach is very flat with low, narrow dunes behind which lie low-lying land and grassy plains. As with the Swartkops River inlet one sees no mountains except in the N.W. The Zeekoei Rivers come from one of these that extends from east to west for three hours, a long range with peaks and forked hills, about three hours away. After a certain Emperor I called this Keisers Gebergte. On the 28th a large ship, flying a Dutch flag came close to the shore here.

### ***1st February 1778***

Slight wind, very hot.

Rode back to Van Rhenen's farm to fetch the wagon. Found that the upper part of the hippopotamus skin had swollen up and deteriorated badly. Softened it as well as I could. Went fishing at the mouth of the Kabeljauws River. Caught a good type of mullet and springer.

### ***2nd February 1778***

N.W. wind. A little dew last night. The four of us and some Hottentots rode to a place in a bushy Hoop an hour west from here to hunt hyenas. For some nights now the hyenas have been killing many sheep in the area. We went through long undergrowth and marshy places to a wood, following the print of a lightly wounded hyena. After the dogs had crept off into the bush for a while, they began to bark loudly and approaching ourselves we found the animal fighting the dogs, who had all seized it from behind. It stuck its neck right out and roaring loudly bit the dogs off itself. One of the dogs had opened it at the groin and in its rage I saw the animal bite into its own innards. I first threw a Caffer assegai into its body but hitting a bone it did not go in deeply. The hyena seized it in its mouth and bit it into pieces, upon which I shot it through the head. It was a large male. We slaughtered it and continued our hunt. We chased another four of these animals out of the wood. A Hottentot shot a male and the others only just escaped. One of the Hottentots threw an assegai at a wild pig and the animal ran off with the assegai in its body. We went on hunting till three o'clock in the afternoon and then returned to Van Rhenen's farm. We had set a trap for hyena and when the shot went off at ten o'clock in the evening we approached well-armed and found that a dog had shot itself.

It has been very hot today with a thick mist-bank in the evening coming from the sea.

### ***3rd February 1778***

Calm, and because the mist is clearing up, very hot. S.E. wind all day but very hot. Departed, going along the beach, for Jacob Kok's farm on the aforementioned Zeekoei River. Have had to leave the hippopotamus skin at Kok's because it is still not dry. As always, whole pieces of the upper hide are peeling off.

### ***4th February 1778***

Clear weather. Fresh east wind. Left in order to go further along the beach across Kromme River to Sitse Kamma or 'Where water begins'. Ordered the wagon to travel via Leeuwe and Essebos in order to wait for me at the Lange Kloof. To get to the shore I had to cross the Kromme River, riding round for three hours through the N.W. and W. in order to cross by the drift. (The river runs east and west but bends sharply and is dangerous in rains with steep rocky banks.) Very hilly everywhere and many stones, clayey soil with shrubs and grass, and small forests in places. After riding for three hours, reached the farm of Frederik Potgieter, lying at the mouth of the Kromme River. He lives in a good house. Sandy soil everywhere mixed with black earth. Went along the beach and saw that the shore extends, always going S.W. by S., to the Gamtous River, and thereafter, to the western side of the inlet, two hours S.E. by E., with a protruding rocky reef, but it does not go as far as the point of the Swartkops River. I also saw that this west side is all stones while the Swartkops River generally has none. There is a high white sand dune at the point, covered with low green

growth, and which is separated from the protruding ridge by a flat sandy plain. Called this dune Kyk Duin. There are many seals on the point of this reef. For a long time there was a large ship stranded here. A few days ago Potgieter took an old iron six-pounder to his house. The coast forms another small bay to the west, about an hour and a half in circumference, and its western side, which is low, is also stony. Otherwise the beach is flat but on this whole coast the breakers are violent when the wind is from the east. The western point extends S.E. with another reef into the sea and this point is half an hour long. Took bearings on the eastern most part of the land to the Swartkops River point: as far as I could see E. by N. a little E. Also took bearings on the western coast, around to the W., rocky mostly and also beginning to form a steep bank. The high grass-covered slope lies close to the sea here. So far as I could see from the rise here the shore runs west with many rocky, protruding reefs which form slightly receding sandy corners. I returned to Potgieter by making a long hard-going deviation through the sandy plain in the green hills.

### ***5th February 1778***

Brisk west wind, misty sky. These two winds, one straight from the east and the other west, are predominant here. Left, going west over low, grassy ridges with low woods here and there. The soil was sandy mixed with black earth. After an hour and a half reached the farm of a certain Schepers, three quarters of an hour from the sea. Rode S.S.W. to the shore until the Dageraats River which is not flowing out now. Here Tys Fiereman's boat was drawn up on the beach. The shore here again extended west and except for a few places was everywhere steep and stony so that I once more went westwards up the hill. After a good hour I passed the farm of a certain Oosthuisen and after that a certain Schalkwyk's and then came to the farm of the Widow Vermaak on the Sitse Kamma plain. The same terrain everywhere. The course was west, a distance of five hours. Saw here that the mountains which begin about Cape Anguillas and which run beside False Bay, Fransch Hoek, Rode Sand etc. came to an end here, to the N.N.E., two hours from where we were. A fairly flat grassy country-side about three hours wide lies between the same and the sea. The mountains are still fairly high here and end in hills, all with irregular rocks. The dunes, or high ridges rather, are very high here, especially one in the west, an hour from here which I called Hoge Duin. The wind dropped in the evening.

### ***6th February 1778***

Rained a little last night. A weak west wind this morning, cloudy sky. Went to the beach, steep and stony everywhere. As far as I can see the shore stretches west and becomes even steeper with cliffs. An hour west of Vermaak the Sitse Kamma runs into the sea. The Sitse Kamma is a little brook that comes from the mountains. I was forced to ride over the hill and alongside the beach, it was grassy everywhere and began to become wide and savage. The inhabitants say that if their cattle eat dune-grass for the whole year they get the consumptive sickness: they do not become fat, throw dead calves and die. They must graze for three months of the year on sour grass in order to stay healthy. From Widow Vermaak continued for about eight hours west on the hill so that I always saw the shoreline below me and the further I went the steeper and stonier it became. Timber forests also began to appear in the kloofs, on the mountains and up to the sea. After I had passed some rivers, or rather deep brooks, which come from the chain of mountains, I reached one with steep cliffs, seven to eight hundred feet deep which prevented me from going any further. The

forests were also increasing slowly. Took bearings on the shore which is still going west; thus Cloppenburg's map is inaccurate. Called this river Steile Krants River. Continued N. by E. for three hours across the aforementioned plain, crossing the chain of mountains in less than an hour through a fairly good kloof, called Caree Douw. The band of Hottentots living here previously called themselves A Caree. Reached the farm of a certain Bauwer in the Kromme River district, my wagon arriving only an hour behind me, having had a very muddy road. This district lies between two lines of mountains and is about an hour wide with clayey soil and extends east and west. The line of mountains which begins at the start of the Lange Kloof ends opposite Sitse Kamma Berg and resembles it in every respect. It has been calm, humid and very hot today. Saw some eland and oribi and one buffalo.

### ***7th February 1778***

Light easterly wind. Clear, very hot again. Left going west and passed the Kromme River several times which runs with many bends through this kloof, deep and with marshes of bullrush. (The Kromme collects many small streams, mainly from the Outeniqua mountains.) This kloof is very hilly. A green rocky ridge juts out on both sides from the great chain and this is the actual kloof. The high range on the landward side is here called the Kaugga Gebergte. The Kaugga or Zeekoei River begins at Rietvaley four hours west of Diepe River and first runs three hours in a northerly direction, then easterly towards and into the Gamtous River. It collects all the water from the Lange Kloof until the start of the Kromme River, as well as much water from the Kaugga Gebergte. After a distance of five hours I passed a high ridge where the Kromme River has its beginning in the Outeniqua Range and came onto a high plateau.

Passed Thomas Ferreira's farm, called Jagersbos, an hour and a half west from Bauwer's. Once I was on the high plateau, I could see that the Kaugga Gebergte extends further and that the high, green, rocky ridge was of a broken formation, and that half an hour further on the kloof, it continues in the same way. The Lange Kloof begins here. The road was very hard and even here, except for some steep little hills which cross it now and then and which run into the Kaugga from the Outeniqua chain. An hour from where the Kromme River begins I passed the farm of a certain De Pré, named De Twefonteinen and arrived at nightfall at Van Nieukerk's farm, Onverwagt, at the Kleine and Grote Wagenbooms Rivers. The mountains and hills here have wagenbome or leucadendrons which I saw here for the first time, though I have seen one small kind since the Swartkops River, but no other kind. The terrain of the Kromme River is very mixed; with sandy clay and vegetal earth, but in the Lange Kloof it is mostly clay. Grassy country everywhere with a few little shrubs. The water of the Bosjemans River and further down is mostly brackish in the plain but from around Van Stadens River, where the land is closer to the sea and begins to become mountainous, the water is very good. The course was west half north, seven to eight hours. The weather was very hot with light S.E. breezes. The peaches are beginning to ripen in the Lange Kloof.

### ***8th February 1778***

Stayed at Nieukerk's, waiting for the wagon which had a very bad road in the Kromme River. It arrived towards evening, having stuck in the mud. In the fine moonshine it travelled for another five hours to the Kleine Aapjes River. I stayed at Nieukerk's since I was not feeling well. Very hot today with a light S.E. breeze. Heavy

dew last night. My whole body was painful and I was listless. I caught a cold by sitting on a rock a long while and reading, but sweating at the same time.

### ***9th February 1778***

Heavy dew. Very hot with light S.E. breeze. Had very sore throat and was listless. Drank a great quantity of tea. Departed west by north, all the time through the Lange Kloof. The same terrain. After a distance of two and a half hours passed Be Doden Graven or Moordenaar's River, the farm of a certain Stredom. Saw several Hottentot graves here which date, I am told, from the old time of the pox. After this it was a good hour to the Grote Aapjes River, the farm of Oberholser and then, for another hour, on to Kleine Aapjes River, Stefanus Ferreira, and after a further hour and a half I arrived and stayed at the farm of Pieter Ferreira at Diepe River and called Ongegunt. All these rivers run into the Kaugga from the Outeniqua chain. Though it was very hot, I felt better. Found the wagon at Ferreira's. Heard that it very often snows heavily in August here, coming from the N.W. and W., as well as S.W. and S. It lies for two or three days and more. Took the height with the barometer and got 27 degrees 5 points, a sign that it sometimes snows more on the lower places than on the higher. This is because exposures vary or because of the vicinity of high mountains. A fresh S.E. wind towards noon.

### ***10th February 1778***

Found drinking tea has been a great help because I have not been used to drinking it daily and that I am much better. Heavy dew last night. Clear weather today with a fresh S.E. wind. Clouds in the S.E. have prevented me from going to the Outeniqua mountains.

### ***11th February 1778***

Fresh S.E. wind, fine weather. Departed in a westerly direction, crossing many high ridges. After a distance of two and a half hours, reached the Rietvaley, the first tributary of the Kaugga and after an hour and a half to an hour and three quarters arrived at the Avontuur River, the first tributary of the Camnassi River. All the same terrain. This is considered to be halfway through the Lange Kloof District. Found I was not well again. Fine weather though hot. Fresh N. wind.

### ***12th February 1778***

In the morning went up the mountain which lies on the landward side and saw that the Camnassi Berg is quite distinct from the Kaugga Gebergte and that the river flows alongside the S. and S.W. side of the mountain. Took bearings on the Tover Water Kloof in the Swarte Bergen, N. half W. at a distance of seven to eight hours. Coming down from the mountain found that I was not at all well, very dizzy in the head. The wind became a fresh S.S.E. toward noon. Hot weather. The Lange Kloof game are rhebok, hartebeest, some oribi and partridges, but they are not abundant. There are still some lion in the Kaugga. Saw a certain Lindequast or Lindeque who had been badly wounded in the thumb by lion last December. Father and son went in pursuit of three lion which had killed some of their cattle. The son shot one of them, breaking its jaw, whereupon one of the others that they were pursuing came towards them and the father stuck his gun into its mouth but it did not fire. At this the lion bit the barrel of

the gun and the father in the thumb. He then fell down a slope and the lion fell on top of him. The son going to free his father, stumbled and the gun went off. At this the lion left the father and sprang onto the son who stuck the stock of his gun into its mouth. He was driven against a rock by the lion but held it off in this way. Because the lion could not draw breath or because of its pain, it could not harm him and, seeing their people approaching with guns and dogs, it took flight. Fourteen days after this the wounded lion was killed in a trap by the son.

### ***13th February 1778***

Hazy weather from the south in the morning. Found I was much better. Departed S.E. in order to cross the Outeniqua chain to Algoa or Plettenberg Bay. This was on a difficult road for Mattys Sondag had given me wrong directions and I had got onto one of the stoniest and steepest of roads. Schoemaker, the artist, who was the only person with me, quite gave up hope with the result that I was at a loss to know what to do with him. However at the top of the range I discovered another road with my spy-glass. After having lost my way for a long time in this place, I crossed the Keurbooms River which was also flowing S.E. It was low and full of round pebbles. Here I found a Hottentot, Berkhausen's herdsman, who took me over another mountain, first S. and then S.E., to another Hottentot named Jakhals who was living on his own. After this we went on to the Witte Drift, half an hour from the bay on the Keurbooms River mouth, arriving at ten o'clock in the evening. It was a distance of six hours but took much more on account of the mountains.

Kretsinger has ridden this road with a fresh, strong horse in five hours. As in the whole of Outeniqualand the terrain has a base of heavy clay mixed with much vegetal soil. Approaching the sea we passed some small bushes in places, otherwise it was entirely grassy with a few shrubs here and there. It rained from time to time during the day and it was warm. Saw some buffalos and baboons.

### ***14th February 1778***

Very warm last night. Clear this morning, calm and very hot. Rode eastward to the shore. This valley extends roughly east and west and is an hour and a half long and half an hour wide. It is bordered with forests and gives a fine view looking across it. Found that the Keurbooms River alongside the beach had accumulated much quicksand with the result that I was unable to cross it. Continued west and in order to cross the Pisang River had to pass over a long range which was on the farm of Cornelis Botha. Crossed the so-called Robbenberg and after I had taken all my observations and made a sketch of everything, I returned in the evening. Took bearings on the eastern shore as far as the eye can see and established the western point to be east one quarter north. The point on the western side is high and runs east a quarter south, and less than an hour into the sea; with a low reef at the point. The whole of this side is stony and steep with a gap in the middle through which one can reach another inlet, where the land is steep and rocky and extends to the west. The rest of the bay is a flat, sandy beach except at Pisang River where half an hour from the western corner there is a small stony mountain with a reef in front of it, running the distance of a musket shot into the sea. The shallow seashore is bordered by a low, narrow sand-dune and although the weather was calm there were heavy breakers everywhere. A quarter of an hour along the innermost side of the dunes on the western side of the bay there is an abundant spring. It would be possible to let wood float down the river and to load it in the bay. There is no other way since no

boat could sail in and out of the river. Two or three hours along the coast to the north east I saw two projecting points revealing a large bay with many bushes. This could make a good landing place. Between this and the Keurbooms river there is a reef far out with waves breaking on it and a quarter of an hour from land there are three places where rocks show above the water. It was almost low-tide. Thunder in the north towards evening, heavy in the Lange Kloof but scarcely none over the sea. Stifling heat today and still hot in the evening.

### ***15th February 1778***

A little cooler last night, overcast thundery sky, this morning a light south wind. Calm and very hot throughout the day. Went to the Keurbooms River mouth but could not cross on account of the quicksand. Went up a hill and saw a large reef of rocks not far from the beach in the bay, on the east side of the Keurbooms River and between the projecting point and the mouth. It was low tide at the time. Saw two herds of buffalo grazing on a plain, each herd was of two to three hundred head. Saw a baboon also which was the largest I have ever seen; thought at first that it was a human being. It stood on its rear feet far off in the hollow looking at me, then it gave a cry and ran off. Returned to Kretsinger in the evening.

### ***16th February 1778***

Overcast, thundery sky, calm. A light S.E. wind throughout the day. Departed, going S. for half an hour first, until we reached the top and thereafter across a large grassy plain surrounded by large forests westwards for two hours until we came to a forest in a kloof called De Poort. Near this is the source of the Witte Drift which flows past Kretsinger's and into the Keurbooms River at the mouth of the same. I went over large hills and deep kloofs with many turns and after about three hours reached Neisenas mouth which is on the farm of Stefanus Terblanche. Went to the Neisenas mouth, to the shore which extends east and west. It is high, with cliffs so that one can only reach the shore at one narrow place. This river, which flows with many bends from the Outeniqua Mountains in the N.W., is very wide at this place and the tide, flowing strongly for an hour and a half up the river, makes the water salty. It goes into the sea through a gap that is a hundred paces wide and very steep. It was low tide and I saw the swell breaking every three or four minutes in the gap, although it was calm weather with a light westerly wind. It would be impossible for even a hooker to enter here. The French Captain who wanted to enter here and who said he had seen the light of one of the two houses around here, must have seen some other fire, since none of the houses at this place or around it are in the line of vision. On my return I took bearings on and drew a view of the Neisenas.

A fairly large yellow snake was lying on a bush and Terblanche who was riding behind me took great fright and called out 'a snake!' for I was almost touching it with my hand as it lay there, watching. At this I stopped and asked 'where?' and when he had shown me I saw the snake lying there motionless, watching me. Riding a little to one side, I shot it dead. These snakes lie in this manner watching for birds and are dangerous if one steps on them.

Very hot this afternoon with thunder in the north and a light S.W. and S.E. wind. Much lightning in the evening. Saw two storks.

### ***17th February 1778***

Overcast sky in the N.E. Calm, sultry weather.

At about twelve o'clock, at low tide, crossed the Neisena a good hour from the sea. The river is deep at this place and about sixty paces wide. Got misty rain from the N.W. near the mountains. After a distance of three hours, going over hills and hollows I passed the farm of Piet Terblanche at the Koukoma River. I had to go down a large steep place here, through a forest and through the river which was neither wide nor deep but flowing swiftly. After this I had to cross a large hill with loose sand and after a distance of two hours going west I passed the stock farm of a certain Gouw at De Ruigte Valey. After another quarter of an hour I crossed the Tsauw which was full of stones, fairly deep, and fifty paces wide. I crossed the Swarte River a further half hour after this. It had few stones but it was deeper and also about fifty paces wide. Both these rivers, like the rest, come from the same mountains and form a large lake here by the sea. It generally empties into the sea but is sometimes blocked by sand in June or July and then one has to use the mountains to pass by it. All these marshy places and mouths of rivers are very rich in fish. It kept raining heavily from the N.W. and now and then there were peals of thunder in the mountains. I had to cross a large hill at this point and as a result I was surrounded by dense clouds hanging around me which made it very oppressive. After riding for two hours I crossed a small deep stream called Diepe River which was beginning to rise sharply, and as dusk was falling, wet through, I reached the wretched hut of a certain Meyer, called De Kleine Hoge Craal. Our course today was west by north, a distance of about nine hours over grassy country, sometimes besides and sometimes through forests. There were many flat stretches but at some places we went through deep kloofs and over high ridges. The terrain, as in the whole of Outeniqualand, is mixed with a base of clay but there is more sand nearing the seaward side.

### ***18th February 1778***

Was somewhat clearer. Gusts of rain, now and then, from the S.E. until noon and clearing up after that. Could not cross the torrents (rivers) and for this reason had to stay here. Last night it rained into the house everywhere through the roof, so that for most of the night I had to sit by a smoking fire to warm myself. Rode S.E. to the shore and after a distance of an hour reached De Drie Valeyen, the farm of a certain Seld. It lies at a distance of a few musket shots from the shore. This is where the people from the Lange Kloof come fishing, using a dangerous wagonroad north of here which comes over the mountains called De Duivels Kop, or Nanni Douw which means 'Finger Road'. It starts at a certain Widow Bule's in the Lange Kloof.

A dune with a high ridge separates these marshes from the beach. They are salty. Behind De Ruigte Valey lies the long and deep Groene Valey. Thus this spring has fresh water and flows to about the Koukouma's mouth. On the beach here I experienced once more the discomfort and danger caused by the dune moles, for my horse crashed head over heels, falling on my leg, though only injuring it lightly. Rode up the hill to the beach. It was steep and stony everywhere, stretching east and west but four or five hours to the west, opposite the new timber post the land jutted out in a point, going S.E. for a distance of half an hour. About eight hours beyond this I saw the land jutting out W. by S. at the Mossel Bay point. Took bearings on the land beyond the Mossel Bay point W.S.W. Thus the land of this coast-line is interrupted by bites in the form of bays, and these are not half as sharp as shown in the maps. However it appears to run more sharply south beyond Mossel Bay to the west. Rode

back and the weather being calmer I took bearings on the Outeniqua chain of mountains. Found that they ran east and west on both sides as far as I could see.

### ***19th February 1778***

Light S.E. wind, hazy weather. Since the river had fallen, I hastened to depart because it had started to rain again. Crossed several small streams, one of which was deep. These run into the Traca Di Cou or 'Woman's Drift'. After a distance of two hours I crossed a hollow running through a forest. The river there, which was neither deep nor wide, was full of stones and flowing strongly. It went in the same direction as the others and came from the mountains. I found much mica embedded in the stones here. When we had once more ridden up the hill and then continued westwards with turns through some valleys and streams for an hour and a half, we reached the Kaaymans River Drift. We also passed a forest, going down from a great height to cross the river which was also full of stones and not deep. Going N.W. for an hour after this place we arrived at the forest, at the chain of mountains and the woodcutters' Post. There were six men here. After a distance of half an hour I crossed the Swartgats River which was like the others and which runs into the Kaaymans River at Kaaymans Drift. Came to the newly-established post after half an hour where I found no one at home. Once I had crossed the Swartgats River I was beyond the forests which continue however for six or eight hours beside the mountains. The rain also stopped here. The wind was a light S.E. Continuing west, crossed the Hartebeest River at the Post. It runs into the sea on the inside of the first cape. Arrived at the farm of Dirk Ubes, having crossed the Moeras River half an hour from the Post. Here I refreshed myself a little. Roelof Kampfer lies due north of here in the Lange Kloof. Three small streams run into this Moeras River. Went on S.W. and after an hour came to the farm of Adam Bernard, Vier Spruiten. Kleine and Grote Palmiet Rivers are made up from these four streams and form the Klip River, a good hour west of him. Passed the Grote Brak River after travelling a distance of four hours S.W. The sea runs up into this river and I crossed it at low tide. After continuing for an hour west I arrived at nightfall on the farm Rhebokfontein, belonging to the older Terblanche. Found every comfort there and in abundance.

The terrain was all Outeniqua terrain.

### ***20th February 1778***

Rain from the S.E. Stayed at Terblanche's.

### ***21st February 1778***

Fine weather, a weak S.E. wind. Departed S.S.W. in the afternoon. After less than an hour, crossed the Kleine Brak River and after another half hour the Hartebos River which also flows like the previous Outeniqua rivers and brooks, but this one becomes impassable at spring tide. After three and a half hours I arrived in Mossel Bay on the farm of Adam Bernard, half an hour from the beach. Went to the beach for a walk. The small rocky island lies two musket shots from the beach. The beach is sandy and flat with low sand-dunes on this, the northern side. There is more clay in the terrain around Mossel Bay and there are shrubs and many aloes.

### ***22nd February 1778***

Overcast sky, west wind. Took bearings on the bay and made a drawing of it. Found that it was the third best on this coast with the exception of False Bay, that is, as far as I have travelled. The western point is high and one and a half to two hours long. It is rocky but has two very good extensive, sandy landing places; they are in the middle of this point and a little further towards the sea. The western point extends E.S.E. a little N. It also has a stony reef but not far out. The perpendicular strata of this reef extends S.E. and N.W. Bearings on the easternmost land are taken from the corner N.E. a little N., and the westernmost land, which is high, with cliffs, is taken from the S.W.  $\frac{1}{2}$  W.

Departed travelling W. and thereafter S.W. and after a distance of seven hours reached the farm of a certain Botha on the Gourits River, an hour from the mouth. The terrain hilly with sandy and clayey soil as well as shrubs, aloes and grass. High dunelike hills close to the sea. It rained all night with thunder behind the great chain to the north with the result that I was wet-through.

### ***23rd February 1778***

Rain from the S.E. until the afternoon. Went to Catharina and Vis Bays. These are only small, sandy inlets, a quarter of an hour apart. Took bearings on the land close to the western point of Mossel Bay; N.E. half E.; and the western part across the Gourits River, a distance of half an hour. There is a high, craggy reef less than quarter of an hour long between Catharina and Vis Bays. The mouth of the Gourits River is a long musket shot wide and full of breakers. Arrived late back at Botha's.

### ***24th February 1778***

Fine weather, a pleasant S.E. wind. Let the horses swim across the Gourits River behind the boat. This river and the Gamtous are the largest in the Colony, but sometimes it becomes so dry that it does not flow.

Departed W.N.W. and N.W. along the bank of the same for an hour and a half. It had dunes and it was very sandy. After this crossed a fairly high mountain range in two hours, all sand and bushes. This range comes from the S.W., is three hours long and ends where Vals River flows into the Gourits. Took bearings here, on Pinar's farm, through the mountain: N. half W. Arrived at the farm, at Vals River, of a certain Rensburg in the evening. The corrected course has been N.W.  $\frac{1}{2}$  W., five hours. Terrain mostly heavy sand until over the mountain but thereafter hard yellow and reddish-brown clay with much rhinoceros bush and very hilly.

### ***25th February 1778***

Fine weather, weak S.E. wind. There was a thundery sky over the great chain of mountains which were now an hour and a half behind me. Departed travelling W.N.W. After half an hour crossed the Vals River, then crossed the Soetemelks an hour and a half later, then an hour further across the Caffer Kuyjls and in another hour was across the Vet River. All these are little torrents; the last three flow into the Caffer Kuyjls River an hour from the drift and flow with the same into the inlet at the sea, St Sebastian Bay. Struck N.W. by N. across distant, high ridges and at dark reached Egypt, at Holtzhuisen, from where, at the beginning of the journey, I left to cross the Platte Kloof.

Course N.W. half N., seven hours. Terrain the same.

The wind veered N.W. in the afternoon. It was very hot. We had a few thundershowers with a little rain from behind the chain. The Swellendam mountains and Attaquas Kloof extend E. and W., thus wrongly shown in Cloppenburg's map.

**26th February 1778**

Very hot, thundery sky, no wind. Stayed at Holtzhuisen.

**27th February 1778**

Went south two hours from here to a certain De Pré's at Crombeks River in order to enquire after the wagon. Heard that it had been standing, with 23 others, on the other side of the Gourits River and that it had got through yesterday morning. The wind came up from the N.W. with a thundershower and rain. Coming from far off this continued in the evening and at night, though with many gusts of rain here. Returned in the afternoon to Holtzhuisen.

**28th February 1778**

The weather appeared to be calming down. Wind still N.W. and an overcast sky. Intended to cross the Duivenhoks River, two hours west of here, before it became full. Departed in the morning. We had many showers on the way and found the river full to its banks thus impossible to cross. Could almost not get through the kloofs in the hills on account of the rushing waters. We rode over the high ridges mostly through cloud, which was hanging very low, making me dizzy. Arrived back at Holtzhuisen's almost chilled to death.

**1st March 1778**

Had the fever last night but was better this morning. The weather is clearing up this morning. S.E. wind. Gusts of rain now and then. The wind N.E. in the afternoon.

**2nd March 1778**

Before dawn a heavy thundershower from across the mountains to the north and a heavy shower of rain. Weather clearing in the morning. Cool north wind.

My Hottentot, Hodies, brought me the news that the wagon had arrived at the Crombeks River. Rode to it. Thundery weather from the N.W. in the evening,

**3rd March 1778**

Overcast sky. West wind. Departed westwards to the Riet Valey on my previous course. Crossed the Duivenhoks River at the lower drift where it first becomes fordable. Arrived in the evening.

**4th March 1778**

Arrived at Swellendam.

**5th March 1778**

Departed from Swellendam intending to cross the Brede River but not the Rivier Sonder Einde as I wanted to go through Franse Hoek over these mountains. Reached a certain Rink along a very mountainous road, all karoo country. This whole day it has been calm and very hot. A thunderstorm in the north west.

**6th March 1778**

Continued N.W. on a difficult mountainous road. Two hours west of here the Keisers River divides the districts of Swellendam and Stellenbosch. All these little rivers which run from the northern side of the River Sonder Einde Mountains flow into the Brede River. Water is sparse in this whole district and I found the country very dry. I crossed the River Sonder Einde behind Franse Hoek at eleven o'clock at night. There I found a small waterfall. The water from this side of the mountain all runs into this river. At midnight arrived below Franse Hoek Kloof at the farm of a certain Van der Meulen. Hot today with a S.W. wind but not as hot as yesterday. Here and there I found sandy soil,

**7th March 1778**

Left the mountains on a difficult road to Franse Hoek, having to lead the horse most of the time. Arrived at Franse Hoek at three o'clock. After going three hours N.W. arrived at the farm of Martin Melk, Essenbos.

Warm weather, soft S.E. wind.

**8th March 1778**

Arrived at Cape Town in the evening. Very warm, light S,W. wind. Found the estates around Cape Town very dry since they had had almost no rain.

**\*\*\*PAGE 51 ENGLISH TEXT ONLY. THE FOLLOWING INFORMATION TO BE CHECKED AS DOES NOT APPEAR IN THE ORIGINAL SCRIPT**

**P51 *These words are written upside down below/alongside the sentence:*** 'We had the Oerbies river till noon, still on the left hand side' **'tellen ummelo papiri caloko pataton caloko paneke passano patandaton panoonje pavourane papeete liesjoumi. umvelo kekaloko chumel nebabim e chumel nagabutato.** The Fish River is called Oeba.'

**P51**

Deg. Min. At the Schepmoed Poort, 26<sup>th</sup> December

82 20 On the Octant but with a

0 14 To the east behind the Oranje Poort, poor horizon

82 34 Great River Course of the Fish River Deg. Min.

23 29 to the West of the Oranje Poort 82 40

59 5 14

30 55 82 54

00 0 23 20

59

