

these paddles from a raft that had got two of them, and left a silk handkerchief and a bottle in exchange; it is now deposited in the British Museum. Mr. Flood afterwards found the tree from which such paddles are made to be a variety of mangrove growing on the margin of the Albert, having four roots striking out from the stem above ground like four edges or blades radiating from a centre, but continuing parallel with and united to the stem for more than a foot before parting; two of these edges on opposite sides being removed and the other two retained leaves the stem of the little tree in the form of a paddle.

Though the natives of some of the islands along the coast have boats which they hew out of solid logs, and construct them in a manner that enables them to go to considerable distances, I do not think it argues a greater degree of ingenuity for them, but rather that their islands produce more suitable timber for that purpose than does the mainland, and the necessity that impels them to seek their supplies of food in the sea induces the attempt at boat-building.

Having been stationed for a considerable time at the River Victoria I had more frequent intercourse with the natives than any of the other officers of the Expedition, and I am happy to say that, except on one occasion, our intercourse with them was always amicable, and that, on the Lower Victoria at least, there is no impression left on the minds of the native population unfavourable to their English visitors.

III. — *Journey from Colesberg to Steinkopf in 1854-5.* By
ROBERT MOFFAT, Esq., F.R.G.S., Government Surveyor at the
Cape.

Communicated by the COLONIAL OFFICE.

Read, December 14, 1857.

THE following is a narrative of a circuitous journey of about 750 miles from near Colesberg to Steinkopf, in Little Namaqualand, during the months of December, 1854, and January, February, April, and May, 1855, by which I traversed the east, south, and west sides of the tract of territory annexed to the colony by proclamation of 1847. My route lay, on an average, about 20 miles beyond the surveyed lands, or rather the old boundary, which I occasionally touched, leaving to the left the Karree, Hantam, and Langeberg table ranges, and to the right an extensive champaign country, with a few migratory Boers and Bastards adjacent to the road, and towards the north the Bushman horde.

My object in writing this journal is to show, in conjunction with the map, the circumstances under which my examination of the



region was made, what I saw, and the degree of confidence which may be placed in any suggestions I shall presume to make in subsequent communications.

In the month of November, 1854, I entered into an engagement with the Directors of a Copper Mining Company to proceed to Little Namaqualand as their managing agent and surveyor, for a term of two years. The route thither was left to my option. Having a desire to examine the mountainous country of the Orange River, immediately above Pella, and the waterfall, on my way, as I had heard of metallic indications there, and to be acquainted with the country bordering the east of Little Namaqualand, as far as it might be adapted for the supply of stock to the mines, I concluded on going overland and traversing the left bank of the river. I was anxious, at the same time, to gratify my love of travelling through unfrequented parts, and moreover inquisitive regarding the immense tract of unoccupied ground, of which very little appeared to be known by even the authorities, especially as some very important arrangements were about to be made for the future disposal of crown lands.

I accordingly left Colesberg on the 6th December for the Orange River, and directed my course towards the "Little Bend" (as it is called in the maps), bearing about north-west. Mr. Charles S. Orpen, of Colesberg, having kindly given me a general sketch of the parts about Hopetown, I avoided that round.

As the lung-sickness was prevailing, I hired oxen as far as Jackal Font, near Rhinoster Berg, the residence of Field-Cornet Jan Dupree, and the first place shown on my map. The Civil Commissioner of Colesberg had been so kind as to give me a letter of introduction to Dupree, and I arrived at his farm on the 10th of December. Here I was detained by heavy rains and the non-arrival of oxen till the 15th, when Dupree moved my waggons with his span of horses as far as Roodkuil, where I purchased a span of twelve, partly untrained. On the 17th I found that two of my servants, whom I had sent to sleep at the kraal to prevent the escape of the oxen at night, had decamped. Hearing that the worthy Field-Cornet had, during our stay at his place, terrified them with his account of the Bushmen along the Orange River, I thought it of no use to pursue them, and committed them in a note to the tender mercy of the magistrate at Colesberg. I was thus left alone with a driver and an English lad, and it would have been vain for me to search for other servants in that neighbourhood.

Having no time to lose, I started on the 18th, taking the whip myself and turning my driver into leader. Through the usual mishaps of South-African travelling—such as sticking fast, oxen bolting, breakages—I did not reach Honig Kraal, the lower ex-

tremity of Beer Vley, till the 26th. We passed numerous Boers, some on isolated farms, which had been surveyed as requested, others on vacant lands about the Pans. All seemed pleased at the new arrangements proposed by the Committee for the future subdivision of crown lands, and as they found I was a surveyor, made many inquiries.

At Honig Kraal, where we were without the old boundary, lived an old man, named Abram De Villiers, who fought at the taking of the Cape. I found him very intelligent, and he was able to give me a smattering of information regarding the country I was about to traverse, and the Bushmen, whom he considered a dangerous people. I had been referred by most of the farmers to him for an account of the route; but most of what he told me was from hearsay among the Bastards with whom he had traded.

On the 29th I crossed the channel of Brak River, just where it leaves the Vley, and arrived at Great Brak River (otherwise called the Ongar River). Here I saw several Bush children, who had been taken by Hendrikse, the proprietor of the place, in the last foray against their wild parents in the Doornbergen. On the 31st we reached Doornberg Fontein by a very circuitous road. This is the outermost farm, in the occupation of a white person. He, one Neethling, had been in possession of it for several years, even for some time before 1847. The fountain, which is in calcareous tufa, has great capabilities; at times it is thermal. Neethling I found could give me no information of the route; he, however, gave me two or three interesting facts regarding the perceptible changes which were taking place in the face of the country about Brak River, by periodical denudation. I began to be surprised that so little was known of the country to the west, so long after its annexation. Procuring the services of one of the Bastards, several of whom I found here, and who appeared to set up as great a claim to the locality as the farmer, I skirted the eastern base of the Doornberg range, as far as Brieschap on the Orange River, at the Little Bend; crossed several times the bed of a channel, with here and there at short intervals pools of rain-water, surrounded with fine grass. There were also several eligible spots for dams, and we saw a few Bastard hamlets. I observed numerous springboks trekking to the south, among which was one perfectly white, which I attempted in vain to shoot. I was told that such were occasionally to be seen, and were generally considered by the Bastards as the precursors of unusually large herds.

At Brieschap, instead of finding a considerable village, as I had anticipated, I saw only three or four semispherical huts, and one or two wattle and daub houses—one of the latter occupied by an “apprentice Jong” from the Cape, and the other by a respectable old Bastard, named Benkes. I was informed that the usual resi-

dents were out with their cattle at the pans and vleys, so as to reserve these pastures for the winter season. The two above mentioned were engaged in cultivating gardens and digging a large watercourse. They were, however, evidently under the impression that the place would be granted to Boers, and stated their hope of lands being allotted to them, and their readiness to pay the cost of a title-deed and survey. A fine young man, the son of the Bastard wife by a Boer, her first husband, seemed worthy of a better lot, and appeared by no means indolent. I remained here three days seeking servants and guides; but all betrayed fears of the Bushmen infesting the mountains to the west. On my sending out the above young man to the pans and vleys for the same purpose, he returned with the laconic reply that men were too fond of their lives, however well paid. On the fourth day a wily-looking Kafir, named "Old Piet," from Schietfontein Missionary Institution, some way to the south, passing the waggon, I inquired of him, and he immediately offered me his two sons and an Oerlam Bushman to accompany me part of the way. He proposed that they might guide me as far as a point at which the De Wit range (Hartzog Berg of the farmer Villiers) crosses the river, where they might make arrangements with the Koranna chief, "Jan," on the opposite bank, to cross and convey me through the Bushman Horde, as far as the junction of Hartebeest River, and that the Koranna chief on the opposite bank there would, no doubt, give me a small escort as far as Pella, for the Bushmen and Korannas were on good terms. On meeting with a Koranna chief from Delvits, some time after, in Namaqualand, he informed me that the greatest enmity existed between them. As Kafirs were, according to the report of the Bastard, a terror to the Bushmen, and the two sons of old Piet were intimate with the Korannas, it was considered by all a favourable opportunity, especially as the Bushman who was to accompany us showed himself remarkably agile in his movements, and Oerlam in his readiness and tact at inspanning; and arrangements were accordingly made to our mutual satisfaction.

On Monday, January 8, we continued our journey—travelling in a westerly direction and keeping the river in view most of the way—to our right. Crossing several rugged channels and passing a picturesque gorge in the range to our left, we outspanned at a small and shallow vley among the hills. Next morning, crossing a dry channel, the upper part of Buys Vley, we ascended the main range of the Doornberg, which here approaches the river, and is continued beyond. The road was rough and injurious to the oxen. We then descended the opposite side, through a long winding defile between red cliffs, presenting a very sombre appearance amid the solitude of the place. On emerging from it we crossed once or twice a dry channel, which contained abundance of grass,

waving most luxuriantly ; a small spring lay at the head, called Paarde Fontein. Keeping the bed of the channel we reached Kalk Fontein, a brack spring in the bed of Kat River, the banks of which are composed almost entirely of calcareous tufa. It appeared to be a Bastard lay place, or werf, of considerable importance. I observed only two small gardens, with a few melons and pumpkins, and some way off a hartebeest hut, but no tenant. A high mountain to the north-west presented a very bold front.

On the 10th of January we rode on for a short distance in a northerly direction, crossing the channel twice. At the lower ford we saw a few huts of a Bushman, named "Thogo," the father-in-law of the one who accompanied me. The "skerms," or screens (small enclosure of dry bushes), found on all lay places of the natives, were numerous here ; and I was informed that there were several fountains in the neighbourhood, among the conical hills of blue limestone. We then travelled along one of the sharpest roads I ever had the misfortune to find, crossing gullies and spruits, and occasionally into and out of the river channel, keeping this to the right and the high mountain to our left. We outspanned at a ford, impassable at this season, opposite a hamlet, called "Bull Fontein," on the other bank in Waterboer's territory. This place had a very civilized appearance, all the houses being of a square and neat construction. It is the residence of several families of the Beukes and Van Wyks, some of whom occasionally reside in Namaqualand. Not a living being, however, was to be seen ; but we were aware that the residents were along the river some miles below. I fired a shot, thinking to arouse some individual in charge of the premises, and to cull further information ; but there was no reply. We then rode along the wide and soft bank of the river, among trees and bushes of all kinds, and bivouacked for the night under an immense mimosa. From the Bushman "Thogo" we had heard of the depredations of a few of his wild countrymen, one of the latter having a few days before killed with an arrow the herdsman of the Beukes family as he sat at the fire. He spoke of two others, still at large in the immediate neighbourhood, one of them provided with a gun. Hitherto we had been in the habit of allowing our oxen to graze all night ; but such reports, however doubtful, led us to keep them fastened, especially as I had been informed by others that the 'Nougat Pan, a little in advance of us, was the limit of safety along the river.

Next morning, the 11th, we skirted the same high range, keeping the right bank of 'Nougat Spruit, which empties itself into the river a little below Bull Fontein. Along this spruit we observed numerous *skerms*, lately occupied by migratory Bastards and Kafirs, and a few blocks of willow wood, which I afterwards found had been prepared for the Victoria market. At the first fountain

in the channel, the short but bad road to Riet Fontein along the river, deviated to our right. Keeping the spruit, we entered the pass or gorge through which it descends, scooped through calcareous tufa, as usual in these parts. This gorge presents a very imposing appearance, as one gazes on the precipitous red cliffs; the winding talus under the krantzies on either side was studded with fine specimens of the *kokerboom* (*aloe dichotoma*), of which the Bushman makes his quiver. I have observed that this aloe is peculiar to the metamorphic rocks. A few baboons, with their hoarse chattering, made us aware that we were not quite alone, and now and then a startled *rhebok*, or *duiker*. We saw no gemsboks, which were reported to be numerous here. Occasionally could be observed fragile ladders, made by the Bastards, pendent from the fissures and caves containing honey-nests, of which there were said to be thousands. At the uppermost fountain we filled our *vatjes*, and allowed the oxen to drink, intending to reach Riet Fontein, the lowest Bastard lay place along the river, before nightfall.

On emerging from the gorge we observed a road deviating to the left, towards Wittewater and Kalk Fontein, the latter more direct than that which we had come, and passing a place called Houwater; but the heat being intense, we were compelled to span out a mile or two beyond. After passing, I found that about 500 yards to the east of the junction of these roads, and at the head of a ravine, was a large cavern in the precipice of argillaceous rock, called 'Nougat, from which the pass takes its name, in which the Bushmen and Bastards excavate the ochreous substance, called by them 'nou, which they use as a pigment for their cheeks. This is identical with the *sebilo* of the Bechuanas, found in the same rocks to the north. The stone, when broken, presents a bluish-grey fracture, studded with shining particles, and is, I believe, massive hæmatite iron ore, yielding a cherry-red mark when cut or filed. The natives pound this substance and mix it with fat to apply it. It is often, they say, found in a red powdery state in similar caves. In the absence of this pigment they use a plant, called *haas bugu*, and another, *wolf bugu*, a fungus with a pod containing a dark powder, usually found growing on ant-heaps. They are averse to relinquish the dirty custom, urging that they have no other means of cooling their faces. I had not the pleasure of visiting the above cave.

Ever after leaving Brieschap our Bushman guide had been complaining of sore eyes, and the usual means of relieving them were of no avail. To-day he complained still more. While outspanned we all prepared our guns, and I divided fifteen charges and bullets among the three, who then seemed to be perfectly satisfied. On spanning in again I observed they had omitted to lash their guns in the waggon. Seeing the two Kafirs busy assisting the driver,

I thought it might still be their intention to do so ; but Theus, the Bushman, proceeded to inform me that some disagreement existed between him and them—that his eyes were so bad it would not do for him to go on with us, and he had requested them to conduct us farther. I remonstrated with him, but to no purpose, and immediately suspected their motives. Calling the Kafirs, I promptly demanded whether they were of intention to remain with me in the event of Theus turning back, and received a decisive reply in the negative. Without a moment's hesitation I ordered their horns and tassels to be emptied of powder and bullets, and satisfied myself that their guns were not loaded. They seemed quite taken aback and inclined to repent of their unfaithful behaviour ; but as my confidence in them was lost, I had no more to say to them.

My driver and I, rather disconcerted by their cool villany—for their wages had been advanced—immediately consulted as to our movements. He did not feel disposed to prosecute the journey along the river, as no Bastards were near of whom we could ask assistance. For my part I must confess I felt rather unnerved with such faithless scoundrels in our rear, who knew our limited means of defence, however dangerous the Bushmen in advance might be, and therefore gave the signal for a retrograde movement. I really felt sadly chagrined and disappointed ; but as the beaten path along the river terminated a little beyond Riet Fontein, I did not consider myself justified in going even as far as that place, only four miles distant, to gratify curiosity, after meeting with such obstacles which might be increased, and having lost so much time, to the detriment of my employers. Had I not been in a responsible situation, and so unprovided with ammunition, I should have been inclined to grope as far as the Delvits hills, which I particularly wished to examine.

We concluded our best plan would be to return to Kalk Fontein by the same road, and go from thence in a south-easterly direction to Jackal Water, and thence, as guided by the Bastards, south-westward, so as to keep the line of the outermost squatters at the various pools and vlees. I afterwards had no occasion to regret this plan, for I found myself in a new and interesting field of research, though one not so exciting as that which we were now sorry to leave.

Seeing that we returned by the same road to Kalk Fontein, instead of going more directly to Wittewater, the renegades accompanied us. On nearing the lower fountain of 'Nougat Spruit, where the road deviated towards the lower ford of the river, Theus insisted that the Beukeses and Van Wyks were squatted there, and that they would gladly help me across with the waggon. It occurred to us that these fellows seemed particularly anxious to detain us in the neighbourhood, where not a soul but old Thogo

and his concomitants was to be seen for many miles. I, however, mounted my old hack and rode in advance to the lower drift, but, to my disappointment, could not observe a living object on the opposite bank nor the smallest cloud of dust indicative of the movements of sheep or cattle hieing homewards, for it was the usual hour; while the waters glided slowly along their ancient channel, only increasing my impatience to be speeding towards the country which they would reach long before me in spite of all my efforts. Had the river been passable, I should doubtless have forded it so as to get into the great trek-road of the Bastards,* along the n. bank among the Korannas, for it is only on the s. side within the colony that the Bushmen are dreaded.

I returned to the waggon at the lower fountain, where we outspanned for the night. The three then took their guns and moved eastward towards Thogo's kraal, distant about 10 or 12 m. I did not heed them, but observed my driver remonstrating with them as to their being answerable for any evil which might befall us from skulking Bushmen, and that they remained. Were our journey between Brieschap and Riet Fontein made in the winter we should have had more cheerful days, and perhaps never thought of the unsafety of the locality at other times; but our solitariness made everything appear desolate. On this occasion the scene at nightfall, with its associations, was one of impressive sublimity: above, the sky was covered with irregular masses of black clouds, which emitted occasional flashes of lightning, followed by rumbling thunder. On the one side was the sombre gorge of 'Nougat, with its red precipices and furrowed mountains, beyond which lay an immense waste, infested with straggling Bushmen: on the other, the "wild resounding river," fringed with dense and dark mimosas: in the mid-distance a chaotic region of hills, and beyond them again lay a far more expansive waste—the Kalahare wilderness. But these feelings were marred by those of disappointment at our retrograde movement, and disgust at the conduct of our guides.

Next day, the 12th, we passed Thogo's kraal, where the three guides quietly took their guns and retired. Arrived at Kalk Fontein at nightfall: here we found ourselves again perfectly alone, at least 25 m. from any Bastard homestead, and very low-spirited to find that by going so far as 'Nougat we had only injured our oxen, which commenced to limp from the sharpness of the roads. I could not have conceived that the obstacles along this route were so insurmountable. The fear of Bushmen beyond 'Nougat seemed to possess all the natives. The ignorance of the Boers, on the borders of Colesberg District, of these parts is very surprising, and the few who have been out on Bushman com-

* Between Griqualand and Namaqualand.

mandos are little better informed. Mr. C. S. Orpen, whom I saw at Colesberg, was the only one who had given me any knowledge of these parts, which he had himself traversed as far as Riet Fontein. This gentleman is remarkably well acquainted with the Hopetown neighbourhood, and apparently much respected there.

On Saturday, the 13th, we travelled to Jackal Water, keeping s. over a wrinkled surface of indurated limestone, very injurious to the hoofs of the oxen, till we passed Dik Klip Poort range, branching from Doornberg. We then had an open undulating country to travel over. The valleys of red soil all the way were waving with fine sweet grass in immense quantities, but too far from fountains and pools to be conveniently available in a region neighbouring Bushmen. At Jackal Water, for the first time since leaving Brieschap, we met with Bastards. We found five or six huts and as many waggons. One of the Bastards seemed comparatively wealthy, and the rest hungry relatives and attendants. We were now among some of the people who were "too fond of their lives," and who naturally congratulated us on our retrograde movement. I was amused to hear that our late companion, Theus the Bushman, was the son of the notorious one who, some years ago, murdered the farmer, Nell, in the Roggeveld, and that he once, near Riet Fontein, placed a Dutch farmer in even greater difficulties than those from which we had extricated ourselves, in which the latter nearly lost his life: we were, of course, thankful at having escaped his treachery. The water at this place was very filthy, being in stagnant pools in a large gully between quartzite rocks. There was, however, a small spring of clear water in a fissure near our waggon.

While here, I made inquiries about a direct road to Namaqualand. One, the most direct, was said to extend to Vries Kolk, thence to Stinkbrak, through Hartzog Kloof, and past the Great Salt Pan; but everyone deprecated it as unsafe from Bushmen, five having been seen on the first portion of the road a day or two before, and not a soul would be induced by the most tempting offers to accompany me along it. Another road, they said, I should enter, by travelling in a south-easterly direction to Jonkerwater, and this I chose, two men having consented to act as guides for some distance beyond that place. I here made up my mind to cull all the information I could on my route regarding this comparatively unoccupied country; for though I could not but regard the late Report of the Committee on Crown Lands as an admirable production, evidencing sound acquaintance on the part of those who drew it up with the detached portions of crown lands within the boundaries of the outer districts, I supposed that the non-mention of this region, which is at least two-thirds the size

of the Orange Free State, and within the new colonial boundary, arose from the utter absence of information regarding it.

On Monday, the 15th, we continued our journey, keeping for several miles abreast of a ridge of low quartzite hills, giving our cattle water at a pan, which had been filled perhaps by a passing shower. We rode on and encamped at a similar one, but containing, instead of water, which had dried up, abundance of excellent grass, though not a blade was to be seen among the stunted karroo shrubs around. Next day, passing herds of springboks, of which we shot several, we arrived at Jonkerwater, a brack fountain and saltpan, situate on the great high road from the Cape to the interior. The nearest Boer was about 30 m. to the s.e. of us, viz., the Field Cornet Vander Westhuizen. The saltpan was about 300 yards wide: the annual yield of salt I heard was 15 or 16 muids, of which the value was about as many pounds sterling. Two Bastards* appeared to be doing their best to cultivate the place, and seemed anxious for information regarding the future disposal of crown lands, as they had fears of the Boers claiming this or applying for it.

We had thus, after travelling six weeks, only gone over one-third of the whole distance of our destination. On the 17th we rode on, bearing generally s.w., passing over low table-lands with numerous pans and thousands of springboks. Observed to the right a fine large and meadow-like grass vley, with a deep bed; the outlet was at a narrow gorge, on a basaltic ridge, crossing the lower end, which, if closed, would transform it after rains into a small lake. We halted at nightfall at a lonely spot, and next morning, crossing a small range of sandstone hills, we spanned out at Grant Pan; to our right lay at some distance Gudenskop, at the base of which was said to pass the other direct road to Vries Kolk, which place we could see to the westward. I was informed one Witboy, a Bastard, resided there. Then, descending a long plain, and crossing a few floors, as they are called, we reached Mark Vley. We found no one here; but it appeared to be a lay-place of some importance, as there were numerous "skerms," and it has evidently great capabilities. Skirting the left bank, in the evening we outspanned at the upper extremity of it. The whole presented a fine sheet of water, covering about 2 square m., unusual rains having fallen: hundreds of wild ducks sported on the surface. On the 19th we crossed another very extensive plain. Our path was intersected here by the great trek-road, from the Colesberg district to the Olifant Vley pastures to the w. Gently ascending a range of high land, we arrived at Tomas Pan on the top. This was a fine and deep pool without any outlet, but it con-

* Roedolph van Wyk and another.

tained abundance of water. Here we found, under the charge of the herdsman, a large flock of sheep, belonging to some colonial trader in the neighbourhood of Schiet Fontein. In the afternoon we took a route more directly w., leaving Schiet Fontein Missionary Institution about 40 m. to the s. Arriving at Ganna Pan, a shallow water, where were a few Bastards and a Swede named Petersen, with one eye, who was reported to be well acquainted with the country, I determined on making an effort to engage him as a guide the whole way. I found that all the waters in this neighbourhood were frequented at the time. There seemed to be great uncertainty as to the most direct road to Little Namaqualand, as they remarked I was the first traveller who had attempted the whole distance. I found afterwards that the springs, kolks, pans, vleys, &c., were so numerous and precarious in yield of water that the country along my route was actually reticulated with half-beaten paths, so that their inability to suggest the most direct line was not to be wondered at. The dread of a few straggling Bushmen seemed to be felt even here. I could only attribute it to the lack of ammunition; this I found very scarce. The Bastards unanimously stated that the road by way of Hartzog Kloof and the Great Salt Pan was still considered very unsafe, unless we had a stronger party, more horses, and abundance of ammunition, as no people were to be found at the intervening waters, and only one or two parties were at the kloof above mentioned. Petersen, whom I engaged, proposed a circuitous route to the southward, so as to touch at the outer Dutch farms along the Karree and Hantam Bergen. I suspected he knew this to be the more convenient for himself, as well as the safest; but I objected to the rough hilly roads, from which my oxen would suffer, especially as they had greatly improved during the preceding few days on the low soily country; and, moreover, I wished to see the less frequented parts. I determined on keeping to the right of the hills, which was the middle route and more direct withal. I had afterwards no occasion to repent this, for my ten oxen brought me safely to Springbok in Little Namaqualand, to the astonishment of many persons as well as my own. I was also enabled to judge for myself of the capabilities of Bushmanland, by having kept within its borders.

On Monday, the 22nd, we trekked as far as Boozak Kolk; day exceedingly hot. Here our path was intersected by another great trek-road from the Beaufort district to the Olifant Vley pastures.

Next day we reached Dwaal Berg Kolk, the large hill to our right, so called from the circumstance of an unfortunate having once lost himself for two or three days in its recesses.

Next morning, the 24th, our new guide, Petersen, joined us here, and the two Bastards left. We travelled as far as Krom Vley, passing a fine large conical hill to our right, called Franzes

Kop; after an old trader, who, some years ago, endured the agony of spending four or five days on the top, in fear of Bushmen and lions, till rescued by a passing "trek." Some distance to our left stood two large hills abreast, called Jagersberg, forming the n.e. end of the Karreberg. At Krom Vley, I found a boer, named Stenkamp, from whom we gained a little information as to our road. This worthy had a Bastard wife and some dependants. He lived with her and his children in a semispherical hut in real nomadic style. I was surprised to hear them address him Bas (master). One well-built lad, with an European complexion and physiognomy, especially attracted my attention. I could not but think such were worthy of a better lot than that in store for them, and which will, as usual, arise, from their precarious and unfortunate origin. In a letter I had had the pleasure of receiving from my brother-in-law, Dr. Livingstone, date Golungo Alto, 21st May, 1854, he writes of the Portuguese there:—"Their children can all read and write, for unlike the Dutch farmers, they never disown their children by native women: they, the mulattoes, are something like the Griquas in appearance." I could not help thinking that a traveller would have a very different tale to tell of their poor analogues in this British colony. I was informed of some twenty or more Europeans along this border who were similarly circumstanced.

On the 25th, passing Karn Melk Kolk, an extensive floor, we reached Visters Kloof, the only point at which we touched the Great Karreberg Range. Here I found some Bastards, with 2000 or 3000 sheep and goats of their own; they lived, like all the rest, in semispherical huts.

Next day we arrived at a dry channel, called Zout Rivier, scooped through very saline ground, whence its name. The Bastard here had dug a fine watercourse, and hoped to be able to purchase the ground from Government. From all I could gather, the Mission Station of Almandel Boom lay about 45 m. s.s.w. Many lay places and corn farms of groups of Bastards were described as intervening between us and that place.

On the 27th we rode on, over a wide plain sloping gently to the n., passing Zout Rivier Kop, a large conical hill to our left, forming the n.w. extremity of the Great Karreberg Range, and commanding, I should think, an extensive view. We arrived at Haas Fontein, the only fountain we had seen since leaving Jonker Water. This is a very eligible spot for a village or a farm. Our path was crossed here by another great trek road, from the Achter Roggeveld to the Naauwte and Hartzog Kloof pastures. One Dutch farmer, the second we had seen since leaving Doornberg Fontein, lay to the n. of us, with a flock of 1500 ewes.

On Monday the 29th, we arrived at Krantz Kop or Lœuwkuil

Spruit, one of the most saline spots I had met with, the water in the pools perfectly salt, and the channel completely lined with white incrustations. At nightfall we halted on a plain near Komanskolk, and on Tuesday the 30th, we reached Twee Rivier, so called from its being the junction of two rivers, the Fish and Zak. Here I found several Bastards in charge of numerous flocks and herds, and troops of horses belonging to Boers of the Roggeveld. Twee Rivier is a locality much frequented, and the level bed or bottom of the valley is, in some places, 2 m. wide, covered with fine pasture. The confluent channels can barely be seen winding tortuously along it. The water was in standing pools, and appeared to increase in saltness as it diminished. Twee Rivier was, I believe, one of the landmarks of the old boundary. We had hitherto been very fortunate in finding grass for our oxen, and after they had regaled themselves here, we prepared for a fresh start. Having now completed about two-thirds of our long journey, we found our worthy guide at a loss regarding the road.

On the 1st of February we travelled about 13 m., passing several pans; and on the 2nd reached Vogel Vley, where we found a fine pool of rain-water. I indulged in a little geology as usual, and found much to interest me. We rode on and spanned out near Melkbosch Fontein, to our left, the residence of a Dutch farmer named Jous, who also had a Bastard wife. I did not call on him, and regret this; but purchased a few vegetables rather scarce in this region. He lived in the usual sort of hut, and I believe has been here some years.

On the 3rd we passed over a high land, which I afterwards found was a portion of the main South African water-parting, between the Orange River hydrographical basin and the valleys of the western seaboard. Here the great trek road from the Hantam to the lower Zak River lay places intersected our path. We now descended towards Krom River, keeping the right side of one of its affluents. In the afternoon we spanned out at the Drift called Springhaan Kolk (Locust Pool). Here again the great trek road from the Hantam to the Great Salt Pan and Kat Kop intersected our path. From Twee Rivier to this we had in view all along to our left the Hantam Bergen, apparently about 35 m. distant. At the Drift were two or three Hottentots, living in a wretched state of poverty. We rode on, crossing the channel of Krom Rivier four times, passing to our left a small conical hill, and a lay place called Moordenaars Werf, and arrived on the evening at Bakens Werf, where we remained next day, Sunday. These are, I believe, chiefly Boer lay places. The waters along this river are more brack than any I had tasted. The pastures on the river channel were very fine, and there were numbers of "Abiqua" trees (? Tamarisk) along the banks.

On Monday the 5th we rode along the left bank; a little below we found two or three Hantam Boers with waggons and semi-spherical huts. They were just about to move to the northward, among the pans and vleys s.w. of Kat Kop. They informed me that during the winter months, wild Bushmen were often to be found in this neighbourhood in search of stray cattle and favourite herbs. All along Krom River, we could observe to our left, the fine peaks Spijoen Kop (a landmark in the old boundary) and Spitsberg. We reached the bend of Krom River to the right, at a werf called Beenbreck—the southernmost point on the whole journey. Near us to our w. stood the magnificent peak of Kubiscoe, one of the Astronomer Royal's trigonometrical stations. We changed our course to N.W., crossing the river twice, the second time at a lay place called 'Nousi, where were numerous "skerms." We now had Roodberg and its outliers to the right, and the ranges of Kubiscoe and Langeberg to the left. Our path was here crossed by the great trek road from the Hantam and Luries Fontein to the pans and vleys.

Next morning the 6th, after being rather puzzled about the road, we contrived to find one which brought us to Kluitjes Kraal, the place we sought on the left bank of the river, and so called, no doubt, from hundreds of small boulders, among which the "skerms" lay. In the evening we encamped at a place called De Kop. The channel of the river was here pretty wide, as if occasionally swept by freshets, and a good deal of bush relieved the eye; indeed, all along Krom River there was more or less of it. At De Kop I found a great deal to interest a geologist, and am satisfied that the whole basin would afford a month's gratification to any lover of the science.

Next morning, the 7th February, we crossed the river again to the right bank for the last time. Our way wound among granite rocks till we approached Zout Pans Fontein, where, for the first time, we met with fresh spring water, but not a blade of grass was to be seen. We took the right road to the high land, where we halted. Here I had a fine view of the great bend of the Krom River southward with its various affluents, and the distant gorge between the Kubiscoe and Langeberg ranges, through which it passes to join the Great Doorn River, which, in its turn, finally joins the Olifant River near the coast. A few Bastards came out to the waggon from the valleys below, thinking we were traders. We rode on, crossing several spruits, and in the evening reached a lay place called Kaptyns Kraal, on one of the larger affluents of Krom River. Here we found a few Bastards who cultivated gardens. Some of the children applied to me for Dutch books, but I was unable to gratify them. They belonged to Luries Fontein, where, I am informed, reside several very re-

spectable Bastards. I could not learn the distance to our left at which any surveyed lands lay.

On the 8th we travelled to Lospers Plaats, still in the basin of Krom River. This appeared to be a considerable lay place of the Bastards. It was a rippling fountain, water rather brackish, but the place appeared capable of great improvement. I never before beheld at one view such myriads of Namaqua partridges as I saw here. About 9 o'clock next morning they came in from the surrounding wastes in immense coveys, leading me to suppose that we were now entering upon a tract of very arid country with waters few and far between, and I was not wrong. In the basin of Krom River, our oxen had had little to graze upon, and not a blade of grass was now to be seen. We were informed by the people we had just left, that rains had not fallen for some time. Several roads radiated from this place to the Pan country, and Pella on the right, and the Roggeveld and Kamies Berg to the left. About 25 m. n.w. of us, we were informed lay a great salt floor called Boschluis, about 9 m. E. of which is another of the Astronomer Royal's Trigonometrical stations; I believe on the main water-parting.

On the 10th February, we travelled over an extensive table land, passing a deep but small salt pan to the left, and crossing the upper part of several affluent valleys of Buffel River, found no water; though we had had a very long stage and encamped on the plain. Next morning we rode on, scarcely knowing which road to take for many miles, till we reached a dry pan. Finding numerous footprints of sheep, we concluded that some squatter had just left the place, and we took the right road, not knowing at the time that the left, as we were afterwards informed, would have brought us in half an hour to Alwyn Fontein, a great lay place of both Boers and Bastards. We moved gently on over an apparently level table land, covered with immense quantities of fine grass, which our oxen could not touch for want of water. In the evening of the 11th we arrived at a grav-water which we discovered accidentally. By means of a large baking pot, we contrived to quench the thirst of our poor oxen; and on the evening of the 12th we rode on to 'Norubÿ, another grav-water. This is in a fissure of the granite rock, in a natural basin. The appearance on all these sand waters, of small black fragments of ostrich shells which emit a very offensive odour, shows that they must have been used by Bushmen from time immemorial.

On Tuesday, the 13th, we rode slowly over the same level grass country, passing a grav water, called Gorasset, also in a basin of granite. We outspanned at a place some way beyond called 'Amibis, which lies in a spruit of Buffel River, in a valley where denudation appears to have scooped out the table lands. Here we found a few Bastards belonging to Lily Fontein Mis-

sionary Institution. Climbing out again, we travelled as far as Gamiep on another affluent of Buffel River. Along this lay numerous Boers, Bastards, and Traders. Here we were on the point of entering surveyed lands belonging to private parties. Passing De Wip, the first farm, we arrived on the evening of the 14th at Riet Fontein, and to my surprise I met here one family of the Beukeses, formerly resident at Bull Fontein, where I last saw the Orange River. They welcomed me with the utmost kindness, and with a degree of surprise at my sudden appearance from their own country, of which they seemed to have some fond recollections. The houses were well built, but the handiwork of their industrious father, then dead; and everything, even the garden, appeared to be becoming dilapidated. There was, however, abundance of fruit.

On Thursday, the 15th, we passed Eendorn and other farms of a worthy Scotchman named Kennedy, who is the only person in the country possessing a flock of Merino sheep. After a journey of two months and ten days, which might have been performed in 30 days, had we known the direct road, we arrived at Springbok Fontein on the 17th, at that time the largest mine in the country.

Through the kindness of the proprietors of the mining establishment I left my waggon here, and was delayed between Springbok and Hondeklip Bay for nearly six weeks, till the 29th of March, and engaged in preparing for a systematic exploration of the Region between Pella and Steinkopf for copper ores.

We were now to travel on a north-easterly direction in which Pella lay.

On the 29th of March, leaving private lands, we travelled to Omiep,* crossing for the second time the main S. A. water-parting. Here we found the Burra Burra, and No. 6, mining companies at work. About a mile below is a permanent grav water. Next day we passed 'Arigas or Quick Fontein, a permanent spring, and a considerable Bastard and Boer lay-place during the summer months; the long valley below affording excellent pastures. It is, I believe, the eastern limit of the tract of country claimed by the Steinkopf Missionary Institution.

On the 31st, after travelling over a good deal of sand of which there were hundreds of dunes, we arrived at another great Bastard lay-place call Haip. I ascended this fine mountain and had an extensive view of the whole of Little Bushmanland, took numerous bearings with a small theodolite, and sketched in hilly portions, a practice I continued during the exploration. On the summit I observed the little circular hiding places of stone, from which the ancient Bushmen were wont to shoot the Zebra and

* From Omiep to the end of this paper about forty names of places are mentioned, which do not occur in Mr. Moffat's original maps, and sufficient data are not given in the text to place them in the accompanying map.—J. A.

Quagga. We found numerous families of Bastards here, chiefly the Cloetes, formerly the proprietors of Springbok Fontein, and who are now on the books of the Institution.

On the 3rd of April, we reached the main channel of a great valley, at a place called 'Amasoans, a grav water in the sand bed, having passed the base of a conspicuous peak to our right called 'Ogorabip. This, but for the scarcity of water, would be the finest pasture ground of Little Bushmanland; by this I mean that portion of Great Bushmanland, in the neighbourhood of Little Namaqualand, and now included in the district.

On the 4th of April we proceeded to 'Oorees and thence to Zuur Water. At both of these places lay several Bastards.

On the 7th we travelled to 'Gams *viâ* 'Agen'huis, where lay a few Bastards. We passed among numerous hills and near two springs (in ravines of the 'Gams plateau) called 'Nesip and Little Gams. Next morning, the 8th, we arrived there and made up our minds to stay for a few days. At 'Gams we found a Hollander, named Hollembach, who once served in the Dutch fleet under Lord Exmouth in the Mediterranean. He had been here 15 years, and formerly resided in the Clan William District. He appeared to be a worthy man with an interesting family, who were to be pitied in this out-of-the-way place, with only Bastards for associates. He has, however, educated his children; two of his sons I believe are traders. I am told that he has long acted as a schoolmaster among Captain Witboy's people. A Bastard named Losper also lived here—had been here 18 years. 'Gams is a place very much frequented by the Van Zyls, Kennedys, and numerous other trekkers from the surveyed farms, as well as by traders, the pastures being excellent.

Hearing that Cupido Witboy, a Namaqua chief who formerly held sway over all the country of Little Namaqualand, and who still claimed authority over the aboriginal community, was at Pella, I sent for him. My object in seeing him was to ascertain the real circumstances of the country, so far as regarded native rights, in the event of our finding ores in it, in order that our tenure might be safe, if we should happen to secure centres in it. I thought also that as the Surveyor-General had not come thus far, nor mentioned Cupido Witboy in his Report, I should be able to cull information omitted by him. In the interview he gave me while here, I learnt a few particulars of his history, &c. Though arrived at a good age, he writes an excellent hand, which would shame many respectable Dutch farmers. The circumstances of this chief, which in justice demand investigation, will be noticed elsewhere.

On the 18th having spent 10 days in the neighbourhood, during which I culled a variety of information, we proceeded, *viâ* Schaap-

dragos, to Pella, where we arrived, keeping its valley, on the 19th. This place had to me one pleasant association. Thirty-seven years before, my father arrived here on his way from the Cape to Afrikaners Kraal (beyond the river) as a missionary. At that time the good Mr. Bartlett, of the London Missionary Society, laboured here. They were, however, both soon after transferred to another field near Griqualand. I found here the worthy Rhenish missionary, Mr. Schruijder and his family, who received us with the utmost kindness. There resided here, also, a Frenchman named Gabriel, formerly a lieutenant in the French guards under Napoleon. He had, I found, resided here many years. All the other residents were Bastards. There is an abundance of water here, but rather brackish, oozing from beds of calcareous or what one would rather call dolomitic tufa (for it is said to contain a good deal of magnesia). The place has capabilities, but there seems to be no attempt at improvement. Were the arable spots allocated to the most industriously inclined parties, no doubt some effort would be made. Ensnconced in high and barren hills the place is intolerably hot even at this pleasant season. Mr. Schruijder informed me that in the hotter months the heat was so great that though the missionary, he was compelled to resort with his family, during the nights, to the use of the semispherical mat hut. It can never become a place of any importance. I thought it strange that a village was established here about 25 m. from any waggon ford, instead of the neighbourhood of a ford. The chapel and mission-house were very rude and small buildings: the former, I believe, was Mr. Bartlett's old one patched up.

Our intention was now to traverse the country adjoining the river, as far as Henkries, in a w. direction.

On the 21st we made an attempt to reach the river about 4 m. distant, but after winding in and out of dry channels among rugged and precipitous hills, we were stopped by a ledge of granite. Spent a day here, and on the 23rd travelled by way of Pella again to Little Pella, a beautiful little oasis, similarly ensconced among hills at the head of a deep granite ravine, passing several unoccupied lay places, 'Ougap, 'Oos, and Vettong. I could not but be amused at the manner in which Dutch names of places of identical meanings were gradually replacing the ancient Hottentot or Bushmen ones. The fountain, or rather spring of Little Pella, also oozes from a bed of tufa, and is surrounded with a good many large trees. A few small laps of soil may here be cultivated as gardens.

On the 25th, we rode on to Sand Fontein, a grav water. There were here one or two Damara servants of some trader. On the 26th we proceeded to Rosain Bosch. This is a considerable lay place, but only a few of the neighbouring waters were occupied.

We travelled on to Wortel ('Nomaop), one of the finest grazing places in Namaqualand, equal to 'Gams and Amasoans during most of the year. Not only Bastard and Namaqua, but Boers and Traders frequent it.

On the 29th, travelling on over an extensive plain, which commanded a view of the Orange River to our right, we passed through two gorges formed in a circular group of very high hills, called Daben norup, the table hill of which is one of the highest in the country. We arrived at 'Oms drift, the first available waggon-ford below Pella. This is one of the Nisbet Bath fords, passable only at low water. I believe the missionary has at that place a boat for the purpose of crossing it when the river is full. Here we remained a day or two, and in my wanderings along the river above the drift I saw for the first time, people whom we may properly call Namaquas, and like the Korannas to the E. on the opposite bank, it may be said that the majority of these aborigines will be found in the neighbourhood of the river. In the absence of a horse I took a trip on ox-back in search of supplies, and arrived in the evening at a spruit called 'Un'ubep, some way E. of the drift, otherwise called Hartebeest River. Found here an old Namaqua widow-woman, named Amagus, with her sons and their families. She is, I believe, considered the richest native individual in Little Namaqualand, and carries on her stock farming in aboriginal style with an alacrity quite surprising amidst the retrogression apparent in all her contemporaries. Traders are not sufficiently clever for her; but no doubt at her death her sons will, as in other instances which may be cited, get rid of all their inheritance.

On the 5th of May we followed the river as far as a lay place called 'Oniams, where we observed several centres had been taken as well as at Daben 'norup.

On the 9th rode on to 'Uma, where the river narrows among mountains. Thousands of baboon spoors are to be found here, showing what numbers must pass between the high and rugged hills and the river bush, and that the place is seldom frequented. Here we were obliged to leave the river and follow up the sandy bed of one of its affluents, in order to arrive at the more open country, for we could not traverse the bank. Below, at the distance of about $1\frac{1}{2}$ m., we saw the opposite side of the Nisbets Bath lower ford, viz. Sand or 'Naragus drift,* where it emerges from the river, to reach which with a waggon would occupy us a whole day, viâ Ontsammas.

On the 9th we reached Ontsammas at the upper end of the 'Naragus spruit.

It was at this drift that Captain Alexander crossed in 1837.

On the 10th arrived and remained the whole day at Vnurdood, two large conical black hills abreast. The country about this appeared quite destitute of any kind of vegetation, and had a very desolate appearance from the number of dark bare hills. Starting by moonlight, we lost our road to Henkries and wandered over an extensive plain without wood or grass, and found ourselves next day at noon at Gazelschap Bank, or 'Ou'mup, on the road to Steinkopf. We however turned off to Henkries, far famed at that time for prospective copper mines.

We found a place similar to Pella, but capable of cultivation to a greater extent and better adapted for a village of Bastards. Here we saw one Jacob Baali and his children, a son of old Jan Baali, who in 1837 surpassed Amagus with his riches, for Alexander speaks of his having had thousands of cattle and sheep. The fountains as usual ooze from beds of tufa; the whole valley is composed of this; though transversely a perfectly level bottom, it has a gentle glacis towards the river, 4 m. distant, with three breaks or terraces of 50 or 60 ft. at nearly equal intervals in that distance. This will afford study for a geologist. We examined the mountainous country in the neighbourhood, and saw no prospects of success on such a field.

On the 20th we left the river country and travelled towards Steinkopf. The whole of these sandy parts afford excellent pastures after rains, especially among the dunes to the eastward, along the N. side of the Amasoans Valley.

On the 21st we reached a pass called Eenriet Kloof, on a range of hills bearing N.N.W., where we found a grav water. We were now in the 'Nou, or country more immediately pertaining to the Koopfontein or Steinkopf Missionary Institution. It is a permanent lay place and the pastures are good, though I should think from being near the main water-parting, it must be very cold in the winter.

On the 24th I inspected the parts near 'Aripis (arawis), about 5 m. to the W. This is well adapted for a small village; a very fine water, and the situation open and airy.

After above date, having to take a trip to Hondeklip Bay, I was not able to see Steinkopf till the 16th of June. Whilst absent I had another excellent opportunity of seeing the Missionary Institution of Komaggas, and the country about it.

On my return to Eenriet on the 15th, we made preparations to move to Steinkopf, and reached it after a third time crossing the water-parting, with a short stage in the evening of the 16th. I was surprised at the wretched appearance of this station, which certainly does not betoken progress in the people. Saw only a mission-house and chapel, the latter a pretty good building. There were two outhouses belonging to Bastards, one resembling a farmer's

kitchen or rondavel. There was also a sort of dry garden, walled in, and the fountain or spring is a miserable affair. If properly attended to, the place might be much improved. Leaving the waggons at Steinkopf, I started on the evening of the same day, the 16th, for 'Gams, in search of supplies, as I had to attend to all the wants of our party. I was absent till the 30th. During this trip, which I performed partly on horse and partly on ox-back, I had opportunities of gaining additional information of the eastern half of Little Namaqualand. I met with another respectable Namaqua named Gamup, with his kindred, living in patriarchal style at Gudous near Vnurdood. Their simplicity and kindness were perfectly aboriginal; I found he was a relative of the widow Amagus.

On my return to Steinkopf we started on the 4th of July, for an exploration of the middle parts of Little Bushmanland. Passing a little spring called Abedas and Brak River, the channel, which empties its rain waters in Henkries Valley, 'Oogas or Vries Kolk, all lay places, we spanned out at Leeuw Poort. All over this neighbourhood and Steinkopf segregated groups of Bastards are to be seen at every small spring or pool, if there is grass. We rode on, passing Klein Eenriet, to a place called 'Arenhous on the plain; thence with a guide we went to Eendop, riding on horseback over the country to the left in the neighbourhood of the 'Amama grav water, near which is a fine curved range of hills. After inspecting the cupreous run at Eendop, we returned to 'Arenhous, thence to 'Ams, a considerable lay place, where we found a few Bastards, who had come from beyond Pella to convey copper from Concordia and Springbok to the bay. This place is near to Quick Fontein before alluded to. Thence through Orees Kloof and back to Leeuw Poort, both in the same curved range of high hills, we returned to Steinkopf, *viâ* Zwart Puits cornlands and De Banke, both Bastard lay places. This concluded my waggon journeys, after which I was absent for 3 months in Graham Town and at the Cape.

On my return I have had occasion to go down to Robbe Bay (Port Nolloth) to survey the village allotments there, and paid particular attention to the main road and its capabilities of repair. Subsequently having occasion to go down to Hondeklip Bay, I travelled the main road with a special view to examine its capabilities, and on my return had another opportunity of seeing Komaggas Missionary Institution.

[In the above I have not alluded to short jaunts on horseback to different parts.]
