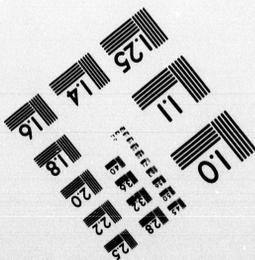
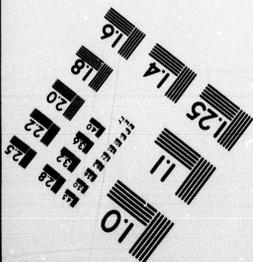
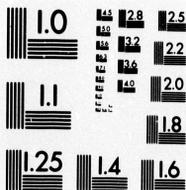


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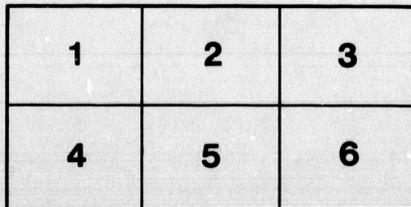
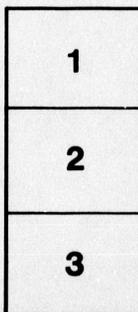
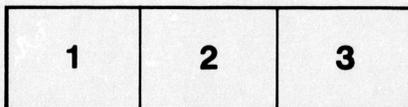
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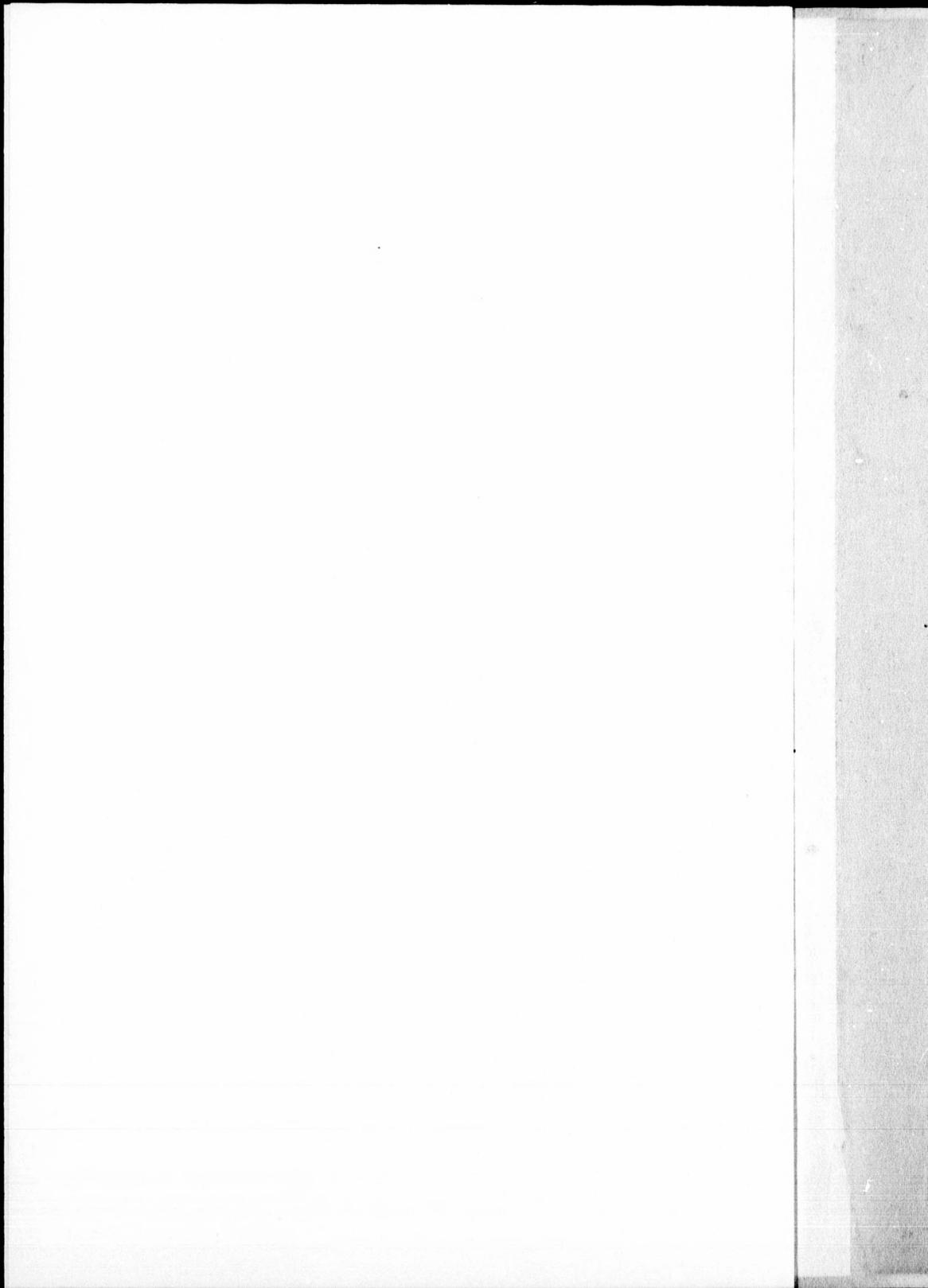
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FROM MY

**SOUTH-AFRICAN JOURNAL.**

DURING

**FIVE YEARS' SERVICE IN THE  
2ND BATT. 10TH FOOT.**

FROM JANUARY 1860 TO DECEMBER 1864.

BY

**CAPTAIN G. E. BULGER**

**FELLOW OF THE LINNEAN SOCIETY ; CORRESPONDING MEMBER  
OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON ; ETC.**



**BANGALORE :**

**PRINTED AT THE REGIMENTAL PRESS**

**2ND BATT. 10TH FOOT.**

**1867.**

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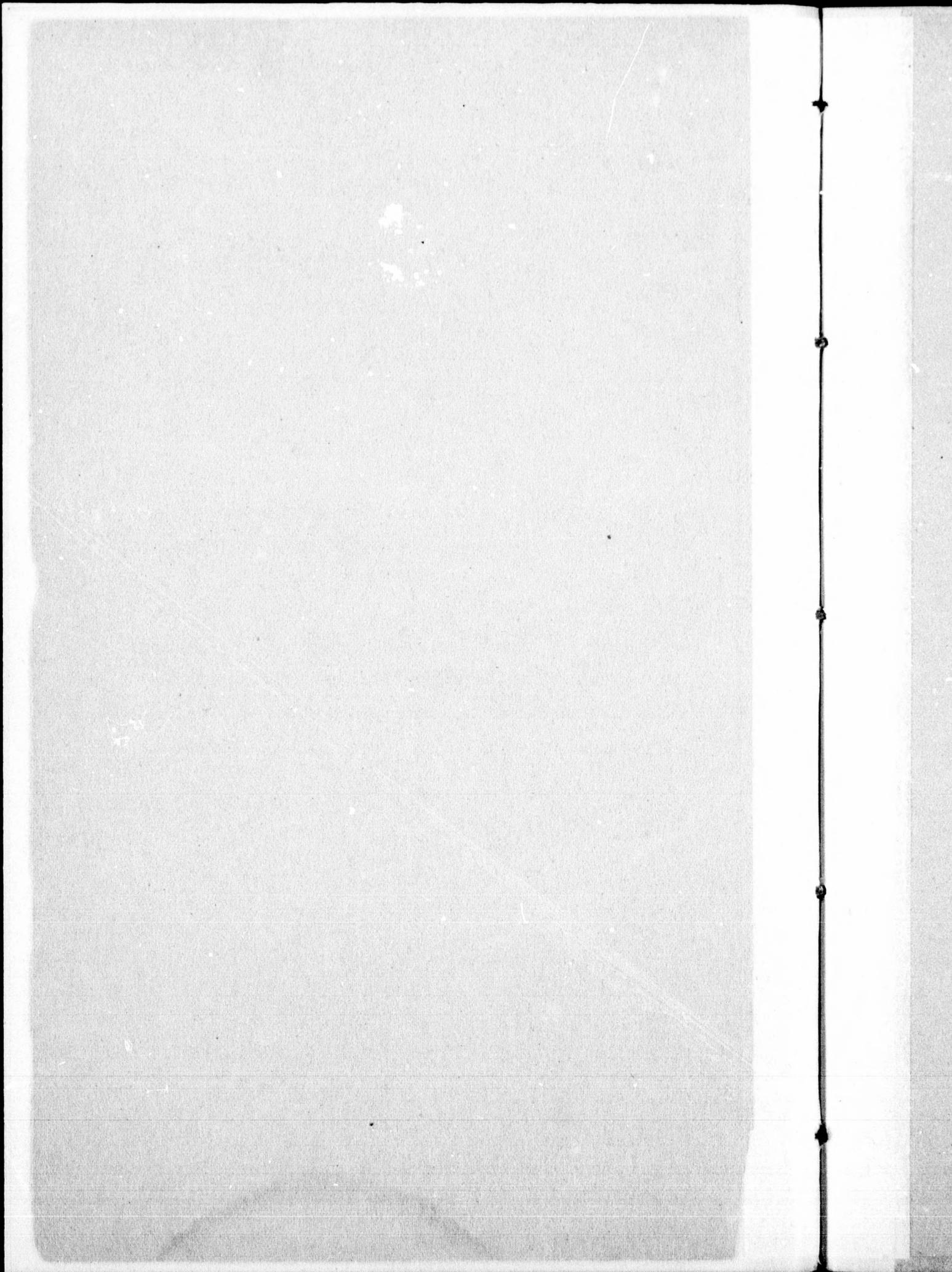
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TO  
WILLIAM JOHN BYDE MARTIN, ESQUIRE;  
LATE LIEUTENANT AND ADJUTANT  
2ND BATTALION 10TH FOOT.

I DEDICATE THESE PAGES, AS A SLIGHT TOKEN  
OF FRIENDSHIP AND ESTEEM;

AND  
AS A MEMENTO OF HAPPY DAYS GONE BY.

G. E. BULGER.



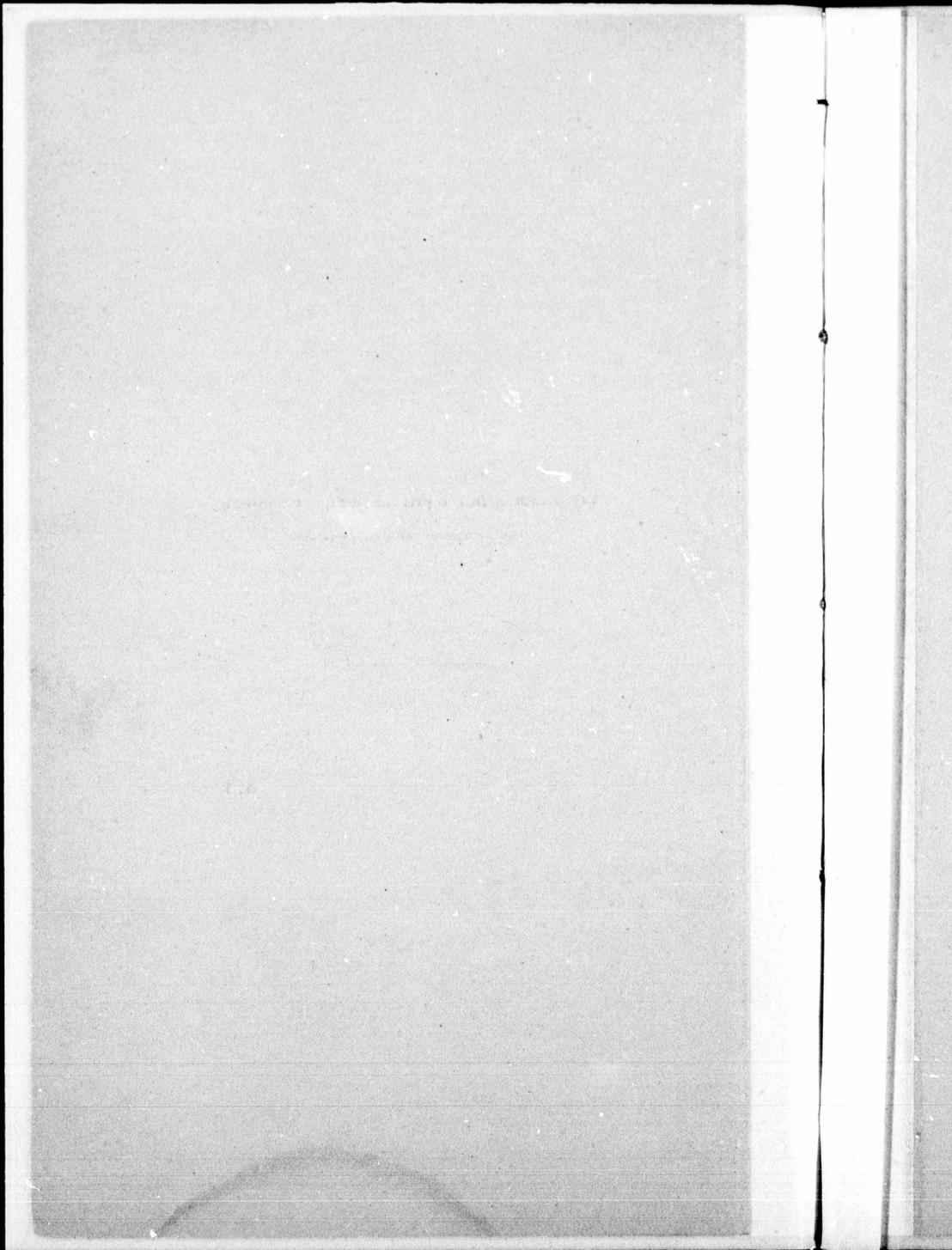
## P R E F A C E .

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The idea of printing, in the present form, the following abstract of his journal, during four years' service at the Cape of Good Hope, in the **Second Battalion** of the **Tenth Foot**, only recently occurred to the author ; and it is with much doubt and hesitation, that he now offers such a meagre and uninteresting account of the movements of the **Regiment** during the period referred to. He trusts, however, that it may not be wholly unacceptable to those, who shared with him the pleasant days, of which it is a simple and imperfect record.

G. E. BULGER.

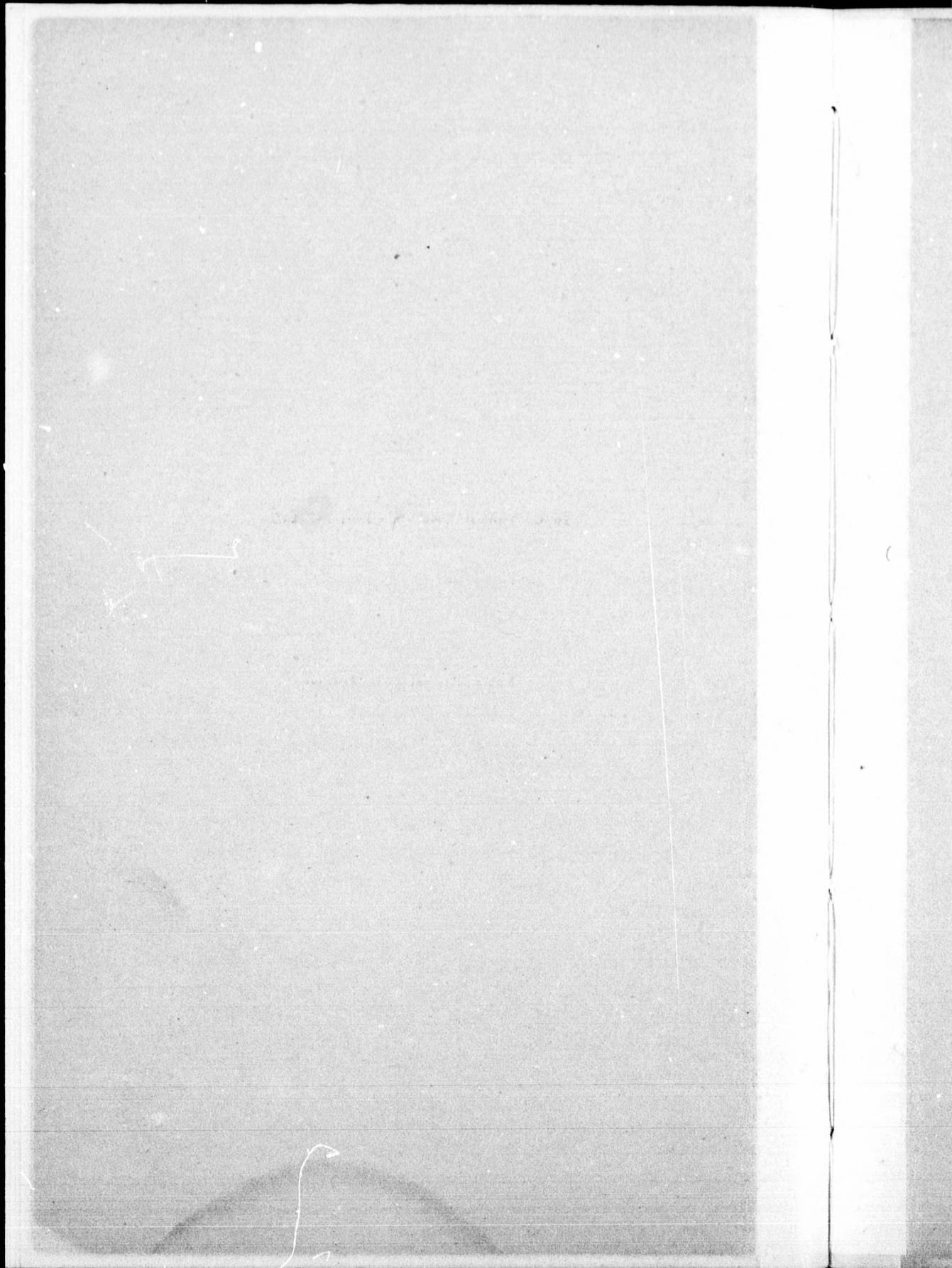
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## CHAPTER I.

### *From the Curragh-Camp, to the Torrid Zone.*

---

On board H. M. S. *Urgent*—off Haulbowline Island. Wednesday  
11th January 1860, 9 P. M.

At last we are fairly embarked in the good ship which is to convey us from the verdant shores of Erin to that land of happy promise—the Cape of Good Hope; and, ere this time to-morrow, we shall be dashing through the waters of the “great deep,” in fulfilment of our destiny.

We left the Curragh-Camp this morning at a quarter before seven o'clock; our fall-in bugles having sounded only twenty minutes before. The regiment turned out splendidly; no absentees, no prisoners, and all clean and sober. We were escorted by the Bands of the 30th and 55th Regiments, and that of the Kerry Militia, to the stand-house, where our special train was waiting for us. Some little time elapsed before all the baggage arrived, but we got away about eight o'clock, and reached Cork at half-past one, having stopped frequently for water during the journey, and once, at Limerick Junction, for refreshments.

Our detention at Cork was very short, for, immediately on leaving the train, Nos. 1, 3, and 10 Companies, with the Band and Drums, embarked in the little steamer for conveyance to the ship. An hour and a half brought us alongside, and in a few minutes more we were all on board. The remaining two companies—Nos. 2 and 6—followed, with the light baggage, two hours afterwards, and reached the ship about sun-set.

H. M. S. Urgent does not afford us a prospect of much comfort ; there is a great want of room for everybody, and the portion of the vessel allotted to us is most miserably ventilated. The men are crowded like sheep, and the officers are three and four in a cabin. Bartholomew, Bromley, and I are quartered together in a tiny apartment off the saloon, which has a single small scuttle to admit air and light for three individuals. Moreover the ship is not large enough to stow all our baggage, and a considerable quantity will have to remain behind for another opportunity of transport to the Cape. Thus things do not present a very delightful aspect, and it is scarcely to be wondered at, that some of the passengers are beginning to grumble already.

Thursday 12th January, 7 P. M.

I awoke this morning scarcely refreshed by my night's sleep in the close uncomfortable cabin which has fallen to my lot, and I look forward with almost dread to the passage of the tropics in such a badly-aired apartment. We steamed away from Haulbowline at a quarter past two, and are now fairly out at sea, having seen the last of old Kinsale Head more than an hour ago.

The sea-kits were issued to the men this morning, and we are beginning to shake down into our places, though much confusion and dissatisfaction still prevail. In addition to other annoyances, some of the light baggage has either miscarried or is lost, and amongst it our Library-Box, containing all the books destined for perusal during the voyage. Our prospects of comfort are even less bright than they were yesterday, and we are already beginning to wish that the voyage was over, and we safely landed at our destination.

We have had a light southerly breeze all day, but there is a heavy ground-swell, which has already thinned our mess-table.

Friday 13th January, 11 P. M.

The wind is still light and southerly, but the sea is heaving after the late heavy gales, and the ship rolls so much, that almost everybody is ill. We have been steaming eight and eight-and-a-half knots against the wind pretty nearly all day, and at noon, our run was a hundred and forty seven miles.

The decks are horribly filthy and wet, a state of things that is not unlikely to continue, as, in consequence of there being only stowage below for about nine days' supply, they have filled every available corner of the upper-deck with bags of coal.

About an hour since the expansion-gear gave way, but they seem to have repaired it, for, we are once more on the move.

Saturday 14th January, 10 P. M.

Blowing hard from the southward, and a very heavy sea running: the ship has been rolling very much, and the passengers, for the most part, are looking miserable. There is a rumour that we shall put into Lisbon, until the weather moderates, but it is not probable. The run to-day was a hundred and sixty-four miles—Porto Santo being eight hundred and fifty-two miles away.

Sunday 15th January, 11 P. M.

It blew half a gale all night, and, what with the rolling, creaking and groaning of the ship—chairs tumbling about the saloon—port-manteaux running races in the cabins—children crying—and dogs barking, sleep was utterly impossible.

The screw was stopped and taken up early in the forenoon, as the wind had become more favourable for sailing, but they were obliged to resume the steam a short time since, in consequence of the breeze having almost entirely lulled at sun-set. It has been raining at intervals throughout the day, and some of the showers were very heavy. The wind was variable, but for the most part light and southerly the ship leaks a good deal with the straining caused by the heavy sea, and every place below is more or less wet. The run up to noon to-day was a hundred and thirty-five miles.

Monday 16th January, 10 P. M.

There was no wind last night, but the ship rolled tremendously with the swell, which still continues on the ocean. I could not sleep, and

about one o'clock I dressed and went on deck; it was a soft and balmy morning, and the warmth of the air told plainly that we are nearing the sunny skies and summer breezes of the low latitudes. The weather throughout the day has been dull and unsettled, but there was scarcely any wind, and the sea is gradually going down.

We had our first parade this forenoon, and miserable and dirty the men looked, after the coal-dust and the tossing that they have experienced since we left the land. The run up to twelve o'clock was one hundred and sixty-five miles: Porto Santo distant five hundred and sixty-six miles.

Tuesday 17th January, 10 P. M.

The ship rolled throughout the past night, there having been no wind to steady her, but a breeze sprang up in the forenoon, and by three o'clock, we were running twelve knots without the screw, under the influence of a rattling south-wester.

The day has been warm and showery. The run up to noon—when we were off the port of Lisbon—was two hundred and thirty miles.

Wednesday 18th January, 8 P. M.

This has been a fine day on the whole, with a few showers of rain; the breeze was tolerably fair, but not very strong; and we scarcely exceeded six knots an hour.—Run up to noon, two hundred and twenty-two miles.

Thursday 19th January.

Land was visible soon after daylight this morning, and about half-past seven o'clock, we were passing the island of Porto Santo. It is a bold volcanic rock of fantastic shape and angular outline, without any appearance of vegetation: and is described as a most wretched place, possessing no trees and almost entirely destitute of fresh water. Its length is about six and one-third miles, by three in width, and it lies twenty-five miles to the north-east of Madeira. We observed no appearance of inhabitants or dwellings of any description. Madeira, at this time, was just peeping out of the morning haze; and the Dezertas were also visible. These latter are a group of three volcanic islands, uninhabited and almost inaccessible; they are very striking objects, and are about eleven miles from Madeira. They are called respectively—Dezerta Grande, Bugio, and Ilheo Chao; and the first-

named rises to the height of 2000 feet above the level of the sea. There is a curious needle-shaped rock near Chao, which, tradition says, was once mistaken for a vessel by a frigate, during a fog, and fired at for not replying to her signals.

In another hour the haze was gone, and Madeira stood out from the cloudless sky in bold relief. Its appearance was very striking and impressive, from the loftiness of the island itself, and the wild and rugged character of its surface, which seemed entirely broken into deep ravines and rocky precipices of much variety of form. There were not many trees visible, and the vegetation generally appeared very dwarf, and by no means universal. The island, nevertheless, was far from being unrefreshing or even sombre in its appearance, for, although the great mass consists of brown cindery-looking basalt rock, yet patches of it had an almost crimson tinge, and these, contrasting with the numerous bright spots of verdure, and the scraps of as yet unmelted snow, glittering like sheets of diamonds on the higher summits, helped to make up a pleasing picture, gay in bright colours, and very attractive.

The sight of land after seven days of so much discomfort was very cheering, and had Madeira been almost a desert, instead of the lovely island that it is, I think we should have hailed it with delight.

After some three hours' steaming, within a short distance of the bold and beautiful coast, we arrived in the Bay of Funchal, and anchored about a mile from the town.

Madeira is a high, rugged mountain, rising from the bosom of the sea, with numerous and rapidly-succeeding lateral spurs, which run out into bold and high headlands, as they reach the coast. These spurs are separated from one another by deep and precipitous ravines of much wildness and beauty, and everywhere the surface of the land seems rocky and broken. Pico Ruivo, the highest summit, attains an altitude of six thousand and fifty six feet above the level of the sea, and the mean elevation of the whole ridge, is about four thousand. The length of the island is thirty miles, and the width twelve and a half.

Funchal—on the south side—is a somewhat straggling town of white houses built on the slope of the mountain. The streets are

narrow, and some of them very steep indeed ; they are all curiously and evenly paved with basalt-shingle, every separate pebble of which is placed with its edge uppermost.

Three of the great ravines intersect the town, and are crossed by stone bridges : small and insignificant streams are dashing through them now, but the high and substantial walls built on either bank show that during the rains they become dangerous torrents.

There are a number of gardens in and near the town, in which are to be seen date-palms, bananas, and other tropical fruits and flowers ; on the whole, however, there is a great scarcity of trees, excepting in the "Stranger's Cemetery," where the cypresses are both luxuriant and beautiful.

The houses are nearly all white, and every window above the ground floor has its little green balcony.

In consequence of the steepness of the streets, wheeled vehicles are almost unknown, but there are two or three kinds of sledges in use, as well as two sorts of palanquins. The sledges are either coach-like vehicles drawn by oxen, or light baskets, called *corsas*, which are guided down the smoothly-paved and hilly streets with immense velocity. One description of palanquin bears some resemblance to the *palkee* of the East, but the other is more properly a hammock, suspended to a pole, and carried by bearers in the same manner as the palanquin.

Very few of the people seem to be able to speak English, but they were all remarkably polite to us. They are a dark-eyed dark-skinned race, without much pretension to beauty.

The Bay of Funchal is very shallow, and the distance between its extreme points about five miles ; it affords by no means a safe anchorage, and, when the wind blows from the southward, it becomes exceedingly perilous. Many vessels have been driven on shore and wrecked during storms in winter, at which time, the sea rolls into the bay with great violence and a furious surf.

Close to the shore, in the bay, is a remarkable and lofty island, called the Loo Rock, with a fort perched upon its summit : all its clefts and fissures have been artificially filled, and it seems to be almost inaccessible. Not far from it, a rocky promontory stretches out

the main island : this is called the Pontinha, and it also is fortified and otherwise artificially strengthened. There are a few other forts in and near the town, but none of them appear to be of any size or consequence. Madeira belongs to the Portuguese and is garrisoned by their troops. Oddly enough, the 10th Regiment is quartered here at present : a smart clean-looking lot of fellows—dressed in blue jackets and grey trousers, with very curious little caps.

Friday January 20th.

We kept our port open last night, and the cabin was cool and pleasant for the first time since we left Queenstown.

After breakfast Snooke and I went ashore together. We landed near the hotel—about a mile from the ship—and, having picked up a guide who spoke English, proceeded to explore the town. The day was very fine, though slightly cloudy, and consequently not so hot as yesterday. We wandered about for nearly two hours—visiting all the principal streets and shops—and then started for the Mount Church, dedicated to Nossa Senhora do Monte, or Our Lady of the Mountain, which is perched up amongst a grove of Chestnut trees, 1965 feet above the level of the sea. It is a conspicuous building, and from the number of trees about it, a picturesque and attractive object. The distance from the town is about three miles, but the road is well paved the whole way. It is, of course, very steep, and also rather slippery, owing to the smoothness and evenness of the stones. We found the ascent warmish work, and were glad enough when we reached the summit and felt the influence of the breeze again. The roads for the whole distance are narrow, and mostly enclosed with high walls. Until we approached the church, trees were exceedingly rare, though we occasionally saw a few Date-palms, and Bananas. Many beautiful little wild-flowers were blooming on the road-sides, and amongst them, the fragrant Wood-violet of England.

For a portion of the way our path lay along the crest of one of the deep ravines, which furrow the island so completely and so plentifully. Its sides were steep and rocky, with a few trees scattered here and there ; and far down below us, at the very bottom of the wild glen, we spied two or three lonely-looking houses. In spite of the scarcity of trees, however, there was much green about the landscape, which

harmonised well with the broken rocks, and the scenery was beautiful and almost grand.

The church was open, so we went in to have a look at it. It was, as usual in Roman Catholic places of worship, highly ornamented, but otherwise uninteresting. In the immediate neighbourhood are some private residences, remarkable for nothing except that trees are comparatively plentiful around them.

On leaving the church, we jumped into one of the basket-sledges, and, with three men running behind to guide the vehicle, off we went down the smoothly-paved and hilly road at a tremendous pace; our three drivers—if I may so call them—alternately hanging on behind the sledge, or running at the top of their speed to keep up with it. We stopped about half-way down the hill, to give the fellows a moment's rest after their violent work, and then resumed our novel travelling until we reached the town below. The whole distance is about three miles, and it was accomplished in seven minutes, exclusive of stoppage. The road was narrow throughout, but with very few turns, and the speed of the vehicle was easily slackened when necessary. It is a most pleasant way of descending the mountain-slope, and particularly grateful on a hot day.

During the morning we visited the barracks of the 10th Regiment: they were clean, spacious and airy, and the men smart-looking and very polite.

The climate here is perfectly charming at this season of the year; and the sun, although hot, is by no means oppressive. The nights are cool and refreshing.

Saturday January 21st 9 P. M.

We left Madeira this morning between one and two o'clock, and lost sight of the island about nine: since then, we have been steaming through a smooth calm sea—scarcely rippled by gentle airs from the northward. The smuts from the chimney fell about us in showers all day, and were exceedingly annoying.

Run, up to noon, eighty-four miles.—Palma Island—one of the Canaries—being a hundred and fifty-five miles away.

Sunday 22nd January.

The greater portion of the day has been quite calm, and the sun

pleasantly warm, but towards evening, the first symptoms of the north-east trade-wind was felt. Run, up to noon to-day, two hundred and two miles.

Monday January 23rd 6 P. M.

The screw was stopped at midnight, and the trade-wind has been spinning us along all day at a merry pace, while it has kept us cool, and lessened the effect of the almost tropical sun.

During the past night we were tempted to leave our scuttle open for a short time, with a view to freshen the confined atmosphere of the cabin; but, towards morning, an unruly sea took advantage of our misplaced confidence, and shot in a torrent of cold water, drenching Bartholomew and me most completely. I was fast asleep when the intruder came, and was not a little startled by the rudeness of the attack, which took away my breath, and very nearly drowned me as well. We struck a light, and, after a hearty laugh at one another's misfortunes, obtained the aid of a servant, and set to work to swab up the water, which covered the cabin-floor to the depth of about an inch and a half. Bromley, who had escaped with only the spray, and was comparatively dry, sat bemoaning the fate of a pound of choice tobacco, which the sea had carried off, and scattered about in most dire confusion—but, in a few minutes, the strong and unmistakeable effluvia from the saturated weed, had become too powerful for even his olfactory nerves, and he sprang out of bed—seized a swab, and used it with such science and vigour, that, in five minutes, the vile compound of sea-water and tobacco was summarily ejected, and our cabin-floor as pure and as dry as we could make it. I constructed an extempore bed out of a couple of portmanteaux, and Bartholomew, adopting a similar expedient, shut the unlucky scuttle, and we went to sleep once more.

The run, up to noon to-day, was two hundred and three miles; and we were four-hundred and ninety-eight miles distant from St. Vincent—one of the windward group of the Cape di Verde Islands.

Tuesday January 25th.

The breeze has been light to-day, and the sun very hot. The screw went down at half-past five this morning, and the vessel has been since then under steam. We crossed the tropic of Cancer, and entered

the Torrid Zone last night about eight o'clock. Run, to-day, one hundred and ninety-two miles.

## CHAPTER II.

### *From the Torrid Zone to Cape Town.*

---

Porto Grande, Wednesday 25th January, 7 30 P. M.

The trade-wind freshened up this morning and spun us along at a good pace for a time, but, as we neared the land, it dropped again. The morning was hazy, and we were close to the Islands before we knew it, a strong current having swept us thirty miles further than was expected.

San Antonio was the first of the group that appeared to our view, and dreary enough it looked—a sandy, barren mountain, with sharp angular peaks, and not a bush or plant of any description visible. Soon afterwards, we came in sight of St. Vincent, and, at twenty minutes past two o'clock, anchored in Porto-Grande Harbour. This island also, is mountainous, and nearly destitute of vegetation, with brown and burnt-looking conical peaks in considerable number. The town is a most wretched little place, containing only a few grey and white houses, apparently entirely built of lath and plaster, with European-shaped, sloping roofs, only without chimneys. The harbour, however,

is a magnificent one—semicircular in shape, and very capacious. St. Vincent is a coaling station for the mail-steamers, and hence its only importance: it is the property of the Portuguese.

A party of us landed after dinner, and Crowe and I went for a walk. We followed the coast for some distance, and then, striking inland, returned by another road to the town. We saw little but rock and yellow sand, excepting in one place, where there was a patch of Tamarisk bushes, (*Tamarix Africana*) which was a positive relief to the eye, amidst so much desert. The coast is very bold, and rises rapidly into cliffs after leaving the bay. During our walk the clouds gathered round the tops of the neighbouring hills, and everything betokened the approach of a tropical thunder-storm, but no rain fell, and there was not even any extra wind. I am told it seldom or never rains here.

In consequence of the surf, we had to land at one of the coaling-jetties, of which there are two or three: and, on our return to the ship, we experienced some trouble in getting on board, as there was a swell in the bay, and the vessel rolled with it a good deal.

The harbour is tolerably full of shipping at the present moment, but the vessels are principally colliers, I imagine, with one or two Portuguese men-of-war.

There is a small fort perched upon the summit of a hill near the harbour, but, excepting as regards position, it does not appear to be very strong.

All the islands of this group are volcanic, and the rock principally trap and limestone. There is a curious conical detached islet not far from St. Vincent, which is called *Ilheo dos Passaros*, or Bird Island: from the numbers of wild-fowl that make their homes there: it is said to be inaccessible.

Run, up to noon, two hundred and forty-four miles.

The sun was very hot to-day, but the breeze was fresh and grateful, so that we did not find the heat unpleasant.

Thursday 26th January 9 P. M.

We remained at anchor all night, and finished coaling about ten or eleven o'clock this forenoon; but it was some two hours afterwards before we left Porto Grande.

Martin, Snooke, and some others, went ashore early this morning, with their guns, to look for guinea-fowl, but they returned about ten o'clock, without having seen anything except a hawk. They describe the interior of the island as being the same as the sea-board—barren rock, covered with sand, and, in some places, with large patches of salt. The only vegetation they saw, was a sprinkling of some sort of dwarf bushes, and some few other lesser plants.

The day has been cool for the tropics, and the sky hazy: the breeze rather light. About four o'clock this afternoon, the screw was taken up, and we are now running along quietly under st<sup>u</sup>n-sails and royals.

No fruit was to be had at St. Vincent, and scarcely any live stock: the only six bullocks which the steward could get were the most wretched creatures I ever saw.

Friday January 27th.

Clear, with an almost cloudless sky. The breeze is fresher; and we have been sailing all day—averaging about seven knots an hour.

I saw some Flying-fish (*Elcœtus Volitans*), and a few gulls, the first of the former that I have observed during the voyage. The luminosity of the sea at night, generally, has not been particularly striking, but this evening it is very bright indeed.

I went round with the surgeon on the ship to-day, to have a look at the ward-room and the cabin on the quarter-deck, which are occupied by the captain and the ward-room officers; they are certainly very nice and airy—quite delightful, when compared with the wretched places allotted to us. Run, to-day, one hundred and forty-seven miles.

Saturday 28th January 9 P. M.

A fine bright day, but the wind very light. Our poop-awning was set for the first time, as we begin to feel the power of the tropic sun, although it is the cool season. The sea is wonderfully luminous to-night. Run, up to noon to-day, one hundred and fifty-one miles.

Sunday 29th January 9 P. M.

Hazy and hotter than yesterday—wind very light. A few Storm-petrels (*Thalassidroma Pelagica*) have been skimming about us to-day, and some Porpoises (*Phocœna Communis*) were also seen. Run, up to noon, one hundred and sixty miles.

Monday 30th January.

We are fairly in the doldrums, or, to speak more scientifically, the equatorial belt of calms. The sea is nearly smooth, the wind almost gone, and the weather very hot. The sky is cloudless and hazy.

This evening a couple of life-buoys were thrown into the sea, and the two after-cutters manned, and sent to pick them up; they were lowered by Clifford's patent apparatus, with most remarkable despatch. I timed one of them, and found that in three seconds it was in the water; the buoy was picked up in two minutes and twenty seconds; and the cutter was swinging at her davits again in nine and a half minutes. They had to row some distance, as the ship was not stopped for three or four minutes after the boat was cast off. The apparatus is exceedingly simple, and one man can lower away a boat easily.

A shoal of silvery fish—apparently about a foot in length—passed us to-day: they were jumping out of the water, but I could not tell what they were. Run, up to noon, one hundred and forty-three miles.

Tuesday 31st January.

We have quite lost the north-east wind, but, towards evening, the first faint symptoms of the south-east trades were felt.

Neptune's tar-barrel was seen floating in a blaze of fire a short distance from the ship to-night, and the usual ceremony of sending a letter and a shower of water on the deck, was gone through. Run, to-day, one hundred and ninety-seven miles.

Wednesday 1st February.

The night was very close, and hot, and the day has been much the same; the wind south-easterly and very light.

We crossed the Line, and entered the Southern Hemisphere, about nine o'clock this morning. The ship was given over to Neptune for several hours, and every one who ventured on deck, got thoroughly wet. Run, to-day, one hundred and ninety-one miles.

Thursday 2nd February 8 P. M.

A delightful change in the weather to-day: it is cool and pleasant: the hot moisture of the doldrums has disappeared, and the atmosphere is much drier again. The screw was stopped about ten o'clock in the forenoon, and we are once more under canvass.

Run, to-day, one hundred and sixty-eight miles: and we are five

hundred and sixty-four miles distant from the Island of Ascension.

Friday 3rd February.

This has been a very fine day, the heat having been tempered by a pleasant breeze; light broken cirrus-clouds kept flitting about the sky—particularly near the horizon—towards evening.

Run, up to noon to-day, one hundred and sixteen miles—the Island of Trinidad being one thousand and four miles away.

Saturday 4th February.

Beautifully fine, but the breeze very light. The captain has been talking for several days past of touching either at Bahia or Rio de Janeiro, and to-night it seems decided that we shall visit the former place.

I saw a Finfish (*Balæna Physalus*) to-day, and two or three of the beautiful little Portuguese men-of-war (*Physalia Pelagica*).

Run, up to noon, one hundred and twenty-one miles.

Sunday 5th February 9 30 P. M.

The breeze, which has been so light hitherto, suddenly freshened this evening, and blew away our hopes of visiting South America. The day has been very hot, but the night is pleasant, and perfectly glorious, from the presence of the almost full moon. We have lost sight of most of the northern constellations now, and their place is supplied in the heavens by those of the Southern Hemisphere; the moon, however, is too bright at present to see them to advantage. Run, to-day, eighty-five miles.

Monday 6th February.

There has been very little wind to-day, but some light squalls visited us, and two of them were accompanied by a few drops of rain. The weather is very hot. Run, up to noon, one hundred and eighteen miles.

Tuesday 7th February.

There was a nearly total eclipse of the moon last night, but I did not see it. The breeze freshened about midnight, and, during the greater portion of the day, it spun us along close-hauled at the rate of seven knots an hour: it dropped almost entirely, however, at sunset. The weather continues much the same—very hot when the wind is light—cooler when it blows. Run, up to noon, one hundred and

forty-two miles.

Wednesday 8th February.

The breeze gets up and goes down with the sun and moon, so that it is not very steady; we have occasional squalls, accompanied, sometimes, by very light showers of rain. The sun was about vertical this morning; the latitude at eight o'clock being  $14^{\circ} 55'$  S. and the longitude  $27^{\circ} 50'$  W.

Fine day and cool—the breeze being fresher than usual. Run—one hundred and fifty-six miles.

Thursday 9th February.

Nothing to record to-day. The wind is still light, and the weather hot. Run, at noon, one hundred and fifty-eight miles.

Friday 10th February.

A heavy shower of rain fell during the middle watch last night, but the day has been very hot, and the breeze very light. We passed the Martin Vass Rocks this morning at daylight; there were three islands visible, but they were a long way off; the main one is said to be about forty miles from the large island of Trinidad, and the whole group is described as consisting of barren uninhabited rocks; the highest about three hundred feet above the level of the sea. Run, at noon, one hundred and fifty-eight miles.

Saturday 11th February.

Calmer, and consequently hotter than yesterday:—nothing to record except the run, which was a hundred and twenty-two miles.

Sunday 12th February.

We crossed the Tropic of Capricorn, and entered the South Temperate Zone somewhere about four o'clock P. M. yesterday, and to-day, the wind left us entirely; they put down the screw about five o'clock, and since then, we have been under steam: the weather is very hot.

The Magellan Clouds are very conspicuous at night now; as well as the celebrated, but insignificant-looking constellation of the Southern Cross.

Run, to-day, one hundred and four miles.

Monday 13th February 9 P. M.

It has been nearly a dead calm all day, and we continue under

steam. About a quarter past six P.M. we overhauled and spoke to an English Brig, the "Laura Jeanette" of Exeter—from London to the Cape: she had been ninety days out.

We have had no entirely cloudless skies since we left Haulbowline, that I can remember—throughout the passage of the tropics, there were always light cirri about the horizon in the evening.

Run, to-day, one hundred and four miles.

Tuesday 14th February.

A south-westerly breeze sprang up during the night, and brought rain with it: the thermometer fell six degrees, and the air was almost chilly, when compared with the late heat. The day has been cloudy and showery throughout. The screw was stopped and taken up about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and we have been making about six knots an hour since. A couple of Cape-hens (*Diomedea Fuliginosa*) made their appearance to-day, and have been playing about in the wake of the ship.

Run, at noon, one hundred and sixty-five miles—Cape of Good Hope distant two thousand, one hundred, and thirty-seven miles.

Wednesday 15th February 9 P. M.

The wind kept chopping about all night between north and east, and, during the middle watch, there was a heavy squall with rain. The breeze died away soon afterwards, and we have been steaming all day. The sky is cloudy and wild-looking to-night, with frequent flashes of summer-lightning. Run, at noon, one hundred and seventeen miles.

Thursday 16th February 9 P. M.

The morning was very hot and bright, but about noon, nimbus-clouds blew up from the south-westward, and since then, it has been rainy and almost chilly. We saw a specimen of the Wandering Albatross (*Diomedea Exulans*) to-day—the first of the voyage: he was not a large one, however, and had not attained his adult plumage. There were also a good many Cape Hens. The screw was taken up about six o'clock, and we are now making five and a half knots under canvass, very pleasantly and steadily. The run, up to noon, was one hundred and forty-six miles—the Cape being still distant one thousand, eight hundred, and ninety-six miles.

Friday 17th February 9 P. M.

Cool and cloudy day. We have been averaging five knots, with a south-south-east breeze, but, although we are close-hauled, we make no southing. Run one hundred and forty miles.

Saturday 18th February 9 P. M.

A fine day, with light cirrus-clouds flitting about; wind still south-west, and our average speed about the same as yesterday evening. Run, one hundred and twenty-seven miles.

Sunday 19th February 9 P. M.

We have been making about seven knots an hour all day, but the breeze seems dying away again; it continues south-west, however, and the sea is slightly rough. A good many Albatrosses and Cape-hens, with two or three small white gulls (*Sterna Alba*) have been skimming about us, and they appear to increase in numbers as we near the land. Run, to-day, one hundred and forty-six miles.

Monday 20th February 9 P. M.

The screw went down this morning about ten o'clock, as the breeze, by that time, had entirely left us, and the awnings, which were not required yesterday, had to be spread again. There is a swell from the southward, and the birds have all deserted us. Run, one hundred and fourteen miles.

Tuesday 21st February 9 P. M.

Nearly a dead calm until three o'clock, when the breeze began to come gently; at four the screw was stopped, and we have been sailing since then with a light north-west wind. The day has been very hot, and all the awnings were set. A good many Albatrosses, Cape-hens, and Petrels (*Procellaria Marina*) have been following us since morning, but no Cape-pigeons (*Daption Capensis*) as yet. The Cape-hen—otherwise, the Sooty Albatross—is of a dark, blackish brown hue, with a white circle round the eye; it is wonderfully abundant and displays a surprising power of flight. The dew is very heavy to-night—everything exposed to it is already as wet as if a shower of rain had fallen. Run, up to noon, one hundred and sixty miles.

Wednesday 22nd February 9 P. M.

A fine clear day, and we have been making our seven knots with a steady north-west breeze. Several pieces of timber, resembling in

appearance the bulwarks of a vessel, floated past us at different times to-day—perhaps the fragments of a wreck. The dew is heavy to-night. The run, at noon, was one hundred and thirty-five miles.

Thursday 23rd February.

Overcast to-day, and consequently cooler than usual : the wind pretty steady, and spinning us along gaily. The ship rolls, however, a good deal, for the wind is dead aft.

Run, at noon, one hundred and ninety-five miles.

Friday 24th February 9 P. M.

The ship rolled tremendously last night, and, as all the ports and scuttles were closed in consequence, the atmosphere in our cabins was almost stifling : the dead-lights of the saloon-windows were also up, and we were almost entirely shut in from air. The night was misty and rainy ; but we accomplished something like five knots an hour.

A few minutes before nine o'clock this morning we were making nearly six knots, when the wind dropped suddenly, and, in a moment, it was a perfect calm : I never saw such a sudden change before. The breeze sprang up again soon afterwards, and has continued to the present time : but the day has been showery, close and oppressive.

Run, one hundred and thirty-six miles.

Saturday 25th February 9 P. M.

A foggy and showery day, with stray and short intervals of sunshine : wind as usual north-west, but rather light. A splendid white Albatross (*Diomedea Exulans*) of great size, has continued in our wake all day, despite some half-dozen rifle bullets which were fired at him : and we have had the usual train of Cape-hens, and other birds. Jones told me that he saw two Flying-fish to-day : it is rather unusual to find them so far to the southward. Run, one hundred and fifty-four miles,

Sunday 26th February.

This has been a hot but splendid day, with a clear, bright sky, and not the vestige of a cloud. The sun set most gloriously, and soon afterwards, Venus, which here shines with a brilliancy unknown in the vaporous atmosphere of England, sank behind the horizon, and left us in comparative darkness. We have been under steam since half-past three o'clock, as the wind has almost left us. Run, one hun-

dred and twenty-three miles.

Monday 27th February.

Another beautiful day with a fresh breeze, once more north-westerly. We continued under steam nearly all day, however, as the wind was not particularly steady. Run, two hundred and eleven miles.

Tuesday 28th February 9 P. M.

At anchor in Table Bay.

We were looking out for land early this morning, but it was past ten o'clock before we sighted the tops of the hills; and nearly four when we anchored off Cape Town.

The whole of the visible southern and western coast was bold and mountainous, but, apparently, very desolate and barren, with scarcely any trees or other vegetation. Table Mountain, at the foot of which lies Cape Town, is a very striking mass of rock, with a most peculiar level-looking summit; and, in the immediate vicinity, are the Lion's Head, and Lion's Rump, two hills of much less altitude, which, taken together with the ridges that join them, bear some slight resemblance to a lion couchant: there is a signal-station on the latter.

The town has a pretty appearance from the harbour, but it does not seem very large: there is no green on the hills, and very little elsewhere.

The sky, to-night, is wonderfully clear and bright, without the vestige of a cloud, and the Table Mountain, throughout the day, was without its "table-cloth"—a heavy white cloud, which very often overspreads its summit—so that we saw its remarkable outline distinctly.

### CHAPTER III.

#### *From Cape Town, to Port Elizabeth.*

Wednesday 29th February 9 P. M.

I got up at six o'clock this morning, and hastened upon deck to taste the cool air of the early day, before the sun had heated it. The transition from the close, dark cabin of the ship to the wind-swept deck was refreshing in the extreme, and the pure and balmy air most exhilarating. The scene presented by the sleeping bay, with the town nestling at the foot of the stupendous and remarkable rock, which towers up behind it; the lesser hills on either side; the shipping in the harbour; and the clear, bright sky, without a speck of cloud to mar its glory, was very beautiful, and it naturally exacted more than its meed of admiration after the long and monotonous sea-voyage, which we had just completed.

After breakfast, I went ashore with Snooke and Martin, in the ship's cutter, and we were landed at one of the several long jetties, which project into the bay. We first visited Parke's hotel, and then started in search of a livery-stable, as Snooke and I had resolved upon

a visit to Wynberg. After some enquiries we succeeded in hiring a very nice, light, American buggy, with a capital grey pony, and off we went.

Wynberg is eight miles from Cape Town, and the road is good and very picturesque; it winds round the base of Table Mountain, which lies on the right hand, while to the left is the bay, with its shores of low rounded hills, bounded in the distance by lofty and rugged mountains. The Table Mountain is no where distant from the road between Cape Town and Wynberg, and, viewed from any point, it is strikingly picturesque in form, though, apparently, an almost naked rock, ungarnished by tree or herb.

The whole drive is replete with varied beauty, and it would be difficult to select a more charming road. Indeed, for a considerable distance, it assumes the character of a magnificent avenue, shaded by tall and luxuriant Pine-trees (*Pinus Pinaster et Pinea*) which fill the air with their balsamic fragrance, and cast a pleasant gloom over this quiet and delightful highway. Picturesque houses, embosomed in verdure and gay flowers, are met with on either hand, at short intervals of distance; and hedges of English Roses contrast most curiously with the singular looking Prickly Pear (*Opuntia Vulgaris*) or the tall, stately American Aloe (*Agave Americana*). The deep-red hue of the earth adds not a little to the general richness of colouring, and blends harmoniously with the brilliant green of the grass and bushes.

Wynberg itself is exceedingly pretty, and completely shrouded in trees and gardens.

Cape Town, as a town, rather disappointed me, for I expected to find the capital of the colony a larger and finer place. It is very regularly laid out, in the Dutch style, the streets being nearly of equal width, and running at right angles to one another. The Botanic Gardens are pretty and well kept; and there is a glorious avenue of magnificent Oak-trees (*Quercus Pedunculata*) leading past the entrance.

We saw a few of the long teams of the country to-day; some of which had horses, and others mules, and others bullocks:—one, consisting of twelve bullocks, was the longest that we noticed.

The head-quarter wing of the 59th Regiment is stationed at Cape

Town, with a few Artillery and some of the Cape Mounted Rifles.

Thursday 1st March 9 P. M.

Simon's Bay.

We steamed away from Table Bay at one o'clock this morning, and arrived here a little before breakfast, having doubled the far-famed Cape of Good Hope in the dark. During the process of anchoring, the chain-cable snapped, and we quietly ran against the flying jib-boom of H.M.S.S. Sidon, and carried it away: however, no further damage was done, and the lost anchor was found towards evening, by diving.

Simon's Town is a pretty, clean, little place, at the foot of some bold cliffs, covered with *Protea* and other bushes. It is not at all unlike, in general features, an English watering-place, and the coast reminds me of the southern part of Cornwall. The Bay is roomy, and seems well sheltered on every side. We are to remain here, until provisions and coals are laid in for the voyage hence to China, so that we may count upon a delay of a week or ten days.

This is the head-quarters of Rear Admiral the Hon. Sir F. Grey; and his house is a handsome one, half hidden amongst almost the only trees in the place, at the foot of a beautiful little ravine, or kloof, as they call it in this country.

The ships in harbour now, belonging to the fleet, are the *Boscawen*, line-of-battle ship, of seventy guns, bearing the admiral's flag; the *Sidon*, steam-frigate of thirty-six guns; and the *Lynx*, gunboat, of six guns. There are also two Russian vessels, a corvette, and a small brig, with a few British merchantmen.

The weather continues beautifully fine and clear, and the nights are splendid.

Thursday 2nd March 9 P. M.

To-day, being the anniversary of some great Russian festival, connected with their late Emperor, the corvette fired a royal salute at noon, which was answered by the *Boscawen* and *Sidon*; the Russian vessels showing clouds of colours.

We have two kinds of fish here, one of which is really very good eating. It is purplish in colour, and is called Roman Fish (*Cryso-phrys Cristiceps*) from Roman Rock—a large isolated rock project-

ing above the water of the bay, off which they are caught abundantly. The other is a smaller and darker fish, called Hottentot Fish, (*Sargus Capensis*) and is not so good.

Saturday 3rd March.

A cloudy day and quite cool; the wind has been blowing so strongly from the south-east, as almost to preclude communication with the shore. The Mauritius, steam-transport, arrived from England to-day, with drafts for China.

Sunday 4th March.

Fine, clear day but the wind very fresh still, from the south-east. A Spotted Ray (*Raja Maculata*) was taken to-night over the ship's side, with a hook baited by a piece of fish: as well as some Soles (*Solea Vulgaris*).

There are numbers of Cormorants or Shags, (*Pelicanus Graculus*) in the bay, as well as a few Cape Penguins (*Aptenodytes Demersa*), which resemble dab-chicks in the distance.

Monday 5th March.

To the eastward of the town the coast towers up into a mountain called the Simonsberg, or the Signal-hill, which is about one thousand seven hundred feet above the level of the sea. It is very rocky and destitute of trees, but almost covered with thin bushes and heaths of various kinds. A nearly conical summit, rising above the chain of bold and lofty bluffs, which fringe the entire promontory—the southern point of which is the great Cape of Good Hope itself—it is a striking object from the anchorage of Simon's Bay. From the moment of our arrival, I had resolved upon an expedition to the top, and to-day, the adventure was consummated. Martin, Snooke, and I got into the cutter about ten o'clock, and started for the shore, but, although only about three-quarters of a mile from the jetty, the water was so rough, that it was a long time before we reached it, and fully half-past twelve, ere we began the ascent of the mountain. The sun was exceedingly hot, and the sides of the hill, in addition to being very steep throughout, were, in several places, composed of upright walls of naked rock, from four to fifteen feet in height, in surmounting which, both hands and feet were fully occupied. After a hot and tedious climb, Snooke and I attained the apex, but Martin contented himself

with getting half-way, and then sitting down, to await our return. The view from the top disappointed me somewhat, for I hoped to have got a glimpse of the great Cape of Storms; but the intervening hills were more lofty than I had imagined, and completely screened it from sight. The prospect, however, although not realizing my expectations, still afforded some recompense for our toil in the ascent, and, while we sat and cooled ourselves in the refreshing breeze, we studied the features of the land for a good many miles around.

Just below us, lay Simon's Bay—a sort of nook within the immense bend of the rugged coast called False Bay, which was open to our gaze in all its majesty. Its opposite shores must have been more than twenty miles away, but they rose grandly above the noble expanse of water, in broken and picturesque mountains, of every variety of form and eccentricity of outline. These gloomy-looking and desolate boundaries, towering to the sky in terraces of broken cones, were really magnificent, and the whole appeared such an utter wilderness, that it seemed as if man had never trod those sun-dried mountains, or explored the recesses of the stupendous sheet of water which was dashing its foam against their feet.

On our right and left, the coast stretched away in a series of bold cliffs, or more properly mountains, of considerable, but varying height; apparently rising abruptly from the sea, and forming a sort of barrier round the coast, within which, the land was of very much less elevation; so that, from the summit of any of these eminences, one might look down upon the landward side, on plateaux some two or three hundred feet above the level of the sea, but still far below the altitude of this wall of coast.

Behind us, and some hundreds of feet below us, as we stood upon the summit of the Simonsberg, stretched one of these plateaux, away to the southward and westward, until it reached the opposite coast of the peninsula, when again, the crest of mountains rose high above it, and shut it in from the stormy sea beyond. This plain, which appeared perfectly level, was dotted here and there with farms—or perhaps vineyards—but it did not seem to be particularly rich in vegetation, excepting on the cultivated spots, and it looked stony and rather barren, though covered thinly with heath, or grass of some description.

To our left, amongst numbers of other hills, the Table Mountain stood conspicuous, with its remarkable summit clear and distinct—and seemingly as black and naked, as if it had been but yesterday scorched by the sweeping fires of a volcano.

The scramble down the mountain was, in some places, a more difficult task than the ascent, in consequence of the frequent occurrence of sheer precipices of naked rock, which were slippery, and somewhat dangerous, though of no great height; and the day was so exceedingly hot, that we were glad enough when we found ourselves on level ground again, and within shelter from the power of the sun. The Simonsberg is, I think, a mass of limestone, but there were quantities of broken bits of red sandstone scattered about profusely on the surface. The vegetation was quite new to me, and thickly interspersed with splendid wild-flowers, nearly all of which were glowing in the brilliant hues of the tropics: the heaths were very plentiful, and of many charming varieties. Animal life seemed scarce—probably owing to the hour of the day—and I only saw a few small birds—which were too far off for identification—some locusts, and one or two lizards. Martin, however, picked up a small and beautifully marked tortoise.

The streets of Simon's Town are nearly all sand—indeed the place is built entirely upon the sea-beach, and the slope of the cliffs behind it—and, when the wind blows, this sand is whirled about in dense clouds. The houses are white, and have flat roofs.

Tuesday 6th March 9 P. M.

This has been a bright and cloudless day, without a breath of wind, and very hot; the moon is at the full, and the night is perfectly magnificent.

A contemplated trip to Constantia was attempted to-day, but failed for want of conveyance. Sproule, young Vaux, and I, landed together at half-past nine o'clock, and, after several vain efforts to get a vehicle of some description, we resolved upon a walk, instead of our intended drive. We ascended to the summit of the cliffs at the back of the town, by a very tolerable road, and then struck into the country for about three miles or thereabouts, after which, we turned our footsteps to the coast again—emerging about a mile and a half from Simon's Town—and continued our walk to Kalk Bay, five and a half miles

further. The country inland was mostly a sandy plain, with a few scattered groups of trees, and was covered with heaths of much beauty; a prickly plant (*Mundia Spinosa*), bearing some general resemblance to gorse; abundance of Geraniums and Pelargoniums; and other flowers, most of which were quite new to me, or familiar only as choice exotics. In our six miles' ramble from the coast round to the coast again, we only saw one farm-house, where we got some grapes; though there were a good many native huts of diminutive stature and frail materials, scattered about amongst the low scrubby bush, which here and there adorned the plain, and relieved the otherwise monotonous appearance of the country. In many places the sand was very deep, and we not unfrequently sank up to our ankles. This laborious walking, in the heat of the sun, made us feel somewhat tired by the time we arrived at the beach again, and, for some moments, we hesitated whether to proceed to Kalk Bay, or return to the ship; however, after a short consultation, the former alternative was decided on, and we started off, with visions of mutton-chops and golden sherry dancing before us, through the deep, fine sand of the coast-road. We trudged on slowly, but steadily, and at three o'clock, arrived very tired, very thirsty, and very hot, at Gillman's Hotel at Kalk Bay.

The coast between Simon's Town and Kalk Bay is deeply notched, if I may so use the term, and, as the road follows the indentations closely, it is rather a zig-zag highway; however, from the peculiar character of the shores—which are almost a continual chain of mountains, although of no great altitude—this eccentricity of direction is compulsory, as the road is necessarily along the beach, at the foot of these headlands. Two or three farm-houses were the sole habitations on the way, and at each, we stopped to trespass on the occupants for a glass of water.

Kalk Bay possesses a small, but pretty village, which is used as a watering-place by the good folks of Cape and Simon's Towns; it was most delightfully still and quiet, and, after the continual din, which has been offending our weary ears for so many days and even nights, the silence, broken by nothing save the smothered roar of the surf, which dashed gloriously within view on the jagged rocks, was soothing and delicious beyond the power of imagination. In the evening, we

procured a capital two-horse buggy, and returned to Simon's Town—pleased beyond measure at our excursion, and regretting nothing, save that it was ended.

As we returned, the bush, in many places, was burning; and the sheets of hungry fire, as they rushed over the hill-sides and darted about in fantastic fury, lit up the rocks with a lurid light, which discovered the rugged outlines of the mountains standing out against the inky sky like weird and gigantic forms, keeping a solemn guard over the slumbering wilderness around. The ever-changing play of the fitful fire was wonderfully beautiful, and the rapid alternations from light to gloom, and from gloom again to brilliant glare, were very striking.

Wednesday 7th March.

Slightly cloudy day, with a light south-westerly breeze. I went over the Sidon this morning, with the Colonel, Captain Hire, and Snooke. Her Commander, Captain Crawford, was very civil to us, and indeed, so were all the officers whom we saw. She was spotlessly clean and neat, but, from some peculiarity in her build, which, we were told, is according to a plan of Sir Charles Napier's, she is lop-sided, and known in the navy by the sobriquet of "the drunken Sidon." She is a paddle-steamer, and carries thirty-six guns.

After our return, the acting Governor, Lieutenant General Wynyard, arrived to inspect us, and, almost at the same moment, the Admiral came on board to look at the ship: neither of them stayed very long.

Thursday 8th March 9 P. M.

The last of our coals and provisions were shipped this morning, and, at twelve o'clock, we left Simon's Bay, our Band playing, and the merchant-vessels saluting us as we passed. I spent a very pleasant week in harbour, free from nearly all the inconveniences and annoyances of the voyage, and I am very sorry to start again, even though it takes us to our destination.

The shores of False Bay are throughout rugged hills, quite destitute, to all appearance, of even a blade of grass; they are evidently volcanic, and present the most curious and eccentric forms. One of them, to the north-westward of Simon's Bay, was so singularly like the Table Mountain, that, at first, I was almost persuaded of the iden-

tity of the two: it is strange that there should be more than one of such peculiarly shaped hills, within so short a distance, and each bearing such a strong resemblance to the other.

We were off Cape Hangklipp about three o'clock, and passed Danger Point—where the Birkenhead was wrecked in February 1852—at sunset. At ten p. m. Agulhas Light was visible.

The day was fine, and bright, with a south-westerly breeze, which tempered the heat of the air, and made it exceedingly pleasant.

During the afternoon I observed the sea frequently discoloured by large patches of rusty red, caused probably, by quantities of the *Himalia Coccus*, or some allied species of *Infusoria*.

Friday 9th March.

We are rapidly nearing Port Elizabeth, where we are to end our voyage, and bid adieu to the old Urgent. Few of us, I think, will regret setting foot on land again, as we have been so uncomfortably crowded since we quitted Queenstown; but, nevertheless, we might have been worse off—for our weather, with the exception of the two first days, was perfectly lovely throughout; and the officers of our gallant ship made themselves as agreeable, and us as comfortable, as possible, under the circumstances.

The coast, along which we have been steaming to-day, has not been remarkable; though pretty bold, without being in any degree mountainous. The weather was gloriously clear, with gentle airs from the south-west, and we have been going rapidly through the smooth sea. The run, up to noon, was one hundred and ninety miles.

Saturday 10th March 9 P. M.

At anchor in Algoa Bay.

Port Elizabeth was in sight early this morning, and, at nine o'clock, we anchored in the roads. The disembarkation of the Regiment has been going on all day, and only my company, with a few stragglers, remain on board.

In consequence of the tremendous surf on this exposed coast, peculiar boats are required for landing; they are large, one-masted lighters, rigged with mainsail and jib, and manned by two or three hands. They are sailed or towed, according to the wind, to within about a quarter of a mile of the shore, and then warped through the surf by means of

a cable fastened to a buoy outside the breakers.

Although we anchored at nine o'clock, it was nearly noon before any boats arrived, and then only two made their appearance. It occupied considerable time to fill them, and the wind, which was blowing half a gale off-shore, from the north-west, delayed their progress immensely. One boat had to make three tacks before she fetched the buoy, and another had her mast carried away, and was obliged to anchor, until a third arrived to relieve her of her load.

Coryton came off in one of the first boats, as also did the Commandant, and several other staff people; the accounts of the country are not cheering; everything is at famine price, and there is not much hope of a change for the better.

We continued the disembarkation until six o'clock, when the surf-boats would work no longer; and Martin, Snooke and I, with the company, and a few others, have settled down for the night.

The ship is charmingly quiet now, and, as the wind has gone down, we have not even its whistling to break the silence.

Port Elizabeth is a straggling, unprepossessing-looking town, built on the slope of a low hill, with a few mountains in the distance. The country is apparently sandy, and nearly approaching to a desert; there is not a tree to be seen.

#### CHAPTER IV.

*From Port Elizabeth to Grahamstown.*

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Sunday 11th March 4 P. M.

Camp, Port Elizabeth.

We were up betimes this morning, and, after the men had got some breakfast, we left the *Urgent* for the shore. The day was fine and comparatively calm, so that our sail did not move us very rapidly through the water; we tacked once, and then the crew towed the lighter to the buoy, when the breakers almost did the rest for us: the duty of the hands being scarcely more than to keep the cable in its proper place, so that the boat should not swing round.

We landed, and marched up to the camp, on a hill outside the town, where we soon pitched our tents, and settled down for the present.

In the neighbourhood of the camp, to the westward, but some hundred feet below the level of the hill which is covered with our tents, the pretty little *Baaken's River* wanders through a deep and narrow glen—or kloof, as the colonists call it—to the sea; and really, the

craggy sides of this ravine, which are sheer precipices in some parts, and, here and there, covered with dense shrubby vegetation—denominated bush—are very picturesque, and a relief to the eye, amidst so much sameness, as the country round presents. The kl of is not above two miles in length, and the river seems to have no more remote origin than its upper end. At the bottom of the valley, along the banks of the stream, there are some bridle and foot-paths, and the place appears to be a favorite promenade.

In the course of the afternoon, the *Urgent* steamed out of the Bay, and was speedily lost to view in the distance; she only stopped to disembark us; and has hurried off to take the 2nd or Queen's Regiment on board at Buffalo-mouth—whence she will proceed to China.

Monday 12th March 9 P. M.

Once more preparing for a move. The Colonel rode up to camp about eleven o'clock this morning, and handed me a route for my march to Grahamstown, with a detachment of a hundred and fifty men. We have been very busy throughout the day, having had to lay in groceries for the men, for eight days, as there are no places on the road where we can depend upon getting anything. My own company, with Martin and Snooke, sixty-four men of Nos. 5 and 6 Companies, under Fitzgibbon and Montfort, and Baker, in medical charge, make up the detail of the detachment.

Tuesday 13th March 11 A. M.

Camp "Yelling's."

Here we are, at our first halting-place, after a march of twelve miles and a quarter. The taps went at two A. M. and soon afterwards, hot coffee, with a small quantity of bread, was served out to each man. We moved off about half-past four, the Band playing us to the end of the town—a distance of fully a mile—and rousing the good people of Port Elizabeth from their slumbers most effectually.

Six miles from the town, we crossed the River Zwartkoppes, by the Rawson Bridge—a large wooden structure—and arrived here at half-past nine, having halted once for about ten minutes. Day was breaking when we left the camp, and the interval between night and broad sunshine was so short, that towards the end of the march, we felt the heat very much.

Breakfast was ready about ten o'clock, and now, the camp is as silent as if it was night; the whole detachment being literally fast asleep.

The country that we passed through this morning was flat, uninteresting, and without trees, but here and there covered with the low, dense, thorny bushes of *Mimosa* (*Acacia Horrida*) that, with Aloes, *Euphorbia*, etc. take the place in South Africa, of the forests that adorn the surface of more favoured lands.

The road was very dusty, and not over good, and human habitations were very few indeed.

We passed several creeks, with some swampy land about them, where we disturbed sand-pipers, curlew, and other wild birds; and I noticed some really splendid flowers growing on the road-side, and amongst the coarse rank grass of the fields. We encountered a few of the immense bullock-waggons, drawn by six and seven span of oxen, but otherwise, the Queen's highway, throughout our march, was quite deserted, except by a species of Francolin, (*Francolinus Nudicollis*) here called the Pheasant, of which we saw some feeding in the middle of the road. A large description of termite-hill was very plentiful; they were scattered about everywhere, and were much larger than any I ever seen before, being from one to three feet in height, and built of dark mud, baked quite hard by exposure to the sun.

Our camp is on a patch of grass, backed by a mass of bush, with which the neighbourhood seems amply supplied; the country is almost level, but there is a handsome wooded hill—of rather diminutive size, however—with two summits, not far from us. Water is plentiful and good, but it is more than half a mile distant, and is obtained from a spring near the foot of the hill just mentioned: there is but one house in our vicinity.

8 P. M. We roused up the men at half-past three, and they dined about four, after which, we pitched the remainder of our tents, mounted a guard, and made everything snug for the night. Our baggage-train consists of seven Commissariat mule-waggons, with eight mules each, and one hired ox-waggon, drawn by twelve bullocks. The former travelled rapidly, and came on in advance of the column, but the latter has only just arrived; it contains the men's packs and blankets, which

a considerate government expects they will carry themselves, under the almost tropical sun of South Africa.

Tattoo went at sunset—about seven o'clock—and the men are all in their tents now. The Sergeant of the Guard has orders to allow no noise or talking in the camp, as I want the men to sleep, so as to be ready for an early start to-morrow. I mean to march, in Indian fashion, by night, in order to avoid the great heat of the sun, and I shall send on in advance every morning, tent-pitchers, water-carriers and cooks, in the mule-waggons, so that, on arrival at our halting places, we shall find our camp ready for us.

Wednesday 14th March 11 A. M.

Camp "Sunday's River."

This place is styled "M'Loughlin's" in the route, but the proper name seems to be the one I have adopted.

Our reveille went half an hour after midnight, and the tents were speedily struck, and everything packed away in the waggons, after which, we had hot coffee and bread served out to every man.

We marched at twenty minutes past two o'clock A. M. having retained one waggon to guide us, and sent on the remainder in advance, with the cooks and others. At a quarter past seven o'clock, we crossed the Sunday's River—distant twelve miles—by a pont, or floating-bridge, and arrived at our camp-ground—two miles further—at eight o'clock, where we found our tents nearly ready for us.

The men marched infinitely better to-day than they did yesterday; although the roads were much worse, being nearly ankle-deep in sand for ten miles out of the fourteen: but, by avoiding the heat of the sun, we got in comparatively fresh, and quite comfortable, instead of being hot, and weary.

The country that we passed through this morning was fully as flat and monotonous as that which we saw yesterday, with the exception of the portion near the river, where the vegetation is more luxuriant, and greener, and less desert-like than common. The dead level of the surface of the land, too, is broken by knolls and low rolling-hills, many of which are covered with bush, and very pretty. The river, at the ferry, is about fifty yards across, but the water is thick and muddy; its banks are low, green bluffs in some places, but, near our camp,

which is only about three hundred yards from one of the windings of the stream, they are much flatter, and only picturesque from being covered with vegetation. The water—independently of its being very thick and full of sand—is brackish, as the tide comes up a long distance.

The Sunday's River is a considerable stream, which rises in the Great Sneeuwbergen, and, after a course of more than two hundred miles, falls into the sea at Algoa Bay.

Our camp is on the north bank, and facing the north, and, opposite to us, there is a range of low, square, table-topped hills, which are striking and beautiful; they are only three or four miles away—perhaps not so much—and covered with bush.

A heavy dew fell last night, and the morning was quite cool, and exceedingly pleasant; the heat now, however, is very great.

8 P. M. We had dinner about three to-day, and parade at five, after which, the same arrangements as yesterday. The men are marching in their blue, serge sea-frocks, instead of tunics, and we do not present a very imposing appearance on parade; however, the gain in comfort by the adoption of this clothing is immense.

There is pretty good water here, but it is not equal to that of Yellings; it is obtained from a spring about half a mile away. There are plenty of doves (*Turtur Semitorquatus*) in the neighbourhood, of which, Martin shot half a dozen: and Mr. Hall, our Commissariat conductor, gave us a curious animal, which he killed between this and Yelling's, and which he says is capital eating; it is half kangaroo, half fox, in appearance, and is known as the Jumping Hare, or Spring Haas (*Helamys Capensis*).

We saw scarcely any houses on our march, excepting those at the ferry, but we met several of the long bullock-teams, one of which had eight span of oxen. The drivers make a hideous noise, cracking their immense whips, and shrieking horribly at their animals.

Thursday 15th March 11 A. M.

Camp Nanaga.

The night was very close and hot, and the morning densely foggy; but, towards sunrise, the fog cleared away, and a light breeze sprang up, which relieved us of the oppressive sultriness of the air. It is now,

however, extremely hot again, and the sky cloudless. We marched from Sunday's River at twenty minutes past two, and reached this place, which in the route is called "D'Amount's," at half-past six. The distance is estimated at eight miles. I could not see much of the country that we passed through, owing to the mist, but it appeared to be nearly a perfect flat: better land, however, than we have seen as yet; with more green about it, and some cultivation, including fields of maize. Within about two miles of the camp, I think we passed a river on our right, but it was too dark to see distinctly.

We are encamped in a most charming spot, in a valley between some low rolling-hills, and beautiful flowering shrubs, covered with sheets of blossom, growing all about us; amongst them is a white jessamine, (*Jasminum Capense*) which is exceedingly fragrant. The only water, however, is in a sort of pond, at present loaded with mud. They say it is all rain-water, and that they have no other within several miles. There are two farm-houses close to us.

We have a glorious night, though rather hot, and the breeze still northerly.

Friday 16th March 1 P. M.

Camp Lewen-Bosche.

This place, generally called "Wheeldon's," is thirteen miles beyond Nanaga, and we arrived here this morning about seven o'clock; having started a few minutes after two. We came along at a cracking pace, and kept it up throughout the march; but, of course, there was a great number of stragglers. At half-past five, we halted opposite the Reitvley Hotel, to fill our water-bottles, and to allow the rear-guard to come up.

The night was hot, but a southerly breeze sprang up about day-break, and cooled the air very much: the change was quite refreshing. The sun is now very powerful, and the flies, which have been annoying us more or less each day, are horribly troublesome.

We passed through a more picturesque country to-day than hitherto: it was deeply undulating, and, in many places, adorned with bush, in clumps and patches, which broke the monotony of the endless grass. There are hardly any settlements to be seen, however, and part of the road was up-hill and very bad, though the latter portion was good

and hard.

The situation of our camp is pretty, and the patches of bush, which I have just spoken of, give the country round us, a park-like appearance, and remind us of old England.

Water is good and plentiful, and only about a quarter of a mile away.

Saturday 17th March 5 P. M.

Camp Gömka River.

We struck our tents about one o'clock this morning, and marched from Lewen-Bosche at a quarter to three o'clock. It had begun to rain early in the night, and the weather continued wet and miserable. At first, we had some hopes of a change for the better, but they were speedily dispelled, for soon after we started, the rain came down worse than before, and it continued without intermission until an hour ago.

We passed through a wilder and more romantic country than I have seen since we landed. The undulating and gentle hills of yesterday changed, as we approached our present halting-place, into mountains, broken by deep and frequent ravines. Everywhere the bush was exceedingly luxuriant, and the whole face of the land was perfectly wild. At one place called Dasse's Klip, or the Coney's Rock, in consequence of the abundance of Rock-Rabbits (*Hyrax Capensis*) which inhabit it, about four miles from our camp, the scene was very striking; a mountain rose upon our left hand, and a glen, flanked by precipices, sunk upon our right; the road, in fact, ran along the slope of the mountain, some distance above its foot, and our elevation gave us a view of the surrounding country, which seemed to be very much broken, and studded with wild and rocky hills. We heard the barking of the Bush-Buck, (*Tragelaphus Sylvatica*) as we came along, and fancied that it was the cry of some species of wild-dog, until undeceived by Mr. Hall.

The road was not good to-day; for a considerable portion of the way it was up-hill, and for nearly the whole distance—estimated at eleven miles—we were ankle-deep in mud. Shortly after we left Lewen-Bosche, we met a heavy ox-waggon, which kept too much to the side of the road in passing us, and upset into the ditch with a tremendous crash; it was literally smashed to pieces, but fortunately without injury either to the driver or the team.

About seven miles back, and three miles before coming to Dasse's Klip, we had to ford the Bushman's River, which is now only a tiny streamlet, whatever it may be during rainy weather.

We arrived here at seven o'clock, most thoroughly wet and uncomfortable; but I had fires lit in all the tents immediately, which dried the ground, and enabled the men to keep their blankets from getting damp. The rain has quite chilled the air, and the breeze is from the southward.

8.30 P.M. The weather still continues unsettled and showery; however, the rain has kept off for several hours, and the men have dried nearly all their wet clothes at the large fires, which are burning throughout the camp. The appearance of the latter—lit up from end to end—is very beautiful. We shall halt here to-morrow.

Sunday 18th March.

We did not march to-day, and towards evening, I explored the banks of the Gönka for some distance. It is a pretty stream of very tiny dimensions, tributary to the Bushman's River, very winding in its course, and running at the bottom of a small ravine, with abrupt sides covered with bush.

Our camp is really in a most picturesque spot: lying in a sort of valley, surrounded by low, rolling hills, beautifully wooded with belts and patches of bush. The whole scene only requires the trees to be of larger size, to be like an English park. We have fine large fires again to-night, as it is chilly, from the continuance of the south-west wind.

Monday 19th March 8 P.M.

Camp Nazaar.

We had a chilly night, with a shower or two of rain, but the sky, to-day, has been perfectly cloudless, and the sun was once more bright and warm: the south breeze, however, continues, and the night promises to be cool. We marched from the Gönka at three o'clock A.M., and arrived here—distance seven miles—at half-past six. The grass was very wet in the early morning, but the sun soon dried it up.

The country that we passed through was uninteresting, being undulating, and principally covered with grass, though here and there were patches of bush. The road was very rugged in some parts, and,

for some distance it was up-hill: on the whole, it was heavy and rather bad.

Our camp is in a valley near the banks of the Nazaar River, which runs through a wild and precipitous kloof, or ravine, covered pretty thickly with bush, but shewing the naked rock cropping out in many places.

There is a hotel here, but their prices are absurdly extortionate, and we have not afforded them much custom.

All the surrounding country is covered with grass, excepting near the kloof, where there is a small quantity of bush. It looked so promising, that, after breakfast, we went out shooting. Fitzgibbon, Martin and Montfort, accompanied Mr. Hall; Snooke started up the kloof; and, about half an hour afterwards, I sallied out in the same direction.

I could not find Snooke, but wandered on by myself for a long distance without seeing anything, except a kind of lark with a yellow breast, which had a cry like a kitten. I shot one out of curiosity, and brought it to camp, where I learned that it was a peculiar species, called the Fire-throated Lark (*Certhilauda Capensis*). Before I returned, I fell in with a large flock of plover (*Pluvianus Coronatus*), but they would not let me near them, and out of three shots I only bagged one bird. I also saw an antelope, which Mr. Hall, from my description, declared to have been an Ourebi, (*Scopophorus Ourebi*). I got back about three o'clock, and the others came in sometime afterwards, with a Steinbok, (*Calotragus Campestris*) some Red-winged Partridges (*Francolinus Levallantii*), and Quails, (*Coturnix Dactylisonans*).

Tuesday 20th March 8 P.M.

Camp Kareiga.

This place, denominated "Smith's" in my route, is about twelve miles from Nazaar, and the same distance from Grahamstown, so that to-morrow will see our wanderings over for the present. I am by no means rejoiced that it is so, for I delight in this wild camp-life amazingly, and shall feel quite uncomfortable when I get a roof over my head again.

We were off, as usual, this morning, at a quarter past two, and

completed our march at a quarter past six.

The night was quite cool, and, towards daybreak, heavy clouds swept up from the south-eastward, and came down upon us in close fine rain, during the last two hours of our journey. The first few miles of the road were very heavy, up-hill, and rugged, but the latter part afforded the best walking that we have yet met with : it was hard and firm, but still smooth and void of dust.

On leaving our late camping-ground, we crossed the Nazaar, by a bridge of masonry, and, some distance further on, jumped over the Assagai-Bush-River, which finds its way across the road. It is a very paltry streamlet at the present moment, not being above three feet in width.

In the neighbourhood of Kareiga, the scenery was really fine, and approached nearer to grandeur than even the broken hills near Dasse's Klip. For several miles the road was cut into the slope of a mountain, which rose to a considerable height on our right hand, while on the left, it ran down sheer and abrupt to a great depth. In the bottom of this immense kloof, was the river—winding about, and half hidden by the rank vegetation that filled the valley. Rolling hills of varying height rose on the other side, and these were densely clad with bush, amongst which gigantic Euphorbias (*Euphorbia Grandidens*) were exceedingly striking. Two houses were nestling down in the great ravine, and the whole landscape was one of unusual beauty and magnificence.

Our camp is very prettily placed, and there are some green bush-covered hills in close vicinity : everything looks fresh and beautiful after the rain, which ceased about nine o'clock ; and all the remainder of the day has been fine.

21st March 8 P.M.

Fort England, Grahamstown.

Here we are at last, at the Head-Quarters of the Army in South Africa ; which, be it known, consists of four regiments of infantry and the Cape Mounted Rifles !

We struck our tents at midnight, marched about one o'clock, and piled arms in the barrack-square here—without stragglers, without sick, and without prisoners—before sun-rise this morning.

Our journey to-day brought us through a pretty country, hilly and picturesque ; which, however, decreased in beauty as we approached Grahamstown. We had to ford one small river, which crossed the highway and tumbled down amongst some rocks on our right. The road, on the whole, was very good, though the first five miles were up-hill. The morning though quite chilly, was clear and bright ; and the day has been cool with a high south-westerly wind, which has been whirling the dust about in a most unpleasant manner.

Grahamstown is a small, scattered place, but it is prettily situated on the slope of one of the rolling, but not lofty hills, of which the neighbouring country is composed. There are some good houses, and many trees are growing about them, which add much to their appearance, and make them quite attractive. The barracks are inferior, and very small : there is only accomodation for three hundred men, and that consists of narrow stone-houses with thatched roofs. The officers' quarters are detached cottages, prettily enshrouded in trees, but they are in very bad repair, and not water-tight ; the mess-house is the only respectable building amongst them, and it, although good and spacious, is not in the best state of preservation.

22nd March 9 P.M.

It has been a chilly, windy day, with occasional showers of cold rain. Martin and I explored the town during the forenoon ; at least, to a certain extent : it is a desolate-looking place, with great wide streets, and exceedingly few people in them ; there are some fairish shops, some good houses, and a large proportion of bad ones, with several places of worship, one of which—St. Bartholomew's Church—is a pretty little building. The town is said to be progressing, but it does not look so ; it rather gives me the idea of decay ; though why I can scarcely tell, unless it is the silence and deserted appearance of the streets.

Friday 30th March 9 P.M.

My company, with Fitzgibbon instead of Martin, starts for Fort Peddie to-morrow, and, on the whole, I am not sorry ; as I am tired of Grahamstown already.

## CHAPTER V.

### *Grahamstown to Fort Peddie.*

Saturday 31st March 6 P.M.

Camp Driver's Bush.

We were up at two o'clock this morning, and were ready an hour afterwards, but it was four o'clock before we started, owing to the difficulty of getting the waggons under way.

The morning was very dark and foggy, with a drizzling rain, which did not promise well for our comfort, and, to make matters still more agreeable, just at the outskirts of the town, we had to wade through the Kowie River, which, not content with depositing a coat of mud upon our trowsers, as we sank in it up to the knees, filled our boots and socks with sand and water, and rendered us exceedingly uncomfortable for the remainder of the march.

Soon after this adventure, the waggon-drivers lost their way, on some extensive grassy plains outside Grahamstown, and, it was some time before they regained the proper road. At last we arrived at Governor's Kop—eleven miles from Grahamstown—where I intend-

ed to have encamped, but wood proved so very scarce, that I resolved to push on to Driver's Bush, five miles further.

The country between Grahamstown and Governor's Kop, is mostly a level plain, without trees and without bush, so far as I could see. The Kop is a naked hill, with the remains of a stone-building upon it : a small stream at the fort supplies water, but, at the best, it is a bleak, desolate-looking place for a camp.

We left the Kop a little after nine, and arrived here somewhere about eleven, at which time, the weather seemed to be clearing off ; we pitched our tents without delay, and, fortunately for us, the ground was not very damp, as I feared it would have been, after nearly seven hours of almost constant rain.

We are encamped on the slope of a gentle hill, and have a very fair supply of wood, and plenty of good water, in a little stream at the foot of the declivity. There is a hotel a short distance off, where capital eggs and butter can be procured ; and about half a mile away is a sort of village, consisting of a few cottages, with whitewashed walls and thatched roofs, strongly resembling Irish cabins.

There are numbers of pretty flowers growing all over the country, and wild Geraniums and Pelargoniums cover our camp-ground in hundreds. The character of the neighbourhood, for some miles round, is undulating, with spacious valleys between the gentle swelling hills. It is entirely destitute of trees, however, and the patches of bush are very few and thin.

The road between Grahamstown and this place, is pretty good, though rather rough in one or two parts, and for the last five miles it is entirely down hill.

8. P.M. A thunder-storm, with heavy rain, swept over us at five o'clock, and it has regularly set in for a wet night : the wind has risen too, and it is blowing half a gale from the south-westward—a cold, biting wind, that does not promise us much comfort for the next twelve hours.

Sunday 1st April, 11 A.M.

It rained and blew all night, and, though the down-pour has ceased, and the sun is once more shining, yet the wind is still high and cold. The wretched ox-waggon with the men's knapsacks and blan-

kets, has not yet appeared, and they have spent a cold and disagreeable night.

7 P.M. No sign of the ox-waggon, and the people at the hotel say that it must have taken the "new road" to King William's Town, and thereby missed us entirely.

We have little banks of earth thrown up all round the curtains of the tents, to keep the wind out, and, notwithstanding that it is really cold outside, I think the men will be very comfortable, when their tents are closed for the night.

Snooke rode out to-day to look for the ox-waggon, and, on the crest of a neighbouring hill, he espied an object, which at first he fancied was a Kaffir, but, as he approached more closely, he perceived that his supposed Kaffir was an enormous bird. The idea instantly flashed across his mind that this gigantic specimen of the feathered race could be no other than an Ostrich, and, clapping spurs to his pony, he started in pursuit. The huge bird, finding that he was being chased, set off to run at a tremendous pace, and Snooke, hoping to head him, galloped up the crest of the hill, as if he were riding a race for life. The distance "between pursuer and pursued" gradually decreased, and, when the gallant Snooke was sufficiently near to fire, he drew up and delivered a shot; but, sad to relate, the pony swerved, and the Ostrich, not relishing the sound, or the chance of a repetition of such a salute, flapped his broad wings and quietly flew across the river; when Snooke lost sight of him at once and for ever. The gallant sportsman returned to camp in great excitement, believing that he had chased and nearly killed an Ostrich; and he was somewhat disappointed when he learnt that he had been galloping after an unoffending Secretary-Bird, (*Gypoggeranus Capensis*) whose safety the law protects by a considerable fine.

Monday 2nd April, 12 Noon.

Camp—"Fraser's Camp."

Our Commissariat sergeant told me last night, that the road between Driver's Bush and this place was impassable for waggons in the dark, so we did not march this morning until half-past six. The weather was still windy, but clear and bright. We found the road dry and firm, but interspersed with rocks. It was, however, better

than we expected. The distance—estimated at nine miles—was accomplished at ten minutes to nine o'clock, and we encamped immediately on arrival.

We have occupied the gentle slope of a low hill, that shelters us from the south-west breeze; which still continues, and keeps the air almost cold. Wood is rather scarce, but there is abundance of good water in a stream close by,

We did not see a tree to-day, and very little of the low, scrubby Mimosa forest, of which "the bush" of the Cape generally consists; the country was one vast expanse of grassy hills and vallies, crowding upon one another like the billows of a turbulent and rolling sea; while, away in the distance, to the east and north-east, lay the blue summits of the far-famed Amatolas—the strongholds of the Kafir chiefs. This celebrated range of mountains does not appear, however, of any great height, and, at this distance, it is by no means striking in form.

There is a capital hotel close to us, where we get everything we want. The host, an Englishman, named Corbett, has been here twenty years, he says; and he tells us that there is plenty of game in the neighbourhood, including Buffaloes, (*Bubalus Caffer*) of which he showed us four heads—the trophies of late expeditions.

From the camp we can discern the tower of the fort at Trompetter's Drift, and also that at Peddie; but the roads between these places are very winding, and nearly double the length of the actual distance, as the crow flies. There is a tower here also, on the highest summit in the neighbourhood; at present it is unoccupied.

8 30 P. M. It is a gloriously clear night, and not quite so cold as I anticipated: the wind has got round a little, and is lighter.

Tuesday 3rd April, 12 Noon.

Camp "Trompetter's Drift."

Here we are, on the banks of the Great Fish-River, which, by the way, is a narrow stream of the thickest and muddiest water I have ever met with: it is about fifty yards across, and the banks are low, but prettily fringed with bush. We left Fraser's Camp this morning, a few minutes after seven o'clock, and arrived here about nine. The road was the worst we have yet seen, and, in one or two places, was almost impassable for waggons, one of which upset about a mile

away. The country is rolling, and rather pretty, but very thickly covered with bush, and the road very winding and very rocky. The fort at Trompetter's was visible a long way off, from the top of the hill: it is a compact little barrack, with high walls, pierced with loopholes for musketry, and would afford accommodation for about fifty men on an emergency. About a couple of hundred yards distant, is the drift over the Fish-River, which is a kind of raised pathway of large stones, extending from one bank to the other: it is fordable at low water for horses and waggons, but at present, the river is so high, that they say we cannot cross without getting everything wet.

There is a canteen close to the fort, but no other buildings within several miles: it is the most solitary post I have yet seen.

I have to leave Fitzgibbon and a party of twenty men, at this lonely little station, to relieve a like detachment of the 13th Light Infantry.

I am told there is a little shooting in the neighbourhood, which will help the solitary Commandant to pass away his time, but otherwise, there does not seem much prospect of any amusement.

The fort lies in the valley of the Fish-River, and seems shut in from air on every side: there are rolling hills all round, but only one which is at all striking: it is a peculiar-looking green, bush-covered eminence, with a round top and precipitous sides, called the Koodoo Kop.

The ox-waggon, with the knapsacks, arrived from Fort Peddie this afternoon, and it crossed the drift with some difficulty, as the river has been rising all day: the water was higher than the bullocks' backs, and some of the contents of the waggon got wet. It appeared, as we supposed that the drivers, who were Fingoes, and could not understand English, had taken the new road to King William's Town, which passes some miles away from this place, and it was not until he arrived at Fort Peddie, that the corporal in charge of the baggage-guard discovered the mistake; he then lost no time, but at once started for Trompetter's, and arrived as above-mentioned. The river is still rising, and is some two feet higher than it was four hours ago: trunks and branches of trees have been coming down with the stream, and the people say that these are sure signs of a great flood.

Fitzgibbon's men went into barracks this evening, and the party of the 13th are encamped near the river-bank. The day has been

very fine, without being unpleasantly hot, and the south wind kept the air cool.

Both Kaffirs and Fingoes are fine races of men, being powerful fellows, with splendid figures : they can scarcely be distinguished from one another, and, indeed, the only difference between them is, that the Fingoes were an enslaved tribe, and were the bondsmen of the Kaffirs ; the latter still look on them—it is said—with scorn and contempt.

Wednesday 4th April, 8 P. M.

The river is falling, but so gradually, that there is little chance of our being able to cross in less than thirty-six hours. We have had a fine day, until about sunset, when a thunder-shower passed over us from the south-west.

Thursday 5th April, 11 A. M.

The water on the drift is still too high for the mules and oxen. We were up at four o'clock, and had everything ready for a start, but the thing was impracticable, and so we must have patience, and wait for another day.

Fitzgibbon's men have been at work, preparing a raft, by which we shall be able to cross the river : it will be ready in a few hours.

Camp—Blue River, 9 P. M.

At five o'clock this afternoon, I was told by the Commissariat Sergeant that the drift was fordable for the mules, so we at once prepared to march. The tents were struck and the baggage packed so expeditiously, that by forty minutes past six, we had all crossed the river. This was quick work, considering that the raft—which, by the way, was finished about two o'clock—only carried five men at a time.

We are encamped about eight miles from Trompetter's, as, owing to the roughness of the road, the waggons could not travel after dark, but we shall resume our march with the daylight to-morrow. The tents are pitched upon a patch of grass in the bush, and the little Blue River—now about four or five feet in width—runs close by us.

Friday 6th April, 10 P. M.

Fort Peddie.

It has been a cool, and rather cloudy day, with a south-west and fresh breeze.

We marched from Blue River this morning at twenty minutes before seven, and piled arms at Fort Peddie—distance eleven miles—at twenty minutes before ten, without stragglers, except one man of the 13th, and without a halt. This was good marching—eleven miles in three hours—and more particularly, as the first five miles were up hill.

The road was hard and firm throughout, and there was no dust.

The country between the Blue River and Peddie, is mostly wild, and broken by tremendous wooded-kloofs, which, in some places, run down below the level of the road to a great depth; the bush in the neighbourhood is very dense, and very plentiful: it appeared to be almost impenetrable. There were multitudes of those hideous-looking Euphorbia trees, which are so abundant in South Africa.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### *Fort Peddie, Line Drift and Tamacha Post.*

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Peddie affords accommodation for about a troop of cavalry, and a company of infantry, in separate barracks, both of which are good and substantial, possessing high walls pierced with loop-holes. There is also a small mud-fort, containing a magazine, as well as Commissariat and other stores: it mounts two old guns, but neither they, nor the platforms on which they rest, are in a serviceable condition at present. There are a few detached cottages, occupied by staff sergeants and Royal Engineers, an excellent stone hospital, and, about six hundred yards distant from the infantry barracks, a square, stone tower, in which, there is a second magazine and room for about a dozen men. The infantry officers' quarters are also detached, but those of the cavalry are inside the walls of the barracks allotted to that portion of the garrison. The latter are new and good, but the former, on the contrary, are very old and much dilapidated. A few American Aloes (*Agave Americana*) and some half dozen specimens of that gorgeous Coral-tree, called the Kaffir Boem (*Erythrina Caffra*) are

growing near the buildings, but, with the exception of a quantity of the curious shrub known in the colony as the Speck-boem, or Elephants' Food, (*Portulacaria Afra*), the little gardens contain scarcely anything but grass.

Peddie, though denominated a town, is a very small place, rather prettily situated in the dip between two of the gentle rolling hills, which characterize the face of the country for many miles around. The barracks are on the high ground close by, and, near them, runs a little stream called the Clusie, which, after a winding course of only a few miles, falls into the Blue River, within a short distance of the main road to Trompetter's Drift. The entire neighbourhood is almost wholly destitute of trees; but the hills are covered with grass, and, in some places, a thick jungle of Mimosa bushes. The Amatolas hide the view in one direction, but, otherwise, there is nothing visible that deserves the name of scenery; and even the mountain-range is not, at this distance, in the least grand or striking in appearance. There is, nevertheless, within a few miles of the Post, one of the wildest and most singular places I have met with in the country;—the more attractive, perhaps, because it is so completely hidden from sight, that the traveller, unacquainted with its existence, would pass it by unnoticed. I allude to the valley of the Blue River, through which runs a bridle-path to Trompetter's Drift, commonly known as "the short cut." At about a mile or so from Peddie, it commences, and thence, it winds, for almost the whole distance, through a succession of narrow and most picturesque gorges, walled in, here and there, by towering precipices, running sheer up for hundreds of feet, and clothed with forest—in some places so densely as to screen the sunlight from the secluded path below.

Bush-buck (*Tragelaphus Sylvatica*), Blue-buck (*Cephalopus Pygmaea*), and other antelopes, are generally to be found in the thorny and almost impenetrable bush, that extends from this place for miles in the direction of the Great Fish-River, and the krantzes are full of baboons (*Cynocephalus Porcarius*), which can always be seen and heard amongst the rocks, and near the water. Those forest-loving birds, too, the Cape Pheasants (*Francolinus Nudicollis*), as well as several kinds of doves, and many other representatives of the feathered

race, share in the occupation of this rarely-trodden wilderness.

In the vicinity of Peddie, there are several settlements founded by the quondam soldiers of the Anglo-German legion, but the white population of the whole district bears a very small proportion to that of the Fingoes, whose kraals are numerous in almost every direction.

A good deal of maize (*Zea Mays*), here called "mealies," is cultivated in the neighbourhood, as well as a species of grain (*Sorghum Caffrorum*) usually denominated Kaffir Corn; and, after these crops have been reaped, the stubbles are commonly full of quails (*Coturnix Dactylisonans*), which afford really pretty and pleasant shooting. Now and then, a duck or two may be picked up along the river, and several species of the Bustard tribe frequent the grassy hills close by; but the latter are very wary, and it is almost impossible to approach them on foot.

The quail-shooting has, in my opinion, only one drawback—the danger from snakes;—a danger, which, however, is more imaginary than real, for, though the most deadly kinds of these reptiles abound, they are very rarely the aggressors, and, usually, make off on the approach of a human being. A minor evil is the prevalence, in quantities, of a troublesome weed (*Bidens Pilosa*), whose long aculeate seeds stick with the utmost pertinacity in one's clothes.

The country between Peddie and Line Drift is deeply rolling, but it is scarcely picturesque or attractive-looking until we approach the latter place, where the valley of the Keiskama River opens to the view, and the Amatola Mountains afford a fine background to a singularly wild and peculiar scene. Buck Kraal, four miles and a half from Peddie, was a military station during the late Kaffir wars, but it is now only a miserable collection of hovels, occupied by a detachment of a most useful and effective force—the Frontier Armed and Mounted Police. About a mile or so nearer Line Drift, the road crosses the Gwanga River, the scene of one of the chief engagements during the campaign of 1846. It is now dry in many places, but there is one little reach, at the foot of a precipitous krantz, that is very pretty, and looks like a tiny crystal lake fringed with bushes:—it is really a pleasant relief to the incessant roll of hill and valley between it and Peddie. The greater portion of the country is thickly covered with

Mimosa bushes, and a kind of coarse grass, now very brown and withered looking. Line-drift Fort stands on a level plain, in the bottom of the valley of the Keiskama, which is thereabouts exceedingly picturesque, and amply diversified by strange-looking hills, and wild-looking kloofs. The stream is narrow—averaging perhaps five and twenty or thirty yards across—but the water is clear and beautiful; and the banks are entirely and richly clothed with vegetation. In some places they are quite level, and only a few inches above the surface of the water, but elsewhere, they are often upright walls of rock, thickly covered with bush, amongst which the striking and peculiar-looking Giant Euphorbia (*Euphorbia Grandidens*) seems to preponderate. There are also some few trees of the *Phoenix Reclinata*, or Little Date, which give a somewhat tropical appearance to the vegetation; and thousands of Pelargoniums and Geraniums almost dispute possession of the earth with the abundant grass. Some of the krantzies are of enormous height, and curiously and regularly shaped, as if they were cut out by rule. In many cases they are quite precipitous—their almost inaccessible faces affording secure habitations to the rock-loving baboons, which are very numerous in this neighbourhood. The Fort is larger than that at Peddie, with a low, stone wall round it, and, in the centre, a building of the same material, which contains the magazine, and a tank of considerable size. But the whole place is ruinous and most dilapidated—quite unworthy of the name of fort or barrack. The buildings, with the exception of that already mentioned, are made of a wicker-work of branches, smeared over with mud—which is known, in the country, by the euphonious appellation of “wattle and daub”—and the roofs are thatched with coarse grass. The officers’ quarters possess wooden floors, and are thus far superior to those of the men, which are entirely destitute of any approach to such a luxury.

The only houses in the neighbourhood are the canteen, and the contractor’s store, both of which are above a hundred yards away.

The Drift over the river is within a quarter of a mile, but it is very rough—being composed of large stones—and must be difficult to cross when the water is high: there is, however, a ferry-boat, in charge of the garrison, which is available in cases of emergency. The Keiskama

is the boundary, between the Colony and Kaffraria; across which no Kaffirs are allowed to come without passes; and detachments of police are stationed all along the line to enforce this regulation.

Tamacha Post—about eight miles distant from Line-Drift—is situated on the old road from Albany to King William's Town. It is, without exception, the most wretched place I have seen in South Africa, so far as barracks are concerned;—the quarters of the officers and men being alike almost uninhabitable. The country, in general outline, resembles that in the vicinity of Line-Drift, but the bush has been, for the most part, cut away; and the eye roves over acres and acres of grassy fields, without a tree or shrub of any description. To the northward of the barracks, is a range of square-topped hills, called Tamacha Heights: they are of no great altitude, but, as they rise very much above the surrounding level, they are rather striking objects.

Tamacha is in British Kaffraria; and many Kaffirs, under the petty chief Siwani, reside in the neighbourhood: they belong to the Amagaika division of the Great Amaxosa tribe, of whom Kreli is the *Ukumkani* or paramount sovereign. It appears that all the Kaffirs in British Kaffraria and the Cape Colony belong to this tribe; which is divided into the Amagelika, the Amagaika and the Ama T' Slam-bie. These sub-tribes are respectively under the chieftainship of Sandilli, Kreli and Umhalla, and are again sub-divided into Kraals, governed by lesser chiefs, such as Siwani. Kreli, although immediately ruling one of the sub-tribes, is still at the head of the whole, and paramount chief of this branch of the Kaffir Race.

## CHAPTER VII.

### *From Grahamstown to Keiskama Hoek.*

Thursday 24th April 1862.

Fort England.

Somewhat less than three weeks ago, the SECOND-TENTH were startled out of the monotony of their every-day life, by an order, which threatened, in no small degree, to realize the old adage of "out of the frying-pan into the fire," for, although the edict to which I allude, did offer some prospect of variety to those who were weary of the dusty streets and treeless flats of Grahamstown and its vicinity; yet the ruthless rending from the last relic of civilized life, which it entailed, was something quite unprepared for, by even the most volatile of the lovers of change; while the others—especially those afflicted with melancholy temperaments, and susceptible hearts—were hurled to the very lowest depths of despair, where they will doubtless continue to linger, until "a change comes o'er the spirit of their dream," or Fate shall transport them once again to the seaward side of the Great Fish-River. The firebrand, which so effectually and completely dis-

turbed the equanimity of our existence, was simply an order for the removal of the head-quarters of the Regiment from the capital of the Eastern Frontier to Keiskama Hoek—a remote outpost amongst the Amatola Mountains;—and also, for the supply of strong detachments to two other singularly pleasant stations, which respectively rejoice in the appellations of Fort Beaufort and Middle Drift.

Time alone can tell whether our destiny be for good or evil, but, meanwhile, we are all absorbed in the mysteries of packing, and other preparatory operations for our intended move; which Fate has ordained shall commence to-morrow.

Camp Botha's Hill.

Friday 25th April.

A gloomy and unsettled morning held out little promise of fine weather for our departure from Grahamstown, but, as yet, Dame Nature has given us nothing worse than dark looks; and we are now comfortably encamped about nine miles from the town, on a pleasant bit of level ground, where there is plenty of wood, and a small supply of good water.

We marched from Fort England about one o'clock, and were escorted for some distance by the Band of the Cape Mounted Rifles; but, otherwise, our exit from Grahamstown was accomplished with something very nearly resembling solemn silence: the race-meeting on the neighbouring flats having, no doubt, a good deal to do with the deserted appearance of the streets. Those of our brother-officers remaining on detachment at Grahamstown, rode out with us for several miles, and two of them accompanied us even into camp. The scenery of our route was not interesting; it consisted of a succession of the low, rolling, grassy-hills, sprinkled with mimosa-bush, (*Acacia Horrida*) which are characteristic of the vicinity of Grahamstown, and indeed, of the colony in general—so far as my limited experience has gone.—

Camp "Cometjie's Drift."

Saturday 26th April.

Reveille went at daylight, and, after breakfast, we marched from Botha's Hill, and reached this place about eleven o'clock. The water in the Fish-River was very low at the time of our arrival, and we are

now encamped on the east side of the stream—which here runs north and south—having crossed the drift, and put the river between us and our camp of yesterday. The morning was dark and misty, but, fortunately, the rain kept off until we were fairly under canvass, when some very heavy thunder-showers came down, and almost swamped us in our tents.

The distance between Botha's Hill and Cometjie's Drift is said to be fifteen miles, but it appeared to me to approach much more nearly to twenty. We passed through a most wild and desolate country, made up of tremendous kloofs, thickly covered with the perpetual mimosa, and rocky krantzies, clothed scantily with scrubby vegetation of the same monotonous character. Many of the krantzies were very high, fully deserving the name of mountains, and, in some places, their sides were as sheer and abrupt as it is possible to conceive. One portion of the rugged road wound through a most gloomy pass, called Pluto's Vale, which certainly deserves its Satanic appellation most thoroughly; being destitute of water, and made up solely of treeless mountains and vallies, robed in mimosa-jungles.

The Fish-River at the Drift is about forty or fifty yards across, and the water, though muddy—as it always is—is well tasted and wholesome. The camp-ground, however, is a bad one, being destitute of grass: and, owing to the heavy showers of to-day, it is now a mass of mud. The old post of Cometjie's lies on the west side of the river, to the left; it seems to have been built of stone, and to have been stronger than most of the frontier fortresses that I have seen. The country, that we have just passed through, appears, on looking at it from the camp, to be a vast expanse of rolling treeless-hills of nearly equal height; one round-topped eminence, near the river, alone rising to any extent above the others. The road was deep in dust of a reddish-brown to-day, and I have never experienced a more unpleasant march. The heat also—although the sky was clouded—was considerable.

Camp "Breakfast Vlei."

Sunday 27th April.

We were off this morning about half-past eight o'clock, and completed our march to this place—said to be eleven miles—in fair average time. The road was up-hill nearly all the way—the ascent from

the valley of the Fish-River to the high land, where we are now encamped, being very considerable. The country, for the greater portion of the distance, was even wilder than that which we passed through yesterday, though not so desolate-looking; and many of the krantzies were covered with tall Euphorbias (*Euphorbia Grandidens*) giving the bush thereon more the appearance of a tree-forest than any we have hitherto met with. Our tents are now pitched on a beautiful plateau, covered with short grass, and, here and there, a thin sprinkling of mimosa. There is an hotel close by, as well as a police-barrack, but water appears to be very scarce. Fortunately, the rain yesterday filled all the vleis, otherwise, we should have fared very badly indeed. A pleasanter morning for marching could scarcely have been wished for, as the air was cool and the sky cloudy.

Some Kaffir races have been going on this evening in the vicinity of the camp, affording considerable amusement to the spectators.

Camp "Kama's Kraal."

Monday 28th April.

The early morning was threatening, and a light rain fell at intervals for the first two or three hours of our march; but afterwards, the clouds cleared away, and the sun shone out vigorously. We accomplished a considerable distance to-day—said to be eighteen miles—though I think there is little doubt of its being a good deal more—and are now ensconced amongst gently-rolling slopes, which are covered with luxuriant grass, and almost destitute of bush. There is plenty of water in a stream below the camp, but it is rather brackish, and, consequently, not particularly pleasant. After our departure from Breakfast Vlei, this morning, we continued ascending for some distance, and then, crossing a ridge of high land by a very rough road, began to move downwards again to the valley of the Keiskama.

On reaching the river, we found that the water on the drift was rather high, so we crossed by a ford a little lower down; and managed to make the opposite bank without getting very wet. The river was rolling its bright, clear waters between picturesquely wooded-banks of much beauty, affording a most pleasing contrast to the monotonous-looking mimosa-country, with which the last three days have rendered us so familiar. After the passage of the river, we had to ascend

a frightfully rough hill, on which our mule-waggons stuck fast for a time. This hill was clothed with mimosa as usual; but, after having left it behind us some short distance, we began to enter a decidedly better and more fertile country—pretty free from bush, and covered with what appeared to be luxuriant grass, interspersed with Kaffir-corn fields. We passed through two or three kraals, from which the natives rushed out in swarms, with milk and water-melons, luxuries that were readily disposed of to the thirsty men.

The Amatola Mountains, which we are rapidly approaching, formed a conspicuous feature in the landscape to-day, and were clearly defined against the morning sky.

Keiskama Hoek.

Tuesday 29th April.

The morning was misty and cool, and the grass very wet, after the tremendous dew of the previous night. We were up at dawn, and the column marched at a quarter before seven o'clock. As the mist cleared away, a magnificent picture burst upon us. The bold and beautiful mountains stood out from the pale blue sky in striking relief, and formed a splendid background to the green and pleasant fields, through which our journey lay. The change in the appearance of the country, since we crossed the Keiskama, is almost marvellous; and it is difficult to believe that we are still in Southern Africa, with which we have hitherto been accustomed to associate mimosa-jungle and naked rocks so completely, as to exclude all idea of such green and luxuriant fields as we have beheld during our march to-day. About seven miles from Kama's Kraal, we ascended a steep mountain, called the Tabandoda or T'Slambie's Kop—the waggons going round by another route across the Debe Nek—and thenceforth, until we reached Keiskama Hoek, the country was picturesque and beautiful in the extreme. Looking backwards from the Tabandoda, the view was extensive and exceedingly refreshing: the splendid and luxuriant plain below us, was dotted with square patches of green corn, reminding us somewhat of old England; and looking forward, we beheld a rolling country, covered with verdant grass, and watered by several beautiful streams, flowing through groups of *bonâ fide* forest-trees, such as some of us had actually despaired of ever seeing again. About five miles from the

Tabandoda, we arrived at Baillie's Grave, where there was at one time a small military post. This place has earned its peculiar and mournful name, from the fact of Lieutenant Baillie—a volunteer officer—having been killed there, by the Kaffirs in the war of 1835. The scenery in the neighbourhood is exceedingly pretty, and a good clear stream of water called Umxesha, flows close to the remains of the old post. There is a hotel within a short distance, and we halted in its vicinity for dinner.

From Baillie's Grave to the Hoek, the road is most picturesque. It is somewhat winding, and the deep undulations of the country, which it follows, only serve to add to its attractions. Perhaps the most charming spot of the whole route is a little brook, at the southern foot of the Red Hill, which is completely enshrouded in trees, excepting where the road crosses it by means of a small bridge, constructed by a party of the 85th Light Infantry, under Lieutenant William Galbraith, who left a record of his work on a stone, now standing close to the spot. It bears an inscription in Latin and English, which runs as follows :—

LEGIONIS LXXXV MANU PONS STRUCTUS EST.

A. D. MDCCCLX.

Mons stabit : crescet arbor :

Labetur amnis : pons sedebit :

Œdificatores periunt.

The tree shall grow : the brook shall glide :

The hill shall stand : the bridge shall bide :

The builders, like the fading ray

Of summer's sunset, pass away.

The Red Hill is the lowest part of the Quilli-Quilli, one of the mountain-ranges of the Amatolas : and the brook is one of the sources of the Kabula River.

We are told that, when the little bridge was built, the branches of the trees bent over and almost screened the road from the sun, so that the place was wrapped in a pleasant gloom, even through the mid-day heat of summer ; and Bishop Armstrong, when describing his journey from Keiskama Hoek to King William's Town, has alluded to the little stream in the following words ;—“ One English-looking

brook delighted us, overhung with dark massive trees that shielded us for a moment from the fierceness of the sun."

It is, in truth, somewhat suggestive of Old England, and mayhap, its fancied resemblance to some familiar home-scene, earned for it the poetical inscription, which has invested its gurgling waters with a romantic interest scarcely merited by the intrinsic beauty of the place.

From the Red Hill we got our first glimpse of Keiskama Hoek—a beautiful level valley, apparently entirely surrounded by mountains; but it was late in the afternoon before our journey was ended.

The far-famed hospitality of the 85th Light Infantry awaited us, and, though they were to start *en route* for East London on the following morning, a sumptuous dinner was the welcome we received at their hands.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### *Keiskama Hoek and its vicinity.*

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The beautiful valley, which contains the military post and village of Keiskama Hoek, is completely encircled by the loftiest mountains of the Iseli and Amatola ranges, whose towering forms are amply diversified with beetling crags and smiling patches of rich forest, affording most picturesque combinations of rugged grandeur, and soft, luxurious loveliness.

The valley is of small extent; and many of the lesser hills and spurs approach to within a mile of Castle Eyre—a stone tower forming the centre of the so-called barrack-square. Two small rivers—the Gulu and the Keiskama—water it abundantly; and the latter is certainly the most beautiful stream I have seen in South Africa. Clear and bright as crystal, it winds between picturesque and charmingly wooded banks almost throughout its course of nearly a hundred miles. It rises in the Doorn-bergen range of the Amatolas, and is speedily joined by the Quilli-Quilli, the Umtwaku and the Gulu—all of which are mountain rivulets flowing from the different hills, which enclose its

infant waters. The Wolf, Amatola, Icwasi, and Kabula, feed it between Keiskama Hoek and Middle Drift; and the Chumie falls into it about six miles below the last mentioned place: thence, it pursues a southerly course until it reaches the sea. During its journey between Keiskama Hoek and Middle Drift, it winds through the celebrated Booma Pass, and runs close to Burn's Hill Mission-Station and Fort Cox.

Keiskama Hoek is so named, in consequence of a great bend or elbow of the river, which almost encloses the village; such being the signification of the Dutch word *Hoek*: but the derivation of *Keiskama* is not equally apparent. An idea that it means "sweet water," seems very strongly impressed upon the inhabitants, though to what language the word should be referred, I cannot clearly make out. *Amatola* is said to be a combination of two Kaffir expressions, viz: *ama*, many, and *tola*, a calf: in allusion probably, to the quantities of cattle for which these hills afford pasturage.

Keiskama Hoek was once occupied by the Great Kraal of Sandilli and his Gaiikas; but, in 1853, they were dispossessed by the British, and their lands portioned out to Fingoes—formerly their slaves and hereditary enemies—who were introduced as a means of offering the most effective barrier at that time feasible, to the resumption of the country by them or their allies. The post was commenced in the same year by detachments of the 6th Royals and the Rifle Brigade, under Brigadier General Mackinnon; and subsequently, completed by the Reserve Battalion of the 12th and the 73rd Regiments: since then, it has never been without a British garrison. It has, at present, little to recommend it: the barracks are in a tottering state, and many of them are propped up to prevent their falling:—even the officers' quarters have nothing but mud floors. High and disagreeable winds prevail, and whirl dense clouds of sand about us so pertinaciously, that we seem to live, for the time, in an atmosphere of dust, which is, moreover, so insidious that even the most habitable house we possess cannot keep it out. From the 11th June to the 11th August 1862, there were twenty-five days with strong winds blowing throughout, and nine days with partial winds. The climate, however, is, on the whole, good and pleasant; and, at times, the wea-

ther approaches so nearly to perfection, as almost to realize that wondrous halcyon season, which was believed by the ancients to wait upon the kingfisher during its period of incubation.

The village is a small place, consisting of some three or four dozen sun-dried brick cottages, with thatched roofs and mud floors, amongst which there are two or three shops, where the requirements of existence can generally be obtained at large prices—a natural and unavoidable consequence of the expense attendant upon land transport from the sea-coast. Fingo Kraals are scattered here and there in the neighbourhood, but they are neither picturesque nor interesting, though perhaps their proximity is beneficial on account of the cattle which their occupants breed.

Independently of the cost of the common necessities of life, which renders the Cape of Good Hope an exceedingly expensive station, we are cut off from many of the advantages which the most remote cantonment in India enjoys. We have only one mail to and from England in the month, whereas India has four; and, even at these long intervals of time, we are denied the boon of receiving the magazine literature of the day by book-post, but are compelled to wait patiently, or impatiently, until some snail-like ox-waggon from one of the sea-ports, drags its groaning and creaking carcass within our reach; when—if we are fortunate—we may receive our supplies of periodicals:—three months after publication in England! The same ordeal awaits all other packages from “Home,” and treble the amount of time is absorbed in landing parcels and carrying them over two hundred miles of South African soil, as is occupied in their transport from London to Cape Town. It is only just towards Keiskama Hoek, however, to observe, that the foregoing remarks are applicable to every inland station of the country: as much so to Grahamstown as Kaffraria.

The nearest posts in our vicinity are Middle-Drift, situated upon the Keiskama, about seventeen or eighteen miles away in a south-westerly direction; the Dohne, to the eastward, at a distance of twenty-two miles: and King William's Town, about five and twenty to the southward. Fort Cox is no longer occupied. A hotel at Baillie's Grave, nine miles distant, on the road to King William's Town, and a farm-

house at the Kabousie, where there was once a military post, with the addition of two missionary-stations, comprise all the white settlements of the immediate neighbourhood.

There is no shooting worth speaking of: a few francolins are to be picked up on the hills; in some seasons quail are said to be plentiful; and an antelope or two, may now and then be obtained amongst the kloofs; but even the most enthusiastic and persevering sportsman must often return after a long day's work with an empty bag. On the Bontebok Flats, however, about fifteen miles or so from the Post, there are quantities of springbok and other antelopes, as well as a few quagga and ostriches.

Eels and mullet may be captured with the rod and line, either in the Keiskama or the Gulu, but no higher description of piscatory sport has ever been obtained that I know of.

## CHAPTER IX.

### *From King William's Town to Windvogelberg.*

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King William's Town.

June 19th 1863.

After a sojourn of little more than two months in this "capital of British Kaffraria," I am about to start tomorrow for Windvogelberg, the remotest outpost now in occupation by our troops: it is on the high-road to Queenstown, and about twenty miles to the northward of the main range of the Amatola Mountains.

About King William's Town I have little to record. It is a young place, and said to be progressing; though the evidences of advancing prosperity are not very apparent to ordinary observers. Situated on the left bank of the Buffalo River, in the bottom of a valley, its site cannot be particularly healthy, and it is certainly not picturesque or even attractive in appearance; though some of the views in the neighbourhood, are, without doubt, really fine, embracing beautiful and lofty mountains, clothed in some instances with splendid forest.

King William's Town is said to have been originally founded in

1836 by Sir Benjamin D'Urban, but it was afterwards abandoned until 1846, when it was re-established by Sir Harry Smith.

The Regiment arrived here from Keiskama Hoek on the 7th April, having moved from that station on the previous day.

Camp, near Frankfort.

June 20th—9 P. M.

I left King William's Town with my detachment of three Sergeants, one Drummer, and seventy-eight Rank and File, at nine this morning, and arrived here early in the afternoon, after a pleasant and easy march of about twelve miles. Our tents are pitched upon a level bit of grass, near the little Kamka or Yellow-Woods River, and within a short distance of the village, which is one of those founded by the German settlers.

The scenery of our route to-day, was not remarkable for anything except sameness, which characterized it forcibly. The country was rolling and grassy, dotted, here and there, with occasional Mimosa bushes (*Acacia Horrida*) and very rarely ornamented with woodland of a more dignified description. Frankfort, however, is prettily situated at the foot of a bold and somewhat picturesque mountain, called the Frankfort Hill, on the slopes, and in the kloofs of which, are some patches of magnificent forest, with grand old trees of much beauty.

The day, though fine and bright, has been rather cool, with a southerly breeze, and since sunset it has been positively cold.

The Dohne.

June 21st—9 P. M.

A waggon, which had been hired for the transport of the men's knapsacks, got as far as the river about an hour before dark yesterday, but stuck fast in the drift all night; so, while the breakfasts were being prepared, this morning, I turned out the detachment to assist the bullocks, and the waggon was soon released from its awkward situation. After breakfast, by judicious packing, we managed to stow away all the necessaries for the camp to-night, including the men's great-coats and the rations, in the three mule-waggons; after which, we moved on, leaving the other vehicle to follow at its leisure.

The morning was exceedingly fine, but, by the time we reached the Dohne, fourteen miles distant, the weather became cold and windy.

The ascent of Frankfort Hill accomplished, we found ourselves very much above the level of last night's camp, and marching over a rolling country, varied by flats of some extent, now brown and withered-looking, but adorned plentifully with bright-coloured wild-flowers and a diminutive growth of some species of *Protea*. With the exception of the splendid bits of forest in the kloofs of the Frankfort Hill, already alluded to, and one or two other stray patches of woodland, the country between Frankfort and the Dohne displayed the same monotonous features throughout. The Dohne, Stutterheim, and Ohlsen—the first mentioned being the military post, and the two others German settlements—were visible a long way off, nestling at the foot of the Kaklazi mountain—a beautiful and lofty peak of the Amatolas. We got in about half-past ten o'clock, and found tents already pitched for us, outside the fort, which, by the way, has more pretension to the title, than any of the other frontier posts that I have seen—inasmuch, as there are some palisades upon one side.

The German villages are long straggling places, of quaint little sod-houses, adorned by a sprinkling of Blue-Gum trees (*Eucalyptus Persicifolia*); and a sparkling tributary of the clear and beautiful Kabousie River runs through them. The quarters, inside the fort, for both officers and men, are very bad, and in a ruinous condition. They are constructed, as usual, of "wattle and daub;" the only buildings of mason-work being the guard-house and the magazine.

It blew half a gale of wind all day, and was very cold; nevertheless Sandwith and I strolled through the village of Stutterheim, and visited all the the lions of the place.

The Dohne Post was originally built as a check upon Sandilli's tribe of Gaikas, when they were expelled from their old haunts in the Amatolas: the principal Kraal being within twelve miles.

I saw very few living creatures during our march this morning: two or three Plover (*Pluvianus Coronatus*), half a dozen Firethroated Larks (*Certhilauda Capensis*), and some Black-and-white Crows (*Corvus Scapulatus*) making up the sum total.

Camp—Thomas River.

June 22nd—9 P. M.

We marched this morning about nine o'clock, Sandwith accompany-

ing me as far as Greytown, seven miles from the Dohne. Greytown is a ruined village of mud-houses, situated at the foot of the stupendous Greytown Hill, over which the road runs: it was originally settled by the German Legion.

The ascent between the Dohne and Thomas River, where we are encamped, is almost continuous, and, in some parts, sudden and abrupt: the difference of elevation in the two places must be very considerable. At a short distance from the Dohne—near the road on the left-hand side—Sandwith and I discovered a peculiar-looking palm-shaped tree, which we at first thought was a Tree-fern, and then mistook for a Date-palm. It proved, on closer examination, to be a Cycad—the *Enecephalartos Caffer* of Lehmann, I think, and a largish specimen, for it was fully sixteen feet in height. After Sandwith left me, I saw hundreds of magnificent scarlet Gladioles, on the summit and upper slopes of Greytown Hill, displaying their gorgeous blossoms in great crowds amongst the broken rocks. Animal life during the route was scarce: some crows of the same kind as yesterday; a few hawks (*Tinnunculus Rupicolus*); a good many Fire-throated Larks; some Sylviæ with black and white breasts (*Sylvia Pileata*) and a few Dikkop (*Edicnemus Capensis*) were the only specimens visible.

This was a long and dreary march—extending to fully twenty miles, I should think; over a rolling, treeless country, covered with brown and withered-looking short grass, and interrupted occasionally by some little clear streamlets of good water. There is only one house between Greytown and the river, and that, probably, is the habitation of some German settler. We met, yesterday and to-day, a number of ox-waggons, loaded with wool, on their way from Queenstown District to the sea-coast.

The Thomas River is clear and bright, full of water, and about twenty yards across. We are encamped near its margin, about a quarter of a mile away from the solitary hotel.

The undulations of the country we passed through to-day, were much deeper than those of yesterday.

Windvogelberg.

June 23rd—9 P.M.

It was very cold in camp last night at the Thomas River, and I

was glad enough when the bugle for reveille announced the daylight. We were up sharp, had breakfast, and marched as soon as possible for this place, arriving in very good time. Handley rode out from the Fort, and met me at the Thorn River, which is rather less than two miles from the barracks.

The route of this morning was much the same, in general character, as those of the previous days: rather fewer bushes and more grass, short, brown, and withered. A continual ascent to the Windvogelberg—on the side of which stands the Post—visible at about eight miles' distance—enabled us towards the end of the march to see the strange and eccentric outlines of the Queenstown mountains—apparently some thirty miles beyond the Windvogelberg—as also a nearer range extending away to the right. I observed a pair of Secretary Birds (*Gypoggeranus Serpentarius*) this morning, a small herd of Springbok (*Gazella Eucore*), and some more crows and larks.

The Fort is a little redoubt with mud walls and mud barracks. The officers' quarters, however, are built of stone, as also the hospital, magazine and cook-houses. There is a dry ditch round the place, and a stream of beautiful water—artificially conducted from the mountain—runs through the Post. There are extensive gardens attached, for the officers and men, and some mud-cottages for staff-sergeants and other people of the kind who cannot be accommodated within the walls. Timber is very scarce—even in the kloofs of the mountain behind.

For miles and miles round this lonely post, trees are rarely met with, the whole country being one vast extent of deeply rolling and hilly grass-land—mis-named flats—from amidst which the lofty peak of the Windvogelberg rises to the height of 5344 feet above the sea, though its elevation over the Thorn River, is, of course, very much less, being somewhat under fifteen hundred feet. Queenstown is distant about forty miles; and the Kei River about three leagues.

Windvogelberg Fort was built, only a few years ago, by a detachment of the 85th Light Infantry, a wing of which regiment was then stationed at Queenstown; and, with Tylden and Imvani, formed the three outposts of the immediate Kaffir border. The two last mentioned have recently been abandoned. Windvogelberg is only eight

miles distant from the large kraal of the redoubted chief Anta—brother of Sandilli—who was well known as the "Gaika warrior" during the late wars. The name is compounded of three Dutch words, viz: *wind*, *voegel*, and *berg*, and means literally "wind-bird mountain"—the expression "wind-bird" having reference, it is supposed, to the Swift, one species of which (*Cypselus Leucothoa*) seems to be abundant in the neighbourhood.

## CHAPTER X.

### *King William's Town to East London.*

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#### King William's Town.

Friday June 3rd 1864.

We received orders some time since to hold ourselves in readiness to move to Cape Town, there to embark for India, on being relieved by a regiment from England; but it would seem that our departure from South Africa is not so immediately certain as we imagined, owing to the unsettled state of the Kaffirs on the Bashee frontier. An express arrived, within the past few days, from one of the Police Stations beyond the Kei, which appears to have contained warlike intelligence: inasmuch as re-inforcements of Police were instantly sent to strengthen the frontier detachments, and the troops have all received notice to be prepared to march at a moment's warning.

Sunday June 5th.

The alarm of the Kaffir outbreak seems to have pretty well subsided, for two companies, under command of Sandwith, leave tomorrow for East London, and the Head Quarters are to follow on

Wednesday.

Monday June 6th.

Sandwith's detachment left King William's Town about three o'clock this morning, in the midst of a dense fog, on their way to the port of embarkation : but the Head-Quarters are not to go, it is now said, until Thursday.

Wednesday June 8th.

At last there seems a prospect of our being really off, for the heavy baggage of the Head Quarters has already gone, and parade is ordered for half-past two tomorrow morning. H.M.S.S. Valorous is expected to arrive at East London on Sunday next, and, if all goes well, we shall embark on the day following for Cape Town.

Fort Jackson.

Thursday June 9th.

Last night was very cold, and, before we turned in, Little and I piled up a huge fire upon the hearth of our barn-like little residence. All the choice pieces of Sneeze-wood (*Pterocylon Utile*) and deal—hitherto reserved for kindling purposes—were appropriated, and a merry, cheerful blaze they helped to make. We sought our blankets early, and had several hours of good, sound sleep before the "taps" aroused us. About three o'clock we marched out of the barrack-square, in almost utter darkness, for the moon and stars were hidden by a thick fog : however, we felt our way—as it were—and pushed on steadily. The morning was quite cold, but calm, and the day subsequently proved very fine and pleasant.

We arrived here—distant twenty-one miles—in rather less than seven hours : having halted at Berlin—about half-way—for coffee. The road between King William's Town and Fort Jackson is, for the most part, good and unusually level for South Africa ; but there is nothing remarkable in the appearance of the country, which is undulating, and grassy, and occasionally ornamented with clumps of trees. We crossed the Yellowwoods River at Breidbach—four miles from King William's Town—and another stream—whose name I know not—at Berlin. Both these places are small villages founded by the German military settlers : also Potsdam, which lies to the right of the road between Berlin and Fort Jackson.

There is a standing camp here at present, so that we had not the trouble of pitching our tents. The Post is one of the ordinary mud-redoubts of the country—a fortress but in name—and almost in ruins: it is garrisoned by a company of the 2nd Battalion 5th Fusiliers. The country in the immediate neighbourhood is rolling and grassy, with, here and there, a thin sprinkling of Mimosa trees. A river runs close to the Post, which supplies the occupants with inferior water: it rejoices—I believe—in the name of Digado.

East London.

Friday June 10th.

At three o'clock this morning we resumed our progress towards the sea. We halted at Cambridge—distant eleven miles—for coffee, and arrived at Panmure early in the forenoon. Panmure is on the north-east bank of the River Buffalo, and East London opposite. A ponty lies between the two places, where the stream is about three hundred yards across. The Buffalo, hereabouts, has bold shores—a series of round-topped hills, densely wooded, in a great measure, by Euphorbia forest, which is of a dark green hue like that of pine-woods. The view up the river is exceedingly beautiful and picturesque: the stream narrows rapidly, and the converging banks, with the clear, dark water between them, present a vista of great loveliness.

Panmure is a pretty village, and much more attractive in appearance than East London, which has nothing striking about it, although it boasts a light-house and a stone pier. On the Panmure side of the river a breakwater is in course of construction, but it seems to be progressing slowly.

The surf on this coast is very dangerous, and the bar at the mouth of the Buffalo frequently impassable for days together: the roadstead, too, is open and much exposed, so that, on the whole, the port of East London is not a safe one. Communication between the shipping and the shore is carried on by means of large decked-boats, which are warped to and fro upon strong cables, and, even with these, it is frequently impossible to land; the movements of these surf-boats are regulated by the harbour-master, who has a code of signals to intimate to vessels in the roads the state of the bar.

After a short delay at Panmure, we crossed the river on the pont,

and marched up to camp, where the tents which had been occupied by the left wing of the 2nd Battalion 5th Fusiliers were still standing, ready for us. We have only five companies here, three being at King William's Town, one at Windvogelberg, and another at the Dohne. There are three companies of the 2nd Battalion 11th Regiment encamped on the other side of the town, and a few of the Cape Mounted Rifles are quartered in the little Fort, which is close to our position : in it are also our mess-room, quarter-master's store, hospital, etc. The camp is extremely sandy and very dirty-looking. A stone-flooring has been laid down in nearly all the tents occupied by the men, but it has not an inviting appearance, and I think I should prefer the sand in its original state, for it could not fail to be much softer and much warmer. The officers are quartered in hospital marquees.

Saturday June 11th.

Shortly after our arrival yesterday, a letter came by express from Colonel Bissett to the effect that, as the frontier was still in a very disturbed state, our embarkation for the Western Province would be postponed for the present : so we are making ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances.

The Valorous anchored in the roads this morning from Natal, with the Commander of the Forces on board, and the Head-Quarters of the 5th Fusiliers. They landed in the course of the day, the weather being very fine and calm.

Sunday June 12th.

Another exceedingly calm and pleasant day. We were paraded for the inspection of the General this morning, but he did not come, so we were marched off to church instead. In the afternoon I strolled up the river-bank with Little and Kennedy, after watching the Valorous steam away out of the roadstead. There were some fine specimens of that noble plant, the *Stelizia Reginae* growing in the little shallow kloofs. I have heard it called the "Adder's Tongue" from the shape and colour of its blossoms.

Monday June 13th.

We had brigade route-marching to-day—in the direction of Cove Rock, to which a party of us, rode from the halting-place. It is a bold rock, almost destitute of vegetation, at the end of a little pro-

mentory, sloping on the landward side, and precipitous next the sea. In stormy weather the great waves of the South Atlantic dash against it with tremendous fury. The day was very hot, with a hot breeze from the north-west.

Sunday June 19th.

Young Martin and I walked this afternoon to Medusa Point. The sea was tolerably calm, but nevertheless, great breakers were constantly crashing on the beach, which appears never to enjoy tranquillity, but all year long, night and day, is subject to the wearing action of a restless ocean. This neighbourhood seems to be a favourite residence of the Giant Kingfisher (*Alcedo Gigantea*) as well as of the smaller and handsomer *Halcyon Capensis*. Of both species we saw several individuals during our walk, and the harsh, rattling cry of the former constantly attracted our attention, as we followed the bend of the water-line. The Point is a short distance beyond the bar at the mouth of the Buffalo, and is noted as the place where a noble barque, having just completed her first voyage, went ashore, and was broken to pieces amongst the jagged rocks a few months ago. Much of the hull of the ill-starred Medusa still remains upon the beach, where the winds and waves have hurled it. We gathered a few shells; but they were all more or less damaged by the grinding action of the breakers.

On our return—whilst crossing the river—we were witness to a horrible sight. A horse was grazing on the top of the cliffs near the ferry on the East London side, which are thereabouts high and perpendicular, and, having approached too near the edge, he lost his balance and toppled over. For one single instant he appeared to struggle violently to regain his footing, but it was all in vain: down—down—he went, into the road below, where he fell with a tremendous crash. The poor brute struck his back against a projecting ledge of rock during the descent, and he must have been horribly injured: he died in about five minutes.

Monday June 20th.

Young Martin and I started to-day immediately after breakfast for the Cove-Rock beach, striking across the country in rear of the town. We found the tide out when we arrived, and the water-worn and honey-combed rocks exposed for a considerable distance. It was a

pleasant day, and the fresh, invigorating ocean-breeze was richly laden with that peculiar saline odour that is born only on the "great deep." The foam-crested billows were rolling in steadily and slowly, but with a continuous roar, that obliged us almost to shout to one another when separated even by a short distance. The black, wet rocks were by no means so rich in specimens as I expected: there was little or no seaweed; the shells were almost all crushed to fragments, and the few zoophytes which I saw were confined to the little pools on the seaward edge of the coast. We soon quitted the rocks, and followed the line of sand at high-water mark, nearly to Cove Rock. There were many shells, but scarcely any perfect ones: nearly all of them were more or less bleached, and none but the stronger kinds had stood the dashing of the waves around them. We were particularly in search of Cowries (*Cypricadae*) but of these there was but a small proportion: we found two kinds, but no thoroughly good specimens of either.

Tuesday June 21st.

I borrowed a gun to-day—my own not being accessible—and started with Little, for Medusa Point, to see if we could not pick up some Hadada (*Ibis Sylvatica?*) During previous rambles to this locality, we had never failed to disturb some eight or ten of these birds at least, and nearly always within gunshot. A little creek runs inland for a short distance, not far from the mouth of the river, and, having followed the edge of the main bank so far, we changed our direction when we reached the smaller stream, and struck up its course for a short way, until we came to a large tree, with curious, hard, green, baccate-ovate fruit, resembling a potatoe somewhat in consistence, though not in shape. This is the Wild Katjepiering of the Dutch settlers, and the *Gardenia Thunbergii* of Linnæus. It is a handsome tree of rather dwarf habit, and, in January and February, it has white, scented flowers.

Having crossed the little inlet, we got into some deeply undulating ground covered with grass, and partially so with forest, stretching outwards to the sea-shore. This was the place where we had always flushed the Hadada, and, as usual, we came upon a flock of them again to-day. In spite of all our care, however, they got off without a shot, and disappeared over the next rise. We then separated

Little taking the inner side, and I the outer, of the belt of thinly wooded land, which crowns the summit of the low cliffs; and we soon lost sight of one another.

A recent accident had damaged the locks of the gun, with which I was armed, so seriously, that it was only under the most favourable circumstances its hammers would explode the percussion-caps, and, although, soon after I left Little, I put up more than half a dozen single birds, yet they all succeeded in getting safely away unshot at—most of them in consequence of their distance from me, and the remainder because the gun missed fire. At last, however, I came suddenly upon a place where the foot of the cliff was hidden by a mass of thick, thorny jungle, from the very edge of which up rose a single bird. The gun this time went off correctly, and the Hadada fell among the bushes, whither I attempted to follow it, but it was no easy task to force my way amongst those prickly shrubs, dense and impenetrable as a hawthorn-hedge in England; so, after a tolerable amount of toil and trouble, I gave up the affair altogether, and returned to the green slopes above to cool myself. By this time Little was not only out of sight, but out of hearing, so I left the birds to their own devices, and strolled down to the rocks on the sea-shore; where Martin presently made his appearance equipped for shell-collecting. Whilst here I saw a hideous creature in one of the tidal pools—a species of Poulpe (*Octopus*) which was resting beneath a ledge of rock. I thrust at it with a stick, which it immediately seized in its horrid-looking arms, and I fully expected an effort on its part to drag the stick away from me, but nothing of the kind took place, and I had no difficulty of resuming entire possession of my weapon a few minutes afterwards.

When we got back to camp, we found that Little had brought home a Hadada, having shot, as he believed, another as well. It is a darkly-plumaged species of Ibis (*Ibis Sylvatica?*) generally found near the banks of rivers, when there is forest-shelter for it, and its curious cry is supposed by some to bear a resemblance to the bleating of a lamb. Martin got some specimens of a large kind of Earshell (*Haliotis*) which make excellent camp soap-dishes.

## CHAPTER XI.

### *From East London to Cape Town.*

On Friday the 31st June we embarked at East London, in H.M. S.S. Valorous, for Cape Town, and then commenced a voyage—most fortunately a short one—which, for extreme discomfort and wretchedness, has no parallel in my experience. The vessel—a fine paddle-steamer of 1257 tons—could doubtless have accommodated a moderate number of troops satisfactorily; but, for some reason best known to the authorities, she was crowded to the utmost, and there was little more than standing room for the six hundred men, exclusive of officers, who found themselves on board of her on the evening of the 31st June. A large proportion of the luggage had, in consequence, to be left behind on the beach at East London; whence we received it many weeks afterwards, greatly damaged, and, in some instances, the boxes and other cases robbed of their contents. But, to return to the Valorous; there was scarcely space enough for the officers to move about in, yet we were prohibited from sitting down on the quarter-deck, as being contrary to naval etiquette, and, as the passage was a rough one—so

rough that the vessel had to take shelter for twelve hours in Algea Bay,—it may easily be imagined what an infliction this regulation became to landsmen, who were, for the most part, suffering more or less from the effects of the confined atmosphere of the crowded main-deck, and the heaving and tossing sea. Surely, however necessary or proper such a rule may be in a vessel employed solely as a man-of-war, the good of Her Majesty's Service cannot require it in a troop-ship, which, to all intents and purposes, the Valorous was during the time we travelled in her. Those, whose state of health, at this period, did not permit them to walk about, were, in consequence of the regulation referred to, deprived of the advantages of fresh air; and several of the officers lived literally amongst the baggage—much like cattle in a pen. Water for washing purposes was obtained only with the utmost difficulty; and, indeed, it is strictly true, that two, and sometimes three, individuals were compelled to use the same supply of water, and the common ship's bucket, which did duty for a wash-hand-basin. It is pleasant, however, while considering how much of our gratitude is due to Captain Forsythe for this discomfort, to contrast the treatment we received from the remainder of the officers of the ship with his: they did everything in their power to lessen the wretchedness of our position; while he seemed only to exercise the authority, which circumstances had placed in his hands. We landed on the evening of the 4th July, thanking our stars that we were once more on *terra firma*, where no quarter-deck regulations exist.

Cape Town might be a delightful place, if effective measures were only taken to insure good drainage, and to banish the combination of foul odours, which, at present, poisons the air of most of the streets. It is pleasantly situated, at the foot of the celebrated Table Mountain—stretching thence to the sea-beach, as it were, and thus combining commercial and sanitary advantages. The town is built in the Dutch style, and the streets almost all run at right angles to one another. None of the public buildings are very striking in appearance, excepting, perhaps the barracks, which occupy a large space, and afford accommodation for a strong regiment. They are, however, badly situated amongst a crowd of houses and narrow streets, whose normal state is that of dirt and offensive smells. The old castle—built about

the middle of the seventeenth century—and the Amsterdam Battery, near Green Point, are the only fortifications: neither of them, I fear, would avail much against an attack.

The Botanic Garden, though small, is nicely laid out, and beautifully situated; but it does not appear to be so well kept now-a-days, as when I was here last; the reason is, I understand, a paucity of funds. Its chief attraction in my eyes is a noble White Camellia—the finest, I think, I have ever seen. The glorious oak-avenue—to which I have before alluded—passes the entrance of the garden, and also that of the building containing the museum, and the splendid public library.

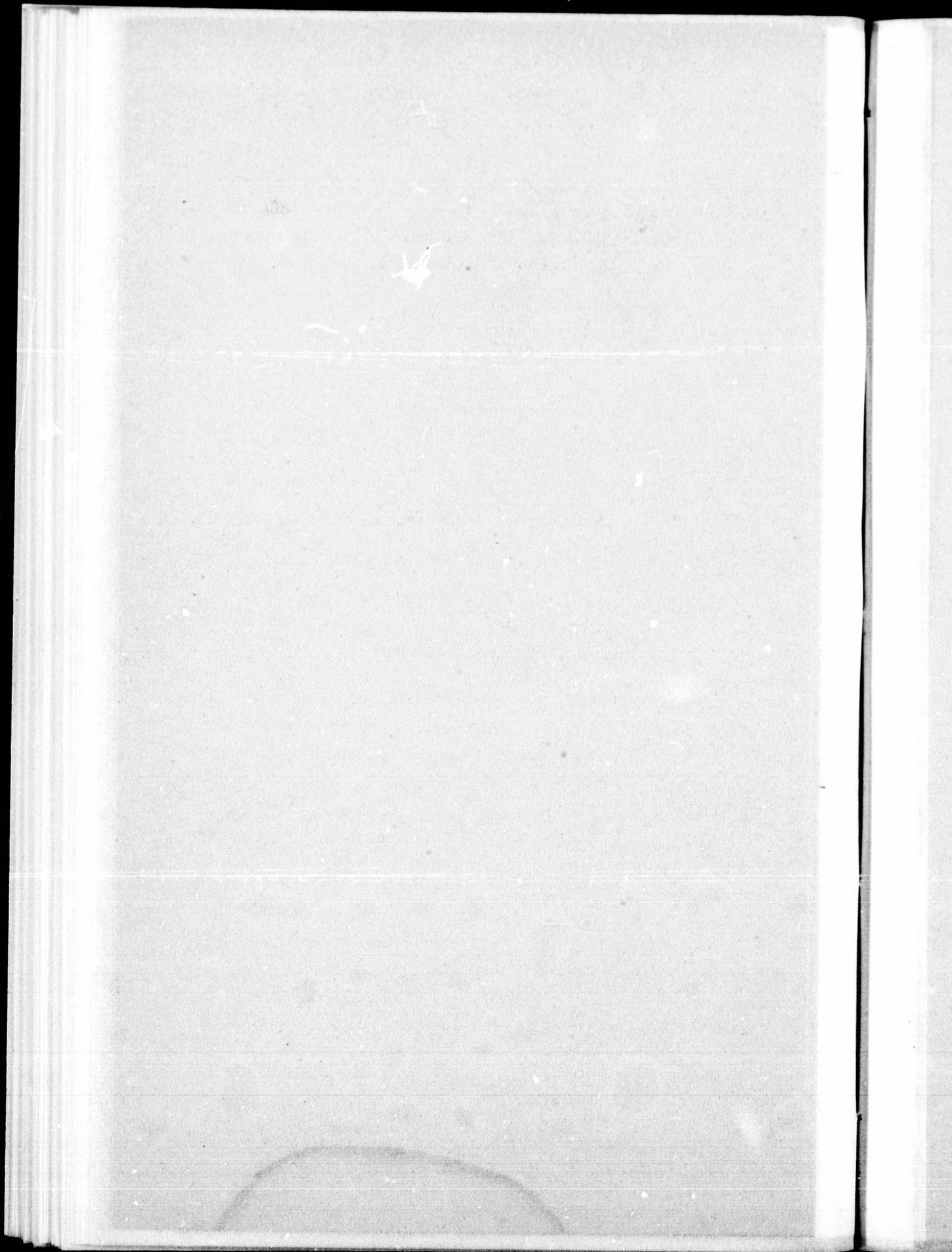
The Table Mountain, called by the Dutch, the Tafelberg, is one of the most singular masses of rock in the world. It is 3582 feet above the sea-level, and, on the side next the town, presents an almost perpendicular face, flanked by two lofty hills, which are respectively known as the Devil's Peak and the Lion's Head. The former is 3315 feet above the sea, and the latter 2760 feet. The summit of the "table," which appears to be perfectly flat, is said to contain an area of about ten acres. This mountain is the head-quarters of that finest of terrestrial orchids, the *Disa Grandiflora*. At the foot of the rock, there are extensive pine-woods of great value, and so thick that there is only just room to pass between the trees.

The celebrated "table cloth" is a white cloud, which always overspreads the summit when the south-east wind blows, and, at times, when the breeze is strong, this cloud literally pours down a gap in the mountain, like an enormous stream—so to speak—of drifting snow. The south-east wind generally blows pretty constantly during the summer, and sometimes with such tremendous violence, as to do much damage. The north-west gales, which, on the other hand, characterize the winter, are occasionally most disastrous in their effects upon the shipping in Table Bay.

The environs of Cape Town are truly charming; and the sub-urban villages of Mowbray, Rondebosche and Wynberg, etc, afford the most delightful country residences, vying in picturesqueness and rural beauty with some of the sweetest nooks in England.

After a most agreeable sojourn of about six months at Cape Town,

the first division of the relieving regiment—our own First Battalion—arrived from England; and, on the 23rd December 1864, the Head-Quarters of the Second-Tenth marched out of the city, *en route* to Simon's Bay, where the good ship Copenhagen awaited us. We sailed for India on the 28th of December.



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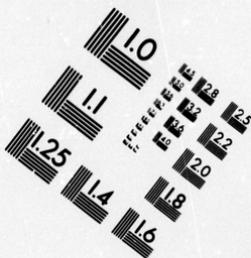
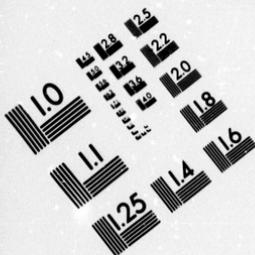
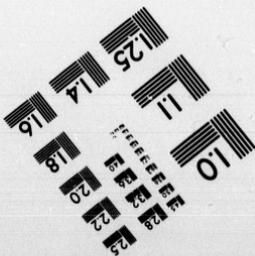
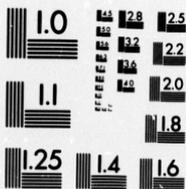


IMAGE EVALUATION  
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