

My first African excursion

On the 8th of May 1853, Sunday night, some members of our Dutch Reformed Church of Pietermaritzburg, Natal had gathered to discuss the necessary details for Faure's¹ departure to Ladysmith in Klip River, which was due the next morning. It was already some weeks ago that it had been announced that on Saturday May 14th the new church building there would be consecrated by the reverends Dr H.E. Faure and Dr D. Van Velden² of Winburg in the Colony³. A short time ago he had arrived in Pietermaritzburg to induct Dr Faure as Minister of the parish. This took place on May 8th 1853, and the reading was Jeremiah 1, Verse 17. Faure preached in the evening from the text 2 Corinthians 5, Verse 20 'Now then, we are ambassadors of Christ, as though God did beseech you by us we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God'.

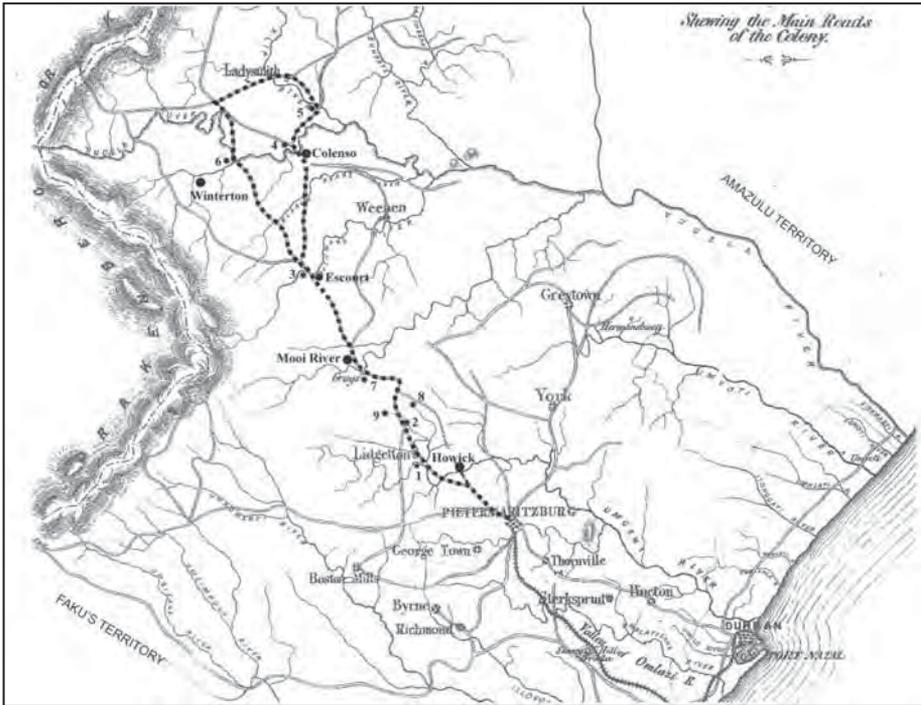
He, Dr Van Velden, was now ready to go back to Winburg, via Ladysmith. Faure suggested we should accompany him as far as *Boschfontein*, the place of Gerrit Naude⁴ and then return to Pietermaritzburg. We, my sister-in-law Gertrude⁵ and I, agreed; provided the weather was favourable.

The next morning [Monday 9th May] at 9 o'clock sharp the waggon, drawn by 14 oxen, pulled up in front of the house⁶. At 11 o'clock Gertrude, little Marianne⁷ and her wet nurse, Nancy, with the Deacon Naude, set off in this typical African vehicle.

It is not easy to describe what an ox waggon looks like; it is a little bit wider, much longer and definitely cleaner than our original transport waggons. Ours was in extremely good condition. It had been newly painted, green and red, and it had a clean white canopy. On the katel (the katel is a wooden frame, a little more than half the length of the waggon, as wide as the inside, and fitted with leather straps) we had put a mattress, three pillows and one blanket. Furthermore, the waggon contained little more than two camp stools, an African mat and a small Persian carpet.

Faure and I stayed in the rectory and followed an hour later on horseback. We had sent off our African, Tom, with the waggon, together with a Hottentot as driver and an African as leader.

We rode very slowly along a terribly bad, rough road to reach the summit of a steep hill⁸. When we overtook the waggon we found our sister Gertrude in tears over the



The map is based on a map in the Natal Archives Repository, MS/108 map which is marked ?1854, but has on it places that did not exist in 1854. It is very likely taken from a later map, perhaps Cullingworth 1862. Only the middle section of the map has been used and altered here. For orientation Colenso and Escourt [sic] were retained while Winterton and Mooi River have been added. The route presumed to have been taken by the Faure party is dotted and places mentioned in the text are starred and numbered. 1: Preller's place, Hebron. 2: Naude's place, Boschfontein. 3: Scheepers' place, Wagendrift. 4: De Waal's place, Tugela Drift. 5: Klip River drift, Herman's Kraal. 6: Caspar's place, 'Klein Tugela' — Rustenburg. 7: Mooi River drift, Gray's Accommodation House. 8: Jan Naude's place, Bosch Hoek. 9. Potgieter's place, Wildeals Spruit.

uncomfortable road, the waggon rolled from one hole to another, alternately bumped into huge stones or banks of clay with which the waggon had to cope.

The road led us along a mass of hills, in Holland we would call them mountains. It was almost 2 o'clock when we reached a plain⁹. There, we unyoked to give the oxen some rest and time to graze. The horses had been unsaddled and Tom was sent off to gather wood for a fire. A kettle was put on and while Faure was busy preparing coffee, the mats were spread on the grass and pillows on top of them. Then we took our lunch from the waggon-box. The carpet served as a table, seats etc. Our lunch consisted of bread and butter and cold meat, brought from Pietermaritzburg. As we possessed only one plate, one knife, one cup, sharing was introduced instantly, so we had to wait our turn.

After an hour's pause we discussed continuing our journey but our lazy driver protested: 'We should not be able to reach Mr Preller's farm¹⁰ anyway before dark', and the road was unknown to him, 'besides it would be too far', he added. Fortunately we had been well informed before our departure so we insisted we should leave immediately. We told him that, whatever happened, we had to be at Preller's farm even late

at night, if necessary. We had never spent the night in the open and the possibility did not appeal to us.

Not far from the picnic place we had been fortunate to meet two waggons from Preller and Westhuysen; in one of them sat Dr Van Velden who was travelling with Mr Preller and his family. We felt safe and without fear for although the road was very bad in the vicinity of Preller's house, and a steep hill loomed up, Mr Preller promised to see that our wagon would be safely brought in. Faure and I continued on our way and rode via a side road to the famous [Howick] waterfall of the Umghene. We could make it in time and catch up the waggons later on. For three-quarters of an hour we rode fairly fast over a good path. On both sides the grass was very high. We were still a good distance from the river when a constant roar reached our ears. We came nearer and nearer and, as is usually the case in meeting gigantic natural phenomena we were overwhelmed by a feeling of respect when we heard the first sound.

We had reached the summit of a grassy hill, where a monument had been put up. That is where we led our horses by hand. The Umghene drift (the place where waggons, horses and pedestrians cross the river) is at a dangerous spot, only 40 or 50 steps distance from the waterfall. When the water is high, many accidents have occurred here. There is a bridge now, a little higher up, preferred by everyone, of course.

We saw some Africans wading the river, the water was low and the flat stones, lying at the bottom, formed almost a dry path for them. It was interesting to watch how quickly they jumped from one rock to the next without slipping once. To my great relief, our ox wagon crossed the river by the bridge! It is more and more understood that wading is dangerous and in several places bridges are being built.

The grave monument¹¹ was a simple one, with the following text

Sacred to the memory of William, only son of William Lodge, who was drowned by falling off a horse, whilst crossing the Umghene drift on the 15th of January 1851, and whose body was found beneath the falls on the 22nd of January 1851, aged 13 years and one month. Requiescat in Pace!

It made a deep impression on us.

A bend in the road took us to the side of the hill¹² from where we had a marvellous view of the falls. It is impossible to describe the beauty of it. As far as the eye could see there was not one dwelling, only a vast wilderness where we stood. It gave us the impression of loneliness which was very special and sublime. We overlooked a sheet of water flowing straight over steep rocks, more than 470 feet high, cascading into the depths. The rocks on both sides were of a dark reddish brown; green ivy and red aloes gave them a lively touch of colour. The enormous force with which the water came down (in spite of the moderate width of the stream feeding the waterfall) appears in one great mass of foam. It took us quite a while to absorb the lovely view, and even longer to tear ourselves away from it. I had never imagined to be so moved by any natural event—it was even beyond my highest expectations! We soon reached our wagon.

It had been an awful job to drive the oxen over the new bridge. These animals, used to wading rivers, feared the wooden bridges on which their hooves made an unusual noise. The two middle oxen were still unruly and had broken their yokes. These were soon repaired and we started off for the next bridge, over the Sterkspruit¹³, which was very wide at this point. Evening had fallen and as we did not fancy facing unnecessary dangers, we decided to have the waggons undone and be brought to the other side while

we followed on foot. I was afraid of the cold evening air for my little Marianne and carried her in my arms, wrapped in a warm shawl drawn over her little head. We reached Mr Preller's house¹⁴ without further delay, after crossing a small drift with many rocks. I want to point out that the slippery rocks, with which the rivers are paved, made the crossing unsafe and especially so when one goes on horseback.

We were welcomed with warm hospitality at Mr Preller's house, where we stayed until the next day. The house (a farm house is not the right name because the occupants are more like landowners than farmers) was not very large, and Mr Preller had a big family, like most Afrikaners, 13 children I believe. A tidy room, compared to the ones we found elsewhere, was ours, it was even a 'royal' room. We had to share it with my sister-in-law, the child and her nurse. The usual extent of farmer's land is about 3000 acres. Many owners possess two, three or even four farms.

I wish I could give a general description of the so-called Afrikaner Boers, as we learned to know them during our trip. Mr Preller is not the right person as an example because he is much more civilised and cultured than most. Their appearances are somewhat unusual, mostly they are big, muscular types. In that respect they are not like the Europeans. Their open faces are sympathetic. The families are numerous. I have seen grandmothers who fostered their own children and their grandchildren at the same time. There is something patriarchal in their way of living, their innumerable flocks of sheep, oxen and cows remind us of the old shepherd kings. The father is the head of the family, married sons and daughter live under the same roof. Matrimony and love, obedience and subordination, mark the Afrikaner families. The appearance of the women I found not very attractive; they seem to take pride in being heavy. Many Boers have a real faith; house services, when the father reads the Bible and prays, are seldom missed, three times a day. Simplicity, courage, generous hospitality and love of truth, are characteristic of Boers. Common sense, even intelligence, does not fail them. They have constructed complicated machinery for agriculture and other purposes and they make all kinds of furniture. Knowledge and culture are not counted necessary; as long as they can read and write and do some arithmetic that is all that matters to them, three months of going to school is sufficient. They are excellent shots. We have been told that one man had shot a hundred lions in his lifetime.

Most Boers still live in houses made of wood, plastered with clay, as when they first came to the Colony. The furniture consists of one table, two or three chairs and waggon-cases along the walls serving as seats, wardrobes or trunks. The front door is generally the only door, the other door openings are closed by simple curtains, or not at all. Windows have no glass and are closed by shutters during the night or in a storm. It is nice and airy during summertime but cold in winter. Most farms have a front living-room and two or three smaller rooms used as bedrooms. The whole family consisting sometimes of more than 20 people, live together. This way of life is more or less obnoxious to us Europeans. On the other hand, it is remarkable that lack of morals, in Europe an over-ruling evil, is practically non-existent amongst these people, and although temptation is there, cleanliness of hearts is found everywhere.

Often I have been impressed by the faith of married life. It is a natural state. Since my arrival in Africa I have not heard of one unhappy marriage. Perhaps in God's Hand the naïve way of life, the lack of many sinful pleasures, so familiar to civilised people in Europe, is the clue which guards these simple people from evil? Truly, our Lord has blessed this nation.

They generally are very young when they marry. It is not unusual to find a 13 or 14-year-old bride and a 16 or 17-year-old bridegroom. Seldom is the bride older. But it is not my intention to talk about the remarkable history of the Afrikaners. What I have heard about their departure from the Cape, their 'trek' to this area, the fights with the Africans, their deadly fear in camps and their heroism, related to me by eye-witnesses, seems incredible! We sometimes met people who were the only survivors of a whole family. Parents, brothers and sisters had been murdered by Dingaan, the former Zulu king. Even little children had been smashed against the wheels of the Boers' waggons by this monster. We have visited these places of slaughter during our travels, and it only happened a few years ago! The aversion for the British, for whom they left their old colonies, is still prevalent amongst the Boers. In Mr Preller's house we noticed, at the lower end of the table, a neatly dressed English person. We could not make out what relationship he bore to the family and we were curious. The next day we were even more curious when we saw him working on the farm, killing a pig, preparing fowls for dinner, feeding the horses and making the fire. He turned out to be the schoolmaster who taught the Preller's children and neighbours' children. They really are a practical lot, though they don't fancy science.

The day after our arrival at Preller's, we travelled to Mr Naude's place¹⁵. We departed at half past three in the afternoon [Tuesday, 10th May], Gertrude, baby and her nurse, Nancy, in the waggon, Faure and I following on horse-back. At 6 o'clock we reached our destination. Our deacon, Naude, a kind man, six foot tall, welcomed us with love and heartiness and an hour and a half later the waggon arrived at *Boschfontein*.

It was a lovely quiet evening. We had enjoyed our trip, the road had not given us too many difficulties and the views were magnificent. We came through the woods, crossed many clear waters and admired a beautiful sunset behind the hills which were covered with all kinds of grass. Twice a year the grass is burnt in this country, in January and again in May or June. It is said that burning fertilises the soil. The fresh, green grass contrasts with the dark grass, recently burnt; a clear stream¹⁶ meanders through the foot of the hills forming small waterfalls here and there. Everything was beautiful and harmonious.

Mr Naude is building a fairly large, comfortable stone house. His present house is small and built of clay. It contains a small kitchen, apart from the living-room, and two modest bedrooms. Some of the inhabitants were obliged to spend the night in the ox waggon belonging to the owner of the house to make room for us. We had to share it with our sister, the child and her nurse. It was so small, we could hardly move. But what is the use of grumbling? We had been offered the best they had. One learns to be content when there is no choice.

Boschfontein, Mr Naude's place, is certainly one of the most beautiful in Natal. There are the most fantastic views and woods ever to be seen. On the way back we had a chance to observe the wonderful surroundings more closely. We saw many trees that could not be encircled by six or seven men at a time! There is a well-equipped saw-mill in these woods. We had to make our way through thick undergrowth, sometimes through water, swamp etc., then again we came into the open or had to go down steep hills strewn with large stones. Sometimes I had to lead my horse. Unfortunately, it was a troublesome animal that I had borrowed from Mr Naude's sister in order to give my own pony to Gertrude, who was less used to riding. The horse I rode wanted to gallop all the time and it frequently stumbled.

When we reached the top of the hill we had a marvellous view of the valley of the Umghene and the Sterkspruit. We saw a few houses—they were resting points for our eyes. Far away we saw the snow-capped mountains of the Drakensberg¹⁷. The effect of colours of the woods against the white snow, where the sun cast its clear light, was overwhelming, and we stood there, fascinated beyond words! The Umghene [Howick] Falls were out of sight as they were behind rocky mountains.

At *Boschfontein* we decided to accompany Faure on his trip to the district of Klip River. Up to now we had thoroughly enjoyed our trip and we had not met with many hardships. Mrs Naude kindly provided us with bread and butter, coffee, tea, flour, sugar, salt and meat and she even added two bottles of milk and a roast suckling pig. This seems to be a speciality in these parts for wherever we had been given a treat we were offered this dish and we always had unskimmed milk with it.

As far as our attire was concerned, we had to manage with the few clothes we had taken for two days. It was a little inconvenient but, on the other hand, it was fun to travel with the minimum. Next morning [Wednesday 11th May] at 6 o'clock, the waggon started off, Faure and I following an hour later. We had sent home our African, Tom. Mr Naude, as deacon, accompanied the waggon with the aid of an African leader. So it was in safe hands, humanly speaking.

The weather was good, although a little cold, because of the early hour. The road was reasonable and the sun shone clearly on the grassy hills. We saw many fowl, African turkeys¹⁸, partridges and other wild birds. This gave a pleasant touch to the scenery. Falcons, eagles and all sorts of birds of prey, are to be found as well. A poor little bird sought in vain a safe shelter under our horses. At that very moment a large eagle, that had been waiting to strike, descended and took its prey before our eyes.

At noon we reached the Mooi River Drift¹⁹. The Mooi River is certainly one of the most beautiful in the colony and its drift is broad and calm at this time of the year. In summer, crossings are sometimes impossible at high water. Because this drift was totally unknown to us, we took the wrong route across, although we had asked some Africans to show the way. They probably misunderstood and so we had to cope with a lot of stones, causing our horses to stumble many times! However, we reached the other bank where we unsaddled and allowed our horses to roam freely while we sought a place in the shade under some overhanging rocks. The sun was high and burning.

One hour later we saw the ox waggon coming down the hill and crossing the river. The waggon was open and Dr Van Velden came over to us. After having our meal we started off at 2 o'clock. Dr Van Velden came with us in the waggon. I lent my horse to my sister-in-law for the next hour and tried to make myself as comfortable as possible in the waggon, but alas no chance on this bad road. I lay down on the mattress spread on the katel, but my poor head had to endure so many shocks and bumps that I did not know where to put myself. I wanted to read, but that was out of the question. Little Marianne slept on Nancy's lap. I tried to think, but the smoke of tobacco was blown in to the wagon and affected my head. Dr Van Velden, like most Dutch reverends, had the habit of smoking all day long, either a pipe or a cigar. Complaints, or serious pleading did not change this although it was a cause of constant war between Gertrude and Dr Van Velden. She had to put up with it all the time.

We were on our way for half an hour when I discovered that I had lost four rings. I had taken them off when washing my hands and put them on the wheel. In a hurry to prepare our meal I had forgotten all about them. Faure came to the waggon not long

after the discovery and returned immediately to look for them: however, in vain, as one can imagine. The value of these rings was immense. They had been given to me as gifts on my departure²⁰ from dear friends in Holland.

At 4 o'clock, Gertrude returned to the waggon and it was decided that Faure and I should ride in front to look for Scheepers' house, which was still a long way off. We wanted to get there before dark. The exact spot was unknown to us so we rode fast, the road had been repaired recently and was good. In Holland one can hardly imagine that we in this country can travel for a whole day, yes, even for two days, without seeing one single dwelling or even an African kraal. All around us was totally deserted. When the sun went down this desolation did not appeal to me at all.

The hills and valleys formed a welcome change in the setting sun, and we enjoyed the calm and beauty of it. We continued on our way without discovering anything that looked like a farm. It grew dark quickly and, as we had gone at some speed, we were, by that time, a long way ahead of the waggon. I was reluctant to go further, especially as I had seen Dr Van Velden running towards us from the waggon, as if he wanted to tell us something. We had not taken any notice because we did not want to lose time. Mr Naude had told us that near Mr Scheepers' place we would have difficulty in finding our way down the hill. We ought to ask for help when we got there. I felt uneasy and implored Faure to return and see if Dr Van Velden had wanted to tell us that he considered spending the night on the plain instead of continuing in the dark. The road was so good that Faure decided to ride on. We reached a brook with clean water and we drank out of the cups of our hands. We mounted our horses again and bravely started to wade across the water, but my pony refused. Faure, seeing that I did not succeed in persuading it, even after he had made a small footpath through the rocks, showed the way and then came back for my pony. It was very unwilling and when it got to the opposite side it staggered. I was glad I was not riding at that moment. We sped on. It was completely dark now and no moon. I was jumpy, the slightest noise made me afraid. I imagined all sorts of things—animals rounding up on us, even lions in this uninhabited country. And how could we survive if we had to spend the night in the open in case we did not find our waggon? We felt the cold night breeze. It made me shiver. Fear had taken hold of me, even the noise of our own voices frightened me.

At last, we discovered a faint light in the distance. As we approached, we found that some Englishmen had made a fire. They had unyoked their oxen and decided to spend the night in their waggon. Where Scheepers lived they could not tell, but it was definitely a long way off. That was all—not very encouraging! What next? Should we go on, or return? After hesitating, Faure gave in to my pleading and we returned. I must confess disappointment; realising that our fruitless effort had taken away my last ounce of courage, I had difficulty in suppressing my tears. At this very moment we heard Mr Naude's voice and we discovered that the ox waggon was quite near. The oxen travelled at a constant speed, hence this unexpected meeting. I was soon consoled and took my place in the waggon while Faure led my horse. We decided to go on and try to find Scheepers' place. It was half past eight when we reached the top of the hill²¹; we saw an open field and a light in the distance. In some parts the road was so bad that we hardly moved. Faure also had difficulty in finding his way. At last we could see Scheepers' place²². Our shouting seemed to awaken only the dogs. Now and then we saw some movement, for instance a lamp was taken from one room to the other, but nothing happened. Mr Naude was getting impatient and wanted to make camp (we had waited three-quarters

of an hour by that time) when we saw some commotion, someone was coming out of the house to help us. It was Scheepers himself who led us along a very bad road. The waggon bumped from one stone to another, fortunately the darkness hid the dangerous situation. When we saw it the next morning, we were glad still to be alive.

We had reached Scheepers' house but not the end of the bad luck. Gerrit Scheepers told us that a whooping cough epidemic had broken out and so we could not go inside. It was not wise to expose our dear little girl to the infection so we decided to spend the night in the waggon except for Mr Naude and Dr Van Velden. It was our first attempt of this kind. Coffee and bread and butter were brought to us after which we closed the waggon thoroughly. We lit the lantern and lay down fully clothed on the mattress. For Nancy and the baby we had put up a bed in the back of the waggon. In spite of the noise of the geese, ducks and other fowl, we slept well that night. The sun was already high on the horizon when we woke up. Gertrude and I started out to wash in a little stream nearby which soon refreshed us.

Shortly after, we broke camp [on Thursday 12th May], Gertrude, Faure and myself on horseback. Scheepers had kindly lent us a horse on which Faure rode. Gertrude took his pony and I rode my own. Faure's pony was a nice brown one, bought recently from Mr Naude, but she was not used to being ridden and she was so frightened that Faure had to take her by the reins. Later I had to change horses with Gertrude. I liked this one, and so did Gertrude. After a while we reached Bushmans River and a little further on Little Bushmans River, both known for their dangerous banks²³. Faure took Gertrude's horse by the reins, I followed on my pony and we came safely to the other side. Fortunately, I had not been informed that the crossing of these two rivers was dangerous because of the slippery stones.

Even in these parts, the Bushmen make their annual poaching excursions. The district of the Tugela to the Drakensberg mountains, their original homeland, lies open to them. Many times they even operated in the neighbourhood of Pietermaritzburg²⁴. Some years previously they stole 7000 sheep and 250 oxen near Bushmans River. Oosthuysen²⁵, a land owner, who lived there, told me he had lost 123 oxen and 38 horses through robbery, not long ago. It is almost impossible to pursue them. They generally come in troops, with guns and deadly poisoned arrows, which they handle quite skilfully. To make pursuing even more difficult, they steal the horses first. The cattle are so frightened by the smell of the Bushmen (they know it predicts evil) that they run as fast as they can when they are driven by them, as if they are followed by lions.

The Bushmen live in caves, or sometimes in the open air. They feed on plants and butchered meat, even in its raw state. Their cruelty is notorious. When they have stolen cattle, and discover they are being pursued, they kill or mutilate the poor animals so that they are no use to the owner any more. They leave them on the spot. Many times one finds sheep with only two or three legs or with a piece of flesh cut out from their sides. Sometimes their muscles or tendons have been cut so as to make them useless to the owner. They even leave behind their own children in the woods, like some useless waste, when they get troublesome during those trips, and where they perish through lack of food or by wild animals. Some are killed against the rocks which is perhaps a little more merciful.

I have seen in Pietermaritzburg, Bushmen parents serving in a respectable family, who, with threats of a beating, had to be forced not to leave their naked babies out in the frosty night but to take them into the house.

Out of more than a hundred animals that have been stolen, one finds, after several days, only a dozen still alive, the rest having been gruesomely butchered. What they steal is generally given up. The rapidity with which they proceed along the dangerous paths over the rocks (which they climb without difficulty) terrifies the animals (the ones that won't go are thrown down) and makes it impossible to go after them. Their caves are inaccessible. They are safe there. Besides the English Government has prohibited the killing of them. When they are captured they have to be brought to justice where they are set free on condition that they promise not to steal again, and they are sent off with some blankets as a reward. That is how many landowners lose a great deal of their possessions, frustrated by the law. It is also forbidden to take one's cattle back once they have crossed certain borders. This was one of the grudges the Boers from the Cape have against the Government and for which they left the country to go to Natal. Mr Naude told us that before this 'trek' to Natal they actually saw their cattle being stolen without having the right to take them back. It was said that the Government would pay compensation and therefore pursuing was prohibited. When some sheep and oxen fell into the hands of the government the prey was sold and the money given to the victims as damages. The freedom of the Bushmen was called 'humanity'. As proof of their cruelty, they often, out of simple blood-thirst, killed and butchered the cattle guards. Not one beast of prey was more feared and shunned than the Bushmen!

After leaving Scheepers' place, we came through most interesting countryside. We crossed a small brook called Moordspruit²⁶, the water of which was coloured red by the bloodshed, 13 or 14 years previously, by Dingaan, 'Africa's Nero'²⁷. His victims were mainly Boers, but also among his own subjects. The Boers who had penetrated the country, were killed²⁸ by this cruel monster. We had now neared Blauwkrans, the place where Dingaan murdered Retief and those who were with him, in his own kraal²⁹. Retief had pretended to be a member of a Commission of Boers and had spoken words of hospitality and greetings of peace. After this horrible deed Dingaan attacked the waggons of Boers and killed the wives and children treacherously. Retief and his men had been invited to dinner and, suspecting no harm, had been slaughtered. Many lost, on that particular day, their fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters. Parents had been robbed of their children. Nobody was able to escape, for Dingaan had ordered the waggons, in which some people tried to hide, to be stabbed by the Zulus; tents were torn to pieces, the heads of babies were smashed against the wheels of their waggons. Women were cut open and two babies met with all kinds of cruelties. It is thought that some 616 souls, men, women and children were slaughtered on that spot. No wonder *Blauwkrans* is called 'Place of bloodshed'. We saw many deserted African kraals from which Dingaan's subjects had fled in fear of his wrath. Nature, wild and beautiful in its wilderness, is in accordance to those awful remembrances.

We saw an unusual occurrence, at least for us it was, 23 large eagles feasting on a dead animal, probably a dead ox that had perished on the road. The most spectacular thing was that one bird watched the whole scene from a dead tree.

At sunset we arrived at the broad and most beautiful river of the Colony of Natal, the Tugela³⁰. It seemed to me to be too wide to be crossed on horseback so I left my dear animal in Faure's care and climbed the waggon. It is still strange to me to wade a river and I do it with fear in my heart. Faure, on his horse, led mine by hand. Now and again I saw them stumble and I was glad to be in the waggon. The bank of the other side was steep and the path leading to the hills was even more so. Mr Naude had to use his whip

to persuade the oxen and an Afrikaner, willing to help, used his also. The oxen not used to two whips at a time started to protest, some tried to turn round, others wanted to run away and some refused to go one step. In the confusion, Nancy, with our child in her arms, jumped out of the waggon. Two oxen broke their yoke, while Mr Naude tried to retain control over the animals so that he could repair the yoke.

Gertrude, Dr Van Velden and I got out of the waggon, preferring to climb the hill on foot rather than in the waggon. As soon as we had reached the top, Faure and I mounted our horses while the others took their seats in the waggon. After a quarter of an hour we arrived at Groot Tugela³¹, a small village consisting of a few houses, built only recently. It is a neat, quiet place on the bank of the river Tugela. It was a nice, calm evening when we arrived. The house of Mr De Waal, who had moved to Pietermaritzburg, was lent to us in which to spend the night. The house was not quite ready and it certainly was primitive. We drank tea and coffee in the front room. For supper we had hot and cold meat, potatoes, eggs and bread. It was very cold that night. The cold night air penetrated the thatched roof due to the fact that the ceiling, as in most South African houses, was omitted. If it does exist, it is timber boarding. My greatest concern was for my dear little Marianne who was not used to the cold and inconvenience.

The next morning [Friday 13th May] we started off early. The road was bad, with many loose stones, and many times we had to lead our horses by hand. The first stop was between Tugela and Ladysmith. The drift³² over the Klip River was too dangerous. So we all got into the waggon, leaving our horses to the care of one of the Africans. At noon we arrived at Ladysmith. We had seen many waggons, with churchgoers, on our way. They came from different regions. Ladysmith looked most attractive and promising. The situation was not glamorous, hardly a tree to be seen but the general impression was one of joy and festivity, 150 ox waggons and many tents were gathered. Many churchgoers had come on horseback, according to African custom. The oxen and horses grazed freely in the surrounding field. Almost without exception there was a tent next to every waggon; imagine the sight of these white tents, some closed, some open and all the white hoods of the ox waggons. In their midst was the neat and simple church building, to be consecrated the next day [Saturday 14th May]. From all directions more churchgoers came down the hills. It was a touching, patriarchal scene.

We wanted to go to Captain Struben's house³³, Magistrate of Klip River and looked for it. Soon we saw a nice cottage, the most respectable house in the village. We thought it would be the Magistrate's dwelling and we were not disappointed. We knocked (one does not find door bells in primitive Natal or rarely, perhaps I saw one or two in Pietermaritzburg). The door opened and Captain Struben and his wife greeted us cordially and bade us come inside. Their large and cosy cottage was elegantly arranged. There was a verandah along the side with brown painted lattice work. A few trees in the English garden gave more privacy to the house. The Strubens wanted us to stay with them. I was against it, because here again there was whooping cough in the house. What could be done? There was no accommodation elsewhere. Mr Naude could sleep in the waggon. Although we had brought a tent it was not suitable as an abode for several days, certainly not for a baby. Mrs Struben was so kind as to offer us a room, separate from the house where our little Marianne could stay, with no contact with the coughing children. We accepted this generous offer gratefully, and by God's grace our dear child was saved. Captain Struben was born a Dutchman and, indeed, he was one at heart. His father came to Holland as a boy of 16 with the regiment of the Waldeckers³⁴ whose

Colonel he became. Capt. Struben served with the Dutch Marines for some time. Later on he went to England, where he married an elegant, cultured and amiable English girl. For some time they lived in Rotterdam, then they returned to England, where his wife's relatives lived. Some three year ago he was appointed Magistrate of Klip River, the result of a visit to these parts of the world. After he started his civilian service, his wife came over to Natal. He is a respected man amongst the Boers and very popular because of his open character and broad views.

As a human being and as a countryman, we have learned to appreciate him also. His wife is adorable. She has been brought up wealthy, but she has adapted herself so well that she stole all hearts. She also speaks Dutch very well.

A few hours after our arrival, Gertrude and I went out to visit the churchgoers in their tents. This seemed to please them and the next day I had to visit as many people as was possible so as not to disappoint them. At dinner a few guests had been invited, it turned out to be a nice, quiet evening. To show how naïve the views of the Afrikaners can be, I want to mention how easily they can be misled. Capt. Struben told us that, three or four years ago there happened to be an elderly lady, whose way of life had not been unscrupulous, set herself up as the Mother of the Messiah. I did not quite get her ideas, but I have learnt that she had great success with the Boers, who respected her as a prophetess, and treated her with respect and admiration. Many had been persuaded to travel to Jerusalem, where great things would take place. Her death put an end to all this, on her deathbed she confessed to have cheated and also that there had been a man behind these things. It was exactly at this time that Capt. Struben was on one of his official excursions. He visited a farm, where the inhabitants were busy preparing their ox waggons with many things, as many as they could possibly pack for a long journey. In answer to his questions they told Captain Struben that the prophetess had visited them, and now they intended to go to Jerusalem. All the members of the family had made the same decision and they were ready to depart soon.

‘But how will you get there, dear friends?’ Capt. Struben asked.

‘If we go eastwards all the time, we can't miss it’ they answered.

‘But how can you cross the sea with your ox waggons?’ They had not thought of this, their knowledge of geography was not far-reaching, some of them had never seen the sea, they hardly knew the word. With astonishment they looked at each other.

‘Is there no other way?’ The prophetess had not mentioned the sea and she was sure to know.

Capt. Struben asked for a piece of chalk or charcoal and started to draw, as well as he could from memory, a world-map on the rough table. They started to confide in him and looked at each other hesitantly. At last they exclaimed ‘But then the prophetess must be wrong, however impossible that seems. We shall postpone our plans and see what the others are going to do.’

Half a year later (Capt. Struben had almost forgotten the incident) the owners of the farm came to visit him. ‘What, you here?’ the Magistrate asked him. ‘I thought you had gone to Jerusalem.’

‘No’, the man replied, ‘we know now that you were right and that we can trust you.’

‘But what has changed your mind?’ the Magistrate asked.

‘Well’, he answered, ‘some time after you had left we saw an old Bible at our neighbour's farm, in it was an old map and that was exactly as you had drawn for us.’

Then we knew that it was true and we are ready to believe all you say. I am glad that Mr Struben came just in time!’

I mentioned this incident to prove how naïve the Afrikaners are, and to point out how much they respect the Bible and all it says. It is of the greatest value to be careful in selecting the Europeans to be sent out, teachers, lawyers, reverends.

The next day [Saturday 14th May] the consecration of the Church was to take place. I visited many tents, all by myself, that day, and again I was pleased to see how welcome I was. As soon as I entered someone hastened to give me a camp-stool and from all sides they rushed in to see and welcome ‘The wife of our reverend’ (as it said on my letter of introduction). I stretched out to shake hands and tried to have a personal word with everyone.

In each tent I was urgently invited to have a cup of tea or coffee; I had to try their new baked bread or their roast chicken or duck. As I happened to come at the time they had their meals, I feared indigestion.

The sound of church bells called me away from my friends to go home. I was sorry not to have been able to visit them all. It seemed they considered the wife of the reverend a bit young, due to my looks, for they asked me again and again how old I was. I told them I had a child, 9 months old, so they concluded I had married very young. This, to prove that the African climate and the journey have had no affect on me. The African woman ages quickly as a rule, due to the climate and the hard life.

At the consecration of the Church Dr Van Velden read from Genesis 28, Verse 19 ‘and he called the name of that place Beth-el’.

After the service we had refreshments. Visitors came all the time, so it was not a quiet dinner. One of the people whom I had visited the previous day brought me a roast duck. After dinner Faure took the service of Preparation and Admission, his text being 1 Cor. 11, Verse 28 ‘But let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup’. I needed some rest and remained at home. The inside of the church was not yet complete, the pulpit for instance was made of some cases, one on top of the other, covered by a table cloth; a footstool helped the preachers to climb to the pulpit, a hazardous procedure! I feared many times Faure would tumble down, pulpit and all. There also were no lamps yet. To have light the churchgoers brought their own candles, holding them in their hands all the time, during the service. A few had been more inventive and put them on bottles. One has to adapt one’s self to the circumstances. On Sunday May 15th Faure took the Holy Communion Service, according to John 6, Verse 48 ‘I am the bread of life’.

Dr van der Hoff³⁵ had arrived at Ladysmith the previous day [Saturday 14th May], he was on his way, with his wife and child, to Mooi River³⁶ in the Transvaal Republic, where he had been called by the Transvaalers; he had been sent out as a preacher to the Cape. A few months after his arrival he got this new job. Dr Van Velden took the Thanksgiving Service in the afternoon and on this occasion Faure baptised no less than 53 children. After the service we went to one of the tents, where a child, meant to be baptised, lay severely ill. It looked as if he was going to die and the parents urgently bade Faure to baptise him there and then. The deacon was also present.

With Dr van der Hoff and his family we had dinner at the house of our kind host. Dr van der Hoff led the evening service and preached from the text Mark 4, Verses 33–35 ‘And with many such parables spake he the word unto them as they were able to hear it.

But without a parable spake he not unto them: and when they were alone he expounded all things to his disciples’.

I had caught a cold and did not go and when many visitors arrived I slipped off to bed early. We had planned our departure for the next day [Monday 16th May]. Dr Van Velden set off before us to lecture to his parish. I went to visit some people in tents with my sister-in-law and to our great relief we found the sick child much better and ready to go home.

It was half past two [afternoon of the 16th May] when we left our hosts and their hospitable home. After the waggon had left, Faure and I followed on horseback. Again we crossed the Klip River, at another drift this time³⁷, for we rode in the opposite direction, towards Little Tugela River. We went westwards hoping to reach Deacon Caspar Labuschagne’s home³⁸ before night fall, where on Wednesday May 18th a service would be held. A long journey lay ahead of us, and because the road was very bad we had to make our way through banks of sand and stones. The sky was dark with menacing clouds. Fortunately, we could climb into the waggon when the rain came. We left our horses in the care of an African and hurriedly made for Caspar’s house. We had to cross the Tugela at a bad drift and there was even the possibility that the water would be high.

At half past five, darkness fell, still no sign of the river. It did not look too good. We had a lantern, but no place to hang it, so that was no use. For some time we held it in our hands but with the rolling of the waggon the candlelight soon extinguished. At last we reached the river [Tugela]. We found we had to go down a steep slope while the one on the other side of the Tugela seemed even worse. When going down, the waggon stood almost vertically, so that I held my hands in front of my eyes so as not to see the danger. Wading at this point was very risky as the water was deep and the river bed full of holes, two of the oxen stumbled and fell. A steep rocky path awaited us on the other side but we arrived safely at half past eight at Labuschagne’s house³⁹. The rain came down in torrents and I was afraid to expose Marianne to the damp night air. The waggon could not get close to the house. Gertrude felt sick after the uncomfortable trip, so we decided to remain in the waggon that night. Faure and I went inside the house and returned after a light supper, to the waggon. Supper consisted of meat, potatoes and dry rice with a glass of fresh milk, usually the only drink for the Boers. In a white cup we made a night light, lit it, and made a sleeping place for Nancy and baby, after which we went to sleep, fully clothed, on the mattress. It was a cold night and to make it worse the hood leaked here and there. At dawn we saw that our blankets were soaked in several places. Nancy did not feel well either, she had to go in and out of the waggon, letting in the cold air. It kept on raining, so we decided to go to the hospitable house. It was a primitive dwelling, a living room and two bedrooms with curtains instead of doors. One of the bedrooms was prepared for us. As in most houses, there was no ceiling, only the roof over our heads. The windows had no glass, only wooden shutters, closed all day long because of the rain. We were glad to leave the dark bedroom and go to the living room, where the whole family gathered. The shutters were also closed here but the light came in through the half open door. It is not easy to describe our bedroom, under the bed pots of honey were stacked, sacks of lard, flour and all kinds of seeds, etc. Hanging along the walls were weapons and our host’s Sunday hat and coat. The rain coming down steadily, kept us indoors all day. Gertrude lay ill in bed. At noon a thunderstorm broke out with flashes of lightning. The whole day I felt miserable cold, due to the damp clay floors.

When we woke up the next day [Tuesday 17th May] the rain had stopped and although the roads would be bad after the constant rain, we decided to proceed on our journey. When we were ready to leave, there was a great tumult. It appeared that a lion had dragged away many sheep during the night, right in front of the house. Lions come regularly in these parts. We took the way to Klein Tugela [Labuschagne's *Rustenburg*] accompanied by the father and his sons, who followed the lion's tracks. We did not fancy a lion hunt! The waggon had gone on ahead and we followed on horseback. The road was drenched and very slippery, so that we had to dismount several times. The trail of the lion led away from our road in another direction, but we could not forget it and turned around at every sound.

After about 3½ hours we came to a fast flowing river [probably the Tugela] and when we had crossed it we reached the church place, Klein Tugela⁴⁰, a vast empty field with only one building, the small church, where 13 or 14 ox waggons had gathered. More churchgoers arrived soon after us. Hurriedly we prepared our meal, helped by some of the churchgoers, one brought boiling water, others brought meat, bread and rusks. We soon had our meal, together with the provisions we had brought along. After having written down the names of the children to be baptised and those of the grown ups to be confirmed (with which I helped my husband, like a true reverend's wife), we all went to church. The service started at 7 o'clock in the evening. Faure preached from the text 1 Thess. 5, Verse 17 'Pray without ceasing'. Here also there were only candles in bottles. I was amazed that the children made so much noise, they even talked aloud. After the service we returned to our waggon while the church was being prepared to serve as a shelter for various church people, including Mr Naude. The cold night made me run to our waggon and the next day we saw frost on the ground. The service started early at 7 o'clock, in the morning [of Wednesday 18th May]. Faure read from Psalm 23 'The Lord is my shepherd'. At 11 o'clock we were ready to leave. Honey and milk had been brought to us. The region we came through was most interesting, we saw clearly the Drakensberg mountains with their snow-capped peaks against the blue sky. During our stay at Tugela church place we had admired this range and now when we drew nearer I was disappointed that we did not have time to go there and admire the waterfall [Tugela Falls], coming down from 1000 feet high. We had been told that we could reach it after three hours riding without effort, but alas time failed us.

The Drakensberg mountains are known to be very interesting for tourists, there are Bushmen and many beasts of prey, lions, buffaloes, hippos, eland etc., especially on the other side of the mountains. We approached the land of Moshesh, king of the hostile tribe of the Basouto which had fought the English Government, a short while ago. We went through the Sterkspruit⁴¹ and the Little Tugela, both rivers are generally high in summertime, but now they were low. We came through grass fields, where the grass stood 2½–3 feet high. Even on horseback it was difficult to ride through, it is called Tamboeki grass, owing to the deep holes it covers. These holes are made by 'aardvarken' [antbears — *Orycteropus afer*. Smithers, p. 599] and are dangerous because the horses may stumble or even fall. We went on carefully and saw many wild animals, for instance, large buck called hartebeest, brown and with huge horns. We visited some Boers whom we met at the church place and were cordially welcomed. The weather was glorious, the air was warm, not oppressive and the trip, that would be a long one, as we had to go to Kaalspruit⁴² before nightfall, did not worry us.

Evening fell and we had some horses riding ahead of us. We reached an African kraal and changed some raw meat for wood to be able to cook our meal when we arrived at the camping place near *Blauwkrans*⁴³. The moon was high and clear in the sky, shedding a beautiful serene light on the plain. We passed fields of Turkish corn [grain] and mealies on which our horses fed now and then. It was one of those nights which can never be forgotten. We were ahead of our waggon and we talked about our dear Fatherland and the loved ones we had left behind. Our hearts lived in the past. What struck me was the constant change in temperature, it was cold in some parts and warm in others. At the camping place we met another waggon. We made a fire for all of us, spread the mat and the Indian carpet and sat around the fire, it gave us a nice warm feeling in the chilly night. It was half past nine. The coffee was soon made, our good, kind fellow traveller Mr Naude went out of his way to help, he grilled sausages and steak over the fire. I had never before seen a roast prepared this way, it was very tasty. At half past eleven we broke up to go to our waggon to sleep. Mr Naude took a rug, put it under the waggon and fell asleep. He was glad that the horses had the excellent idea of accompanying him, for it was a cold night. When he woke up he saw a horse lying on either side. We opened our waggon and found breakfast ready [?19th or 20th May], thanks to Mr Naude. We had not slept much owing to the wild shouts of Africans, probably a festivity in one of the kraals. It must have been a joyful event! When the African, who was our leader saw that Mr Naude was preparing breakfast, while we were still in the waggon, he asked our deacon in mysterious terms who was the big boss in the waggon who had 3 wives? And if Mr Naude had more? There is no law yet forbidding polygamy for Africans and a chief who is rich and respectable has many wives. Women are still a matter of trade.

Faure and I mounted our horses at 8 o'clock. There was a frost and the ground was white. At 10 o'clock I lent my horse to Gertrude who with Faure, rode on to Scheepers' place [*Wagendrift*] where we had spent the night at the beginning of our trip. We crossed the Bushmans River where we bumped and rocked uncomfortably. Finally, we reached our destination. Remembering the prevailing whooping cough, I wanted to keep at a distance. When the waggon halted Faure came to meet us, together with Gerrit Scheepers⁴⁴ and his son-in-law Oosthuysen, whose parents had been murdered by Dingaan, near *Blauwkrans*. I felt ill and exhausted and preferred to remain in the waggon but Faure insisted I should get out and have dinner with the Scheepers. I gave in and left Marianne and Nancy in the waggon.

A disagreeable surprise awaited us. We had counted on getting another leader and oxen at Scheepers' place but we were disappointed. The leader told us he had to be back in time to hand over the oxen to his master and he refused to come. We were obliged to go on for the next Sunday Service [22nd May] was to be at *Boschfontein*, Mr Naude's place, and to get there we had to make haste. We had hoped to camp that night at Mooi River. Scheepers and Oosthuysen talked to our leader for a long time in his own language and succeeded in persuading him to go with us part of the way. We could not understand what they said, but it was evident that the man was frightened. Oosthuysen told us afterwards that he had said Mr Faure was a mighty head of the white people and a friend of the Government and if he persisted, he would be handed over to the police and be punished. We only stayed for a short time at Scheepers' house and departed at 3 o'clock [in the afternoon of ?Saturday 21st May]. I tried to ride my horse but I felt sick and had a terrible headache, so that every movement was too much for

me. We tried to overtake the waggon and so it was necessary to ride fast; unfortunately it took some time before we sighted it.

Evening fell, the road was bad and unused, in many places we had to go through swamps or make detours to avoid them. It was dark when we finally caught up with our waggon. Faure wanted to camp knowing how much I needed a rest, but Mr Naude did not agree. I lay down on the mattress and immediately fell asleep. I already felt a little better when Faure brought me my supper, a slice of bread and cold chicken. Like the night before Mr Naude camped under the waggon with the promise he would wake us early for we had to start at dawn. Fearing our African leader might escape we gave him a good meal. Mr Naude threatened him with a severe punishment if he tried to run away. But in spite of this he went while it was still dark, Mr Naude awakened us with the bad news [on 20th May]. The oxen were still there for they had been fastened to the waggon and could not be taken away without making too much noise. Our horses were let loose, they never go a long way. They were still there. What next? We were at a loss, the oxen were not used to Mr Naude, besides he did not know the way and as the road was untrodden and full of holes, he was reluctant to take the responsibility. We decided to proceed slowly and very carefully. Faure would ride ahead and see if he could get some help. We had seen some tents in the distance. They belonged to an Englishman, who was in charge of some Africans repairing the road to Bushmans River. He willingly lent us one man to act as our leader.

This being arranged I jumped out of the waggon to accompany Faure. While he saddled my horse the waggon went on. We soon caught up with it, when Faure remarked that neither, in front nor at the back the leader could be seen. We wanted to ask Mr Naude if the leader was perhaps sitting next to him, when he turned round and answered he had not seen him for some time and asked us if we had seen him anywhere. So that was the end of it, African No. 2 had escaped, but how? We had not seen him, although we had been following at a short distance. Possibly the man did not like to walk in the cold morning air and had taken cover in the high grass, we had to continue without a leader as well as possible. At Mr Naude's request we rode to Mooi River where we would try and find an able leader and send him to the waggon, for, at Mooi River the waggon would have to negotiate a steep downhill path. It was cold and my hands were numb. I could hardly hold the reins. I had put on a warm coat and a fur, but I still felt the cold. I had not expected it in Natal. I put on two pairs of gloves, the sharp wind was blowing hard, the sky was hazy and it took a long time before the sun could force its way through heavy, dark clouds. We took a shortcut to the river, meandering quietly and beautifully through the valley at our feet, not unlike a silver snake creeping through the dark green grass. What a pity, we were in such a hurry! Gradually the footpath got steeper and we had to dismount and lead our horses by hand. The river was swollen, but we came through without difficulty.

We found a small inn⁴⁵, owned by an Englishman and soon we were sitting near the fire waiting for the waggon. We had been lucky to find an African willing to lead the waggon down the slope and through the river, but no further. It was half past nine when at last the waggon arrived. Our poor deacon was exhausted, no wonder. Only someone who knows Africa would understand what it is to be a leader and driver at the same time. Our poor friend had to walk beside the waggon most of the time, looking on both sides to calm the oxen. We had lunch at the Hotel, bread and chicken, wine and coffee. At 4 o'clock [afternoon of 21st May] Faure and I mounted our horses to go

with speed to *Boschfontein* and sent Mr Naude's own leader back to him to help him to climb the difficult path in the rocks near his place. On our trip we passed rocky hills, very picturesque with aloes and beautiful valleys formed by the hills. On the grassy plains, amidst dark woods, a mass of cattle was grazing peacefully. To me *Boschfontein*, with its lovely valleys, majestic woods and flowered hills always has a great attraction. When we arrived at Mr Naude's place [*Boschfontein*], we sent him the Africans without delay, a leader and a driver. A few hours later the waggon arrived safely. Every year some wild animals are being shot at *Boschfontein*, lions, buffaloes and eland. Shortly before we arrived some mares and a colt had been dragged away by a lion and after our return to Pietermaritzburg a lion had been seen on the very spot where we stood, near the house of our deacon.

The next day, being a Sunday [22nd May], Faure preached to about 50 people. This service was held in the front room. The text was Matthew 11, Verse 28 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavily laden, and I will give you rest'.

On Monday [23rd May] we rode out on a pastoral visit, Faure, Gertrude, Mr Naude and myself. We dined with Jan Naude's family⁴⁶, brother of our deacon, and so we had the opportunity to get acquainted with the beautiful surroundings. At night Faure held a simple service, the text being Romans 8, Verse 31 'If God be for us, who can be against us?'

The next day [Tuesday 24th May] we left our kind host to return to Pietermaritzburg on horseback. Faure and I visited Petrus Potgieter⁴⁷ and his family. We crossed the Sterkspruit⁴⁸ and arrived at Karel Preller's house⁴⁹ at suppertime. We spent the night there.

Gertrude borrowed a horse and Preller himself accompanied us part of the way. The waggon was left to the care of Petrus Potgieter whose oxen we borrowed at *Boschfontein* and who acted as driver. He looked after Nancy well and our dear little Marianne, whom he loved very much. He often said 'If only I had a little girl like her, then I should be really happy'. With my sister-in-law we visited the Umghene [Howick] waterfall. We reached the rectory at Pietermaritzburg at 6 o'clock in the evening of May 25th, truly contented and happy with our first improvised African excursion, which we shall always remember with joy.

Marianne Faure⁵⁰

Born Alewyn

Pietermaritzburg June 29th 1853

Translated by Anna Maria Entrop-Le Poole⁵¹

In memory of my Great Grandmother.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Marianne Faure's story was written five weeks after she returned home in 1853. It has been transcribed several times. Originally written in Dutch it was copied by hand in Dutch in the early 20th century. Then it was translated into English in the early 1980s. In 1987 I transcribed a typed English translation onto my electric typewriter. Subsequently, I have typed this into my computer. The author's memory, the Dutch transcription, the English translation and subsequent transcriptions may have resulted in the discrepancies in this publication. I have tried to keep to the original English translation but have made

a few changes e.g. when a river is named, I have used River and I have italicised the farm names. I have accessed the original document and I have used it to correct some of the English translation that bothered me. I have not interfered with the language, ethos or attitudes of the past.

Marianne Faure's great grand-daughter Marguerite Cotterrell lent me a typed copy in 1987. At that time she was visiting Pietermaritzburg from Thomas River in the Eastern Cape, South Africa. Since then she has emigrated to South Island, New Zealand to be with two of her children and her grandchildren. Marguerite is a first cousin of Anna Maria Entrop-Le Poole, the translator of the Dutch copy. Marguerite has given permission for the publication of the English translation.

The original Dutch manuscript of 73 pages is in the Witwatersrand University (William Cullen) Library. The reference is Document 6 of 235, Ref: A36. M (A) Faure. *Mijne eerste Afrikaansche excursie* 1853, 8 May – 29 June.

Shelagh Spencer was most helpful in lending me copies of early colonial Natal material, the Cullingworth map being the most useful in identifying places, and the list of title deeds from 1847. Shelagh also made useful suggestions and provided additional information when she checked a draft and the endnotes. Helpful staff of the Natal Museum include Linda Ireland who found that the original manuscript was listed as being in the Witwatersrand University Library; Jeremy Hollman who prepared the map; Gavin Whitelaw who identified the 'Waldeckers' for me and who checked the current official farm and river spellings used in the endnotes; Zandile Mbhele unsuccessfully tried to effect an Interlibrary Loan. I am grateful to Jo Earle of Johannesburg who accessed and photocopied Marianne Faure's Dutch manuscript in the Witwatersrand University Library, and delivered it to me at home in Pietermaritzburg.

ENDNOTES

- 1 Rev Hendrik Emanuel Faure, born 17 August 1828, baptised in Cape Town 21 September 1828, died 6 April 1898 at Doesburg, Holland. He married at Soestdyk, Holland 20 November 1851 (*South African Genealogies* vol. 2 p. 272).
- 2 Dr Dirk Van Velden (1813–1878), Winburg clergyman 1850–1854. (*Dictionary of South African Biography*, vol. 2 p. 809).
- 3 Orange River Sovereignty (today's Free State).
- 4 Gerrit Jacobus Naude (born c. 1809)
- 5 Gertruida Isabella Faure born 19 February 1827, married in Cape Town 24 August 1853 Marthinus Frederick Alewijn (*South African Genealogies* Vol. 2 p. 272).
- 6 The rectory, in Longmarket Street, now the site of the provincial offices, Natalia.
- 7 The author's daughter Marianne Isabella Marthinus Frederika, born 6 September 1852, baptised Cape Town 24 October 1852 (*South African Genealogies* Vol. 2 p. 272).
- 8 Probably present-day Hilton.
- 9 Probably Cedara area.
- 10 Karel (or Carl) Fredrik Preller (1801–1870)
- 11 According to Mrs Holland of Howick Museum, this monument is no longer extant (1988).
- 12 Present-day view site.
- 13 Possibly present-day Lion's River or Mpfana River.
- 14 *Hebron* on the Mngeni River in the Lion's River area. Present-day Hebron Haven Hotel is on the farm. (Dimock, Lion's River; *Hebron*: Cullingworth's map)
- 15 *Boschfontein*, at present-day Caversham.
- 16 Possibly Mpfana River.
- 17 There must have been an early snowfall in May.
- 18 Probably the Ground Hornbill (*Bucorvus leadbeateri*), a turkey-like bird—David Johnson *pers. comm.*
- 19 This was downstream from present day Mooi River town, on the Greytown Road.

- 20 She married Faure in Holland in 1851 and arrived in South Africa in December 1852.
- 21 Probably Beacon Hill, near the N3 motorway.
- 22 *Wagendrift*. A portion of present-day Wagendrift Dam is on this farm.
- 23 The group travelled west of present-day Estcourt which lies at the confluence of these two rivers.
- 24 See also John Wright's *Bushman raiders of the Drakensberg*.
- 25 There were several Oosthuysens in the area, including at *Wagendrift* (Wright).
- 26 There are a few streams running northwards through the farm *Moordspruit*, owned by E.G. Landsberg in 1862, and which join the Blaauwkrans River north-east of present-day Frere.
- 27 The Blaauwkrans attack took place on 17 February 1838 (F.T. du Bruyn)
- 28 Piet Retief (1780–1838) was leader, with Gerrit Maritz, of the Voortrekkers from the Cape Colony to Natal in 1837. Because of the hope of obtaining large tracts of land, the Voortrekkers were of great concern to the Zulu Kingdom, resulting in the murder of Retief at Mgungundlovu, Dingane's capital (Ballard).
- 29 Dingane's kraal was at Mgungundlovu in the eMakhosini Valley near Melmoth. Retief was murdered there and not at Blaauwkrans (Colenbrander). Dingane kaSenzangakhona (1795–1840) was the Zulu chief from 1828 when he obtained the throne by murdering his predecessor, and brother, Shaka. He was defeated in a battle with the Boer immigrants on 16 December 1838 at Blood River (Ncome). He escaped to Swaziland where he was deposed by his brother Mpande, and subsequently murdered.
- 30 Thukela River drift, upstream from present-day Colenso.
- 31 Probably *Tugela Drift* farm on the north bank, owned by P.J. de Waal.
- 32 The road on the 1862 map runs through *Herman's Kraal* and crosses the Klip River south-east of Ladysmith.
- 33 J.H.M. Struben (1806–1869).
- 34 Waldeck-Pyrmont was a small principality in the German empire. A Waldeck Battalion was founded in 1681. In 1784 the 5th Waldeck Battalion entered Dutch service. During re-organisation in 1806, the 5th Waldeck Battalion was disbanded while the other regiments were renamed. Early in the 19th century the Waldeck regiments left Dutch service. (Ref: <http://home.att.net/~david.danner/militaria/waldeck.htm>)
- 35 Dr Dirk van der Hoff (1814–1881), the Transvaal's first Dutch Reformed Church minister (*Dictionary of South African Biography*, vol. 2, p. 771)
- 36 Mooi River Dorp is present-day Potchefstroom.
- 37 South or west of Ladysmith.
- 38 This may be on the farm *Labuschagne's Kraal*. I have not been able to identify positively Labuschagne's 'home'. The description of the next four or five days is very confusing.
- 39 Probably the farm *Rustenburgh* on the north bank of the Little Tugela River near the confluence with the Tugela River, east of present-day Winterton. Caspar Jeremias Labuschagne (c1773–1860) was granted *Rustenburgh* (5241 acres) on 1 April 1851 and *Schietdrift* (1987 acres) on 1 Jan 1851 — both signed for by him on 1 April 1852. *Schietdrift*, adjacent to *Rustenburgh* belonged to J. Caspar Labuschagne.
- 40 Mrs Elbie Raath of the Dutch Reformed Church Archive in Pietermaritzburg informed me that Reverend Faure named the little church place (where a church could be built) at Klein Tugela, the Marianne Church, in honour of his wife. The church subsequently fell into disrepair and by the 1870s was no longer in use (Record 1694). In Record 5045 *Die Kerkbode* of 27 May 1854, page 176 records that the church council and members of the congregation between the Little Thukela and Thukela rivers, Natal have named their house of God, the Marianne Church after the wife of the minister whom they respected and in remembrance of her visit to the Lindique Spruit.
- 41 The Sterkspruit converges with the Little Thukela River south of Caspar Labuschagne's *Rustenburgh*.
- 42 The Kaalspruit runs northwards from near Draycott to join the Little Tugela River upstream of its confluence with the Tugela River.
- 43 The road on the 1862 map crosses the Blaauw Krans River on J.B. Wessels farm *Plessislager* and passes through J. Rudolph's *Blaauwkrans*, near present-day Frere.
- 44 Messrs Oosthuyzen & Scheepers granted *Wagendrift* (6031 acres) on 1 September 1847 — signed for by F or T.W. Oosthuyzen.
- 45 David Gray's Accommodation House, on the Mooi River at the drift. David Gray was at Mooi River between 1850 and 1859. The hotel was improved and subsequently owned by John Whipp (in Mooi River 1861–1875) and named John Whipp's Accommodation House before it was renamed the Mooi River Drift Accommodation House, and finally The Lake Hotel. It burnt down in the 1950s. Information supplied by Shelagh Spencer, Pietermaritzburg and Phillip Romeyn, Rohde House Museum, Mooi River.
- 46 At *Bosch Hoek*, north of and adjacent to *Boschfontein*.
- 47 P.E. Potgieter on *Wildeals Spruit*, west of *Boschfontein*.
- 48 Possibly Lion's River.

- 49 *Hebron*, on the Mngeni River at present-day Lion's River.
- 50 Baptised Maria Johanna Louisa Alwijn, born 22 May 1830, Amersfoort, Holland. Wife of Rev Hendrik Emanuel Faure.
- 51 Translated in the mid 1950s in Holland by Anna Maria Entrop-Le Poole. The translator is the granddaughter of Rev H.E. Faure and Marianne Faure-Alewijn's second son Louis Henry Ferdinand Alewijn Faure and his wife and cousin, Natalie Gertrude Faure. Information supplied by Marguerite Cotterrell.

Itinerary of *My First African Excursion* (abstracted by Val Ward)

- May 9th Monday. Left Pietermaritzburg, for night at *Hebron*, Carl Preller's place.
- May 10th Tuesday. Left *Hebron* for *Boschfontein*, Deacon Naude's place.
- May 11th Wednesday. Departed *Boschfontein* for *Wagendrift*, Scheepers' place.
- May 12th Thursday. Left *Wagendrift* for *Tugela Drift*, De Waal's place.
- May 13th Friday. Departed *Tugela Drift* for Ladysmith, Magistrate Struben's house.
- May 14th Saturday. Ladysmith.
- May 15th Sunday. Ladysmith.
- May 16th Monday. Left Ladysmith for ?*Labuschagne's Kraal*
- May 17th Tuesday. Left ?*Labuschagne's Kraal* for Klein Tugela—Caspar Labuschagne's *Rustenburg*.
- May 18th Wednesday. *Rustenburg* farm.
- May 19th Thursday. Departed *Rustenburg* farm for camp near *Blaauwkrans*.
- May 20th Friday. Departed *Blaauwkrans* for night in open near Mooi River.
- May 21st Saturday. Departed camp for *Boschfontein*, Deacon Naude's place.
- May 22nd Sunday. *Boschfontein*.
- May 23rd Monday. Visited *Bosch Hoek*, Mr Jan Naude's place, from *Boschfontein*
- May 24th Tuesday. Left *Boschfontein*, visited Petrus Potgieter at *Wildeals Spruit* on way to *Hebron*, Preller's place.
- May 25th Wednesday. Left *Hebron* for Pietermaritzburg, via Howick Falls.
- The exact whereabouts of the party from the evening of Monday 16th May (arrival at Labuschagne's home) to the evening of Saturday 21st May (arrival at Naude's *Boschfontein*) are unknown.

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