

[No. 13.]

THE LIFE

OF

AFRICANER,

THE TERROR

OF

THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.



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THE CASE OF GOOD HOPE

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THE FLEE

[No. 18]

THE
LIFE OF AFRICANER.

BEFORE entering on the history of this noted individual, it may be necessary to give a short outline of the continent of Africa, which forms one of the four quarters of the world. Its length, from north to south, is between 4000 and 5000 miles, and its greatest breadth, from east to west, is about 4000 miles. The Mediterranean Sea separates it from Europe, and the Red Sea from Asia. It is divided into North and South Africa; North Africa being that division which lies north of the equator, and South Africa that which lies south of the equator. The greater portion of this continent lies under a vertical sun. Within the tropics, or middle part of Africa, the aborigines, or natives, are generally jet black, and to the north or south they are of a dark-olive colour. In the whole of that vast continent, no natives of a white complexion are to be found. When a white person appears in any of the African countries for the first time, he is an object of great terror to the natives, especially to the women and children, who immediately run from his presence.

Most of its inhabitants are totally unacquainted with snow and ice; indeed, they would as soon expect to see the flinty rock dissolve into water, as to see water changed into hard ice. Some years ago, one of the natives, sailing in a ship to England, happened, when near that country, to go hastily on deck on a

frosty morning, and, for the first time, observing that his breath was like smoke proceeding from his throat, he was seized with extreme horror, supposing there was a fire in his stomach, ran to his master, crying, "Fire! fire!"

Ethiopia or Abyssinia, Egypt, and the countries bordering on the Mediterranean Sea, viz., the coast of Barbary, all situated at the north part of Africa, were well known in the early ages; but the immense regions beyond them to the south were entirely unknown till a few hundred years ago, when the Portuguese discovered the way to the East Indies by sailing round the Cape of Good Hope, which is at the southern part of Africa.

The father of Africaner, the subject of the present memoir, was a Hottentot, born in the Hottentot country now called the colony of the Cape of Good Hope. He, with his family, were in the service of a Dutch boor, or farmer, in the district of Tulbagh, and were employed in attending the farmer's cattle. These, for the sake of pasture when it was scarce in that dry and sandy part of Africa, were sent higher up the country, beyond the limits of the colony, to the vicinity of the Great Orange River, where, as in the days of Abraham and Lot, the natives consider it is no intrusion for strangers to bring their flocks and feed them as long as they please. It is the same in all the interior of Southern Africa that is yet known.

Afterwards, the family lived with another boor, named Piemaar, at a farm on the banks of the Elephant's River, which is the largest, except the Great Orange River, on the western side of South Africa; and in such a country

may literally be called a river of life, for trees grass, &c., for a little distance from its banks look green, healthy, and lively; but beyond, all is a barren waste.

It was about this time that the Cape colony first came under the government of the English, by being captured from the Dutch. A report was circulated by evil-minded persons, that all the Hottentots were to be forced to become soldiers, and to be sent out of Africa. This report made old Africaner and his sons resolve to retire beyond the bounds of the colony, to escape being forced into the army. However, they still continued in the service of Piemaar, the boor, who sometimes employed them on plundering expeditions against the defenceless natives of the interior, furnishing them with muskets and powder for that purpose. In this way, they were taught to rob for their master, and thus, after a time, they learned to rob for themselves.

From some circumstances which occurred, suspicions arose in the minds of the old Hottentot and his sons that their employer acted unfaithfully to them during their absence, and his sending them more frequently from home confirmed their suspicions; and they determined to refuse to leave home any more on such expeditions.

Information having come to Piemaar that the Bushmen pirates had carried off some cattle belonging to the district over which he was field-cornet, (a kind of justice of peace,) he, in his official character, commanded them to pursue the Bushmen, in order to re-capture the cattle. This order they positively refused to obey, saying, that his only motive for sending them on

such an expedition was that they might be killed.

They had, on the previous night, received authentic information that it was a deep-laid scheme to get them to go to another farm, where some of the party were to be seized. Fired with indignation at the accumulated woes through which they had passed, a tempest was brooding in their bosoms. They had before signified their wish, with the farmer's permission, to have some reward for their often galling servitude, and to be allowed peaceably to remove to some of the sequestered districts beyond, where they might live in peace. This desire had been sternly refused, and followed by severity still more grievous. It was eventide, and the farmer, exasperated to find his commands disregarded, ordered them to appear at the door of his house. This was to them an awful moment; and, though accustomed to scenes of barbarity, their hearts beat hard. It had not yet entered their minds to do violence to the farmer. Jager, with his brothers and some attendants, moved slowly up towards the door of the house. Titus, the next brother to the chief, dreading that the farmer in his wrath might have recourse to desperate measures, took his gun with him, which he easily concealed behind him, being night. When they reached the front of the house, and Jager, the chief, had gone up the few steps leading to the door, to state their complaints, the farmer rushed furiously on the chieftain, and with one blow precipitated him to the bottom of the steps. At this moment, Titus drew from behind him his gun, fired on Piemaar, who staggered backward, and fell. They then entered

the house, the wife having witnessed the murder of her husband, shrieked, and implored mercy. They told her on no account to be alarmed, for they had nothing against her. They asked for the guns and ammunition which were in the house, which she promptly delivered to them. They then straitly charged her not to leave the house during the night, as they could not ensure her safety from others of the servants, who, if she and her family attempted to flee, might kill them.

This admonition, however, was disregarded. Overcome with terror, two children escaped by a back-door. These were slain by two Bushmen, who had long been looking out for an opportunity of revenging injuries they had suffered. Mrs Piemaar escaped in safety to the nearest farm. Africaner, with as little loss of time as possible, rallied the remnant of his tribe, and, with what they could take with them, directed their course to the Orange River, and were soon beyond the reach of pursuers, who, in a thinly scattered population, required time to collect. He fixed his abode on the banks of the Orange River; and afterwards, a chief ceding to him his dominion in Great Namaqualand, it henceforth became his by right, as well as by conquest.

Attempts were made on the part of the colonial government and the farmers to punish this daring outrage on the Piemaar family; but, though rewards were offered, and commandoes went out for that purpose, Africaner dared them to approach his territories. Some of the farmers had recourse to another stratagem to rid the frontiers of such a terror: they bribed some of the Bastards, who were in the

habit of visiting the colony from the upper regions of the Orange River. This gave rise to a long series of severe and sometimes bloody conflicts between the Africaners and the chief Berend and his associates, Berend being impelled by a twofold reward, and Africaner by a desire to wreak his vengeance on the farmers who were once his friends, the instigators of the deeply-laid scheme. Though these two chiefs dreadfully harassed each other, neither conquered; but continued to breathe against each other the direst hatred, till, by the gospel of peace, they were brought to "beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks."

As soon as Africaner had discovered the origin of the plot, which had well nigh overthrown his power, he visited the boundaries of the colony. A farmer, named Engelbrecht, and a Bastard Hottentot, fell the victims to his fury, and their cattle and other property were carried off, to atone for the injuries inflicted by the machinations of the farmers. Africaner now became a terror, not only to the colony on the south, but also to the tribes on the north. The original natives of the country justly viewed him as a dangerous neighbour, even though he had obtained, by lawful means, a portion of their country. They considered him as the common enemy. This led to pilfering and provocation on their part—conduct which he was sure to pay back, in their own way, with large interest. The tribes fled at his approach. His name carried dismay even to the solitary wastes. "At a subsequent period," says Moffat, "as I was standing with a Namaqua chief, looking at Afri-

caner, in a supplicating attitude, entreating parties ripe for a battle to live at peace with each other: 'Look,' said the wondering chief, pointing to Africaner, 'there is the man, once the lion, at whose roar even the inhabitants of distant hamlets fled from their homes! Yes, and I,' (patting his chest with his hand,) 'have, for fear of his approach, fled with my people, our wives and our babes, to the mountain glen, or to the wilderness, and spent nights among beasts of prey, rather than gaze on the eyes of this lion, or hear his roar.' "

Africaner and his brother Jager dared not to visit Cape Town themselves after the murders and plunders they had committed in the colony, and they were obliged to employ others to procure for them what they wanted from thence. On one occasion, about the beginning of the year 1811, they employed a man, named Hans Drayer, to purchase a waggon for them at the Cape, which is a vehicle of great value in such countries for travelling, &c. For this purpose, they entrusted him with three span or teams of oxen, ten in each span: with two span he was to purchase the waggon, and with the third, to bring the waggon home to Namaqua-land. On his way to Cape Town, Hans met a boor to whom he was indebted for a considerable sum: for payment of this debt the boor seized the whole of the oxen; and Hans was obliged to return to the missionary station at Kamies Fountain, in Little Namaqua-land, where he usually resided, and he refused to give to Africaner any satisfactory account of the oxen. Africaner was so angry at his loss, and so exasperated against Hans, that he pursued him to Kamies, where he and his people

put him to death, and committed great enormities.

Not long after this painful occurrence, the friends of Hans, with the assistance of some Namaquas, in their turn, attacked the kraal or town of Africaner; who, to be revenged upon the Namaquas for aiding the friends of Hans against him, afterwards fell upon their kraal. Finding themselves too weak to resist him, they implored assistance from the Namaquas at Warm Bath; who, complying with their request, sent out a large armed party to defend them. This conduct so enraged Africaner, that he threatened destruction to the settlement at Warm Bath.

Under the apprehension of certain destruction from so resolute a savage, Mr Albrecht, the missionary and his wife left that station, removing what goods they could, and burying the rest in the earth in hope of returning at a future period: but the mission was never resumed; for, after enduring some fatiguing journeys, Mrs Albrecht, (formerly Miss Bergman, from Holland,) died at Silver Fountain, in Little Namaqua-land, as some thought of a broken heart. After this, Mr Albrecht took up his residence at Kamiesberg and Pella. He died, not long after, of a dropsy, probably occasioned by the bad water in that part of the country.

Africaner accomplished his threat, for he attacked the Namaquas at Warm Bath, and carried off a great number of their cattle, and continued to molest them, till at length the mission house and the chapel were burnt, and the inhabitants of the village almost entirely dispersed, and most of them obliged to live upon

roots, wild berries, and whatever they could find.

The succeeding year, 1812, when Mr Campbell first visited Africa on the affairs of the London Missionary Society, he found it necessary to cross that continent from the eastern to the western side. During this journey, he found every town through which he passed well acquainted with the name of Africaner, and all trembling lest he should pay them a visit: he was the only person whom Mr Campbell was afraid of meeting during this part of his journey. However, on arriving safe at the missionary station at Pella, on the western side of Africa, he wrote a letter to Africaner, expressing regret that he should be the occasion of so much misery and oppression in that part of Africa—that as he knew there was a God, and a judgment to come, he stated his belief to Africaner that he must be an unhappy man, by being the cause of so much unhappiness to others. And as the Word of God taught forgiveness, he offered to send a missionary to instruct him and his people, notwithstanding all he had done against the missionary institution at Warm Bath, if he expressed a desire to have one sent to him.

So great was the terror of both Namaquas and Bushmen at the name of Africaner, that, though a present was to accompany the letter, and payment to be given to the bearer of it, a considerable time passed before a person could be found of sufficient courage to undertake it. Indeed, for a long time after these Namaquas had fled to Pella, across the Orange River, from the dread of Africaner, the least rising of dust or sand at a distance frightened them.

very much, and they were sure it was Africaner coming after them. At length, however, a person was obtained to carry the letter to Africaner, who was his relation, and who had crossed the continent with Mr Campbell. Six years afterwards, when Africaner met Mr Campbell at Cape Town, he said, "that the offer of a missionary, which the letter contained, made him glad—that in his heart he had long wished for a teacher—that his brother Jager, who could write, had written an answer, which was sent across to the Griqua country, and from thence to the colony, that it might proceed to Mr Campbell at the Cape, desiring to see a missionary, and that he might be an Englishman." This letter never reached Cape Town.

Africaner, receiving no answer from the Cape, sent a messenger to the missionary station at Pella, in Little Namaqua-land, about two days' journey from his own kraal, requesting that the missionary promised to him might be sent as soon as possible; in consequence of which message, Mr Ebner, one of the missionaries at Pella, proceeded to Africaner's kraal, where he immediately commenced his labours. We are not acquainted with the particulars of what passed, but the preaching and conversation of this missionary were blessed of God; for, some time afterwards, Africaner expressed himself to the following effect:

"I am glad that I am delivered. I have been long enough engaged in the service of the devil, but now I am free from his bondage. Jesus has delivered me; him will I serve, and with him will I abide."

Several other natives were converted to God, a Christian congregation was formed, and Afri-

caner was taught to read the sacred Scriptures, in which he took much pleasure.

The missionary, Mr Ebner, who first went to Africaner's kraal, after continuing there upwards of two years, returned to his former station, and was succeeded by Mr Moffat, who was instrumental in building up the new converts in their faith, and adding to their number, and maintaining peace amongst them. Indeed, from the day the gospel entered the kraal, they ceased to disturb the peace of the neighbouring tribes; for, so far as the truths of that precious gospel are influential on the minds of men, they produce peace on earth, and love towards each other. The first effect of the gospel at the city of Lattakoo, towards the eastern side of Africa, was to dispose the king and chiefs of that nation to come to a public resolution, to go no more upon plundering expeditions against other tribes. Many of the converted heathens also in South Africa have contributed very liberally of their little property to assist in sending the gospel to other regions where it has not penetrated.

In the latter end of the year 1818, Mr Moffat contemplated visiting Cape Town, and the idea darted into his mind, that Africaner would do well to accompany him, and accordingly he made the proposal to him. "The good man," says Mr Moffat, "looked at me again and again, gravely asking whether I were in earnest, and seemed fain to ask if I were in my senses too; adding, with great fervour, 'I had thought you loved me, and do you advise me to go to the government, to be hung up as a spectacle of public justice?' and putting his hand to his head, he asked, 'Do you not know

that I am an outlaw, and that 1000 rix-dollars have been offered for this poor head?" These difficulties I endeavoured to remove, by assuring him that the results would be most satisfactory to himself, as well as to the Governor of the Cape. Here Africaner exhibited his lively faith in the gracious promises of God, by replying, "I shall deliberate, and commit, (or, as he used the word according to the Dutch translation,) roll my way upon the Lord; I know he will not leave me."

"During three days, this subject was one of public discussion, and more than one came to me with grave looks, asking if I had advised Africaner to go to the Cape. On the third day the point was decided, and we made preparations for our departure, after having made the necessary arrangements for continuing the means of instruction during my absence. Nearly all the inhabitants accompanied us half a day's journey to the banks of the Orange River, where we had to wait several days, it having overflowed all its banks. The kindness of the people, and the tears which were shed when we parted from them, were deeply affecting.

"Arriving at Pella, (the place as before stated to which some of the people from Warni Bath had retired when the latter was destroyed by Africaner,) we had a feast fit for heaven-born souls, and subjects to which the seraphim above might have tuned their golden lyres. Men met who had not seen each other since they had joined in mutual combat for each other's woe; met—warrior with warrior, bearing in their hands the olive branch, secure under the panoply of peace and love. They talked of Him who had subdued both without a sword

or spear; and each bosom swelled with purest friendship, and exhibited another trophy destined to adorn the triumph of the Prince of Peace. Here I again met with Mr Bartlett and family, who, with the chief and people of the station, loaded us with kindness.

“We spent some pleasant days; while the subject of getting Africaner safely through the territories of the farmers to the Cape was the theme of much conversation. To some, the step seemed somewhat hazardous. Africaner and I had fully discussed the point before leaving the station; and I was confident of success. Though a chief, there was no need of laying aside any thing like royalty with a view to travel in disguise. Of two substantial shirts left, I gave him one; he had a pair of leather trowsers, a duffel jacket much the worse for wear, and an old hat neither white nor black; and my own garb was scarcely more refined. As a farther precaution, it was agreed that for once I should be the chief, and he should assume the appearance of a servant, when it was desirable, and pass for one of my attendants.

“Ludicrous as the picture may appear, the subject was a grave one, and the season solemn and important. Often did I lift up my heart to Him in whose hands are the hearts of all men, that his presence might go with us. It might here be remarked once for all, that the Dutch farmers, notwithstanding all that has been said against them by some travellers; are, as a people, exceedingly hospitable and kind to strangers. Exceptions there are, but these are few, and perhaps more rare than in any country under the sun. Some of these

worthy people on the borders of the colon congratulated me on returning alive, having often heard, as they said, that I had been long since murdered by Africaner. Much wonder was expressed at my narrow escape from such a monster of cruelty, the report having been spread that Mr Ebner had but just escaped with the skin of his teeth. While some would scarcely credit my identity, my testimony as to the entire reformation of Africaner's character and his conversion was discarded as the effusion of a frenzied brain. It sometimes afforded no little entertainment to Africaner and the Namaquas to hear a farmer denounce this supposed irreclaimable savage. There were only a few, however, who were sceptical of this subject. At one farm, a novel scene exhibited the state of feeling respecting Africaner and myself, and likewise displayed the power of Divine grace under peculiar circumstances. It was necessary, from the scarcity of water, to call at such houses as lay in our road. The farmer referred to was a good man in the best sense of the word; and he and his wife had both shewn me kindness on my way to Namaqua-land. On approaching the house which was on an eminence, I directed my men to take the waggon to the valley below, while I walked toward the house. The farmer, seeing a stranger, came slowly down the descent to meet me. When within a few yards, I addressed him in the usual way, and, stretching out my hand, expressed my pleasure at seeing him again. He put his hand behind him, and asked me, rather wildly, who I was. I replied that I was Moffat, expressing my wonder that he should have forgotten me. 'Moffat!' he

rejoined, in a faltering voice; 'it is your *ghost!*' and moved some steps backward. 'I am no ghost.' 'Don't come near me!' he exclaimed; 'you have been long murdered by Africaner.' 'But *I am* no ghost,' I said, feeling my hands, as if to convince him and myself, too, of my materiality; but his alarm only increased. 'Everybody says you were murdered; and a man told me he had seen your bones;' and he continued to gaze at me, to the no small astonishment of the good wife and children, who were standing at the door, as also to that of my people, who were looking on from the waggon below. At length, he extended his trembling hand, saying, 'When did you rise from the dead?' As he feared my presence would alarm his wife, we bent our steps towards the waggon, and Africaner was the subject of our conversation. I gave him in a few words my views of his present character, saying, 'He is now a truly good man.' To which he replied, 'I can believe almost any thing you say, but *that* I cannot credit; there are seven wonders in the world, that would be the eighth.' I appealed to the displays of Divine grace in a Paul, a Manasseh, and referred to his own experience. He replied, *these* were another description of men, but that Africaner was one of the accursed sons of Ham, enumerating some of the atrocities of which he had been guilty. By this time we were standing with Africaner at our feet, on whose countenance sat a smile, well knowing the prejudices of some of the farmers. The farmer closed the conversation by saying, with much earnestness, 'Well, if what you assert be true respecting that man, I have only one wish, and that is, to

see him before I die; and when you return, as sure as the sun is over our heads, I will go with you to see him, though he killed my own unele.' I was not before aware of this fact, and now felt some hesitation whether to discover to him the object of his wonder; but knowing the sincerity of the farmer, and the goodness of his disposition, I said; 'This, then, is Africaner!' He started back, looking intensely at the man, as if he had just dropped from the clouds. 'Are you Africaner?' he exclaimed. He arose, doffed his old hat, and, making a polite bow, answered, 'I am.' The farmer seemed thunder-struck; but when, by a few questions, he had assured himself of the fact, that the former bugbear of the border stood before him, now meek and lamb-like in his whole deportment, he lifted up his eyes, and exclaimed, 'O God, what a miracle of thy power! what cannot thy grace accomplish!' The kind farmer, and his no less hospitable wife, now abundantly supplied our wants; but we hastened our departure, lest the intelligence might get abroad that Africaner was with me, and bring unpleasant visitors.

On arriving at Cape Town, I waited on his Excellency the Governor, Lord Charles Somerset, who appeared to receive with considerable scepticism my testimony that I had brought the far-famed Africaner on a visit to his Excellency. The following day was appointed for an interview, when the chief was received by Lord Charles with great affability and kindness; and he expressed his pleasure at seeing thus before him, one who had formerly been the scourge of the country, and the terror of the border colonists. His Excellency was evi-

dently much struck with this result of missionary enterprise, the benefit of which he had sometimes doubted. I remembered, when I first arrived at Cape Town, the reply to my memorial for permission to proceed to my destination in Great Namaqua-land was, that his Excellency had cogent reasons for not complying with my request, and I was obliged to remain eight months in the colony: this time was not, however, lost, for it was turned to advantage by learning the Dutch language, and attending to other preliminaries for a missionary campaign. Whatever he might think of his former views, his Excellency was now convinced that a most important point had been gained; and, as a testimony of his good feeling, he presented Africaner with an excellent waggon, value eighty pounds sterling."

Africaner's appearance in Cape Town excited considerable attention, as his name and exploits had been familiar to many of its inhabitants for more than twenty years. Many were struck with the unexpected mildness and gentleness of his demeanour, and others with his piety and accurate knowledge of the Scriptures. His New Testament was a cheering object of attention, it was so completely thumbed and worn by use.

As Mr Moffat, who had brought him to Cape Town, was to join the mission at the city of Lattakoo, Africaner was asked to attend to the instruction of his people himself, till the Missionary Society should be able to send out a teacher to supply the place of Mr Moffat. With great modesty and diffidence he gave his consent.

A friend in Cape Town, when noticing to

him the valuable present of a waggon which the government had made to him, remarked that he must be very thankful for such a mark of their esteem.

“I am,” said he, “truly thankful to government for the favour they have done me in this instance; but favours of this nature to persons like me are heavy to bear. The farmers between this and Namaqua-land would much rather hear that I had been executed at Cape Town, than that I had received any mark of favour from government. This circumstance will, I fear, increase their hatred against me under the influence of this spirit, every disturbance which may take place on the borders of the colony will be ascribed to me; and there is nothing I more dread, than that the government should suppose me capable of ingratitude.”

These were singular remarks from a man who, only six years before, had been the savage leader of a savage tribe, far from the residence of civilized men, and seeking to destroy them.

While halting for a few days at Tulbagh, a town sixty miles from Cape Town, on his return to his own country, Africaner was exposed to a severe trial of temper, which afforded an opportunity of shewing his Christian spirit. A woman, under the influence of prejudice, excited by his former character, meeting him in the public street, followed him for some time as Shimei followed king David, calling after him with all her might, and heaping upon him all the coarse and bad names which she could think of. Reaching the place where his people were standing by his waggon, with a number

of persons whom this woman had drawn together still following him, his only remarks were—"This is hard to bear; but it is part of my cross, and I must take it up."

At Tulbagh, Africaner took an affectionate farewell of his missionary friend, Mr Moffat, who was on his way, with the deputation, to visit the Society's stations on the eastern coast of the colony; after which he was to proceed to Lattakoo, to assist in the mission which had been for some time established in that city. Africaner travelled along the western side of the colony towards his own country, where he arrived in safety a few weeks after, to the great joy of his friends at home.

This was the first time he had been entirely without a missionary since his conversion to christianity. Now, the rule and the religious instruction of his people entirely devolved on himself. He, being by grace an humble man, felt it a weighty concern, and saw it necessary to look constantly to God for wisdom to direct and grace to support him in fulfilling the duties connected with his double character of ruler and teacher.

Africaner continued to labour amongst his people for about a year, when he believed Mr Moffat must by that time have taken up his residence at Lattakoo. He therefore resolved to pay him a visit, and carry with him, in his baggage, the books and furniture Mr Moffat had left behind him at the kraal. This was a long journey across the continent, and a great part of it was over deep sand; but the season encouraged him, being June, which is the middle month in a South African winter, consequently the coolest season in the year. He

reached Lattakoo in the middle of July 1820 where he received a most hearty welcome from the missionary brethren and sisters there, and he delivered, in good condition, the book which he had brought with him.

This kind service was done from gratitude and pure Christian affection towards the missionary. It was, indeed, a rare instance of disinterested benevolence, as the journey to and from Lattakoo occupied full three months. He made no boast of it, and looked for no recompence. While remaining at Lattakoo, he conducted himself with much Christian meekness and propriety, and waited patiently till the deputation finally left that city.

He and his people made part of the caravan for upwards of a hundred miles, until they reached Berend's-Place, which is the town nearest to Lattakoo, in the Griqua country: chiefly belonged to Berend, an old Griqua chief. The meeting between Africaner and this chief was truly interesting, they having not seen one another for four-and-twenty years, when at the head of their tribes they had fought for five days on the banks of the Great Orange River. Being now both converts to the faith of Christ and having obtained mercy of the Lord, their former animosities were laid aside, they saluted each other as friends, and friends of the gospel of Christ.

These chiefs, followed by their people, were called together to the tent, when all united in singing a hymn of praise to God, and listening to an address from the invitation of God to the ends of the earth to look to *him*, and to *him alone*, for salvation. After which, the two chiefs knelt at the same stool before the peace

throne of the Redeemer; when Berend, the senior chief, offered up a prayer to God. The scene was highly interesting; they were lions changed into lambs, their hatred and ferocity having been removed by the power of the gospel; indeed, when the Namaqua chief was converted, he sent a message to the Griqua chiefs, confessing the injuries he had done them in the days of his ignorance, and asking them, at the same time, to unite with him in promoting universal peace among the different tribes.

The two chiefs were much together till the afternoon of the next day, when, after taking an affecting farewell, Africaner, with his wagon and people, set off to the westward in order to cross over to Namaqua-land, and the rest of the caravan travelled south, in the direction of Cape Town, from which they were distant about seven hundred miles.

On reaching home, Africaner again resumed the religious instructions of his people, and remained constantly with them till his final removal to the everlasting world. How long his last illness continued we are not informed; but when he found his end approaching, like Joshua, he called all his people round him, and gave them directions concerning their future conduct.

"We are not," said he, "what we once were, slaves, but men professing to be taught according to the gospel: let us, then, do accordingly. Live peaceably with all men, if possible; and if impossible, consult those who are placed over you before you engage in any thing. Remain together as you have done since I knew you, that when the directors think fit to send

you a missionary, you may be ready to receive him. Behave to the teacher sent you as one sent of God, as I have great hope that God will bless you in this respect when I am gone to heaven. I feel that I love God, and that he hath done much for me, of which I am totally unworthy.

“My former life is stained with blood, but Jesus Christ has pardoned me, and I am going to heaven. Oh! beware of falling into the same evils into which I have led you frequently but seek God, and he will be found of you to direct you.”

Soon after delivering the above address, he died in peace, a monument of redeeming mercy and grace.

From the time of his conversion to God to the day of his death, he always conducted himself in his family and among his people in a manner very honourable to his profession of Christianity, acting the part of the Christian parent and Christian master.

While his people were without a missionary he continued with much humility, zeal, diligence, and prayer, to supply as well as could the place of a teacher. On the Lord's day he expounded to them the Word of God, which he was well fitted, having considerable natural talents, undissembled piety, and much experimental acquaintance with his Bible.

He had considerable influence among different tribes of Namaquas by whom he was surrounded, and was able to render great service to the missionary cause among them.