

160. Stretched far away on our right. I was shown where
Major Mitchell received his death wound, while attacking
a Kappi kaal, and where Aflakto are still supposed
to exist, and in a few miles more we saw the strong
Fort of Tumpeteis drift before us. While between these
the thick turbid stream of the Great Fish River, evidently
far too high for anything but swimming.

On reaching the bank, a train of mule waggons with
a large & filthy party of soldiers waiting for the river to
subside bore in sight. Bowers of the 6th Command &
I saw the news of Bentley, and I was introduced to
Capt Annesley (6th) & a queer looking sub named Keith.

Leaving my horse for August to bring across we took the
boat and made our way to the Fort for lunch, where I
thankfully accepted some Porcupine's Quills & Rattle,
and inspected an unfortunate horse with the flexor
sinus of his fore leg cut thro' by a spear bolt. After which
strongly resisting all entreaties to stay for the night, I
remounted and rode off to Feased Camp, 7 miles off.

For five miles my road lay up hill, and every ¹⁸¹
step I gained in height gave me a finer view back,
until on the Summit I rested in absolute wonder.

It seemed as if a world of brook and valleys lay below
me, one deeper than another. The windings of the Fish
River and the white Fort of Trompeters appeared lost
in the immensity, while the further hills rose gradually
in swells until they jumped as it were into steep
cliffs and peaked fullies, and became mountains
^{all} at once. I think this valley of the Fish River as fine
as any thing in the Colony, but after all atmospheric
effects make so much difference that were I to see it



162 again in a hot sunny glare instead of partially hidden
under a Thunder Cloud I might wonder at my for-
-tune Admiration. The bush now became lower & less dense,
places opened ^{in various directions} ~~then and there~~ while a blaze of Chandeliers
died here & there & every where astonished me for two miles,
A lustrous crimson pedicel also tempted me out of the
wood as also did some fine Stelidias and a bed of
rose colored ferns very low growing, and in a
cold wind & drizzling rain I reached Style's Hotel at
Fessie's Camp, and dismounting wondered one might
fate if I should remember all these pleasant things when
I am old and crabbled. I ought to make a very cheery
old man of me. Style's Hotel is a long one storied white building
on a steep, much like the small cozy Cumberland road side
Inns, and extremely clean & nice in all its arrangements.

Perhaps for Cumberland I should write Scotland, as the
dreary waste of woodland about, is very similar to some
of the country on the great North road. We are on the edge of
the great Fish River bush and I fear have now left vegetation
and beauty of scenery behind us. Had some fun with a

being of white haired children belonging to the
 place, I watched a horseman and two or ^{more} waggons pass, &
 after a few out tea and jolly fire congratulated myself
 on having resisted the seductions of the officers at Tium-
 -petus drift. — There is one very bright and beautiful shrub
 now in flower, it is of a deeper colour than the Plum bays,
 and the flower much larger, being in size & shape like a
 small wild primrose, and in colour like the evening
 Primrose. The blaze of blossom it throws out is astonishing
 and it has the good taste to affect the society of the Teoma
 and Plum bays with which it harmonises admirably.

Wed, March 19th Set up writing late last night and in
 consequence slept 'til late this morning. Just as I had
 done breakfast up rode Bowers and Phil from Tium-
 -petus and before long the escort & waggons made their ap-
 -pearance and the place was full of gleamy looking sol-
 -diers preparing their al fresco breakfast. I strolled out
 to a scenic clou at hand and took what I fear will
 prove to be my last gaze upon the joyous clusters of Teoma
 and Plum bays. I shall always like them for the pleasure

164 They have afforded me, and when I see them in our
English fire houses, ^{shall} look upon them as I look upon Range
trees and Bleached, almost as Strangers from whom I have
received kindness in their own lands, and cherish them
in return. After a fruitless hunt after a Collection of Missoury
Ferns which August ought to have packed but knew nothing
of. I left Grase's Camp and riding up the Hill side waited
for August under a Juniper bush when I gathered a fine
Cluster of the Curious Belle flower mentioned yesterday.

So far from having left all beauty behind me, the
views back over the Fish River valley were singularly fine
and the hills which Burdony describes as being like
"Inverted Parapets" very conspicuous. A deep
bush filled valley of great beauty lay between me &
the miserable Fun of Drives Bush which showed white
half way up the opposite heights. The road sides lined with
Yepamine, Wild Olive, and Pheltyras, twined all over
with ferns and Asparagus, and a carpet of the
lovely Chandelin or Braunsvigia lay on either ~~side~~ side
were charming, and reminded me somewhat of an

English lane, but we soon passed through them into 165
the bare Moorland again, and the conspicuous peak
& Signal Tower of Governor's Hope told I was nearing the
Capital of the Eastern Province. The hill was in fact
the high ridge (page 18) which gave me my first reason
to be forgotten view of British Happaia, and I was now
about to take my last. Off saddling on the summit for an
hour I ate some dry toast and made a sketch of the
Anatola Range, after which up saddling, stopping a
Com nipariet waggon bound for St. Ws. Town to send a
parcel parcel to Feilden about my ferns, I rode for
half a mile along the ridge until reaching a turn
which ^{ere} commenced the descent, I paused, and took
my last look at the magnificent view before me.

Never had it looked so superb. The mist was clearing
off in heavy billowy clouds which overhung the dis-
-tant Anatolas, leaving the entire range from the ft
Winterberg to the Quilli Quilli sharply defined against
the morning sky. The valley of the Fish River in all its
length & breadth lay deep down at my feet, showing

166 varied by isolated flat topped hills and ~~the~~ ~~are~~ ~~of~~
shaded by dark green bush. Beyond, line after line of
ridgy hills rising and falling in sweeping curves yet
ever preserving their own outline stretched away to the
right and left as far as the eye could reach, each ridge ~~is~~
marked by some deeper or paler hue as forest, bush or
green sand predominated, and filled up one above
another until the fine range of the Anatoles sat over
all as on a throne of steps. From the Quilli Quilli the
chain faded away into mist though at times I thought
I could define the Kaborie, but Korum, & Cadezali though
the haze, ~~about~~ the Winterbey, Sidiu i, Kat, & Clandobey,
the great Chumie, Gink's Kop & the Hops back were as
clear as day light, while the Korum range of Godyee
Kerke's Kop and Fort Brown were seemingly close at
hand. Six weeks ago and how little this view was to me
and how what a chain of cheery remembrances each
well known point recalled. ~~and~~ how many friends I
have left whom I hope to see again sometime whose very
existence was unknown to me the last time I looked at
Nety and the Wilsons. Fort Beaufort and its Garrison,

Eland's Post, and Fort Hare. Keiskamma ¹⁶⁴
and the 12th with Dace & Robinson, The Duke, and above
all King Williamstown and the 60th Rifles all came to
mind, and I then thought by how uncertain a tenure
we hold this Country and notwithstanding the blood
spilt already how much more in all probability is des-
tined to be shed before it becomes fit for English homes
and I could only hope that the friends who have made
my sojourn so pleasant may not be doomed to afford
it. Our horse took and we cantered on over the now
cheery ups & downs where I first met Henderson last
year, and reached Grahamstown at 4 1/2.

Major Robertson greeted me at Fort England
showed me my quarters and sent Bentley to me. The
air had been sultry to a degree & I thoroughly enjoyed
a tumbler of ginger beer and a bath, after which August
returned from the Town with letters from my Mother,
Fred Lyson, Aunt Dr. Phillipson, Aldrich & B. & Thompson.
I was thankful to hear from home again & all well.
After breakfast, sat some time with the Major and back to

168 My room in a violent Thunder Storm which lasted all night.

Thurs March 20. On getting into bed last night, something like a mouse scratching among the sheets caused my attention, on its continuing close to my ear. I jumped up, lighted a Candle, and turning over the sheets out slid a really enormous Centipede which would have almost killed me. In vain I struck at it, it escaped me somehow and is still in the room in spite of a boy hunt after it among old boots & boxes. The room is full of them and August killed one of his trousers while sorting my things for the wash.

It rained incessantly all day which gave me time to knock off letters home, to Fred by post, F-Cave, Sulist, Aldrich, Phillipson, & Mr Guthrie, writing all morning in the Major's room and eating his figs.

Ate lunch and a call from Mr Jurney who promised to send for the yellow pony which he did soon after. Poor thing, it has carried me well and I am sorry to say good bye to it. Set a lion in Tim Bell's room before

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