

South African  
Reminiscences.

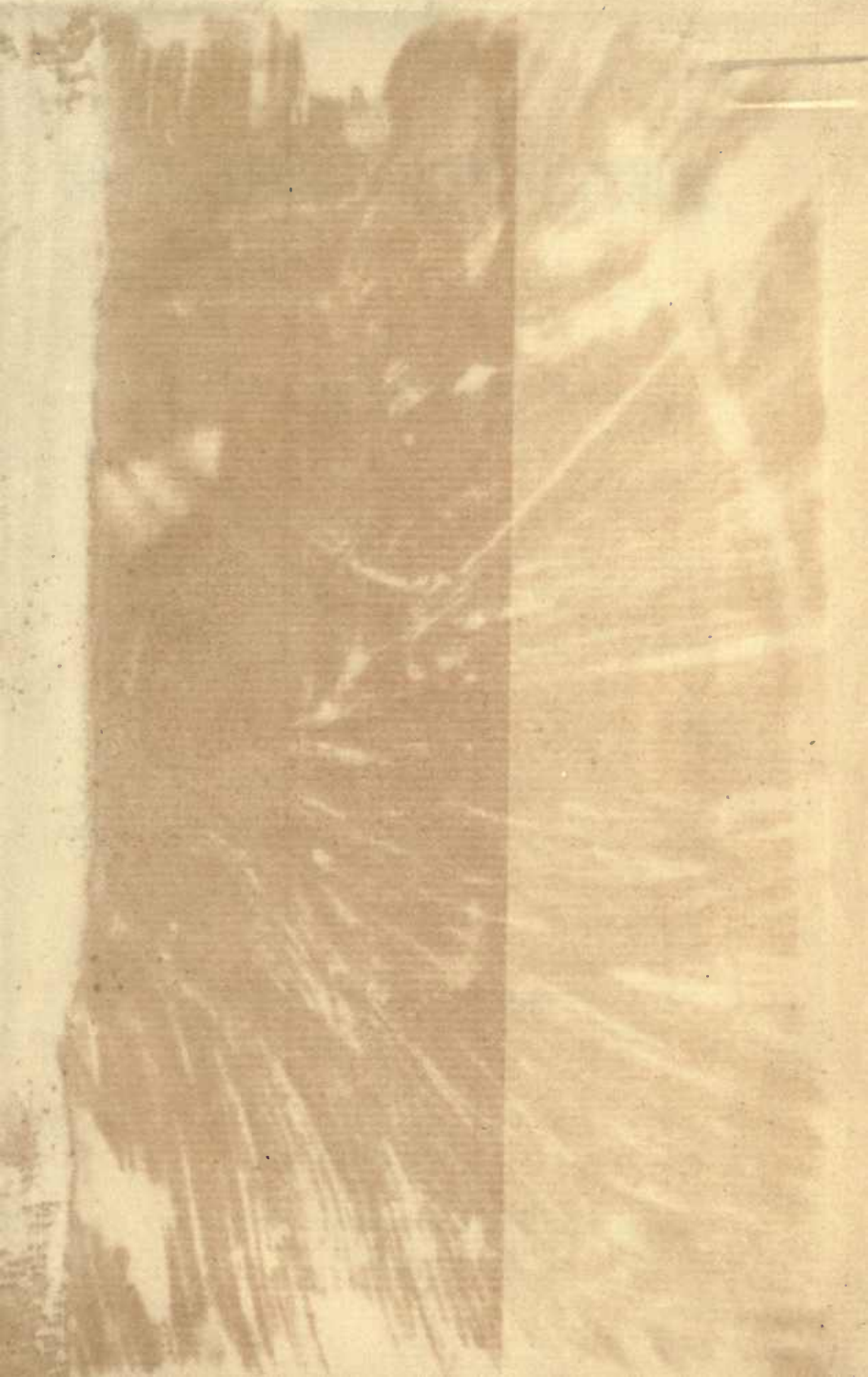


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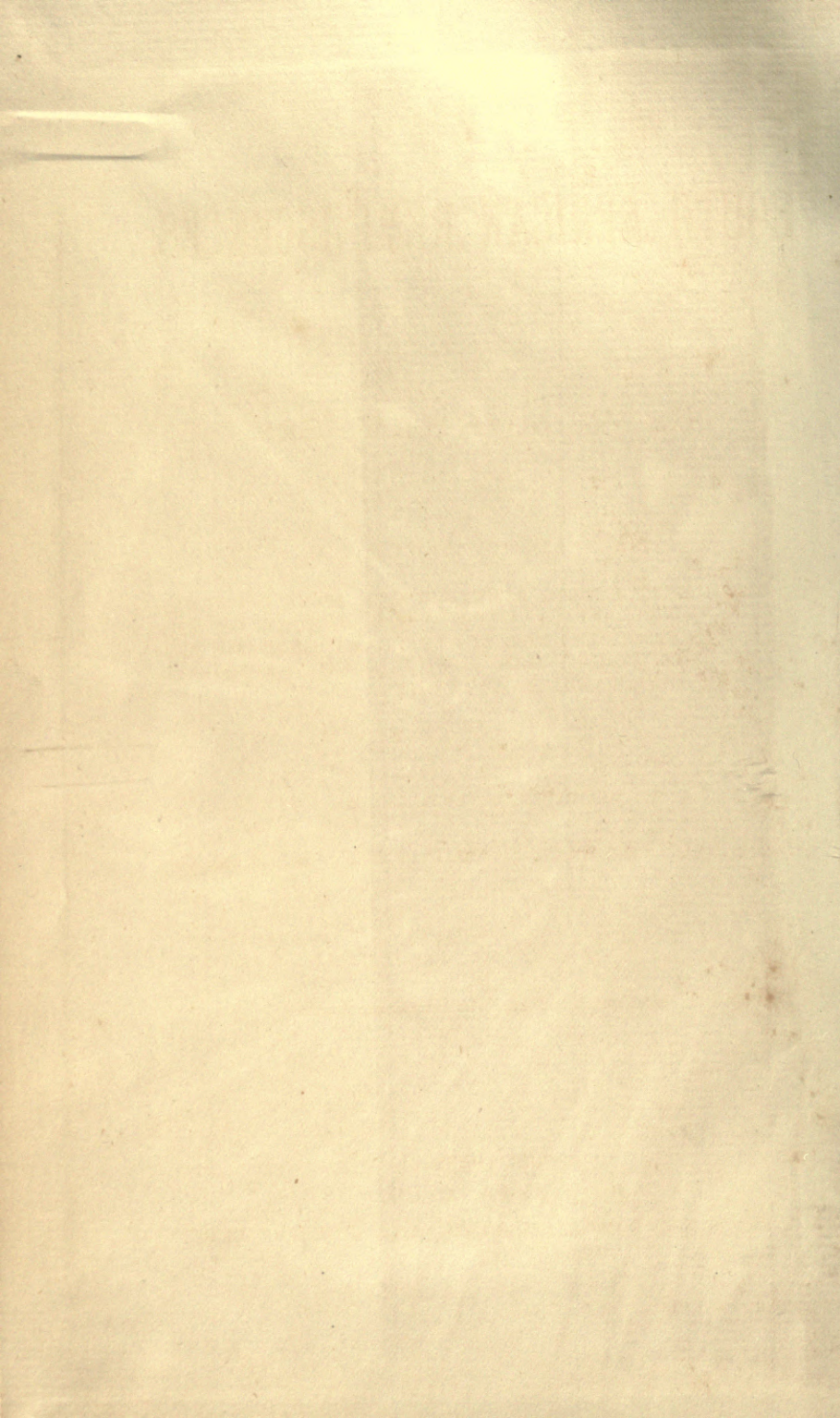


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# SOUTH AFRICAN REMINISCENCES.

BY

R. W. MURRAY, SEN.

A SERIES OF SKETCHES

OF PROMINENT PUBLIC EVENTS WHICH HAVE OCCURRED  
IN SOUTH AFRICA WITHIN THE MEMORY OF THE  
AUTHOR DURING THE FORTY YEARS SINCE 1854, AND  
OF THE PUBLIC MEN, OFFICIAL AND UNOFFICIAL,  
WHO HAVE TAKEN PART IN THEM.

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO

SIR RICHARD SOUTHEY. K.C.M.G.

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PUBLISHERS :

J. C. JUTA & CO.,

CAPE TOWN, PORT ELIZABETH, AND JOHANNESBURG.

1894.

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R. W. MURRAY SEN.

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IN SOUTH AFRICA WITH THE HISTORY OF THE  
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CAPE TOWN:

"CAPE TIMES" PRINTING WORKS,  
PRINTERS AND BINDERS, ST. GEORGE'S STREET.

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THE

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Yours Sincerely  
Roushey

TO  
SIR RICHARD SOUTHEY, K.C.M.G.,  
THESE  
REMINISCENCES ARE DEDICATED

IN TOKEN

Of esteem and admiration, for the great and undoubted talents you have displayed through a long official life, for the integrity, consistency, unflinching firmness and loyalty which has characterized your career as a Colonial Statesman, Administrator, and Legislator,

From your obedient Servant,

RICHARD WILLIAM MURRAY, Sen.

ERRATA.

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In page 6, for year *1840* read *1854*.



## P R E F A C E .



HAVING been prominently before the public for so many years, and taken as I have an active share in the work done for the general welfare of the country since 1854—forty years—a great many of those who have been readers of my writings, had for a long time been constantly urging me to pen and publish an autobiographical sketch of my South African career. A busy man all my life, I have never had time for such work, and if I had had the time I should have lacked the inclination. Without any undue affectation of modesty, I have always felt when called upon, as I have frequently been to speak, or write of work I have done that has found favour, more of pain than of pleasure in doing it, but in recording or commending the successful achievements of others, whether as patriots, poets, politicians, or of those who labour in any of the many walks of life that come within the scope of journalistic review or public platform comment. I have felt more pleasure in doing it than I can express.

The repeated suggestions and requests about my writing my own biography led to a train of thought which has resulted in the Reminiscences which are contained in this publication. It had been many times pointed out to me that there must have been much that has come within my knowledge; through the number of years I have laboured in this country, which few of the wielders of the pen of the present day, however much more able they may be to write, which I alone could be sufficiently informed upon to make the record of it accurate and reliable, as a matter of history. However that may be, I was brought at last to the conclusion that there are many events in the past history of the country, within my memory, of interest and importance, which ought not to be lost, and that I might be spending my time more unprofitably than in writing them down and getting them printed and published. As there was no indication of any one else entering upon the work, and as some one ought to undertake it, I felt it better that I should do it than that it should be left undone.

The method I decided upon adopting was to write down every reminiscence as it was recalled to my mind by recurring to an event, or to the name of some distinguished public man who had been conspicuous, either for initiating, or assisting in the measures and movements which have quickened the progress of the Colony, developed its resources, and improved its status in the Colonial Empire during the period before mentioned. I felt this to be more within my powers, and more likely to bring out interesting incidents in the lives of our esteemed public men, than if I were to attempt to write a history chronologically as the events occurred. It appeared to me that this would be more interesting to the reader and serve a better purpose, and to test it I published each Reminiscence as written in the columns of the colonial Press. If I may judge by the commendations I have received, orally and verbally, for the Reminiscences already published, I was right in my judgment. I have been rewarded with nothing like the approval awarded to me for these Reminiscences since my Pen and Ink Sketches in Parliament in 1855 and 1864. Since the original Reminiscences appeared in the newspapers, I have received from all parts of South Africa letters by the score, advising, urging, and requesting me to republish them in book form.

In order to make them still more acceptable, I have revised the originals, corrected typical errors, and have filled in details which did not occur to me in my first drafts, and have added others which I thought unnecessary to hand over to the newspapers. They are now presented to the public in as full and perfect a collection as the limits of the book will admit of. It has been in the hope, and I may say conviction, that some of the records to be found in this book relative to our Governors, Lieut.-Governors, Judges, Bishops, Parliamentarians, politicians, Administrators, and patriotic public men, may be of service in guiding, directing, and warning those in charge of the affairs of the country, that I have written it, and here I may say that I consider the Cape Colony has been, generally speaking, most fortunate in its public men, especially in its Governors, from the time of Sir George Grey to the present hour. As far as the nominees of the Crown are concerned, there has been very little to find fault with. They have, as a rule, whilst officially representing the Queen's Government in South Africa, taken more interest in the Colony than their Imperial masters, because they knew the country and its people better. This I think is conveyed by the plain unvarnished facts relative to the action taken by our Governors at important crises in our Colonial history. It has only been when Governors have been appointed with hands and feet tied to carry out Imperial policy without regard to the Colonists or Colonial interests, that the people of the country have been impatient of them. There

have been of them men who have refused to do the Imperial bidding, even when threats of recall have been resorted to, and when their offending Excellencies have been unyielding and not influenced by the threats, the threats have more than once been put into effect and the recalls have taken place. There is much material for study in these pages of Reminiscences—not for the study of Governors merely, but for statesmen to ponder over in common with the general reader.

And outside of official life there are records here of public works carried out, and others projected but not carried out, of promises made of public works needed, made only to be broken, which taken together, should make readers interested in the welfare of the Colony pause whilst they read. And the chapters on the subject of Irrigation may, perhaps, now when that most vital subject has been revived, be of service. They might be, if the facts related be well studied, prove to be most instructive in the way of warning and guidance. Should they but stir the Government to take up the Salt River Poort scheme again and bring it to a practical issue, the time devoted to the penning of these pages will not have been spent unprofitably. A perusal of these pages will not only bring back the memories of many men who have laboured earnestly and wisely for the advancement of the Colony, but will throw much light upon the material advancement made and shew the many changes which have taken place in the political life of the country.

The ox-wagon and the post-cart were the only means of transport for merchandize, produce, mails and men when Sir George Grey arrived to take the reins of government. Steam has superseded the ox-wagon and cart, telegraph lines cross and recross the whole face of the country, and there is not a town, or even a village, which has not an electric communication with the centres of trade and commerce. Our ports, which were dangerous for shipping in 1854 and avoided as far as possible, are now harbours as safe and sheltered as any in the known world, and the wrecks which took place in Table Bay with the ever-recurring winter gales are no more known. The Cape Colony may well be satisfied with the progress it has made during the last forty years, and especially during the last twenty, since the diamond and gold industries have been in full swing. We are now in close connection with all neighbouring Colonies and States, and the day of an United South Africa seems to be rapidly approaching. What remains to be done to make our prosperity permanent and secure, is to make our lands produce the necessary articles of consumption, to raise our own food by our own labour, farm our own soil, and when we set about doing that South Africa will be abreast with the foremost of Her Majesty's Colonial possessions.

I have, as it will be seen, carefully avoided in all my Reminiscences



introducing any matter calculated to provoke political controversy or to stir party strife, and have in no case, as far as I can see, even in the slightest degree alluded to any matter calculated to awaken the remembrance of any circumstance that is better forgotten.

The permission of Sir Richard Southey to me to dedicate the Reminiscences to him will be, I am confident, as gratifying to those who will possess them as it is to myself. It was the more acceptable that it was given unhesitatingly, frankly, and cheerfully. Sir Richard Southey is the oldest official in South Africa, and held office for very many more years than any other servant of the Crown. Her Majesty was never more loyally served than by him, nor the Cape Colony better. He held office under four Governors, commencing with His Excellency Sir Harry Smith, and only retired from office when he disapproved of the policy of the Imperial representative; holding it to be detrimental to the best interests of those whom it would affect. As Lieutenant-Governor, he so shaped the government of Griqualand West, as to secure the rights of property to its legitimate owners, prevent mining monopolies, keep the mining industry extended upon broad principles, that the whole industrial population might share in its benefits, thwarted every effort made to extort exorbitant rents and claim charges, protected the rights of natives, and secured the good-will and friendships of neighbouring native chiefs. Without troops or an armed force of any kind, by his own moral power alone, he maintained law and order throughout the camps where turbulent spirits were panting to defy both, and although his cessation from office was occasioned by the unseemly action of the Imperial authorities, his name is never spoken in the Diamond Fields but with the greatest respect, and will ever be cherished there. He had proof when he recently paid the Fields a visit, that no man, either in or out of office, is more welcomed and respected in the Diamond Fields than he is himself. Throughout South Africa, wherever the name of Richard Southey is uttered, it is honoured.

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# REMINISCENCE.

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No man can spend forty years in any country, as I have done in South Africa, taking fairly prominent parts in public affairs, political, social and physical, without gathering a store of incidents and adventures worth remembering and relating. Such reminiscences, when fairly well detailed, are not only interesting, but instructive, throwing light as they do upon historical events, the characteristics of the men who have helped to make history and the circumstances out of which existing institutions, material advancement and the changes of Government, in its forms and personalities, which have occurred.

I have been many times urged to write the history of South Africa over the period of the forty years or thereabouts that I have known it, but the task would need much more leisure than I have ever had or am likely to have, and few men who have completed the allotted span of three score years and ten care, unless they have nothing else to occupy their time, to commence a work involving so much responsibility and which in the ordinary run of things, the chances are as ten to one that they will never complete.

Writing reminiscences in a series of articles and compiling a full, perfect and reliable history of a country are two very different things. Every article in this series will be perfect in itself, and the whole series taken together will, I hope, serve to make the facts of history whenever they shall be compiled,

better understood than they would otherwise be. There is a humour in everyday occurrences which historians seldom care to preserve, and incidents in political, commercial and general movements are quite as instructive and valuable as the plain unvarnished facts which the historian regards as the only material for his manipulation. The South Africa of forty years ago was no more like the South Africa of to-day than a street Arab is like an accomplished gentleman fresh from the hands of his tutor. It has not only grown in size, as from youth to maturity, but all its features are completely changed, and unquestionably changed for the better, and when I hear people saying, as too many have a habit of saying, that the Cape is a God-forgotten place, and a country only desirable to leave, I know they are ignorant of what they are talking.

Forty years ago even the metropolis of the Cape hadn't a pavement on which you could walk twenty yards without running against a flight of stone steps that led up to an ungainly stoep. There was a broad open drain, about six feet wide, running from the Government Gardens through Adderley-street to the Bay. This drain was the main sewer of the city into which all the dirt and offal were emptied, and with dead cats and dogs, and occasionally the remains of a deceased glandered horse thrown into it, sent forth an odour which diffused itself throughout the city—an odour to which all who lived in town had become so accustomed that they did not find it unpleasant, and never dreamt of its being unhealthy. There were no docks, nor wharves in Table Bay, and only three planked platforms at the edge of the Bay (called jetties generally) beside which nothing drawing more water than a cargo boat does could lie. There was not a shop with a show front in the place; the retail stores closed from about twelve to three every day, that the shopkeepers and their families might take their siesta undisturbed. Slaughtering shambles were attached to the butchers' sale stores, and the drainage from the shambles—blood and offal—coursed along the margin of the Bay, and a good deal of it was left in a state of putrefaction, and on hot days the smell was nauseating to every living thing but blue-bottle flies, who regaled themselves without stint and who buzzed away in delight as musically as the drone of the doodlesack. This was the state of “the seat of wealth and intelligence” when I saw it on my way to the Parliament of



1854, that being the period when the Cape first experienced the delight of Parliamentary Government. Sir Henry Darling (lieutenant-governor) was the then acting Governor, he having succeeded Sir Harry Smith, who had been recalled in consequence of his action in regard to the anti-convict ship Neptune, which led to the uprising of the Cape Town people in rebellion against the Government for attempting to land convicts in Table Bay. Sir Harry Smith, the "Hero of Aliwal," was a fine soldier, but he was just as qualified to administer civil government as military men usually are. His brusqueness gave mortal offence one day to the "popular party," and the next he won their affection by weakly yielding to them. The only staunch support he ever had was from the merchant class, but at last they could not stand his shilly-shallying and capricious wheeling and turning about, and they dropped him.

The tactics of the popular party will be understood when it is stated that the Anti-Convict Association had resolved to starve all the officials out—Governor, Executive and all, and had dared anyone to supply them with food, under the penalty of being maltreated and driven out of the country. But Captain Stanford, a long-standing and plucky officer in Her Majesty's Army, came forward and procured whatever meat, bread and other necessaries of life were needed for official circles during the whole of the struggle, and was afterwards rewarded for it by being knighted by Her Majesty the Queen. This was but a poor reward for the work he did and the risk he ran. The anti-convict struggle was an exceedingly violent one, and the merchants and their belongings were denounced and tabooed because, although against having convicts landed, they held that the Association was going too far, and refused to join or support it. The places of residence of some of them were attacked, and one of their party Mr. Benjamin Nordeu, was severely injured. The outcome of it all was the recall of the Neptune and the granting of Parliamentary Government, for which if thanks were given to any one it should have been to Mr. John Fairbairn, but, alas! for the stability of the *vox populi*. Mr. Fairbairn had been the idol of the people up to the time of the first assembling of the Cape Parliament, and with no thought of self had dissipated his substance in advancing the popular cause, and he and his friends had counted on his being elected the first Speaker of the House.

of Assembly of which he was a member, but on his being nominated he found himself deserted by his oldest and most attached friends, and Mr Advocate Brand, sen., afterwards Sir Christophel—was elected in his stead. The popular party being dominant in Cape Town, none but their own men were sent to represent that constituency—the commercial community had not the shadow of a chance of getting a candidate returned for four years, nor would they at the end of that time, but that in 1858 it was discovered that the Constitution Ordinance had no bribery clause, and the merchants on the discovery of that, to them, cheering fact resolved to make a push for it. They had the wealth, and as Cape Town votes were as purchaseable as snoek or rice they in 1858 succeeded in getting Mr. John Stein, of Hamilton Ross & Co., returned to the Legislative Council at the head of the poll, although he was reduced to second place by the scrutineers, who were of the Barry party. This was followed by the return of Mr. J. D. Thomson, of the firm of Thomson, Watson & Co., to the House of Assembly. The Council elections then were spread over fourteen days, and I think the Assembly elections over three, but of the latter I am not quite sure. The popular party were nowhere from that time. The return of members for Cape Town and the Western Province fell completely into the hands of what was called the Conservative party, and this was the case in the Eastern Province, as the motto of the Easterns had been from the arrival of the 1820 Settlers “Conservative yet Progressive.” I mentioned before that Sir Charles Darling, who held the office of Lieut.-Governor after the recall of Sir Harry Smith, was appointed Acting Governor and he thinking his bread would be better buttered by countenancing the popular or anti-convict party, showed such a decided leaning to that side, and gave the party so much encouragement that the merchants declined to put in an appearance at Government House, and on the occasion of Her Majesty’s Birthday Ball but few of them were seen there, and when His Excellency was called Home in 1854 the farewell manifestation accorded him was anything but brilliant. He had not only lost caste by supporting what the wealthier and more respectable called “the unwashed rabble,” but he had suspended Mr. Southey, now Sir Richard Southey, for some imaginary offence, but

really because that official was supposed to have Conservative leanings. In this ill-advised move Sir Harry got worsted. Mr. Southey was never the man to give in to popular clamour nor to permit "the powers that be" to do him an injustice, without asserting himself. Immediately the Acting Governor suspended him he packed his portmanteau and made off for England, waited upon the Secretary of State for the Colonies, laid his case plainly and fully before him, was found to be blameless, was reinstated, and returned to the Cape, accompanied by an instruction to Sir Henry Darling to reinstate him—and that the instruction was accompanied by an Imperial rebuke was known, and as is always the case, those who disliked and condemned him before came to hold him in utter contempt. Sir H. Darling's rule became an unhappy one both for himself and those whose destinies he was appointed to control, and his removal was as acceptable to him as to the Colonists. He was sent to Australia, where he was immensely popular, but it has been before remarked that no popular Australian Governor has ever been a popular Governor in South Africa. Of this I could give instances in proof.

The race feeling between Dutch and English which the anti-convict conflict increased and hardened became very strong, and between the Boers in the Free State and the English it became intensified by the hanging of an English gentleman named Cox on a charge of poisoning his wife without evidence to support the charge, and of which crime his countrymen knew he was not guilty. The unfortunate gentleman had married the comely daughter of a Free State Boer, an uneducated and unmannered girl. He, an accomplished educated gentleman, soon surfeited of her comeliness, paid her but little attention, although he provided more home comforts for her than she had ever known in her father's home. She became dissatisfied, complained of his neglect, and ultimately poisoned herself. That she died by her own act was incontestably proved after her husband had been hanged, but that only went to show that the proverb of "better late than never" does not, like many other proverbs, always hold good. Her relatives and partisans, who had great influence with the then existing Government, got Cox arrested, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hung, and the Government of the day were too ready to hang him. At that time Englishmen had but a poor show in the Free



State, a condition of things happily no longer existing. A number of English and some of the fairer-minded Boers got horses and made all arrangements for taking Cox out of the gaol in which he was confined, and setting him free. They went to him on the night before the day fixed for his execution, but he refused to be released. He persisted as at the trial that he was entirely innocent of the crime, and that the Government, who knew he was, ought to set him free. "But they will hang you," said the Squire of Baines' Vley, who was one of the rescuing party. Cox's reply was, "If I run away they will say it is a proof of my guilt, and rather than live with the blasted character of murderer, I much prefer being hung." And hung he was. The Englishmen in the Free State and the Colony were greatly exasperated, vowed that Cox had been sacrificed to the inborn hatred of the Boers to everything English and to Englishmen, and it became war to the knife between the two races, and remained so for years, but since then circumstances have occurred which have greatly modified the feeling, to which modification, no doubt, Parliamentary life has much tended until lately. Of all the changes effected in Cape Colonial life in the last forty years, none are so marked as those which have taken place in Government and Legislative circles. The history of the Cape is indeed a strange eventful history, and if those who have not seen the Cape since 1840 were to return to it to-day, it would seem to them that they had come to another world, and the contrast would be nowhere more striking than in the Houses of Parliament. There were no such buildings as the edifice in which the two Houses of Parliament now sit, nor anything like it, in 1840. Out of all the members who have seats in Parliament now, I can but remember one who can recall the features of the House of Assembly of 1854, and that one is Sir David Tennant, the Speaker of the House, and even he was not at that time a member. He was a frequenter of "the House," and will remember it when the House of Assembly met in the old Cape of Good Hope Lodge at the top of Grave-street, and the Council in an upstairs front at the back of the old Public Buildings facing the Dutch Reformed Church in Adderley-street. Two buildings no more suitable for Legislative Halls, either in outward appearance or interior accommodation, than a Kafir hut is suitable for the residence of the Royal Family of England, and the contrast

between the Parliament House of the present time and the Parliamentary shanties of 1854 is about the same as between our Government House and Windsor Castle, and the contrast between the living portion of the Legislature of that date with that of the present is about the same in favour of the earlier date. The House of Assembly occupied an oblong hall capable of accommodating about fifty members, seated in double rows around its sides, and a railed-off gallery—the railings of rough, unpainted pine; the bar of the House of the same material, unpainted and unpolished. There had been many long discussions out of doors before the House was opened, as to whether the proceedings should be opened with prayer; the members, as well as lay folk, being divided upon the point. One set held that these formal Christian prayers parrotted by the Speaker to an audience which might be of Jews, Turks, infidels and heretics, was but a mockery of prayer, others went so far as to denounce it as blasphemy. The more religiously, or piously inclined, contended that nothing ever prospered without being prefaced by prayer, but when the committee appointed to draft the rules brought up their report with prayers to start with, there was not a member of the House who ventured to demur, and prayers won. Then came the question, whether the public should see the House in its attitude of prayer, and the answer to that was “Certainly not.” Should the press representatives look on? and it was a decided “No” to that also, so a red curtain was swung across the gallery to shut out the public, and there was no admittance for reporters until after prayers, the attendance to which was a bare quorum made up for the duty outside, with much chaff and laughter. When the House opened for “the despatch of business,” the bewigged Speaker was perched in his high-backed chair, the Sergeant-at-Arms, at that time Major Longmore, in uniform, with a sword by his side, in his low back chair in a corner close to the bar of the House and to the little door that conveniently led to the bar outside, where the most cheery of the spirits connected with the House were frequently to be found. The Clerk of the House had a deal table covered with green baize, at which he sat—the present clerk was not in office, nor in the Colony then. Mr. Le Sueur, nephew to the then Postmaster-General, filled the office, but he, like many and much else that was then conspicuous in the House, passed away many a year ago. The

Executive of that period are all dead (with the exception, I believe, of Sir Rawson W. Rawson, the first Colonial Secretary, who brought messages from the Governor "to this Honourable House"), and so is the Speaker, the Serjeant-at-Arms, and I believe every member present at the first opening, and addressed by His Excellency Sir Charles Henry Darling, as "Gentlemen of the House of Assembly."

The press was represented in the first Assembly by three reporters, Mr. William Buchanan and his son James, then a lad, but since that time Mr. Justice Buchanan, of the High Court of Griqualand West and the Eastern Districts Court, who has departed this life since I commenced writing these reminiscences, and myself.

There was no press gallery in those days. The Messrs. Buchanan and myself had each a little round table and a chair and we sat on either side of the Speaker and just under the shadow of a green baize screen, which was erected to keep up the delusion that there were no "Strangers in the gallery"—a Parliamentary sham of the House of Commons which the English public has ridiculed, and the comic papers caricatured for more years than I can count, but which our Colonial magnates imitated after their own fashion under the fond impression that they were aggrandizing themselves. It was ridiculed by a number of the members, who refrained (it was said irreverently) from taking their seats until prayers were over, and by those of the public assembled within the precincts of the House. A very laughable incident occurred about that very same prayer. The Speaker, after reading it for years, took the chair one day and opened his portfolio in which he kept the copy of the prayer he read, but after turning over all the papers in it found the prayer missing. He turned and turned again, and grew redder in the face than ever; the House in waiting all the time—when at last Mr. Saul Solomon rose and asked "What's the matter, Mr. Speaker?" "I've lost the prayer," was the reply. "Repeat it without the copy," said S.S. "I can't remember it," said Mr. Speaker, so that after reading it solemnly for at least four years he could not recall the contents! "Then," said Mr. Solomon, "say the Lord's Prayer." "I can't say it in English," replied the Speaker, with a moan. "The Lord's Prayer is in the New Testament," said S.S. The clerk handed up the New Testament, but Mr.



Speaker was not sufficiently acquainted with the inspired book to put his hand upon it in St. Matthew's Gospel. After turning over the leaves for some time he handed the book to Mr. Solomon, who instantly returned it with the right page open. The Speaker read the Lord's Prayer with due solemnity whilst the House was convulsed with repressed laughter.



## REMINISCENCE.

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### No. II.

TERRITORIAL REPRESENTATION—MR. SOLOMON'S VOLUNTARY BILL INTRODUCED—MR. FAIRBAIRN MOVES FOR RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT—MR. SOLOMON OPPOSES AND THE MOTION LOST—A WORD FOR THE BUCHANANS—PAPER WAR BETWEEN SIR ANDREAS STOCKENSTROM AND THE HON. ROBERT GODLONTON—MR. SCANLEN'S FIRST ATTEMPT TO AMEND THE LAW OF INHERITANCE—THE NAMAQUALAND COPPER-MINING MANIA AND ITS RUINOUS RESULTS.

THERE was but one prominent question disturbing and dividing the country when the House of Assembly met in 1854, and that was "Mr. Saul Solomon's fad" (as it was then regarded and called), the Voluntary Principle, and to that principle the then leader of the House (for that Mr. Solomon undoubtedly was for years) was wedded. He was the only regularly attending member who had any claim to be considered an orator. Mr. John Paterson, one of the representatives of Port Elizabeth, was a speaker of rare ability and excellence, but he was too erratic and unpunctual in his attendance and too unreliable in his politics ever to have much hold upon the House, or to be the leader of a party for any length of time, or certainly not long enough to consolidate any combination which he might hold together by any popular proposal. The Eastern Districts were fairly of one mind on the subject of Parliamentary Government. They did not believe in it, and would have none of it if they could have avoided it. Under the nominee system the Easterns had always a fair, and the Westerns said more than a fair share of the loaves and fishes which the Government had to distribute—they had the Lieut.-Governor and staff

with a fixed establishment centred in Graham's Town. They were for the most part British settlers, with British proclivities. They had brought the Eastern lands into profitable occupation, had driven out the barbarian, and for the civilisation of the Eastern Province they alone had to be thanked. They had always prided themselves on their loyalty to the Crown and with just reason. They had shed some of their best blood in defence of the country, many of their relatives had been sacrificed in repelling Kafir incursions, and, worse than all, they had been derided by the Western Press. Mr. Fairbairn, the leader of the popular party, had taunted them with being "frightened at the sight of a natural man," and had written contemptuously of them as "Brummagem pin makers." The Parliament was his, and they would have none of him. When the Parliament met in 1855, Mr. Solomon's Voluntary Principle was no longer the only prominent question before the country. The Easterns had formed themselves into a compact party contending for a separation of the Provinces and a Government of their own, holding—and not without reason—that what was sauce for the Western goose was not sauce for the Eastern gander. To those not familiar with the position of affairs at that time, the cry for Separation is unintelligible, as was plainly illustrated by some remarks of Sir Henry Loch, made at a Port Elizabeth Agricultural dinner. At any rate, Separation became a burning political question, but Mr. Paterson having no sympathy with the Frontier party, set to work to divide the Eastern Districts, and started a Midland party. Beyond mischief, he never did much with the Midlanders. Graaff-Reinet and surrounding districts were caught by the notion of a Midland party in Parliament, joined the Westerns against the extreme Easterns, and became instrumental to their own injury, without being Patersonians at heart. Their antagonism to their Eastern neighbours originated in race feeling, and was fostered by Paterson and the Westerns, who availed themselves of Midland votes, but never voted the Midlanders anything in return.

Mr. Solomon with rare persistency kept the Voluntary principle before the public. At first his Voluntary party consisted merely of himself, the Missionaries sent out by the London Missionary Society, and the members of Independent congregations. The clergy and elders of the Dutch Reformed



Church, a tremendous body ramifying every portion of the Western and Midland and some of the Frontier districts, with the whole of the laity and clergy of the English Church, the Roman Catholics, and the Wesleyans, who combined for no other purpose, Christian or unchristian, secular or religious, were arrayed against him. He fought the battle like a hero from 1854 to 1867—thirteen years—when he carried it through both Houses of the Legislature. The Dutch Reformed Church, the recipient of the lion's share of the ecclesiastical grant, and the English Church, who fattened on it, were in combination; a gigantic power to contend against, and I remember that in one cartoon Mr. Solomon was depicted as Jack the Giant Killer in armour fighting the giant, a burly and big ecclesiastic in full canonicals, who was well armed, and defending himself with a shield of State grants.

Mr. Solomon enjoyed the reputation of being an orator—which he never was. He was a fluent and a fascinating speaker, and always logical, beyond any man who ever sat in the House of Assembly, even to this day. He was irresistible in argument and he seldom spoke upon any subject which he did not exhaust. His speeches on the Voluntary principle were masterpieces, attracted full galleries on each occasion of their delivery, and brought converts to the cause year after year. Whenever Mr. Solomon moved for the introduction of the Voluntary principle the leading clergy and ministers of every church were present, and on several occasions the Jewish Rabbi and the Malay Priest were also with the crowds in the galleries.

Soon after the session of 1855 had commenced Mr. Fairbairn, who then represented the Swellendam constituency with Mr. Watermeyer—afterwards Mr. Justice Watermeyer—moved for the introduction of Responsible Government. At that time the members of the Executive had seats in both Houses, but none of them had a right to vote; the Chief Justice, who was *ex officio* the President of the Council, as is the case still, had alone of all the officials the right of recording a vote. Mr. Fairbairn, who had had always the support of Mr. Solomon in his contention for popular Government counted, although he had severed his trade connection with that gentleman, upon having the same support for his Responsible Government motion. Mr. Solomon, instead of supporting him, immediately the motion was seconded, rose and opposed it, insisting that the people were not ripe for

any further advance of popular Government and would not be for a long time to come. This will correct the popular impression that Mr. Solomon had always been a consistent advocate for the introduction of Responsible Government. He was not. He demolished Mr. Fairbairn's arguments and left him in a woful minority, which galled the honourable member very much.

A writer\* whose name I could mention as confidently as if he had signed it to the article, which was published in the *Friend of the Free State* the other day, giving his experience as a reporter and incidentally some of his historical reminiscences of press experiences, took upon himself to say that R.W.M. had not been long in the Colony before he completely revolutionised the press, and by his continually irritating Mr. Fairbairn, drove that gentleman from public life into complete retirement. There is no doubt that R.W.M. did effect a great change in the plan and principle upon which the press had been conducted, but of that hereafter; but it was not true that he drove Mr. Fairbairn out of public life through constant irritation. The force of circumstances, the falling-off of support, his severance of his connection with Mr. Saul Solomon, the untrustworthiness of those he had brought into prominence, and his declining health, conspired to displace him. Mr. John Fairbairn never lost the respect of the public, but he had done the work of a lifetime before the first Parliament was convened, and had done it well. He was a most elegant, polished, and charming writer, and those who remember his writings still retain their admiration for the man and the work he did. Domestic afflictions too aged him a good deal and shortened his life.

Mr. Fairbairn was no doubt galled greatly by the treatment his Responsible Government motion met with at the hands of old adherents of his. At that time Mr. Porter, who greatly helped to carry Responsible Government at last, was dead against it, as were the Colonial Secretary and all the officials. Party Government from that time became a political war cry, the Anti-Responsibles being a strong

\* I should like in justice to say that the writer and his father were the best shorthand reporters in South Africa up to 1857, were always marvellously accurate and did the work of half a dozen men for many years, and up to the time when the writer was called to the Bar of the Supreme Court.

and intelligent party, which included the best part of the English element in both East and West. The Hon. Robert Godlonton, of the *Graham's Town Journal*, was the father of the Separation movement and the Eastern leader of the Anti-Responsible Government party, and the *Journal* in the hands of Mr. Godlonton (the Hon. Mr. Meurant, now a Member of the Legislative Council, was the founder of the *Graham's Town Journal*, and was for many years a partner of Mr. Godlonton), and the *Advertiser and Mail*, in the hands of Mr. Fairbairn, were pitted against each other for years; and then Sir Andries Stockenstrom, once Lieutenant-Governor, who had been a sworn friend and ally of Mr. Godlonton, fell out with him over the Native question and there was a "triangular duel," not confined to newspaper columns. They took to pamphleteering. Many of the hits were a long way below the belt, and the feud, out of with the public got a lot of amusement, was never healed. There is no doubt that the Hon. Robert Godlonton was a staunch and good friend to the Eastern public, especially to the Settlers of 1820, and their descendants. The *Journal* was called "the Settlers' Bible," and the Settlers swore by it. There is a good story about this, and it may be as well told here.

Appended to the death notices in the *Journal*, of every Settler who died, was the epitaph in big letters—"He" (or she, as the case might be) "was a British Settler, and his (or her) end was peace." Messers. Blaine & Co., merchants, of Graham's Town, kept a large supply of tombstones in stock for British Settlers, and every stone had this epitaph engraved upon it, with blank spaces for the name of the deceased Settler to be inserted, with the date of birth and death; it being taken for granted, in anticipation, that the end of every Settler would be peace. This was much ridiculed by the Western Press, and the *Journal* was nicknamed "Grand-mamma Grahamstown." The Editor of the *Argus*, in 1858, set the Colony laughing by announcing the death of Grand-mamma Grahamstown, with the following epitaph: "*She was a British Settler, and her end was peace.*" In 1855, party feeling ran high. There were Responsibles and Anti-Responsibles, Voluntaries and Anti-Voluntaries, a removal of the Seat of Government Party, and an Anti-Removal party, Negrophilists and Anti-Negrophilists, and a Separation and Anti-



Separation party. There were prominent members at the heads of all these party movements and they all aired their vocabularies, but with little effect—certainly with no immediate practical effect. A good bit of the time of the session was devoted to inquiries about an £80,000 “Rest” which the Auditor-General, Colonel Hope, had announced in Parliament to exist when the old nominee system came to an end. Taking the Auditor’s statement the Parliament voted it away—chiefly in pensions to popular favourites whose offices had been abolished when the change of Government was effected. “Where is the £80,000—where is the Rest?” asked some of the members. The Auditor-General, honest man, answered: “In the Chest” (and holding a key in his hand) “and here is the key of that chest.” A year or two after the £80,000 had been voted it was discovered that instead of there having been frittered away an eighty thousand pound balance to the good—there wasn’t a penny there and the Treasury balance was on the wrong side. There was a fine hullabuloo and an enormous expenditure of words, and words was all that came of it if some loans authorised by Parliament to cover the deficiency be excepted.

The Parliament had spent £80,000 which it never had. This is not the only case of the kind which has occurred in South Africa. When Griqualand West was an independent colony and had a Legislature of its own presided over by the Administrator—Major William Owen Lanyon His Honour was called away to be the Administrator of the South African Republic and he in his farewell address told the Legislative Council that there was £20,000 in the Treasury, a balance in favour of the Colony of Griqualand West. The Council voted for its expenditure at once, only to discover that they had created a debt of £40,000. The Administrator, like the Edwin Bray Gold Mining Company, had made the trifling mistake of putting the balance on the wrong side.

Nearly all the working members had a speciality of their own before the second session closed, and one that deserves special notice was that of Mr. Charles Scanlen, the father of the ex-Premier, and that was the amending of the law of inheritance. The old Cape Law of Inheritance was fast bringing the Colony to grief. There was not a vast amount of wealth in the

shape of money in those days—the wealth existed in the shape of immovable property. The acquisition of land was the great aim of everybody. The chief part of the original inhabitants lived on the land. When the head of a family died any member of the family could demand his share of the family estate; and farms in this way became so sliced up that no head of a family (and the Boer families were generally extensive) with his belongings could after two or three of such divisions live upon his portion. Testamentary disposition of property had no scope—like Sam Weller's vision it was limited—the Law and not the Owner willed away the property upon a fixed system. Mr. Scanlen contended that the man who made the money or acquired the land should will it away as he pleased—and that at any rate, if the Dutch liked the Cape Law of Inheritance, the English Colonist should have all the rights of property which he would have had, had he remained in his native country. After many years of hard fighting and the presentation of petitions from Englishmen and others Mr. Scanlen succeeded in getting the law of inheritance somewhat modified, but not altogether or anything like so much as he wished. The English Law of Inheritance has been greatly altered since then, and I do not think if Mr. Charles Scanlen were alive now he would ask the Parliament to follow the lead of England in that matter at least, and he was too loyal an Englishman ever to have been a member of the Afrikaner Bond. No pay and no place that King Hofmeyr or the Bond could offer would have won over Charles Scanlen to Bond manœuvring. He was one of the first members for Cradock, and held his seat from the opening of Parliament to the day of his death. He was shrewd and staunch and difficult to drive out of the beaten track, was a determined opponent of railways and Afrikaner politics. When I was the colleague of Mr. Scanlen in the Assembly he was very angry with me because I voted for Railway extension, but as Mr. Solomon and myself, with the Messrs. Reid, solicitors, had originated the Cape Town and Wellington Railway, it was not likely that I would stop short at Railway extension to Beaufort West, especially as we had done our utmost to get an Eastern Railway embodied in the Cape Town and Railway Bill, and should have succeeded but for the opposition of prominent Eastern members. The Easterns have since then been as eager to get railways as the Westerns, and Cradock as eager as we ever were.

I have now given a good many reminiscences of what was done in politics and Parliament in 1854 and 1855. Now let us turn back and see what was being done outside Parliament in those days. It was the time of the Namaqualand Copper-mining mania, and I was reminded of it when the late Transvaal gold-mining mania was at its height, and as seen from the Barberton mountain range and the Rand reefs, History was repeating itself with great fidelity. The scrip thermometer showed about the same degree of mad fever in both cases. In each case prospectors, company promoters, and speculators went to work in the same way, sinking shafts to empty their own pockets, raising capital on "centres" which were nowhere to be seen but upon the diagrams of draughtsmen, drawn upon broad sheets of drawing board, being fac-similes of nothing that had the colour of metal. Every day in the week in Cape Town, Sundays not excepted, during the copper-mining mania, vehicles of all sorts—spring vans and Cape carts, well horsed—nothing short of a cart and a span of four—wagons and eight or ten horses, the vehicles crammed full of passengers, prospectors, managing directors, captains of mines, speculators, all well backed up with judiciously-selected supplies of the necessaries of life, and many of the luxuries, all bound for the Namaqualand mines—the whereabouts of which they were left to discover when they got into the land of the Namaquas. Besides land journeys many went by sea to Port Nolloth and left it to chance to direct the way of their going from port to mine. All sorts and conditions of men set up as mining experts—tinkers, tailors, soldiers, and sailors. Men went about the streets of Cape Town and other towns with pieces of rock which they called "samples of copper," pointing out "indications" and computing with marvellous celerity the weight of copper to the ton of ore from the "mine" from which their samples were said to have been taken. Men in business, and professional men, shut up their shops and closed their offices and went off to see for themselves, although they had never seen a copper formation in their lives before, and would not have known what it was if they had seen one. New companies sprung up more suddenly than mushrooms—scrip flew round with a swiftness that no bird could have kept up with, and p.n.'s flew with all the airiness of kites, promises to pay made in Stephens' jet black ink and written with Gillot's steels passed as currency with a readiness that Bank of England paper could not rival.



Scrip changed hands at auction at high premiums. Auctioneer Cauvin, the elder, shut up selling furniture and landed properties, and held auction sales of scrip—scrip and nothing but scrip—on the Parade. He drew immense audiences, especially on Saturdays, when members of both Houses were free, and able to be in the auctioneer's front row of open-mouthed speculators. The mania was as contagious as any other disease. It infected every class, the clergy even were not more exempt than they were here during the gold and diamond share booms, officials of every department of the service were bitten. Even that man of huge intellect—Mr. Porter—then Attorney-General went into it ten thousand strong, became director of companies which hadn't as much copper as would make a George the Third penny piece. He of course thought everything was all right. His example encouraged others, and he came out of his scrip spec. lighter in pocket by thousands of pounds than when he went into it; smaller men came out stumped. One or two committed suicide. More than one army pensioner lost not only his available property, but his pension into the bargain. A crowd went through the insolvent court, and of the crowd of miners and managers sent down by the companies, not a few of them had to remain there with no neighbours but penguins and ostriches, and nothing but ostrich and penguin eggs to subsist on.

More than nine-tenths of the white population of Cape Town dabbled in scrip. Shares were allotted to men who had not a brass farthing to call their own, but they had no difficulty in disposing of their allotment tickets at a good figure. It was of no use to tell people they were scampering rapidly on the road to ruin—the *Monitor* newspaper, which I at that time edited, told them that they were on the road to ruin in its every issue; no one heeded; but when the re-action came it was as fine an illustration of the rocket and the stick as was exemplified in Johannesburg when the booming gold shares would boom no more. The fruits of that Cape swindle were self-destruction and crime with all their deplorable consequences. In using the word swindle as applied to the starting of Namaqualand Mining Companies, I do not for an instant mean that the projectors were all rogues who issued their prospectuses knowing the statements therein contained to be false and untrue, put forward for no other purpose than to entrap men of capital to take shares that they and their directors

may bag the money. No such thing as that occurred, nor anything like it. The directors and projectors were highly respectable men holding good positions, and, as a rule, they were the greatest losers. Many of them were dragged altogether to the dogs and never recovered themselves again. They were as much misled as the shareholders. The only people who made money out of the mining *furor* were those who hired out horses and carts for the journey to those who went down or sent mining parties down to work, and the owners of boats and sloops who took passengers on mining bent down to Hondeklip Bay, but in the majority of cases, if not in all, these people invested the money they made in business or drew from their bankers in copper-mining scrip and went to the everlasting bow-wows with those who had nothing to invest.

"This will be a warning," it was then said. It will take an awful lot of warnings to deter men from taking a short road to wealth when they think they see one. It does not matter much whether gold or copper, wool, ostrich feathers, or diamonds produce the "boom." When the madness for speculation sets in the few who escape the infection are seldom enough in number to save a Sodom and Gomorrah from destruction.

Scrip speculation has as voracious a maw as that which absorbed

"An ox and a half  
A cow and a calf  
A church and steeple  
And all the people."

The Namaqualand copper-mining mania levelled to the ground to my knowledge several rows of fine buildings, a palatial residence or two, and a whole fleet of ships. If it had gone on much longer it would have swallowed up half the Main-street merchants of Port Elizabeth and all their stocks; as it was it gulped down a few. East London had not sprung into a port then or the Buffalo would have disappeared altogether—mouth, horns, and all.

## REMINISCENCE.

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### No. III.

MORE ABOUT THE MINES—SALEM'S VERITABLE TABLE MOUNTAIN GOLD SWINDLE—MERCHANTS AND OTHERS SOLD BY AN AUSTRALIAN JEW—THE RACE UP THE MOUNTAIN FOR WEALTH—REFRESHERS ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE—MR. FAIRBAIRN'S GREAT PUBLIC SERVICES—RUFFIANLY ATTACK ON MR. FAIRBAIRN AT HIS RESIDENCE—IMPOUNDING THE PRESS BY LORD CHARLES SOMERSET—THE PRESS SET FREE AND THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS ENSURED.

ALTHOUGH the incidents arising out of the Cape copper-mining mania were as a rule dispiriting and ruinous, and made the latter part of the year 1855 and the whole of 1856 mournfully memorable to the people of the Colony and to Cape Town especially, some of the incidents which sprung out of the maniacal excitement were ludicrous and laughable. One especially occurs to me at the moment. Whilst carts, wagons, and vans were loading up in front of merchants' stores with supplies for the copper "mines" the report suddenly burst out that gold had been discovered on the Cape Town side of Table Mountain—two-thirds of the way up. The "loading up" came to a sudden standstill. The vehicles were sent back to the coach-houses from whence they came and the horses to their stables. As the story went a coloured man in the employ of a Mr. Salem, an auctioneer of Plein-street, had been up the Mountain gathering "Afrikanders" (*gladiolii*), the bright blooms of which cover acres of ground on the Mountain and along its sides. In returning he had sat down to rest, when he picked up a piece of rock with something yellow and shining in its interstices. He brought a piece of the rock home to



his master, who at once pronounced it to be one of the finest specimens of gold ore he had ever seen. His master's story was that immediately he saw that the piece of rock was gold ore he set off with the man to the spot, and on arriving there he found that there were acres and acres of the same formation full of visible gold. He too brought down a specimen of what he had found. Good-bye Namaqualand, Namaquas, penguins, ostriches, copper, and all the lot. Gold was better than copper any day in the week. The first rush was made upon the ironmongers. In a few hours there was not a shovel, pickaxe or crowbar, camp-kettle, tea-kettle, tea-pot or pannikin left for sale at any shop between the Sir Lowry-road and Strand-street and the top of Longmarket-street, nor at any ironmonger's shop from Forde's in Strand-street to Long-street. Not a man, merchant, lawyer, clerk, tailor, shopkeeper, or cobbler who had a bit of "go" in him but was possessor of some kind of tool and on his way to the "gold diggings." Business in town was closed and the business men in procession with working men of all sorts, shouldering their tools, were following Salem to the gold region with golden prospects before them. The weather was very hot, for it was the hottest season of the year, and tramping up mountains is very exhausting to human nature. By the time Platteklip was reached the crowd of Cape gold seekers were done up, winded, and in a state of perspiration that would have been distressing even to Mrs. Leo Hunter's perspiring frog. They wanted rest and refreshment. Mr. Salem, with a foresight that exceeded every one's expectations, said he had provided for that; there under the shelter of the clumps of pines on the banks of the flowing crystal stream which courses between the Plattenberg boulders and fills the City reservoir, were tents fitted up with tables laden with dishes of good substantial ham and beef sandwiches, and surrounded by casks of English ale and Cape wine. Welcome sight! The hungry crowd filled themselves regardless of cost, for it was no part of Salem's plan to "stand Sam" for the lot. The beer, the wine, and the sun between them produced a disinclination for more climbing that day—the gold seekers were tempted to seek repose under the pine trees or in the shade of the Protea bushes, and yielding to the temptation like the foolish virgins, they slumbered and slept—slumbered until the shades of evening fell in. There was no use going further up at that late

hour, and the gold would not run away, so the rest of the climbing was postponed for the morrow, and the gold diggers on the first day—following the example of King John's Army—went up the hill and then went down again, Salem undertaking the charge of their implements, whilst they went to their homes to roost. The same sort of thing went on the second day—only the crowd got a little higher, too high to walk home for rest and walk back again in the morning. About the end of the fifth day they arrived in the vicinity of the "gold field." There was none of the self-denial which the Californian, the Australian, Barberton or Witwatersrand pioneer gold diggings had to undergo. Mr. Salem had taken care of that. There were lots of meats and drinks at every stage after reaching Table-Valley.

On arriving at the promised gold region, Salem, pretending that having moved he had a difficulty in recognising the exact spot from whence his gold specimen was taken. He made so many excuses that he was distrusted and the crowd—especially the more respectable portion of it—who, ashamed of the hoax played upon them, became "small by degrees and beautifully less." Salem, who had perpetrated the hoax and made it pay him, chuckled, and ultimately admitted it, for he was a shameless scamp, when it was alleged against him that the specimen he showed was Australian. He was a Jew who had come in 1852 to the Cape from Australia, leaving behind him antecedents which he did not like to hear about—at least so it was alleged. His being a Jew did not make him a scamp; he would have been just as bad had he been a Christian. Many of our Christian scamps have "done" the public quite as shamelessly before and since then, and a good deal worse, as I shall by and by in my reminiscences of life in the South African Gold Fields show. Salem's South African career was very eventful, and as profitable to himself as eventful. He accumulated a good deal of property, and left South Africa with money in both pockets. I should mention that the hoax above related took place in the very earliest days of the Namaqualand copper-mining mania.

I made some commendatory remarks in my last article of Mr. John Fairbairn as a journalist. It is but due to his memory that some of the special services he rendered his adopted country outside his journalistic work should be plainly and distinctly stated. He was a strenuous, earnest and able supporter of all the best educational measures that the Cape Colony had up to

1854, and to the day of his death he was rendering great service to the cause. He was one, and the ablest, of those who laid the foundation of the South African College, was a frequent visitor to it. His advice was much sought for by those who had control of that fine institution, and was readily given and valued. He was a most prominent member of the College Council and never absent from the annual examinations, in which he took an active part. In his early life he laboured incessantly to abolish slavery in South Africa, which did not contribute to his popularity amongst the Boer population. He loved liberty as he loved his life—liberty of thought and speech, and, of all other liberty, the liberty of the Press.

In the early days of his journalistic life the masses were not easily restrained when they took offence at newspaper criticism. On two occasions Mr. Fairbairn was personally attacked and ill-treated by ruffianly mobs—on one occasion the mob broke into his residence at Green Point and cruelly and cowardly assaulted him with sticks whilst he was sitting at his dinner table, and in addition to inflicting personal injuries destroyed his furniture. The ringleaders, who were known, were arrested and punished, but that did not compensate him for the indignity and injuries he sustained. Mr. Fairbairn was at first in partnership with Pringle, the Poet—the author of “Alone in the desert I love to ride,” and volumes of other poems. When they started their first paper, of which Mr. George Greig, the founder of the printing office of Saul Solomon & Co., was publisher, Sir Charles Somerset was Governor, and Sir Charles, who stood in great dread of printing and newspapers, set on the Fiscal to gag the press, and seal up the machinery, lock Greig out of his office, and subject him to a heavy fine for daring to print without first obtaining Royal Permission. Mr. Greig, as soon as Government had impounded his press, went Home to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, who ordered Sir Charles to release the press and to keep his hands off Greig in future. And his lordship did.

Officials since then have been as impatient of press criticism. One instance occurred in 1855, when the Sub-Collector of Customs at Simon's Town brought an action against *The Monitor* newspaper, at that time edited by myself, and all because I refused to give up the name of a correspondent, “No Storeowner,” under the following circumstances: The



sub-collector had refused to permit a store, purchased by one Bowerman over his head when he wanted to purchase it himself, to be used as a bonding store. A letter on the subject, charging the sub-collector with exerting undue influence, was sent to the paper. I held that as there was a head of the department, that the storeowner had his remedy in an appeal to that officer, and until that appeal had been made I would not publish the letter. "Storeowner" went to the collector, but in the meantime the sub-collector himself, seeing my "Notice to Correspondents" in respect of the letter, wrote to the paper on the subject under the signature of "Fiat Justitia." This altered the position of the paper altogether, inasmuch as when both sides of a question is represented by parties and both wish to avail themselves of the same paper the editor is bound—I mean in all fairness—bound to insert their letters. Both the letters were inserted, and the sub-collector instituted an action for libel—damages £800. *The Monitor* pleaded "justification," and it was the first time that justification had ever been pleaded to a libel in South Africa, and it was not many years before that that the law was passed in the Imperial Parliament permitting defendants—or prisoners, as the case may be, to "justify" in libel cases. The old law was "the greater the truth the greater the libel." The first case tried in England under the new law was that of the Bishop of Exeter *vs.* Latimer, and the defendant won, proving his assertion justified that Bishop Philpotts was a liar. Tolerably stiff, but the charge was proved to be justifiable. The judgment here in the case of Pinney *vs.* *The Monitor* was in favour of the defendant, with all costs, and Judge Bell, who heard the case, paid the Editor a very high compliment and wiggled the plaintiff without mercy, speaking of him as a little village official with an overweening conceit of his own dignity. This cost the plaintiff a larger sum than he had sued for. It was a most expensive lawsuit, as *The Monitor* people, secure of the result, gave all their Simon's Town subscribers a treat at the sub-collector's expense, by summoning everyone of them as witness. The libel case was the making of *The Monitor*, which would have remained the leading paper, but that the *Argus*, started by Darnell and Murray, killed it. How this came about will appear when I come to special Press reminiscences, as I shall later on.

I am now writing of a time when there were no line of mail

steamers, and no railways, and when "cables" from England were neither born nor thought of, when the Crimean war was being fought and news of the victories won by "our sailors and our ships" came to hand before we knew that any battle had been fought, when we were sometimes two months without any English letter or paper, and were once as long as four months without either. It was the time when you could not get to the Paarl from Cape Town and back again by stage in one day and were seven hours doing the distance one way. That was a state of things which suited the Paarl people and to which some of the ancient inhabitants look back, with sighs of regret—"the good old times" they call them. It was a time when travellers took their time on the road, and did a little flirting or shooting as they went along. There was no hurry—picking grapes and oranges, taking "souples" with friends at wayside inns, or with wine-farmers on their stoeps, was a deal merrier and more joyous than whizzing along by steam, hurrying off to the Diamond or Gold Fields in search of precious metal and precious stones. Diamonds and gold in South Africa were undreamt of when Salem led the way to the Mountain. We have gold and diamonds and Responsible Government. How much are we the happier for it all? And how much better; better in morals, in neighbourly feeling; better disposed towards the land we live in and towards those who live in it? Is our Parliament or Government better? Steam and gold and diamonds do not appear to have improved our lawyers, nor our modes of dealing with each other. In what some folks call "the good old times" we heard nothing in Parliament about "jobbery" or corruption as we do now; and there was little of the barking and biting across the floor of either House; certainly no backbiting amongst the members of "this Honourable House."

## REMINISCENCE.

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### No. IV.

AGRICULTURAL DEVELOPMENT—THE FIRST AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION—MR. T. B. BAYLEY'S SERVICES—LIVE-STOCK—MORE PLOUGHS AND MACHINERY IMPORTED—THE CALEDON OF THE PAST—ARRIVAL OF SIR GEORGE GREY—HIS EXCELLENCY'S SUPPORT TO AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES—HIS WISE ADMINISTRATION—THE SETTLEMENT OF BRITISH KAFFRARIA—SIMON'S TOWN PATENT SLIP—MR. SOLOMON ON TERRITORIAL EXPANSION—STORM IN TABLE BAY—LOSS OF THE R.M.S. "ATHENS" AND CREW—PEN AND INK SKETCHES OF 1855—HARBOUR WORKS.

THE first determined effort to stimulate and improve the Agriculture of the Cape Colony was made in 1855. Previous to that time Agricultural Societies had existed—but only existed in name. In that year an Exhibition was advertised to take place, and did take place on the Cape Town Parade, under the auspices of the Cape of Good Hope Agricultural Society. I was specially invited to attend and report it, and accordingly I started from *The Monitor* office with a brand new reporting book, and armed with freshly pointed pencils. Prizes had been advertised for all kinds of stock, produce, and machinery, and it was but natural that I, a new hand at the bellows, should expect to see an exhibition somewhat corresponding with the prize list. I never shall forget that Show. It took place in the open on the Parade, no fencing in, and just near the spot where the Cape Town Railway Station now stands. I had for over ten years been professionally attending the Agricultural Exhibitions of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, the principal County Shows from Yorkshire to Cornwall, and had written



accounts of as many ploughing and reaping matches as I had accounts of horse races and regattas. Of course I did not anticipate seeing an Agricultural Show at the Cape at all of the same calibre or character as those of the Royal Agricultural Society or of the County Societies of England, but knowing that the Cape was an agricultural country—or if not an agricultural country, nothing—I expected to find the Metropolitan Show purely representative, and therefore worthy of attention. I had some difficulty, at first, to find it at all. At last I saw a couple of dozen well-dressed gentlemen standing round something at the corner of the Parade, and on getting there I found one imported bull—Dutch breed—three cows in milk, and half-a-dozen heifers, none of them showing breed of any sort, two pairs of horses in harness, and three colts, a little pile of turnips, about five cabbages, heartless but immensely leafy, and some bundles of oathay. There were about as many judges as there were exhibits, and I overheard an exhibitor say to one of the judges, whose name I did not then know—“Don’t forget my cow!” I remember well that there were present, also, Mr. T. B. Bayley, Mr. R. Hare, Mr. C. Manuel, the Hon. Dirk van Breda, Mr. Matt. Blake, and the then proprietor of Leliebloom, a man famous for his Dutch dairy stock, Mr. Arderne, M.L.A., and the Librarian, Mr. F. Maskew, who had slipped out of the Public Library, then adjoining the Commercial Exchange, to see the show, Mr. R. D. Jones and Mr. Venn, and Captain Arkoll of Messrs. William Dickson & Co. Nearly all these gentlemen who then formed the bulk of the spectators, have since passed away, but the memories which some of them left behind them will endure whilst those who were connected with them in public and in private breathe the breath of life. There are some of them who rendered inestimable services to Cape agriculture which ought never to be forgotten, and foremost amongst them all was Mr. Thomas Butterworth Bayley. This gentleman came to the Cape from India, where he had been many years in the Government service, in search of health, and finding the Cape climate agree with him he decided to settle in the Colony. He was a gentleman possessing large means, highly cultured, learned in literature and art, and passionately fond of agricultural pursuits. To the advancement and improvement of Cape agriculture he devoted a large portion of his fortune, his

knowledge and his energy. For some years he farmed himself, having become the owner of "The Oaks," in the district of Caledon—a district much favoured by English gentlemen farmers of that period such as Mr. Cholmonley Morris, Dr. Hutchinson, the Messrs. Carruthers Brothers, Mr. Alexander Breda, the Messrs. Hull Brothers, Mr. C. H. Bourhill, the Hon. Mr. Vigne, M.L.C., Mr. John Linde, Mr. Chiappini, and others. I am not sure that they were *all* there in 1855, but the most of them were, and they were all farming in Caledon at the same time, and whilst that was the case Caledon was one of the best farmed districts in the Colony, and certainly one of the best wool-producing districts—if not the best.

My readers may be sure that my visit to the Exhibition above described did not furnish a large amount of "copy" for the columns of *The Monitor*, but it undeniably led to better things.

There was no better judge of live-stock in the country than Mr. Bayley. He had an eye for a horse that was never excelled during his lifetime, and I do not believe has been since he died. He imported some of the finest cattle and horses (thoroughbreds) that were ever seen in South Africa, and from 1855 he met with willing and able co-operators, which was what he stood so much in need of, to assist him in making Agricultural Societies as efficient as he wished them to be. It was he who, with the aid of the Societies which he helped to establish, first brought into use the iron ploughs of the Howards and Ransomes and Sims, and the best reaping and threshing machines, seed drills and zigzag harrows. Up to 1855 the potatoes grown were wretched in quality and very dear, and one might as well have eaten a cake of soap as a vegetable as a Cape potato. In that year he induced the Cape of Good Hope Society to introduce the fluke kidney (then just brought out by the Messrs. Sutton & Sons, of Reading) and other new and approved varieties of that nutritious and esteemed esculent—the potato. It was difficult to get farmers to plant the seed, although it was given them for nothing. But perseverance did it at last, and the best known varieties of the potato have since been produced in the Colony in abundance with the best of other kinds of roots—such as are valuable for feeding and table purposes, and for which the present generation ought to be thankful. Mr. Bayley obtained for the parent Agricultural Society the patronage of His Excellency

Sir George Grey, who certainly was a most generous patron. Sir George induced the Parliament to vote an annual grant of £2,000, which enabled agricultural exhibitions to be held in every agricultural centre. The agriculturists of the various districts were brought to compete with each other, and shows of produce, trials of machinery and ploughing matches became the order of the day. Sir George encouraged the new order of things and when he brought out His Royal Highness Prince Alfred to South Africa, he was proud to take him to Mulder's Vley to see a ploughing match in which ploughmen, both white and coloured, did excellent work. We have had in times past some first-class ploughing in both the Western and Eastern Provinces, and many very ardent promoters of ploughing matches, but we seldom hear of a ploughing match now-a-days. I once saw five-and-twenty ploughs going at a match got up by Mr. Henry Bayley Christian on his estate, Kraggakamma, near Port Elizabeth. Mr. Christian has been and still is the life and soul of agricultural development in the neighbourhood of his residence.

We hear a good deal about Agricultural Departments—Schools and Colleges of Agriculture, and organs of Agriculture, and English experts at dairy management peregrinating about—but I cannot see that there is much being done for all the money voted for agricultural development to make two blades of grass, or two blades of anything, grow where only one grew before. There are hands that want acres and acres that want hands, and yet we go on importing tinned Swedish butter and condensed milk, Dutch, Stilton, Cheshire cheese, York hams and Berkshire bacon, all of which we could produce for ourselves.

I never hear Cape Colonists glorifying themselves about the expansion of territory that is going on, nor read newspaper articles commending it and boasting of it, without having the continual protests of the late Mr. Saul Solomon brought to my mind. The late lamented member, in his place in Parliament, was continually protesting against the tendency of extending the Colonial borders—the craving which existed for grabbing more land, whilst the land we had was neither half occupied nor anything like half cultivated, and I remember too Dr. Tancred, who sat in front of him, invariably saying “hear, hear” to his protestations. Yet



we go on expanding, denuding the Colony of the best of its population, altogether too sparse for its own requirements, and neither the Government nor the Parliament think of bringing in immigrants to fill up the ranks thinned out by the expanders. There is no party that has any sort of policy of which to increase the fruitfulness of the land forms part. Past Governors and Governments had. Even Lord Charles Somerset, who was denounced without stint, brought out the best bloods of horses then attainable, and anyone travelling through the districts of George and Oudtshoorn, and especially through the Long Kloof, can see how his lordship enriched the Colonial orchard lands. Sir Benjamin Durban and Sir Lowry Cole, Colonel Mitchell (the Surveyor-General of nearly half a century ago), Mr. John Montagu when Colonial Secretary, and even the old Dutch Government directed their best energies to the cultivation of the soil. In the old Dutch times no Colonist could own a piece of land without he planted. If anyone desires to ascertain how the Dutch managed that let him get some copies of the *Government Gazette* published between 1790 and 1800. The Parliament of 1854 and 1855 was by no means a bad sample of a Colonial Parliament. The speeches made by the members of the House of Assembly compared most favourably with the speeches made in the Australian, New Zealand and Canadian Parliaments. Cape Colonists had then no occasion to blush for its Legislature—official and elected members had amongst them men who could give expression to their opinions with fluency, enforce their arguments in good English, and needed no other language wherewith to convey their meaning. The Attorney-General and Colonial Secretary were both good speakers—the former an orator of the first rank. He would have been in the first rank in the House of Commons. Then amongst the early speakers in the elected House of Assembly were Messrs Solomon, Paterson, Meintjes, the Watermeyers (there were two of them), Ziervogel, Probart, (Dr.) Tancred, Molteno, Harris, and several others, who were never at a loss for language in which to express themselves. The first Parliament was the best we have ever had. There was no scrambling for place for there was no place to scramble for, and there were no accusations nor insinuations of jobbery for there was nothing to job.

“Pen and Ink Sketches in Parliament” were written in 1855, at least the first edition of them, and nothing that has been written of the Cape Parliament has met with more favour or produced so much profit upon the capital invested as they did in their publication. They were dashed off with a black lead pencil in the House in leisure intervals. Testimony to the accuracy of Limner’s portraiture was accorded by the members themselves. But one member complained that he was sketched unfairly, and he was one of the members for Graham’s Town, the late Mr. Charles Pote, the longest winded and most tiresome speaker the Cape ever knew either in the House or out of it. His protest against the sketch of himself was esthetic beyond precedent and brought down the laugh on himself. He never regretted writing it but once, and that was ever after.

The worst weather ever experienced at the Cape has always been said to have been the north-western storm of 1854, but whether that is so or not it would be difficult to decide. It is true that sixteen ships were driven ashore during the first fortnight of the month of September in that year, but I have seen, I think, as many ships ashore in Table Bay since that and within the same period of time, but I shall never forget the storm of 1854, although the storm during which the Union Company’s steamer Athens was driven ashore was, I think, quite as severe. But it is not worth while considering which storm was the worst, for they were many and frightful, and few I think, but will admit that the money spent on the harbour works of Table Bay was well spent, and for that we have to thank the late Mr. Solomon and Sir George Grey. The loss of ships and lives before the docks were constructed was fearful, and ship-owners trading with Table Bay must be greatly in pocket by the landing facilities offered, and the safety of ships ensured has been a great gain to shipowners, and the Colonists of to-day who knew nothing of the shipping business in Table Bay before the docks were built can never fully estimate the benefits which the harbour works confer. Every one knows how uncertain the weather is in the Bay, and the fearful seas which strong winds from either the N.W. or S.E. occasions. Think of vessels lying at anchor in the middle of the Bay having to dis-

charge in cargo boats, anchors lost in heavy weather, no boating to be done sometimes for weeks together. Passengers unable to land—sea-going-passengers unable to get on board ; Port Captain and crew drenched ; “home editions” detained with passengers on board. Newspaper readers, friends, and relatives irritated because the weather delayed the giving pratique, boatmen swearing at the elements for being unpropitious, the Governor fretful because he could not get his despatches. Nobody taking things easy except Macauley, Bain, and Horn, snugly sheltered in the little wooden Custom-house on the central wharf waiting with saint-like patience after the fashion of Matthew at the receipt of customs.





## REMINISCENCE.

No. V.

ENGLISH AND DUTCH GOVERNORS—PERIODS OF OFFICE—SIR G. GREY AND SIR H. BARKLY—FOUNDATION-STONE LAYING—MR. C BAYLEY COX AND SIR G. GREY—LANGUISHING AIRS—HOW COX GOT THE HUMANSDORP MAGISTRACY—ARRIVAL OF PRINCE ALFRED AND HIS RECEPTION THROUGHOUT SOUTH AFRICA.

CAPE GOVERNORS, under British rule, are not permitted to remain in office so long as Governors were when the Dutch were in possession. The longest period that any British Governor has held office is seven years, and the average reign of the seventeen British Governors who have come and gone, has been about three years—the remaining portion of the time, since the Cape became British, a number of Acting Governors and Administrators have filled the office. In the time of the Dutch, Governors were not moved with such frequency; many of them held office for ten, eleven and twelve years. His Excellency Simon van der Stell was twenty-one years in office. I have myself known six Governors, seven Lieut.-Governors, and Heaven knows how many Acting Governors and Administrators, for I don't. It may be that the old Dutch Government was willing that their nominees should have time enough, *ex officio*, to make a good haul for themselves, and, if idle reports are true, they did. A British Governor now discovered at that kind of work would soon get what is called "the sack"—his chances of re-employment would be gone for ever. Mr. S. Solomon's idea was that Governors should be longer in office, and Judges moved more frequently. He used to say, just as a Governor knows the country, and the people and their requirements, he is called away, and replaced by another

who reverses his predecessor's policy, so that no policy gets a fair trial. And this has been the case—the Governor's policy is not of so much account nowadays as is the policy of the High Commissioner, and that is of more concern now than ever it was, when "expanders" are grabbing land in all directions and disturbing native tribes in possession, that they may themselves go in and possess the land. No High Commissioner had ever greater need to be watchful than has Sir Henry Loch, for indifference, neglect, or his too great readiness to yield to expanders may involve the country in a native outbreak which would make His Excellency notorious, ruin his name and fame, and bring ruin upon the country.

The two Governors who have held office for the longest period since 1854, are Sir George Grey and Sir Henry Barkly—both were in office seven full years; and having said that of them, there the parallel ends. The difference between the two men was as great in point of administrative ability as in personal appearance. Sir George came out to administer the affairs of South Africa, Sir Henry was sent out by the Imperial Government to force Responsible Government upon the Cape Colony without consulting the people, and he would have failed in accomplishing that had not the Sultan of Turkey qualified that bold political pretender—De Roubaix—to sit in Council by the gift of a gold snuff-box, which turned out to be a snuffly sort of recognition of services rendered, after all. Had Sir Henry Barkly had the difficulties to contend with that fell to the lot of Sir George Grey, he would never have been here one-half the time he was, not that Sir Henry was without difficulties—but they were of a different kind and more within the scope of Sir Henry's genius than reclaiming new territory, ridding it of its barbarism, and settling it with people of European descent, chiefly, but certainly with an energetic and intelligent population. Sir Henry Barkly had the settlement of the Diamond Field dispute, the arranging for the purchase of the Diamond Fields through the medium of the Earl of Carnarvon, and establishing the government of Griqualand upon a totally different principle and plan, and then the ever memorable annexing business. Then the "revolutionary outbreaks" which must have cost him some anxiety, although the brunt of that difficulty was borne by the Lieutenant-Governor and his Executive, backed by loyal and true men of many

nationalities. Then came the unfortunate land dispute with the Lieutenant-Governor, which I feel tolerably sure was a matter of regret to His Excellency in after years. He was not without his troubles, but they were chiefly the outcome of the Imperial policy forced upon him. Sir George Grey was one of our Governors who declined to act upon any Imperial policy which he thought detrimental to the best interests of the people of the country. He faced his difficulties boldly and disposed of them with a masterly hand. Difficulties to Sir George were opportunities for bringing his genius into play. Who else would have turned the wholesale Kafir cattle-killing to such good account as he did? He preserved the peace of South Africa in that crisis by a policy as humane as it was effective. The Kafirs were the uncompromising and bloodthirsty enemies of the country, and he fed them. Never did a Governor's policy, founded upon gospel principles, bring a richer reward. Never was a grander practical illustration of a recognition of the Divine precepts of the Sermon on the Mount. It was during Sir George's time that the Cape commenced to make its advance in material progress. It was under his Government that the first Railway Bill was passed, and the first fifty miles of railway constructed. He turned the sod of the first railway, and laid the foundations upon which British Kaffraria was built—laid them solid and sure, turning territory which had heretofore been a battle ground on which the lives of thousands of Her Majesty's subjects had been sacrificed into a land of peace and plenty. No one who remembers how His Excellency set to work to locate the British German Legion, found homes for them upon lands that never before knew spade or plough, and converted wastes into corn fields and gardens, dotted with towns and villages, will fail to admit that His Excellency converted a wilderness into a civilised Colony, and coloured it with an energetic, frugal and industrious people, who have produced as large a quota to the wealth of the country as any section of our population living on the same area. There is hardly a district in the Cape Colony in which Sir George did not lay the foundation of some public undertaking, either institution, bridge, library, or other kind of work—few districts in which the name of Grey does not still identify him with something of which the district is proud and which is of great as well as of special benefit. Cape Town will never forget,



nor will the Colony, the work he did in connection with the Table Bay Harbour Works, nor will Simon's Town cease to remember how well he backed the company that laid down the first patent slip there. His Executive, urged by His Excellency, helped the Bill through Parliament, Sir George himself without hesitation backed the gift of the land, he went to Simon's Town to open the slip, and at his invitation he was attended by the President of the Legislative Council, the Speaker of the House of Assembly, and all the members of both branches of the Legislature, and His Excellency was the guest of the day at the banquet. The attendance of the members of both Houses was the more remarkable just then as the two branches of the Legislature were in conflict, the Upper House refusing to entertain the measures sent to them from the Lower House. I remember well the hearty laugh of Sir George at the banquet when the band played "Oh dear, what can the matter be," after the toast of the Legislature was proposed. Sir George was never wanting in humour. There is a capital story of His Excellency and Mr. Charles Bayly Cox. Cox, who was in the Colonial Service, was as full of humour as an egg is full of meat, and wrote Home some sketches of Sir George's peculiarities and this came to His Excellency's ears. One morning about nine o'clock Cox was going down Grave-street to the Colonial Office, and meeting Sir George coming up, gave him the top of the morning with becoming courtesy, Sir George responding with "Good morning, Cox." Cox was rushing off, when His Excellency asked: "Why such hurry, Cox?" "Just time to be in office," was the reply. "You write funny letters, Cox—aye?" Cox knew what was coming. "And so I have 'languishing airs,' aye, Cox?" said His Excellency, laughing; "languishing airs, aye, Cox?" And Sir George went off laughing, and Cox was glad to get off with his blushes.

Some time after this the Magistracy of Humansdorp became vacant, and Cox was desirous of getting the appointment, but knew that he had no chance of getting it from the Colonial Secretary, so he made a bolt for it to Government House to see His Excellency. On being shown into the Governor's library he was greeted by Sir George with, "To what am I indebted for this visit, Cox?" Cox told him that the Magistracy of Humansdorp was vacant, and adding, "If your Excellency has no one else in your eye, I should be glad to get the

appointment." His Excellency, putting his forefinger to his right optic, said, "In my eye! You know it's all my eye, Cox, and languishing airs." Cox thought it was all U.P. with his chance of the appointment. Then Sir George "wanted to know" what he very well knew before, why Cox did not apply to Mr. Rawson, the then Colonial Secretary, and Cox, admitting that he had no chance in that quarter, was told that he should have the appointment.

Of course the Colonial Secretary knew of the appointment at that morning's Executive meeting, and on his return to the Colonial Office sent for Cox. On Cox being admitted to the Secretary's sanctum Rawson wanted to know why he had been passed over, saying, "I fear you have been a very bad boy, Cox; you have been getting beer into the Colonial Office, Cox, you know you have." There was no denying the fact—the Colonial Office was a bit beery in those days. "Never mind," said the Colonial Secretary, "but it is heart-breaking to think of losing you, Cox. How I shall survive it I don't know. Your vacant desk, Cox, your vacant desk!" and then putting his handkerchief to his eyes and putting out his hand for a shake, added, "Go, Cox, go and spare a strong man in tears."

Life in the Colonial Office was pleasant in those days, and anecdotes were related of it which gave amusement to the million.

It is true that in some respects Fortune favoured Sir George Grey more than any other Governor that ever held the reins of power at the Cape, and circumstances helped him greatly in securing popular favour. He had a Parliament ever ready to authorise loans, and Sir George knew how to apply the loans with the best possible effect. He had £40,000 a year of Imperial money to help him to settle and advance British Kaffraria, through the influence of the Prince Consort, and he was the first Colonial Governor entrusted with the guardianship of a member of the Royal Family. Sir George was re-called by the Home Government, as nearly all our best Governors have been, but the re-call in Sir George's case was a piece of exceptionally good fortune to him. He was reinstated by Her Majesty, and when he returned to the Cape he had the good fortune to have Prince Alfred for his companion. That visit of Prince Alfred was a grand stroke for Sir George and the Colony.

## REMINISCENCE.

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### No. VI.

SIR GEORGE GREY'S SPLENDID GIFT TO THE CAPE TOWN PUBLIC LIBRARY—THE OPENING CEREMONY—PRINCE ALFRED'S FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE—UNVEILING HER MAJESTY'S PORTRAIT—A ROYAL GIFT FROM THE QUEEN TO THE COLONY—MR. PORTER'S GRAND SPEECH—THE PUBLIC EXCITEMENT ON SIR GEORGE'S RECALL—THE SCENES IN THE STREETS, AT THE LEVEE AND IN TABLE BAY—HIS EXCELLENCY'S MAGNIFICENT RECEPTION ON HIS RETURN, WITH THE PRINCE IN HIS COMPANY—PUBLIC BALLS AND REJOICINGS—SIR GEORGE LEAVES FOR NEW ZEALAND—GENERAL WYNARD ACTS—DIVISIONS IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL—SMALL-POX IN CAPE TOWN, etc, etc.

If I failed to remember Sir George Grey's gift to the Cape Town Public Library my reminiscences of His Excellency's connection with the Cape would be very imperfect. Sir George's illustrated manuscripts in the Library were presented to the institution after he had left the Colony, and was the Governor of New Zealand. They must be worth a good round sum of money, and to my mind, one of the most attractive features in the Library cases. A good deal of the art work in the manuscripts was the work of the old monks; it is exquisite in design and finish, and the colours are rich beyond compare. Many a single embossed capital letter in the manuscripts must have been the work of weeks, and the colours are as fresh as on the day the letters were embossed. The old painters knew a secret about paints which our modern painters have not discovered yet.

The Public Library and Museum were pet institutions of



Sir George. If he could have had his way the building would have been of marble instead of plaster. The ceremony of opening the Library, that was, unveiling the portrait of the Queen, presented by Her Majesty, by Prince Alfred, and at which Sir George presided, was the grandest and most imposing ceremony that ever took place in South Africa, and the speech delivered by the Attorney-General on the occasion was at the time said to be the honourable gentleman's masterpiece of oratory. I have in my mind's eye now the picture of the principal group upon which all eyes were centred. Upon a raised dais, and sitting under the veiled portrait was Sir George Grey in an antique armchair; His Royal Highness, now the Duke of Edinburgh, sitting on his right. The speech of the Prince was modest, delivered with remarkable distinctness for a youth of his age, for the now Duke and Admiral was then but a boy, and the language eloquent and remarkably so for one so young. I remember Sir George assuring me that the composition was altogether the Prince's own, not a line of it was suggested to him. The building was crowded in every part, all "the beauty and fashion," and all the people of culture and taste, the whole of the professions, the commerce and trade of Cape Town, were represented, and the cheering when the Prince drew the veil from the picture of his mother and our Queen, burst forth simultaneously from every part of the building. The men cheered frantically, and the waving of handkerchiefs in the gallery (which was set apart exclusively for the ladies) was a sight to behold. The ladies for the most part joined in the cheering, waving their handkerchiefs, the band playing the National Anthem. It was an expression of loyalty and devotion that had never been equalled and never will be surpassed. Here is one little incident connected with this which I have never forgotten, and at the remembrance of which I have often had a quiet smile. I was as much carried away by the Attorney-General's speech as anyone present, and like all the rest, thought it extempore and impromptu. I was at the time proprietor and editor of the *Cape Argus*, and had a staff of first-class reporters in my employ, and the best of them was present. I was anxious that there should not be a word of the speech lost, and said when overtaking the Attorney-General passing out of the library door, "Mr. Porter, I have no doubt that Mr. — (mentioning the reporter's name) will report you accurately, but I am anxious that there shall not be

an error either by printer or reporter in a single word of your speech, and I am going to ask you a favour. The proof will not be ready until late to-night, but if I send it out to you will you kindly look through it." He immediately answered, "My dear Murray, I will make no secret of it with you, man. Here it is in my hat," and he took off his hat and handed me a plain copy written on foolscap. I felt very much obliged to him, but that written copy took the gilt off the gingerbread, but why it should have done so I don't know. It was delivered splendidly, and speeches of great import are none the worse for being well considered, and if written and committed to memory are not less effective. That speech was a masterpiece of oratory. Mr. William Porter not only spoke his speeches like an orator, but he looked the orator too. He was a handsome man of splendid proportions, standing fully six feet in his stockings, with the face of a god. He was a fine sample of a man and as good as he looked. His splendid bequests to Cape institutions and charities prove how generous he was and how much he was attached to this country.

When Sir George left the Cape on the occasion of his recall, the people were so exasperated with the Home Government at the withdrawal of their favourite Governor that they determined upon a demonstration which should convey to the Imperial Ministers what the Cape thought of them. The farewell levée, which took place in the State-room of Government House, was attended by thousands of metropolitans, and the people from the Paarl and Stellenbosch, as well as from Malmesbury, Mowbray, Rondebosch, Claremont, Newlands, Wynberg and Simon's Town, crowded into the metropolis by thousands. The levée took place on the Saturday, as the steamer was to leave on Sunday morning. That levée was the last opportunity the Cape people had of seeing Lady Grey, who was as great a favourite as Sir George himself. Her ladyship stood by the side of His Excellency in the State-room in Government House and shook hands cordially with every colonist who passed through, with whom she had been intimate. When the carriage arrived at the entrance to the Government residence, the horses were unharnessed by the foremost of the crowd, and eight stout fellows inspanned themselves and ran the carriage down Grave-street, through Adderley-street and on to the Central Wharf, where the port boat, manned by the Port Captain, waited to take His Excellency off to the steamer. It was with difficulty

that a passage way could be found for the Governor's carriage to be dragged through, so dense was the crowd in the streets.

Table Bay was alive with sailing and rowing boats, freighted with metropolitans, ladies as well as gentlemen, waiting to escort Sir George off to the steamer. All the boats waited until the port boat was well away from the wharf, when they fell into their places behind it, and the procession formed by the boats was most picturesque, and reached half across the Bay. There never were so many boats manued and afloat in Table Bay before nor since. It was a glorious sight, some boats sailing others being rowed, and nearly all with gay flags floating in the breeze. The crowds on the wharf and in the streets kept up their cheering incessantly until His Excellency and Lady Grey were seen to have reached the deck of the steamer. Sir George responded to the cheering by bowing, hat in hand, from the deck of the steamer, Lady Grey waving her handkerchief.

Scores of parties went off during the day to have a last shake of the hand with His Excellency and Lady Grey. In the evening, after dark, Sir George and Lady Grey came on shore and went out for the night to their country residence (Woodlands) and slept there, thinking that they were doing it on the quiet; but when they drove into town in the morning there were crowds assembled and they cheered again. This was no breach of the Sunday Observance Act, and if it had been the Public Prosecutor would not have been so vigilant in running the transgressors in as he is when he finds old women selling penny oranges or a box or two of matches, or catches a licensed dealer letting a man have a drink (without eating) on "the Lord's Day by Act of Paliament."

When Sir George returned to the Cape he landed at Simon's Town, and the road from Cape Town to the Naval Station was thronged the whole distance, while at Rathfelder's Halfway House—the Grand Hotel—the way was blocked with carriages, and there was no unblocking until the healths of His Royal Highness and His Excellency had been drunk with nine times nine and another. There were triumphal arches erected in the streets of Wynberg, Claremont, Rondebosch, and Mowbray, and at the principal hotels in each place there were toasts and cheering. The metropolitans turned out *en masse* and filled the leading thoroughfares. From the corner of Sir Lowry-street to the entrance of Adderley-street the crowd was fairly packed, and the Malays and Volunteers, mixed with ordinary citizens,



gave to the picture brightness and variety of colour which was likened in the description given in the *Argus* the next morning to a bed of sea anemones. The branches of the trees on the Parade were as thick of boys as a kameeldoorn ever was with birds.

The principal business places and residences in the city were illuminated at night and up to the last stroke of twelve bands of music paraded the streets and the licensed houses were crowded. The Attorney-General of that period had better and bigger work to do than enforcing local option bills and inventing traps for canteen-keepers. It used to be said then that we should never see *his* like again, little thinking how true it was going to turn out to be.

The Cape had a sorry time of it for a spell after Sir George was transferred to the Governorship of New Zealand, although kinder-hearted people than Lieutenant-Governor Wynyard and Lady Wynyard never occupied Government House. But the General, who was Acting Governor during the interval between the departure of Sir George and the arrival of Sir Philip Wodehouse, was circumscribed in his action. He represented Her Majesty with becoming dignity, signed all the documents the Colonial Secretary set before him for his signature, received and disposed of callers at Government House with courtesy, and when asked for his patronage for concert or ball gave it without fuss or much ado and attended the entertainments he patronised. Government House dinners were excellent in the Wynyard interval, and as Mrs. Gamp observed to Betsy Prig, "the liquors were all good," the balls were frequent, music charming, and never a ball without a good substantial supper. Lady Wynyard gave no "At Homes," for they had not been invented then, but her afternoon teas drew to them all the well-dressed and fashionable of metropolitan society. Politics hadn't enough life in them to disturb society and to provoke revolutionary feelings. It was the calm before the storm, but beneath the calm the storm was brewing. The political agitators who were aspirants for place determined amongst themselves that they would worry the life out of Sir George Grey's successor, whoever he might turn out to be, but it was of no use to fight General Wynyard, because he was only acting, and had no policy—nothing that a Lieutenant-Governor could do would affect the permanent way of Cape politics. Parliamentary proceedings were as lifeless as the loads which were taken to Green Point in Stigant's hearse.

The Church was then the only disturbing institution in the country, and Paddy Lamb, of Trinity, the only bone of contention. There was hot work in that quarter, and it was kept hot. The reverend gentleman wouldn't go to Synod, which bothered and irritated Bishop Gray, and for which the Evangelical Lamb was glorified by the Trinitarians and denounced by the Bishop and the Church party. I remember being at a church meeting in Caledon-street on one occasion, when Captain Sampson and Mr. Broadway were the lights of Trinity, and who were both engaged in a wrangle with a clerical representative of St. George's, which ended in Paddy and one of his churchwardens being hustled out of the room and down the stairs. The meeting was held in an upstairs room. Anyone who would like to read a report of that meeting, can read it in *The Monitor*, of which paper there is a file in the Public Library. It will be found under the heading of "Oh what a row, what a rumpus and a rioting!"

The reverend incumbent of Trinity was a true Irishman, and would have been an attractive character at Donnybrook Fair. A story was once extant in Cape Town, illustrating the reverend gentleman's dread of small-pox. When the small-pox, on one occasion, broke out in Cape Town, the clergy at St. George's did their duty bravely to the sick and suffering, never leaving town an hour whilst the disease raged. Not so parson Lamb. Immediately the outbreak was reported, he packed up and left with his family for Kalk Bay, and remained there. On his return to his duties he (I give it as told at the time) preached a sermon from the text—"Flee from the wrath to come," and commenced his sermon with "Flee, me britherin, flee! Flee from the wraath to come. Shall oi tell ye how to flee from the wraath to come? Well then, this is how you should flee from it. The other day I was at Mr. Calf's store in the Buitenkant. I got off my horse and said to a little boy on the pavement—'Here, my little man, bould me horse. I looked at him—his face was covered with pimples.' I said—'What's the matter with your face, little man?' 'It's the small pox,' says he. I caught the bridle out of his hand, jumped on my horse, and rode off as hard as my horse could go. And that's the woy, me britherin, you should flee from the wraath to come."

## REMINISCENCE.

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### No. VII.

PERIODS OF GOVERNORS' RULE—SIR PHILIP WODEHOUSE—HOT FOR SIR PHILIP RECTIFYING THE COLONIAL BALANCES—SIR PHILIP'S TAXING MEASURES OPPOSED AND REJECTED—THE PARLIAMENT CONVENED IN GRAHAM'S TOWN—EASTERNS IN HIGH GLEE—CAPE TOWN HOLDS PUBLIC MEETING AND PROTESTS—ARGUS CHANGES HANDS—GRAHAM'S TOWN PRESS STRENGTHENED.

On recurring to the periods during which Cape Governors held office from 1854 I remember now that I was not quite right in stating that Sir George Grey and Sir Henry Barkly, each of whom was at the Cape a full seven years, were the most exceptionally long in office, for Sir Philip Wodehouse came to the Cape in 1862 and remained until 1870. Sir Philip had a more trying time than almost any other Governor. In the first place, he was the successor of the most popular Governor that the Cape had had within the memory of any man then living, and as I said before, the most prominent of the people in public life were predisposed to make it hot for Sir George Grey's successor, no matter who or what kind of man he turned out to be. And then Sir George had won a good deal of his popularity by a large public expenditure in the country, never once hinting at a taxing bill, even using money raised by big loans to balance the annual revenue and expenditure to avoid the infliction of a tax, leaving it to whoever might succeed him to let the Parliament know that the Colony was on the very verge of bankruptcy and to take upon himself the task of retrieving the



Colony from that position. Sir George knew well enough that no Governor who proposed to tax the people could ever be popular—especially with what is called the Africander section. He had before him the example of Boer treks to escape from taxation; he knew that there would never have been any Orange River Sovereignty or Free State, but for the attempt of previous Governments to tax the people. No people take kindly to taxation, but the horror of the Dutch to anything that savours of taxation is, I was going to say, “a *caution* to snakes,” but it is snakes and nothing but snakes. They run from tax-gatherers as they run from cobras or puffadders. Sir Philip was a sound and most skilful financier, and none was ever more so than the Treasurer-General in office when he arrived, and afterwards his Colonial Secretary, Mr. Richard (now Sir Richard) Southey. That gentleman had been viewing the lavish and excessive expenditure of the Grey Administration with grave apprehension for a long time. During Sir George’s time, Mr. Rawson (now Sir Rawson W. Rawson) held the office of Colonial Secretary, and he was as desirous of being popular as Sir George himself, although he never succeeded. Mr. Rawson was a courteous and accomplished gentleman, but as a financier he was a mistake, and always had been. He had been in office at the Mauritius, and had helped to get the Government of that “isle of the sea” as nearly bankrupt as it is possible for a British dependency to be. Whilst he was there the wife of the Governor of that island said: “Mr. Rawson has the largest feet and the least tact of any man I ever met.” She was most decidedly within a foot of his measure, but then Sir George Grey had tact enough for two.

Sir Philip Wodehouse started by informing himself first of the exact financial position of the Colony, and then to ascertain for himself what the resources of the country were, that he might know to what he had to look to enable him to put the country upon a sound financial footing. Before he met the Parliament the first time he had mastered the whole position, and with a frankness which was anything but pleasant to the Legislature or the public, he in his opening speech explained the unsatisfactory state of affairs, and soon made the Parliament understand that they would have to equalise revenue and expenditure and that ordinary ex-

penditure was no longer to be met by loans. He pointed out that loans were only warranted when invested in reproductive public works—and those he was prepared to encourage to any extent. Taxing bills, he told them, were imperatively necessary in the circumstances in which the Colony found itself, and if the Colony was to be placed in a solvent and thriving position, there must be “a complete change of principle and plan.” No nest of hornets was ever more thoroughly stirred than the nest of Western politicians. He went further. He told them that they had been taking to desperate courses, and raising loans in England to pay interest on loans raised in that country was not honest, and must inevitably lead the Colony into irretrievable bankruptcy, and it must be put a stop to. Cape politicians of the popular order held that the Colonists had a right to do as they liked with their own, as they called it, but Sir Philip made them understand that the credit of the Colony was not their own to destroy, and that it was his duty to prevent their doing so and that his duty he would do. The Responsible Government Party fancied they saw their opportunity in this and, inflated with their own power and importance, felt if they could only disgust the Colony with the Wodehouse Administration they would get Sir Philip recalled, and become the Government themselves. Sir Philip Wodehouse was not a man to be driven from the course which was, to him, plainly right and the only one for him to steer, by any amount of popular clamour. He had resolved that the Colony should pay the debts it had contracted in an honest and legitimate manner, and he also knew that he would be backed by the Imperial Government, who would care something for the English creditors as well as for the Colony.

The Eastern Party regarded his position as unassailable, but the Western Conservatives got split up through the specious reasoning of some of their party, who contended that the Government must get rid of the debt by retrenchment. The cry for retrenchment became most popular. From all sides, east and west, north and south, that cry came loud and strong. There were few Western papers, but that re-echoed the cry; some of the Easterns, nearly the whole of them, in fact, did the same, and the Midland journals, always strongly impregnated with Western politics, went with the rest. The *Cape Argus* was the only paper that backed the Governor through thick and

thin. That paper, although bearing the imprint of Darnell and Murray, had at that time become my own property, and was as intensely Conservative as I was myself. What Cape Conservatism meant I shall explain before I have done, and to the majority of the Colonial newspaper-readers of the present day it will be informing, and it will amuse them too, for the general impression has been that the Conservative party were anti-progressive, whereas it was that party who led the way in most of the measures for material development. However, that can stand for the present. Cape Conservatism was no more like English than chalk is like cheese. Mr. Saul Solomon, who ranked himself as a Liberal, was invariably with the Conservatives in voting for projected public works—such as railways, harbour works to improve ports, grants for educational purposes, and such like.

For two whole sessions every one of the Government Taxing Bills was rejected by the Assembly. The Governor proposed a house tax amongst others. No matter what he proposed in the way of a tax the House of Assembly denounced it as the worst tax that could have been invented and rejected it. If he proposed, as he did, a tax upon brandy, it was contended that he did it to punish the Western Province, as that was the brandy-producing part of the Colony. The Western Province members were chiefly farmers, and they rose *en masse* to get the Bill shelved. If he withdrew that and proposed a house tax, that was worse than the brandy and other proposed taxes. A stamp tax! No, they would not have that. They would have no brandy tax and no stamp tax; they would rather have a house tax. Then the house tax was re-introduced, and as well as I recollect, they did pass a mutilated house tax measure that was of little or no help towards squaring the Flemish account. The Opposition chuckled. They were, as they thought, winning hand over fist, and the Responsibles were in ecstasies.

I remember in 1863 having a conference with Sir Philip, and he pointing out the provision in the Constitution Ordinance which empowered His Excellency to convene the Parliament wherever he may think convenient, and asked me whether I did not think if he called the next Parliament in the Eastern Province, that the Easterns would pass the necessary taxing measures. I said I thought they would, and he told me in confidence that he had resolved upon convening the next



session in Graham's Town. His Excellency then intended to convene the Parliament there so long as he remained in the Colony, but said that his only difficulty was that he would have no newspaper there to back him. I previously to this had sold one-half share in the *Argus* to Mr. Saul Solomon, and I said if that was His Excellency's only difficulty, I would sell out altogether and establish a paper in Graham's Town. I did so, and this is how *The Great Eastern* came into existence. His Excellency bound me to secrecy in the matter, telling me that the only person he had entrusted with the secret, besides myself, was Mr. Southey, the Colonial Secretary. He believed he could trust us two, and if it leaked out, he should know it must be from one or other of us. He had good reason to know that there would be no leaking-out.

The Parliament of 1863 came to a close in the previous unsatisfactory way, after a very long session—that is to say, leaving the Government with the public debt and cramped means, the session being protracted by opposition to every measure of taxation submitted. On the prorogation day the two Houses assembled, according to custom, in time to proceed to Government House by noon, at which hour the Governor was to read his Prorogation Speech in the State-room of that ancient building. Not a member of either House had the least idea that anything unusual would occur. The Eastern Members had, for the most part, been loyal to the Government, but the Eastern minority was powerless to help the Governor out of his difficulty—they had not been present in any force, at any one time, during the session. There were no railways in those days, and it was no light thing for men in business, or upon farms, to leave their concerns and their homes for four or five months on the stretch and make the journey to and from Cape Town. The Frontier and Midland Members had to take first a land journey of hundreds of miles, either in post or passenger-cart, and then, what they most dreaded of all, a sea voyage from Port Elizabeth to Table Bay, and when the session was a long one (as that of 1863 was) there were not many Easterns left to hear the Prorogation Speech. There were but few of them left that year. The Westerns were seated, the front seats were full of ladies and gentlemen, the gallery was crowded and wondering what Sir Philip would have to say about the rebellious spirit of the Legislature, and the ugly fix

in which the unmanageable legislators had left him. Every bit of space in the State-room was occupied.

Sir Philip entered in his Windsor uniform, attended by his Private Secretary and the members of the Executive, the band of the Regiment in Cape Town striking up the National Anthem. The Secretary handed the speech to His Excellency, who, in a clear and audible voice, thanked the Gentlemen of the House of Assembly and the Gentlemen of the Legislative Council for the services they had rendered the country through a long and laborious session, and for the provisions they had made for Her Majesty's service. There was not a word of remonstrance or complaint, and I, who knew what was coming, waited to see how when it came the now placid-looking members would take it. His Excellency put the matter very neatly. He especially thanked the Eastern members who had been detained from their homes for so many months, remarking that they had been continually saying that the Westerns would not make the same sacrifice, if they were called upon to do so—an assertion which Westerns had always indignantly repudiated. His Excellency had great confidence that the Westerns would be as ready to make the sacrifice as the Easterns had showed themselves to be. He was now going to put Westerns to the proof. For nine years the Parliamentary sessions had been held in the extreme West—the next Parliament he should convene in the East.

The Westerns were all aghast. Solomon looked at Molteno as if he felt that something had gone wrong—Molteno shrugged his shoulders and nodded to Ziervogel, who, pale and distraught, nudged his neighbour. The Hon. Robert Godlonton and the Hon. George Wood laughed all over their faces, to the disgust of the Hon'bles Barry and Stein. Western members generally looked limp, and Easterns straightened up. The assemblage in the State-room on that day was Western heart and soul. Not one Western amongst the lot but was furious.

This of course did not alter the position of affairs. With the Governor it was "what I have written I have written," and he went on to say that the military having been withdrawn from Graham's Town left the Drostdy buildings at his disposal and that they were most suitable for the Parliament; moving the Parliament would be no extra cost, and the next session would be convened in Graham's Town.

The band played and the assembly was dismissed. Members and their friends, official and unofficial people, gathered in knots in Grave-street and gave vent to their wrath—expletives were strong, and on the stoeps of the Commercial Exchange, the Town Hall, and at Pocock's Corner, there were chattering groups for days. Then a public meeting was called to petition Her Majesty not to permit Sir Philip Wodehouse to carry out his proposal, on the ground that it would be a great wrong done to Cape Town. The meeting was called at the Town House, and Mr. Solomon made a great speech, and moved a resolution against the removal of Parliament, which he said he was sure would be unanimously carried, but it was not. Mr. A. G. Mattheson contended that the resolution would be futile if carried, as it sought to deprive the Governor of a constitutional privilege. It was for His Excellency and not for Mr. Solomon or Cape Town to say where the Parliament should meet. Mr. Mattheson moved an amendment supporting the Governor, which was seconded, and so to the disgust of the Cape Town party the meeting was divided. The memorial was adopted, signed, and sent home to Her Majesty, who graciously declined to interfere with her faithful servant Philip's arrangements, and so the Parliament of 1864 sat in Graham's Town, and the glorifications in the East consequent thereupon have yet to be related.





## REMINISCENCE.

### No. VIII.

MOVING THE PARLIAMENT "NO VAGARY"—CAPE FORTUNATE IN ITS GOVERNORS—GRAND RECEPTION OF GOVERNOR AND EXECUTIVE AT PORT ELIZABETH—BANQUET AND LEVEE—GOVERNOR VISITS UITENHAGE—WELL RECEIVED—ENTERS GRAHAM'S TOWN WITH LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR SIR PERCY DOUGLAS—MET BY SIR WALTER CURRIE, THE CAPE FRONTIER POLICE, AND CAPE MOUNTED RIFLES—BANQUET AT THE TOWN HOUSE—OPENING SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE SHAW COLLEGE—HON. S. CAWOOD ENTERTAINS THE PARLIAMENT AT LUNCHEON—CITY ILLUMINATED IN THE EVENING—CHABAUD'S CAPRICES—THE SPEAKER CENSURED.

As may naturally be supposed, the interval between the closing of the session of 1863 and 1864 was not the happiest time in the lives of the metropolitans of the West. The Shank End, as Cape Town was derisively styled by the Easterns, felt crippled by the announcement of Sir Philip Wodehouse that the Parliament of 1864 was to be held in the Settlers' City. The more reasonable of the Cape Town people saw and admitted that the Westerns led by the Cape Town members had brought this upon themselves by their wilful, uncompromising and uncalled-for opposition to His Excellency the Governor, and they did not blame him. The Conservative party boldly and plainly said, "If Sir Philip is not permitted to carry on the Government for want of the means persistently denied him here he must go where he can get the means to carry it on."

I notice that Mr. R. W. Murray, Junior, in his book on South Africa dubs the removal of Parliament to Graham's Town in 1864 one of Sir Philip Wodehouse's "vagaries." It was no

“vagary”—it was the only course left open to His Excellency. He had either to try the Easterns, or to wait until the Westerns had brought his Government to a dead-lock, when he must have been recalled with a ruined reputation. Like a wise man, he declined to permit his Government to be wrecked and himself ruined by a little pack of Colonial politicians banded together for the sake of local, party and personal aggrandisement.

The Cape has been singularly fortunate in its Governors. We have never—at any rate since 1854—had a Governor sent us who has not taken kindly to the Colonists—for the most part the Home Government and the leading journals of the Mother Country have considered the Cape Governors to have been too much in sympathy with the Cape Colonists, and more than one of them have been recalled for that reason. The chief part of our Governors have come to be in heart and purpose English colonists whilst in office, and animated by a desire to strengthen, expand, and enrich the Colonial Empire, and each has left the Colony better than he found it. Sir Philip was no exception to the rule. He found the Colony with a balance, and a heavy one, on the wrong side, and he left it with an account square, and a bit of balance on the right side; he found the Parliament authorising loans for the purpose of paying interest on loans and for ordinary revenue expenditure—a practice which he first denounced, and then put a stop to. But before commenting generally on his work let us follow him in the course he took. In the meantime we may think of him as one of our good Governors which Fortune and Her Majesty the Queen has favoured us with, and I may here say that I do not think that Fortune has forsaken us in this respect yet—our lucky star appears to be still in the ascendant.

The removal of the Parliament to Graham's Town was no light matter for Cape Town, for it withdrew a very large amount of money from circulation. It was this more than any political consideration that weighed with the merchants and men of business in the metropolis. Cape Town had been largely dependent on Government expenditure. All the revenue of the country flowed in that direction—and it was there that the fixed establishment, or central Government, was placed. All the salaries of Government and Municipal officials, from that of the Governor to the salary of the postman, were paid and spent there as they are still. This gives Cape Town

an immense advantage. The moving of the Parliament involved the moving of a large portion of the fixed establishment—the Governor, the Colonial Secretary, the Attorney-General, and Treasurer-General and their staffs—or the best portion of the staffs of which these heads of departments had the direction. The Parliament alone must have been worth at least £20,000 a year to Cape Town, and it was no wonder that Mr. Saul Solomon, who was the Government and Parliamentary printer, was more outraged than his neighbours. It was clear to him that nearly all the Government and certainly all the Parliamentary printing must be done in Graham's Town. Then what was the prospect of *any* future session of Parliament after that of 1864 being called in Cape Town was a very disturbing question not easily answered. The Eastern Province members in both houses had been contending for Separation at one time and for Removal of the seat of Government at another. This removal of Parliament might be the forerunner of either. The Westerns did not know what to think. They were as deep in despair as the Easterns were elated by hope.

When Sir Philip Wodehouse arrived at Port Elizabeth on his way to Graham's Town to open the session of 1864 he found the Liverpool of Cape Colony *en fête*. There were triumphant arches and flags everywhere. A deputation of officials—Government and Municipal—merchants and others went off to the steamer to welcome him. Memorials were presented and royal salutes fired. There was a levée in the afternoon, a grand banquet given in His Excellency's honour in the Town Hall in the evening. His Excellency was invited to visit the public institutions, to which he responded cheerfully. One of the merchants—Mr. Blaine, alas! now no more—placed his residence on the Hill at the disposal of His Excellency and Lady Wodehouse, and there the Governor's Levées were held. Uitenhage invited His Excellency to come and see its rose gardens and accept its hospitality—an invitation instantly accepted, to the great delight of the Uitenhagers. It may fairly be said that His Excellency's path was strewed with flowers from the day he arrived in Port Elizabeth to the day he left it. When he left he was escorted by the gallant volunteers, officials, and merchants to the Municipal boundaries, cheered on his way and wished God-speed. At every halting-place from the Sunday River Pont to Howison's Poort, the



highway entrance to the Eastern Metropolis, Graham's Town was present with its volunteers and deputations, and brave Sir Walter Currie and the mounted police to receive and welcome him. There was a grand procession through the Poort, and as the procession passed the Drostdy, the people cheered, the bands played, and the flags waved. The arrival of the Governor gave more heart to the Saints of the City than they had had from the time they wept over the departure of Her Majesty's forces and the loss of the military expenditure. Every man who could command a horse or vehicle was out that day. In the evening the city was lit up and there were fireworks in the Drostdy grounds. His Excellency was accompanied by the recently appointed Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Perey Douglas, who delighted the British Settlers at the banquet given in the Governor's honour two days after, by saying in his after-dinner speech that he distinguished as soon as he entered the Poort, the ring of the true British metal (or mettle, I don't know which he meant), in the cheers which greeted their arrival. It is not too much to say of Graham's Town that it was always British to the backbone, and Her Majesty's Dutch subjects in Albany were ever as British as their fellow Colonists of English derivation, and are so still.

These Eastern receptions of the Governor were in great contrast with the treatment he had received in the West, and naturally inspired him with hope of a successful session.

The opening ceremony, at which the Eastern Province was far more fully represented than it had been at any previous opening of Parliament, took place in the Shaw College, a fine building for the purpose, situated in the lower part of High-street. The city was gaily decorated for the occasion, and in the body of the hall, which was thronged, there were the leading clergy, the wives and families of members, and all Graham's Town's country cousins, to whom the opening of Parliament was a function of which they had read, but never before seen. The Eastern members were somewhat disappointed in the opening speech, because His Excellency neither proposed in it to separate the Provinces nor to remove the seat of Government. Still there were the Governor and suite in their midst, and there was no knowing what the session might bring forth.

The Governor's speech was in print nearly as soon as it was delivered, and for the first time in the history of Parliament Cape Town and the West got their first glimpse of a Governor's opening speech in Eastern type. On the Legislature assembling for the despatch of business the predictions of the Easterns proved true; there were not more Western members present than there had been Eastern at the Cape Town openings. Even Mr. Saul Solomon, the then leader of the House, did not put in an appearance (it is to be regretted that he is not alive to do so now when Parliament meets) in the early part of the session the Easterns had it pretty much their own way. There was no telegraph line through the Colony at this opening of Parliament—the through line was inaugurated later but when the Parliament was sitting.

There were several little kick-ups during the session, and one of them nearly resulted in the Speaker, Sir Christoffel Brand, being expelled from office. This was brought about by the capricious action of Mr. Louis Chabaud, one of the members for Port Elizabeth. Chabaud was an exceedingly able lawyer, but as a member of Parliament, he wouldn't steer. He was as tetchy as an old maid who had been crossed in love, taking offence at the least thing and where no offence was intended. One evening something had put him out and he lost his temper and handed in his resignation to the Speaker. Having done so, he went round to the Club and other public places of resort and told everyone he met that he had resigned. Being laughed at for his pains, he took second thought about it and went back to the Speaker and got the resignation document back. On the House of Assembly assembling on the next day, Mr. Chabaud had taken his seat. His right to do so was challenged, as when the Speaker has once received a member's resignation it is the property of the House. The Speaker had no right to part with it.

On the Speaker being interrogated about this resignation business, he foolishly prevaricated—no doubt to save Chabaud, with whom he was on particularly friendly terms. This riled the House and what otherwise would have been but a mole-hill grew into a mountain—and a burning mountain of trouble. The Speaker affected not to remember whether Mr. Chabaud had resigned. At last he said that whilst he was taking some “refreshers” Mr. Chabaud did hand him a paper of some sort

which he put in his pocket without reading it; that Mr. Chabaud came to him after he had gone to bed and asked to have the paper back, and he, not knowing the nature of it, gave it to him.

The House knew better. This was not the correct version of the affair, and the matter was adjourned on the first occasion. When it came on a second time the House like Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace, was seven times heated, and angry members were ready to offer up the Speaker and his wig, bauble and robes, and Chabaud into the bargain, a living sacrifice to its wrath. The proceedings of the House had never been so tumultuous before, and have never been so since. The Speaker had hitherto held the House well in hand, but now it took the bit in its mouth and Mr. Speaker lost all control over it. The gallery was crowded, for it had been announced that the Speaker was to be disrobed and disgraced, and there is nothing that the masses so gloat over as the humbling of great men.

The press had waxed warm as well as the members over the affair and was antagonistic to the Speaker.

The late Mr. Painter, the member for Fort Beaufort, a member always outspoken, but whose pluck was sometimes greater than his discretion, said, addressing the Speaker when the subject was revived: "Do you know what the people say of you out of doors, Sir? Do you know what the *Eastern Province Herald* says of you, Sir? The *Herald* says you are a liar, Sir; and I say the same, Sir?" There were cries of "order" and "unparliamentary," but the little man was not to be put down. Above all the noise and tumult was heard, distinctly, "Yes, Sir, I say the same, Sir."

It had been discovered that Mr. Porter, the then Attorney-General, was present when Chabaud's resignation was handed in, and the question was put plainly to him, "Did the Speaker read Chabaud's document when it was handed in to him?" Mr. William Porter was far too truthful and honourable a man to hesitate about giving a plain answer to a plain question. He said he felt his position to be a very delicate one, but he felt that there was but one answer to the question—the Speaker certainly did read it; he read it to the people sitting round him, and the resignation was freely commented upon.

A vote of censure on the Speaker was moved, and it was lost by a majority of one only. Had it been carried, the Speaker



must have lost his seat, and he would have done so but he was saved by Mr. Jonathan Ayliff having purposely absented himself to save him. On the matter being disposed of as I have described, the Speaker humbled himself, bowing low in the face of the whole congregation, and the matter was allowed to drop. Had the Speaker lost his office Mr. Justice Denyssen, who was then a member of the House, was named as the probable member to succeed Sir Christoffel Brand. I do not believe there was a member of the House when the momentary loss of temper had passed but who felt glad that Sir Christoffel retained his office. He was a very able Speaker indeed. He and his eldest son were men of marked ability, and the records of their lives are very brilliant.



## REMINISCENCE.

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### No. IX.

THE CUSTOMS RUMPUS—THE MEMBERS OF BOTH HOUSES VISIT THE KOWIE—THE WYNBERG RAILWAY GETS RUNNING—POWERS—EXORBITANT DEMANDS OF LANDOWNERS ON THE WYNBERG LINE—£5,500 REDUCED TO £350—AND THE CLAY—PRINCE OF WALES'S MARRIAGE FETES—A MAGNIFICENT CARNIVAL—FETES IN THE GOVERNMENT GARDENS—OXEN ROASTED WHOLE ON THE PARADE—PARLIAMENTARY BANQUETS AND BALLS IN GRAHAM'S TOWN—KRELI TROUBLESOME IS WHIPPED BY MAJOR GAWLER.

By far the greatest rumpus that happened during the Graham's Town Parliament of 1864 was neither an Eastern nor a Western question—it did not arise out of the antagonism between the Provinces, nor had it the least tinge of party of any sort in it. The rumpus this time was between the merchants and the Government, and sprung out of Customs amendments. It was a rumpus and no mistake. The mercantile dander was fairly up, and once up it kept up for no inconsiderable time. One of the modes for squaring the Colonial accounts proposed by Mr. Rawson, the Colonial Secretary, in his Budget speech, was increasing certain Customs dues, and the honourable gentleman held that if the House agreed to his proposals the higher rate of Customs should be payable on the instant. This provoked the commercial element in and out of the House, and an adjournment was moved immediately on the Colonial Secretary resuming his seat. The Government opposed the motion for adjournment, and protested against the Speaker putting it, on the ground that if an opportunity were given to the mer-

chants who had goods in bond they would immediately take the goods out of bond, and the Government would lose the advantages from the increased dues which had been calculated upon. Temper was shown on all sides. The adjournment was carried, and the Parliament took a holiday, which members spent on the banks of the Kowie. There was no end of hullabaloo in Cape Town and Port Elizabeth mercantile circles, but it quieted down at last, a sort of compromise having been effected between "the powers that be" and "the powers that wanted to be."

There were certainly a good many measures passed in the Graham's Town Parliament which could not be got through a Cape Town Parliament—and some of them of special application to Western affairs. For instance, the Wynberg Railway Company obtained running powers from an Eastern Parliament which they could not get from the Parliament in Cape Town. Cape Town and Wellington Railway was under the control of a Railway Board, and that Board became inflated with the idea that for the purposes of railways the whole country was theirs, on no other grounds, that I ever heard of, than that they were the first in the field. They had regarded the Wynberg Railway with undisguised disfavour from its very inception. When that Company brought its bill into Parliament the C. and W. R. people threw all the obstacles they could in its way. The fact was that they wanted no lines that they themselves did not construct and control, but they had not conducted the railway entrusted to them with such a view to the public benefit as to inspire confidence. They had got on with nobody. Their rows with their contractor had cost the Colony no end of money and delayed the opening of the line, and they had worked the line as if it was "all their own—no halves or quarters."

There was but one approach to Cape Town and that was through the Castle. This approach was too narrow to admit of two sets of rails being laid down, and the Wynberg Company asked for running powers over this portion of the Cape Town and Wellington line, but the C. & W. R. Company refused and wanted to force the Cape Town and Wynberg traffic on to their line at Salt River, they to collar all the fares over two miles of the journey. This the Wynberg Directors would not bear of. The Cape Town and Wellington line had the



greatest influence in a Cape Town Parliament and were able to keep the Wynbergians off at arm's length whilst the Parliament was convened at the shank end. The late Mr. Edward Hull, of the firm of Messrs. Hull & Fairbridge, solicitors, of Cape Town, was the Secretary to the Wynberg Company, and he, one of the ablest company solicitors that the Cape ever knew, bided his time, and when the Graham's Town Parliament was in session sent up a short bill giving the Wynberg Company the running powers they asked for, and it passed through the two Houses with the speed of greased lightning. Cape Town opposition did not count in the Eastern Legislature. The Wynberg Directors lauded the Graham's Town Parliament to the skies, as well indeed they might, for but for it the Wellingtonians would have gobbled up their line. The Wynberg Company had been beset with more than sufficient obstacles without having any bother with the Cape Town and Wellington people—obstacles placed in their way by the very people who were more directly interested in the line than any one else, viz., the proprietors of the land through which the line was to run. The sums demanded for bits of land required for the railway were so outrageously exorbitant that if the extortioners had prevailed all the capital of the Company would have been swallowed up in the purchase of lands, and there would have been nothing left for the construction of the line. There was a clause in the Wynberg Railway Act to meet cases of dispute between landowners and the Company, and it was that when a dispute arose it should be referred to an arbitration court consisting of three members, one each to be elected by the disputants, the third by the elected members. The landowners with a view to get all out of the Company they could elected "their sisters and their cousins, their uncles and their aunts," and the awards in the first few cases arbitrated upon were so outrageous as to alarm the Directors, so that to prevent the Company being smashed up they were compelled to be on the alert, and when a Mr. Ecksteen demanded £5,500 for a slip of land running along the bottom of his vineyard on the banks of the Liesbeek River, they took care to select an arbitrator who they considered a match for the Ecksteen family. This arbitration occupied the arbitrators the whole of a fortnight. The claimant swore upon oath that he did not want the money, but the clay which he would lose by the loss of his

land—the slip containing the only clay he had on his estate suitable for making first-class fire-bricks. He valued his clay at £5,500. He was awarded all he wanted, *i.e.*, the clay and £375. He appealed to the Supreme Court against the award, but the judges said the award was a just one, and in strict accordance with the evidence. He had asked for the clay, had got it at his own valuation, and the balance in money. They upheld and applauded the judgment. After this the land-owners along the line tried on no more of their tricks.

If Sir George Grey had the good fortune to have the privilege of introducing the first member of the Royal Family—Prince Alfred—Sir Philip Wodehouse had a privilege quite as highly prized in being the Governor in office when the marriage of the Prince of Wales took place. It would be difficult to say on which of these occasions the expression of loyalty on the part of the Cape people was most unmistakably pronounced, but the demonstration, grand as it was when Prince Alfred came, was as nothing compared with the celebration of the Royal wedding. When the descriptions of the festivities reached England, it was publicly admitted that for splendour the Cape celebrations were far ahead of those of the other Colonies, and Cape Town outshone all the rest of South Africa, although every town in the Colony luxuriated in celebrations, money did not come into the consideration anywhere. It was calculated that the Cape Town fête brought £10,000 into circulation. Everything was done on a grand scale and regardless of cost. For the first time in the Colonies, a Carnival formed part of the festivities and the Carnival was a magnificent success. For weeks before the Prince of Wales's marriage, business was put aside, and the tradespeople and professionals together devoted themselves to making preparations for the coming spree. The Government placed the department of the Colonial Civil Engineer at the disposal of the General Committee, and every carpenter, joiner and smith connected with the department was kept fully employed in making ornamental cars, fitting up booths, stands, and the like, and the Breakwater mechanics were also employed at similar work. From daylight on the Prince of Wales's wedding-day to daylight of the next, there was one incessant round of festivities, not a private residence was closed—it was open-house throughout the city—the hotels and pubs were

thronged. There were no wedding-bells, as a matter of course, for there is but one community in South Africa that has even now risen to the distinction of having a really good peal of bells. Kimberley has an imitation peal. In Cape Town there was St. George's ding-dong alone, but daylight on the wedding morning was ushered in right royally—Royal salutes were fired and bands of music paraded the streets. At 7 a.m. there were appropriate wedding services in all the churches—Dutch as well as English, without national or denominational distinctions. At 10 o'clock the Carnival commenced. There were groups of fancy characters in cars of shell patterns—Britannia in one, Neptune and Tritons in another. The Seasons, Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter following, then Bacchus, all drawn in cars by teams of splendid horses. The Lady Godiva, on a milk-white horse exquisitely but appropriately adorned, Knights in Armour, Chinese conjuror in State, and other groups of the same description—the dresses and trappings of the horses were as handsome as could be had for money. All the trades followed the Carnival groups in procession. There were the Port Captain and his men with their port boat manned and on wheels, the Engineer of the Breakwater and about 300 of the workmen, some of them working on vehicles constructed for the purpose. The members of various societies with their banners, the children of all the schools, the boys in blue and the girls in white. The Municipal workmen, bearing the town arms; the workmen in the Engineer's department, and the railway people who could be spared were all there. The procession was nearly two miles long. There were oxen cooked whole on the Parade—and the flesh handed round was partaken of by all the crowd, Sir Philip and Lady Wodehouse being helped to the first slices. All the poor were feasted on the Parade at the cost of the Municipality, a magnificent wedding breakfast was laid out for the Tip-Tops in the Paddock, Public Gardens. Ladies and gentlemen breakfasted under the presidency of His Excellency the Governor, who proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom. There was a bridescake on the table that it took a wagon and span of oxen to convey from the confectioners to the breakfast table. Lady Wodehouse sliced, and the guests took the cake. At night there was an old English fair in the public gardens, which were most brilliantly lit with gas jets and



coloured lamps. There were 3,000 coloured lamps and eight mottoes in gas jets in the main walk. The front gate was surmounted with the Prince of Wales's plume and an appropriate inscription in gas jets. The fair was an immense success, and the "shows" were *fac-similes* of those once the pride and glory of Greenwich on its annual fair days.

It may perhaps give some idea of the scale on which these wedding festivities were carried out if I state that, although every person paid the whole of his own individual expenses—dresses, horses, trappings, &c. £8,000 was raised by public subscription for the general expenses, and every penny of it was spent. Graham's Town, Port Elizabeth, and all the Eastern districts celebrated the event magnificently. The Cape never did anything or saw anything so gorgeous and glorious before, never has since, and is not likely to again in this generation.

It was lucky for the Colony that the Prince's marriage took place in the first year of Sir Philip's rule—had it come in after years the celebrations may not have been so splendidly successful.

There was never but one Parliamentary session held in Graham's Town, for although the Governor managed to get enough money by taxing to carry on with, it was not sufficient, and before the session closed the Eastern members quarrelled amongst themselves, and some of the leading members got to cross purposes with the Governor for the reason that he would not give dominancy to their interests, nor do anything to diminish the natural advantages of the West. To all outward appearances, however, everything went fair and smooth whilst the session lasted. Banquets, balls, and concerts were the order of the day—one banquet given by that prince of good fellows, the late Mr. G. Wood, jun., M.L.A., surpassed in magnificence everything of the kind I have ever seen in South Africa. Counting the cost was not in the thing at all. Every luxury that the land could give, and every decoration that Art could devise were there. The company was—in the trick of modern language—swell. There were, in addition to His Excellency and staff, the heads of departments and the members of both Houses of Parliament at least two score of military officers of the first rank in full dress uniform, and the Commodore and principal naval officers from Her Majesty's Simon's Town Station. The speeches were grand and telling

and politics were not quite ignored. It was at a banquet given to Mr. J. E. Wood, M.L.A., that that grand and much respected prelate Bishop Moran said: "You complain of mismanagement. Gentlemen—introduce Responsible Government and you will add plunder to mismanagement," and there are a good many who to-day think the Bishop's prediction was far-seeing and correct. Bishop Moran is now filling the episcopal office in Dunedin, New Zealand.

During the sitting of Parliament in Graham's Town there was a great stir on the frontier through the movements of the Chief Kreli, and the Lieut.-Governor, Sir Percy Douglas, a nervous man and a General with no Frontier experience, nearly succeeded in bringing war about, and would have done so, but that he had the counsel of Lieut. Gawler, who was afterwards custodian of the Tower of London. Colonel Gawler had been in the Colony many years, and was the trusted military commander of Sir G. Grey in all Frontier matters. I never forget a remark made by Sir George in one of his prorogation speeches. His Excellency commenting on frontier affairs, said, "Kreli has been troublesome, and I have ordered Major Gawler to punish *him*," just as if Kreli was but a schoolboy who deserved a whipping and was to get it. He was not quite a schoolboy—he was a big and powerful and dangerous Chief, with a grand army of fighting warriors, but Gawler did as he was ordered—he gave him a whipping, and whipped him well.



## REMINISCENCE.

No. X.

THE RETRENCHMENT BUBBLE—SIR PHILIP WODEHOUSE—THE EASTERN DISTRICTS COURT—CONSERVATIVES AND LIBERALS AND THEIR DISTINCTIONS—CONSERVATIVES DIVIDED ON THE RETRENCHMENT POLICY OF MR. W. FOSTER, M.L.A.—ANNEXATION OF KAFFRARIA—BASUTOLAND AND FREE STATE WAR—CLOSING OF LAW COURTS IN THE ORANGE RIVER FREE STATE—EASTERN OBSTRUCTION IN THE ASSEMBLY—BASUTOLAND BECOMES BRITISH—PRESIDENT BRAND A FEDERALIST—ALLEGATION THAT WATERBOER'S COUNTRY WAS ANNEXED SOLELY FOR THE SAKE OF THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

SIR Philip Wodehouse never had a chance of paying a visit to the Diamond Fields, although he was Governor when diamonds were discovered in Griqualand West and was the purchaser of the first diamond sent down to Cape Town. Nothing was known about the discovery until 1869—nor until the year was pretty well advanced—he left in 1870. Sir Philip had his hands pretty full on his return from Graham's Town, as he had during the whole time from the end of the Graham's Town session until the day of his departure. In addition to the financial muddle of the Colony, he had the Basuto and Kaffrarian difficulties to deal with. The Westerns were as much bent upon Retrenchment in 1865 as they were in 1863. When I speak of the Westerns, I do not include the whole of the Western members, for I know Mr. Saul Solomon never favoured the Retrenchment movement, and was too well up in his work to think that the Colonial debt could be wiped out by any system of economy. Mr. W. Foster, M.L.A., was the head



centre of the Retrenchers and a staunch supporter of the Church of England, or rather the Colonial Church "in Union and Communion" with the Church of England, was a prominent member of the Synod of that Church, evincing great ability when dealing with Church matters whilst occupying a seat in the Synod. He was the editor and manager of the *Standard*, a journal started by the Conservatives to supply the place of the *Cape Argus*, which had passed into the hands of Messrs. Solomon & Co., and had become anything but a Conservative organ. I never understood why the terms "Conservative" and "Liberal" became Cape political party definitions. They certainly did not apply in the least—were most inapt in fact. If the two parties had been defined as English and Afrikaner it would have been far more apt, although even those terms would have conveyed little on the face of them of the political differences which divided the people, because there were several of the African born of Dutch derivation in the Conservative ranks and Colonial born of English derivation and English born in the Liberal ranks. The pith of Conservatism from 1854 was opposition to Responsible Government. There was more than that in it, but that was the outward and visible sign. The Conservatives were not opposed to necessary taxation, as a party. They were decidedly in favour of reproductive public works, agricultural development, railways, and certainly in favour of anglicising the country. There is no doubt that they would have had but one language spoken if they could have had their way, and would have had the Cape Colony, in every essential, part and parcel of the Great British Empire. The *Standard* certainly, under Mr. Foster's management did not represent the Conservative Party. He was too 'finnikin' in his politics, and his Retrenchment scheme did more than anything else to split up the party which the paper in his hands was intended to keep together and consolidate. At the commencement of the session of 1865 Mr. Foster convened a meeting of members who he thought he could persuade to unite for retrenching purposes. The meeting took place in the School of Art, Roeland Street, and to that meeting he submitted his scheme. The main proposal was to take 10 per cent. off all the salaries from that of the policeman, paid at that time a pound to thirty shillings a week, to the salary of the Governor, amounting to thousands a year. This he

called serving all alike, or tarring all the officials with the same brush. The members present could not see that taking 10 per cent. off a policeman's salary was the same as taking 10 per cent. off the Governor's salary. The deduction of 2s. from the policeman's pound might prevent his sending his children to school or buying shoes for them if he had children and most of them had. Ten per cent. off the Governor's salary would be just one walnut the less per diem per guest at His Excellency's dinner parties. Besides if the whole of the salaries were docked and not a penny of salary were paid any official the savings would not amount to one tithe of the public debt. Everyone but Mr. Foster saw that to depend upon retrenchment to equalize revenue and expenditure and pay off the debt would have been absurd, but Foster stuck to it, in spite of all that could be advanced, that his was a practicable scheme. He was left to work it out by himself. A resolution had been passed in the Graham's Town Parliament, affirming the necessity of annexing British Kaffraria to the Colony. The £40,000 grant for the maintenance—which the High Commissioner had received from the Imperial Treasury for the maintenance of that Colony—had been withdrawn and its independence could therefore no longer be maintained. The one great advantage the Eastern Province had obtained from the Graham's Town Parliamentary Session was the establishment of an Eastern Districts Court—an invaluable advantage to the Province, as, previous to the existence of that Court, all civil cases beyond the jurisdiction of the Magistrate had to be adjudicated upon in Cape Town, which was a great hindrance to Eastern suitors, and an enormous expense as well as delay. If the Eastern Province had got nothing else out of the Graham's Town Parliament, this alone should have made the Easterns grateful to Sir Philip Wodehouse, and it greatly assisted in making annexation easier of completion; but the Kaffrarians fought against it tooth and nail, and very naturally. They, as a separate and distinct colony had a Government and a High Court of their own, with their own Judge, Solicitor-General, and Bar. The Governor had met and conferred with the Kaffrarians, and tried to persuade them to come into the annexation arrangement willingly, as His Excellency was bound to do in accordance with Imperial instructions, but the more he urged annexation upon them, the more they disliked and resisted His Excellency, and the Parliament was as difficult to deal with in this matter

as were the Kaffrarians themselves. The Easterns wanted Kaffraria annexed to their Province, and the Westerns wanted the annexation to be made to strengthen their hands, and as the Easterns could not get what they wanted they resolved upon a policy of obstruction—which was dubbed by Messrs. Solomon & Co. the Murray-Wood policy, but it was never the policy favoured by either Murray, who represented Cradock, or by Wood, who represented Graham's Town. The originator of the policy was Mr. Jonathan Ayloff, one of the members for Alice. The plan adopted to obstruct was for Eastern members to occupy the whole time of the House by proposing amendments and supporting (?) them by reading Blue-books by the hour. A senseless move that could answer no good purpose. The Easterns being hundreds of miles away from home and most of them men of business, could not possibly hold out against the Westerns, the chief part of whom resided in Cape Town or in its neighbourhood and could personally superintend their business up to two o'clock in the day, and then sit all night without much inconvenience. For five whole months this game of obstruction was kept up—sometimes sitting the whole night and going home with the milk in the morning. Once they sat night and day for a week, commencing on the Monday and sitting into the following Sunday morning. The Speaker had a fine time of it. He was compelled to preside the whole time, never leaving his chair to eat or drink without first obtaining leave of the House. Sir Christoffel Brand was a man of marvellous physical endurance, or he never could have stood it. The way the Easterns managed was just to keep a sufficient number of their members in the House to keep the game alive and prevent the main question being put. The game of the Western members to prevent a count-out. There was no business done. As soon as petitions had been presented obstruction was commenced day after day, and kept up as long as the House sat. The monotony of reading Blue-books was occasionally relieved by some sort of amendment proposed, as for instance, "That the Annexation Bill be read this day six months." After spending some dozen or two of hours in fancy debating on the amendment, the Easterns would let the amendment be put, and of course it would be lost, the Westerns always taking care to be in a majority. When the Speaker declared the Noes to have



it, the Easterns would call for a division—anything to occupy the time, and the division was never hurried through. When the Speaker had declared the result of the division, another Eastern member would move: "That the Annexation Bill be read this day nine months," and the same voting and dividing would be gone through with like results, to make way for another Eastern amendment that the Bill be read this day two months, and so they went on ringing the changes. The Westerns were wild, and said all the savage things they could of the Easterns, and the Easterns retorted no less savagely. The Clerks of the House took it by turns to put in an appearance, and record the Votes and Proceedings; the Sergeant-at-Arms obtained relief by finding a substitute in the Clerk of the Papers. But after all the fun and frolic and wrangling the Annexation Bill was passed, and the Easterns were defeated. The Kaffrarians became Cape Colonists, the Kaffrarian judges were transferred to the Bench of the Eastern Districts Court, the Attorney-General was made Solicitor-General of the Court, the attorneys who had been practising at the Kaffrarian bar were made barristers; and the Kaffrarian agents were turned into full-fledged attorneys.

Basutoland was made British with far less difficulty. The Imperial Government had signified their desire that Basutoland which had been giving them some trouble should be annexed to the Cape Colony, and had instructed Sir Philip to make his arrangements accordingly, but as their custom was the Imperial Government changed their mind, which change the Governor was apprised of by private hand before the Imperial despatches could be sent off, and Sir Philip took time by the forelock, so that when the despatches came with instructions for him to stay his hand he wrote back to say that Basutoland was already a British possession. Sir Philip was very impatient of Imperial shilly-shallying.

Then the war made upon the Basutos by the Orange Free State, which was commenced long before Kaffraria was annexed, threatened serious complications. There existed a treaty between the Basutos and the Imperial Government binding the latter not to prevent the Basutos from arming themselves, but to allow them guns and ammunition. The Governor intimated to the Free State Government that they must expect

neither sympathy nor assistance from the Colony; that the Basutos were our allies (as indeed they were) and that they were to be allowed to get guns and ammunition from the Cape Colony which the dealers in munitions of war would be forbidden to supply to the Free State. His Excellency issued a proclamation, which he was in duty bound to do, forbidding Colonists to join the Free State forces. This riled the Free Staters and their partizans beyond measure. The proclamation was of little effect, however, for armed Colonists crossed the Orange River by hundreds and fought with the Boers—indeed the Colonists who so fought claimed the chief part of the credit for the Free State victory.

The Colonists suffered great losses through that war. The Government of the State closed all their law courts. Those in debt to the Colony could not be sued and the Free State blue backs (or rather orange backs) were declared to be a legal tender, and these blue backs at one time were not worth more in the Colony than two shillings in the pound. The Free State Government, however, at the close of the war redeemed all their paper most honourably, as well indeed they might, as they made a pretty good thing out of the war in cattle and land. The Conquered Territory is the richest part of the Free State. It cannot be denied that the war settled the country and made the Free State safe to live in. President Brand when he accepted office in 1863 found the State in a dreadful state of disorder and miserably poor. He ruled it wisely, and before he died had raised the country from abject poverty to an enviable state of prosperity.

Sir John Brand would willingly have federated the State with other States and Colonies of South Africa under the British flag. This he told me himself, but he did not dare propose it, however, or he would never again have been re-elected. The Raad would have opposed any such proposal almost to a man and would have called upon the President to resign. His Honour lived to be on the most intimate and friendly terms with the Queen and Royal Family of England. There is little doubt—indeed it is certain—that Sir John was irresistibly forced into many of the positions in which he seemed to figure as an anti-English opponent of the Imperial Government and High Commissioners, but he was not so. He had either to yield to Boer prejudices or to resign, and I honestly believe that a more unselfish public servant never held office in

South Africa. I remember meeting him at the corner of Church-street, Cape Town, just as he was starting to take the reins of Government in 1863, and saying to him that he was blind to his own interest in leaving the Cape Town Bar. There was, I pointed out, promotion straight in view. The prospect of a Chief Justiceship for him was as clear as the sun at noon-day, and that at no very distant date. He admitted this, but said his countrymen had called upon him, and his duty was to respond. Of course my answer was that if he *felt* it to be his *duty* he had but one course open to him, he must accept the Presidentship. Had he not gone to the Free State he would have escaped much worry and trouble, and in all probability he would have been alive to-day and have been the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the Cape Colony, for there is no doubt that worry and trouble killed him. There was the Basuto War in the first place, involving grave responsibilities, for victory was not so sure at starting. He could not escape that war. The Basutos on the border on the one hand, and the Boers on the other, were continually cattle lifting and rowing—there was never a moment's peace, and the great body of his Republican subjects sided with the Boers against the Basutos and cried out for their extermination, and the majority of the white Colonists sympathised with the Boers, as they would under any circumstances have been with the white against any coloured race. The closing of the Law Courts was a bold stroke, and to proclaim war with an empty exchequer and no credit was what few Presidents would have dared, and but that His Honour had his people with him heart and soul, even he would not have ventured so much. He started a paper currency, making his orange backs a legal tender to meet the expenses of the war, and the Government who owed the Standard Bank £80,000, refused to permit that Bank to establish itself inside the Free State boundary. The orange backs were at a fearful discount outside the Free State for a very long time. Colonial creditors refused to take them, but when the Diamond Fields were established and trade was opened up with the Free State store-keepers and many men in the Fields did exceedingly well with the Free State paper currency. The whole of its paper was called in when it had served its purpose, which it did. The Government of the State worked out its currency scheme



with great cleverness, and ultimately opened its Law Courts and paid the Standard Bank all it owed that institution, but not until worry and anxiety had undermined the health of the Chief Manager, Mr. E. Stewart, the ablest financier that ever came from England to South Africa, which is saying a good deal, for we have had some very able bank managers from England since free trade in money was declared. President Brand's presence in the battlefield urging on his men by his own personal enthusiasm involved personal hardship and was detrimental to his health. Next came the controversy with Sir Henry Barkly about the Griqualand West territorial rights, and sad, very sad, domestic afflictions. He was a strong man, armed with an inflexible will and self-convinced of the righteousness of his cause, or he must have succumbed many years before he did. I heard from his own lips the last night I spent with him at the Presidential residence how much he had learnt from his visit to England. When he was in the House of Assembly Mr. Advocate Brand, member for Calvinia, and the colleague of Dr. Tancred, no doubt was bitterly prejudiced against England. But he was a young man then, and he had been "capped, lapped, and papped" under circumstances which made him prejudiced against Englishmen and all things English. He lived to know better, and Her Majesty the Queen got to know him, and to recognise in him a true and loyal subject and a faithful ally. President Brand was never more proud than he was to accept the knighthood the Queen conferred upon him unasked, and the determination he displayed when his Volksraad said he should not accept a favour from England was admirable, and showed him to be worthy to rule a people. The Queen of England, said he, has graciously conferred a knighthood upon me, and I shall accept it. The Raad was silenced.

It has been said, and many times repeated, that the English would never have taken Griqualand West but that they were greedy to get the diamonds; that until diamonds were discovered they had never given the country a thought, much less claimed it. Sir Philip Wodehouse had been offered the country by the Chief Waterboer before the annexation of British Kaffraria was broached, and had notified it to the Free State Government. There was not a diamond heard of or thought of

in the country at that time. Sir Philip had too much hay on his fork to complete the taking over of Waterboer's country whilst Colonial and Kaffrarian difficulties were so pressing upon him. But the Free State Government had had notice from the British Government before any diamond diggings existed, and the English would have occupied the country, diamonds or no diamonds, so that those who have kept up the cry about English greed in this matter may just as well hold their peace.



## REMINISCENCE.

No. XI.

SIR PHILIP WODEHOUSE'S OFFER TO THE PARLIAMENT TO GET A RAILWAY ENGINEER AND TO BECOME SECURITY FOR HIS EFFICIENCY—PARLIAMENT ACCEPTS THE OFFER—MR. BOURNE, C.E., PROCURED FROM DEMERARA—HIS TRIP THROUGH THE COUNTRY—RAILWAY ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT FORMED AND BROKEN UP—ENGINEER DISMISSED—UNREGISTERED HARDSHIPS—SIR HENRY BARKLY'S VISITS TO KIMBERLEY—MR. (NOW SIR) RICHARD SOUTHEY'S DEFECTION WITH THE COLONIAL GOVERNMENT—HIS APPOINTMENT AS LIEUT.-GOVERNOR OF GRIQUALAND—HIS RECEPTION ON ARRIVAL—BANQUET AND FIREWORKS—HOW RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT WAS WON.

AMONGST the multitude of advantages it is boasted that the Colony has derived from Ministers and Ministries, and which it is frequently said we never should have had but for the introduction of Responsible Government, is the network of Colonial railways, which has certainly done more to accelerate the progress of the Colony than any public work which has been undertaken. There never was a greater mistake than this boast. Of course people who do not know any better may be misled by such boastful pretensions, but not the old residents. In 1862, Sir Philip Wodehouse informed the House of Assembly by message, when the House was considering the subject of extending the line of railway then constructed, that if the Legislature desired railway extension, he could recommend them an engineer who would take the superintendence of the railways, and would guard the interest of the Colony efficiently, whether



the Legislature decided that Government should construct the railways, or that they should be constructed by contract. The engineer he would recommend was one who, His Excellency said, had saved Demerara a very large amount of money in the construction of Harbour Works when he was the Governor of that dependency, and Sir Philip added that if the Legislature would authorize him, he would send for that gentleman, and added that His Excellency would be responsible for his efficiency. Mr. Solomon moved that the Governor be so authorized, and in so doing, said that it would be a great advantage to have an engineer of whose efficiency the Governor had had experience, and whom His Excellency so strongly recommended. It certainly was far better than leaving the selection in the hands of the Colonial Agency in London, who would in all probability send a favourite or relative of their own without caring much about his efficiency. The motion was duly seconded—to the best of my recollection—by Dr. Christie, the then colleague of Mr. Molteno, and one of the representatives of Beaufort West. This was how Mr. Bourne, C.E., came out to the Colony as its Railway Engineer. Mr. Bourne was unquestionably a first-rate man. He was in Graham's Town during the session held there in 1864, in order to advise any Select Committee who might be appointed on the subject of railways. At the close of the session I—was going from Graham's Town to Cape Town—was asked if I would join Mr. Bourne and make the journey with him in order that I might point out, knowing the localities, where I thought it most profitable to the country railways should first be made. Of course I could have no objection, and we travelled together. My idea at that time was (and it must be remembered that there were no Diamond Fields then) that railways to serve the country best would be those which connected the productive portions of the country with the ports. Those were the days of small things in the way of railway enterprise. We had been directing our attention to harbours and harbour works, had spent no end of money in docks, patent slips, and breakwaters, but we had been doing little or nothing to increase our exports either in the way of railways or irrigation. Our harbours had been made as it seemed to me for imports only. However, it is sufficient to say that political considerations have had more to do with the turns and twists of our

railway system than any consideration for the material welfare of the country.

Mr. Bourne not merely took note of the "lie" of the country, the producing districts and the ports, but he visited each of the forests on the way, and came to the conclusion that we ought to import less timber than we were doing, and that not only should we get our railway sleepers from Colonial-grown timber, but other timber as well. However all that came to nothing, for in 1866, after the Railway Department was just completed, and the Governor was arranging to push on with railways, the Responsibles and the Anti-Progressive party together formed a majority in the House, put a stop to railway enterprise altogether, and wanted to repudiate payment for the Tulbagh line, which a majority of members had informally empowered His Excellency to construct during the recess to relieve the existing distress, and now after Parliament met did their level best to make His Excellency pay for it out of his own pocket. This was how the Responsibles earned our gratitude for hastening on railway construction in the Cape colony. Mr. Bourne, of course, having been recommended by Sir Philip Wodehouse, came in for a share of the opprobrium heaped upon His Excellency, and he had to go, with all the railway staff which had been imported. The thousands that had been spent in the construction of the Department mattered not a dump to the dominant party, who saw plainly enough that if the material development of the country proceeded satisfactorily under the old form of government no change would be wanted, and Party was not likely to get Place.

This journey with Mr Bourne reminds me of a little incident which occurred at Port Elizabeth just at that time, and which I thought had a good bit of humour in it—may be it was the more humorous to me because it was an event in which a pressman got rather the best of two officials. When Sir Philip was administering the affairs of the country Mr. George Hudson, now the head of our police department, was attached to the Customs service at Port Elizabeth, and although Kimberley readers may not believe it, G.H. was one of the most inveterate of practical jokers that the Bay then knew, which is not saying a little for Port Elizabeth, for the town might have dispensed with that joker and

then have had *quant. suf.* of that sort of animal. The colleague of Mr. George Hudson was Mr. Allen Rose Innes, the uncle of the present Attorney-General, who was nearly—if not quite—as given to practical joking as G.H. himself. To “sell” a member of the Press was their greatest delight, and of all the pressmen, Mr. Charles Fraser, the reporter of the *Eastern Province Herald*, was their favourite butt. To palm off a canard upon him as veritable gospel and get him to insert it in the *Herald* was an achievement which gave them inexpressible pleasure. Mr Fraser bided his time, and one day he toddled down to the Customs House, and putting on an air of much concern asked them how they were going to get over “this piece of neglect” that everyone was talking of. Hudson and Innes looked up from their desks and asked what particular neglect he referred to. “Refer to,” exclaimed Fraser, “why that which has become the topic of the day in every merchant’s store in the place. That a number of ships have been at Port Elizabeth without one of them ever having been reported at the Customs House.” This was so serious an allegation that Hudson, Innes, and everyone in the office was scared. “Within what period?” asked Hudson. “Why,” said Fraser, “within the last two years the chief part of them.” The officials took their registers down for the purpose of comparison, but could find nothing in the shape of an omission, and then they, after days and days of enquiry, finding no corroboration of Fraser’s allegation, demanded to know of him what ships. Fraser shrugged his shoulders, and shook his head. “What ships?” said Hudson. “Yes, what ships?” echoed Innes. “Why, *hardships*,” shouted Fraser and sloped. The biters bit, resolved upon revenge, and not long after concocted a marvellous story of the capture of a tiger which Fraser unwittingly made a note of and duly reported to the editor, who published it. That blessed tiger story hoax went the round of the Eastern papers, and was nearly the death of good, worthy George Impey, Esq., alas! now no more, and the Bay chaff about it nearly drove Fraser mad, but it was a long time before the Bay fellows left off asking Hudson and Innes when the *Hardships* might be expected.

The Diamond Fields have been visited by three Governors : first by Sir Henry Barkly, when Klipdrift was the seat of



Government and the High Court, and the Court of the British Resident sat there. The first British Administration consisted of the British Resident Magistrate, Mr. John Campbell, and Messrs. Holden Bowker, Buyskes and J. Orpen. What the three Commissioners were intended to do I could never understand, in fact they said they did not know themselves. They used to spend the chief part of their time in sunning themselves outside the Court House or on the banks of the river. However they are all dead now. Then we had as Administrators and Magistrates, Messrs. Campbell, Giddy, Thompson and Commandant Bowker, and Gilfillan. More of them and their successors anon. The country had been taken over from the Griqua Chief, Waterboer, and the land had to be disposed of. The land up to the time when the British Government took over Waterboer, his people and his country at their request, to save them from the Boers, had been held under a tribal title. There were no individual land holdings—the land belonged to the Griquas in common. Each of Waterboer's subjects had a right to occupy and to grow sufficient for his wants—nothing more. There was an idea abroad that now the country had become British it should be apportioned out in such a way as to make it easy for the land-jobbers to get hold of it. The Lieutenant-Governor's plan of dealing with the land or an essential part of it was to give every Griqua a plot large enough for his needs—but, however, whatever it was the Governor disapproved of it and sent up a scheme of his own, which Sir Richard Southey as Lieut-Governor declined to submit to the Council. The Governor thereupon came up himself and insisted upon its submission to the Legislative Council, and informed Sir Richard that he as Lieut.-Governor must submit it or he could no longer hold the office. Sir Richard then Mr. (Southey) said no matter what the consequence might be to himself, he so thoroughly disapproved of the Governor's scheme that he would have nothing to do with it, and that if it had to be introduced into the Council the Governor must introduce it himself. This His Excellency did. He went into the Council, took the President's chair, and forced the scheme through, and the Lieut.-Governor went into the Council no more and no longer held the office—he was dismissed. The public will be glad to know that Colonel Crossman, R.E., who was sent out as ; Royal Commissioner to enquire and report,

reported very highly of Sir Richard Southey's administrative ability and administration. Strangely enough, no copy of this report was ever forwarded to Sir Richard. I take it that the Knighthood was intended to convey to the honourable gentleman that he had earned and claimed the confidence of his Queen and Her Majesty's Government. This was a second time that Mr. Southey had refused to be coerced into helping to bring about a result of which he disapproved. He was Colonial Secretary, and therefore a member of the Executive Council, when Sir Henry Barkly was sent out as Governor to force Responsible Government upon the country. Sir Henry Barkly informed the Council of his instructions, and called upon the members of the Council to co-operate with him in bringing it about. Mr. Southey held that before any change in the form of government was made it ought to be submitted to the people and the voice of the country taken upon it. The Governor held that the vote of the two Houses of Parliament was sufficient. Mr. Southey said no, the Houses had been elected without question having put definitely to the constituencies. The Governor said the Colonial Secretary was bound to vote, and he voted against it. As it would never have done to let it go to the country at the critical juncture, when there was but a possible one majority for Responsible Government in Council, that the Executive Council was divided upon it, Mr. Southey was offered the Lieut.-Governorship of Griqualand West. Whatever else may be said of Sir Richard Southey, it must be admitted that he has always been true to his convictions.

When the vote in favour of Responsible Government had been perfected in both Houses of the Legislature by influencing Mr. De Roubaix, M.L.C., who had been elected as a non-Responsible, to give his vote in favour and giving Sir Henry a majority of one, the Premiership was offered to Sir Richard Southey, Mr. Solomon and Mr. Molteno both joining the Governor in the endeavour to persuade that gentleman to be the first Prime Minister. He flatly and absolutely declined, although he could have commanded a majority in both Houses. He did not consider the country ripe for it. It was thereupon that Mr. Molteno became the first Prime Minister. Mr. Solomon was asked, and one of those who asked him was Mr. Molteno, but he declined. Even had he lived and remained in good health, Mr.

Saul Solomon never would have accepted the Premiership. I remember his telling me that that was his determination years and years before Responsible Government was carried.

I think that it is probable that had Mr. John Paterson, the member for Port Elizabeth, been in the Colony and alive, he would have been Prime Minister very soon, but I doubt if he would ever have held office for any length of time together. He was a man of great natural ability, a scholar, and had many of the elements which qualify a statesman. But he was capricious, and lacked the one great essential without which a Minister can do little—namely, the power of attracting and keeping intact a Ministry or a majority. Still Mr. Paterson's death was a great loss to the Parliament and the country. He was a practical politician in many ways, but some of his proposals were wild and impossible. I have not yet forgotten his grand irrigation scheme. At one period irrigation was the great political cry. An irrigation scheme for the whole country was to be the salvation—if not of the country, certainly of the Agricultural interest. One of the foremost, the most earnest and most intelligent advocates of it was the Hon. Mr. Frank Reitz, M.L.C., then member for Swellendam and father of the present President of the Orange Free State. Then Mr. John Paterson took it up, but not in the spirit that characterised the advocacy of the Hon. Mr. Reitz. Mr. Paterson proposed that there should be two Irrigation Boards, one for the West and one for the East. The Eastern Board was to consist of five members, four of whom were to have £1,000 per year, and the fifth, who was to be the President of the Board, £2,000. People asked who was to be the President, and laughed, and that is all that came of Mr. John Paterson's great Irrigation Scheme.



## REMINISCENCE.

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### No. XII.

EARLY DAYS OF THE DIAMOND FIELDS—THE RIVER DIGGINGS—  
HABITS AND MANNERS OF THE PIONEERS—SABBATH  
OBSERVANCE—SERVICE RENDERED BY BISHOP WEBB  
AND THE CLERGY OF THE FREE STATE—RESIDENT  
CHAPLAIN APPOINTED—THE RECTORY BUILDING—FIRST  
WEDDING IN THE DIAMONDS FIELDS—BRIDE TURNS UP  
A "MAMA"—SCENE ON THE RIVER BANKS—BURIED UNDER  
THE THREE KAMEELDOORNS—THE END OF THE ROMANCE.

THE early days of the Diamonds Fields were as prolific of remarkable incident as any portion of South Africa during any period of South African history. When I arrived there was but one eating-house at Klipdrift, and that soon had as many customers as it could accommodate—not above ten all counted. The ten fortunate ones were well fed and cared for, the thousands had rough times of it. There was one remarkable circumstance more than any other of all the remarkable features of that period, and that was the observance of the Sabbath. Without conference, consultation, fixed law, or framed regulation, every man knocked off work on Saturday night and made his appearance on Sunday morning, no matter how high the Saturday night jinks had reached, washed and brushed, and with as much of a Sunday-going-to-meeting look about him as circumstances admitted. This Sunday observance was voluntary, not brought about by clerical influence, and it must be remembered that of the thousands of diggers not a few were men who had been roughing it all their lives, who seldom talked of religion, never affected piety, and the majority of them had made no pretence of being church or chapel goers when living

in cities, towns, or villages. It is true that they visited bars and liquored up on a Sunday all the same, but there was neither card nor billiard playing. They left off work and put on a Sunday appearance which was the extent of their Sunday observance, but still an observance of the day which I say was very remarkable seeing that every one of them was engaged in a race for wealth, and it involved a loss of one-seventh of the time they had at their disposal for the getting that which they had come hundreds of miles to get. The Sunday hung very heavily on the hands of these diggers, and the observance could not have lasted long in this fashion. Men find little pleasure in idleness for any length of time. They must have something to see or to do if they are not at work. Nothing is more true than that

“Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do.”

Happily the clergy at Bloemfontein, the nearest settled country, seeing that there was a disposition on the part of the men themselves to keep the Sunday, came to their assistance. The first clergyman who came to Klipdrift was that excellent, earnest, and talented clergyman, Archdeacon Croghan. The reverend gentleman, although not physically strong, used to come down and hold morning service and make the return so far as Boshof the same day. His ministrations were well attended, and never were more regular and attentive congregations in chapel, parish church or cathedral. When the Archdeacon's home duties prevented his continuance of those services his place was taken by the Rev. Archdeacon Kitton, of King William's Town, who took up his residence at Klipdrift and continued until the English Church in England sent out a Resident Chaplain to the Fields—the Rev. Mr. Sadlier—who held early morning service at Waldek's Plant, eleven o'clock service at Klipdrift, and an afternoon service at Pniel. Before the arrival of the Resident Chaplain the Roman Catholics had entered the field, but the Catholics were not sufficient in number to warrant a priest giving up his whole time to the work. Of womenfolk there were none until some time after the arrival of the Resident Chaplain, and, therefore, of course, there were no marriages nor christenings. The first marriage was celebrated by the Rev.

Mr. Sadlier in his "residence," a one-roomed wattle-and-daub hut with a reed roof, which the diggers humorously entitled "The Rectory." The reverend chaplain was an M.A. of Cambridge, and I should think that never before had an ordained clergyman of the Church of England been installed in such a residence. The building had been designed for a trunk but on the arrival of the Revd. Mr. Sadlier it was thought it might be devoted to a better purpose, and as there was no other place of accommodation for him it was handed over to him.

When it became noised abroad that there was to be a wedding the diggers resolved to keep it up in style. The "twain" to be made one flesh was a coloured "twain," and it could not be complained that they did not come to the rectory in wedding garments. The bridegroom wore a fashionable morning coat, lavender trousers, white waistcoat, sky blue tie, patent leather boots, and black silk hat—a regular bell-topper. The bride, who was a natty maiden of sweet sixteen, was dressed in blue silk with lace tippet, and a bridal veil that reached to her toes. Both wore white kid gloves, quite *en regle*. In preparation, and to make room for the wedding being celebrated in "The Rectory," the chaplain had doubled up his iron stretcher and decorated the walls with evergreens brought by the diggers from the willows which overhung the river. I myself gave away the bride, and when the chaplain, the bride and bridegroom, and myself were inside the rectory there was no room for any one else, but there were hundreds of spectators crowding round the building, and in the doorway they stood three deep. When the chaplain declared the twain "man and wife together" the diggers gave such a cheer as might have been heard almost as far as Waldek's Plant. The Pniel diggers took up the cheering from the Klipdrift side, and kept it up. The ceremony over, the diggers stood treat at Sanger's, toasted the bride, and sent off the happy couple to commence their wedded life with louder if not more hearty good wishes than ever bride was before blessed with. And it must be said to the credit of the diggers who took part in the festal celebration, that they were as respectful to the bride as if she had been a sprig of nobility, and not an unseemly word was spoken in her presence.

When I went to the Barberton Gold Fields a second time I had put up for a few days at Bussey's Hotel, Ferreira's Camp,



on my way to Pretoria. Amongst the staff of servants was a dapper young coloured lad who went by the name of "boots," I suppose from his connection with the Day & Martin department. One morning when he had brought in my shoes in a high state of lustre, he asked me if I had any washing I wanted getting done, if so his mother would be glad to do it for me. It was just the very thing I did want and I told him to send her. In the course of the morning an old vrouw turned up. She was nearly as broad as she was long and I said, "Well, old Mama, what do you want?" She told me she was the mother of "boots," who told her I had some washing for her. Before she left she asked if I did not remember her. Looking at her, I expressed my regret that I had not that felicity and she laughed very good naturedly, and said "why Mr. Murray gave me away when Mr. Sadler married me at Klipdrift." She had learned to speak English of the gold diggers. The spread of the language of the Empire is one of the good results of the gold discovery. I looked in vain at the old fat vrouw and tried to imagine her in a white lace bridal veil, blue silk dress and white kids. But I couldn't do it. She had gone in for black kids since then, and had grown quite grandmotherly during the seventeen or eighteen years that had elapsed since that wedding at the "Rectory." South African women, white as well as black, soon wear out after they become mothers. She told me that she had borne her husband eight children. She looked old enough to be the grandmother of "boots." Her husband, whom I saw afterwards working in Ferreira's claims, was as stand-uppish as a man of middle age should be and not a day older than became his age. The South African male does not age nearly so fast as the female.

One of the most memorable incidents of travel, and one that I shall never forget, occurred to me many years ago during a journey I made to the Free State soon after my arrival on the Diamond Fields. I had been on a visit to President Brand, at Bloemfontein, and was returning, with three other passengers, in one of Mr. Hanger's carts. It had been raining tremendously heavy for some days, but we reached Boshof all right though it was late in the evening. When we left Boshof it was so dark that we could hardly see the road—in fact no one in the cart but the coloured driver did see it, but he found his way along until we arrived at that part of the

journey where you have to drive through the river, and the driver pulled up near the edge of the bank of it. The river was a roaring torrent, but with the recklessness characteristic of his class the driver wanted to plunge into the stream and cross to the opposite bank; but I saw clearly enough that the river was far too deep and rapid for this to be attempted without the assistance of Kafirs to keep the cart on its wheels, and I refused to risk it until we could get some Kafirs to ascertain the depth of the water. My fellow passengers wanted to know where I was to get Kafirs at that time of night—they had not the experience of South African Kafirs that I had had, and were willing to cross, having confidence in the driver, who said it was "safe enough." I didn't care what the driver said, and I would not risk it until we got Kafirs. They wanted to know what I would do if the driver pushed on. I replied that they would surely let me get out. After much wrangling I said there were surely some farms near where there were plenty of Kafirs. The driver said there were no farm houses or houses of any sort for miles, which I did not believe. Taking a look round I saw fire at a distance. "Oh," said the driver, "that is some wagons outspanned for the night." Well, I remarked, the wagons will not be without Kafirs—they will have drivers and voortrekkers and will lend us their boys, as indeed Boers and kurveyors on trek always will do when help is required. The objection to going to the wagon for boys was that it was such a long way to go. "Oh, I will go," said I, and I jumped out of the cart and set off. I must say that they were right about the distance. It was a long walk in the dark. As I neared the wagons a pack of dogs flew out, barking as South African curs know how to bark. I heard a voice calling the dogs back, and recognised the voice to be that of a lady, who I soon after saw standing in the doorway of a very large van, through which light from the inside streamed. She called to me to know who I was and what I wanted. I answered and told her, walking up to the doorway of the van in which she stood, when I heard a gentleman inside say, "Ask him in," which she did. I never was more surprised in my life than when I entered the van. It was like the inside of a large sitting room in a comfortable cottage. There were curtains at the further

end, evidently partitioning off a sleeping apartment; on the entrance end there was a cheffonier, on which stood decanters of wines and spirits, glasses and dessert set. The left side was fitted up with book shelves, well filled with books, which on a later examination I found to include standard works on scientific subjects, the best known poets, as Shakespeare, Byron, Milton, Moore, Keats, Hood, Sir Walter Scott's novels, and several volumes of Dickens. On the right side there was a fine grated fire stove in which a well-made-up fire blazed and crackled, and by its side sitting in an arm-chair was a gentleman evidently in very ill-health. He was an exceedingly handsome man with clear-cut features and a fine flowing chestnut beard. His hands, resting on his knees, were more emaciated even than his face. He invited me to take a seat, which I did. The room was bright and light, a very handsome lamp hanging from the ceiling in the centre of the apartment. When I had taken my seat, the gentleman turning to me said, "I know you, Mr. Murray, or at least all about you, and I was hoping to meet you at Bloemfontein." He then went on to tell me that he was very ill, consumptive in fact, and that he had been ordered away from England by his medical advisers, who said his only chance of living was to get the dry warm air of the Free State or the Diamond Fields. He had been staying in Bloemfontein for some time, but, said he, what with that wretched *patois* they converse in and the want of companionship I have been miserable, and my health instead of improving has grown worse.

I had not up to this time much chance of observing his wife, as she was standing a little behind me after I had entered into the light, but she was now standing before me and I could see that she was in every respect a lady. She was younger than her husband I should say five or six years—he could not have been more than 38. She had a charming expression, was as neatly dressed as if she had been at home in her own house instead of being the occupant of a wagon in the wilds of Africa—for so the locality at which we were might then have been considered.

I said to my invalid friend—"Come along to the Diamond Fields, and we'll soon set you up." I was then living at Klipdrift. She said—"We are coming to the Diamond Fields. Can you tell us where we can find lodgings?" I said—"Never



mind the lodgings — these you could not hire, but I will put you up.” He said—“ I shall never reach there ! ” and invited me to take some refreshment ; and then went on to say—“ Don’t you think I have been intensely selfish to drag my wife into this wilderness ? I do, and shall never forgive myself. Here is she, tenderly bred, used to refined life, taken from her friends—from all that were near and dear to her—with no companions, no enjoyments—wasting her young life waiting upon me, who have lost the power of giving her anything in return. Am I not selfish ? ”

I could see that her eyes were filling, and she dared not attempt to speak, or there must have been a burst of grief. I said—“ You must not talk like that. Illness makes you take a distorted view of things. You have not dragged your wife away from home and friends—you did not even drag yourself here. It was the force of circumstances, over which you had no control, that sent you away from home ; and it was her love of you, over which she had no control, that led her to come and attend you as a loving wife does when she has an invalided husband. Think of the wretched life she would be living now, were she at home, 7,000 miles away, and you dependent on strangers! You might have blamed yourself if you had refused to bring her with you—but not now ! However, I said, “ she won’t want for company when you come to the Diamond Fields, for I have a family there, and we will all try to make life for you as cheerful as it can be made.”

She brightened up, and said, with a smile—“ Thank you, Mr. Murray. It is long since I have heard anything spoken so kindly. You have but echoed what I am always saying to him.”

He looked at her with a brighter and happier expression on his face. He remained silent for a little time, and then said, with a grave look upon his face—“ Do you know any nice place to be buried at between this and the Diamond Fields ? ”

This question coming upon me momentarily and suddenly struck me somewhat unpleasantly. On the journey up when arriving at a point between the old Halfway House on the Boshof road and the town of Boshof we came to a charming little spot, which was at that time, when we had been some time without rain and the general appearance of the country was dismal and parched, quite a little picture. Three fine Kameel-doorns with wide-spreading branches were standing in the

middle of a grass plot of luxuriant green. It was a little oasis in the desert, and I looking at it said with a sort of mixed feeling in which there was both humour and sentiment—"If I were to die here, that is where I should like to be buried." But it was one thing to say this to jovial companions in a passenger cart and another to say it to a man who, conscious that he was on the brink of the grave, was looking for a "nice place" for his final rest.

I begged him to dismiss the thought from his mind, assuring him that he would feel better when he had been in Klipdrift a little while, and which I myself believed at that time. But he was not to be assured, and he pressed me to tell him of some place where it would be pleasant for him to think of as his grave, and for his wife to remember. I ultimately told him of what I said on the way up, and indicated the locality of the three trees and the bright green sward.

He then went on—"I want you to promise me one thing before you go," said he. "Well," I answered, "If it is a promise I can perform, I will willingly make it." He said, "If when I am dead my wife should need advice, will you give it her?" I said, "That is very little to promise—certainly." He explained to me his circumstances. He had plenty of means, and was well provided with coin, &c. With the talk, the warm fire, and the hot toddy, I had forgotten my companions in the cold and dark on the river bank, but remembering them, I hastily asked to be excused and told him to think no more about dying, but come along to the Diamond Fields and get cheered up again. He gave orders to his Kafirs to go to the river and do what I wanted of them, and I returned to find my fellow passengers very savage at my delay, but still pleased that I had brought the Kafirs.

We crossed the river, thanks to the Kafirs, but for whom we should have been "demmed moist, unpleasant bodies," *a la* Mantalini, for it was with the greatest difficulty even with the assistance of the Kafirs that we prevented the cart from capsizing and being washed down the river, and ourselves with it.

Some weeks after this I was in my garden plot at Klipdrift when a messenger came to me from the Klipdrift side and said there was a lady at Mrs. Jardine's Hotel, at the top of Pniel, who wished to see me. I went across, and to my delight saw the lady of the luxurious van apartment standing by the side of the same van, to which were a span of oxen inspanned.

"She was dressed in ordinary ladies' dress and suspecting nothing, I took her hand, welcomed her to Klipdrift, and said "How's your husband?" The answer was chilling: "*Dead and buried under the three Kameeldoorns.*"

She then told me his last words were that she was to come to me as soon as he was buried, and take my advice and be guided by it. I said, "You have I know a good deal of money and valuables in your van. You have a man servant who has been with you ever since you left your English home; you cannot do better than make the best of your way back to that English home again," adding, "if you would rather stay in the Fields for some time, come across the river with me at once, and we will make you as comfortable as we can," but my advice to her, as she had a good deal of money and valuables with her, was not to stay but push on. She had her oxen outspanned for three or four hours, and then turned her face homeward *via* Port Elizabeth with letters of introduction from me to old friends along the road. From Port Elizabeth she wrote me of her safety with more in the way of grateful expression than I care to repeat.

In 1882, I, writing a tale entitled "Ten Years Ago," which first appeared in numbers in the *South African* (London), I worked in the facts relating to the three trees, giving to them more of romance. The morning the last of the tale appeared in print I went for a stroll through Hyde Park, and when near the gateway at Leicester Terrace met an old South African, who said, "I have been reading your tale of "Ten Years Ago," how well you have worked it out. I know all about the lady and invalid gentleman, and the grave under the three Kameeldoorns. Would you like to see the lady? She lives here at No. 3. She would like to see you, I know, and she will forgive all your romancing." In my tale I had converted myself into the hero of it, had met the lady at the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, fallen in love with her, and married her in St. George's, Hanover Square. I went to No. 3 at the request of my friend and grasped the hand of a widow, not a wife—she had been a widow a full two years then, and she was able with less suffering than when she left me at Pniel to talk of the grave under the three Kameeldoorns, and to laugh with me over the imaginary meeting at the Golden Cross, and the still more imaginary nuptials at St. George's altar.



## REMINISCENCE.

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### No. XIII.

A WORD ABOUT MR. PATERSON AND THE PRESS—MR. GEORGE IMPEY—THE “MIDLAND HERALD”—TREATMENT OF THE GEM OF THE DESERT—MR. GODLONTON AND THE GRAHAM’S TOWN JOURNAL—THE ALTERED ASPECT OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN PRESS—“INTERVIEWING” EXTRAORDINARY.

My article, treating of the last forty years’ history of the Cape Press and Pressmen, closed with a glance at the Port Elizabeth papers, and a notice of Mr. Paterson’s connection with *The Telegraph*. I can only give the story of that gentleman’s disaffection with the above-mentioned paper as it came to me. It must be remembered that I am writing without a note and entirely from memory. These articles are entirely reminiscences. I have nothing whatever to refer to. I have neither a note nor the file of any newspaper. I am altogether dependent on the storage of my brain for the facts related, but my memory seldom fails me in any important particular, and as far as I have gone I have only been reminded that I have made mistakes in two Christian names, and in saying that Bishop Moran’s prophetic utterance was made at a dinner given *by* one brother whereas it was made at a dinner given *to* another. All the incidents related in that article occurred over thirty years ago, and the mistakes did not affect the stories related in the least degree. When I do not feel sure of my facts I say so, and I may here remark that I am not certain whether *The Port Elizabeth Telegraph* or *The Eastern Province Herald* was the first started. They were both in existence forty years ago as I stated. This I know of my own.

knowledge but as a matter of course I was dependent upon information received from others as to the particulars connected with their origin and originators. Whichever paper was started first, Mr. Paterson was the editor of it and Mr. Philip the proprietor, and those who knew Mr. Paterson will be pretty well assured that he did not continue long editor after he saw his way to be master proprietor himself. He was not a journalist with a love of journalism as a profession. He always used the press for purposes of his own, to attain an end in which he himself was to figure largely. He at no time in his life intended it to be his permanent profession. This he has told me himself. We were for nearly twenty years previous to his sad and unfortunate death fast friends, and spent a very great many enjoyable hours in company, and he was certainly as charming a companion as a man could wish to have. In these hours of companionship he was very frank, and his confidences were very full as well as frank.

He was a far better speaker than he was a writer. He could give clearer and fuller expression to his thoughts with his voice than with his pen, but his writing was above the Cape average. It had both force and point: His views were always extreme whatever he was writing about. He was originally one of the teachers imported from the Scotch University by Dr. Innes, the Superintendent-General of Education, preceding Sir Langham Dale. Mr. Paterson was Government teacher for many years before he entered commercial life, and there are many of his pupils still alive who speak of his aptitude for teaching in admiration. No man did half as much for Port Elizabeth as he did in his life-time—nor anything like it. For many of its existing institutions Port Elizabeth is indebted to him—for instance, its magnificent Town Hall, the largest and best built town hall in South Africa—the Grey Institute, the North End Park, the original bank on which Mr. R. Stuart built up the finest banking institution on the South African continent, the Standard Bank, and many others of value and importance. *The Eastern Province Herald* in Mr. Paterson's hands was a fairly good property, and its *political* influence was greater when the paper was his than it ever was afterwards, but as a *newspaper* it was not then nearly as valuable as it was after it came into Mr. George Impey's hands and ownership. Mr. Impey was not an expert in the political world, but he was in.

the commercial world, and as a commercial paper the *Herald* was most valuable and highly valued by the mercantile community of Port Elizabeth. To make it so Mr. Impey devoted his best energies. He and his note-book were conspicuous in the Port Elizabeth markets, amongst the Customs people, and wherever shipping or mercantile matters were to be heard about. He lent some attention to agriculture and his treatment of stock and produce markets was inimitable. Both Port Elizabeth papers have held their own very successfully, and although many rival papers have been started in the sure and certain hope of bringing the *Herald* to grief, none of them have succeeded. Both it and its two contemporaries remain in vigorous health, and look as if they mean to do so for many years to come. There is not a sign of decline or death about either of them.

Some little time ago, since Mr. Impey's death, some fond friends of his put forward the pretence that he was the Father of the Cape Press. He never claimed such a distinction for himself, for Mr. Impey was never a pretentious man either in his profession or out of it. He was modest and retiring, hard working, intelligent, and in every way worthy of the position he held as editor and proprietor of the *Herald*, and in the social and commercial circles of Port Elizabeth. He was kind, amiable, generous, charitable, and hospitable, always ready to assist those in need of assistance as he was to lend himself to the advancement of any movement having for its object the welfare of the community amongst whom he resided. But he had no such claim as was set up for him. He did not take up press work until others of his contemporaries had been pressmen for at least ten years, and some of them more than twice that time.

I promised in my last article to return again to the subject of the Western Press, but before doing so I must say a word or two about the Midland Press. In the Midlands *The Graaff-Reinet Herald* cheered the Midlothians like the taper of the Hermit of the Vale, "with solitary ray." It was always a highly respectable little journal, thoroughly English, but an English editor in Graaff-Reinet, for many years, was much in the same position as an Israelite in bondage in the land of Egypt, having to make bricks without straw. Graaff-Reinet, in common with all the Midland Districts, has



received but little attention and no favours from any Government, no matter whether the Government has been Nominée or Responsible in form. It has always been completely sandwiched politically between the East and West, and it has been but a very thin part of the political sandwich. Up to the time when the Midland Railway communication commenced it had but one post a day. It once had two, but only for a comparatively short time. The first thing in the way of retrenchment, when the retrenching mania raged, was the post to Graaff-Reinet—that was cut down with a vengeance—just cut in two. Simple but effective. The Gem of the Desert was left with one paper and with one post per week. To increase the issues of the *Herald* was impossible. It was a marvel how the editor kept one issue going walled in as he was, but he did and did it well too. Graaff-Reinet was always an eminently Dutch district and the *Herald* was like the Parliament has been since the two languages were spoken in it, two distinct halves of a whole. I have never known a Cape newspaper published in two languages attain anything like success yet. Even the *Zuid Afrikaan* with its English translations added to its Dutch columns never made enough out of its English support to pay for the trouble and cost of translation and the space the foreign matter (for English was foreign to the *Zuid Afrikaan*) occupied. The *Zuid Afrikaan* of 1854, and for many years after was the property of Mr. Smuts. In its early days Mr. Advocate Brand, sen., afterwards Sir Christoffel Brand, was its reputed editor. And it must be said of that paper that it never minced matters. It was Dutch—heart, soul and backbone, as it ought to have been, to be honest; and as it was during the Brand régime, so it is in the Hofmeyr régime. It has never, throughout its long career, attempted to keep afloat by serving God and Mammon. Always true to the traditions of its race, it has never affected to hold the people of the Nation who took the Colony out of the hands of the Dutch with any very warm affection, for the very best of reasons—that it cherishes none for them. The *Volksblad* was started with a view to cut into its circulation, and it may have done so in some slight degree, but it never seemed to do it much injury, for it kept going on “in the even tenour of its way.” The *Zuid Afrikaan* was to the Dutch of the West precisely what *The Graham’s Town Journal* was in Mr.

Godlonton's time to the Settlers of the East. The columns of the *Zuid Afrikaan* were as much believed in by the African Dutch as the Bible, and taken to be as unquestionable as the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke or John. Its dictum was and is accepted by its readers as if it were Divinely inspired, which is a great comfort to both readers and editor; it saves the readers the tiresomeness of thinking for themselves, and makes the editor monarch of more than he surveys. What is here said of *The Zuid Afrikaan* and the Dutch may with equal truth have been said of *The Graham's Town Journal* whilst it remained in Mr. Godlonton's hands. The Frontier people swore by it and it was as true to the interests of the Frontier people as the Frontier people were to Mr. Godlonton and his journal.

Within the last fifteen or twenty years the whole aspect of the Cape press has undergone a complete change, as has also its constitution, machinery and method. The *Cape Times* alone issues more papers in a month than the issues of all Cape newspapers put together amounted to in a year forty years ago. The papers of to-day fairly represent the constituencies for which they are written. The daily morning papers are exceptionally good. In addition to the journal with which I am connected, there are two others I also read, and read religiously and with thorough appreciation and enjoyment, and those are the *Cape Times* and the *Transvaal Advertiser*. The articles in the three papers are invariably well written, and for the most part are finished compositions, in which the writers are masters of their subjects and of the language they employ. Neither of them are too local, but take the affairs of South Africa fairly within their grasp and handle them becomingly. There is now no town of any size or importance that has not a newspaper of its own, and speaking of the press as a whole, South Africa has nothing to complain or be ashamed of.

It is proverbial that men get conservative with age, and knowing this I hesitate to write what I think of many of the press features of the present day which those who have been instrumental in bringing them about call improvements, but which to me are but *innovations*. I am told that they are all in accordance with the Spirit of the Age, and I suppose it is so, but the newspapers are just a little too florid for

my taste—too florid in type as in many other things. But the press men of to-day are not going to prefer my taste to that of the public, and they would be great fools if they did. In this particular I am not writing of the Cape press exclusively or even specially. It applies to English as well as to Colonial journalism.

The innovations which are distasteful to me include the system which has crept in, and is now largely adopted, of "interviewing" all sorts of people on every possible occasion, and which is frequently as humorously absurd as is Dicken's description of the interviewing of Martin Chuzzlewit at the National Hotel, New York, previous to his departure for Eden, and Captain Kedgick had him made a public character and the citizens put up his "minnument" in the Bar. This interviewing and perpetual presentation of private men as public characters by block portraiture are innovations imported from American journalism, which to my mind is no improvement in style to the early English. But it is very taking, especially with aspirants for public distinction.

I have certainly read some newspaper reviewing in South Africa as full of absurdity and humour as that of Chuzzlewit at the National. I remember one that appeared in a Rand paper. It was the interviewing of the Searelle family. The peripatetic interviewer told his readers that he had been to Doornfontein on interviewing bent. He had never seen any of the Searelles before, but he met a little boy on the road who he knew was a Searelle from his likeness to his father! His first question to the lady of the house was "How's your father?" She hoped doing well, but he had been dead these ten years. Then "how's your brother?" followed. She had never had a brother, and said so. I expected the question to follow, "How would he have been if you had had one?" Which character did she think she played best, he *did* ask her, and her answer was smart, natural and amusing—"the character that most people come to see."

When this bit of interviewing, which occupied about a column and a half of such questions and answers, appeared in print it certainly served to give the people of Johannesburg a hearty laugh, and to advertise the Searelle Opera Company, but as a newspaper achievement it was certainly not a success. More people have been brought into ridicule than made famous



since the system of interviewing has come into vogue, and to my mind it has not added dignity to the press. The interviewing of famous travellers, inventors, scientists, celebrated statesmen and such like is quite another thing. Mr. Colin Campbell, who was for many years the proprietor of the *Anglo-African*, tells me that the report in Graham's Town that Archdeacon Merriman was the editor of that paper was a report without more foundation than that the Venerable Archdeacon wrote one article for it. Graham's Town generally will be surprised to hear this, for it was always regarded as beyond doubt that Archdeacon Merriman edited the paper. I don't know who did if the Archdeacon did not, and I am not responsible for giving the reverend departed the credit of it. He certainly enjoyed all the credit of it during his lifetime, and need not have been annoyed at it, for the *Anglo-African* was most respectably as well as ably conducted, and was as well printed as the very best of our Colonial papers. In the original chapter on the Colonial Press I omitted to mention the *Cape Frontier Times*, owned and edited by Mr. Franklin. The omission was quite accidental, and I am pleased to have an opportunity of correcting the omission. Mr. Franklin and his paper have been dead for some years, but during their existence they were both greatly respected. The *Frontier Times* was an independent paper connected with no party, faction or clique, conservative in its tendencies, and was inclined to lean towards the English Episcopal Church in opposition to the extreme Wesleyan bias of *The Journal*. It was also less local than *The Journal*, dealt broadly with the affairs of the Colony outside of Graham's Town, and grappled with Western politics ably, as with Eastern and Midland. Mr. Franklin was a man of good parts, a scholar of wide and extensive travel. He had spent a large portion of his life on the European continent, and spoke some of the Continental languages with great fluency. He was a finished musician and an organist of much skill. He was very popular in the best circles of the East, was the associate of scholars and gentlemen, and for many years represented an Eastern constituency in the House of Assembly.

## REMINISCENCE.

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### No. XIV.

OLD CAPE TOWN MAGISTRATES—MR. P. B. BORCHERDS AND BARON LORENZ—MR. JOHN MONTAGU, THE SECRETARY AND ADMINISTRATOR—THE ROAD ACROSS THE CAPE FLATS—“PRESIDENT” STAFFORD PARKER—MR. JOHN CAMPBELL—AN ASPECT OF THE LAND QUESTION AT KLIPDRIFT—A GOLD-FIELD EPISODE—BALANCE ON THE WRONG SIDE—SLAVE DEALERS AND SLAVES—A VISIT TO THE HATHERLY DISTILLERY.

THE changes which have taken place in Resident Magistrates within my memory have been very many and some of them very remarkable. When I came to Cape Town first Mr. P. B. Borcherds, then a very old man, was Resident Magistrate. He had been in the Government service all his life; had had the supervision of the offspring of the slaves in the old slave days, had the control of the Juvenile Immigrants before I was born, and had represented the Government in scores of commissions. He, as Resident Magistrate, had nothing whatever to do with police cases, but his work was confined to civil suits alone. The civil roll was then, I should think, five times the length of the civil roll of to-day, and the old gentleman, who was one of the most patient and amiable of men and certainly one of the most just and impartial of magistrates who ever sat upon a magisterial bench, would be pretty well exhausted when he had been sitting from ten in the morning to about four in the afternoon, and then he would invariably say to the messenger of the Court, “Hill, how many more cases?” The answer would be something like “Twenty more yet, your worship.” Then the old gentleman would shrug his shoulders and

say, " Ah ! Ah ! Go on, Hill." He must then have been over seventy years of age when I came first to Cape Town, a grand old man in every respect, grand in appearance and in character, always ready to do a good turn for any one in need or in trouble, respected by the Government and revered by the public. I don't suppose he ever used a harsh word, certainly not a word unnecessarily harsh or uncalled for in all his life, either in public or in private. He must have been a fine, handsome man in his younger days. He was handsome even as he was venerable in his old age. He even then took a great interest in public movements, and without any ado attended meetings and exhibitions of agricultural societies as far away as Malmesbury, Stellenbosch, or the Paarl, although the difficulties of travelling in those days were tiring even to young men. One ride I had with him from Malmesbury to Cape Town I shall never forget. He told me stories of his early life the whole way, and some of them were very remarkable, especially those concerning the old slave-dealing times. I inferred from what he told me that as a rule the slave-owners residing in and near Cape Town treated their slaves well, as far as creature comforts went; they were fairly well housed, clothed and fed. In sickness the family doctor attended them and cured them as fast as he could. They were regarded as property, just as horses and cattle were, and taken care of by their owners as other property was taken care of. Their morals did not at all come into the calculation, and according to Mr. Borchers the morals of the slaves and their owners did not differ much, and the consequences of slave-owning were frequently the cause of much domestic disgrace and affliction. In the West, cruelties to slaves were exceptional occurrences, but they did occur, even in the best-regulated families, too frequently. According to Mr. Borchers, the slaves were most barbarously treated in the Interior and where the slave-owners were isolated from society. He related circumstances in which cruel injuries were inflicted, and even lives sacrificed—circumstances which he officially had had to deal with; and, from what he said, I am inclined to believe the Governments of the period were not slow to punish when these circumstances became known at headquarters, and proof of ill-treatment could be obtained, which was always difficult—and sometimes, frequently indeed, impossible. Mr. Borchers retired from the



service at last on a pension, but not until he was past work, and spent the last years of his well-spent life in the midst of relatives and friends at Stellenbosch.

The Police Magistrate of the same period between 1854 and 1858 was Baron Lorenz, whose history was remarkable, to say the least of it. He was one of the witnesses in the notorious trial of the unhappy and ill-fated Queen Caroline, and it was said that was the cause of his leaving Europe, and this is very feasible. I remember reading his evidence in the report of the trial I had in my library for years, and until some book-thief jumped it. I am sorry that I have not the book still, as the evidence given by the Baron would be read with interest now, and especially his cross-examination by Lord Brougham, whose defence of the Queen was masterly, and whose cross-examination of Baron Lorenz must have made him shiver as he had never shivered before. His lordship's ability and eloquence in his conduct of his Royal client's case made him famous.

Baron Lorenz was a most courteous gentleman, remarkable for his volubility when on the Bench. He never let a prisoner get away from the dock, whether innocent or guilty, without a long and grandiloquent lecture. The Baron for many years held the office of Road Inspector in the Cape Division conjointly with that of Police Magistrate, and it was under his supervision that the original road round the Kloof and to Camp's Bay was started, but, as I have heard, he got so much out in his levels that the work had to be taken out of his hands and put into the hands of a more skilful road-maker, but this was before my time, and all I knew about it came to me from hearsay. I understood always that the work was completed by Mr. Bain, who designed and carried out the  $\frac{1}{2}$  Bain's Kloof road and other kindred works, but I am not in  $\frac{1}{2}$  a position to certify that as a fact. Bain's Kloof was one of the public undertakings carried out whilst Mr. John Montagu, the elder, was Colonial Secretary, whose great administrative talent was acknowledged by even his bitterest opponents, and he had many of them, who were very bitter and very  $\frac{1}{2}$  uncompromising. Mr. Montagu came to the Cape from Australia, where he had won a most enviable name in the service of the  $\frac{1}{2}$  Crown. He came here to find the Cape desperately in debt, and as he was assured by those occupying office at the time, without any resources for him to develop. He soon, however, saw that the Ichaboe

Islands could be made to produce more wealth than was necessary to liquidate the public debt, and he set to work, opened and established the guano trade, made roads and mountain passes in order to enable the farmers to bring their produce to the markets with profit. Then the twelve miles of road from what was then called "the interior" into Cape Town was through shifting sand, and strings of wagons on the road would sometimes be half-buried and completely stuck in a sand drift for three weeks and a month on the stretch. He it was who designed the hard road from Eerste River to Cape Town, and turned the common Hottentot Fig (*Misembreanthemum*) which grew all over the Cape Flats to good account in stopping and consolidating the drift sands. This was at the time considered the most marvellous achievement that was contained in any official record in the Colony. Mr. Montagu got no end of *hudos* for this, and no wonder. It is impossible for any one in these days of railways and telegraphs to estimate the value of the hard road across the Flats to the farmers, travellers generally, and mail contractors. No name stood higher than Mr. Montagu's for some years, no man was so lauded, none so popular as he until the anti-convict movement. Then he met with the reward which generally falls to the lot of public benefactors. Because he could not go the whole hog with the extreme popular party, he was hounded to death, and when he was dead and buried, the Parliament refused to vote a pension for his widow. Mr. Montagu might well have applied to himself what Marc Antony said of Cæsar :—

"Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,  
Quite vanquished him ; then burst his mighty heart."

Mr. Montagu devoted his life, and every hour of his life, to his work, and his work was to leave the country better than he found it, and in this he was successful. He freed the country from debt, lifted it out of the slough of despair, and laid the foundations of a material prosperity to which it had long been a stranger, but he acquired no wealth for himself, but left behind him his widow and family in straitened circumstances. The thoughtful and faithful he left behind him honoured his memory, but they were not a Parliamentary majority, and when the widow's appeal to Parliament came they were powerless. In my last article, I told something of

the tale of "President" Parker's career in the Diamond Fields. I may now go on to say that he commanded a certain amount of influence at Klipdrift up to the time of Mr. John Campbell's appearance there as British Representative and Magistrate. And amongst other moves of his he made very many bold attempts to get hold of the land for himself and his friends, and he would have succeeded but for the opposition of some men, who put more trust in the British Government than it proved itself worthy of—or at least than its representative allowed it to be worthy of. There is no doubt that had all those who were first on the Fields joined Stafford Parker and used him they might have succeeded in getting possession of the land and leaving nothing for Land Courts to meddle and muddle with. But loyalty has never been profitable to the loyal in South Africa, and it sometimes seems to me that it is wonderful after the lessons we have had that so many remain loyal. It is true that Britain ensures a just administration of her written laws to the people of dependencies as well as to those of Her Majesty's subjects resident in Great Britain, but for special acts of loyalty and for being true when others are false there is no reward. Office, honour, and advancement are not for the loyal, but for the schemer, the importunate and the most troublesome.

Mr. Parker, with all his opportunities, made no very great deal of money on the Diamond Fields. When he left them for the Transvaal Gold Fields he squared his accounts like a man, but he who brought little into these Fields took little out of them. But I do believe that when he went he did not leave an enemy behind him, and had the good wishes of all who knew him.

When I met him the next time he was at Barberton—not *President* of the Gold Fields, but Marketmaster of the only town then existing in the Gold Fields. From *President* to *Marketmaster* could hardly be regarded as a *step* in the right direction, but rather as a *stride* in the wrong one; but Parker, the *Marketmaster* of Barberton, was quite as jovial, happy and merry as when "*President*" at Klipdrift—and rather more so, I think. He was as ready to welcome old friends, hospitable to perfection, and altogether a swagger citizen of the Great Republic. Stafford Parker is naturally generous in private life, and is by no means wanting in natural ability within a



certain range. In inventive genius he has no equal in South Africa. His stories of this continent beat all comprehension. There is no such word as impossibility in his vocabulary. Presto! and he changes fiction into fact in less time than it takes an eye to twinkle. He told me some stories about the Gold Fields which would have beaten all the Munchausens that ever had existence in fact or fiction, out of the Fields.

My mind having been directed to the Transvaal Gold Fields I am reminded of the first meeting of shareholders I attended there. It was that of the Edwin Bray Company, and it was unique of its kind. There were not ten present, including directors, secretary, and unofficial people. The shareholders had received a dividend of 60 per cent. for the first six months, and now came the annual meeting, when it is customary to receive the directors' annual report and balance-sheet for the year. The meeting took place in the Exchange and all present being seated and the notice calling the meeting having been read, the secretary produced the engineer's report on the property—by no means an unflattering document, but this was the only report forthcoming. Not a line was reported from the directors and when Mr. Beit asked for the balance sheet the secretary said that the directors had not had time to get it printed. But said Mr. Beit, "I suppose you have a written balance sheet." "Oh yes," was the answer. Mr. Beit asked to have it produced, and produced it was. Then came the following questions from Mr. Beit and answers from the Secretary:

How much money have you on hand?

Nothing.

But what is the amount in the bank?

Not a penny.

But I see you have in your balance-sheet a balance of £1 17s. 6d. Where is that?

The Secretary did not know even where the 60 per cent. dividend came from except that Mr. Beit would find it in the balance sheet. But Mr. Beit, on looking through the figures, discovered that the 37s. 6d. was on the wrong side. Instead of having that amount to the good they owed it. So the meeting was adjourned for a week that the balance sheet might be adjusted. When the meeting resumed all that the Secretary had done was to erase the £1 17s. 6d. from the credit side.

and put it to the debit side of the account. If my readers see nothing *unique* in this I did, and I had a hearty laugh over it with my old friend, the editor of the *Transvaal Advertiser*, when I got back to Pretoria.

When I paid my second visit to Pretoria, it was in the company of Mr. Pearse Morrison, the proprietor of a first-class London commercial journal, *The Citizen*, and of all the pleasure trips I have had in the land of Gold and Republican Independence, this was the most pleasant. In company with Mr. Sam. Marks, of Messrs. Lewis & Marks, we, after making the rounds of the Pretoria district in company with the late Mr. Nelmapius (whose memory I shall always cherish), paid a visit to the Hatherly Distillery, one of the best appointed distilleries I ever visited, and despite all I have heard in dispraise of the spirits that are sent out from that distillery, I am bound to say that they have in stock as fine whiskies, brandies and liquors as were ever imported into South Africa from either Scotland, Ireland, or France. The distillery is most perfectly appointed, and the machinery kept in delightful order, and has every one of the most recent improvements, both for distilling and brewing. There is nothing of the kind to be compared to it in the whole continent of South Africa. It is charmingly situated, surrounded by running streams of water, and the residence and grounds of the resident director, Mr. Marks, is a charming place, worth a day's ride to go and see.



## REMINISCENCE.

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No. XV.

THE DISCOVERY OF DIAMONDS—CAPE TOWN 1869 CRISIS—  
BANKS AND BANKRUPTCIES—SIR PHILIP WODEHOUSE  
PURCHASES THE FIRST DIAMOND—MR. WOLLASTON  
MANAGER OF TELEGRAPHS—THE MESSRS. LILIENFELD AND  
THE STAR OF SOUTH AFRICA—THE RUSH TO THE DIAMOND  
FIELDS—THE RIVER DIGGINGS IN 1869 AND 1870—THE  
NATAL PARTY'S LUCK AT STARTING—APATHY OF BLOEM-  
FONTEIN.

THERE is no event recorded in all the strange and eventful history of South Africa, from the discovery of the Cape by Vasco de Gama to the occupation of Mashonaland by troops of Colonists in search of more elbow room, which caused more excitement or has been of such permanent value—not to the Cape Colony only, but to the whole of South Africa—as the discovery of diamonds. South Africa has been a country of surprises from its first discovery to the present hour, but of all the surprises recorded in its historical records there is not one to be compared with that of the discovery of diamonds, either in its unexpectedness or results. To trace back the chain of circumstances link by link to the accidental finding of the first diamond on the floor of a Boer house amongst a heap of stone playthings of a sprawling Boer in embryo, to the establishment of the vast and profitable diamond industry which has provided labour for millions, made the fortunes of thousands, and lifted men from social and commercial ruts into the ranks of millionaires. It seems more like perusing the pages of some wild romance in which genii and fairies play impossible fancy parts than the stern, matter-of-fact history in which the



principal characters are ordinary men and workmen, toilers and schemers—some working for daily bread and others in pursuit of fortunes. The discovery of diamonds has earned not only fortunes for those who have been engaged in the diamond industry, but it has won for the once depressed Cape an enviable name amongst all the nations of the earth. It is difficult to realize, within anything like a measurable estimate, the influence that South African diamonds have had upon the progress, the welfare, and the happiness of mankind since the commencement of that Year of Grace—One Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy—when the first great exodus from the established South African Colonies and States to the Land of Diamonds took place. Neither the Mashonaland marvels, nor the gold industry with its millions of annual gold output, are to be spoken of in the same book with it. They, too, are wonders in their way, and their way is vast and inexplicable, but neither can compare with the discovery of diamonds and the progress of the diamond industry.

I presume there is no man who has been connected with Diamond-fields life, but remembers vividly the first rough and uncut diamond he ever saw and can tell how he came to see it, in whose hands it was, and what he thought of it. I shall never forget my acquaintanceship with the first gem that was landed, shown and sold in Cape Town. It was in the year 1869. The picture of the stone itself, the man who shewed it to me, the scales in which it was weighed, the man who weighed it, the office it was weighed in, are as plain to my mental vision now as the real picture was, as then presented to me, and, in addition to the picture, the conversation that was the outcome of it all, I remember well.

The times were hard in Cape Town in 1869. Not only had the Colonial farmers had a bad year, but there was no trade. Railway construction upon which men had set their hopes had come to an end. The dominant party in Parliament had smashed up the Railway Department, the Engineer-in-Chief and his professional colleagues had been driven away from our shores. The contractors had gone with plant and all. The workmen—navvies, mechanics, &c., brought out at the cost of the Colony—were wandering about the streets, many of them without homes and too many of them dependent upon the charitable for food. Merchants and professional men, and master

tradesmen stood at their office doors in the great Metropolis and took a personal survey of the streets up and down, and tried by mental survey of the wretched state of things to get a glimpse of some brighter future, but it was dark everywhere. The depression of trade had depressed men's spirits. What was true of Cape Town and its neighbourhood was equally true of other parts of South Africa. From 1866 banks had been breaking in the Eastern Province; bank after bank had collapsed, and bankruptcies were occurring throughout the land. The commercial world was full of disaster and little else. The kites that had flown so airily and charmingly hadn't a fly left in them. Insolvency followed upon insolvency. Some of the firms, old-established, thought to be as sound and solvent as the Bank of England, toppled over. Town and Country were alike cornered. Some Western farmers, once well-to-do men, had to come to the millers they had dealt with to get a little meal for family use. The manager of the Standard Bank found all his financial genius and experience none too much to enable him to keep the head of the institution in his charge above water. When men in business met they pulled long faces and asked each other what was to come of it all. And then when the whole country was enveloped in a darkness that was felt, and men groped about in despair, light came from a quarter, little known, and not a bit understood.

The first gleam of light that came to me shone out in the private office of the Manager of Telegrams. The office was in that row of buildings in which the musical depository and book depots of the Messrs. Darter stand now. There was no plate glass in the Darter windows then. That has come out of the Diamond Mines, like most of the other improvements in Cape Town, and the improvements in Port Elizabeth and Kaffraria too for the matter of that. Diamonds have changed the whole aspect of our Colonial towns and villages, and have given many localities in London new life and a changed appearance for the better. They have helped the Transvaal, the Cape Colony and the Free State. But for the diamonds the Gold Fields would not have been what they are, and we could not have had the network of railways we have, nor could the harbour works of East London and Port Elizabeth have had so much money spent on them.

In order to realise in any appreciable degree the value of

the diamond discovery, and to form anything like an estimate of the value of it as a contribution to the wealth of the world, and its stimulating influence upon enterprise and industry, a man must have been intimate with all the phases of diamond digging, mining, and diamond sales in the Colony and outside the Colony, and have possessed a fairly intimate knowledge of the state of affairs before the diamond had become a factor in industrial and business operations.

In 1869, when all was dark and drear, the diamond discovery was announced. It was at first considered too good to be true, but the announcement proved itself to be as true as it was good. The first diamond that was sold in Cape Town, or indeed sold at all, was purchased by His Excellency Sir Philip Wodehouse, who was then Governor, and it was that diamond I saw in the hands of the Manager of Telegraphs, Mr. Charlton Wollaston, the father of Captain Wollaston, of Dutoitspan. Mr. Wollaston, senr., was an accomplished man—not as a scientist only, but he knew something of Art and more of geology and mineralogy. He had travelled a great deal, and travelled with his eyes open. He was not to be classed amongst those who have eyes and see not. He laid down the first line of telegraph between England and France, and during his professional career in connection with telegraphs had made the acquaintanceship of diamond dealers and cutters, and had seen rough and uncut Brazilian diamonds. When the first diamond was offered to Sir Philip Wodehouse he handed it to Mr. Wollaston for that gentleman to pronounce upon it and to weigh it. He was weighing it when I got my first glimpse of it, and when it was weighed I handled it and looked it over, held it up to the light, and was about as wise when I had turned it over and over and looked through it as I was before. It might have been a chip from a decanter for all I could make out of it. I wasn't even told it was a diamond, but Mr. Wollaston said to me: "If there is plenty of that sort of stuff where that came from, the Cape people will soon be out of their trouble."

As to whether it was the late Bishop Ricards or Dr. Atherstone who settled that the stone was a diamond does not matter much. I said in my original reminiscence on this subject that it was the late Bishop. Dr. Atherstone claims the credit. He is quite welcome to it as far as I am concerned.



I need only say that Bishop Moran was my authority, and that authority was good enough for me.

The news that diamonds had been found; that "the Star of South Africa," a diamond estimated to be a fortune in itself, had been found in Griqualand West, had been purchased by the Messrs. Lilienfeld, the enterprising merchants of Hope Town, and shipped to England, and that another diamond of the first water found in the same locality had come to Cape Town and been purchased by the Governor for £300, soon made the merchants and the citizens of Cape Town prick up their ears. The glad tidings of great joy was wired from Cape Town in all directions, and the depressed and despairing who could see no way out of the gloom which had been prevailing in industrial and commercial circles were soon as lively as fleas. The Diamond Fields became the talk of the Colony—in fact, than diamonds and the Fields there was no other topic of conversation. Everybody talked of going—merchants, lawyers, clerks, Civil Servants, counter-jumpers, boatmen, tradesmen, and mechanics wanted to be off on the instant. They saw in their lively imaginings the Diamond Fields, straight ahead of them, with diamonds glittering like dew drops in the waving grass, on the branches of the trees along the Vaal River, and covering the highways and byeways like hoar frost. But how were they to get there? Where were the Diamond Fields? How far were they off? Whose lands were they upon? and such like, were questions easily put but which there were few to answer.

The newspaper people in the Cape Colony set to work, consulted the maps, found where the land of diamonds lay, and discovering that Waterboer's people owned the country, made it all as plain as plain could be, but they could not tell anyone how to get there. The best information that could be got was that Hope Town was the nearest town to Diamantia, and Hope Town could be reached by mail cart. Whoever could get seats in that comfortless and unsafe vehicle made the first start from Cape Town, but Cape Town people are not rapid in their movements, never were, and I suppose never will be. Whilst the metropolitans were making up their minds and packing up, the Natalians were making their way down, and the first Natal party of diggers had made their pile before any Cape Town party could be seen arriving even with a telescope from the summit of the Pniel heights. And even Kaffraria and Port

Elizabeth had sent some thousands of men with well-stored wagons and implements before the Cape Town parties had reached Darling Bridge. But they did come at last, as they always do, and when they did come they certainly worked with a will, and the men from Cape Town did as much as the people from any part of South Africa to make the Fields the success they have been.

My impression has always been that the people of Bloemfontein were the most apathetic of all. They resided comparatively close by, and might have been the first in the Fields, but even up to late in 1870, Bloemfontein was but little the better or the richer for the great discovery. They had doubts, and whilst they were nursing their doubts they remained at home trying their level best to work their orange backs up to par, which they would never have done but for the diamonds found on the banks of the Vaal River. The Free State, at last, when they saw people going through that State from the river diggings with packets of diamonds, fortunes which they had obtained in the country about which they had been nursing doubts, wanted not only the diamonds, but all the land, vowed it was all theirs, and that the British Government had robbed them of it. They did get £90,000, which was more money than they had had in their Treasury for a long time. No one grudged them that, for the Free Staters were always held to be good fellows, from the President to the Messenger of the Court, as they are to-day.



## REMINISCENCE.

No. XVI.

HOW DIAMOND FIELD SOCIETY FORMED ITSELF—NOBILITY, GENTRY AND MECHANICS POUR IN—ENGLAND DOUBTS THE GENUINENESS OF THE CAPE DIAMOND—MR. STREETER COMES TO THE RESCUE—THE IMMORTAL THUNDERER WON'T BE CONVINCED.

NO DOUBT, the absence in the early days of Diamond Field History of violent personal encounters, robberies, lynching, and such like, which were features of everyday life in the early days of the Californian and Australian Gold Fields, is to be attributed to the fact that the diggers who laid the foundation of the diamond industry were all South African Colonists. If all the vast crowd did not know each other personally, they knew of each other, and any man coming either to Pniel or Klipdrift, who was such an entire stranger that he could not claim acquaintance with someone amongst all the thousands massed together on the banks of the river, would be looked upon strangely, if not suspiciously, until he could give some good and satisfactory account of himself, or had by his conduct on the Fields won the good opinion of his neighbours. The basis of Cape Society differed materially from that of Australia. South Africa had never been a convict settlement, nor had there ever been a convict settlement in its proximity. There was no material for the making of bushrangers, or highway robbers. There was plenty of card-playing, but the stakes were mild, and there was none of that gambling that leads to duels and assassinations as in the gold fields of other countries; pickpockets and burglars were at that time as scarce in the Colony as money, and that was scarce enough in



all conscience. I who had then been in the country nearly a quarter of a century had never even when residing in the principal towns of the Colony—Cape Town, Graham's Town, and Port Elizabeth, as I had done, heard of a pocket being picked, an iron safe being smashed, or a burglary worthy of being called a burglary committed. It used to be said that the Cape was not yet sufficiently civilized for pickpockets and burglars to make it a pleasant and profitable place of residence. There was humour in the saying, but there was as much fact as humour in it. But there was something more than that in it. Your professional member of a London swell mob might have picked many pockets and burgled to his heart's content, if he could have found his way to the Cape, but he would have found it difficult to get off with the swag. I suppose there is no such thing as unmitigated good in the world, but amongst all the blessings which have come to the country through the diamond discovery, it has brought us a few pickpockets and burglars, which are very questionable blessings, and which we could very well do without. However, so it was in the early days of Diamantia, that that class of crime was unknown. The prevailing crime of South Africa up to 1870 was sheep-stealing, but there were no sheep on the Diamond Fields to steal, and digging for diamonds, although not generally very profitable at first, was even then more profitable, and held out better prospects than stealing sheep.

The natives surrounding Diamantia were about as honest as natives usually are—rather above the average in the way of honesty, for there was very little temptation in the way of sheep-stealing. There were no flock-masters with well-stocked farms in the neighbourhood. The stock farms were all too far off for the Griquas and Korannas to get to them, and the value of diamonds they had no idea of—they had to be educated by the white sons of civilization and Christendom before “the light stones,” as they then called diamonds, would be sufficiently appreciated to be a temptation to them. Their education has not been neglected in that respect now. If there were honours and bursaries for adepts in that educational line and the examiners came here the natives would take the cake now-a-days.

However, it was a great thing for the early digger to feel that he could trust his native servants most implicitly as far

as diamonds were concerned. All *he* had to guard was his grog and his tobacco. As far as the grog bottle was concerned, whenever a native drew a cork behind his master's back, detection was certain, for the cork never went back to the mouth of the bottle again while there was a drop left in the bottle, and the master could always find his servant again—for he would find him lying on the floor of the tent or on the ground not far off. The worst part of it was that when a grog prigger was detected the liquor was gone, and so was the work of the prigger for that day. The vexations of that time were trifling compared with those that came after, when the native who came naked to the Fields had been sufficiently educated to have a taste for dress, and knew of the delights his wages or a stolen diamond would bring him at the Kafir canteen.

There was one feature in early Diamond Fields life that made life pleasant on the banks of the Vaal, and that was the cordiality and good understanding that existed between the diggers themselves. There was a mutual regard for each other manifested all through the camps. The unlucky digger shared in the luck of his neighbours. When a man was known to be hard up after having honestly invested his bottom dollar on his claim, he would not have, if he was known to have worked as a man should, to beg for a few coppers. It had not become the rule as set forth in Scripture to take from him that hath not even that which he hath. The man who had, knowing that his neighbour had not, did not wait to be asked for help—he gave without being asked. No man was long without money, for directly it was known that his funds had run out some of his neighbours came forward and set him on his legs again. It is proverbial that a certain old gentleman, who is a Prince in the down country, is not so black as he is painted, and the same may be said of mankind generally. There is much that is unselfish and excellent in a man's nature, let who will say otherwise. A poet says :—

“ When the preacher preaches that this earth is vile  
 And man's affection bowed,  
 Like the crushed and broken reed  
 That never reaches the beautiful again,  
 I know that he dips all things with colour of his own mind,  
 He never felt with Nature sympathy,  
 Nor heard God say  
 My children are Mankind.”

I forget how the lines run, but I don't forget that I saw proof in the early days of the diamond diggings that "Man's affections are not bowed like the crushed and broken reed that never reaches the beautiful again."

As soon as the Cape diamond began to be believed in in England—which was not for a very long time—new arrivals with fresh English faces, evidently well-to-do men, began to show up at Pniel and Kimberley, amongst them "sprigs of nobility," but there were not many of that class until the Colesberg Kopje and Old De Beers had become household words. For a full year—and for more than a full year after diamond digging had been successfully going on on the banks of the Vaal—the wisecracks of England had been pooh-poohing and ridiculing the reported diamond discovery in this country. Diamonds at the Cape—or anything good to come from Capeward—was too absurd for an Englishman born on English soil, and especially a Londoner, to swallow. They could believe in a Kafir war breaking out, or Cape wine being sour, but that there should be any natural formation in the Cape that contained diamonds of the first water was a story to tell the marines—not Englishmen. Your Londoner is about the softest thing in the shape of man to be gulled that exists upon the face of God's earth, and the most difficult to convince that there is anything for him to learn that he cannot see for himself on the banks of the Thames.

When the first diamonds went home the Londoners "swore with an oath or something as good" that they were Brazilian stones which the Cape landowners had bought and sent home with the tale of "diamond discovery at the Cape," in order to send up the prices of their lands and induce Englishmen to come out and buy. The Press of England took the same view of things—yes, that Almighty, Omnipresent, and Omniscient institution which has its head centre in London and claims to be the Thunderer for The Fourth Estate of the Realm, true to its traditional anti-Cape prejudices, was as strong in its avowed disbelief as any Dutch diamond polisher in Holland, and was not to be shaken in its disbelief in South Africa being diamondiferous. It quoted from reports of eminent English experts in mineralogy—all English experts are *eminent*—in proof that there could not be a nugget of gold or a precious stone in any part of the South African continent, and even



when parcel after parcel came to London and a good trade in diamonds had been established in Hatton Garden the *Times* cautioned its readers to beware of the diamond reports which were coming home from South Africa. Still, despite the Press of England, *Times* included, Englishmen did come out, attracted by the reports which went home.

The Diamond Fields are under much obligation to Mr. Streeter, the jeweller of world-wide fame, whose magnificent establishment in Bond-street is known to every South African who has gone from the Diamond Fields on a visit to London. Mr. Streeter in the very early Klipdrift days sent out a representative, a Mr. Toby, to look into the affairs of the River Diggings, to report upon them and to buy all "the stuff" he could lay his hands on. Happily for Mr. Streeter and the Diamond Fields, the diamonds Mr. Toby sent home reported better than Mr. Toby did with his pen, and Mr. Streeter was soon as able as he was ready to assure the people on the other side of the water that there was no mistake about the South-African Diamond Fields, and he staked his reputation upon it that he had received diamonds from the Cape Fields that were superior to any Brazilian or Indian diamonds that he had ever seen from the Brazils, admitting of course that these were exceptions and not the rule.

And upon this Englishmen rigged themselves out as diggers and emigrated to the land of diamonds. Men of all classes came—few, but some, of the lower class. The arrivals were generally from the middle, the well-to-do, and the upper classes. There were men of title and men of no title, sprigs of nobility, and sprigs of mobility. The first who came were the best who came. There were Lords This, the Honourables That, and Sir Somebodies by the dozen, and amongst them the Lord-Knows-Who. The real sprigs came with money in both pockets, and for the most part were gentlemen well trained at the "Bar," to which they found ready admittance at the Fields, and where they spent more of their time than in the claims. I don't know that any of them did much to improve the morals of the Community. Truth to tell I don't think they did, but their company was much sought after, for over all the world there will be tuft-hunters so long as there is a tuft to hunt. As it was in the beginning so it ever will be, world without end. It was the same before the diamond discovery, has been so since,

and is so still. The veriest democrat in creation loves the warmth of an aristocratic wing, and the distinction obtained by being nestled by an aristocratic feather. The Prince of Wales's plume attracts more human flies than a whole barrel of treacle attracts of wasps.

*The Times* newspaper even in 1882—twelve years after the opening up of the Diamond Fields, and when the Fields were exporting *twelve millions a year*—insisted that the reports from the Diamond Fields were the wicked inventions of “adventurers” circulated for the purpose of rigging the market. I shall relate an incident which occurred in *The Times* office in 1882 in the commencement of my next reminiscence in proof of this.



## REMINISCENCE.

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No. XVII.

SIR BARTLE FRERE AND THE DIAMOND FIELDS IN LONDON—  
THE ENGLISH PRESS AND PUBLIC UNINFORMED—THE  
“DAILY NEWS” WON’T BE TOLD—MY INTERVIEWS WITH  
THE CITY EDITOR OF THE “TIMES”—SIR BARTLE FRERE  
AT THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY AND AT WIMBLEDON—  
MY LECTURE AT THE SOCIETY OF ARTS—COLONEL  
CROSSMAN AT THE LECTURE—THE LIBERAL M.P. ON  
THE COLONIES.

HAVING stated at the close of my last article that even *The Times* newspaper, the Thunderer of the English Press whose every word was once taken as gospel, was warning its readers in 1882 not to believe in the reports that were coming to England about Cape diamonds, as they were misleading exaggerations, I promised to relate an incident to-day confirmatory of the statement.

I left the Diamond Fields for England in 1880—just before the departure of Sir Bartle Frere from the Cape, and my first work in London was to confer with leading men interested in South Africa as to the reception to be given him on his arrival at Southampton, to mark the disapprobation felt at his shameful recall. It was arranged that an address should be presented to him on his landing at Southampton, and that the presentation should be made by a deputation of South African gentlemen, and that Mr. D. P. Blaine should be the leading actor in the ceremony. About thirty South Africans, chiefly merchants, went down from London to Southampton, where they were joined by some distinguished members of the House of Commons and several of Sir Bartle’s neighbours at Wimbledon. Unfor-



tunately bad weather had occasioned an unprecedentedly long voyage to the steamer which brought the ex-Governor home, and the deputation was detained at Southampton nearly a week, but a week at Southampton is by no means an unpleasant way of spending time. When Sir Bartle Frere landed he met with such a hearty reception as was never accorded to any Colonial Governor returning to his native home. The landing stage was crowded and the cheering was enthusiastic. Having received the address he took train for Wimbledon accompanied by the crowd who came to welcome him. At every station there was a fresh and enthusiastic crowd with flags whose cheering might have been heard a mile off. When I first arrived in London, I found that very little was known about the South African Diamond Fields and the diamond industry, which had then been established over ten years. The grossest misrepresentations appeared in the columns of the London journals, and the most influential of the morning papers were continually throwing out insinuations that was most harmful. I found that the English people were misled by the papers they read. Many reflecting what they had gathered from their favourite papers, boldly said that they didn't believe that the diamonds coming home were Cape diamonds at all, and these people kept alive the old absurd invention that the diamonds were from the Brazils, purchased and sent home by South African landowners with a view to a land swindle. Those who admitted that some diamonds might come from the Cape made out that they were of very inferior quality—chiefly boart, and only fit to be ground up for the use of the machinist. It was very tantalizing to hear and read all this, and I resolved, if possible, to set matters right with the British public through the medium of the morning papers, but I soon found that I had counted without my host. I had been introduced to the editor and proprietor of *The Observer* and had found him exceedingly kind, courteous and hospitable, but he declined taking articles from me on South African affairs, as he said he had been taking a line when writing himself about a country of which he admitted he had a very foggy notion, but if he inserted articles from me I should shew his readers, what I had told him was the fact, that he had been misleading them, and this he said would never do. On other subjects he would be glad to take articles from me, and to pay well for them.

That was not what I wanted. I had then occasion to have a conference on a business matter with the editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, and took the opportunity of pointing out to him the incorrectness of the line he was taking in dealing with South African affairs, and how ill-informed he was about the Diamond Fields, offering to write him a series of articles. Mr. Le Sage, of the *Daily Telegraph*, was not so frank and so fair as Mr. Dicey, of *The Observer*. He, like the Scotch advocate, "admitted nothing, my lord," but offered to publish my articles if I would send them. I did so, but I presume he found my articles clash so completely with what had appeared in his paper that he did not think it wise in the interest of his paper to use them. There are some journalists even in London at the present day who, caring much more for the "dibs" than for the good of the public, set their greatest store in keeping up the delusion that their broad sheet can never be wrong. Once admitting that they have been misled they think would destroy public confidence in them. I suppose this was Mr. Le Sage's notion, as my articles did not appear. I after that made for *The Times* office, and had a conversation with the City Editor. I said nothing to him about his articles being misleading, but told him that I could supply him with facts about the Cape diamonds and the diamond industry, which I was anxious should appear in his columns for the public advantage. He was very courteous at our first meeting, expressed his pleasure at meeting me, and when I told him who I was and of my long and intimate connection with South Africa and the Diamond Fields, said he should be glad of any information I could give him. He confessed that he had been unable to get an idea of diamond mining at the Cape into his head. He could not form any conception of what it was like. I explained, chalking a rough sketch of the Kimberley Mine on the floor of his office, with hauling gear, &c., made him understand how mining for diamonds was carried on. He thanked me and agreed to publish any letter of mine on the subject. I went home much gratified to think that I had at last got the leading paper of England on the side of the much misrepresented Cape diamond industry, and I sat down and wrote a letter of about two columns and affixing my own name to it, took it down to *The Times* office the next morning, and handed it to the same editor.

I ought to have mentioned before this that on the previous

day he had said to me that he had seen how highly Sir Bartle Frere had spoken of Mr. R. W. Murray in a lecture our late Governor had given to the Royal Geographical Society, but before he published my letter it would be necessary for him to know that I was *the* Mr. Murray referred to. I said the best plan would be for me to get a letter of reference from Sir Bartle himself. Tell it not in Gath! The City Editor said *The Times* did not care to have anything to do with Sir Bartle Frere. I asked if it were possible that their differences with Sir Bartle Frere had become so personal that they would not rely upon his identification of a Colonist with whom he had been associated at the Cape. The only answer was that they did not care to have anything to do with Sir Bartle Frere. *The Times* people had done Sir Bartle all the injury they possibly could, and I suppose conscious of that fact deemed it their best way to keep clear of him. I cannot restrain myself from digressing a bit here, to call attention to the fact that when public feeling and opinion in England had veered round in favour of that much-persecuted gentleman *The Times* turned round with it, and when Sir Bartle died of a broken heart, as he undoubtedly did, *The Times* was most lavish of its eulogies of the faithful and eminent statesman, and when Sir Bartle's statue was unveiled on the Thames embankment, they devoted more columns of praise to him. So much for the value of *The Times* adoration. I gave him the reference required from Mr. D. P. Blaine, of Messrs. Blaine, Macdonald & Co., of Suffolk Lane, Cannon Street, London, which entirely satisfied him that I was the Mr. Murray referred to in the lecture delivered at the Geographical Society.

I had resolved before I handed in my letter to the City Editor that I would not consent to any alteration being made in it by *The Times* people, and so on handing it to him I asked him to read it. He said he would do so if I would leave it with him. I did so, stipulating that if it was to be abbreviated, the abbreviation was to be done by me and no one else, and that I would call again next day.

The next morning when I called on him he said he had been making some enquiries about the diamond industry and the diamond market since he saw me, and that I must admit that the mines were in the hands of unprincipled men—men of no character, in fact—and that the diamond market was rigged by



them. I said I would admit nothing of the kind, for it was not true. I then mentioned the names of Baring Gould, a member of one of the best known families of England, Mr. Charles Posno and Mr. H. B. Webb, of 19, Finsbury Circus, Mr. Ochs and the Messrs. Lilienfeldt, of Hatton Garden, Mr. Porter Rhodes, who was at that time in London with the Porter Rhodes diamond, in addition to a score of other well-known names who held claims and shares. My good friend the City Editor then shifted his ground and said, "Your letter may affect the share market, you know, Mr. Murray." I said that was my object in writing it, as the shares had not reached their value—nor had they. I said if the market was affected it would be because my facts were re-assuring, adding that at any rate my letter could only affect it for one day, for if I was stating what was not true there would be plenty of people to contradict me in the next issue. Then he drove me wild by saying that perhaps I was a large holder of shares, and in one day I might realise a fortune by a rise, and others would be injured. This led to a quarrel, of which it is not necessary to give the details beyond that having lost my temper I reminded him that although a predecessor of his in the City Editor's chair had made a fortune for himself in that way and to the injury of the general public. I had not taken to that line of press work yet. It is sufficient to say, no letter appeared. But I did better than anything I could get done through the medium of *The Times* newspaper, which I was not pleased to find acting so meanly and scurvily. On mentioning the matter to Sir Bartle Frere he laughed at *The Times* encounter, and said: "Mr. Murray, journalism has changed, and not for the better—leave the newspapers to their own devices. Deliver a lecture on the Diamond Fields of South Africa to the Society of Arts. I will introduce you, and he did, and I lectured there. The Hon. Mr. Harry Escombe, of Natal, presided, and the Society printed and distributed five thousand copies of the lecture—distributed them in the right quarters too—and the public of England learnt that the output of Cape diamonds were then one million and a half a year and that there were millions more to come. Shares went up, and people talked of the wonderful diamond industry in a new strain.

I must relate one incident arising out of the lecture. When my lecture was concluded and I was removing my diagrams

from the walls, a gentleman walked up to the platform and held out his hand, which I took. He said, "Mr. Murray, I congratulate you. Yours is the most accurate lecture I ever listened to." I did not recognise him, but I thanked him. "Don't you know me?" he said. I said I thought I knew his face. "Colonel Crossman," said he. I mention this because Colonel Crossman is so well known and so highly respected in the Diamond Fields, and everyone here will be glad to know that he took an interest in the Diamond Fields after he got home. The names of Colonel Crossman and Sir Charles Warren will always be intimately associated with the Diamond Fields and never be mentioned without respect. Colonel Crossman was the Royal Commissioner who set our Lieutenant-Governor right with the Imperial Government, and Colonial Warren settled the Land Question, which Commissioners and Judge of the Land Court had got into one of the finest muddles that was ever muddled.

I must not in justice omit to mention that I did ultimately, before I started a paper of my own in the interests of South Africa, gain access to an English journal. Remembering that I had contributed to *The Mining Journal* in 1850 and 1851 I called upon the proprietor of that paper and had a long talk with him about South African affairs generally and the Diamond Fields in particular. That which he had been inserting respecting the diamond industry related, almost solely, as was natural, about the state of the share market, and as he derived his information from diamond dealers in Hatton Garden he could not go so very far wrong—a little sometimes, but that was a matter that could be left to right itself. The proprietor of *The Mining Journal* was quite ready to insert any information about diamond mines and the diamond industry that I liked to write, providing I would affix my signature to everything I wrote. This I was quite ready to do of course, and for months letters on these subjects appeared in every issue of that paper.

I may here add one more anecdote illustrative of the ignorance prevailing respecting South Africa and diamonds about that time. Two gentlemen were travelling from the Waterloo Station, to Southampton in a well-filled railway carriage—the one was an M.P. for one of the manufacturing districts in the North of England, the other a Cape Colonist. The conversation turned upon the Colonies generally, the Cape Colony in particular, and Cape diamonds. The M.P. didn't put much

faith in Cape diamonds, he said, nor anything else of the Cape. The C.C. suggested "And perhaps not of any of the Colonies." "No," said the M.P., "the sooner England gets rid of them the better. They have never been anything but a trouble and expense." The C.C. wanted to know where the manufacturers of England would go for their raw material if England shunted off the Colonies. The M.P. said they would have to send it to England for sale all the same. "Well, now," said the C.C., "we will just for the sake of argument suppose that England abandoned her Colonies and the Cape with the rest, what should we of the Cape do? We have not the elements of a nation in ourselves, and we could not protect ourselves. We should naturally look about for some one of the Great Powers to take us in tow. Let us say Germany. Well, we go to Germany and say our Mother Country is tired of us, has shunted us, and will have nothing more to do with us, will you take us over as one of your colonial dependencies?" Germany would naturally say, "What are we to get by that?" Well, we might say, "If you will we will give you advantages. We levy a Customs duty on imports of about 10 per cent. all round, we will go on charging the full 10 per cent. on English manufactures, but will only charge 2 per cent. on German manufactures. We will ship all our wool to you, you giving us certain privileges." "You would do that, would you?" exclaimed the northern M.P., "then we would blockade all your ports." "You are a nice man for a Member of Parliament," said the Cape Colonist. "You don't want us; you abandon us, and you won't let us make our own arrangements. You are like the dog in the manger." The M.P. did not laugh, but every one else in the carriage did. This is just the way ill-informed Englishmen, even English M.P.'s, talk about the Colonies and their affairs. At least they did in 1882. They are getting a little better now, but *The Times* continues to blunder along when it has a touch at anything South African.

And yet when a *bogey* company is started and English capital is wanted, it is only for company-promoters and company-mongers to bait their hooks and angle a bit round the Exchange, Throgmorton Street, or anywhere in London where English capitalists paddle about open-mouthed, and the gold fish take the bait, as witness the way in which they took the gold bait that brought the Rand company-mongers and company-promoters so many thousands of British coin.



## REMINISCENCE.

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### No. XVIII.

HOW YANK BIT YANK—NO PENDULUMS TO THE CLOCKS—NO SEATS TO THE CHAIRS—HOW AN AMERICAN CONSUL'S "INDEPENDENCE" COST HIM HIS BERTH—THE "ALABAMA" ARRIVES IN TABLE BAY—CAPTURE OF THE "SEA BRIDE"—CAPTAIN SEMMES AND HIS CONSUL—THE "ALABAMA" CAPTURES FOURTEEN MERCHANT SHIPS ON THE COAST.

We had once an American Consul resident in Cape Town, who in the early days of Cape commercial intercourse with the Western Hemisphere, traded between Boston and Cape ports, commencing with the Cape of Good Hope and extending to Port Durban (Natal). When Consul he used to tiffin in the Captain's Rooms. I am now speaking of a time about 1860. "The Captain's Rooms" was at that time owned by Captain Sedgewick, and I suppose that was the reason of its being called "The Captain's Rooms," for there was scarcely ever a captain who took a meal there. The visitors were generally merchants and professional men, who, residing in the suburbs, found it too far to their homes to tiffin with their families. One day, the room being pretty well filled, the late Mr. William Berg came in laughing, and as the custom is, when a man comes among a company laughing heartily, he was asked what he was laughing at. "Haven't you heard about the clocks?" Nobody had, and he told it just as I am about to relate it.

When the British Consul was trading between Boston and Natal he on one occasion went on shore just as he had brought his schooner to an anchor. Walking up the main street of

Durban he ran across an American who had been a shipmate of his. After a mutual exclamation of surprise at meeting each other in Natal, the Consul asked his old shipmate what he was doing in Natal. "Oh, I am a merchant nowadays," was the answer. "Then you had better take the agency of my ship," said the captain to the afterwards Consul, and handed him over the papers. The next day the Consul of my day, the then skipper, came on shore with a sailor carrying a parcel, walked up to his agent's store and asked the agent if he knew anybody who would buy American clocks, because, said he, "I bought a lot cheap, and can sell them a bargain." "Have you a sample?" asked the agent. "Yes, here is a sailor with a sample," and the sailor, called in, handed up the sample—a very good-looking clock in a swell papier mâché case. "What do you want for them?" the agent enquired. "I told you I'd sell them cheap," said the skipper—"I'll take 8s. a clock." "I'll take the lot," said the agent, and as the value was about 15s., he thought he had done a good stroke of business. "Mind," said the skipper, "you have bought them according to sample, and I'll hand the sample over to you (doing so) so that there may be no mistake," adding that he had a good lot, in fact it was his cargo. The clocks were sent on shore and delivered. A few days after the skipper said he was in a hurry to get to sea and would be obliged for a cheque for the clocks. The cheque was given, but the skipper appeared in no hurry to sail.

A customer from the country came into the agent's store and wanted to buy a good clock. One of the newly-purchased clocks was shown to him—he liked it, purchased it, and took it away. Three or four days after he came back again, and told the agent that he had forgotten to give him a pendulum to the clock, saying that a clock without a pendulum was not of much use. "Give him another clock," said the agent, "and see that it has a pendulum." A clock was taken down and unpacked. No pendulum! A second was tried. No pendulum! A third and a fourth with the same result. Then the skipper was sent for. When he arrived the agent said: "Captain, these clocks you sold me have no pendulums." "Was there any pendulum to the sample? Because you know you bought them by sample." The sample was referred to, but there was no pendulum. The agent saw that he had been done, but like a true American, seeing that much, he made no fuss. He took it as a fair Yankee

trick—sharp practice it was true, but still business. “Have you got the pendulums?” he asked. “Yes,” answered the skipper, “they are all on board.” “What’s the figure?” the agent enquired. “Seven shillings a pendulum,” said the skipper, nothing abashed. “Send them ashore,” said the agent. This brought the clocks up to 15s., the full value of them, and the skipper calculated that he had made a good deal. So that matter ended. The Consul, even when a skipper, was pious, was loud in his piety, and one of the leaders then, as when Consul, of a Nonconformist church; but with him it was business before piety, and he was an uncommonly cute man of business.

Some fifteen years had passed over. The skipper was no longer a skipper. He had left off going to sea, settled in Cape Town as a merchant, had obtained the Consulship of America, was living in first-rate style, and was still strong on piety. He had forgotten all about the clocks and pendulums.

His Natal agent having failed as a merchant at Natal had taken to the sea again, and as captain of a barque had put in to Table Bay. On finding that his old friend of the clocks and pendulums was American Consul, he waited on him at his office and handed over to him the agency of his ship, and was invited to dinner. The next day he told the Consul that he had a good lot of chairs for sale, and asked his advice as to the best way of disposing of them. The sample was produced, with the result that the Consul bought the chairs according to sample, and paid for them 8s. per chair. The Consul having sold a dozen of the chairs to a customer it turned out that there were no bottoms to them. The Captain who sold them to the Consul was sent for, and the Consul said: “There are no bottoms to those chairs, Captain.” “No,” was the reply, “and there were no pendulums to the clocks, Consul, but you can have the bottoms at 7s. a bottom.” The biter saw that he had been bitten—the chair-dealing brought back the clocks to his memory, but all he said was “Send the bottoms ashore, Captain,” and they were sent.

Just as Mr. Berg had finished the story and the room was convulsed with laughter the Consul dropped in to tiffin, which was the signal of a renewed guffaw, and the Consul soon learnt what all the merriment was about, and from that day forward was pretty well chaffed about the clocks and the chairs.

I have always considered these as good illustrations of



Yankee cuteness as I ever knew of, and I imagine my readers will think so too. The coolness with which the American stands being taken advantage of is quite a national characteristic. None but an American would put up with it. A Britisher, whether he worshipped at the shrine of St. George, St. Andrew, St. Patrick, or St. David, would howl about being "swindled," "cheated," "defrauded," even if he did not prosecute the seller of the clocks and the chairs. "Sharp practice" would be far too mild a term. The phrase wouldn't "fit the crime" as the Mikado puts it, nor would the man who tried it on ever be able to trade amongst the same community again, much less even be promoted to a British Consulship. No amount of piety would save him. He would be asked where his "honour" was.

The Americans ring their changes upon Consuls with quite as much rapidity as upon any other of their officials. There have been no end of American Consuls at the Cape since 1854. The Consul cute upon clocks was reported to have been dismissed through disrespectful treatment of naval officers on one Fourth of July—Independence Day. According to the story in circulation he invited the commander and officers of an American man-of-war, then in Table Bay, to dine with him in honour of the day, and after they had sat down to dinner he informed them that he was a total abstainer and permitted no intoxicating drink under his roof, and therefore they would have to wash down their dinners with nothing stronger than water or tea. The commander said if his host the Consul had mentioned that when he invited them, they would not have accepted the invitation, but since they were there they would drink the toast in champagne, as they had been accustomed to do. He requested the junior officer present to go on board the ship and get the man in charge of the liquors to bring a case of champagne on shore and come himself to draw the corks. This was done, and the toast was drunk with all the honours, and as the Commander considered in a liquor befitting their own constitutions and the Constitution of the United States. The toast having been disposed of, the officers took their departure from the Consul's house, the Commander having intimated to the national representative that he should report him for want of loyalty and breach of etiquette, and he did, with the result that the Consul was relegated back into private life and another Consul reigned in his stead.

The U.S. Consuls sent to Cape Town have been of a variety of patterns, and their personal characteristics have varied quite as much as their physiques, but happily they have all been in accord with their Cape surroundings whilst in office. The successor of the dismissed Consul was certainly not a teetotaller. He was a jovial soul, merry, and a most enterprising man. The first summer he was at the Cape he made the experiment of introducing ice in blocks from America, and he succeeded in getting it out all right, but he found it did not pay, and he then died. He was succeeded by an Americanised Scotchman, who held office when the *Alabama* put into Table Bay, and he sent a protest to Sir George Grey against His Excellency permitting Captain Semmes to come on shore, and a protest to Captain Semmes against his doing so. Sir George acknowledged the receipt of the protest, but declined to be influenced by it. Captain Semmes went further; he came on shore and claimed to be within his rights. The Consul and the Captain got into a long paper war, in which Captain Semmes showed that he was as able a master of his pen as of his ship.

The arrival of the *Alabama* in Table Bay caused as much excitement in Cape Town and neighbourhood as if it had been a British three-decker with the Queen of England on board. I had learnt from Messrs. W. J. Anderson & Co., who were her appointed agents, that she was to visit the Cape and about the time she was to be expected. When she was signalled from the Lion's Rump, Cape Town turned out to a man. It was early in the afternoon, and soon after she was signalled it was also signalled that she was in chase of an American barque, which turned out to be the *Sea Bride*. I rode off to the turn in the Kloof Road where you can command a complete view of the entrance to Table Bay, and there sure enough was the *Alabama* pouncing down upon the *Sea Bride* like a hawk on a sparrow, or rather like a shark after a herring. The barque was doing her best to save her distance by getting safe within three miles of Robben Island, but it was steam against wind, and steam had the best of it. The rakish little steamer overhauled the barque, steamed round her, fired a gun across her bows, put off a boat and took her in tow.

I, having seen the prize taken, made the best of my way to my boat at the wharf and was one of the first on board the *Alabama* as she lay at her anchor in Table Bay. A man was

leaning over the larboard rail looking very intently at the water rippling by the steamer. Taking him to be an officer of the steamer, I asked him if it was so. "No, sirree," said he, "I'm a prisoner." He then told me that this was the second time he had been taken by Captain Semmes. The first time he was coming away from New York supercargo on board a United States ship when the *Alabama* took her and confiscated his goods. He had now a large venture on board and that would be confiscated too. He said he had just gone below to his cabin to have a wash when the mate called and told him that there was a steamer in sight. He was rejoiced and said, "It is the English mail and I shall get my letters as soon as I land." He finished dressing himself and came on deck. He no sooner caught sight of the steamer than he saw it was "the bally *Alabama*." He didn't say "bally," but the word will answer as a substitute. "And here I am again," said he.

After waiting a little while, whilst Captain Semmes and the agent, Mr. W. J. Anderson, completed their business, I was introduced by the last-mentioned gentleman to the Captain, in his cabin, where he sat surrounded by the chronometers which he had taken from the prizes which had fallen into his clutches. A more genial man than Captain Semmes I never met—he was as full of humour as an egg is full of meat. I remained with him in conversation for upwards of two hours, and it was the commencement of a friendship that lasted up to the day of the gallant patriot's death, and but for that lamentable event I should now have been in America instead of at the Cape of Good Hope. Captain Semmes did well on our coast, in capturing ships, as in any part of the world in which he sailed. He sold the *Sea Bride* to a Mr. Marcus, of Cape Town, for £1,400. She was re-fitted and re-christened, and fell into the hands of Messrs. De Pass, Spence & Co., and did that firm good service. Fourteen other merchantmen fell prizes to the *Alabama*, on their track round the Cape from India and elsewhere. And how Captain Semmes took the *Alabama* out of Simon's Bay, from under the wake of the *Vanderbilt* steamer that was sent out by the North to bring her home or smash her, and with her, Captain Semmes, either dead or alive, is worth the telling.

We have had some American officials at the Cape who would have been an acquisition to any society in the world, but



amongst them all none more able, refined and accomplished than the late Judge Pringle, of the Mixed Commission, which had its head-quarters in Adderley Street, Cape Town. Mr. Pringle was a man of great gifts, learned in Constitutional law and precedent. He was on the Commission with Mr. George Frere, cousin to Sir Bartle, representing England; Chevalier (afterwards Viscount) Du Prat, representing Portugal. On Mr. Frere being promoted to an office in Downing Street, the late Mr. Knox, once the Editor of the *Morning Herald*, succeeded him. Mr. Edward Knox, C.E., of Pretoria, is his eldest son, and Dr. Schoble, the able Editor of *The Transvaal*, was his sub. for many years. Mr. George Frere, Viscount Du Prat, Judge Pringle and Mr. Knox are all gone to the land where slavery is unknown; and all have left names behind them that kings might covet.



## REMINISCENCE.

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No. XIX.

THE CAPE PRESS THEN AND NOW—THE PRESSMEN OF FORTY YEARS AGO—MY FIRST PRESS WORK AT THE CAPE—AN ODD SCENE IN COURT.

THERE is as yet no record of the history of Cape journalism or Press life to which reference can be made, and it cannot be less interesting to the general newspaper reader than to the members of the Press themselves to know something of the chronicles of the Press, of those who have laboured in establishing it and in its advancement, and of such incidents as have occurred behind as well as before the scenes during the last forty years. For the history of the Press has not been the least eventful of Cape institutions, nor has the Press been slow to advance itself or in stimulating the general progress of the country.

Forty years ago there were but four newspapers and one advertising sheet published in Cape Town, the joint issues of the whole five papers (including the advertising sheet) not exceeding nine per week. Graham's Town had but three papers, all weeklies, Port Elizabeth two weeklies, and the Midland Province but one weekly. The titles of the whole of the Colonial papers were : *The Commercial Advertiser and Mail*, *The Zuid Afrikaan*, *The Monitor*, and *The Mercantile Advertiser*, published in Cape Town ; *The Graham's Town Journal*, *The Frontier Times*, and *The Colonist*, published in Graham's Town ; *The Eastern Province Herald* and *The Telegraph*, published in Port Elizabeth, and *The Graaff-Reinet Herald* published at Graaff-Reinet. I do not think *The Fort Beaufort Advocate* was started so long ago as that ; but, if not, it must have come into existence shortly after. None of the other

towns had a newspaper. But one of all the papers had a staff of professional reporters, and that was *The Commercial Advertiser and Mail*, of which Mr. J. Fairbairn and Mr. W. Buchanan were joint proprietors. Mr. Fairbairn was the editor. Originally Mr. John Fairbairn was the sole proprietor and editor of *The Commercial Advertiser*, and Mr. William Buchanan the editor and proprietor of *The Mail*. Up to the time of the amalgamation Messrs. Saul Solomon & Co. were the printers of both papers, but when that took place differences had arisen between the printers and the publishers, and Mr. Pike became the printer. Up to that time there had been no *Mercantile Advertiser*, but Mr. Solomon, with a view to strengthen his own office and to weaken the power of *The Advertiser and Mail* and the rival printing office, started the advertising sheet, and there is no doubt that he realized his purpose. The sheet was delivered gratis at the houses of all the principal people residing at Cape Town and its suburbs, and the circulation not being limited by subscription it exceeded by far that of any of the regular newspapers. Advertisers patronised it well, and it became a thoroughly good property and maintained its position up to about 1859, when the *Argus* in the hands of Messrs. Darnell & Murray had become the leading paper and commanded the advertising business, but yet not so much so as to do a very great deal of damage to Mr. Solomon's sheet. The merchants and business men generally advertised in both. Mr. Solomon, although not a pressman, and not given to the use of the pen in literary effort, had a good idea of newspaper management. He kept a good staff for collecting local news and compiling shipping affairs, the market prices, &c., and this was all he aimed at in his ordinary advertising sheet. But he had secured a first-rate London correspondent—the best that ever contributed to a Cape newspaper, and his letters did much to strengthen the *Mercantile* in its hold upon the Cape Town public, especially after there was a regular line of ocean mail steamers.

*The Monitor* was started by a syndicate chiefly composed of Cape merchants, who, during the anti-convict movement, had in consequence of the stand they took on the side of the Government met with little mercy at the hands of Mr. Fairbairn and had withdrawn their advertisements, and a great many of them and others of the English party had withdrawn



their subscriptions from *The Commercial Advertiser and Mail*, and so in order to get the English party represented and to give support to the existing Government they started a paper of their own, *The Cape Monitor*, with a Mr. William Ghislin as the nominal editor. For some time the leading articles were masterly, generally the contributions (free) of able writers, many of them officials. The popular notion was that it was a Government organ, started and kept going by the Government, but that was not the fact.

*The Commercial Advertiser and Mail* relied upon Mr. Fairbairn's articles and Mr. Buchanan's reports, and more powerfully and elegantly written articles or better reports no paper could have commanded. Mr. Fairbairn was a man of great natural gifts, accomplished, scholarly and earnest. He wrote with a point to his pen, and in the zenith of his fame was the idol of the Cape people. He would have made a better magazine than newspaper writer, and had he brought his genius into play in London instead of at the Cape of Good Hope there is not a shadow of a doubt that he would have been in the first rank of English writers of his time. But Mr. Fairbairn had no Press training nor experience in Great Britain. He had never studied nor worked under the guiding hand of a master of journalism. All that he knew of editorial work he had taught himself, with no rival in the country to compete with him, to stir his blood, quicken his energies, and brighten his brain. The platform upon which he worked was one that no other newspaper man of his time could by any probability reach. He was high up above the whole, out of their reach altogether, and he knew it. He lashed away at people and parties, at Governors, Governments, cliques and factions without restraint or rebuke that he paid the least heed to. His popularity was won by his insistence. Recognizing a principle he insisted upon having it adhered to in full, without modification or adulteration. He had been a schoolmaster too long—until indeed he had become as dogmatic as men of that profession always are at a certain age. Men admired his writings when they did not agree with his arguments. He might have retained his popularity to the day of his death, if he would have shown a little more conciliation towards others. But the people put his Scotch blood up when they differed from him, and that led to an estrangement, unfortunate for himself, and for *The Commercial Advertiser and Mail*.

But let me say that, considering the vast and inestimable services he had rendered to the people of the Cape, he deserved better of them than they gave him. When he had grown old in the public service, his early services were forgotten, and it is not possible but that in his solitary latter days he must have pondered over the ingratitude he had met with, with more pain than he cared to express.

Eastern opposition he did not care two straws about. He could always give them his Roland for their Oliver. Up to 1854, *The Monitor* had not hurt his *Advertiser* much. In that year it had become *effete*. It issued but once a week, had narrowly escaped actions for libel innumerable, had neither satisfied its proprietors nor the public. It was heavily in debt to its printer—its *bona-fide* circulation had dwindled down to about three hundred, and when its advertisements amounted to five or six pounds, which it rarely if ever did, it warmed the cockles of the nominal editor's heart, and inspired the printers, Messrs Van de Sandt de Villiers & Co., with hope. It was hardly to be wondered at that *The Monitor* had been making no headway. The writers who had made it what it was at starting, had lost the charm of writing when the novelty was gone, as amateur writers always do. An old gentleman connected with the Commercial Exchange had then been hired to supply the articles, and the subjects were never connected with anything nearer home than the American Congress, or the affairs of Canada, as to which the readers of the paper knew or cared about as much as they did about the domestic policy of the Peruvians. The other columns were chiefly filled with chapters from a book on "How to buy a horse."

In 1854, the paper came into my hands. Parliament opened in that year, but no arrangements had been made for reporters. As the paper came out but once a week—Saturday—there was no more work than I could have got through with ease and not have overworked myself on any day, had the whole of the arrangements dovetailed as they should. But the compositors had never set up anything but Dutch, and my Friday's work was terrible. How many proofs I had to correct I cannot remember, but it was proof upon proof, proof upon proof until long after midnight, and it was sometimes nearly daylight on Saturday morning before I got home. The publishing office and printing office were both in the same building, at the corner of Castle and

St. George's Streets, and the weary night walks I had up and down and around that corner were countless. However, I lived through it. As soon as Parliament was prorogued, the Namaqualand copper-mining mania broke out, which was a new excitement, and I made the most of it. There were Municipal Wardmasters as well as Municipal Commissioners in those days—both bodies gave one an experience that was quite unique. There was seldom a meeting of either body without a row, and the rows worked up exceedingly well. The Wardmasters used to meet of an evening. There was no Theatre then but the Wardmasters' meetings were as good as a play, and gave rare material for amusing sketches. By the end of the year I had worked up the paper to two issues of 600—1,200 a week. The next year "Pen and Ink Sketches in Parliament" by "Limner," and the "No Storeowner" libel case which I mentioned in a previous article served to bring up the circulation to 800 an issue—three times a week—2,400 per week. All the merchants, public institutions, and advertisers generally, filled the two outside pages, and we had paid off the printers and had something like a balance in the bank. In that year I got some help. A Mr. Heaton, who read the English Exhibition Catalogue of 1851, turned up and read the paper, and Mr. Charles Bartholomew commenced his press life with me. He is the only one out of the whole office besides myself who is still alive. The printers, the nominal editor, and the compositors and the pressman who worked off the paper, are all dead. I am glad to have an opportunity, whilst he lives, of recording my high appreciation of Mr. Bartholomew's aptness, industry, and zeal. He is now on the reporting staff of *The Cape Times* and sustains the high character he always bore. I left the paper in the latter part of 1866, and Mr. Bartholomew took over the editorship, and when myself and Mr. Darnell started the *Argus* in February, 1867, Mr. Bartholomew, in partnership with Mr. Charles Cowan, took over the paper. But now I must leave the Cape Town Press and glance at the Eastern Press. I will return to the Western anon.

The leading paper of the Eastern Province was the *Graham's Town Journal*, of which the Hon. Robert Godlonton, M.L.C., was editor and proprietor. *The Journal* was as far ahead of its Eastern contemporaries as *The Commercial Advertiser and Mail* was ahead of its Western. The late Mr. Robert Godlonton



stood in about the same relationship to the Eastern people as Mr. John Fairbairn did to the West, but Mr. Godlonton had the great advantage of having an English constituency to work and to fight for. They were always staunch and true to him all through his journalistic career, and up to the day of his death. *The Journal* was started by the Hon. Mr. Meurant, M.L.C., who until recently represented an Eastern Circle in the Legislative Council—a staunch old veteran of 85 years of age. He died since I commenced these reminiscences. Mr. Godlonton never affected to be equal to Mr. Fairbairn as a writer, but his articles were logical, to the point, and unmistakably English. Mr. Godlonton was a man of rare pluck, and he fought the battle of the Settlers bravely, and his own too. If the ruling powers of the period locked up Mr. Fairbairn's press and printing plant in the early days, they served Mr. Godlonton in precisely the same way. The early press life of both was full of tribulation, persecution, and difficulty. Had either been less courageous, able and plucky than he was, he must have gone to the wall. It is no light thing to fight governors and governments, when there is no public opinion and if there are no newspapers to give expression to it. In the early days of the Eastern Press Mr. Godlonton had a long-continued warfare with the Government, and but for him the Settlers would have found it impossible to hold their own on the Eastern frontier. There was an idea in the West, born of prejudice, that the Settlers were a coarse, low-bred people—a portion of the pauper population that England was desirous of getting rid of. A great mistake, as the Westerns ultimately discovered. The strong antagonism which has existed between East and West was not the outcome of geographical positions, nor of the differences of nationality; but it sprung out of the contemptuous treatment the Settlers received at the hands of the Western Press. It gave rise to a soreness which was never thoroughly healed—indeed, is not altogether healed to-day.

The most masterly articles that appeared in the Eastern Press in 1854 were in the leading columns of *The Colonist*, a paper in the hands of the Roman Catholics, and edited by Doctor (now Bishop) Ricards. In my early professional life in Cape Town I had taken to *The Colonist* above all the papers that came into my hands in the way of exchanges, and used to quote from it

freely. I never knew who the writer of the articles was until I went to reside in Graham's Town ten years after. *The Frontier Times* was the property of Mr. Franklin, who edited it. The paper was an exceedingly respectable one, and it was supported chiefly by Englishmen, members of the Episcopal Church. Mr. Franklin was a man of parts—a scholar and a fair writer. It always struck me that he had an idea that his mission in life was to attack *The Graham's Town Journal*, which was essentially as Wesleyan as Eastern. *The Journal* was known as "The Settlers' Bible," and the Settlers swore by it. There is rather a good story told about an occurrence in the Circuit Court sitting in Graham's Town in about 1858. It is said that when the Court was in full swing, and a witness had to be sworn, there was no Bible. Here was a pretty how-d'ye-do; the Judge, Jury, and Bar were struck. The messenger had to go some distance before any Bible could be got. One of the members of the Bar—I think it was poor Dick Turner—rose with becoming gravity, and said: "My lord, swear the witness on *The Graham's Town Journal*." The Court roared with laughter, and the Judge (I forget his name) joined in the roar. Of the two Port Elizabeth papers then in existence—*The Eastern Province Herald* and the *Telegraph*—I believe *The Telegraph* came out first. It was started by Mr. Philip, and was first edited by Mr. John Paterson—afterwards the Hon. J. Paterson, M.L.C.—who was at that time Master of the Government School at Port Elizabeth. Mr. Paterson was one of the batch of teachers brought out by Dr. Innes, from Scotland, for the Cape Government Schools. Mr. Gwynne Owen was another. They were all fair scholars and good teachers, but more Scotch even than scholarly. In cuteness they had no rivals. All of them gave up teaching for better paying businesses, and the careers of some of them—especially those of Mr. Paterson and Mr. Gwynne Owen—were remarkable.

## REMINISCENCE.

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No. XX.

REPORTERS AND REPORTING—A DEVON INCIDENT—FIRST SHORTHAND REPORTING IN THE EASTERN PROVINCE—“GREAT EASTERN”—“ADVERTISER AND MAIL”—MR. JOHN NOBLE—MR. J. B. GLANVILLE AS MISSIONARY, JOURNALIST AND M.L.A.—HER MAJESTY BECOMES PATRON OF HIS “HOME AND ABROAD.”

I ONCE heard Mr. Fairbairn say in the House of Assembly that he regarded the reporter as the mainstay of the press, and the reports the most important and valuable portion of a newspaper. I thoroughly agreed with him. There is no such literary drudgery as newspaper reporting. There is no work that taxes all a man's faculties so completely. His attention—completely uninterrupted attention, must be given to his work during the whole time a meeting lasts—and no matter how uninteresting the speeches may be; however stupid, senseless, jerky, or vapid the speakers may be, the reporter must listen to it all, and if his instructions are that a speaker, or a meeting, or a lecturer, must be reported in full he cannot afford to lose a word. A meeting may be as rowdy as it will but he must be still and attentive, for if there are more reporters than himself present he cannot excuse himself by reporting “the noise was so great” or “the speaker was here unintelligible to the reporters,” or the editor may ask him when the rival report appears if his hearing is getting defective. People are apt to think that all that is necessary to qualify a man for reporting is to acquire a system of shorthand and become an adept at it. There never was a greater mistake, otherwise every good shorthand writer would make an equally good



reporter, and that is far from being the case. There are thousands of shorthand writers who will never be able to do any newspaper reporting. It is necessary, in order to report a speaker accurately, that a reporter not only hears what he says but understands it. For a man to be law reporter he must have a general knowledge of law, know what the technical terms mean; and the same applies to lectures on Science or Art, travellers' speeches recounting travel, &c. Parliamentary reporting becomes a sad hash when the reporter knows nothing of politics.

Then the reporter who has to sit out a sitting of Parliament, a meeting, or a dinner party as long as those who take part in it, has his work to commence when they have finished theirs. Many people envy the reporter who attends festive gatherings and entertainments. They need not. It is far less enjoyable to the reporter than they imagine. I was never more thankful than I was when I could give up reporting altogether. I had worked very hard at it for many years. I did not find it at all difficult to acquire the art of shorthand writing, and I must say that the experience of Charles Dickens, as that celebrated novelist gives it, was not mine. What with me taxed my efforts most was to go the pace. But speed came with experience, and it was some time after reporting a meeting that I was set to "do" a speech of any celebrated man. The hardest reporting work I ever had—at least the work that had the least charm in it—was during an engagement I had once, when I was about 25 years of age, with Sir Culling Eardly, Bart. Sir Culling was an extreme Low Churchman, an Exeter-Hallite to the backbone, and the head and front of the Platitudinarian Party. He watched the Tractarians like cats watch mice, and whenever he suspected a Tractarian of being about to go over to Rome, he was down upon him like what in modern phrase is described as "a thousand of bricks."

He suspected the Rector of St. Mary's Church, a village near Babbicombe, who had been an associate of Pusey, Blunt, and the other leaders of the Oxford Tractarian party, of being about to "go over." Sir Culling was going to Italy and he entered into an engagement with me to report all the reverend gentleman's sermons until his return. He was away two years, and my professional attendance at St. Mary's Church extended over that time. I was never so sick of any work I had to do

in my life, and I was heartily glad when it was over. The only pleasurable portions of that reporting job were the pay and the lobster salad tiffins I had at Mother Gaskin's Babbicombe Hotel.

There was very little to report in the Eastern Province at the time of which I have been writing. There were no Eastern Districts Court or Divisional Council, nor any of the many institutions which now exist. The Circuit Court and the Municipal Council were reported in brief, in longhand, and an outline of what took place served all the purposes of that period.

I think the first appearance of shorthand reporters in the Eastern Province was incidental with the holding of the Parliamentary session in Graham's Town in 1864, but I am not quite sure whether Mr. Bidwell had arrived before that date, but I don't think he had. My own belief is that the first shorthand report appeared in the columns of *The Great Eastern*, and from Mr. Linwood, who came out from London, where he had been the editor of my Home Edition of *The Argus*, as reporter for *The Great Eastern*. After the last-mentioned paper was started, the *Graham's Town Journal*, in self-defence, was compelled to follow suit in the reporting line, and in many other Press expedients which it had never thought of before. *The Great Eastern* unquestionably caused a great revolution in Eastern journalism. It was the first paper printed by steam, and it competed with the Port Elizabeth as well as with the Grahams-town journals. It was published in the early morning and dispatched to Port Elizabeth by the 4 a.m. mail-cart and delivered to the residences and offices of Port Elizabeth subscribers, generally before the *Eastern Province Herald*, which was an afternoon paper, made its appearance. *The Herald* never could compete with it, at any rate, for general news, for it contained all the Cape Town and Western intelligence which it received by telegraph up to the last moment of going to press. There were seldom less than three columns of telegrams in an issue, and, on the arrival of the English mail, more than that. *The Great Eastern* derived its chief support both in subscriptions and advertisements from Port Elizabeth. Mr. Impey frequently told me that he was not going to compete with me in the way of telegrams—as it would never pay, and it did not. The fault was not mine. Had the Parliament been convened in Graham's Town seven years instead of one, as Sir Philip Wodehouse

intended, *The Great Eastern* would have been the leading paper of South Africa, and judging by the first year's profits would have been a fortune for the proprietor. But in newspaper life, as in every other, a man must take the ups with the downs. One good effect *The Great Eastern* had, and for which Eastern newspaper readers ought to be grateful. The old-established papers were never able to get back to their old droning habits again.

The decease of *The Great Eastern* was a gain to the West. The Conservative organ—the *Standard*, had utterly failed and had cost its promoters over £15,000. *The Commercial Advertiser and Mail* was on its last legs. The latter paper when it had passed out of the hands of its original proprietors became the property of Mr. John Noble, for many years and now the Chief Clerk of the House of Assembly. He had been associated with *The Cape Argus* from the commencement of the paper, and had done it yeoman service. He used his pen with great facility, and as a gatherer of local news had never his match, either before or since. He got to know everybody, was cognizant of every public movement, and was everybody's favourite. He left *The Argus* to take over *The Advertiser*, of which his brother, the late lamented Professor Noble, of the South African College, was the editor after Mr. Fairbairn's death. Professor Noble was a man of most versatile genius, was a most popular writer, never at a loss for a subject. He wrote at steam speed, and turned out articles as fast as the printers could take them. At one time he edited *The Argus* and *The Mercantile Advertiser* at the same time, was the working editor of *The Cape Monthly Magazine*, lectured on an average once a week, and performed all his College duties as well. He was always ready for an excursion, either by sea or land, and was courted and petted by everybody. He was really an admirable man, generous, kind and genial—his purse was always open when friends, and when many who were not friends, were in need. His articles were always popular and on the popular side. His death was much deplored, and he lives yet in the memory of all who were honoured with his friendship.

*The Commercial Advertiser and Mail* was no greater boon to Mr. John Noble than *The Great Eastern* was to me. He happily obtained the office he now fills, and fills so well. He is as great a favourite with the Parliament as he was with the



Press, still retains his love of writing, and is the author of several valuable books on Cape subjects. Oddly enough the Chief Clerks of both Houses of Parliament were pressmen. Mr. James Fairbairn, the Clerk to the Legislative Council, had done many a good spell at reporting when his father was alive, and he was a good hand at it. Had he remained at his original profession he would certainly have been in the first rank. His heart is as good as his manner, and his ability was certified to before he was out of his teens.

Both *The Standard* and *The Commercial Advertiser* fell into my hands after *The Great Eastern* was no more. Professor Noble being ill, I was invited to edit the paper, which had then become the property of Messrs Van de Sandt, de Villiers & Co., and when the Professor died I became the permanent editor. I had not long occupied the editorial seat in that office before the late Mr. T. B. Bayley, Mr. Charles Manuel, and Mr. Charles Barry, the principal proprietors of *The Standard*, consulted me about the affairs of that paper. The type and finances of *The Mail* were pretty well worn out. *The Standard's* finances were alarming—£15,000 to the bad was no joke. But that paper's type and steam machinery were both as good as new, and I saw no way of saving the proprietors but by amalgamating the two papers into one. I was commissioned to carry out my proposal, and one fine morning *The Argus* people woke up to find a new paper started under the title of *The Standard and Mail*. This was a grand stroke and a successful one. *The Standard and Mail* was for a long time edited and controlled by my eldest son, Mr. R. W. Murray, junr., after I had left for the Diamond Fields, and it flourished in his hands.

There is one of my late Eastern and Diamond Fields contemporary writers whose name I have not yet mentioned—Mr. J. B. Glanville, whose memory I cherish to-day as if he were a near and dear brother, not only professionally, but son of the same Mother as myself. He was the editor of *The Graham's Town Journal* when I came to Graham's Town to establish *The Great Eastern*. We started as rivals, but became fast friends. We led off by saying smart things of each other intended to sting, but they amused both instead of stinging either. The late Mr. Glanville's writing always bore evidence of a refinement never to be excelled. His style was graceful and refined. It was unlaboured, with well-rounded periods.

and brimming over with wit and humour, and his conversation away from his office was as charming as were his writings. He was one of the sweetest-tempered men I ever met in my life in any part of the world. I do not believe that he ever had one grain of gall in his whole composition.

Mr. Glanville was for some years a missionary in India, in the Wesleyan Connexion, and it was when there that his Press work commenced. His articles in the Indian journals commanded a good deal of attention, were much admired by the newspaper readers of India, and eagerly sought after by the newspaper proprietors of that Empire, but they gave offence to his superiors in the Wesleyan ministry, who insisted either upon his discontinuing writing for newspapers, or withdrawing from the Church. He did neither, for he preferred the one to the other, and his writing brought him a vast deal more money than his preaching. Finding that they could not stop his writing, his pastors and masters removed him out of India to Lower Albany, to resume missionary work there. His stories about his vegetating in Lower Albany have afforded me many a laugh. Ultimately he moved from Albany into the editorial chair which Mr. Godlonton had filled for so many years. He brought new life into *The Journal*—brought the sprightliness into it, of which it at that time stood much in need. I do not think that the circulation of the paper had fallen off, for it was Mr. Godlonton's paper, and the Eastern people would take the paper for his sake, even if they did not take it for the sake of the paper itself. But Mr. Glanville's writings gave it a new value which was appreciated.

I got to know Mr. Glanville much more intimately in 1865 than I had known him before, although we had from the first been on terms of intimacy. We soon discovered that we were born in the same county, and within a very few miles of each other. We knew the same people, and the same places in the loveliest spot of God's creation. Talk of the clannishness of Scotchmen; they will never persuade me that there is any clannishness in the world equal to that of the West of England. If anyone doubts me (and I suppose somebody will be bound to rush into print with a contradiction), let them read Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* and John Herring.

In 1865 both the late Mr. Glanville and myself were elected members of the House of Assembly, and we rode down together

from Graham's Town to Port Elizabeth, and from thence voyaged to Cape Town by steamer, in company with Mr. (now Sir Gordon) Sprigg, who was on his way to make his maiden Parliamentary speech. As Mr. Glanville and myself were bowling along down the Howison's Poort road, I had been talking politics to him, and we had come to an understanding that professional rivalry was not to prevent us working together for the good of the Province. On the occasion of our first changing horses he proposed that we should walk on a little way together, which we did, and I never forget the laugh I had when he said to me : " I don't know why they elected me to go to Parliament. I don't know anything about Cape politics, and never shall. I don't know the difference between a Conservative and a Cape Liberal. Do you ? Am I a Liberal or a Conservative ? Tell me, that's a good fellow."

The droll way in which he said it and the drollery of his going to Parliament to find out whether he was a Conservative or a Liberal set me off. I roared with laughter, and he looked at me with all that drollery in his face which was his facial characteristic when he was amused and which made me laugh the more. What he said about his knowing nothing about Cape politics proved to be quite true. He could keep the House in a roar of laughter, but he seldom threw any light upon a subject. His levity gave great offence to his immediate friends, and once brought him into disgrace with them, as they did not think such levity becoming in a member who had been a missionary, and was still an editor of a paper that took a high moral tone. But the levity suited the House and sometimes turned its current of thought from the wrong into the right direction. I don't think they could get him to go down to Parliament a second time ; at any rate I know he never stood for re-election.

When I left the Colony for England in 1880 I had counted to meet Mr. Glanville, who had been appointed Immigration Commissioner, as one of my home treats in store, but alas ! before I arrived in England he had died, and I had nothing left of him to me but his memory.

After his death Her Majesty the Queen read his delightful little book, " At Home and Abroad," and expressed the appreciation and delight it gave her most graciously. It is a pity that this did not occur during his lifetime, for Her Majesty would have been as pleased with the man as with his work.



## REMINISCENCE.

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### No. XXI.

#### THE DIAMOND FIELDS PRESS—A RACE FOR PRECEDENCE—PRESS- MEN TURN DIGGERS.

THE history of the Diamond Fields Press is quite as remarkable as that of the Old Colony, and if the age of the Fields are taken into consideration the Diamond Fields Press has had as many ups and downs, as many difficulties to contend with, and made as much and as rapid progress as the Press of the Old Colony. The first two newspapers appeared towards the end of 1870, the one being published on the Klipdrift side of the Vaal and the other on the Pniel heights.

I had packed up for the Diamond Fields at the latter end of 1869, but previous to leaving the borders of the Old Colony had paid visits to several districts, and being in no hurry had taken about seven months over it. None of the Colonists had much faith in the new discovery, few outside Cape Town and Port Elizabeth were in much hurry—and the hurry in these places was not particularly stimulating, and did not go far to stimulate the courage of those on the go. When you told fellow Colonists that you were on the road to the Diamond Fields they either laughed at you, or with long faces hoped you would not die of fever like poor So-and-So and so many others who had gone up, but if you did———and here their feelings were too powerful for utterance, and they left the rest to your imagination; and if the going man had anything like a vivid imagination, he was left with a lively prospect in his mind's eye to amuse himself with on the road. "Hope you won't take the fever, but if you do"—and the "do" means *die*—is suggestive of an "unwept, unhonoured and unsung" dissolution in the wilderness, without one loved one to smooth your pillow,

with no pillow to smooth, in fact ; where there is neither grave-digger, sexton, undertaker, priest or parson—not even a cremating apparatus. A nice prospect for a mental survey : happy thought that the chief mourner at your last laying-out will be a cock vulture, who with his family and friends will fatten on your emaciated remains, croak exultingly over your spinal marrow, and leave nothing but your bones to bleach under an African sun ; and if your ghost should be in the humour to stalk about amongst old acquaintances, with not enough left of you to make your shade recognizable, much less respectable.

However, before I left Graham's Town, I heard that my old friend Glanville was on the road, with printing presses, type, staff, and material, having a Diamond Fields paper in prospect, which was a little more encouraging. He and his staff of workmen and plant had gone off in a cart and four and bullock wagon, and I was told that they would be there and their paper going before I arrived. As I did not see any means of getting any further, I thought this more than possible. However, at last I discovered that there were some young men on their way in a van to Bloemfontein, a place that I was anxious to see on my way up, and I made arrangements with them for a seat, with the understanding that we were to take Middelburg *en route*, and they consented to take me with them for a £10 consideration. This was travelling with as much comfort as circumstances admitted of. We had good meals and warm beds all the way to Middelburg, where they had business to transact which detained them about three weeks, I living at an hotel all the time. At the end of three weeks we started for Bloemfontein. During that part of the journey, my travelling companions quite dispelled the idea of my having a solitary laying-out in the wilderness with vultures as undertakers, for they assured me that I should certainly be shot in Bloemfontein, where they had already burnt me in effigy for alleged Basuto preclivities during the Basuto war.

By the time we had reached half way between Middelburg and Bloemfontein August had set in, so that it will be seen I had not hurried myself, nor had anyone hurried me along. It was bitterly cold at nights and sleeping under the wagon was a somewhat novel experience, but with nothing but the novelty to recommend it. It was pleasant to see the moon rise, but to watch it making its course the whole night through was to my

mind not a good substitute for sleep. It would have been far more agreeable to me if the moon had had the sun in company. However, journeys no matter how long, like everything else in this lovely world of ours, come to an end in time and this was no exception to the rule. I have some reminiscences of that journey which are pleasanter far to ruminare upon now than the circumstances were when they were present with me. I was mightily thankful when I saw Mr. Stock standing at the entrance to the Free State Hotel and the boots of the establishment taking charge of our luggage. I spent a very comfortable fortnight at the hotel—had some pleasant talk with the President, picked up some money (in orangebacks) which was due to me, and made the acquaintance of Mr Thomas White and the Barlows at *The Friend* office, but no “shootist” turned up. Everyone was particularly kind and hospitable, and I have found on subsequent visits to the Transvaal that the Bloemfonteiners as much delight in hospitably entertaining their friends, and even “strangers unawares,” as “dogs delight to bark and bite, for ’tis their nature to.”

I did my best to induce Mr White to start a newspaper in the Diamond Fields as a rival to that projected by *The Journal* people, but he didn’t see it. In the first place he had no faith in the diamonds holding out. If the diamonds pinched out what was to come of the plant? Then there was no building for a printing office, and besides he had no type to spare. The Barlows would have found type enough and to spare had they been left to act upon their own inclination. But Mr. Thomas White had become too wealthy to care about fresh enterprises, and having surrounded himself with all the comforts which Bloemfontein life affords, did not care to be disturbed.

Having seen all and done all that there was for me to see and do there, I made enquiries about getting on to my journey’s end. I discovered there was a weekly line of passenger carts, started by Mr. Hanger, the gentleman who had threatened to shoot me if ever he got sight of me. So I walked round to Mr. Hanger’s office, found him writing and told him I wanted a passenger ticket for Klipdrift. He asked me my name that he might write it on the ticket. I said Murray. “What Murray?” he asked. I said, “The R. W. Murray you are going to shoot, so that if you are in the same mind you were during the Basuto scrummage you have a fine chance and had better shoot away.”



He jumped off his seat, gave my hand a hearty grip, and laughing said, "Old fellow 'twas we that were wrong, you were right. Let's liquor up."—And we liquored at the Free State Hostelry, dined together in the evening, and have been fast friends ever since. I started for Kimberley the next morning. We remained one night at Boshof on the way, supped on sheep's trotters and rice, and nestled at night on a billowy bed, each billow as solid as a boulder, and all the billows together about as comfortable as a bed of boulders would have been. I have before described my arrival at Klipdrift, and my first Sunday in the Diamond Fields.

Naturally at starting life on the banks of the far-winding Vaal, I was anxious to see the diamonds, and to pick up a pocketful or two, but I need hardly say I didn't succeed. In the course of time I discovered, not diamonds, but that a place where there was no newspaper was no place for me, so I resolved upon having one. Mr. Glanville had not even arrived as yet. His oxen had died on the road, he had met with accidents to his wagon, and had been as full of troubles (all drawbacks to his getting on) as an orange is full of juice.

I set to work, wrote out all the "copy" for a newspaper, took cart to Bloemfontein, got the paper (*The Diamond Field*) printed at *The Friend* office, and took back the papers for sale in the Diamond Fields, having posted in Bloemfontein first copies to the Colonial newspapers. This, then, was the first Diamond Fields newspaper received in the Cape Colony. The day after I arrived in Klipdrift, a copy of *The Diamond News* came over from Pniel. Mr. Glanville and staff, having arrived in my absence, had planked up an office and got out their first number, they said, the day before I returned. No one at Klipdrift saw it until the day after. There used to be a good deal of good-natured chaff between myself and Mr. Glanville as to who had published the first paper on the Diamond Fields, and at last, although we knew that ordinarily there could not be two "firsts," we agreed that there should be an exception in our case, I to have the credit of having published "the first Diamond Fields paper," and he "the first paper on the Diamond Fields," and so History has recorded the fact from that day up.

I having published, wrote up "copy" for the next issue, and off again to Bloemfontein; had the paper out, and then back. But I soon found that this little game was more exhausting than

profitable. To write a paper and make the journey to Bloemfontein and back weekly was *rather* more than even I could stand, and each paper took a little over a week, and the little was getting greater gradually. So I resolved to send the copy by passenger cart and get the paper back in the same way, and so take things easier. It went all right the first week, and it was a cheaper way of getting out a paper than bringing up plant and a staff of workmen from Graham's Town.

The second week "the copy" went to Bloemfontein without me it arrived there all right, but the river had risen whilst it was being printed, the cart got capsized in the Vaal, the horses were drowned and the papers too. A little dispiriting this, but there was this comfort in it, for if I had been in the cart I might have been drowned with the papers, but I was alive to write more "copy," but the next effort was more fortunate. I had not to pay for the printing, for the "copy" never reached the printer. If that "copy" is anywhere to-day it is in a very fishy state in the bed of the Vaal River, and newspaper copy may do as much good "lying" on the bed of a river as be disturbing the occupants of feather beds.

Whether a Diamond Fields paper written in Klipdrift and printed in Bloemfontein could be made a permanent success was, after my river experiences, a problem a little too costly and intricate for me to solve, so I did as I do when a riddle is put to me, and said "I give it up," and that's how it became "all up" with the first edition of *The Diamond Field*. Some time after this the late Mr. Vickers came up to Klipdrift from the Eastern Province with a very complete printing plant, and he started *The Diamond Field* again, and kept it going successfully. After his death his sons, Messrs. George and Henry Vickers, moved with the crowd to the dry diggings and *The Field* had a long lease of life in Kimberley. I may mention that in the hands of Mr. Vickers, senior, at Klipdrift, it became the Government organ. It passed into a good many hands during its existence and came into mine again at last, but as I became the editor of *The Diamond News* and had my hands full of other work *The Field* had a natural and peaceful end at last.

Mr. Glanville and his men found when they had *The News* on Pniel Hill that getting a little paper out but once a week left them with a lot of unprofitable time on their hands, and so they carried out the arrangements entered into when they left

Graham's Town, and started diamond digging. After some months Mr. Glanville left the Fields and was succeeded by Mr. Webb, who now resides at East London, and Mr. Webb, seeing the River Diggings and population becoming "small by degrees and beautifully less," struck his tent. I then joined *The Diamond News* staff and we moved on to Du Toit's Pan, with workmen and plant, re-pitched our tent close by Market Square in that embryo township, and extended the paper and increased the issues, for people came crowding in from all directions and everybody wanted papers, and did not hesitate to buy them at sixpence per paper. Bultfontein, De Beers, and Colesberg Kopje (now the Kimberley Mine) sprung up like mushrooms. The printing press was kept going as hard as it could be made to go, and yet the supply could not be kept up to the demand. The Colesberg Kopje Camp outstripped all the other camps and the people there had to be supplied with papers too. This could not be done effectually from Du Toit's Pan, so the plant was moved up, and Mr. Attwell, who had come up as manager, shewed himself to be a man of great administrative ability, and he left me to get out the paper whilst he looked after the business. The advertisements came in fast and furious, and it became necessary to publish two sheets regularly and sometimes three, and the result financially was that whilst Mr. Attwell and myself had the paper in our hands £14,000 of profits were remitted to Messrs Godlonton & Co.





## REMINISCENCE.

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No. XXII.

STRANGE CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY—THE PARSON SWEARS AND THE MAGISTRATE BELIEVES HIM—WRONGFUL IMPRISONMENT OF A BRIDE-ELECT—BISHOP WEBB COMES TO THE RESCUE—BRIDE BECOMES A WIFE AND IS HAPPY EVER AFTER—MAGISTRATE'S WIFE ARMS AND HUNTS—LAW COURT MATTERS—ATTEMPT TO SET UP JANTJE AS PARAMOUNT CHIEF.

REMINISCENCES of the old days of the Diamond Fields, alone, would fill a good-sized volume, if they were all compiled, and these would no doubt be of greater interest to my present immediate surroundings than those which relate to my earlier life in South Africa. At any rate I so infer, from the constantly-recurring enquiries as to when something more may be expected regarding them. From the time when I first crossed the Vaal, to the date of Sir Charles Warren's departure, life in the Diamond Fields was exciting, strange and eventful; and from Mr. John Campbell's installation in office as Magistrate, to the elevation of Mr. R. H. Giddy from the Bench to the Treasurer-Generalship, the principles of the law, as administered, varied so much that it was sometimes difficult for a man to know how to act with a certainty that he was doing what was lawful and right.

And the worst part of it all was that we had no Court of Appeal, so that suitors and criminals were completely at the mercy of the Magistrate, wherever he may be.

There is one case that recurs to my memory as one of the strangest I ever remember to have heard of anywhere. It was a case of mistaken identity, malicious perjury, false imprisonment, and clerical and majesterial obstinacy combined.

A young woman, the daughter of an eating-house keeper of Barkly, was about to be married to a young man who lodged in her mother's house. During the time the banns were being called in church, another young man who had previously been courting her and who had brought her to grief, turned up and declared her to have been married to him some months before. He went to the Magistrate, detailed all the circumstances of the marriage, and called in corroboration of his statement the clergyman who, he alleged, had performed the ceremony. The clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Robinson, confirmed the statement upon oath, swore that he could not be mistaken; that he had known the girl for a long time previous to the marriage—fixing the time and place.

The girl denied this, but the Magistrate refused to believe her, and he had her arrested and placed her in prison. Both her father and mother said it was not and could not have been her, as the girl was not out of their sight at the time the man who made the charge and the clergyman fixed as that on which the ceremony took place. Mr. Attorney Arbuoin, who was engaged by the man who claimed the girl as his wife, opposed the girl being allowed her liberty, as he contended that she was about to commit bigamy.

I was in Kimberley at the time of the arrest, but when I returned, the girl's parents came to me and, as I was practising in the Court, put the case in my hands. I heard the girl's story and what her father and mother had to say, as well as the statement of a woman who was ironing with the girl and her mother the whole day on which it was shown that the marriage took place, and was myself convinced that there had been no such marriage. I learnt, too, that the would-be husband had sworn that if the girl would not have him, she should never have any other husband.

I claimed the girl's release, but claimed in vain. It was useless to contend that even if all that was sworn to was true, the girl had committed no crime, and that it would be open to the man pursuing her to forbid the banns (not then called a third time), and then it would be for the clergyman to look the matter up and refuse to marry the couple if he found "just cause and impediment." Mr. Campbell would listen to nothing. Week after week that girl was kept locked up in prison.

The story of the parents and the girl tallied exactly. The girl had been courted by the man now prosecuting, but her parents disapproved of him from the first, and more so when they knew the position in which the girl stood through his seduction. The girl would not give him up for some time, but one evening when she met him he had so abused and vilified her father and mother, that she told him that she would have nothing to do with him. He then drew a knife and swore he would have her life if she did not consent. She ran away from him and never saw him after.

I then told Mr. Campbell that I would represent the case to His Excellency the Governor—Sir Henry Barkly—and thereupon he released her with a strong intimation that if she attempted to get married he would arrest and imprison her again.

Happily Bishop Webb and the Rev. Mr. Doxett paid Kimberley a visit just at this juncture, and I laid the case before his lordship, and I am bound to say that Bishop Webb acted like a true man and worthy his position. He first asked me how I could get over the fact as sworn to by the Rev. Mr. Robertson, who was positive that he had married the girl to the man as the rev. gentleman described. I said he had better see the girl herself in the presence of Mr. Doxett and hear what she had to say. His lordship did so, with the result, as he said to me, that he was quite convinced that the girl had not been married, that what she and her parents said was true, and he instructed the clergyman—I think it was the Rev. Mr. Stenson—to perform the ceremony, which he did. I gave Mr. Campbell notice that the marriage was to take place, but neither he nor the pretended husband turned up at church. I then tried to get the pretended husband arrested on a charge of perjury, but he had slooped.

I heard nothing more of this case for months, but about six months after a butcher at Klipdrift, named Wegner, had lost some oxen and went out in search of them. Some miles from the town, and in the veldt, he came up with a boy herding sheep, whom he recognised, and said to him. "Why, you are the boy who was in the tent" (it was a canteen) "when—mentioning the man's name (which I forget)—'married Miller's daughter.'" "No," said the boy, "it was not Miller's daughter." It was the blacksmith's girl—the blacksmith who lives this side of the sluit."



“Tell us all about it,” said Wegner. The boy’s relation was this. The man and the blacksmith’s daughter came to the canteen, the girl wearing a “cappie” that almost hid her face. When the two came first the boy saw her face quite plain. “Then the old man that preaches, he that preaches and always dresses in black, and wears a felt hat, came, and brought a bag with him. When he came he walked up to the counter—the bar—and put his bag on the counter and said to the man, ‘Where’s the sovereign?’ The man gave him the sovereign, and he read something, and the man put something on the girl’s hand, and the parson told them that they were married. There were nobody there besides the man, woman, and parson, except the canteen-keeper and me. Then they all, parson and all, had drinks round. That’s how it was.”

When I heard this, I went to the blacksmith, and saw the daughter in her father’s presence, and taxed her with it. She at first denied, but afterwards admitted it to be the fact as the boy had stated. She said that the man told her to wear the wing bonnet to hide her face, as he did not want her father to know they were married just yet. She had not told her parents of her marriage up to the time I charged her with it. Her father, I am sorry to add, turned her out of doors for having permitted the other girl to be imprisoned when she knew her to be innocent. What became of her at last I do not know.

There is no doubt that the parson believed that it was Mr. Miller’s daughter that he married, but his belief was alone founded on what the fellow he married told him. I was never able to discover that any banns were published and I am sure there was no marriage licence. As far as my recollection goes it was the last marriage service the rev. gentleman performed, and I know that he afterwards had no place in the church whilst Bishop Webb was in the diocese.

They were lively times in Klipdrift just then. The Magistrate’s wife on the Klipdrift side was going the rounds of the camp with a loaded revolver in her pocket to shoot anyone whom she considered offensive, and his worship her husband, who sat in robes on the bench, went for knocking men down with his fist as a preliminary to having them locked up. The Free State held possession of the Pniel side of the River, and the British Government the Klipdrift district, and the Transvaal Government held the Hebron district, and that, too, long

after by the Keate award it had been decided that the whole of Klipdrift side of the River was British rightly, derived from Waterboer. President Brand from the very starting of the Diamond Fields held that the Transvaal had no claim to any of the land on that side of the River. He disputed only Waterboer's claim to land on the Pniel side. The Berlin missionaries were the rival claimants with the Free State for land sites on the Pniel side ; and, according to them, the whole country from the Halfway House to Cawood's Hope was all theirs ; and indeed, as far as possession went, it was. They endeavoured to collect land rents, from the man who started the wayside inn there, and from Mr. James Strong when he built the wayside house at the Bend, and claim licences from the Pniel diggers—threatening to drive them off if they did not pay—and, more than that, if they did not hand them over a large amount of royalty on all the diamonds they found. At first a few of the Pniel diggers did pay claim rents to them, but that did not last long. The diggers soon flatly refused to pay them anything. The owners of the wayside houses never paid a penny piece that I could discover. They always disputed the claims of the missionaries, who were much enraged thereat. The missionaries got nothing by their harassing.

They had certainly built up by means of native labour which they had pressed into their service a very nice little mission station, had built a very comfortable little church and snug quarters for themselves. The natives, chiefly Korannas when I saw them, worked the surrounding lands for the benefit of the mission. But the working of the land was done in a very primitive fashion, and it would have taken many a century for them to have reached anything like civilization but for the discovery of diamonds.

The Pniel lands are British, and there is every probability diamond digging there will be resumed some day. There is an impression that the lands are not half worked out, but for myself I do not think that the estimate rests upon any very tangible grounds.

The wisdom of Sir Henry Barkly in moving the seat of Government from Barkly to Kimberley must have been years ago—I was going to say—apparent to the Imperial Government, but nothing relating to South African affairs is very apparent to the Government of England. Home Ministers know less about

Colonists and Colonial matters than about anything with which the nation has any concern. It is sufficiently apparent, however, to the people of the Diamond Fields that Sir Henry Barkly was wise in exciting the influence that was brought to bear upon him by those interested in Barkly to fix the seat of Government there. The High Court, as old Diamond Fielders will remember, was first constituted in Barkly. It was a one-judge Court, but like all one-horse institutions could not maintain a satisfactory existence for many years. But it was at Barkly some of our first successful members of the Bar and Side Bar made their *début*. It was there that Sir Sidney Shippard, now the Administrator of British Bechuanaland, first practised, so did the lamented Mr. Advocate Thompson, and Mr. Advocate Halkett, who afterwards had extensive leading practice at the High Court Bar. The late Mr. Arbouin, Mr. H. Haarhoff, Mr. Sydney Carlyle and Mr. Edington, and all of whom I believe are dead, were the earliest members of the Side Bar who practised at Klipdrift—they all practised on both sides of the river. There was no attempt on the part of the Free State or on the part of the Pniel Magistrate to shut out English legal practitioners from that Court.

There was an endeavour on the part of such diggers as were disinclined towards British rule to set up Jantje as the Chief who owned the land in opposition to Waterboer, and that Chief met with some encouragement from the elder Moffat. Not that Mr. Moffat was by any means opposed to British rule. On the contrary he was British to the backbone, but he recollected that when he came to the Vaal it was Jantje who gave his party leave to cross and settle down on the Klipdrift side of the river. Waterboer, however, proved to the satisfaction of the British Government that he was the Paramount Chief, having succeeded his father, Nicolas Waterboer, a chief possessing vast natural gifts and a great favourite of the British Government. He carried a staff of office, conferred on him by the Crown, in proof that he was an ally of the British. I have seen the staff often. It was of ebony, with a massive silver head to it—more like a Parliamentary Mace than a staff. Nicolas Waterboer was a very gifted orator, I have heard (in English, as well as in Dutch and Griqua), and the military people were very fond of getting him down to the Colony and entertaining him at dinner} for the purpose of



hearing him make after-dinner speeches. I have read, in a magazine published during that period, accounts of Nicolas Waterboer's excellence as a preacher, as well as public speaker. He sent his eldest son to the South African College, where he was educated—he was the Waterboer who handed over his people and lands to the British Government. There is no doubt that he inherited his loyalty to the English from his father. Like most loyal people, he was not a very great gainer from being loyal. It would have been better for him and his agent, Mr. David Arnot, if they had kept possession of Griqualand West in their own hands, if they could have done so. Whatever it was for themselves, it was a lucky thing for the diggers that they acted as they did, or the Fields would not have been so well and peaceably settled. It was that bit of bunting called the Flag—

“The Flag that waves o'er every sea,  
 No matter when or where;  
 And to treat that flag as ought but the free  
 Is more than the strongest dare.”



## REMINISCENCE.

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No. XXIII.

MR. AND MRS. ROGERS AND MR. JENKINS—AN ODD STORY FROM REAL LIFE ; GIVEN AWAY BY HER HUSBAND—THE UNGER CASE AT KLIPDRIFT—THE FIRST BANK ON THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

MISTER and Mistress Rogers and Mister Jenkins were famous people in the Diamond Fields in the very early days of the River Diggings, and were known to fame long after the Colesberg Kopje had become the great attraction, and also when the Newton Kafir eating-house attracted the hungry native, and had become the place of business of the unlicensed dealer in purloined gems.

The paternal head of the house of Rogers had been a school-master and hedge carpenter at Papendorp, Cape Colony, but had left quill and nail driving in the Western Province with the early crowd who came to seek fortunes on the banks of the Vaal. He came alone at first, and when he saw his way and could muster the money, he sent for his wife and little daughter, who followed him and settled down with him for a few weeks in a tent at Klipdrift—Rogers doing odd jobs and his wife taking in washing and ironing, which was what the diggers called “good bis” in those days.

After about a month of connubial felicity on the margin of the Vaal on the Klipdrift side, Rogers came bellowing like a bull, with the tears streaming down his pallid cheeks, to complain that his wife had gone away and left him—left him with Mister Jenkins, and all because Jenkins had a bigger tent than he had, and “it is’nt the first time neither.”

The advice he got was "let her go." A wife that runs away twice from her husband is not worth running after. "Oh! but Mister Murray, I loves her like I loves me own mother," sobbed the disconsolate, deserted hubby.

After a while, Rogers got a bit more pacified, being aided greatly by good advice and a nip of dop.

Some days after this, I had gone with my correspondence to the Pniel Post Office and returning ran across Mistress Rogers working away at her wash-tub on the top of Pniel Hill, and warbling away over the tub as she washed, giving a melodious rendering to a popular ditty. Accosting her, I said, "Why, Mrs. Rogers, what brings you on this side of the river?"

"Oh, Mr. Murray, I baint Missus Rogers any more. I be Missus Jenkins now. I'd had enough of Rogers."

"But," said I, "you are Rogers' wife, married to him, I know, and then you have a little daughter, and if for no one else's sake, for her's you ought not to be on this side of the river. Go back like a good woman to your husband and child."

"I shan't go back yet, not that I don't love Rogers—I don't say that. But Jenkins is very good to me. I don't know which I loves the most—Jenkins or Rogers. Some day I shall get tired of Jenkins, and then I may go back to Rogers again."

This declaration of free love was rather too much for me, and seeing it useless talking to her, I made off, saw Rogers on my return to Klipdrift, and told him that I had seen his wife. Rogers and his little daughter lived on for about six months by themselves, but no Mrs. Rogers made her appearance during that time.

At the end of about six months we were all in church, and as the Rev. Mr. Sadlier commenced reading "When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness," the Rogers family turned up—Mrs. Rogers in a wide-brimmed straw hat, gay with flowers and ribbons, leaning on her husband's arm, in the hand of that arm a big book of common prayer carefully resting upon a well-folded white handkerchief, and her other hand leading the little girl she had left behind her when she flitted from Rogers to Jenkins. She joined in the service like a saint, distinguished herself in the responses, and the voice I heard chirruping a



popular ditty at Pniel was distinct and clear as the warble of a lark in the psalmody of the service.

Meeting Rogers next day I told him that I was glad to see he had his wife back again, and he, with a happy glow on his face, said : " Yes, Mister Murray, and we be as happy as turtle-doves."

A few more months elapsed and I came down to Kimberley to report a case of attempting to rob the post cart which was to be heard before Judge Barry in the Mutual Hall, then standing where the Post Office has since been erected. My watch being fast, I arrived at the Hall before the doors were open. Standing near I heard someone calling " Mister Murray," and on looking round saw my old friend Mrs. Rogers, and nodding to her, was asked, " How be all the folks up to Kimberley ?" I answered that I had not asked all of them, but those I saw before I left were looking very well. She invited me to come across and see her place of business, and I went. She had a fine marquee well stocked with all kinds of liquors, and was licensed to sell. She told me that the stock was all paid for, and that she had a balance of £80 in the bank. I naturally said I was very glad to hear they were getting on, and enquired after Rogers.

" I baint Mrs. Rogers no more, I be Mrs. Jenkins, now," she said, and then she explained that she and Rogers could not get on together—" We be both fond of a drop," she frankly admitted, " and when we got so-so Rogers raised the very devil. Jenkins came along, was good and fond to me, and he asked me to be his wife. I told Rogers, and he said, ' Well, old woman, you know best.' I said, ' whether you persecute me for bigermy or whether you don't, I'm going to get married to Jenkins.' Rogers never offered a bit of objection, and so we had our banns called at Dutoitspan. Mr. Doxit married us, and Rogers gived me away."

I thought this as fine a state of things as I had ever heard of in the way of a wedding. Here was a married woman, married a second time in the English Church, not only whilst her husband was still alive, but he was present at the wedding and gave his wife, the bride, away !

" What became of Rogers ?" I asked, and she answered, " Oh, Jenkins didn't serve Rogers bad. He gived 'en a tent to sleep in out behind ours, and gived 'en work at 15s. a day ; but, lor bless you, Rogers didn't work long ; he dranked and dranked

from morning to night, was always too far in liquor to work, and he comed to me one day, and says he, 'Old woman, I shan't ever do any good in Kimberley,' and I said, 'No, nor anywhere else,' but he said he should go to Port Elizabeth and try what he could do there, and he asked me what I would give 'en to go away with to live upon on the road, for he had to walk all the way. So I got a basket and packed 'en in half a ham, a good piece of salt beef, some bread, some pickles, four bottles of Bass—I didn't want to give 'en too much for fear he might get drunk on the road and come to injury, so I only put in besides the beer, one bottle of brandy and one flask of gin. This I gived 'en. Then he said, 'Won't you give me a little money to spend till I gets to where I can get something warm.' So I gived 'en a sovereign, and he puts the basket on his shoulder, and went away as happy as a lamb."

"Well," I said, "did he get there all right." "Couldn't tell 'ee, for I never heard from him nor of him from that blessed hour to this."

Nor have I found from that time to this what became of Rogers, but I have heard of Jenkins since. When the daughter grew up to womanhood she married a mechanic, a steady, industrious fellow, and one day when I was practising in court at Kimberley, she and her husband came to my office to take proceedings against Jonkins, who they said had "hammered" her mother nearly to death and smashed all her furniture—she had been maintaining him by keeping a Kafir eating house.

I called at the house, at Newton, at the request of the daughter, and there I saw the woman, who once had love enough to divide between Rogers and Jenkins, with a pair of black eyes, a cut lip, and a swollen cheek, standing in the midst of a wrecked cooking stove, pots, pans, kettles and what she called the "shords" of her crockery. Jenkins had evidently not gone away "quiet as a lamb" as Rogers did.

I do not give this as a sample of life in the early days of the Diamond Fields—far from it. It would not be a fair sample of "life" anywhere, but I think it may be regarded, taken altogether, as one of the most extraordinary episodes that were heard of in that period of strong lights and shades, known as "the early days."

Whilst Mr. Gilfillan was sitting as Magistrate of Klipdrift one of the most important cases was heard—the most important,

indeed, and involving the largest amount of money ever decided in any Magistrate's Court either in South Africa or anywhere else. He was Judge, Magistrate, and Jury all in one. In civil cases, it did not matter what the sum, the Magistrate was competent to take it in hand. If it was a divorce, or seduction, or land dispute, or a case of bigamy—all was fish that came into the Magisterial net.

The important case above alluded to was one in which Mr. Grant, a Scotch lawyer well known in the Free State, and a man notable for his great literary gifts, and having a profound knowledge of the law, appeared for the plaintiff, and Mr. Edgington, a very able lawyer too, appeared for the defendant. As I had fifty guineas for reporting the case I remember it well. Mr. Lowenthal was plaintiff and Mr. Unger, the well-known diamond buyer, the defendant. The plaintiff represented large capitalists in Scotland, and the case against Mr. Unger was that he had left Scotland whilst his affairs were in the hands of the Bankruptcy Court and when it was unlawful for him to leave the country—the amount involved was many thousands of pounds. It was revealed during the hearing of the case that the plaintiff, who was proceeding under a power given him by a Scotch banking company as principal creditor, when he first came out from Scotland had ascertained that Unger was in the Diamond Fields, and on landing recognised him. Lowenthal then returned to Scotland and obtained the power of the creditors to proceed, with which power he came back, paid Unger a visit at his own house and had a talk with him. Lowenthal recognized Unger and was invited to the latter's residence, where he spent an evening hobnobbing with him. Unger had no recollection of Lowenthal, and given as he was to boasting, bragged a good deal about the money he had made as diamond buyer in Klipdrift. Lowenthal, armed with power of attorney to take action, obtained a warrant of arrest and had Unger in custody, who was admitted to bail in a very large amount. The case lasted over a very long time and the lawyers made a fine thing of it, the Court being crowded every day, and the lawyers fought like tigers, flinging all kinds of epithets at each other's heads, but as hard words break no bones, the gladiators of the law were not much injured in person but greatly enriched in purse, for Mr. Unger had to pay, and pay handsomely, to escape from the clutches of the law, or he would have had to re-cross



the herring pond to Scotland, which he was not quite in such a hurry to re-visit as he was to leave.

I presume that Unger made more money out of diamond transactions than any man who has ever settled on the Diamond Fields in his line. He was a roughish diamond himself, but he knew how to make money. He did one of the coolest things with the Manager of the Standard Bank that ever I heard of. Mr. Cole was the Manager of the Bank, and Unger got him to appoint him valuator of diamonds which were offered to the Bank as securities for advances. Mr. Cole agreed that he would only take diamonds as securities against advances on Unger's valuation, the Bank to pay a percentage commission on every valuation. When Mr. John Harsant succeeded Mr. Cole as Manager he found the Bank had been advancing until the stock of diamonds on hand had become a millstone hanging about the neck of the institution. What else was to be expected under such an arrangement? Unger was a buyer and he had the chance of buying all the best diamonds himself, and then as the higher the valuation of the stones valued for the Bank the more he got, of course he did not undervalue. When the arrangement was brought to the knowledge of the Manager-in-Chief, the late Mr. Robert Stewart, his hair stood on end, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," and I believe the diamond arrangement with Unger was one of the reasons why Mr. Harsant was hurried up. At that time the Standard Bank had but one Branch (the Klipdrift) in the Diamond Fields. The building was of wood, sent up from Port Elizabeth, and the whole of its interior accommodation did not measure more than the Manager's office of the Kimberley Branch to-day. Small as it was, Mr. Harsant did a fine business in it for the Bank, but as soon as a stone building could be run up, Mr. James Strong built a fine, solid, commodious edifice, and the Bank moved into it. The building is in the middle of the Main Street, and there it is still, a standing monument commemorating the glories of the palmy days of the River Diggings—glories never more to be revived on this side of the wreck of worlds.

## REMINISCENCE.

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No. XXIV.

THE INDIAN REMOUNT AGENCY—A FINE HAUL FOR CAPE HORSE-BREEDERS—£400,000 DIVIDED AMONGST HORSE-BREEDERS AND FORAGE-GROWERS—MEN OF MARK—BAYLEY, REITZ, BLAKE, JOUBERT, FOULKES, CHARLES BAYLEY COX, GEORGE HULL, VEALE, VIGNE, WESCOTT MORRIS, DUNCAN MACFARLANE, GEORGE CHAPMAN AND J. C. BOURHILL.

IN all my remembrances there is nothing more vivid than the establishment at the Cape of the Remount Agency and the way in which it was worked by Colonel Apperly, who had charge of that agency. Possibly, most probably, the cause of my remembering all about it so well is to be attributed to the vast benefit it was to the Cape at a critical period in Cape history, and that the Colonel himself was such a remarkable man, as indeed he was—a man of ten thousand.

The occasion out of which the establishment of the Remount Agency arose was the great lack of suitable horses in India for military purposes—horses which could stand the climate of India. The Cape horse, although a small and by no means so showy an animal as the Australian horse, has always been celebrated for his great physical endurance, for his immense staying power, for the soundness of his constitution, and his capacity for thriving upon mean and scanty fare. This is just the sort of horse required for the use of Her Majesty's troops in that country. And so when in about 1858 India was badly in want of a supply of horseflesh it was decided in England to get that supply from the Cape of Good Hope, to establish a Remount Agency with its headquarters in Cape Town, and to appoint

Colonel Apperly as Remount Agent, giving him Colonel Gould for his lieutenant and Mr. Rogers, V.C., as veterinary surgeon. It was not the first time Colonel Apperly had filled such a position, for he was head of the Stud Department of India when Lord Auckland was Governor-General and from whom the Colonel had been recommended for appointment. That was about 1837, and when in 1844 horses were wanted for the Bengal Army, Colonel Apperly was appointed to get them from Australia. After he had done with that mission, he went and settled down in Monmouth, and it will delight the Rev. Mr. Hughes and ex-Mayor Jones to know that Colonel Apperly was a Welshman—a countryman of their own. I know that both of them are proud of their country, as they ought to be. The loyalty that has not a good infusion of national spirit, and even a bit of national prejudice in it, is a mere carcase without a soul.

It was the Indian Rebellion that recalled Colonel Apperly to India—for no sooner had he heard of the Mutiny than he placed his services at the disposal of the authorities of the East India House. Colonel Apperly was not the man to remain with his sword sheathed when our Indian Empire was imperilled, but the Indian authorities considered that Colonel Apperly could be of more assistance in crushing out the Indian Mutiny than anything he could do with his sword, and so they sent him to the Cape to buy horses. His instructions were to send a batch of 500 horses at once, and this he did. Before going into the matter of what he did, I should have prefaced it by saying that he was a man of magnificent physique—clearing his six feet without the help of his shoes, and with a chest such as few men even of his height could boast. He was the most even-tempered military man I ever met, and as fond of fun and frolic as a boy.

His first batch of 500 horses were so thoroughly approved of that the Indian authorities sent him a vote of thanks, with instructions to go on buying as many horses of the same stamp as the Cape could supply. The establishment of this Remount Agency was another of the good turns Sir George Grey did the Cape whilst he was our Governor. Sir George when he knew the state of affairs in India on the occurrence of the Mutiny, wrote off to England telling them about the suitability of the Cape horse and informing them that the Cape



could supply any number. Up to that time, the Indian authorities had no idea that the Cape could supply 500 horses at once in one batch, and so rapidly as they were selected and transported. Sir George assured them that they could have three thousand at once, and the Imperial Government upon that said "Get them." Colonel Apperly whilst at the Cape despatched to India between 6,000 and 7,000 horses—at an average of £30 per head, which gave to the horse-breeders and owners of the Cape at least £200,000 ;—in horses, forage, and freight Colonel Apperly distributed whilst at the Cape nearly £400,000. Four hundred thousand pounds poured into the Cape was a windfall for the Colony, and for the Western Province especially, where the chief part of the money was spent. Is it any wonder then that those of us who lived in Cape Town at the time and had a good deal to do with the Remount Agent and the Agency should have a vivid remembrance of it to-day? I think not. Windfalls like this four hundred thousand pounder are not every-day occurrences, but only occur in the South African world once in a lifetime.

Something like £350,000 was spent amongst the Western farmers alone for horses and forage. Many of them paid off the mortgages on their properties, which had been in existence from the days of their great grandfathers. Those of them within anything like a measurable distance of a town bought pianos, had their daughters taught to strum on them, sent their children to boarding-schools, bought their wives new dresses, jewellery, and hollow-work stockings, furnished their houses *a la mode*, kept their carriage and entertained, but not one of them invested in fresh blood or did anything to keep up the supply of horses. African-like, having won a prize they laid listlessly on their oars and warmed themselves in the sun, never thinking how the Indian market was to be kept supplied when Colonel Apperly had exhausted their stock. Had they invested but a portion of the money which they got from Colonel Apperly in breeding more stock of the same kind for the Indian market, which was as good as a gold field, it would have been open to us to this day. And then when Colonel Apperly's back was turned for some little time and Colonel Gould and Rogers were left to carry on the selecting for a month or two, owners rushed in with inferior horses and got weeds and

screws off their hands, not caring one cobbler's curse about spoiling the market. They knew that Gould and Rogers were not the judges of horses that Colonel Apperly was and were more easy to be influenced. When Colonel Apperly returned and saw the stock on hand, and knew that some of the same sort of screws and weeds had been sent on to India he certainly did lose his temper. Even a saint would have sworn under the provocation, and he was not a saint, and never professed to be one. He saw that, like Othello, his occupation was gone, and that he would for some time be discredited. It did spoil the market. India closed and sent to Australia for the next supply.

Colonel Apperly left the Cape with the good wishes of everyone. Whilst he was here he was entertained at a dinner, given in the Masonic Hotel, at which Sir George Grey, then Governor of the Colony, was present, as His Excellency said in his speech, to do honour and show gratitude to a gentleman who had been the main instrument in the procuring of such benefits to the Cape as His Excellency enumerated. And in the course of his speech His Excellency reminded those present that the forage-growers alone had pocketed fortunes out of the Agency. 3,000,000 lbs. of hay grown in the Cape district, 1,000,000 in the Graham's Town, and 102,000 in the Port Elizabeth district—more than 4,000,000 lbs. in all of oathay.

The Apperlys for many generations had been a horsey family. Colonel Apperly's father was at the head of the sporting literary men of England in his time. He wrote under the name of "Nimrod." Of course few now living remember much of "Nimrod's" writings, but they exhibited scholarship, wit, humour, and fancy, and had a world-wide circulation—wherever there were sporting men of the first class "Nimrod's" writings were looked for with fond anticipation, read with avidity, and admired.

The Colonel's stories of sport in India were well worth listening to. He had been during his service in the East in at the death of three hundred royal tigers, and forty tigers fell to his own gun, and one or two of his most memorable bags that he used to tell of was—one was thirty-eight brace of quails within the twenty-four hours, and another day between sunrise and sunset with gun and fishing rod his bag was one tiger, three hog-deer, seven brace of snipe, two floriken, two hares,

three and a half brace of black partridges, and of fish, nine trout and five mackseer (Indian salmon), the largest mackseer weighing forty pounds.

During Colonel Apperly's stay at the Cape he backed Mr. T. B. Bayley's efforts to stimulate the farmers and to induce them to improve the system of agriculture then in vogue. He was one of the judges of horses at the Western Province Agricultural Exhibition at Caledon, and no one who was at the Caledon dinner on that day will forget how much of the conviviality of the evening was infused into the proceedings by the gallant Colonel. He has been dead now for some years, but he has a son in the army whose name ranks high in India.

Writing of Colonel Apperly at the Caledon Agricultural Show has brought to my mind the faces of some old friends who took part in that function, faces which are seen no more but in dreams. There were some grand fellows in the company of Col. Apperly on that day—men as unselfish as God makes men, full of energy, always ready to bestir themselves to give a shove to any movement calculated to move the country ahead in the direction of progress and prosperity. First and foremost I think of, with sincere regret that I cannot see him now, the Hon. Frank Reitz, M.L.C., of Swellendam. A sweeter-tempered and more affable man never breathed the free air of South Africa than that same Mr. Frank Reitz, the father of President Reitz, of the Free State. He was a farmer, a scholar, and a gentleman, and a far better scholar than farmer. His reading was very extensive, and he was a man of broad and liberal views on all matters—in religion as well as in politics—and one alike respected by opponents as by partisans. It was impossible for anyone to quarrel with him, for he hadn't a quarrel in him, no matter how much he might be provoked. He was a most upright man in all things. He always appeared to me to be of the German school of thinkers—a marvellous theorist. It was always my impression that he mistook his vocation when he took to farming. He understood every system of agriculture in vogue in the whole wide world, and would have made a splendid Minister of Agriculture, but in working out his own theories he certainly was not a success. He had a good many fads at farming, and a farmer with fads is not usually very successful. His views generally about fine-woolled sheep were all right, but he insisted that the best of fine-woolled sheep



for the farmer was the Saxony breed—a splendid breed for crossing with ; but the Cape farmer, who breeds pure Saxony flocks, and nothing else, will never have a very large balance in the bank—I don't care where his farm is. Mr. Frank Reitz, notwithstanding his persistence with the Saxony breed, was no exception to the rule. He and I had many an argument on the subject, and always with the same result. No man was more respected in the district in which he lived—a district that always returned him as its Parliamentary representative in the Legislative Council. He had never occasion to go outside of his own neighbourhood to look for a seat. He was as much respected by the Council as he was by his constituents, who were proud of him, and not without reason. His love of liberty, political and religious, was not narrowed by party or any other considerations, and he stood as well with his Eastern contemporaries in Council as with his Western contemporaries. In his after life he held office in the Council, was the predecessor of Mr. Matthew Blake, the Black Rod of the present day. His death was deeply regretted, and his name is never referred to without reverential regard.

Another face that comes back with the memory of the Caledon gathering is Mr. Frank Reitz's son-in-law, Mr. John Joubert, of Jackalsfontein, the father of Mr. Advocate Joubert, who is practising at the Bar of the Supreme Court, and Parliamentary draftsman. Mr. John Joubert was eminently a practical man, and a farmer of the first rank. Both father-in-law and son-in-law were exhibitors of stock, and Mr. Joubert took prizes, but I forget whether Mr. Reitz was or was not a prize taker. I rather think he was. Mr. Joubert was a manly man in all things, it was by an act of manliness he met with his death. He was drowned in an attempt to save a child from drowning—an act which itself speaks more distinctly than any words can do of the character of the man. Next comes Mr. Stephen Foulkes, of Duinefontein, who sent us from a distance of seventy miles the hurdles for the Exhibition enclosures—a better contribution under the circumstances than if he had sent us as many guineas as hurdles. We had some fine fellows in that neighbourhood in those days—not a few of them representatives of some of the first families in England. Stephen Foulkes was one. He belonged to a West of England family whose residence for many years, when we were boys together, was

between the pleasant and picturesque village of Dawlish and the oyster-beds of Starcross. Mr. Stephen Foulkes was brother to the late Mr. Foulkes of the Civil Service, who was at Humansdorp in Charles Bayley Cox's time. Stephen Foulkes is alive still—a coffee-planter in Ceylon—and when Mr. George Hull, of Gladstone, last heard from our old Diamond Fields friend Mr. Dick Lawder, Mr. Foulkes' coffee plantations were doing well. Western Province people will know that Duinefontein—Mr. Foulkes' farm—is near Point Danger, where the ill-fated *Birkenhead* was lost. The farm is now owned by Mr. Henry Veale, who was a contributor to the Caledon Exhibition. Then a neighbour of Mr. Veale's comes in view—Mr. Westcott Morris, of "Goedvertrouw," not far from Foulkes', one of the Caledon crowd, a first-rate farmer and as good a man as farmer. He is brother to Captain W. Morris who led the 17th Lancers at the charge of the Light Brigade. Than Westcott Morris there was not a more energetic farmer in the Province. To speak of him as being specially hospitable amongst the Caledon farmers of that time would be unfair to the rest. There was not an inhospitable farmer amongst the whole lot of them. The only difficulty in the way of paying them a visit was the difficulty of getting away again. There was bed and board for all-comers who were worthy of being bedded and boarded, and all that the dairy, the pantry and the cellar could supply, with a clean table cloth and a hearty welcome. Than Mr. Duncan Macfarlane there was never many, if any, better farmers on the South African continent. Duncan was a Scotchman and learnt to farm in his native land, than which I know of no better land to learn farming in, but he, although Scotch to the backbone, was a decent, God-fearing body, but not "one o' the unco guid ye ken, and no so ehary o' his bawbees," as my old friend Col. Shaw was, whose dialect was the broadest of broad Scotch and whose views were as narrow as his hand was hard to open.

The largest sheep-owner, and I suppose the most wealthy of the neighbourhood, was Mr. John van der Byl, of Fairfield; foremost, too, was he in promoting the success of the Exhibition. At the time of the Show his sheep exhibits were the pick of a flock of 14,000 highly bred animals. Mr. John van der Byl was the father of Mrs. Hopley, wife of Mr. Justice Hopley. Fairfield, when I knew it, was one of the best.

managed farms in the Caledon district, and that is saying a good deal in its favour, seeing that all its surrounding farms were managed so well, and the homestead was always a picture of order and neatness. There is another lady on the Diamond Fields who was born and bred on a Caledon farm—Mrs. George Hull, of Gladstone, the daughter of the Hon H. J. Vigne, who was one of the representatives of the Western Province in the Legislative Council from the opening of the first parliament to the day of his death. He was the first to start tree-growing to any extent in the Caledon district, and his farm at River Zonder End is now a forest. Mr. Vigne was an English gentleman, true till death to his nationality. There were so many good fellows in the Caledon district that it would tax the best of memories to remember them all, but it is impossible to forget Mr. John Linde, of River Zonder End, who was told by the Governor's wife—Lady Smith—at a Government House dinner that he was one of the handsomest men she had ever seen, or to forget his stepson, Mr. Antony Chiappini, or the welcome they gave you when you dropped in upon them. Then there was that fine fellow, Mr. George Chapman, who came out with dear old Captain Rainier, a magisterial celebrity of the West. Anyone going on Mr. Chapman's farm would say he was a born farmer. He is one of the few still to the fore, full of years and honours. All these men were helpers of Colonel Apperly at the Exhibition. I have not mentioned the name of the late Mr. J. C. Bourhill yet, because it is so short a time ago that I had the painful duty of writing fully of the deceased gentleman in an obituary notice, but as these Reminiscences are to re-appear in a permanent form the name of the deceased gentleman must not be omitted. I repeat in effect what I then wrote. He was a large-headed and large-hearted man, loved by everyone, thinking no evil of anyone, always ready with a helping hand, and as far as the Exhibition function was concerned with which I have been dealing, there would have been no success attending the Exhibition had he not have been the local Secretary and the chief and the most earnest of its supporters.



## REMINISCENCE.

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No. XXV.

FLOCKMASTERS AND DIAMOND DIGGERS, SHEEP-STEALERS AND  
I.D.B.'S—GOVERNMENT PROMISES—THE KING WILLIAM'S  
TOWN PARTY—THE MACINTOSHES AND THE BARBERS—  
£3,500 A MONTH—CAPTAIN GORDON AND BILL SHINE—  
WAR DECLARED AGAINST THE CHIEF JANTJE—O'REILLY  
ARRESTED AND DISCHARGED.

It is a question that is much discussed in some localities in the country as to which have been the greatest sufferer from thieves, the stock farmer or the diamond miner. I should have thought there was not a question about the matter, but I happened to be staying at a farmhouse in the neighbourhood of Worcester about a year ago, and whilst there heard the question argued out between a claim-holder from the Diamond Fields and a stock farmer living in the Worcester district. According to the Worcester farmer the thieving of diamonds in Kimberley was a very trifling affair and was costing the Government in police more than it was worth, whilst the farmers' stock was left to the mercy of black sheep-stealers, who showed no mercy. The miner, on the other hand, thought it hardly worth consideration as compared with diamonds, if all the sheep in the country were stolen, "for," said he, "I've seen one diamond worth more than a whole flock of sheep." It was marvellous to watch and see how self-interest had blinded these human moles; not that either of them would have settled much by any process of reasoning, even if there had been no self-interest at all in the matter. The farmer's great point was that you cannot eat diamonds, and that all of the Cape mankind would starve if there were nothing

but diamonds in the country. The miner wanted to know if the farmer thought that every man in the country could live upon mutton. The farmer, prompt as a pop-gun, asked of course—what was better than mutton? He had lived on it for a whole twelve months together. “What! No bread; no potatoes; no beans; no mealies; no cabbage; no nothing but mutton?” asked the miner. Then the farmer lost his temper and wanted to know—he wanted to know—he wanted to know—and this want told upon him so that he could no longer sit still in his chair. He rose on his legs and swung his arms, and wanted to know “Mister, if you think I’m a fool!” The miner thought he must be, to say a man could live on mutton alone. The farmer said he never used the word—he said nothing about “alone,” and of course the miner “wanted to know” whether the farmer considered him a fool. The farmer said he must have been a fool to think that any man (much less himself who knew what mutton was) should have been fool enough to say that a man could live on mutton *alone*, without even water to wash it down, or a bit of bread, or a potato to make it relishable. How they settled it, or whether it is settled yet is more than I can tell. As far as I know they may be arguing the matter still, for when I left them they were still at it and still both warming up to their subject.

It was a fair illustration of how men feel when they move round one narrow course all day long like a donkey in a pug mill; the little circle becomes all the world to such a man and he, seeing nothing beyond it, deludes himself with the belief that there is no beyond.

As it was with the farmer and miner so it is all round—with all trades, professions, callings and pursuits—and this applies to the masses as to the individual. The diamond miner thinks that if everything goes right with diamonds *everything* will go right, and that the duty of Government is to take care of him. The shopkeeper is of opinion that the mining interest gets too much out of Government as it is, and that all Government cares about is to rob Peter the shopkeeper to pay Paul the miner; the stock farmer blames Government for locusts, scab, sheep-stealing and drought; the wine farmer blames Government for phylloxera and *odium Tuckeri*. If there was but half the energy and thought devoted to the development of the industrial

resources of the country there is to abuse of the Government, and attempts to get Government to do for people what they should do for themselves, this would soon be a glorious country to live in.

But in compiling my Reminiscences as they occur to me, I do get reminded of some proposals of Government which were cheering when they were made, and inspired the people of the Diamond Fields with hope that there was to be a good time coming, when surplus labour would be a bit relieved, with the result that more articles of consumption would be home-grown and cheaper. I am not going to repeat the old hackneyd saying that "Government promises are like piecrusts, made but to be broken," because I believe that old saying, like many other old sayings, is a popular delusion. I do believe that as a rule Government promises are made with the best intentions, and that breaches of the promises are the exception and not the rule. People are apt at forgetting the Government promises kept, and the benefits derived from Government, whilst they never fail to remember promises unfulfilled. No allowance is made for change of Government, or change of circumstances, which so frequently necessitate changes of policy. But there are promises which might and ought to have been kept—some early policy regarding the Diamond Fields which my reminiscences bring to my mind that never should have been left unfulfilled and uncompleted. Lieut.-Governor Southey, who has always been intent upon the improvement of the land and getting Colonists to grow more and import less, was, when in office here, bent upon giving his views practical effect. He promised that a large area of land, one in the vicinity of Fourteen Steams and another I think down the river, capable of being watered by irrigation from the Vaal River, should be so irrigated, divided out conveniently and leased to capable and industrious men, on conditions which compelled cultivation, and he had gone some distance with the preliminaries when he was recalled. After he went away nothing was done in that direction—his scheme was left unheeded, and nothing has been done to this day towards carrying it out. Had the policy been acted upon produce would have been in larger supply in the Kimberley market, and would have helped to bear the burthen of railway charges, &c. The Lieut.-Governor's policy was to make the mining and agricultural interests dove-tail with each



other. But this seems to have been lost sight of, which it ought not to have been. If this catches the eye of the Commissioner of Public Works and leads to his acting upon it, it will repay me for writing this Reminiscence, at least.

My reminiscences are not only bringing back to me the ghosts of other days but some of the old friends in the flesh who helped to bring about the events which I have recorded. A day or two since, amongst others, I had a visit from Mr Cumming, who is farming in the neighbourhood of the Modder River. He came to tell me of the pleasure he had had in reading the Reminiscences, and thus getting his recollection revived of the events in which he had figured conspicuously and of old friends, some of whom have left this world for a better, as he hopes, and others who have disappeared—gone to heaven knows where, certainly gone to a distance beyond his reach. Mr. Cumming was one of the King William's Town, or Mackintosh party, who in 1869 followed close upon the Natal Pioneers at the River Diggings. That party was sent up from Kaffraria by the Barbers, Messrs. Guy, Grey, and Hilton Barber, who have since been bright and shining lights in the diamond and gold industries of South Africa. The King William's Town party consisted of Messrs. Alick, Guy, and Ronald Mackintosh, Cumming, Dick and Johnson. The first mentioned five were Kaffrarians, Mr. Johnson being a recent arrival from England. The party first commenced operations at Bultfontein, where there were a few people scraping in the sand for the precious stones. Diamonds had been found there before that, and I think that I mentioned in a previous article that the old couple who lived in the solitary homestead on the top of the Bultfontein rise had some, unknowingly to themselves, in the leather bag full of pretty stones they had been collecting after downfalls of rain. The Kaffrarian, finding no diamonds, moved on to Hebron, where they met the Natal party, amongst whom were Messrs Glennie and Rolleston—our old well-known Diamond Field friends, Paddy, of water-cart celebrity. The Kaffrarians set to work, but after finding one diamond, and no more turning up, they resolved upon going further down the river, where they established the famous King William's Town Camp. They did well there. The very first month they found ninety diamonds, for which Mr. Hond, one of the first diamond-buyers in the Diamond Fields, offered them £3,500, which they refused. They decided to send their parcel

to England, thinking, not unnaturally, that they would have the advantage of the profit Mr. Hond calculated upon making for himself if he secured the diamonds. They had them shipped through the house of Messrs. Blaine, Macdonald & Co., of Port Elizabeth, getting an advance of £1,800 on them. Messrs. Blaine & Co. could get no more than £1,600 for the parcel in England, so that it would have been better for them had they acted upon the principle of "a bird in hand is worth two in the bush," and have taken Mr. Hond's offer of the £3,500, especially as they had to refund £200 to Messrs. Blaine, Macdonald & Co. Refunding money advanced is almost as painful an operation as having a tooth drawn—more so when the refund comes upon you when you are hard up.

The Mackintosh party were as well known in the early days of the River Diggings as the old hill of Pniel. The Mackintosh party earned a distinction which was the most enviable of River Digging distinctions. Whenever any person or party was cruelly treated, was defrauded of anything, or was obstructed in any improper way, all that they had to do and all that they had thought of doing, was to go right off to Alick Mackintosh, and if they proved to him that they were in the right, he would soon get them righted. If it was a single-handed affair and a bully tried to bounce, Alick would not trouble the rest, he would take the fellow who had done the wrong in hand himself, without bothering the party, and polish him off single-handed, for Alick knew the use of his mauleys, and also had the pluck to use them when it became necessary, as Captain Gordon or Mr. William Shine could testify if they were here. But Mr. Alexander Mackintosh would never call upon a man to put up his hands without occasion called for it, and he was never called upon to put up his hands in vain.

On one occasion the Chief Jantje had shewn an amount of cockiness that was inconvenient. The old Chief had arrested the two O'Reillys for some imaginary offence and held them in custody at Jantje's Staad. John O'Reilly, one of the men imprisoned, was the renowned O'Reilly who first discovered that there were diamonds on the banks of the Vaal River. That story, which I was the first to publish in *The Diamond Fields Keepsake* of 1875, has gone through so many editions since that it need not be repeated here. To allow John O'Reilly to remain in the custody of a Native Chief was not to be

permitted for one single day after the intelligence was brought to the King William's Town party. Captain Alexander Mackintosh, for he was the captain of the party, called the party to a Council of War, and it was decided that O'Reilly freedom must at once be demanded, and if it could not be obtained peacefully, war must be proclaimed against Jantje and his tribe. Two of the party were mounted and sent off on horseback to Jantje's Staad to interview Jantje, and demand the release of the two O'Reillys and bring them back to the King William's Town camp, but if Jantje refused they were to inform him that his refusal meant war and would be accepted as such, and that the King William's Town party were resolved, if forced, to take up arms, to spare neither Chief, Councillors, nor people. Happily the demand for the O'Reillys was at once complied with by Jantje, the O'Reillys were released, and so the matter ended. Whilst the messengers were away on their mission the party behind had cleaned up their fire-arms and distributed ammunition, and made all preparations for war, and were ready for taking the field at sunrise.

The King William's Town party had from the first allied themselves with the Natal party, and no sooner found that the King William's Town diggings were enough for both than they sent off to the Natalians, who were operating some hours further down the river, and the Natalians came and joined, and both parties found well in that locality, keeping their finds a complete secret amongst themselves, to prevent a rush. But one day a trader came along and outspanned near them. He had not been there long before he saw a diamond on the surface, sparkling in the sun—he then discovering that the King William's Town party were finding hand over fist, blabbed it about the Fields, and the dreaded rush took place, which ultimately drove the King William's Town party to Pniel.

Glennie did not come to the Fields with no diamond experience, as the rest did. He had been at the Brazilian diamond mines and knew about diamonds, rough and uncut, before he came to South Africa.



## REMINISCENCE.

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### No. XXVI.

CAPE GOVERNORS AND JUDGES—FOUR COLONIAL-BORN JUDGES AND SEVEN ENGLISH—MR. JUSTICE WATERMEYER IN PARLIAMENT—MR. JUSTICE EBDEN AS A NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT.

I HAVE known personally six Governors and twelve Judges of the Supreme Court since I have resided in South Africa. The Governors who have administered the affairs of South Africa, for all the Cape Governors have been Her Majesty's High Commissioners as well, have been Sir George Grey, Sir Philip Wodehouse, Sir Henry Barkly, Sir Bartle Frere, Sir Hercules Robinson, and our present Governor, Sir Henry Loch. Of the eleven Judges three of them have been Chiefs. The names of the three Chief Justices are Sir John Wylde, Sir Sydney Bell, and our present Chief Justice, Sir Henry de Villiers. The names of the other Judges are Mr. Justice Musgrave, Mr. Justice Ebden, Mr. Justice Watermeyer, Mr. Justice Denyssen, Mr. Justice Smith, Mr. Justice Fitzpatrick, the late Mr. Justice J. Buchanan, the Mr. Justice Buchanan still on the Bench, and Mr. Justice Uppington. These all sat or are sitting in the Supreme Court, Cape Town. Then we have the Judges of the Eastern Districts and the High Court of Griqualand West, who are all too much in the flesh to be dealt with as Reminiscences. All the Judges have administered the law as they found it. Each of the Governors came with a policy of his own, arranged between himself and his Imperial superiors. This led the late Mr. Saul Solomon to give utterance to his opinion that it would be better if the Governors were not changed quite so frequently, and the Judges were not to remain

so long. With every new Governor we have had a change of policy—a change both of principle and plan. This has made the native question, difficult enough in itself, more than seven times more difficult than it would have been otherwise, for the natives have never known for certain for any length of time together what was required of them. One Governor ordering them to do one thing and the next reversing that order and issuing a fresh one—one Governor moving tribes one way and the next moving them back, or in some other direction. Sir George Grey, had he remained here from 1854 to 1893—or at any rate until Responsible Government was introduced—would have spared Ministers of Native Affairs the trouble they have had in trying to understand native affairs, and misunderstanding each other, and have saved the country, too, the cost it has been put to by their meddling and muddling and playing at cross purposes with each other.

I wonder how many times I have been asked which Governor I consider the best we have had. My answer is invariably like that of the boy who on Christmas Day, being asked which of the Christmas puddings he had had he thought the best, answered that he liked the pudding he had on his plate the best of the lot. I, when asked the question, feel pretty much like the sinner who was asked by a saint what he believed said he could better tell what he didn't believe than what he did. I could tell which of our Governors was the worst—or say the second best than I could tell which was the best of all. I consider, as I have many times said, that the Cape Colony has been remarkably lucky in its Governors. Each had his special points of excellence, no doubt. Governors, like other men, differ in taste, disposition, temperament, and see things from different points of view. Sir George Grey differed from Sir Philip Wodehouse in taste, manner, presence, disposition and temperament, as much as chalk differs from cheese, but they were both good as Governors not only at the Cape but in other of Her Majesty's dependencies. Sir George Grey was as popular as Governor of New Zealand as he was as Governor of the Cape. Sir Philip Wodehouse was more popular in Bombay than in Cape Town. But I object to a Governor's or anybody else's fitness for his work being measured by the popularity he achieves. It is easier to gain popularity than it is to discharge duties satisfactorily and to acquit oneself of heavy

responsibilities. Ability is not invariably rewarded with popularity. Sir George was remarkably able, never shirked a responsibility, struck out new lines of action for himself which few of his predecessors would have ventured upon even if they could have thought of them. Certainly Sir Harry Smith would never have done the work that Sir George Grey did—he would not have tried to do it, and if he had tried he would have failed. Sir George Grey might have made as good a general as Sir Harry Smith—who can tell? He had lots of pluck, was a very skilful strategist, knew how firearms should be handled and could handle them. He was a good shot and had plenty of physical endurance, as he proved when he rode on horseback from Cape Town to the Free State, and the long days he tramped Bain's Vley after game. I cannot tell, for he was never put to the test. Sir Harry Smith was put to the test as General, was a good one, became known as "the Hero of Aliwal," but as Governor—well, he wasn't a Sir George Grey, nor a Sir Philip Wodehouse, a Sir Bartle Frere, nor a Sir Henry Loch. I never knew a military Governor who knew how to administer a civil government yet—generals know how to manage soldiers but they are seldom *au fait* at civil administration. They have no tact either—they domineer and bluster, and talk about putting their foot down, but no more comprehend a citizen's right to liberty than they understand mantua-making. Not a bit more. It was fortunate for Sir Harry Smith that he had Mr. John Montagu as Colonial Secretary or he would have got himself into a miserable plight and the country too.

Of all the Governors we have had certainly Sir Philip Wodehouse had the most up-hill work to start with. But with that I have dealt in a previous article. Although he was proud and irrepressible, he put the Colony in a better state than he found it. It is not a grateful task either to make countries or individuals pay their debts, with money of their own earning. Sir Bartle Frere was beloved by the whole of South Africa, except the Boers of the Transvaal, and they hated him because he would not promise them to exert himself to get back their independence, and for having the honesty to tell them that he wouldn't. The great English Jove of the Press, whose once dreaded thunder is getting less alarming and less dreaded year after year, laid down the qualification for a good Governor when



Sir Hercules Robinson was appointed. It said Sir Bartle Frere was not suited for a Colonial Governor because he had a distinct policy of his own and cared too much for the Colonists; that Sir Hercules Robinson was a man who would succeed better, because he was without views and would carry out the instructions he received from home without question. It rather lowers one's idea of a good Governor to be told that he is the best qualified who has no mind of his own, no views, but acts according to Imperial orders, whether they are good or bad for the Colonists, but Sir Hercules Robinson and his Imperial masters did not hit it well together at the last. Whether it was that the Imperial Government wanted more subserviency than Sir Hercules was inclined to yield or not, no one on this side of the water could tell, but one thing is certain, and that is that Sir Hercules told them at last that South Africa could do with less Imperial interference in its affairs, and then they invited him home and kept him there, or rather let him keep himself. Neither Sir Hercules nor Sir Henry Barkly have been favoured with any Imperial employment since they left the Cape, and do not appear likely to get any. It does seem hard most certainly that two of "Your Excellencies" should, after being Governors for so many years, be left out in the cold to pick up guineas for sitting as Directors of Companies; to be left to go about London like a couple of guinea pigs as they are. Governors now-a-days must sometimes reflect upon this when in office, and when in a speculative mood wonder if it may not befall them to become guinea pigs after all.

Our Judges get far better treatment than our Governors. It is with Judges as with Parsons (of the State Church). Once a Parson always a Parson, and so with Judges. Once a Judge always a Judge. The Queen who appoints a Judge at the recommendation of her advisers cannot withdraw a Judge from the Bench, even though her advisers recommend it ever so much, unless they can show that the Judge has become mentally or physically incapable, or has so misconducted himself as to make his continuance in office positively detrimental to the public and his appearance on the Bench a scandal. A Judge cannot be sent to the right about as a Governor can at the whim or caprice of a Ministry. A Judge may decide a suit against his Sovereign as against the

humblest of her subjects without fear of consequences, and when Regina is plaintiff in a case it is quite open to him to tell Regina that the institution of the case was monstrously perverse or fraudulent if the evidence shows either to be the fact.

Four out of twelve Judges were born Colonists. The Chief Justice is one of them. It is difficult to write of a living official, if he deserves well of the country, with anything like the freedom essential to truthful criticism, and it would be impossible to say anything fairly of either Sir Henry de Villiers or Mr. Justice Buchanan that would not be complimentary, and the same might be said of all our judges—at least with rare exceptions which it is not advisable to make here. Write as carefully as one may, there are always some captiously inclined ready to take exception. As I have no desire to raise a question upon the merits, bearing, or impartiality of either of these gentlemen, I shall content myself with some few remarks respecting the late Mr. Justice Watermeyer and the late Mr. Justice Ebden.

When I knew Mr. Watermeyer first, he was at the Bar, where he had been practising very successfully. In 1854, as soon as the elections of members were fixed, Mr. Advocate Watermeyer, who was well known and esteemed in the public circles of the Western Province, was requested by several constituencies to enter Parliament. He decided to accept the requisition from Worcester as that came first to hand, and he was returned by a large majority. He was unable to be in his seat in the early part of the first session of 1854, owing to his having to be on circuit, but on his return he immediately entered the House, was sworn in, and took his seat between the Hon. Mr. Porter, Attorney-General, and Mr. J. Fairbairn, the member for Swellendam. He was on the most intimate terms with both. He had co-operated with Mr. Fairbairn in political movements, was of the same school of politics, which was at that time anti-Government, and therefore opposed to those enunciated and enforced by Mr. Porter as Attorney-General. But this in no way lessened the friendship between the unofficial and official member. They held each other in the highest esteem throughout Mr. Watermeyer's lifetime, and no man sorrowed more over Mr. Watermeyer's death than did Mr. William Porter.

There were great expectations formed of Mr. Advocate Watermeyer's Parliamentary career, and these expectations would no doubt have been fully realised had Mr. Watermeyer continued in Parliament sufficiently long, for his speeches were always telling and to the point. A slight impediment in his speech told much against him, and prevented his giving expression to his thoughts with the fluency which he might otherwise have done. The House always listened to him with breathless attention, and was more influenced by him than by almost any other man in the Assembly. I was going to write with the exception of Mr. Saul Solomon and the Hon. Mr. Porter, but I will not except even those. Mr. Watermeyer influenced the House as much as either of them. And I am unable to remember any occasion when he did not carry the House with him to the vote, which I cannot say either of Mr. Solomon or Mr. Porter. But then they were much longer in the House. He was most certainly one of the best-mannered men in the House. He seldom if ever allowed his temper to be ruffled—at any rate he never shewed that he did. He was invariably calm and dignified. I remember on one occasion when Mr. J. Fairbairn and Mr. Charles Fairbridge, who was at that time one of the members for Caledon, had been hitting each other pretty hard that Mr. Watermeyer, who always sided with the former, got up to take his part, and Mr. Fairbridge retorted on him that even Sancho Panza did not *always* fight the battle of Don Quixote, and I thought Mr. Watermeyer coloured up as if the hit told; but I remember seeing him when the House adjourned join Mr. Fairbridge and walk down Grave-street in his company as if nothing had occurred between them.

Mr. Justice Watermeyer was admitted by all his compeers to be a splendid lawyer. He was talented from his youth up, even when he went to school, and the Rev. Canon Judge, father of the Civil Commissioner of Kimberley, who was his master, predicted a great future for him. He entered that school in 1833 and remained under Canon Judge's tuition for upwards of eight years and left to proceed to England, where, on his arrival, he entered the Inner Temple, after which he went to Leyden and remained there fully two years, and was called to the English Bar in the Easter term of 1847. Notwithstanding that he was of German descent, he was heart and soul an English Colonist, as indeed it was but natural he should be, as his family had



lived under the British Government for many years, and were sufficiently intelligent to recognise the greater liberty and justice which the British Government ensured.

Upon the Bench he had the confidence alike of his brother Judges, the Bar and Side-bar and the public. He was painstaking, his summing up evinced unwearied research and his judgments were sound and impartial. In private life he was surrounded by attached friends, for he was genial, full of anecdote, and a charming companion. He was a gentleman of highly cultivated taste and of a poetic temperament, and his translations from Schiller, Uhland, and Burger were the admiration of literary men when they appeared. In his early life he was very fond of writing skits on public men, and those which appeared in the papers of the period were full of humour. Those which I have heard quoted and read were amongst the very best I have met with in this country.

I am not quite certain whether Mr. Advocate Ebden was elevated to the Bench in 1854 or 1855, but I am pretty sure it was in the latter year. He succeeded Mr. Justice Musgrave, who had just died at his residence in Wynberg. Mr. Justice Ebden was the son of Mr. John Bardwell Ebden, who, with the late Mr. Eaton, senior, the father of Messrs. Robert and John Eaton, laid the foundation of the Cape of Good Hope Bank, of which he was a director from its foundation to the day he died. Mr. Justice Ebden's practice at the Bar was one of the most extensive and profitable of the time. He travelled circuit mostly with Chief Justice Sir John Wylde, and whilst he did so held all the most important criminal cases and leading briefs in civil suits. I remember Mr. Justice Ebden taking his seat on the Supreme Court Bench as if it was but yesterday. His seat was on the right of the Chief Justice, and I thought when I saw him first seated that he looked the very type of an English judge. He had very striking features; an exceptionally high and square forehead, good intelligent eyes, and well-cut features. If there was anything wanting it was a little firmness about the mouth. The judgments he delivered whilst on the Bench were sound and clear, and his conclusions logically arrived at. He did not sit long, for it soon became a monomania with him that he was not sufficiently qualified, and in spite of all that could be said to him in the way of advice, he resigned. But his interest in political life never

diminished in his life-time. He was an English Conservative, deadly opposed to Responsible Government, and his pen was continually going for the newspapers, to which he contributed largely—chiefly letters under the signature of “Englishman.” He started an evening paper in Cape Town, but it did not long survive, although it was fairly well got out. Mr. Justice Ebden was a kind-hearted man, and was the centre of a large circle of politicians for many years.

It occurred to me after sending off my original Reminiscences for publication that I had omitted all mention of Mr. Justice Cole in connection with my account of the Judges. Nothing more strange to myself could have occurred, for there is no one who has held the judicial office whom I hold in greater respect, for whose talents I have greater admiration, or who has rendered the public such services as Mr. Justice Cole has done. I do not mean as Judge only, but in fifty other ways. His knowledge of the law—Roman Dutch as well as English—and the written laws of this country has never been questioned. That has been acknowledged by all his colleagues of the Bench and his contemporaries at the Bar. He is a profound lawyer, has a ready and clear perception, sees the points of a case with astonishing promptness, and is more rarely in error than most interpreters of the law. He has been longer associated with Bar and Bench in this country than any legal practitioner now alive. He went Circuit first with Chief Justice Sir John Wylde and practised at the Bar when Justices Meintjes and Musgrave were on the Bench, and his chamber practice during many periods of his career has been very large and remunerative. With all our Governors from Sir George Grey to the present time he has been held in high esteem, and his companionship has been esteemed by them all. As a litterateur he has been unrivalled, and his contributions to English and Colonial Literature have been extensive, valuable, and highly prized. He possesses a most fertile imagination and his works of fiction are most felicitous: some of his novels rank with those of the most popular novelists of the day, are widely circulated, and are to be found on the shelves of most of our public libraries. To periodical literature in South Africa his contributions have for many years been as large as that of any writer and as popular. They are humorous, elegant and polished, and in some years of his life his political

newspaper articles adorned the columns of the most influential journals in the country. With Professor Noble he for a long period edited "The Cape Monthly Magazine," and reference to the pages of that periodical will shew how brilliant and scholarly his contributions were. He has now retired from public life, but socially he is as great a favourite as ever.

REMINISCENCES

XXVII





## REMINISCENCE.

No. XXVII.

THE DEAD PAST AND THE LIVING PRESENT—THE FOUNDERS-  
OF FIRMS AND INSTITUTIONS.

IT is frequently said nowadays that the men of Cape Town of the present day who occupy prominent positions in commerce and in politics are not to be compared with those of the past. I am not going to discuss that question. The Living Present has ever, as far as I can make out, been inclined to revel in the glories of the Dead Past. The Present has its laurels to win if it means to win a happy memory from the Future, as its predecessors did in the Past. Perhaps it is doing it, but the Future alone will have to settle that. I only know that the men of my time, who represented commercial, professional and public life in Cape Town, were grand old fellows, stern men of business for the most part, but genial, hospitable, and jolly always. Ever ready with purse and person to assist at a *fête*, to entertain strangers or neighbours. British to the backbone, proud of their nationality, and as ready to assist a friend in need as to do a good stroke of trade.

Mr. Hamilton Ross, the founder of the oldest mercantile firm in Cape Town, was dead before I knew Cape Town, but he was always spoken of with very great respect for his memory, and I have heard enough of him to be assured that he was an exceptionally enterprising man. He seems to have had business ramifications throughout the whole colony, and won by his liberal dealings the respect of all the South Africa that existed in his day. He was succeeded by Mr. John Stein and Mr. John Ross, both of whom are now dead—have been dead in fact several years. No one who knew Mr. Stein will forget

him. He carried himself becomingly in all his relations with others, becoming in a man with high aims. His word was his bond, and no commercial undertaking, and few public movements were entered into whilst he resided in the Colony with which his name was not connected, nor did he fail to act up to the highest principles of honour and integrity. With the prudence of the Scotchman there was combined in him the liberal disposition proverbially supposed to be characteristic of the more southern portion of the British Isles. The estimation in which he was held was plainly indicated when he offered himself as a candidate for Legislative honours. An enthusiasm was shown in that election which was beyond all precedent. Who will ever forget the hospitalities of Mount Nelson, the residence of Mr. John Ross? No one who lived in Cape Town during Mr. Ross's time will ever forget the brilliant assemblages which were entertained there. Mr. Ross was a gentleman of very refined taste, and how liberally he patronised art none but his very intimate friends knew, and not the whole of them. Mount Nelson was a model residence, its grounds were exquisitely laid out, and the floricultural beauties of Mr. Ross's gardens were unsurpassed.

Contemporary with Mr. Hamilton Ross were the founders of the firm of Prince, Collison & Co. Mr. Collison, the elder, was not only one of the founders of the firm with which his name was associated, but he was also the founder of the Public Library of Cape Town, than which no colonial library is richer in standard works. He was devoted to literature himself, a thoroughly well-read man and a profound thinker, and the delights which literature afforded him he was desirous that his fellow-colonists should share with him; and in order to get a Public Library established, worthy of the Metropolis, he, although a wine merchant himself, or at least member of the largest firm of wine merchants in South Africa, proposed a tax upon wine for the support of the Library. It was in this way that the foundations of that admirable institution, the South African Public Library, one of the best colonial libraries in the Empire, were laid. Mr. George Sampson Prince, his partner, was one of the most extraordinary men the Cape ever knew. A man of remarkable brain power and foresight whose breadth of mental vision appeared to have no limit. His exploits and the incidents of his long mercantile career would of themselves

make a bulky volume. The first firm of Prince, Collison & Co., and afterwards of Prince, Vintcent & Co., of Mossel Bay, was one of the offsprings of the Cape firm, and Mr. Vintcent, the father of the present member of the firm, was almost as gifted a man as Mr. Prince himself. The present firm of Prince, Vintcent & Co. is an off-shoot, and the partners of the firm are sons of the before-mentioned gentlemen,—worthy sons of worthy fathers.

Then we have Mr. Joseph and Mr. John Barry, of the firm of Barry Nephews. It is difficult to decide at this period of time who did most of all the merchants to develop the resources of South Africa and extend its commerce. Certainly no men did more or executed a larger amount of influence than the deceased gentlemen whose names I last mentioned. Mr. Joseph Barry, the elder of the two, was a most happy and successful tactician, and having the knack of reconciling Dutch and English, the firm became chiefly through him a vast power both in the political and commercial world, and the Barrys were social leaders with the foremost men of those times as they were in the lead in the political and commercial circles of South Africa. There was hardly a district in South Africa in which they had not a branch of their business, the headquarters of which was at Swellendam. At one time they had a currency of their own, and their notes, in every respect resembling bank notes, were taken as readily as bank paper. Mr. Joseph Barry was one of the first, if not the first, to open up the coasting trade between Cape Town, the Kowie, and Port Beaufort. He kept a little fleet of steamers running between Table Bay and the Kowie until they were all wrecked—and the firm kept a steamer going between Table Bay and Port Beaufort in order to open up the trade of the Swellendam district. From the time that Parliamentary Government was introduced into the Cape the Hon. Joseph Barry was a prominent member of the Legislative Council, Mr. John Barry chiefly residing in England and conducting the London branch of the firm. Mr. Charles Barry, Mr. Joseph's eldest son, and Mr. John Joseph Barry did the chief work of the firm for many years, and did it well. The former was one of the chief patrons of Western Province agriculture, imported and bred first-class stock, was well known on the Colonial turf as the associate of Mr. T. B. Bayley and Mr. Charles Manuel, and Mr. Charles Barry was everybody's



Charles—frank, generous, and jovial. Mr. J. J. Barry in the Swellendam district was to his surroundings of about the same service and consequence as his cousin Charles was in the wider sphere of Cape Town and neighbourhood. They are all dead now, and the firm of Barry Nephews, not being able to exist without them, is dead too. Mr. Justice Barry, the Judge-President of the Eastern Districts Court, is a son of the late Hon. Mr. Joseph Barry, M.L.C. His Honour was the first Judge of the High Court of Griqualand West, and on one occasion was Acting Administrator of this, at that time, Crown Colony.

There was dear old Mr. John King (of Philips & King), the pink of neatness, dignified as a duke, the beau ideal of a merchant of the old school, honest as the day, and hospitable as honest. At his own board, no matter how stern or cold he had seemed in the day in business, he thawed immediately he entered on his own domain at Green Point. Colonel Dickson, the founder of the old and much respected firm of William Dickson & Co., was another of the Cape Town past masters of commerce, father of the present Mr. Charles Dickson, and was the very type of an English gentleman; and of the Busks, of Macdonald, Busk & Co., the same may be said. They were open-handed men. They were well bred and well educated, and had always moved in circles distinguished in the highest ranks of social order. Snobs and stuck-up people had not come so far south as the Cape in their day, and if they had they would have been unrecognisable and unheeded. There would have been no place for them in the old mercantile social circles. What would Captain Arcoll, or Mr. Venn, or Mr. Anderson have done with a snob if one had intruded himself into their society? They would not have known what to do with the creature; would much sooner have thought of inviting a Cheap Jack to dinner, or of doing business with a mountebank; and the elder Mr. Rutherford, of the firm of Rutherford & Co., one of the most gentle of men, of high tone and presence, who was a member of the Legislative Council, would as soon have thought of taking a loafer as a snob into his family circle, or been seen in his company in the street.

No one familiar with the firm of Messrs. Searight & Co. will ever forget Mr. T. Ansdell, who was the principal

representative of that firm for many a long year, lending grace to it, sustaining the excellence of the founder's name, and conducting the business profitably on pure business principles. Mr. Ansdell was a central figure in the commercial and social life of Cape Town during his whole lifetime, and might at any time have had a seat in either House of Parliament, but he had no ambition in that direction, and would have considered it no honour to have filled a seat in either House, setting as he did little store on Parliamentary Government, and not rating very highly the majority of the men in either House. He was a man naturally gifted and high-toned, and honest in word as in deed. His literary achievements were very considerable and his taste for Art, natural in the first place, he cultivated by every means within his reach. Mr. Ansdell was a companionable man, a bright conversationalist, methodical and regular in all he did: with a very decided relish for fun, but never himself relaxing for it from the steady course of life he pursued.

These are a sample of the men foremost in Cape Town some thirty or forty years ago. The circumstances of Cape Town have been completely revolutionised since then, and men have changed with the circumstances, as is always the case the world all over. Life was easier then; neither men in business nor men out of it moved so fast as they do in these days of railways, telegraphs, and mail steamers. Merchants then did not go outside the wholesale business; they did business in the lump and made money in like manner, which the present generation say is not to be done now-a-days. Whether human nature, society, or trade has been advantaged by the elevation and extension of the shopkeeping classes I am not inclined to discuss. I am now writing my reminiscences of the men and the time most familiar to me—the old days, the happy days of old.

## REMINISCENCE.

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No. XXVIII.

POLITICAL APATHY OF KIMBERLEY—ADMINISTRATOR LANYON'S  
TIME—THE ROWS IN THE LEGISLATURE—THE COUNCIL  
SMASHED UP—THE ANNEXATION MOVES—DEATH OF  
THE HON. MR. HALKETT, M.L.C.

WHETHER it is in the air or in the soil no one can tell, but there is something somewhere in or about Kimberley that is not congenial to healthy vigorous political growth. This is not only the case just now, or even since the creation of the De Beers Company, as some folks would have it to be, but it has been so ever since Kimberley was christened Kimberley. It was so when we had a Legislative Council of our own, when there was neither Monopoly nor Bond to crush the political life out of constituencies. There were cliques, cabals, and revolutionary combinations plotting against law, order, and authority. There never has been a good, sound, healthy, active public opinion, without which politics are a delusion and a snare. When any person or interest can *command* votes without solicitation, and men cannot go to the poll and vote without fear of consequences to themselves or their families, Constitutional Government is a curse and not a blessing, and the people are better without what is called "Constitutional" Government than with it.

During Major Lanyon's time we had a Legislative Council with an equal number of official and elected members. The Administrator, who was President of the Council, had a casting vote, so that when the votes were equal His Honour could turn the scale whichever way he chose, and we may be sure that he would choose the official side of the question. The official



members of the Legislative Council were the members of the Executive Council, and on the morning of the day of sitting convened a meeting of the Executive and instructed the officials how they were expected to vote. If any member of the Executive declined to vote according to the Government ticket, he was warned, and if he was not moved by the warning he was told that he would be moved out of office. It is no doubt awkward to have a member of Government voting against a Government measure, but it is still more awkward to pretend to give a people popular Government and not give it to them. Shams are never good in any shape, and are more harmful in politics than in any other way. It would have been better by half to have made the Administrator Director-General, for then he would have had to bear *all* the responsibility of his acts. As it was, he had the Council as a buffer between himself and the people. If a law was a bad one it was the Council's law, not his, and he had an idea that he could use the Council as such, and have his own way as if there were no elected members. He found his mistake.

The official members of Council at one time were the Hon. (now Sir) J. D. Barry, Judge of the High Court, Mr. Advocate (now Sir Sidney) Shippard (Attorney-General), Mr. Boscawen Wright (Treasurer-General), and

The elected members were the Honourables Mr. Advocate Halkett, Mr. R. W. Murray, Senr, Mr. Advocate Davidson, and Mr. W. Gilfillan. Major Lanyon was resolved upon effecting the annexation of the Province to the Cape Colony by his casting vote. The Imperial Government wanted annexation, and if he could say to the people at head quarters "Alone I did it" it would be a feather in his cap and would give him a stronger claim than before upon his Imperial masters. He was here to serve the Home Government, and it was not reasonable to suppose that the good of the people would be of any consideration with him when the Home Government wanted one thing and the people another. He had no concern with the people of South Africa. He was not like Sir Richard Southey, who was a Colonist from his youth up—who was married in the Colony, whose children were born in the Colony, and to whom the Colony was his home. When Sir Richard Southey was Lieutenant-Governor, he was instructed first and commanded afterwards to introduce a Land Bill to serve the

Imperial Government, but he, considering it an unjust Bill, demurred. That is dealt with elsewhere and need not be repeated here. But Sir R. Southey and Major William Owen Lanyon were two very different men ; as different as chalk is unlike cheese, and the Major was not quite the cheese.

He introduced the Annexation motion, to which the elected members were opposed, and they spoke strongly against it, and moved as an amendment that the question be considered this day six months. Whilst the debate was in course, Mr. Advocate Davidson was called home to England on urgent private affairs, and before he went, resigned his seat. When the motion was first before the House, after Mr. Davidson's departure, seeing that Major Lanyon had taken no steps to get the seat re-filled, Messrs Halkett and Murray said the proposed change was so important that it ought not to be disposed of without a full Council.

There was a good deal of Government shuffling, and it became plain that then Major Lanyon was bent on getting the motion through in a Council of four to three. Messrs Halkett and Murray told the Major plainly that he should not ride rough-shod over them, and that they were determined to prevent the motion being put whilst the Council remained in its present state. Major Lanyon defied them to do their worst, and they did, and did it thoroughly and effectively.

They acted in the matter quite fairly, for they told Major Lanyon in open Council that if Mr. Davidson's seat was filled up they would permit the motion to be put, although they knew that the elected members would be in a minority, but if the seat was not filled up no annexation should be carried.

Of course their object was to show, if the motion was put and carried by the Major's vote, that it was the act of the Imperial Government and not of the people, and would have contended that to annex a community against their will, as expressed by all their representatives as a body, was unconstitutional. The Imperial Government did not even do that in the case of annexing Kaffraria. They had first to get public opinion divided on the question. Kaffrarian annexation was barefaced enough, but it was not done in "the face of the whole congregation," as Major Lanyon attempted here.

Now, there was one provision in the Constitution Ordinance which Messrs. Halkett and Murray availed themselves of, and

this Major Lanyon had lost sight of. No business could be done in Council unless two of the elected members were present. Mr. William Gilfillan was the third elected member, but he had been an old official for many years, and upon the principle of "dog won't eat dog," Mr. Gilfillan, who was known to be a good fellow in every relation of life, could not be trusted to fight against officialism, so Messrs. Halkett and Murray had to bear the whole brunt of the battle.

They allowed Major Lanyon in the President's chair to commence reading the motion, when Mr. Halkett took his hat and walked out, and when the Major had got half-way through, Mr. Murray took up his hat and followed suit, and there were the officials and Mr. Gilfillan, but "no Council"—and so the business ended for that day, and there was nothing left for the Major but his rage.

This went on day after day for weeks. Had the Major been experienced in Parliamentary life, he would have got his Estimates passed before introducing the Annexation motion, but he didn't, and so the twain elected members who were one political flesh had him upon toast. He hadn't money to meet expenditure. He was Administrator only in name. He had nothing to administer but such credit as the Government could trade upon.

Poor Halkett was very ill, dying in fact, and at last it was seen that attending the Council was too much for him, so he and Murray agreed that they would attend Council no more—and they didn't. The Major sent and asked them to come and pass the Estimates. "No," they answered, "you have tried to ride roughshod over us; have shown us but little courtesy and consideration, and have got yourself into a mess thereby. Now get out of it." But he couldn't, and so he gave up convening a Council, and asked Sir Henry Barkly for advice. But Sir Henry couldn't help him.

He suggested to the Executive Council that he should dissolve the Legislative Council and get other members elected. One of the Executive, I believe Sir Sidney Shippard, asked where would be the use of a dissolution. Halkett and Murray would be elected by a larger majority than ever, for the people were with them.

Major Lanyon was moved to the Transvaal, and succeeded in getting up a revolt which cost Great Britain loss of prestige,



money, and lives, and this ended his official career. He would never have got another Civil appointment had he lived, but he died at the end of about two years after he reached England. But annexation was forced on the Diamond Fields after all, not as before by Imperial plotting and scheming, but on petitions that had been got up in its favour. These petitions were choice samples of political unhealthiness—the fountains of political opinion were polluted and the pollutions of that time still taint the community.

There is no doubt that the vexation and turmoil which the fight in Council against the Government involved hastened the death of the late lamented Mr. Advocate Halkett. He was in a rapid consumption before the Annexation Question was raised in the Legislature, and had he lived ever so quiet a life he could not have lasted many years, but in his condition of health—thorough Colonist as he always had been, and seeing as he did see the ruination involved to the people he represented which has come out of its being annexed to the Colony, as it has come—his whole nature was stirred. Mr. Halkett was a thorough-going man—manly and earnest in all he did and said. He had all the qualifications essential to the politician, and had his life been spared him there is no doubt he would have figured conspicuously in the public life of South Africa as he had already done at the Bar. He was keen, quick of perception, fluent of speech, and experience would have given all that his fluency of speech needed to have made him what he aimed at—being a finished speaker. He had gained for himself already a very large and lucrative practice in the High Court of Griqualand West, and had passed colleagues of more experience and greater scholarly and even legal attainments. He was what may be termed “a taking man” and was a great popular favourite. He was thoroughly British, heart and soul. His view in regard of the political situation of Griqualand West, and for which he and Murray were fighting, was for the annexation of Griqualand West to Bechuanaland, and the two territories united to be retained by the Crown as a Crown Colony. This they held, and I hold still, would have been of immense advantage not only to Griqualand and Bechuanaland, but would have been of advantage to the future of South Africa with the exception of such local interests in Cape Town as have their deep root in and draw all their nourishment from the seat of Government.

and the advantages to them would have been limited to the immediate present. It would have given the Imperial Government a greater direct interest in the Colony and helped to swell the majority in favour of a united South Africa—a consummation devoutly to be wished. The lands of both territories would have been more rapidly brought into profitable occupation and cultivation—how much more rapidly few who have not devoted their minds earnestly to the subject can possibly estimate.

Mr. Halkett was entirely a self-made barrister. He commenced life in a merchant's office—that of Messrs. Van der Byl, of St. George's Street, Cape Town. But trading and commercial pursuits had no charm for him. In his young life he had not the command of means to pay for the passing necessary to qualify him for the position he was anxious to secure—a place at the Bar of this country. He for a very long time pursued the study of the law with little assistance, working with his own hands to provide himself with means whilst he pursued his studies. After being admitted to the Bar he rapidly gained the ear of the Courts in which he practised and the admiration of the public. He had not nearly arrived at middle age when he passed away from this world, more full of honours than any Colonist of his age had ever achieved.



## REMINISCENCE.

No. XXIX.

DIAMOND FIELDS GAETIES—COLONIAL RECEPTIONS OF DISTINGUISHED MEN—THE FESTIVITIES IN HONOUR OF THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR—THE DRAFT CONSTITUTION AND THE ELECTIONS.

THE memory of the past of Kimberley recalls many gaieties, brilliant entertainments, public banquets, personages of high rank and distinction worth remembering, and being brought to memory bring into sad and mournful contrast the life in Kimberley now with life in the Fields then. Take for instance Kimberley in the Lieut.-Governor's time. There was not a day in the week nor in the year, Sundays barely excepted, when there was not something going on in the way of recreation. The Lieut.-Governor himself entertained most liberally. At his residence there were banquets, at homes, and evening parties, and His Excellency and Mrs. Southey did all in their power to make Diamond Fields life enjoyable. No official could have had a more hearty reception on his arrival than had the Lieut.-Governor. The bulk of the population were Cape Colonists, and everyone of them had known Mr. Southey as long as they had known any person, thing or place in South Africa, and to know him was to admire and respect him. Many here were old enough to have remembered him as Secretary to the Lieut.-Governor in the Eastern Province of the Cape Colony, an office he had filled from the time that Colonel Somerset was Lieut.-Governor up to the time when he was in office in the Colonial Office, Cape Town. He had personal friends on the Fields, whose friendship had lasted over a full half-century, and that long and enduring friendship had never



once been broken. There were more than a few here who had fought side by side with him during the early Kafir wars, who were always ready to bear testimony to his pluck, his steadiness in the field, recount some of his more remarkable shots, for he has always been renowned as a good marksman, and these veterans when they heard of his appointment to the office of Lieut.-Governor rejoiced with exceedingly great joy, for they knew that his government would be just and beneficial to all classes in this country. The Eastern Province men had cause to consider that he had especial claims upon them, for he had fought their battles for many years, not only in the early native wars, but had fought their battles, sometimes against the Imperial Government, and at others when West was arrayed against the East. It is unquestionably a fact that when Mr. Southey left the Lieut.-Governor's staff to enter the Colonial Office in Cape Town that the Western people suspected that he would prove to be too much inclined to the Easterns to suit the Western book. But Mr. Southey had lived in the West long enough to show them that he knew how to perform his duty in that station of life to which it may please God and the Government to call him, whether it was East or West, North or South. Westerns as well as Easterns were prepared to welcome him as were diggers and dealers from parts of South Africa which are neither East nor West. Mr. Southey was always intensely English, as he always will be. The family of Southey's are as well known in the Western counties of England as the Courtenays, the Cliffords, the Carews, the Bullers, the Kingsleys, or the Northcotes. But Sir Richard Southey, although intensely English, numbers amongst his Colonial friends as many African Dutch as he would if his father had been a Dutch Boer. He is a hail-fellow-well-met with every Dutchman he comes across, and the whole of the Dutch Colonists here digging when he arrived here as Lieut.-Governor crowded round him with hearty welcomes on their lips and warm feelings of welcome in their hearts. He was never a negrophilist of the Exeter Hall type, but the native population of South Africa have always looked up to him as a friend of theirs, and Waterboer, Mankoroane, and the surrounding native chiefs no sooner heard of his arrival than they came in to visit him and assure him of their loyalty, and it was his care for the rights of the

natives which chiefly caused the breach between him and Sir Henry Barkly and led to his withdrawal. Some people put it down to spite on the part of Sir Henry, who revenged himself on Mr. Southey because of their differences *in re* the introduction of Responsible Government. I regard such an accusation as unmitigated rot—not a very elegant expression but one which plainly conveys its meaning.

When the day was fixed for the Lieut.-Governor's arrival on the Diamond Fields, arrangements were made for his reception upon the best possible scale under the prevailing circumstances. In the first place, of course, the people must not wait to welcome him after he had arrived in the town. In accordance with South African custom, he must be met somewhere on the road outside the town itself. That has been the fashion in South Africa whenever an illustrious personage has paid it a visit, when a Governor comes for the first time or when a popular Governor returns, or whenever an esteemed citizen has been to Europe or elsewhere on a visit and comes back. The honour done to the arrival is measured by the distance which people ride or drive out to give him his first cheer—the most enthusiastic invariably going as an advanced guard some miles further out than the main body. When the first member of the Royal Family who visited South Africa arrived in Simon's Bay the people of Cape Town and its neighbourhood settled that nothing short of Rathfelder's Halfway House would do for the general rendezvous to show their delight at the Royal condescension of Her Majesty in sending her son Prince Alfred out to hob-nob with the Cape Colonists, but Rathfelders was nothing like the length to which the most loyal would have their loyalty measured by. A good lot of the brimful-of-loyalty people went out to Farmer Peck's, and those whose loyalty was brimful and running over drove all the way to Simon's Town to accompany the Royal cortége the whole of the length of the road upon the principle of "the whole hog or none." And so it was when the Diamond Fields were bent on giving Mr. Southey a welcome as their Lieut.-Governor. In the days when His Excellency's arrival occurred, Alexandersfontein was to the principal city of the Diamond Fields precisely what Rathfelders was to the metropolis of the Cape Colony. It was the great festal centre, the place of all places for holiday folk—where quoits were

played, and picnics came off; where bridal pairs went to get their first taste of connubial felicity and where men on the spree went when they meant to have an outing on the quiet, and where they knew loo could be played unlimited and poker would not be disturbed. Alas! Alexandersfontein, like Rathfelders, has gone the way of all flesh in this weary world of change. Both places have been steamed out of existence. But when the Lieut.-Governor's arrival took place, Alexandersfontein was in the heyday of its glory, as were the people of the Diamond Fields. Money was plentiful, a sovereign was not deemed of more importance than a brass farthing is now. No Diamond Fielder outside the Malay Camp, or the Kafir restaurants, had any palate for Cape beer. Without *patê foi* and *caviare* nobody that was anybody breakfasted, and to be seen drinking without finishing up with a wash down of Champagne and a liqueur to bring the meal to a point was to lose caste in Kimberley and forfeit social recognition.

Alexandersfontein was settled upon as the grand rendezvous where the people were to welcome their Lieut.-Governor. Every diamond merchant and citizen of renown kept his vehicle—"turn out" it was called—no matter what the shape of the vehicle, breed or condition of the team, it was a "turn-out." To drive anything or ride anything in the way of a nag that hadn't a bit of blood in him and was not in full flesh and clean of leg, was to be voted a moke yourself. Mr. J. B. Robinson was the Squire of Kimberley—or, at any rate, he was cock of the Kimberley walk so far as turn-outs were concerned. "No Baron or Squire, or Knight of the Shire," ever drove a finer turn-out than he. His vehicle was the pride of the road, and his pair of well-bred high-steppers went their pace as if they knew that they were the pets of a millionaire, as I dare say they did. Mr. J. B. Robinson's noble "turn-out" it was arranged should bring in the Lieut.-Governor and his lady, the Secretary to Government, and his Private Secretary, from Alexandersfontein, into which equipage they were to change at that spot from their travelling vehicle.

His Excellency was expected at 4 in the afternoon, At 2 p.m., Kimberley was all hustle and bustle, and by 3 o'clock, the horsemen were in their saddles, the drivers were in their seats cracking their whips, and the vehicles were loaded up. Beauty and Fashion were both there, for Beauty, in the early days, was



conspicuous whenever the citizens were *en fête*. There was an abundant supply of "that other sex, the tender, the fair," at the period of which I am writing. It was the land of liberty and of liberties too. There was beauty in every social rank and there were ranks—tip tops, second rates, the rut and lower depth still. And when there was a general turn-out, all were represented.

At half-past 3, the road was crowded. Every inch of it was covered with well-mounted horsemen and well-laden vehicles, and by 4 o'clock, when His Excellency arrived, before or behind him was one living mass of people. There had been an advance guard to bring him in, as a number of his oldest friends had gone many a mile beyond Alexandersfontein to get the first shake of the hand and to give him the first welcome. He was received at Alexandersfontein with such cheering, loud and hearty, as might have been, and I was told at the time, *was*, heard at Bultfontein. Then the run into town was done at a splitting pace, the people cheering as they went. In the evening there were fireworks in the Market Square. The square was fairly packed with people, and the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs Southey, who were present, met with good wishes from every one. The last display of fireworks was a blazer, for the people in charge of the rockets, the Roman candles and Catherine wheels had placed the box containing the bulk of the stock under the platform from whence the display took place; a spark fell into the box, and the whole was ignited, and blazed, crackled, fizzed, and went off together. No harm came of it, and the fun of the thing gave people something to talk about as a wind-up.

Following upon the fireworks there was a tiffin, and a bounteous tiffin it was, at the Theatre Royal a few days after, given in honour of the respected official. I don't believe there was ever so many present at a tiffin in Kimberley before or since. Of course the health of the guest was received with "loud and continued" applause, for it was so reported at the time. There were some good stirring speeches and a pleasant day was spent. The Lieut.-Governor deserved it all, for he had earned the gratitude and esteem of every South African whose gratitude was worth having.

We had our Lieut.-Governor all right, and he was ready to unravel the tangle of complications and set official matters straight, and this he did at once, and whatever else may be said

of Mr. J. B. Currey, the then Secretary, he lent great assistance to His Excellency in that work. The straightening up of affairs was a tiresome and long job, but when month after month passed and nothing was heard about the "Constitutional" Government promised by Sir Henry Barkly, the people got restless and wanted to know when it was going to put in an appearance. *The Diamond News* put the question, pat, but no answer came for some time, and when it did, it had the appearance of the dry bones of some old, worn-out Constitution that had been raked out of the Colonial Office in Downing-street, where it had laid from the time of Richard the Third, or some such genial, amiable and generous crowned heads of long ago.

However, there it was, and Mr. Southey had to make the best of it, as he did, and always did, and does, with everything given to him to work with or work out. The Constitution was published, criticised and complained of, but neither the Lieutenant-Governor, the Secretary to Government, nor the Executive, nor all the lot put together, had the power to alter or expand the provisions of it by so much as one poor provision. The election of members was invited by Proclamation. More than the number required to fill the four seats came forward, and the bidding for the Kimberley seats ran high. The elections were hotly contested.



## REMINISCENCE.

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No. XXX.

**THEATRICALS AT HOME AND ABROAD—AMATEURS AND PROFESSIONALS—THE DRAMA AND CHRISTY MINSTRELS—G. V. BROOKE—SEFTON-PARRY—CAPTAIN DISNEY ROEBUCK—HARVEY, DOUGHERTY AND THE REST.**

MY reminiscences of theatres, actors, and theatricals, and of entertainments of all sorts, are amongst the pleasantest I have. Used to that sort of life from my earliest professional career, and having been a constant attendant of theatres and concert-rooms for fully ten years without intermission before I had left England, and having seen the best actors that ever trod the British stage, and heard the most famous vocalists and instrumentalists from the time Charles Kean with Ellen Tree (afterwards Mrs. Kean) and Macready and Brooke were starring it in the Provinces, to the time when Robson was in the zenith of his popularity, the drama had become a passion with me, and having had the privilege of hearing Jenny Lind, Braham, Blewitt and their contemporaries in the concert-rooms of many counties, my natural ear and my taste for music had been pretty well cultivated. I think there is not a county in England in which I had not attended the entertainments of John Parry and Henry Russell, had been a frequenter of Albert Smith's Mont Blanc, and Woodin's Carpet Bag entertainments, and a host of others of the same kind. It may be well supposed that when first in Cape Town, where there was neither a theatrical nor any other entertainment, I sometimes longed to be back in the old country again.

I can trace back the theatrical events in the Colony for forty years with great accuracy and distinctness. The first theatre I heard anything about after my arrival in Cape Town was



in Hottentot Square. That had just been transferred from a theatre to a Sunday School by some Dutch goody-goodys under the belief that going to the theatre was half-way, if not more, to the bottomless pit. The first theatricals I had a chance of seeing at the Cape occurred on the arrival of G. V. Brooke, *en route* to Australia. The play took place at the Barrack Theatre, Brooke taking the part of the Stranger, with Fanny Cathcart as Mrs. Haller, and Mr. Charles Fairbridge as Peter. Richard Young, who was one of Brooke's *corps dramatique*, played one of the characters, I forget which. This must have been some time in 1855. I remember Jacobs, the conjurer, who I had seen perform just before leaving England. He used to be announced as the Wizard of the South. It was a rare week's treat for the Cape Town people when Brooke and Jacobs arrived. Brooke performed in the Barrack Theatre and Jacobs at the Commercial Exchange.

The next dramatic performance was given by Mr. Sefton Parry at the Commercial Exchange; he himself taking the character of Sir Charles Coldstream in "Used Up," and the late Mr. James Lycett, many years landlord of the London Hotel in Greenmarket Square, playing the Blacksmith. Parry played Sir Charles as well as ever he played anything, and Lycett was the Blacksmith to the life. The performance was loudly applauded, and Parry was encouraged to go to England, get a company together and bring them out. When he arrived with his wife and company he built a wooden theatre at the top of Harrington-street, and fitted it up very tastefully. His company was a very good one and included Wm. Brazier, who had been playing leading characters at the Princesses' but had parted company with Mr. Charles Kean. Mrs. Parry was a pretty little actress. Parry at the close of the season went to Port Elizabeth and did well there. On Parry's second visit to the Cape he turned two houses belonging to Mr. Glynn, at the bottom of Harrington-street, into a very admirable and convenient little theatre. A perfect miniature of an English play house. He had another successful season there—to the best of my recollection, two seasons. It was at the Cape Sefton Parry laid the foundation of his fortune, for it was with the money he made in the Colony that he built his London house and started the companies which completed his fortune.

In the interval between Parry's first and second visit a dramatic company was established in Cape Town of amateur members, and they became lessees of the Harrington-street building. Amongst the leading amateur actors were Mr. William Groom, Mr. William Sherman, Mr. John Ross, jun., Mr. Aldridge, Mr. Westroff, Mr. Gall, Mr. George Prince, Mr. E. Christian, and the actresses were Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Hutchinson, Mrs. Maston, Mrs. Forrester, now of Beaconsfield, and Miss Wilters. They gave some performances which compared favourably with those of Parry's professionals. Their first performance was "Still Waters Run Deep," which was well put upon the stage and well played to crowded houses, for it was repeated "by desire." I have seen it performed many times since, but I think never better than it was on the first night of the Cape Town Dramatique Club in Harrington-street. It might be that I being President of the Club was the more easily elated. After that the Club put not only melodrama, comedy and farce on the stage, but went in for the ballet, with marked success. Messrs. Aldridge, who died in the cottage behind the Theatre Royal, Kimberley, and Westrop made up for ballet girls, with fine effect, dressed exquisitely, and *à la* Alhambra girls, did ballet dancing to perfection. The Club apartments in Darling-street were most tastefully and expensively furnished, the pianos and furniture being all of walnut to match. At the end of the first season the Club had a balance of £800 in the Bank.

After the Club, Mr. Charles Fraser, afterwards reporter for *The Eastern Province Herald* at Port Elizabeth, and the gentleman who played off "Hard-ships" upon Messrs. Hudson and Innes, of the Customs, as related in my Reminiscence, opened in the little theatre in the Buitenkant, Cape Town, in which Mr. English had been giving sundry entertainments after the style of "Wooden's Carpet Bag," which drew such crowds during the Crystal Palace Exhibition of 1851. Mr. Fraser and his brother were capital comedians, and he got a very excellent company together, but he left the stage for the Press, having entered into an engagement with Mr. George Impey. The aforesaid Charles, as good a fellow, and as good-natured, as ever fell into Colonial Press ranks, was, the last time I saw him, Editor of *The European Mail* in London. Poor old boy, he did not then look like the young fellow who skipped about

the stage in the Buitenkant, for asthma had worn him down and aged him terribly, and he had to sit and work in an office heated to a degree in which hot-house plants would have thriven.

Since the theatrical period in Cape Town which commenced in 1855 a taste for the drama has been infused into and cultivated in all the principal towns of South Africa—Port Elizabeth, Graham's Town, Kimberley, Du Toits Pan, Pretoria, and Johannesburg. The Natalians are well to the front as patrons of the drama—every company from Natal that I have met with have reported a success there which has been encouraging, and I am convinced that the Natalians are more liberal to actors than the people of any other part of South Africa. There was a time when Kimberley took the lead, but not now—Johannesburg has cut Kimberley out altogether. The Cape Town audiences, considering that it is the metropolis with a large educated population, do not at all come up to the average that might be expected.

Since Sefton Parry's time we have had no end of theatrical companies from London and other parts of the world. Madame Durêt kept a company going in the Cape Town Theatre for a very long time. She was a splendid actress. I saw her first playing Shakesperian characters with G. V. Brooke in 1851, and she had been performing the same characters with him in Australia after that. The best all-round actress who to my mind has trod the Cape boards was little Mrs. Tellet. There was nothing she played that she did not play well, and she was ready for anything and everything, from Lady Macbeth to "Nan, the Good-for-nothing." Of course she was not up to Madam Durêt or Miss Berrangé in their special line. I always placed Miss Berrangé in the first rank in melodrama. Captain Disney Roebuck unquestionably did a good deal to improve the Colonial stage. I should say that Frank Wheeler has given the theatregoer of South Africa as much thorough enjoyment as any actor. He has made a welcome for himself in every town of South Africa in which a theatre stands. Tom Paulton did pretty much in that line whilst in this country, but he did not go so far afield as the Wheelers. His versatility was marvellous, as was that of Mrs. Paulton. They and their company, which underwent little change, kept the Kimberley people amused for a very long time, and Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair were no less



successful and quite as popular. Mr. Searelle is the King of the the South African stage just now.

The most successful entertainments ever given were those of the Harvey-Leslie Christy Minstrels. They remained in South Africa for over two years, playing all the time, and attracting full houses wherever they went. They were the best band of Christys I ever heard; preferable, to my thinking, to Burgess's at St. James's Hall, for every member of the band was a performer in the first rank of his own line. Dougherty alone was worth the whole cost of the ticket; he was always running over with humour when at his corner and the bones in his hands, and his was humour which came at the instant, fresh and sparkling from his lips. He manufactured jokes, and never repeated. His humour came as fast as he could give expression to it. And he was not only a corner man. He could dance splendidly and in comic opera he was first-rate. Then there was Leslie, who had an enchanting voice. Braham, who sang modern English songs with much taste. His voice was clear, and with plenty of ring in it. Cox, as a violinist, was as good as was ever heard on the St. James's stage, and Truro, as a basso, was a tremendous fellow. Turner's violoncello performances were far above the average, and, best of all, Mr. H. Harvey was a first-rate manager and kept his team well in hand. The Harvey-Leslie Minstrels took some thousands of coin away with them. But Harvey made a financial mistake with his Opera and Variety Companies. It is to be always admitted that his Opera Company did much to inculcate a taste for high-class music. Than Turner no finer tenor was ever heard in South Africa, and few elsewhere whose voice was so pure and had so much ring in it. It was like a silver bell. This company initiated operatic performances in this country.

I should have mentioned before that the first Christy Minstrels who visited South Africa were Joe Brown's Band of Brothers. Joe was the champion jig-dancer of the world when he came to South Africa, but he was surpassed when Dougherty stepped out as a rival, but then Joe had grown old and a bit stiff. Joe's party were the first band of vocalists who gave South Africa a taste for nigger part singing. They were the first to sing "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming" in this country. I wonder how many times it has been sung in the country since they first delighted Cape Town with it at their performance in

the Harrington-street Theatre ? I don't think the last statistical return of Government has any mention of it. The figures would take up all the breadth of a very wide column. I have heard it, I am certain, as many times as I am days old, and that will be precisely 26,280 days to-day. I have heard it sung by no end of Christy Minstrels in England and the colonies. I have heard it sung in Republics and Crown Colonies, sung by amateurs as well as professionals, sung by real, unadulterated thick-lipped niggers, as well as by those of sooty imitation, sung by ladies as well as gentlemen, and by white-faced as well as by black ; but it never seemed to be so thrilling in its effect as on the night it was first sung by Joe Brown's Minstrels. That night it certainly was "the song that reached my heart."



## REMINISCENCE

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No. XXXI.

THE LATE BISHOP RICARDS—HIS LIFE AND DEATH.

I MADE the personal acquaintance of the late Bishop Ricards first in 1864—thirty years ago. The first time I saw him he was in company with Bishop Morau, who is now in New Zealand, at the banquet given in honour of His Excellency the late Sir Philip Wodehouse in the Graham's Town Courthouse, on the occasion of the removal of the Cape Parliament to that city. From that time to the day of his death our relations were sufficiently intimate to enable me to form a fair estimate of his worthiness of character, of the greatness and scope of his genius, of his self-sacrificing spirit, of his earnestness in the cause of true religion, of his tolerant spirit towards his fellow-men, irrespective of creed, class, colour, or degree. The late lamented Bishop was not only a profound theologian and an equally profound scholar, but he ranked high in the world of art and science, and was apt at everything he undertook; and there were few things he did not undertake for the improvement, the welfare, and the amusement of the people amongst whom he lived and amongst, whom he moved. As far back as 1854, in addition to the duties and responsibilities of a priest which he faithfully fulfilled and discharged, he kept a school for the education not of Catholics only but for the youth of all creeds, he edited a Catholic newspaper ("The Colonist"), and not only edited it but always assisted in printing it, and many times he himself printed it and pamphlets without any assistance whatever, and did bookbinding for his own and the Catholic library and for some of the Catholic *literati* in addition. There was no newspaper that ever came



out of Graham's Town with more brilliant leading articles than "The Colonist." It was a weekly paper, and, as well as I remember, double-demy in size. The Graham's Town journals employed no shorthand reporters in these days. In fact there was no necessity nor scope for them. The news and items of "The Colonist" were well culled, tersely written, and there was never an inch of "space" wasted or badly employed. The reverend editor never made an attack upon his contemporaries, was never in a wrangle with them or with anybody, and the impartiality and excellence of his leading articles so commended them to the editors of his Colonial contemporaries that the articles were quoted freely by journals of all political parties. The late Bishop never held extreme views on any social or political subjects, and in his editorials his statements of fact were accurate and his deductions strictly logical. As compared with the local contemporaries of "The Colonist," the absence of party colouring for its columns was strikingly conspicuous.

In the sciences of astronomy and chemistry he was a master, and his acquaintanceship with geology and mineralogy was not slight. For years the telescope and microscope were delightful means of recreation and research to him. His love of art and literature was a passion. The gems of art he collected from time to time were varied and valuable, and on each occasion of a visit to Europe he brought back with him valuable and unique additions to his art stores. He was a fair linguist, spoke and wrote several languages, was a good Hebrew scholar, and his library was extensive, comprehensive, and varied. The literature of many languages was represented on his library shelves—of all the Continental and dead languages certainly. His contributions to literature were considerable, and those on Catholic doctrinal subjects are regarded and accepted as authorities by the members of the Church to which he was attached, and his published works had a wide circulation and are well known throughout Christendom. As a preacher he was unrivalled; his sermons were masterpieces of English composition, elegant in style and full of fire and force. Two of them are especially in my memory—one delivered at the opening of St. Augustine's Church at Port Elizabeth, and the other an ordination sermon from the text, "We are co-adjutors of God," preached in the Roman Catholic Chapel, Hill-street,

Graham's Town. Both sermons were delivered whilst Dr. Moran was bishop, and the deceased was subordinate to him in the priesthood. The latter sermon was published *in extenso* in the "Great Eastern" newspaper, for although Bishop Ricards's sermons were always uttered extemporary, they were closely studied before delivery and committed to paper. He had the rare and extraordinary gift of being able to commit to memory and to repeat word for word that which he had previously written. On the occasion of the ordination sermon, which I myself heard, I held the manuscript in my hand during its delivery, and the fidelity with which he adhered to the original was marvellous. There is no Catholic church or chapel in the Colony in which his voice has not been heard, no place in the Colony where he had not personal friends.

He was celebrated throughout South Africa for his public readings of Dickens and Lever, the general opinion being that his rendering of the works of the former author was his best, but in that opinion I never shared. To my mind his reading of Lever was never excelled in this country nor in any other. An Irishman born and bred, he understood Irish humour better than English, and he was more at home with Mickey Free than with either Sam or Tony Weller; but both authors—Dickens and Lever—received great justice at his hands. For institutions and charities his readings were in continual request, and he seldom visited a town or city but he was solicited to give a reading, and with his generous good nature he never refused a request when time and leisure permitted it.

He was ready alike to afford amusement and to give instruction. With an unlimited fund of wit and humour himself, he contributed unstintedly to the love of wit and humour of those with whom he was thrown into association. He had a world of anecdote wherewith to set the table in a roar wherever he was, either at home or abroad. Our South African poet in his "Wanderer's Rhymes," has commemorated "Tom's Dinner," given at the Albemarle Hotel, London, at which Bishop Ricards was a guest, as follows :

First came "*the Bishop*," good and true,  
As bright a soul as ever drew  
The breath of life.

While, shall I say it something lent  
A fillip to the merriment,

As one by one the Bishop's gems—  
 Tales, epigrams, and apothegms—  
 Fell from his lips, we all confest  
 Here was an "artiste" at his best,  
 As laughter rose to lips and eyes,  
 We gave him with applause, first prize.

Wherever he went he "won golden opinions from all sorts of men," and during the time he kept school, which he did up to the day he succeeded Bishop Moran, he had the affection, the unqualified love, of his pupils without exception, and those of them who are alive to-day will say that it was not only technical education he laboured to impart, but it was a labour of love with him to educate the higher nature of those committed to his charge, and in this he succeeded. It was his greatest reward that his "boys" were truthful, and as incapable of meanness as youths can be taught to be.

Neither his pupils nor the adult residents of Graham's Town will ever forget the theatrical representations which "Doctor Ricards" (for that was his title then) provided for their amusement. His pupils were the actors and he stage manager, scene painter and scene constructor, for in addition to his other accomplishments, he used the brush and painted scenery (aye, and made the scenes) as if "to the manner born." His energy in the days of which I am writing was inexhaustible. I have many times seen him first celebrate early Mass to commence the day with; Mass over, painting a scene in preparation for an evening's theatrical performance—at nine o'clock opening school, where he would remain until twelve. Between twelve and two, just taking sufficient time for lunch, attending a rehearsal of the piece to be performed. In school again at two, remaining until four, from which hour until half-past five more fitting up of the stage. After six o'clock dinner back at the extemporised theatre giving the final touch to everything, and arranging the properties or "making up" the young actors. The performances invariably attracted full houses. People of all denominations attended, and very frequently more applied for admittance than could obtain it. Of course these dramatic representations only took place in one season of the year—winter, but during the other months the "Doctor" was equally busy from early morning until after evening service, and he seldom got an unbroken night's rest.



His night calls to attend the sick and dying were very frequent, and many and many a time he has had to walk from his residence to Fort England first and to the police camp afterwards—a distance of about four miles—in the middle of the night, and not unfrequently he would have to commence his day's duties without having been in bed the whole night. But he never complained. Earnest in his calling, and religiously impressed with the conviction that he had done no more than his duty, he laboured on, always cheerful, ever ready with a cheering word for the sick and a pleasant one for all the healthful he met.

In addition to all this work in his own parish, he did much work outside. On his being consecrated Bishop, school-keeping was no longer in accordance with his office, nor possible to be performed if it were, and he then devoted himself to more comprehensive schemes of education—the most comprehensive that was ever conceived by any one mind in South Africa, either of layman or cleric. His heart was always full of desire for the education of the people, not of any one class, but of every class from the highest to the lowest. His great scheme of all was intended to be applied to the Eastern Province of the Cape Colony, from Humansdorp to the extreme limits of British Kaffraria. The following is a brief outline of the scheme. First a college, with trained professors, for pupils who could remain until their education was complete—chiefly those who were intended for a profession. Then the next a school, with competent masters, for boys who were required to assist in bread-getting for the families to which they belonged. Thirdly, schools for those who could only attend occasionally; and lastly, evening schools for grown-up lads and young men who were at work all day. The Bishop having formulated the plan, and made the arrangements for school buildings, &c., proceeded himself to Europe, and selected teachers, and enlisted aid from various quarters, not from the Colony only, but from the Diamond-Fields, the neighbouring Republics, and Bechuanaland. Some of the schools were started in other parts, and then his lordship purchased the Sunday River estate of the late Mr. James Kirkwood and introduced Trappists to work it.

The Trappists failed to work the estate profitably, owing to bad seasons and other untoward circumstances. Some portions of

the education scheme failed to fulfil his lordship's expectations and he became involved in vast obligations of various kinds, was responsible for large money payments, and the entanglements told upon his health, serious nervous depression unfitted him for work, and he was advised by his medical advisers that a visit to Europe for change of air and scene was necessary to the restoration of his health. He left his work and the Colony a broken-down man, himself impressed with the belief that he was going Home to die. He, however, after the sea voyage and a short time in Europe recovered both health and strength, paid a visit to his native home and people at Wexford, and returned to the Cape quite himself and accompanied by additional priests and nuns, and he at the same time brought books and appliances for scholastic work, and amongst other things a superb altar piece for the Graham's Town Convent Chapel. Crowds of people from Graham's Town and neighbourhood—people of all classes and sects, assembled on the railway platform to welcome him on his return. His return was a joy to everyone. He was welcomed with an unparalleled enthusiasm; the crowd following him to his residence, where a reception took place in the Convent grounds in the evening. All Graham's Town attended the reception.

The Bishop then set to work with renewed energy, but he in a very short time became disheartened to find that the complications and burthen of obligations which broke him down before were not diminishing, and he estimating that they were greater than he could ever discharge, again fell ill. He had had several repeated attacks of nervous depression, and visits to Europe had restored him; but his last attack seemed to take all the vitality out of him. In vain distant friends wrote, whilst those at hand told him not to concern himself about his money obligations incurred, not on his own account but for the promotion of the welfare of his people, that they would be discharged; that his vicariate was rich enough to discharge the debt, and in vain they did discharge it. At the last it was seen that his breakdown was hopeless. For a long time he was unable to leave his apartment, but everything was done that could be done by both clergy and laity to comfort him, and as long as his physical strength remained, his mind was clear, and to the last he possessed an intelligent recognition of all that was going on around him. He died the death of the righteous, and has left behind





## REMINISCENCE.

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No. XXXII.

OLD MEMORIES—THE BISHOPS ROMAN AND PROTESTANT—HIGH AND LOW CHURCH DIVISIONS AND DISTURBANCES—PARLIAMENT REVOKES LAND GRANT GIVEN TO BISHOP GRAY—THE LONG TRIAL—THE COLENZO CONTROVERSY—BISHOP GRAY DEFEATED.

THE pleasantest of revivals is unquestionably the revival of old memories. They bring back to us loved faces that we shall see no more on this earth but in recollection and dream—faces associated with happy times, with broken social circles pleasant yet to think of, merry-makings and junketings, the playmates of our youth, convivial associates who have left us for their eternal rest, the heroes we idolised, the good and great held up to us as examples, the men of mark who outstripped us in life's race, the wits and the wise, who, if they left us nothing else at their taking off, bequeathed to us a wealth of wit and wisdom of more than money value, and for which legacy, the only one, we are not called upon to pay tax to the tax collector.

The discovery that "thoughts force their way against the will" was not reserved for one of the greatest of England's poets to make. It is everyone's experience who has any thought with force in it, and thus it is that sad memories intrude themselves with gloom and sadness in their train. But as it is not my aim to revive that which all would rather forget, I shall, as I have done from the commencement, content myself with reminiscences which are cheering and worthy of being recorded—some for the mere pleasure they give and others for their historical value.

In the panorama which time has painted in a memory of nearly half a century there are strong lights and shades, which

to me seem marvellous, and make one feel that life measured by events is much longer than life measured by years. Features crowd upon one which have not had a ray of sunshine on them for scores of years, and yet are as vivid and real to memory as if they still smiled upon their surroundings. Yet scenes of the past, which melted out of life's reality years and years ago come back in all their freshness, and many of them like "things of beauty" will be "joys for ever," and some of us who took part in them, and are living yet, store them up and prize them as beyond all price. There are facts in history which the world never ought to be allowed to forget. There are men, now no more, whose achievements, successes in life, victories, inventions, bravery, philanthropy, self-denial, and patriotism ought never, and will never be utterly forgotten. The good, the great, and the wise are not, when they shake off their mortal coil, to be dismissed with no more than an epitaph or an obituary notice. The work they commenced, and some of them completed, in their lifetime still exists, and with their work their names should ever be associated, and sometimes they are for centuries, and some will be to the end of Time. South Africa has had, and still has, as fair a proportion of able and worthy and distinguished men as any part of Her Majesty's dominions, or indeed as any part of the world for the matter of that, and they have risen into prominence in every rank of life—as judges, bishops, at the Bar and Side-bar, M.D.'s, F.R.C.S.'s, engineers, surveyors, politicians, preachers, chemists, mechanics, accountants, artists, miners, scholars, travellers, discoverers, journalists, teachers, botanists, horticulturists, farmers, builders, machinists, and the like, and many of those of them who have "gone before" have left behind them names worthy of all honour, aye, and many whose names deserved to be and will be perpetually remembered. Of the judges the names and deliverances of Sir John Wylde, and Justices Meintjes, Musgrave, Bell, Watermeyer, Fitzpatrick, Connor, Harding are "household words" to-day, and are as familiar in the mouths of the living judges and the men of the long robe as they ever were, although some of them left this world many, many years ago. The overflowing eloquence and exhaustive deliverances of our first Chief Justice will never be forgotten by those who heard them, nor will the profound legal dictum of Mr. Justice Meintjes, the calm, sententious judgments of Mr. Justice

Musgrave, the subtle and logical judgments of Mr. Justice Bell, the firm, penetrating, impartial, and accurate decisions of Mr. Justice Watermeyer, the wit and humour of Fitzpatrick, whose judgments were indisputable, and whose decisions, promptly arrived at, were unimpeachable. Harding's Digest of our Colonial law is still in the hands of every legal practitioner. South Africa has as good reason to be proud of its judges as of its bishops. The first Bishop in South Africa was, I believe, Bishop Devereux, but I am not quite sure. He at any rate was the first Roman Catholic Bishop, and he it was who shaped the course which the Church to which he belonged was to take. He was a magnificent scholar and a divine worthy of the admiration which was accorded to him whilst living, and the memory of him which has been cherished in the Catholic circles of South Africa since his death and is cherished still. The first Bishop of the English Church was Bishop Gray, the work of whose lifetime in the service of his Church was stupendous. English Churchmen owe him largely for it is to his pioneering that they owe much of the position they boast of to-day. Whatever mistakes he made, and he made many, were made in his zeal for the welfare of the Church in which he held high office. His earliest work was the building of churches and schools throughout the Colony, commencing, of course, in the Western Province. This after laying out his diocese in parishes. In districts where the English services had never been heard, but wherever "two or three" Episcopalians could be "gathered together," he built churches and schools, for he was, as all our bishops—Roman Catholic and English—have been, earnestly bent on advancing the education of the people—not of the whites only, but of the coloured people as well. There is no question that to the bishops and clergy of these two Churches much of our advanced education is to be attributed. They led the way. And especially the coloured classes who are at all educated owe them thanks. Bishop Gray had no sooner settled down to his work in Cape Town and its suburbs, and had taken the Church at St. Helena under his wing, than he pushed his church work through the districts of Simon's Town, Caledon, Swellendam, Malmesbury, George, and Oudtshoorn; and for many years Bishop Gray's work ran smoothly, its progress was rapid, and he had no trouble until the Governor became his too liberal



patron and there arose divisions in the Church, especially amongst the clergy; and a party of laymen outside the Church, jealous of the patronage he was acquiring and viewing his accumulating power with something akin to dread—certainly with dislike—became his lordship's most uncompromising opponents. The divisions of the Church were very marked. The High could not tolerate the Low and the Low would not tolerate the High. It was Trinity against St. George's at the headquarters, Cape Town. The fights were fast and furious—inside and outside ecclesiastical boundaries. Sir George Gray, when Governor, had given as a free grant to Bishop Gray a large slice of the Government Gardens for church purposes, and Bishop Gray had laid the foundation of a building on it, or had begun to do so. This roused the public, and the late Mr. Chas. Fairbridge, then one of the members for Caledon, brought the matter before the Parliament, moving that the grant be cancelled and the ground restored to its original purpose. Mr. Darnell was Mr. Fairbridge's Parliamentary colleague, and that hon. member took up the cudgels for the Bishop, but the Grayites in the Assembly were few, if they were not far between. Mr. Fairbridge had on his side Mr. Saul Solomon and Mr. Arderne, who were not Churchmen High or Low, but Nonconformists of a very decided type, and all the Nonconformist members of the Dutch Church and Low Churchmen acted together as one man, and the grant was cancelled by a large majority after a very long debate, not the mildest that had taken place in the House. There was no difficulty in getting that "august Assembly," as Mr. Porter dubbed the Legislative Council, to co-operate. The President, Sir John Wylde, was a Churchman with Ritualistic tendencies, but he was the only one in the Council at all of the High order of Churchmen. The late Mr. Henry Blaine, one of the Eastern M.L.C.'s, had become attached to the Church, but he must still have had some Wesleyan leanings, as he had been a member of that Church through all his early life. Mr. George Wood, sen., was a Nonconformist, and so was Mr. Samuel Cawood. Mr. Joseph Barry was an Evangelical of Trinity Church, and a staunch and generous supporter of the Rev. Mr. Lamb, who would neither attend nor obey the Synod which the Bishop convened. The M.L.C.'s, who were members of the Dutch Reformed Church, naturally voted with the

Nonconformist members, and the decision was dead against the Bishop, much to his lordship's concern and to the chagrin of His Excellency Sir George Grey, who although the most popular of Governors, could not stem the tide of public feeling in this affair of the land grant. This was the first check given to Bishop Gray, and seemed to be the forerunner of many others which soon followed in its train. The next untoward event which the Bishop met with arose out of his proceeding against the Rev. Mr. Long, the incumbent of Mowbray, who refused to read from the pulpit a notice sent him of the Synod called at S. George's. The reverend gentleman was backed by his congregation almost to a man. Bishop Gray was at that time under the impression that he had the same power over his clergy that an English bishop in England had over the clergy in his diocese, and he took the same proceedings against the reverend incumbent of Mowbray that Bishop Philpott, as Bishop of Exeter, did over the Rev. Mr. Shore, of Totnes, for disobedience. Finally, after much acrimonious stir in the Church, the matter came before the Supreme Court of the Cape Colony, the Bishop defending the action in person, and in doing so showed a vast knowledge of common law as well as of ecclesiastical law, and his ability shown in his conduct of the defence, as was remarked at the time, proved that he would have made as good a lawyer as bishop. The Court, however, decided against his lordship, and the Bishop appealed to the Privy Council, where the decision of the Court below was confirmed, and the Bishop was cast in all the costs. This weighed heavily upon his lordship, but what weighed more heavily upon his heart was his defeat in the Colenso business. Bishop Gray charged Colenso, then the Bishop of Natal with heresy founded upon books published by the latter: St. Paul to the Ephesians and the Pentateuch. Bishop Colenso refused to acknowledge the Bishop's authority in the matter, treated the summons sent him to come to S. George's, Cape Town, to be tried with contempt, and Bishop Gray then solemnly excommunicated him in every church which he could control in South Africa; but Bishop Colenso, like the Jackdaw of Rheims, was "none the worse." He left his position and his pulpit, his congregation, who were much attached to him (he was the most eloquent and gifted preacher in the Colonial Church), and again Bishop Gray appealed to the Privy Council, to be again defeated and cast in.

costs. It was particularly galling to him that Her Majesty took Bishop Colenso by the hand on his arrival in England and that his lordship was an invited guest at Windsor.

My idea was, and it was a view shared in by others, that Bishop Gray never enjoyed his full health after his return from the Privy Council in the Colenso case. And then, worst of all, there burst upon him the Twell's outrage in Bloemfontein. Verily, his burthen became greater than he could bear. No bishop was ever more conscientious than he. His lordship spent his whole fortune on the Church, and when he died left such records of his work as it has fallen to the lot of few men to do. The churches and missions which he built and instituted perpetuated his memory from one end of South Africa to the other. He lived for his work and took no pleasure outside it.

The two divines who were the first South African bishops not only endeared themselves to the clergy and laity of their own denominations, but won the respect of the whole population.

Bishop Devereux was succeeded by Bishop Griffithes, and Bishop Gray by Bishop Jones. I shall return to ecclesiastical events in future sketches, deeming, as I do, what I have written to be sufficient on church matters for one sketch.





# REMINISCENCE.

## No. XXXIII.

MUNICIPAL ADVANCEMENT—OLD PETER—THE DWELLING-PLACES OF THE POOR—A SLAVE'S STORY—OPENING OF MEIRING'S POORT—PRESS PRIVILEGES IN PARLIAMENT.

THAN Municipal no other of our public institutions here has made more progress. They took their lead from that in Greenmarket-square, Cape Town. In 1845 the Cape Town Municipality was as much, if not more, a political than a sanitary corporation, and by the time Sir Philip Wodehouse had arrived as Governor it had become so impressed with its political importance that it tendered its assistance to His Excellency in the government of the country, and got pretty well snubbed for its presumption. Sir Philip wrote back to the Municipal Secretary, the medium through which His Excellency received the official document tendering him the services of that self-inflated body, informing them that he was impressed with the idea that he should be able to govern the country with the assistance of his Executive without the helping Municipal hand, but if he could aid the Cape Town Municipal Commissioners in improving the sanitary condition of the town, &c., they would find *him* ready at all times to give *them* a lift. This was a snub the Commissioners had not bargained for. They naturally put their backs up at it, and it was the more felt by them because the insanitary state of the town had become so notoriously unbearable that the press had been calling on the Government to take the management of the city (I ought not to have spoken of it as a town) out of the hands of the Municipal Council and into their own hands. The remark of His Excellency about his being prepared to give the Commissioners a lift was, as

interpreted by the Commissioners, an indication that the Government was thinking of taking over the management of the city and abolishing the Municipality. Of course, no such thing had entered His Excellency's mind.

In the forties the Cape Town Municipal body was a queer mixture of social elements. It consisted of two Boards—a Board of Commissioners and a Board of Wardmasters, and the two Boards were always at daggers drawn, as it would seem from the Ordinance which called them into existence the framers of the Ordinance intended they should be. A Wardmasters' meeting, as I have said before, was as good as a play, and as there was no charge for admittance, these meetings invariably attracted crowded audiences. The performances were most amusing, and the audience used to applaud their favourite actors, and hiss those who were dull or unpopular without reserve or restraint. It would be difficult now to remember whether the noise and uproar in the body of the hall or in the Wardmasters' reserve were the greater. It was more uproarious than enough at both ends of the hall, and as it is hard to choose between rotten apples, one need not bother about the question as to whether the elect of the Wards or the crowd who came for the fun of the thing were the most uproarious.

The Municipal elections were more stirring than our Parliamentary elections are nowadays. There was one candidate, Peter Tonkin, who had been a Wardmaster from his youth up. Peter was the funny man at all the Wardmasters' meetings, and it was for the fun he gave rather than for any work he did that he held the position of first favourite with the crowd. Peter's grammar had been neglected in his school-days, and this in the estimation of the crowd was his chief charm. The crowd didn't care much about the state of the town, whether the drains were the receptacle for dead dogs and cats, or not. The people of the city had come to be accustomed to publicity, and the noisome, pestilential perfumes of sewers and drains. They had not begun to realise that dirt and disease were related to each other, and no note was taken of death-rate, or any other rate but that levied by Commissioners and Wardmasters. Things grew worse and worse until in the fifties, when the press laboured its utmost to bring about Municipal reform, but even then with but little result. Houses of all shapes and sizes were built, without any drainage being thought of, much less provided.

The population grew, and had to be provided for in the way of house-room. People built where they liked and how they liked, with no object but that of rent. The Rogge Bayites swarmed like rabbits in the midst of piles of fish offal, shells of cray fish, with other muck, and the back of the butchers' shambles was ankle deep in the outpourings of slaughter-houses, with an occasional mixture contributed by the boys of the "barley tub," who selected the handiest places for their deposits. Neither police nor Municipal authorities concerned themselves much about the matter. The Capel ditch received the chief part of the back street filth of the Caledon-street locality, and on the Castle ramparts the atmosphere was thick and odoriferous—so much so indeed that the military frequently remonstrated, but no remonstrance availed much.

I remember having my attention drawn to the filth and unwholesomeness of the slums by Archdeacon Lightfoot, of St. George's, and at his solicitation went with him to inspect them. The result of a tour with the reverend gentleman was a series of articles under the head of "The Dwelling-Places of the Poor." Some of the homes of the lower classes of the coloured poor were pictures of wretchedness and misery, ghastliness, and unhealthiness. One out of many has fixed itself upon my remembrance from that time to this. It was the dwelling-place of a barley-tub boy. We found him asleep in a cellar he rented from one of Mr. Wicht's tenants at the top of Wale-street, or rather in the cellar of a house just off the street. He was lying asleep on the floor, the floor being wet mud. He had been having a booze and had just recovered. There was not an atom of furniture in the place. The floor was just as it had been dug down to, not a plank or stone on any part of it, not a chair or table in it, the walls as blank as those described by Hood in the home of the sempstress who thanked her shadow "for sometimes falling there." We roused the poor wretch. I asked him what work he did, "Empty barley-tubs, baas," was his answer, and the following conversation took place :

"How much do you earn a week?"

"About a pound, baas."

"More than three shillings a day then?"

"Don't work every day, only Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays."



“What do you do on the other days?”

“Get drunk and sleep, baas.”

“Did you ever go to church in your life?”

“When I was a slave. The baas used to make us go then.”

He was an old man, I should say drawing on to sixty years of age.

“Don’t you ever get ill in this place?”

“Sometimes, baas.”

“What do you do then?”

“Lie still till I get well.”

“Don’t you ever see the people upstairs?”

“Yes, when I pay ’em.”

We asked him whether he would rather be a slave or his own master, as he now was, and he answered sharply, “A slave, for then,” said he, “I was taken care of.”

Whatever might have been his preference in the early days of his liberty, I did not believe him when he said he would like to be a slave again at that time. He had become accustomed to his rags and his filth, to get drunk when he pleased, and to sleep when he did not feel inclined to work. His humanity had degenerated until he was not a remove from the brute beast that loves to wallow in its own filth, which he positively did; the air of the dungeon was poisonous. We found scores of such cases. In St. John-street I found a family living in an old Dutch oven, in a wretched building in which three families spent their existence—enough to breed a plague. The appearance of my articles in print moved the Municipal Commissioners a bit, but not very effectively. Mr. Hercules Jarvis was Chairman of the Commissioners for years, and he used his position more for the sake of the political advancement of himself and friends than for any other object, and by its means became a M.L.A. in the first place and a M.L.C. in the second. Mr. Jarvis for years and years had the Municipality completely under his thumb. His word was law at the Town-house, and he was regarded as if he had inherited the chair and was the indisputable owner of it. There were no Mayors and Town Councils in those days, nor for some years after. When Mr. Jarvis fought the Council election with Messrs. Stein, Barry and others, he ruled the Municipal roost and counted on his Municipal influence to place him at the top of the poll, but he was disappointed. “Municipal Reform” had become a city cry,

and on the eve of the election, the Town-house was covered from the dome to the basement with immense flaring placards in red, white, and blue (Mr. Stein's colours) with "Municipal Reform" in immense type printed on them. This was the work of Stein's agents, who made that "Reform" an electioneering cry. This and the disappointment of not getting first place in the polling return, caused poor Mr. Jarvis great vexation of spirit. I am not sure that he could have been fairly blamed for making capital out of his official position at the Town-house. No merchant of any standing, nor capitalist, would have anything to do with Municipal work. Ultimately, however, Mr. James Mortimer Maynard and Mr. Ralph Arderne, who ranked amongst the largest house proprietors and the wealthiest of Cape Town capitalists, came forward as candidates for seats as Commissioners, but I don't know that much benefit to the city came of it. In their tenure it is true that the Board of Wardmasters was swept away, but the town had less fun for their money, but very little less dirt.

Graham's Town and Port Elizabeth, in the Eastern Province, following the example of Cape Town, also went in for Municipalities, and the meetings of Municipal Commissioners in those places afforded very attractive material for the journals then published in the city and the town. There was more hubbub than work done in both of them for many years. Not many of the Upper Ten of either city or town evinced much ambition for seats at their Municipal Board—two or three leading men in each place came forward and were elected, and one of them filled the chair at each Board, as can be seen by their portraits painted in their honour. The work devolving on a chairman of a Municipal Council was not light, nor has the work of Mayors been light since Town Council supplanted Municipalities. There is now scarcely a town of any size from one end of South Africa to the other that has not a Mayor and Town Councillors—in some cases burgesses. I do not remember of any such scenes in a Natal Council being reported in a Natal journal as we have had in the Cape Colony—as for instance a Councillor having his wig snatched off, or the gross personalities which at one time made the reports of Municipal meetings so interesting to the general reader. There may have been such scenes for all that; but the Natal journals perhaps thought it more creditable to repress them than to turn them to financial account.

I remember on one occasion that the Cape Town Town Council endeavoured to shut out the public, and only to admit those who they thought would go with them. Dean Douglas was the Dean of St. George's at that time, and the reverend cleric, who was an out-and-out Municipal reformer, threatened to burst open the door, and would have done it too, for the Dean was a fine muscular Christian, but the threat was sufficient to unbar the door. When Sir Philip Wodehouse announced in his 1863 prorogation speech that he intended to convene the 1864 Parliament in Graham's Town, the Mayor and Town Councillors of Cape Town, being moved thereto by Mr. Saul Solomon, the leading M.L.A. for the city, held an indignation meeting. They had given it out that this indignation meeting would be the means of getting Sir Philip recalled, and they expected that their resolution which was to effect all this would be carried unanimously and were exasperated to find that this could not be done. Mr. A. J. Matthieson—"Sandy," as he used to be designated, who was an out-and-out Conservative—turned up at the meeting with Mr. James Wylie, a politician of the same party, and Mr. Matthieson moved, and Mr. Wylie seconded, an amendment to the resolution. They had a larger following than the popular party had counted upon, and although the resolution was not carried it served to divide the meeting.

The Town Councils of the present day in every division of South Africa contrast very markedly with the original local bodies, and certainly their more recent proceedings contrast very favourably for them when compared with the late sessions of the Cape Parliament—especially when compared with the last session. I don't think, however, that the idea which prevailed, and was frequently expressed by the lovers of local government twenty years ago, has been realised. It was that the Municipal institutions would be training schools for public speakers to fill Parliamentary seats. The best speakers in Parliament have not been members of a Town Council, and the worst have.

It is surprising when looking back to the ceremonious openings of public works from twenty to thirty or forty years ago—works which it was then predicted would have a vast permanent influence on the future of the Cape Colony—to see how many of them have fallen into disuse, and some of them not worth the money they cost even for the plans of them. There is, to start with, Meiring's Poort, in the Hex River district. The late



Sir J. C. Molteno, K.C.M.G., when he was but plain "Mister Molteno," the member for Beaufort West, session after session assured the House of Assembly that that work would have a tremendous and enduring influence on the opening up of Beaufort West. He induced the Parliament to vote large sums year after year. The poort was opened with great *éclat*. Public men from the extreme West went all the way to take part in the opening ceremony. There were no railways then, and the journey up was both difficult and tiresome. Colonel Armstrong was the Civil Commissioner of the district, and he presided at the luncheon given in marquees at the entrance of the poort, and the worthy Magistrate and Mr. Molteno in their speeches prophesied that this work would lead to the employment of no end of labour, the cultivation of a vast acreage of land, and that no end of export products would find their way to the ports, and this to all eternity. Who hears a word about Meiring's Poort now? I don't believe that one-fiftieth part of the people in Beaufort West even have ever been through it, nor do I know of more acres cultivated by reason of its existence or a ship-load of products, the result of its existence, having been exported from any port in the Colony. The Lady Grey Bridge at the Paarl, when it was opened by the old local Board, was, we were told, to bring about no end of public profit. Has it? That venerable Colonist of ancient times, Mr. Ernest Landsberg, still in the flesh, made no end of a speech at the dinner, foretelling generations of benefits. Mr. Landsberg was then a member, and a very active and zealous member, of the old Road Board, and a rare advocate for the construction of new roads and bridges. If anyone had told him when he made his dinner-table speech about the Lady Grey Bridge on the opening day that he would live to see his bridge cut out by steam communication, and become comparatively useless, he would have doubted the man's sanity. Howison's Poort—the entrance to Graham's Town—which cost thousands to construct and repair, which was traversed by wool-wagons and mail carts, horsemen and pedestrians in crowds, it would now puzzle the oldest inhabitant of the Eastern Metropolis to point out the locality of. It has disappeared—is blotted out by steam. Bain's Kloof and Mitchell's Pass twenty or thirty years ago were crossed and re-crossed by traffic seemingly inexhaustible. The Darling Bridge Hotel was the resort of health and pleasure seekers from all directions. Furney

& Swain's beds were always occupied at nights, year in and year out. Sporting men still alive could recount some stories of full bags and jolly evenings connected with their runs out from Cape Town, the Paarl, and Wellington to Darling Bridge. The Tulbagh Kloof and Mitchell's Pass were the spots for picnics before the railway age set in. When was there a picnic last at either of the places? Has anybody for years driven over the hard road across the Flats, which was one of the wonderful achievements of the late Mr. John Montagu when he was Colonial Secretary? If so, his name should be entered upon some public record and preserved for the enlightenment of future generations. What a wonderful world of change it is that civilised mankind inhabit.

There is a great difference of opinion expressed as to the gallery attendance in the House of Assembly with the attendance at the debates on prominent questions during the first twenty years of the Cape Parliament. Some who remember the former Parliaments who I have met (they are not a great many) are much divided on the subject. I have over and over again been asked to decide the question. From what I have myself seen of late years, I do not think that the Parliament attracts so many into the galleries as the Parliaments did during the first twenty years of their existence. It cannot be fairly said, as some of my friends say, that the charm of novelty is gone. Every new session brings its own novelties, and as the settled population of Cape Town is much larger, and there are twenty times as many visitors to the metropolis now as then, one would say the attendance should be much larger now than then, unless the general public have lost a good deal of their taste for politics. That I am not going to enter upon. Mine are reminiscences, not political articles, and I am merely to state what I remember as having occurred "in the days when I was young"—or, at least, younger. In the first sessions, especially at evening sittings, hundreds of persons who applied for admission were frequently unable to obtain it, although they might have been in possession of a member's or even a Speaker's ticket. I have seen a thousand persons around the entrance to the gallery long before the hour for opening, and after the gallery has been full, every seat occupied, and chairs placed in front of the gallery, at least two hundred were crowded round the windows. I

remember that on one occasion, in 1865, the gallery remained crowded from two o'clock in the afternoon to six o'clock next morning, and from my seat in the House I was able to recognise the same faces at the end as at the beginning of the sitting. I have known the Speaker, when the House was disturbed by noises in the gallery, threaten to clear the House of strangers, but I never saw the threat put into execution.

I received a letter a few days since from "An Up-Country Member," asking me if it is competent for journals to be represented by reporters at the meetings of Select Committees. I have thought it better to answer the letter in my "Reminiscences" columns than to answer it privately. There is nothing in the rules of the Cape House upon the matter, and any question arising which is not provided for in the rules must be settled by the practice of the House of Commons. There is a rule of the House of Assembly to the effect that strangers be not admitted; but that they do admit reporters into the Select Committee-rooms of the House of Commons, I know from my own personal experience, for when I was reporter to an English newspaper in 1849 and 1850, I myself reported proceedings which took place in the Committee-rooms of the House whilst Select Committees were sitting. I may mention one case in point. It was when the petition of Barry Baldwin against the return of Mills for the borough of Totnes was referred to a Select Committee. I was surprised when I attended to report the proceedings in the matter of the alleged Kimberley destitution to find that Sir Gordon Sprigg, who had been a short-hand writer for Gurneys in the Committee-rooms of the House of Commons, was under the delusion that it was illegal and never customary to admit reports of the proceedings of Select Committees to be taken. I should have thought he would have noted the presence of short-hand writers not of the staff to which he belonged, as Gurney's reporters in my time sat at the table with the members of the Select Committee, whilst the reporters for newspapers sat at a separate table near the door. I had better say here that Sir Gordon did not object to the proceedings being reported. I was, however, not permitted to take a report of the proceedings in question in our House of Assembly through the casting vote of a member whose motive I pretty well understood.

On occasions when I have reported the proceedings of Select



Committees in the House of Commons I never had to apply for admission into the Committee-room. I walked in as a matter of course. When the Committee paused in taking evidence for the purpose of consultation, the reporters were requested to withdraw, which we did until we were personally known to the Committee, remaining outside until the consultation was over, when we were re-admitted. After we became personally known, we were merely informed that the Committee was in consultation and we did not leave our seats. Of course no reporter abused his privilege, and not a note was taken of the consultation. This recital of my experience will be a sufficient reply to my correspondent's letter—at least I hope so. I would just say here, if any reader of my Reminiscences is at any time of opinion that I have misconceived an occurrence, or that my memory has failed me in the statement of a fact, I shall feel obliged if he will write me *direct*, when I promise I will deal with his letter fairly, and if I find I am wrong, confess and rectify it. As a rule my memory serves me well, but the best of memories may be at fault sometimes, especially when the circumstances related are frequently those of nearly half a century ago. I am writing entirely without notes.



## REMINISCENCE.

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No. XXXIV.

THE FIRST OF THE RIVER DIAMOND INDUSTRY—ROBINSONIA—  
HOW SOCIETY FORMED ITSELF—EARLY DAYS OF THE  
KIMBERLEY MINE—INTERESTING INCIDENTS.

As I before remarked in these Reminiscences, the remarkable incidents arising out of the rise, progress and settlement of the Diamond Fields alone would fill a volume as large as a family Bible, and it is therefore impossible to include them in any ordinary compilation of Reminiscences to be issued in a book such as I am publishing, but there are some of them of such historical value that they cannot be omitted from this work. For instance, those which have to do with the starting of an industry. It is somewhat difficult to follow the early diggers, who were here, there and everywhere looking for the richest spots. One day at Hebron, another at Pniel ; the next the same party, or a portion of them, would be trying some fancy spot, down the river miles away, and then return again to their old diggings. The experiences of Mr. J. B. Robinson, who was one of the first pioneers of the gold industry as well as of the diamond industry, are full of interest.

When the crowd reached the Vaal River their first work was to find out in what localities diamonds had been found, and they discovered that Mr. J. B. Robinson had a gang of natives at work up the river, and finding no end of diamonds in the Hebron direction, but that the Natal party, the first successful diamond hunters, had made a pile out of the Colesberg Kopje, which was near the banks of the river, about three quarters of a mile below the site on which the town of Barkly was afterwards built. The first arrivals decided on trying their luck on the Hebron side

and made their way thither. They had made the journey up in all sorts of vehicles—ox and mule wagons were for the most part the vehicles by which the journey had been made. These were much dilapidated, as were those who rode up in them. The tales they had to tell each other of the journey up—bad roads and no roads, boulders and bogs, lost cattle, horses, and mules (some drowned in crossing rivers, others worked to death, and a few losses from horse-sickness), afforded material ample enough for fireside yarns when the night fires were blazing. Diamond digging on the banks of the Vaal was never very light work at any time, but those who made the first start at it, had not only to dig as they never dug before, but they had to undergo privations which they had not counted upon when they left their homes. For six months at least they had not an ounce of vegetable diet of any sort, and then upon privations of all sorts fever set in, medical aid was not early within reach, and the diggers had to nurse and doctor each other in turns—the nursing was kindly if roughly done. It was not only medical advice that was wanting, but there were not medical comforts either, and many a poor fellow went over to the great majority who might have been alive to-day had he been cared for then. For the most part the men down with the fever, as well as those in health, slept on the ground with nothing to lie upon but a rug. I don't believe that out of the 6,000 first arrivals twenty had a mattress. Of course every party brought supplies, more or less, and all had made provision for being jolly, but when sickness came, and it did come in its severest forms—fever and dysentery—there were no means of coping with it. Those who came to search for diamonds had for the most part, nearly all one might say, been tenderly brought up; had been used to home comforts when in health, to have medical advice when ill, and to be gently tended and nursed when ailing. Out of fifty there were not five who had ever made a basin of gruel in their lives, and if they could have made it a packet of Embden groats was not to be had within a hundred miles of the place.

Yet with all the privations and hardships, the number who died was comparatively few. Of course out of such a number of sick some died, but the funerals were few and far between. It was a standing joke in the later days of the diggings that more men owed their lives than lost their lives through want of doctors. And to whatever cause it is to be attributed, the



death-rate increased as doctors did. The more doctors, the more deaths. But then other diseases came with increased population, and accidents befel the diggers that made the surgeon indispensable.

Until after midsummer, 1870, the population of the Diamond-fields were simply crowds—as many crowds as diggings. There were Hebron, Klipdrift, Pniel, Blue Jacket, Cawood's Hope, and one or two other smaller diggings. At each of these Jack was as good as his master. As soon as disputes began to take place it was seen that there must be some kind of government, and Diggers' Protection Societies and Diggers' Committees were established. By-and-bye it came about that there were two great divisions—the Pniel and the Klipdrift divisions. The Pniel people would have no connection with Klipdrift, and Klipdrift would have nothing to do with Pniel. Each had a Central Government of its own, with as many branches as there were diggings on the side of the Government on which the Central Government sat. The branches had each a Diggers' Committee of their own. On the Pniel side, over which the Free State claimed some sort of jurisdiction, which the President was never able to enforce further than came of sending a magistrate to sit and adjudicate upon such cases, civil and criminal, as were brought before him. All claim and mining differences were dealt with by the Diggers' Committees, elected by the diggers. With the exception of the magistrate, the people on the Klipdrift side was governed in the same way, and on that side the elected committees settled everything. In Klipdrift itself the Central Committee appointed a magistrate, who presided over a Court in which civil and criminal cases were heard and decided. There were "trunks" or prisons on each side of the water, and at one time men convicted before the Klipdrift Magistrate of being "fou" were placed in the stocks. I don't remember of anybody ever being put into the Klipdrift prison, in fact it would not have been of much avail to do so, for the walls were so loosely put together that a prisoner might have pushed his way out without much difficulty.

There is one British official whose name should for ever be associated with the history of the Diamond-fields, and respected by every Englishman in this country who has a spark of the national spirit in him, and it is the name of General Hay, who was acting as Her Majesty's High Commissioner, Governor of

the Cape Colony and Natal at the time—1870, when the Free State and Transvaal were scheming to get possession of the then Diamond-fields. His Excellency was no sooner petitioned to proclaim the territory British than he did it, and it was through his prompt action in that matter that the British flag has waved over the territory from that day to this.

General Hay had not had much experience in civil administration, but he had lots of the true British mettle in him, and he never lost a chance of showing it. Amongst other things for which he was remarkable was his love of field sports, and it will not be much out of place for me to relate one incident in illustration of this. Whilst he was Acting Governor and Sir Richard Southey was Colonial Secretary, the latter waited on him on one occasion, on the day the mail steamer was to leave with the mails for England, and requested His Excellency not to be out of the way, as there were despatches which must be sent off by that mail. "Despatches or no despatches," said the General, "I am going to Wynberg to the cricket match, and I am not going to lose that match, no matter what the importance of your despatches may be." "But you will have to sign them before they can be sent," added the Colonial Secretary, "and I cannot get them ready before noon." "Then you won't find me here," said His Excellency, and when the despatches were ready His Excellency was on the Wynberg cricket ground, to which place the Secretary went in search of him. The General's passion for cricket was irrepressible, and his habit of reading every despatch placed before him for signature was quite as strong as his passion for cricket. When he was asked by the Secretary on the cricket ground to sign despatches he decidedly objected to have his attention diverted from the game going on, and Sir Richard Southey had to return to Cape Town with the despatches unsigned. Sir Richard was always very ready with an expedient in cases of emergency. The mail could not be allowed to go without the despatches, and there was nothing for it but to detain the steamer for twenty-four hours, and this was done. What would be said of Sir Henry Loch if he did such a thing now? Sir Henry Loch is sensible of his great responsibility—he is a civil administrator, and as such has a reputation to sustain. General Hay was Acting Governor, much to his distaste, and did not care how soon he was relieved of the responsibility. His love of cricket would

not have shocked the military authorities, would not even have been a surprise at the Horse Guards, and no military man cares to be at the bidding of the civil authorities, and when military men are set at civil administration they most generally make a sad hash of it, as the people of Griqualand West and the Transvaal know to their cost. The Cape Metropolitans have had some experience of it too. Those now living who remember the rule of Sir Harry Smith would hardly care to see that rule revived.

But for the bounce and bungling of a blatant and conceited military martinet at the head of the Transvaal Government and the bumptiousness of "our only General," we should not have had the disgrace of a Transvaal war, with its consequent loss of life and prestige, which threw back the country fifty years at least, and has been the cause of more heart-burnings than will be cured for the next half-century.

The rapidity with which towns in the Diamond-fields sprung into and vanished out of existence can only be realised by those who were eye-witnesses of the transformation scenes of that eventful period. During the years 1870 and 1871 both banks of the Vaal on which diamonds were found sprung from barrenness and desolation into, first camps of canvas, then into wattle-and-daub cottages, and ultimately into what looked like permanently established towns in which there were banks, post-offices, hotels, club houses, court houses, newspaper offices, music halls, billiard saloons, hospital, and church, and before 1871 had got far in its course the whole vanished and left nothing much behind but empty sardine and canned meat tins, paper collars, broken pipes, and mud walls. In 1870 and the beginning of 1871 from sixty to eighty ferry boats plied for hire on the river, and were going to and fro from dawn to midnight; by June of the same year there were but two boats and one ferryman left. In the stirring months of the period there were horses and carts running to and fro between Klipdrift and the down river diggings; by midsummer 1871 a horse and cart could not be got for love or money. The property of the diggers was of just the description that was the delight of Mr. Wemmick—it was all "portable"—every scrap of the property was portable with the exception of the church and bank. The bank had been portable at one stage of its existence, but at the time of which I am writing it had become fixed, and so



had the church. All the rest was splendidly adapted for a moving population, and when in 1871 it was known that the Du Toit's Pan dry diggings was yielding diamonds without washing, the river diggers, sick of standing knee deep in water cradling and being wet all the week round, moved to a man with all their belongings. The newspapers with their presses and type, the canteen-keepers with their barrels and bottles, the smith with bellows and anvil, the shoemaker with lapstone and hammer, the clock and watchmaker with all his time-keepers and jewellery, the chemist and druggist with his drugs, the doctors with their instruments, marched off in long processions for the new diggings, but all admitting whilst they were going that they had had a good time in Klipdrift. And they had during the latter part of the time. They had their weekly dances, concerts, and public readings, and had just begun to discover how to live luxuriously.

They celebrated the Queen's Birthday—a birthday regatta and a ball; and on Christmas, 1870, they had the orthodox Christmas dinner of beef and plum pudding. They celebrated the birthdays of every member of the Royal Family right loyally—each in its turn, and with great Protestant zeal let off squibs and crackers on 5th November, and even the little native piccaninies had learned how to cry out "Down with the Pope," in common with all Protestant Christendom. I honestly believe that nine-tenths of the people who were at the river diggings in 1870 and 1871 were more happy than they ever were before or have been since. If ever there was a land of liberty—perfect liberty, religious, political, commercial, and social, it was there and then.

True it is that a great number of those who were first on the dry diggings made rapid fortunes. The Colesberg Kopje, afterwards called the Kimberley Mine, was unquestionably the richest diamondiferous locality that anyone has ever known to this day. Men who set out to work of a morning, not knowing where their dinner was to come from, became richer than any member of their family had ever been before it was time for an eleven o'clock snack, and many a digger who left Klipdrift on the pony of shanks in 1871 was riding in his carriage in London before the close of 1872.

## REMINISCENCE.

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No. XXXV.

MEN OF MARK IN EAST AND WEST—PUBLIC STOEPS AND SCENES.

AMONGST Cape Town reminiscences there are none more vivid than those which have the late Mr. James Murison as their most prominent figure—Captain Murison as he was commonly called by the world at large, and Murison amongst his peers. The deceased as a bluff hearty man, one of Nature's gentlemen,

Was pleasant with the grey-haired ones,  
And joyous with the young.

He entered business after many years at sea, when he had command of vessels trading in and out of Table Bay. From the day he landed in Cape Town to the day he died he was a public favourite. Having accumulated a somewhat larger amount of wealth than it generally falls to the lot of captains of trading ships to do, and become a small ship-owner, he resolved to abandon the sea, and establish a home in the neighbourhood of Cape Town. His agents (Messrs. Dean & Johnson) knew his worth, and so did every resident partner in that firm—his worth in a business as in a money point of view. Upon the basis of the old-established business in Adderley-street, the now deceased Captain Murison, in connection with Mr. W. G. Anderson, established the now eminent firm of Anderson, Murison & Co. From the moment that Captain Murison became known as a partner in the firm, his characteristic good nature, his love of fun and frolic, his integrity, and his readiness to help forward an advance movement brought him a host of friends. He was always ready to draw a cheque for the afflicted and necessitous, and to draw a cork in good

fellowship for friends who dropped in either for business or pleasure. He became part and parcel, and a very important part and parcel, of Adderley-street. The stoep of Anderson & Murison was as much frequented as the stoep of the Exchange, and the figure of the captain was as much identified with the street as S. George's Cathedral, the old Post-office, or the Commercial Exchange, and since his place has been vacated it stands a blank; no one has yet been recognised as the man to fill his place as he filled it. When men go to Cape Town from other parts of the Colony, or captains arrive in Table Bay, they find something missing. Cape Town does not seem to them to be the Cape Town they once knew; however it may seem to be to those who reside there and see each other day after day, but even they are conscious of something lacking. They may not always attribute it to the loss of their jocund, good-natured, patriotic old friend, the captain of whom they think and talk pleasantly, praisingly, and regretfully, but it is to that loss that much that is not now to be found is to be attributed. Captain Murison was always starting something of interest, either a steamer trip with picnic party to Hout Bay or Robben Island, a dance, a dinner, a new charity or a new company, or some concern of public importance or interest. He was a director of a bank, member of Parliament, had a seat on the Harbour Board, was a member of the Chamber of Commerce, a pillar of the Congregational Church, and indeed it would be difficult to point out a public movement or work with which he was not attached in some way. His house at Sea Point was open to all comers. The theatre had his support as readily as the church, and he was equally ready to subscribe for a pal as for the distressed afflicted poor. Public entertainers had in him a ready and liberal patron. He went in for amusements as he did for business—with all his heart. When he breathed his last, half the laughing power of Adderley-street went with him, and that was not all that went with him. He was a man of strong affections, and when his wife died he was broken-hearted, and never rallied from the shock. It might be said of him with truth that he died of a broken heart.

When my memory takes an Eastern direction, it brings to me pleasant days spent in the metropolis of the Eastern Province in the companionship of a crowd of friends now no more, and



standing out prominently in the midst of that crowd is one, who, like those above mentioned, was full of energy, mental and physical, who laboured with all his heart and soul to better the land and the people upon which and amongst whom he was born. I allude to the late Mr. George Wood the younger. If he had died of a broken heart it would not have been much to wonder at, for no man worked so incessantly for others as he did, and met with such returns of ingratitude as he. It was not doing to others as he would be done unto that inspired him to do good to others, for he never thought of nor sought for good for himself. He had not a particle, not a speck of self-seeking in his whole composition. Here was another man of restless energy, never still, working from dawn to midnight, grudging himself the leisure and recreation as necessary to the sustenance of health as food and clothing. Sharing with his brothers in the duties and responsibilities of one of the largest mercantile businesses in the Colony, with financial work upon his hands involving hundreds of thousands per week, alone sufficient to occupy an ordinary man's time and powers of thought, he made time for public work of the most trying and distracting kind. He always had from the day I knew him first, a smile and a good kind word for everyone, and when a kind act was needed, he was ready to perform it, whether for an individual or for the community in which—and for which, I may add—he lived.

What with his duties and responsibilities as bank director, Mayor of the City, member of Parliament, and Advocate-General at home and abroad, it was always a marvel to me how he found time for business, but he did, and then, as if he had not enough to do he set about showing the farmers how to cultivate their land and to improve their stock. He imported thoroughbred cattle, crossed them with Colonial bred, imported machinery and implements for the improvement of land cultivation, and gave large personal attention to his live-stock, promoted agricultural exhibitions, took Kowie Harbour affairs in hand occasionally. I don't know when he slept; sometimes I used to think he never did. Everybody in trouble came to him for help or advice, sometimes—most times—for both, and he was patient to hear, giving them his time when he had no surplus time to give. It was a rare thing that he sent anyone who came to him away without giving him what he wanted. When

the Parliament met in Graham's Town in 1864, he was princely in his hospitality to members of both Houses and to all the officials. His banqueting of them is a matter of history that has been preserved by Eastern citizens to this day, but long before he died he had been made to feel the bitterness of vile ingratitude. Men who had been lifted by him from misery into the lap of luxury selfishly forgot the good turns he had done them. They who had called him "The Prince of Good Fellows" proved themselves to be an ungrateful and thankless set. For the only bit of real life that Graham's Town ever had, much of it was due to his influence, administrative ability, generosity, and judgment. There are some still who talk fondly of him, cherish his memory, and prize the reminiscences which include his past presence above all that is ordinary in their common life, and I am one of them. We have his counterpart in his brother, Mr. J. E. Wood, M.L.A., to-day.

I have written previously of the Commercial Exchange Stoop of Cape Town, and I may now go on to say that what the stoep of the Commercial Exchange was to Cape Town in the days of which I am now writing—that is, from about 1856 to 1875—the stoep of the Town-hall of Port Elizabeth was to the Liverpool of the Cape. It was upon that stoep that the leading Elizabethans, merchants, professional men, and the representatives of the press and other public institutions were to be seen collecting before going to business of a morning. Port Elizabeth was always an earlier place than Cape Town. The Bay stores were opened with the dawn, and the mercantile store men rose with the lark, and very frequently with a lark, to receive the loads of wool and other produce which poured into town before breakfast of a morning. Main-street on each side was lined with piles of bales and bundles, and Main-street earned its breakfast before it ate it. But this bustling, busy business did not necessitate the presence of the heads of firms. They came to business about the same time as did the merchants of the metropolis, and they prefaced their day's work in much the same way—that is, they met on the stoep of the Town-hall, wished each other the top of the morning, discussed the popular topics of the day, learnt about shipping and markets, were usually warm about something the then Table Mountain Government had been up to, or threatened to be up to, talked over the latest from

Europe, the state of the wool market, a little literature as well as politics and shop, if in the winter season, "when the strong winds do blow" off the Cape coast, the prospect of "lame ducks." In the "lame duck" business Algoa Bay had by far the largest and most profitable windfalls, as it was the most accessible port for ships in distress coming eastward. There is no pleasanter carving to a port merchant than that of cutting up a good plump lame duck well stuffed with a valuable cargo, especially when she is lamed to abandonment. There is a slice for everybody, for outsiders as well as for those inside the mercantile circles.

The stoep conference had always plenty to talk about, and the first half-hour of the morning was invariably pleasantly beguiled. Earliest in these morning groups it was almost certain to find Mr. Pearson, now senior member for that constituency, Captain Salmond, Mr. J. S. Kirkwood, Mr. John Paterson, Mr. Harries, Mr. Rutherford, and then would come Mr. Alfred Ebdon, Messrs. Fred. and Henry Deare, and Mr. Deitz of the same firm, Mr. D. P. Blaine, Mr. A. J. Macdonald, Mr. W. J. Anderson, Mr. M. Kemp, Mr. G. Chabaud, Mr. Charles Jones (now the colleague of Mr. Pearson, M.L.A.), Mr. Sydney Hill (Savage and Hill), Mr. Birt, Mr. George Impey (of the "Herald"), Mr. George Hudson (of the Customs), Mr. Pinchin, Mr. Stewart, Mr. W. Hume, Mr. Stewart (the founder of the present Standard Bank), Mr. Barsdorf, Mr. John Holland, and occasionally Mr. Alfred Wyld, C.C. and R.M., with a score of others whose names do not occur to me at the present moment, and when Mr. J. Owen Smith and Mr. Keith rolled up, as they sometimes did, the jokes went fast and furious. For wit and humour no man of business in Port Elizabeth was ever more celebrated than Mr. John Owen Smith, whose enterprise, business habits, and straight-spokenness will be remembered as long as the Port Elizabeth obelisk stands, no man was fonder of fun and frolic. The Port Elizabeth morning groups never died out, but grew as the place and the business of the population and place grew, and they were the best means of gathering and disseminating information. On the stoep of the Town-house, and with these assembled groups, were conceived some of the plans which have led to combination and schemes out of which came many of the improvements which gave to Port Elizabeth the impetus which led to its present prosperous and proud position. After



those I have mentioned who formed first groups came worthy successors who continued to hold the stoeep to the present day. From one of these groups we have had some of the most gifted of our politicians and Cabinet Ministers—notably one of the most eloquent speakers who have been heard in the Legislature of the country ; Mr. John Miller, a model Treasurer-General ; Mr. Pearson, who has been a prominent member of more than one Cabinet ; Mr. Alfred Ebden, whose influence in the Legislative Council was as great as that of any man who ever sat in it, without question or exception ; Mr. Harries, the leader of the old Separation Party ; and I might give other instances. Let no man think that these groups have been useless, or that their morning half-hours were so much time wasted. But for them there would never have been the Chambers of Commerce which have wielded, and do still wield, so much beneficial power over the affairs, not only of Port Elizabeth, but over the public life of the whole colony. I say long life to the stoeep group of Port Elizabeth, and may its shadow never be less. The recollection which brings these men back to our mental vision is one of mixed pain, gladness, and pride. They were men to be proud of, men of whom any country might be proud. It was a gladsome thing to have known them, but it is a painful thing to contemplate that so few of them are with us now, that so many of them we shall never see again in this world, and that we have nothing of them but their memories to cherish ; but having so little let us cherish and perpetuate the little we have.



## REMINISCENCE.

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No. XXXVI.

A VOICE FROM BEAUFORT WEST ON IRRIGATION—DAM-MAKING  
AND DAM BURSTING—PROMISES TO IRRIGATE THE LANDS  
NEAR THE VAAL STILL UNKEPT—THE BARKLY HOSPITAL.

I HAVE just received a letter from a very old and much-respected friend at Beaufort West, who, whilst kindly and warmly expressing his appreciation of "my reminiscences," and admitting their general accuracy, takes exception to my having said that although there have been irrigation proposals before the country since the first day Parliament was convened, though nothing has been done to give practical effect to these proposals as yet. He reminds me that a number of landed proprietors have spent thousands of pounds upon irrigation, but have had little encouragement for their enterprise. I thank him for his reminder, but if he will refer back to what I wrote he will see that I was referring to public and general schemes, as carried out by Government and with Government or Municipal assistance, or altogether by Governments and Municipalities in other parts of the world. I had not forgotten, and by no means intended to overlook the efforts that have been made to irrigate their lands by landed proprietors in the Western and Eastern Provinces of the Cape Colony, of irrigation carried out in the Free State and the Transvaal. I have not forgotten the magnificent dam constructed by the late lamented Mr. Robert Hare at Groenfontein, and that of Mr. Distin, of Tafelberg, nor the efforts at dam-making in Beaufort West, but none of these enterprising efforts have been encouraging in their results, but rather go to show how futile it is for individual owners of farms to attempt to carry out irrigation on any large

scale, or for Municipalities to be attempting water supply on a large scale without experienced professional designers and executants.

It will neither be uninteresting nor uninstrucive if I relate here the experience of Beaufort West in the way of dam-making. As I know all the details, I will give them, in the hope that the Minister of Agriculture especially, and others generally, may give a little closer attention to the subject than they have been remarkable for doing hitherto. Those who do will see that irrigation in this country is not to be effected easily or cheaply. In 1871, Mr. A. Devenish, of Uitzedt, in the district of Victoria West, the owner of his own estate, and one of the most enterprising of South African agriculturists, and as good a farmer as ever produced a fleece of wool or sent a bale of snow-white to market, and who had one of the largest and most valuable flocks in that part of the country, resolved upon irrigating his estate of 44,000 acres. In fact, he was one of a family of progressive men. The Devenishes were amongst the most prominent men of the districts in which they lived, and Devenish will be prominent in the records of Victoria West and Beaufort West as long as these districts have a record with a name in it. Mr. A. Devenish having resolved to irrigate his 44,000 acres, set to work in the most practical way to do it, as he did with all else he took in hand. He employed the best-known surveyor in the district, Mr. A. B. Brand, to make the survey, to prepare the design, and to superintend the work. The dam was to be 600 yards in length, with a water slope of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 1. The work went on swimmingly, and was to have cost when completed £3,000.

When £2,000 had been spent, that is, when two-thirds of the work had been done, Mr. Brand was standing at the door of his residence, saw a most peculiar atmospheric phenomena that startled him, and he called his family to come and witness it. About ten miles off two densely black clouds passing over a range of mountains were approaching each other from opposite directions, and the whole atmosphere seemed to be impregnated disagreeably with something indescribable, almost suffocating. The black clouds met, and there was such an explosion as though the great globe itself had burst; the lightning flashed and forked from all directions, and then along came the water, rushing and roaring—it was heard coming for miles before it



really did come, and when it came it was one vast boiling sea through the gorge in which Victoria lies. It first filled a great basin-like plain and then through the tunnel-like gorge, sweeping all before it—one-third of the village, with its houses, shops, stores, merchandise, furniture, roofs from house walls, bales of wool, carts, horses, and cattle. When the deluge ceased over a hundred corpses were found lying along the side-ways where streets had been. Ninety-six corpses were laid out in the library, and there was lamentation and mourning and woe in every remaining home. Funerals occupied days, and the whole town was craped for months after. It was a time of depression, bad enough before the flood, afterwards it was ruin. It need hardly be said that Mr. Devenish's irrigation works shared the fate of the rest, were swept away with a large portion of his stock, and he was left a loser of over £4,000. This occurred on the 28th of February, and it was leap year, an overleap year Mr. Devenish considered it. This is one illustration of dam-making results and an endeavour to carry out irrigation by individual effort, and it certainly is not encouraging.

In 1869 Beaufort West had tried its hand at waterworks and had come to grief, but then Beaufort West had no one to blame but itself for that disaster. It had decided to provide water enough to supply the town and the farmers for irrigation purposes and settled upon plans and cost. A Mr. D. G. Villiers, a leading man of the district and a Municipal Commissioner, who had made little dams which might be more aptly called water-holes, thought himself man enough for the work, and the Municipal Commissioners thinking so too, gave the whole work into his hands, and he became designer and executant. The dam was built on the side of the hill on the upper side of the town; the embankment being of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 water slope and 1 to 1 land slope, with a breadth of top of 3 feet, the capacity of the dam being 572,000,000 gallons. It was fed by the Kuil's River, which is a periodical river having a drainage of about 80 square miles, and subject to very heavy freshets during summer thunder weather. After the dam was sufficiently complete to hold water, about 10 feet of water was allowed to flow into it. This it held very well, but directly a succession of rains came and filled the dam, a subsidence and slip took place in the water slope, afterwards traced to a roadway up the embankment which had not

been properly dealt with. In October, 1869, a breach of 250 feet occurred in the embankment, and the water rushed through the breach down upon the town, carrying away houses, stores, merchandise. Every street was a river. From £30,000 to £40,000 worth of property was destroyed, but happily there were no lives lost, greatly attributable to the bursting of the dam taking place in the day time, and the inhabitants having been forewarned by Captain Tinley, who was Civil Commissioner of Beaufort West at the time, and who, from the first time he saw the work, predicted what would come of it. It was afterwards discovered that no foundation trench had been cut—a very common error in this country—and there was no puddle core. A lesson to people carrying out water schemes not to put their trust in amateur designers and executants. The dam was restored under the direction of Mr. A. B. Brand since the catastrophe, and has supplied Beaufort West with water for the last twenty-five years, and has been the making of the town and district.

I have been trying to remember how many times it has been proposed to turn the Vaal River to irrigation account, but upon my word I can't. Times out of number I have heard that it is just going to be done, and I have no doubt I shall hear it repeated many times more before anything practical comes of it. There is a fine country to be irrigated at the lower end of the district, and if it were irrigated it would soon be cultivated, and we should have a good supply of articles of home growth, cheaper bread and beef, and a score of other necessaries. We are a wonderful people for "going to go" and "going to do." I remember the time well when we were going to make Barkly a fine business town, and one of the most picturesque and attractive waterside retreats in South Africa. The sloping river banks were to be gardens, where strawberries, raspberries, and all the fruits of the earth were to grow in abundance, and the river was to supply the inhabitants with a fish diet of barbel and springers. Churches were built that the inhabitants may be spiritually as well as temporarily provided, and a hospital was built that the ailing as well as the healthy should be looked after. The church is the only one thing of it all that is left to its original purpose. The hospital building has been turned to all kinds of account since it was built. It has been burnt down and re-built since the foundation-stone was laid. All that remains of the old building

are the stone walls and the granite slab inserted in them, which bears the following inscription :

THE BARKLY HOSPITAL.

*Foundation-stone laid July 16, 1872,*

BY

MRS. J. B. BARRY.

*Committee :*

John Campbell, Esq., C.C. and R.M. (Chairman).

Mr. Justice Barry                      Mr. W. Myhill

Mr. W. Schultz                         Mr. E. Webster

Mr. M. Unger                             Mr. J. Strong

Mr. I. S. Gordon, Honorary Treasurer.

Mr. R. W. Murray, Honorary Secretary.

Ben. W. Hall, M.R.C.S.E. and L.M., Medical Officer.

Mr. S. Stent, C.E., Architect.

Mr. W. Pike, Clerk of Works.

Since it was proclaimed a hospital, it has been a school and ever so many other things. It is now a Convalescent Home under the management of Dr. and Mrs. Stubbs, and is giving a better return for the money it cost than it ever did before and a better managed Government institution does not exist in South Africa nor any other where that I know of. The doctor and his lady who have the House under their control make the patients in their charge feel at home, which goes a good way to restore persons in the early stages of convalescence to perfect health. Strong's stone building, that was the Standard Bank, has been turned into shops, and Unger's office, in which hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth of diamonds changed hands every month, has fallen into the hands of the retailer, but the residence of that gentleman is surrounded by an orangery, which shows in its luxuriance how fruitful a district Barkly might be made if any one of the irrigation proposals had been carried out.



## REMINISCENCE.

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No. XXXVII.

A GRAND LESSON ON IRRIGATION—DEDICATED TO WHOEVER  
IT MAY CONCERN, AND TO THE COMMISSIONER OF PUBLIC  
WORKS ESPECIALLY.

THE leading article in the "Cape Times" of Wednesday last which reached me this morning, suggests to me reminiscences which extend over many—very many years. The writer of that article says, that "after having for years vainly looked for salvation from the discovery of minerals and from the wealth earned by acting as common carriers to the hosts of miners and speculators, whom the search for precious minerals attracts, the people of this country are beginning to learn the folly of their hopes, and are asking themselves whether, after all, there does not lie in the skilful cultivation of the soil a safer and surer way to private fortune and more permanent prosperity to the country." How many times have they been asking themselves this during the last half-century? By far a greater number than anyone has kept account of. After every disappointment following on a race for wealth in some bubble-blowing speculation, either at home or abroad, in rushing off to Australia, as they did in 1851 and 1852, in the mad exodus from all parts of the Colony to the mythical copper centres of Namaqualand, as they did in 1855 and 1856, and such like, they have invariably asked themselves the same question, and have always arrived at the same conclusion, but always ready to rush off again from the cultivation of the soil, whenever it has been rumoured that there are fortunes to be made without any industrial effort, no matter what the direction. Always ready to occupy the land, to speculate in land, but not cultivate it. Returning to the subject of irrigation,

the most important of all subjects to this country, I propose to give my remembrance of a projected scheme which followed upon the flood which washed away the irrigation works of Mr. A. Devenish, of Victoria West. At that time Mr. J. G. Gamble was Colonial Hydraulic Engineer, with Mr. A. B. Brand assisting in the waterworks in the district of Beaufort and Victoria West. Mr. Brand, who had given much attention to the subject of irrigation and was deeply impressed with its necessity to enable the country to grow its own breadstuffs and accelerate productiveness generally, devised a scheme which if it had been carried out would by this time have saved the Colony millions of money, have given labour to tens of thousands of men, and have brought thousands of acres into cultivation that have never yielded a pennyworth of anything to anybody.

Mr. Brand's scheme was to block up the Salt River's poort. This poort is situated at about thirty miles south-east from Beaufort in the Murraysburg direction. The poort is upwards of 400 yards in width at the point selected for the dam. The natural facilities for the construction of the proposed reservoir were described by Mr. Brand as being unrivalled in South Africa. In this opinion Mr. Gamble coincided. The proposal was to construct a stone and cement wall 100 feet in height. The capacity of the reservoir was estimated to be 50,000,000,000 gallons, being about a hundred times the storage capacity of the Beaufort West dam. The water would by this plan extend eleven miles up the river valley. The greatest width about six miles. The perymeter, or distance round the lake when full, thirty-five miles. The most extraordinary feature in connection with the basin of the dam is the fact that this enormous lake would have an average depth of 19 feet, the greatest depth being 83 feet. That result obtained, the flood water would escape through natural overflow formed by a neck or depression in the ridge on the Murraysburg side a little over two miles from the poort. The great importance of this feature will be readily understood. The feeding stream to be the well-known Salt River, which has a drainage area of about fifteen hundred (1,500) square miles. The Salt River is known to run more frequently than any of the Karoo rivers, not only on account of its vast gathering grounds, but on account of its being fed by the Nieuwveld as well as by the Karoo streams. The value of this is that the river is fed by both the summer and winter rains. There can be no

question that the feeding stream would have sufficient capacity to fill the reservoir, and preserve a high-water level. I should have mentioned that the overflow nek is rock-bound, and therefore not liable to scour. The width of the nek is nearly equal to that of the poort.

The object of the designer in proposing this scheme was to provide a sufficient supply of water for the irrigation of the Salt River's vley, which would bring something like 50,000 morgen into cultivation. The nature of the soil is what is generally known as red Karoo ground, being an alluvial deposit of great fertility of twenty to thirty feet in depth, and is especially well adapted for wheat-growing, and would be practically inexhaustible. This vley, in fact, has been a natural receptacle for the salt and carbonaceous matter brought down by the river in suspension for ages past. It need hardly be added that a soil capable of producing wheat is equally well adapted for other crops common to the country, for stock-feeding as well as cereals. Even with the efforts of those who have operated upon this soil in the district, taking advantage of opportune rains for ploughing, which, unfortunately, rarely occur, have realised incredibly heavy yields; for instance, of wheat, exceeding 100 to 1. I know of one case in which 130 to 1 was realised.

As far as I can remember, this proposal was made in about 1882. At any rate, it was during the administration of Sir Hercules Robinson, and when Sir J. C. Molteno was Premier and the Hon. J. X. Merriman the Commissioner of Crown Lands and Public Works. The scheme was well received by the Government, and a Parliamentary Commission was appointed to inspect the site, to take evidence, and report. The Commission consisted of the Hydraulic Engineer (Mr. Gamble), the Surveyor-General (Mr. De Smidt), Mr. J. S. Kirkwood, then member for Port Elizabeth; Mr. Auret, member for Victoria West, and Mr. G. Alston. The result was that the Commission reported in favour of the scheme, the whole cost of which was to be £150,000, and no doubt this would have been carried out but that Mr. Gamble reported as Hydraulic Engineer that he was not prepared to recommend the Government to go into such a gigantic and costly work. One of the reasons given for not carrying out the work was that the Government had just expended eleven millions of money in railway construction, and, therefore, it was not advisable to



increase the debt by the addition of another £150,000. No doubt Mr. Gamble, who was an exceedingly timid man, joining in this view, shrunk from the responsibility of advising the Government to go on with the work. Mr. Brand, on the other hand, contended that irrigation and railway works should go on hand in hand, so that the former should feed the latter, dwelling on the fact that the Colony had to import breadstuffs to the value of from £200,000 to £300,000 annually, and those inferior in quality to the wheat grown in Cape soil. Mr. Brand appeared to have had the support of all the influential farmers and landowners of the district, as well as that of the Hon. J. X. Merriman, and reference to the Blue-book containing the evidence taken by the Commission will show that some of the members of the Commission, notably Mr. J. S. Kirkwood and Mr. Auret, strongly supported the immediate carrying out the proposed work. Mr. Kirkwood thought, with such a feasible scheme before them, it was shameful to be sending money out of the country for the benefit of other countries, with whom we were doing no business and were certainly getting no return.

Both the Commission and the public naturally thought that with so plain and practical a scheme, clearly explained with all its details, a report from the Parliamentary Commission in its favour without qualification or conditions of any kind, approved of by the people of the district, the members for the division, and the Commissioner of Crown Lands and Public Works, that the irrigation of the part of the Colony described was nearly as good as accomplished. The press of Cape Town applauded the scheme and pictured the future of that vast tract of country, then bare and barren, as a land, if not of milk and honey, so covered with fields of waving corn, rich pastures, fodder for cattle, with new towns and villages dotted over the wide expanse, an agricultural population busy with ploughs, and all the modern agricultural machinery, the blacksmith's anvil chorus filling the air, to the accompaniment of steam saw mills and all such transformations as well-directed industry affects. But after waiting patiently month after month they at last learnt that nothing was to come of it all, that the country was to remain as it was, and all because the Hydraulic Engineer shrunk from the responsibility of advising the Government to carry out the work—

because forsooth it was spending large sums in making railways ! That which the "eminent expert" prevented being done in 1881 is undone still, and as far as one can see is as likely to be as far off at the end of the next thirteen years as it is to-day. At the close of 1917 we shall in all probability be importing not only our breadstuffs from other countries, as we are now, but beans, peas, maize, &c., &c., that we could grow ourselves, leaving the land unploughed and telling the world there is no market at the Cape for more agricultural labour or more agricultural machinery. That is to say unless some enterprising capitalists, each on his own account, takes irrigation in hand. There may be some, but it needs no prophet to foretell that if there may be a few of such here and there through the country there will never be any such irrigation carried out as to change the face of the country and increase its productiveness and wealth as might be done by a general system upon such schemes as that Mr. Brand proposed for the acres in the Karoo. Here and there you do find a landed proprietor and cultivator of the soil carrying out irrigation upon a fairly extensive scale. I mentioned before the names of Hare of Groenfontein, Distin of Tafelberg, and Devenish of Victoria West. I might have mentioned one or two others who have irrigated tracts of land of some extent, and might have included that of Mr. Douglass, M.L.A., of Graham's Town; but you may count the number on your fingers and still have a thumb to spare. Nearly all, if not all, of the irrigators have been stock-farmers. I do not know of one who has irrigated any large tract of land with a view to the growth of cereals or fruit. There is one just about it now, however, who has for some months been irrigating his broad acres on the banks of the Vaal River—Mr. George de Pass, of Bellobank. He has about 40,000 (forty thousand) acres of land, and he is carrying out a scheme designed by Mr. Brand, the basis of which is a reservoir which when completely full will contain 495,767,250 (four hundred and ninety-five million seven hundred and sixty-seven thousand two hundred and fifty) gallons, and this water will irrigate lands on which Mr. De Pass will grow wheat, fruit, and root crops. He has extensive orchards already producing lots of fruit, which he will ultimately turn to canning purposes, to displace some of the imported canned fruit trade which drains the Colonial purse very heavily. But Mr. De

Pass is only one—true, he is one of a thousand in most senses of the term, but there is plenty of room for five hundred such establishments as his along the banks of the river, and had Government led the way as Sir Richard Southey proposed doing when he was Lieutenant-Governor of Griqualand West, the river banks would not have been the pictures of desolation they are to-day.

There are positively to-day fewer mouths filled from the soil of the lands adjacent to the Vaal River than there was before it was in the occupation of the white man, and this ought not to be. There is very little benefit to the world in displacing the black races if the lands from which they are displaced are not to be made more productive there by. But without waiting to discuss this, there is one little nut which we may amuse ourselves in the cracking of, and it is that we have spent in foreign-grown wheat alone during the last thirteen years at least four millions of money, according to the roughest of calculations, which we might have saved if we had only irrigated our wheat lands and cultivated them.







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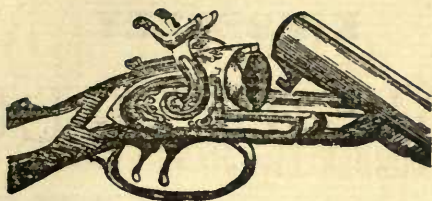
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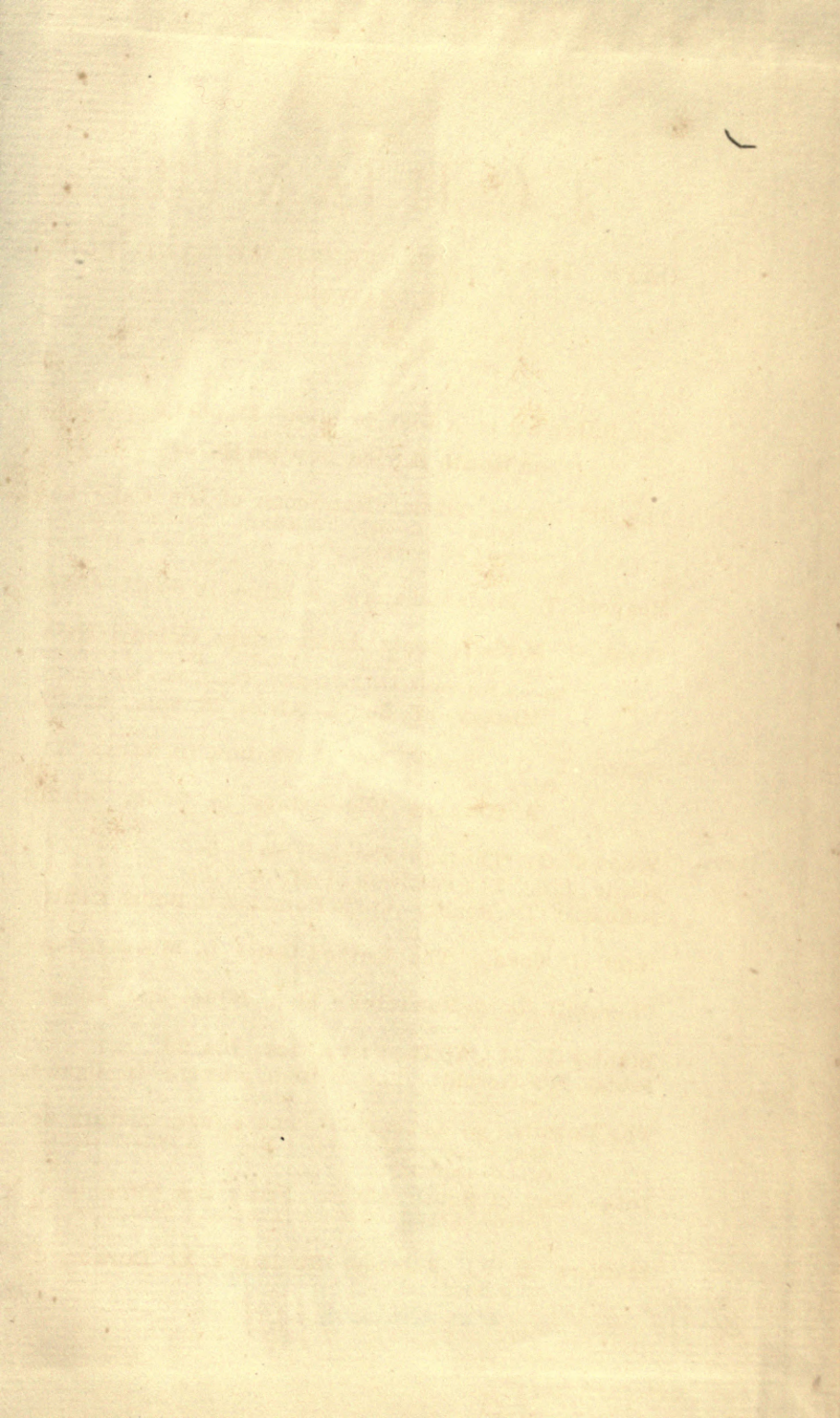
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