

My grand parents were born in England. John Stewart Talbot was born in London; he died in Grahamstown, South Africa, October 20. Priscilla Pursel Talbot was born in England; died in South Africa. Thomas Sweetnam was born in Sussex, England, died October 20 in South Africa. Jenny Barton Sweetnam was born in Kent, England, in the year 1780, April 12; died in South Africa.

They being British settlers of 1820. The Talbot family came across the ocean in the ship named AURORA. The Sweetnam family crossed the sea in the ship WEYMOUTH. In all there were seventeen ships that started from England with the British settlers of 1820. They embarked early in January at Dartford on the ships that were to convey them to Algoa Bay. The British settlers set sail on the sixth day of February 1820 about two o'clock, and sailed down the river Thames to Gravesend, and cast anchor in the evening and remained at Gravesend till the fifteenth of February. Then they set sail and passed down the English Channel and out into the open sea finally losing sight of their native land.

The passage across the sea took them just ten weeks from Downs to Capetown. They then started for Algoa Bay on Monday, the fifteenth day of May, being exactly three months from the day on which they left Gravesend till they landed at Algoa Bay. At that time the country was a wild and deserted looking place nothing but sand and rocks. It was an awful sight to men and women coming from a city like London to such a barren place like Algoa Bay. No home no house to shelter them from the storms that the seacoast is subject to at all seasons of the year. I have seen the southeast wind blow in Algoa Bay. The sea becomes very rough and blows the foam of the sea all over the town. Many ships came ashore at one time. There were eleven ships wrecked in one of these southeast windstorms. Algoa Bay is a very dangerous port for ships.

The hardships of the settlers of 1820 no one can tell but those that had to go through the trials and troubles of the early settlers of South Africa in the war of 1834. The natives attacked the settlers; and the settlers not being used to the mode of warfare, great losses and many lives were lost, which could have been avoided if Colonists had been aware of the Kaffir mode of war. But as it was the settlers had to learn their ways of attacks, which always begins through the night or at the break of day, and the settlers not being aware of that were taken by surprise. The consequence was that many lives were lost in the beginning of the war, which lasted into the year 1838 in which year the first war with the natives closed. At that time I was but a year old.

Drouth took the crops, and but little grain was raised the rust being bad in Salem and in other places where the settlers farmed. But they overcome that by getting the winter wheat, which did very well in the district of Albany. Oats, Barley, and Rye could be raised with very little trouble; but there was but very little money in the country and not much market for anything that could be raised in the Colony at that time.

The Rev. William Shaw was a great comfort to the colonists in their troubles in the early life of the settlers of Africa. Rev. Shaw came from England with the Salem Party. But he traveled a great deal of his time from place to place, preaching to the people of the district of Albany. In Grahamstown there was a chapel built, where Rev. Shaw preached to the people of that town, it being the head-quarters of Albany.

About this time there was a chapel built at Salem. The Salem Party were mostly Wesleyans; so they names their chapel Wesley Chapel. And the Salem Party commenced to enjoy themselves under the teaching of Rev. Shaw.

My Grandfather, John Stewt., lost his wife shortly after his arrival in Africa, which was sevear blow to him. Grandfather had six children, three sons. John, the eldest son, married Sarah Poulton. Charles, the second son, married Elizabeth Miller. The eldest daughter, Amelia, was married to John Paskins. My father, Henry, married Ruth Sweetnam. Maria, the second daughter, was married to Charles Fancutt; he died, then she married Michel Bain. Sophia married Charles Robenson. My father. Henry Talbot, was a mason by trade. In his young days he followed his trade, but later he used to freight from Port Elizabeth to Grahamstown, a distance of ninety-six miles, but did not follow that business very long, but moved to a place call Winterberg and followed the farming business.

“How Boys Worked In South Africa”

I was born in Grahamstown February 17, 1834. John was born August 23 My brother 1835 at Grahamstown. My brother Thomas was born March 25, 1838. at Grahamstown. Charles was born in Grahamstown, South Africa in 1840, August 5. My sister Priscilla was born April 22 , 1842 at Salem, district of Albany, Africa. Sister Hannah was born October 20, 1843 in Salem, Africa. I began my farming life in Winterberg, district of Fort Beaufor, S. Africa, in the year 1844. Father sold one of his freight teams for sheep I can well remember my first lesson in plowing in Africa. It is the custom to yoke up five yoke of oxen to the plow. Three hands go to the field, one to lead the oxen, one to drive and one to hold the plough. We were all eager to go to work, but it soon got old. John and I found it was no easy task to follow the plough all day long but we had to do it all the same. Then there come the dragging of the land that was plowed. John led the team for a while; then I had to lead the team and John was the driver. We had to take it in turns. Father’s word was law. What he said had to be done right strate or we would find the law enforced, and we would come off with a few stripes on our backs as sure as we disobeyed him. Well, we plowed and put in our grain. but the rust took all our wheat. We did not get any wheat. But the next year father got hardie wheat, and we had better success.

Then there was the cows to milk. We knew but little about cows: so we had to learn that branch of farming. Well, the next year brought us better luck. Then there was the thrashing to be done, not thrashing maschens but horses. And the thrashing floor was fenced, and the floor was made hard, and then it was fenced with poles strong and high. And then the horses was turned in on the loose wheat and the horses was driven around on the wheat. All the sheaves of wheat the bands was cut, and the heads of the wheat was laid so that the horses ran around on the heads first for about ten minutes; then we had wooden forks to turn the straw over and bring the heads to the top; then the horses was driven around again; then the straw was taken off with the wooden forks. It had to be turned over four or five times to get all the grain out of the straw. Then we took our forks and threw the straw and chaff against the wind so that the wind would blow the straw and chaff out of the wheat. To commence that operation we had first to clean a place for the straw and chaff to lay on. That was done with a hand scraper. The whole of the wheat was pushed towards the center of the floor and swept with a broom. The the piching with the forks commenced, till we got it all into one pile in the center of the floor. Then we took wooden scupes and threw the wheat

against the wind. Then we took a faning broom and swept the pile that had been thrown, and swept all the white caps off. Then it was clean and ready for market or for mill. It used to take three or four days to clean fifty bushel, and some times more. We had to wate for the wind. If we had good luck we could clean fifty bushels in one day. I tell you it is hard work. It is no child-play you have to be a good hand with the scupe faning broom when I grew to be a man.

“Kaffir War_Disrupts Family Life”

In the year 1845, October 3, my sister was born. I was then eleven vears old. We were still living in Wintersberg, district of Fort Beaufort, South Africa._ In the year 1846, on Christmas day, the Kaffers made a raid on the farmers. They had to move together for protection.

Father’s family moved to the farm of George Wiggell. There was quite a number of families gathered there to protect themselves against the Kaffers. I remember the Kaffers attacked the farmers on William Bair farm. They had quite a fight, but the farmers was victorious. The Kaffers was beat, leaving many dead on the field of battle. We stayed on the Wiggill place for sorpe time. Then we moved to Fort Beaufort, to a safer place the remainder of the war.

Shortly after we got to Beaufort the Kaffers caught a man named Menendall and killed him. That happened not more than two miles from Beaufort. At another time the Kaffers laid hanbush and fiered on the soldiers drove them from the train, burnt the wagons. That was also near Fort Beaufort. In the wars in 1846, there was some fighting at Fort Armstrong on the Kat River, but the soldiers and the colonists was to much for the natives, won the fight and drive the Kaffers find Hotentots_from the Fort and took possession of the Fort. That was one of their strong places. The natives also attacked Post Refaf; but the farmers was in the post and they kept them off for a number of days. The natives laid around the post and would starved the framers out had not the reinforcements sent from Grahamstown come up and drove them away. It was just in the nick of time that they arrived to help the Post Releaf boys out of their trouble. At the end of the war of 1847. father moved his family back to Winterberg. and we went to farming again. It was the old thing over again, plowing and sowing grain, and then thrashing the grain that we raised. Well, things went along pretty well for two years. Then father bought him a place, and in 1848 moved to a place called Battle Gat, in the district, of Cradock I forgot to mention that my brother Albert was born October 14, 1847. after the close of the ‘46 war with the Kaffers. After we moved to Battle Gat my brother Richard was born, at Battle Gat on the 22 of April, 1849.

We went to work on our new farm, plowing, sowing; grain Raising horses cattle and sheep. We had about seventeen hundred sheep. We had about twenty head of horses, and over a hundred head of cattle.

We thought that was a good start on our new farm. But in the fall, we had returned to Winterberg to thrash our grain. We started with horses to tread out the grain. We worked away with a will till we got all the wheat thrashed and cleaned ready for market. Then I down with a fever that laid me up for over a month. I was away from home, but I had a kind friend. A Mrs. Giblins took good care of me till I was better. Then my uncle Richard Sweetnam went home with the horses, and my mother came with a wagon and took me home.

Shortly after that I went to Grahamstown to school. I went to a free school. The

teacher's name Tedape. He was a Scotsman. I lived with a man by the name of Poulton. I went to school in the year of 1850. about a hundred and fifty miles from home; and knew very about books but got along fine at school. I was big boy and understood that it was for my good . I studied hard and learnt fast. I was at school little over a year. That was all the schooling I had. When I left school, sixteen years old.

“Horrors of The Second Native Uprising”

Another war broke out with Kaffers and The Hotentots joined in with the Kaffers against the colonists and the Government. Christmas day was appointed for the outbreak on the farmers, but we were on the alert and met them. This was the war of 1851. Well, times was hard for a while, but the whites was almost every time victorious.

I will relate one surcomstance that happened near Grahamstown. There was a party of farmers going along the road through some thick timber. The Kaffers was in ambush waiting for them; and when the farmers came to where the Kaffers was laying, the Kaffers fired a volley into the farmers, killing some of their horses, leaving some of them on footfone of the boys, His name was Charles Goldswain. He and Thomas Riggins run into the timbers.' Goldswain said to Riggins. “Tom me and save yourself.” But Thomas said.”Charley, while you live I will not leave you.” “I will soon be dead; I cannot live long.” But Thomas stayed with Charley.

The Kaffers and Hotentots surrounded them, and they had a big fight. They closed in on Tom Riggins. He killed eleven of them on the charge that they made. He was wounded in three places. While Tom was fighting, his partner, Charley, died. Tom had the Kaffer's guns that he had killed and loaded them and had then read for another charge on Tom. But the natives did not make another charge on Tom. They were afraid of him. He got home, but he was so weak that he could hardly walk. He told them where Charley was, and they went and got them. There was other cases just as bad as the one that I have related. There was Kaffers and Hottentots in Grahamstown that used to watch for small parties going out and express riders that was coming into town, and they would waylay them and kill express riders and small parties. But one day as they was bringing in a wounded , he raised himself up and pointed to a Hotentot and “There one of the men that wavlayed us.” The man darted off and some of the crowd that was gathered started after him. But he made good his escape. But the fire was burning in the whites, and they went and sirched all their houses, found lots of powder buried in the ground. All such houses that had powder buried in then was burnt, and you could hear the powder explode as the houses was burning. There was quite a fuss, about the burning of the houses; and had it not been for the police and the soldiers, there would have been some shooting done and perhaps worse

I was an eyewitness to it all. I was in Grahamstown at the time. I had not returned from school yet. The Kaffers attacked a train of wagons on the Fish river and surrounded the train. The wagons was loaded, wool bails. The whites cut the bails of wool, and got behind the bails of wool to fight the Kaffers. One of the that was with the volinteaed then to go and get help. So just about dusk he made a dash for the timbers, and the Kaffers did not get him. So the next morning there was a party of colonists_from Grahamstown to the relief; but the Kaffers was gone, made their escape . I could relate many such things as those that I have written. There was a

small party camped out about 7 miles from Grahamstown. The Kaffers came onto them before they were aware of it and killed three of them and wounded two. Two got away without getting hurt. I was one of the party that went to get the dead, the wounded. The wounded got into town in the night. One of the dead had twenty-one wounds in him.

Oh, he was an awful sight to look at, his throat cut from ear to ear. I have seen many sights that I do not wish to see again. His hands were all cut. When the Kaffers would stab him, he caught the assegai with which they were making the wound on his body, and cut his hand frightful. The Kaffers would pull the assegai with which they had cut through his hands. The blade of the assegai is like a knife. The young man that suffered this awful name was Charles Harmond. I was acquainted with the Harmond boys. They lived in Grahamstown in the 1851 war that the colonists had with the natives.

Many things that would be interesting to read, but it is so long ago I have forgotten some of the ups and downs of the Kaffers wars in South Africa. In the latter end of 1851 I got home from school, having been away from home two years. But the war was not ended yet. I went off with wagons to freight; and while I was gone, the Kaffers came and took them, overtook them. There were three Kaffers with oxen. They had killed one of the oxen and made a house of the hide, they were sitting under the hide out of the rain when they came upon them, killing two of the Kaffers, one got away and hid himself. They searched for him but could not find him. If they had found him, they would have killed him. But there were only three Kaffers, and the ox they killed was all eaten up very little. My father told me that he could hold all the meat in his hands. The marrow bones were roasted and all the marrow eaten out of them.

They the Kaffers are awful eaters. A few of them will kill and eat a large ox in a very little while. They never leave till I am all gone.

They have a novel way of killing an animal. They catch the animal and throw it down; then the one who is butcher will cut the animal open at the navel and put his hand in the hole he made and break the big blood vessel that runs along the back. Then they let it up; and wherever it dies, here is the place that they eat it. But I forgot to tell you that the butcher, as he brings his hand out, he brings a handful of fat in his hand, and eats that handful of fat.

And I have seen a Kaffer take a large gall of liver of an ox and drink it at a breath. In their dances the men stand in a row, and the women sing for the rest to dance to the music that the singers make. They make a feast, and have a good time eating, dancing and smoking their pipes.

We still lived at Battle Gate, district of Cradock. After the war we went to farming again. We raised lots of oats, and took it to Cradock to market. We hauled it in the shafts of wagons a distance of about seven-five miles. We got seventeen rix-dollars per hundred pounds P which in American money is \$7.95. But it was a hard journey through a mountainous country. The first day we had to hold the wagons from tipping over; but after that the roads were good most of the way, were nearly level. We used to travel a great deal of the time of a night, as in daytime the sun was very hot and lay over day time. From the place we lived to the mill was about thirty miles to get a grist mill.

Sometimes we had to wate for our turn to come two and three days before we could return home.

While I was young had many ups and downs in old South Africa, too many for me to mention at this time. Battle Gat had snow sometimcs in the winter, but snow did not lay on the ground long. as soonas the came out warm it was soon gone. We never put up hay. In the winter all the stock had good feed all the year round. But when the spring came, they soon got fat.

Africa is a fine country to live in. If it was not for outbreaks of the natives, it is the finest country that I have seen in all my travels through life. Almost anything that is put into the ground will grow-that is, seeds of any kind; fine fruit country, fine stock country. But those black are the drawback to Africa.

“Observations On the Natives in Africa”

The Kaffers buigh their wives. They give for a girl thirty head of cattle and sometimes more. The girls has no voice in the sale of herself. The father of the girl is the one that sells his daughter. Noather tears nor words will alter his mind, but she has to go with the man that bies her. Sometimes the Kaffer girl is bought with money at different prices, according to the looks of the girl in the eyes of her lover. She must go; let her howl or weep. If she is not satisfied and she runs away, her husband goes to her father and demands his wife. The father of the girl has to hunt up the runaway and restor her to her husband, or give up what he gave for the girl and if her father goes after her, she will remember it, for her father will give her a good whipping to teach er a lesson for her to stay with her husband. So you see, they have no choice or chance but to be contented with their lot in life. The man has as many wives as he can buigh and pay for. The women do all the planting and tilling of the land, and careing for the crops, and do all the harvesting and getting all the crop in out of the field. In fact, the women is the slave to do the work for the men. The women will not eat any peace of prime meat. They will tell you if you offer a peace of prime meat to them: they will say to you: That is man’s meat and will not take it. But the neck, or the ships is the meat that they will eat. It is bom and bred in them to believe in their belief in those things. So you see how superstitious they are.

Now I want to tell you about, a Kaffer woman when she is the mother of four or five children. In the first place, the Kaffer woman carries her baby on her back; and when she is the mother of four chidren, and the baby wants to nurse, she puts her breast under her arm or over sholders, and gives her child nurse in that way. You may that strange, but it is the truth all the same. And the Hotentots are so heavy-set that their child can stand on their projecting part behind, and stand with ease. Set Hotentot woman down on her seat, and she cannot get up unless she turns on her hands and knees; then, she can get up but not till then. That is a woman of a family. The Hotentot girls are all right while they are single but after they get married they git stout, and heavy.

They are loose curitures. I have see two trains of wagons meet, and the women would chainge men. The women on. the one train would.chainge,.and go with another Hotentot man, and think it. Was alright to do so. They are the loost human that I know of, filthy low, and laisy. Will not work if they can help themselves. They love strong drink, will git drunk and fight; both mail and femail go into a fight, swear, and curse

like good fellows. And they fight bad, I tell you ! I have seen two men fight, going back from each other and running and buting thier heads to, one falling on his back one way and the other falling the other way. But the most fun is to git a Hotentot drunk and then tease him till he gits fighting mad and see him try git at you to hit you. And of all thier failings they are a kind-hearted people, will do anything for you that they can to help you in anv trouble that you mav be in. That is the way I have found them. They are light yellow coular, wooly head.

They have got plentv to sav. And they are fine dancers, quick and nimble, active as a cat, and a true friend to you when they take a notion to you. The women are fine washers. I could say more about them, but that is all I want to say now. But I will say that they are very superstiscus and believe in witchcraft and gosts. You can scare them almost to deth. Just dress up in white like they believe a gost is dressed, and then you will see them run for dear life.

I want to tell you what the Kaffers will do to you if they catch you in time of war. They will give you no quarters t but it sure deth to you, One way is to cut vou to peases, joint at a time, to see how much you can stand. They will cut the tongue out of your head, take your eves out. That is one way. And another way is to grease your body and stake you on a piss-ant bed. and then sure up the piss-ants and let the ants bite you to death. I have know of them skinning a man while he is alive. And if you should them for a drink, they would give you your blood for a drink. I have seen men's bodies cut into small strips, and had to be out in sacks to git the bodies home their friends, all cut into small peases. There is one tribe, and Zulus in Natal; when they are at war with a nation, they kill all, both men and women and child infants no matter what the age. They are cruel and a savage raise of people. But with the Kaffers it is different. They will not molest a woman or a child. They consider it beneath a man to molest women and children, but let them go, not taking notice of them at all. They pride themselves as being above a woman, and consider it cowardly to kill either woman or child; as they neather the nor child goes to war,so they are free.

But do not interfear with the familv of a Kaffer if you do not want to die. If you do, he will kill you like a dog. If with his wife, he will kill you both, as soon as he gets a chance to do it. The Kaffer is an expert as a thief, but if you find him out he will pay you fourfold. But the thief they will not give up. The chief will say. "You can have your pay,but do not ask me for the man". He will tell you "It hurts my heart to give my man up to you." In time of peace you can visit among them. They will treat you well, and they will feed you while you are visiting with them. The chief will put a man to guard you at night, and if anything Should apen to you, and the guards-man cannot give a satisfactorv account of how it append, and you get killed, the guardsman is sure to be killed for not doing his duty by you. For the chief tells the guardsman to protect you with his life if need be, or he forfeits his own life.

"True Causes of the Native Uprising"

I will now go back to the farm in Battle Gat. My brother Edward was born January 12, 1851 at the beginning of the '51 war, at a place called Volver Fontain in the district Cradock. In 1852 my brother Walter was born. October 16 at Battie Gat. My sister Susannah was born a place called Whitelsea, March 12, 1854. district of Queenstown, South Africa, Father sold out the Battle Gat place, and we moved to a place in the district of Queenstown.

The Government gave father and myself a farm for services done in the war 1851. It was called Thorn River, right on the border of the Kaffer land. Our farm joined the line of boundary, and I tell you we had to keep our eyes open and watch the natives. My brother Stephen was born at Thorn River, November 15, 1855, district of Queenstown. Sister Eliza was born August 17, 1857. at Tusintus, district of Queenstown. At this time there was another talk of war.

We moved from our farm to a larger or camp, for the protection of each other, near the Whitelsea. We was there for months, but the war feaver blew over again. We moved our stock to Deep River, onto my Uncle Ben Sweetnam's farm, stayed there for awhile and then the boys that is. my brothers and myself, went back to Thorn River with the stock. But father and mother went to a farm in Tusintus for awhile with the sheep, but soon moved back to Thorn River to live. That was 1859. On May 5, 1859, brother Hyrum was born at Thorn River, Queenstown.

Now I want to tell I you what happened while we was moving about in the last rumor of war. The Chief Cicle was the cause of the great disterbance. This chief was mad at his warors and swore he would humble his people. He was in a fight. His horse got shot under him and left him on foot, and his warorers on horseback rode past him and offered to assist him; and he then said that he bring them down. So he got a man of his tribe to do the dirty work for him.

This man was a man that had been taught to read and write at the missionary schools, could read could read the Bible; and he became the tool in the hands the cheaf to humble his people The Chief got this man to say he was a prophet and that the Spirit had told him to tell them they was to kill all the dun-colored ca, then the spirit said they was to kill all the yellow cattle, and, then they killed all the the yellow cattle . Then this man told them not to plant corn and not to dig and pick in the ground for the cattle want to come out of the ground. This prophet said he could hear tcattle making a noise under the ground. But the Spirit was angry with the people; they must kill the rest of the cattle that they had. They was not to eat the flesh of the cattle, because the Spirit would be mad at them if they did. He tole them if the moon came up red it would be all right, but the moon did not come up as he had told them. But he told them they would go to war with the whites: and when they went into battle, not to be afraid, "...for the whites, when they shoot at youAthere bullets will be turned to water and not hurt you." Well, the whole tribe was soon in a destitute condition. Soon they was starving, their children crying for something to eat; and hundreds of them died of hunger.

I will tell you of a woman that had two children. She left her home and crossed the boundry and came into the colony. She came to our farm. She tried to git both of her children to our farm, but she failed. She had to leave one of them on the road. She came to the house and told us that she left it and where she had left it. We sent and got the child, fed him and cared for him; and he was bound to father till he was of age to do for himself. Many of them went to the agent, and bound themselves five and ten years if he would let them stay with us for their bord. But there was so many that we could not keep them, and we feed them for two days and sometimes a week. But we could not keep them. They would have run us out. I felt sorry for them.

We was going to the mill for flour, and we found a man laying by the rodeside. We gave him a lofe of bread and told him we would take. When we came back he was dead. He had eaten to much of the bread that was left with him. He was told not to eat

much, but a little but the man was too hungry. He could not sate and eat a little at a time; so he eat and died before our return. The mill was twenty- five miles from our home.

“Our Duty To Fight The Natives”

In the district of Queenstown we had to meet once a year, with a horse, saddle, and bridle, and a good gun, on May 24, the Queen of England's birthday, to show we was ready for service and on hand to fight natives if they became unruly. The whole district of Queenstown was under that law by the grant of the farm we had from the Government. So we mustered once a year to show our willingness to do what we agreed to giving the farm, the Governor he being the Queen's representative in Africa.

I can remember once we was called out to go against the same chief that caused so much sorrow among his people. He came over the boundary of his country. The Governor ordered him back. He sent a message to the Governor that; he would not, that he had eight-thousand men saying, “Send your soldier and we will fight you!” But the Governor called eight hundred young colonists and when they found out that the colonist was coming against them, they got out of the way of us, but we went after them and drove them back. We took eight-days food with us, but we was fifteen days out from home. We had an awful wet time. It rained nearly every day while we driving the natives over the boundary to their own country. I did not like the rainy weather, but we saw and traveled through some very fine country. We drove the natives over three-hundred miles. Some said it was five-hundred miles we drove them.

Well, we had two such sprees like the one I written. The natives will not stand for the colonists to come and fight them. They have a mortal dread of the young men of the colony. I asked once how it was that they was not afraid of the soldiers and so afraid of the young men of the colony. They said the soldiers shoot without taking aim; but when the colonists shoot they take good aim at them, and when the gun goes off a man is sure to be killed. Now, that is true. We all ways shoot to kill, and most of the young men are dead shoots. pride ourselves in hitting the mark we shoot at.

In one of those outs we, that is three of us, had, quite a little fun one night while we was after the Kaffers. The captain of our company said to me “wait for me here till I come.” Another of our party came along. The captain said to him, “Stay with Henry till I go and see the commanding officer to know where we have to meet.” A third man of our party came along. Our captain told him to hurry up to our party and tell them to halt our party. He did not do what he was told. went right along. After a little while the captain came. We followed the tracks of the party through the grass. At last we came to a swamp, where everyone took the best road through the swamp. When we through the swamp we could not find the trail again. We kept on but did not come-up with them.

It was night. At last we saw a flash of light We hollered; they answered us. We took to head them off. So we could get up to them. But judge of our surprise—it was a party of the Kaffers we was driving. As soon as we caught up with the, the Kaffers formed a ring around us. They were on foot, we were on horseback. I did not like_ the Look of. our situation, I tell you. Our Captain said to me, “I do not like this.” I looked at the other man. He was so scared that I could see his gun shake, he was trembling so . I had

my gun in a holster. I pulled that off, cocked to the barrels of the gun, and made straight for the ring. One of the Kaffers said to me in the native tongue. "Do not shoot me sir". I took no notice of him but pushed my horse to the ring, my companions following me close. We got to the ring. They opened for us. We was not long in giting away from them. They was about two hundred in number.

Towards morning we fell in with the main division of the command, stayed with them till sunrise, and then went in surch of our company. We found them about eleven o'clock. It was fun when we got clear of those Kaffers. That was the last we saw of them. It scared the Kaffers so when they saw us coming strate for them that they opened up and let us pass. I believe they, thought our party was close at hand.

"Some of the Wild Life Of South Africa"

We had fine sport with the game while, we lived at Thorn River. There was springbuck, hartbeast, stepback, orbea (that is also a buck) reybuck, lions, and quager. Every little while the boys on the Thorn River had to have a hunt among the game, and we always got some when we went out. It was a fine place that we had. It was a farm of three-thousand acres. We had our own cannal. We had our wood on the farm, a fine place for pasture grass, fine rich pasture in that regain of the country. All the trouble was those confounded Kaffers would not behave themselves. No bear in Africa that I have seen. There was lots of ostrich to be found on the Thorn River. I shot one off his nest, the mail bird. The nest had thirty-one eggs in it. I have got two of the eggs out of that nest. They was the smallest eggs in the nest, and the eggs that I have got will measure fifteen inches one way, and seventeen inches the other way. birds sit on the eggs by turn. One bird will relieve the other. I have seen ostrich feathers laying in the open country that if I had them here they would be worth hundered of dollars to me. But there they was thought not fit for use. The mail bird is blackfthp femail is brown.

The ostrich is swift. It takes a very fast horse to catch one of them. Only one way they can be caught easy, Conseal yourself close to the water. Lot them have a good drink of water. Then, when they are full of water, git on horse and push them hard on the run. And if your horse is good, you will have him inside of two miles. But if not catch him in that distance, you had better give up t he chase for the further he runs, the greater gap there will be between you. He will fight if you catch him. He k, and kicks hard The little ostrich, when it is along, it will hide from you and you will have quite a time to find it. The Springbok is the fleetest animal on foot that I have seen, t.he prettiest acting animal. It can jump thirty feet at a single bound. It never walks across a wagon-rode goes over the road at a leap. A grayhound cannot catch one of those springbok. It has three -brown, white and yellow. Its eyes are also . It has very pretty horns. The orbec is a buck with three colors; light-yellow the body and the beley is pure white, the tail coal black.

There are many kinds of snakes in Africa. All of them are poisonous. It is deth for any of the snakes in Africa to bite you. The coprade palo isone of the worst that there is. The puf-adder is another bad . If he bites a person, the one that is bit will puff up all over his body, and will soon be dead is not done for the person, in Africa, Croff's tincture is not used right away. The puf-adder in shape and color is just like the rattlesnake, It is a sleepy looking snake. He throws himself over backwards to bite. There are so many kinds that I will not be able to write about them all. The is one I

want to mention, and that is the hoodsnake. He is red. When he is ready to fight he will raise his head up over a foot from the ground, and he can throw skin of his neck up around his head and form a hood round his head to protect it while he fights his enemies. is about six feet long and a little thicker than a good sized man's wrist. There is a big black snake with two thin white streaks under his throat. He is upwards of eight feet long. He will raise his head up from the ground two feet to fight, and flatten out the skin below his head about three inches; and he will keep his eye on you all the time while his is fighting. He is very bad to bite, and he is quick to bite if he gets a chance. He looks fearful when you see him coming at you to fight.

“Mormonism Comes to South Africa”

In 1858, we sold out and moved to Queenstown with the intention of going to America. But before that about a year we had the gospel brought to us by a neighbor. His name was Taylor. This man was a farmer. He lived on the Thorn River, some miles from us. He gave us a tract given to him by one of father's friends. His name was Joseph Humphin. As I said we moved to Queenstown. In 1859, while I was in Queenstown, I took a notion to get married. I had been keeping company with this girl for some time. She had moved from the district of Queenstown to the city of Cradock to live, two-hundred miles away. Her father died on November 22, 1858. Her father on his dying bed wished her to go to Cradock to live with her sister. So she went. But in 1859, in June I followed her to Cradock. We was married on July 11, 1859. Her name was Lavinia Ann Wall.

I started back to Queenstown on the 14th of July. I had a novel way of getting to church. We went in the wagon with seven yoke of oxen. I could not hire a rig for to take us to church, because I was a Mormon. that was alright we went in our own rig to the church, and no thanks to anyone. We arrived in Queenstown on the 21st of July. We lived in Queenstown not quite a year and then moved to Port Elizabeth, and went on board the ship the Raice Horse on the 28th of February 1861. The captain of the ship was John Sirles of Cambridge, Massachusetts. He was a fine little man. We also had the captain of the ship HEARO, that was wrecked in Algoa Bay. The ship, a whaler, came into port to ship, the whale oil he had on board. He shipped it to America, He had put off three hundred barrels of the oil he had on board of the ship when the storm came and wrecked his ship. So he returned home with us to Boston. His name was HUSEY from the state of Kentucky. He was also quite a good man. My first child was born in 1860. We named him Robert Wall Talbot.

“Remarks Of The Life In South Africa”

The summer time in Africa is December, January, and February. There is fruit of all kinds in those months, have peaches in April. But June, July, and August are the coldest weather we have in Africa. I have not seen fruit in this country like in Africa. The sun goes on the north side of you. So the person that comes from Africa is turned around, he sees the sun on the south side. He looks to the north for the sun if he was born and raised in Africa.

September and October are the rainy months. Many times the rivers will overflow their banks, and no rain where you are; but it had rained up towards head of the river, and that is the cause of the overflow of the river. I remember once we camped before crossing the river; and in the night the water came down, and we had to lay seventeen days before we could get across the river. But it learnt us a lesson, never to camp in

front of a stream but to cross it and then camp.

I tell you, I felt the nawing of hunger before we got over that river! We never carried much food with us, because we could git it almost anywhere; but hemed in by the water we could not go anywhere to buy food. So we had to tuff it out of roots, quails, eggs, and honey. Eggs I cannot eat, and honey is poison to me. Roots was all I had to live on for eight or nine days. This was a frighting trip. We did not have anything in our wagons we could eat. I was but a small boy at that time, some eight or nine years old. The best bread that I ever tasted was almost all bran. We got it from freighter after we got through the river where we was stopped by the river for so many days. So we enjoyed that brown lofe all right.

I tell you. a person does not know what it is to be without bread, till he has had a taste of hunger for the want of bread.

We was stoped once after that by the same river; but this time we had flour on our wagon, and we used some of the flour. The man that owned the flour would not take any pay for the flour that we used. Many a time I have been stoped by the rivers of Africa, and had to wate till the river was low so that I could ford it.

“Comments On The Bushmen”

I will now tell you a little about the Bushmen. They are a very small raise of people in South Africa. The man is about four feet and a half high. The woman are much smaller than the men. Their color is yellow, wolly-headed, flat nose and high cheek-bones, quick and active. Their wepon is the bow and arrow. They have a box about fourteen inches long, with strings fastened to the upper end. In this box the Bushmen puts snake poison. Then they put their arrows into the poison, and sling the box on their back so that the mouth of the box will come over their left shoulder. They take their bow in their left hand take the arrow from box with their right hand, and will shoot as quick as you could shoot a pistle; and they are good shoots. And if their arrow draws blood on you, it will kill you if you have not got something to kill the poison that goes into the blood off the arrow. Other natives are afraid to fight the little Bushmen because of the poison on their arrows.

The only way for a man to do is to cut the pease out as soon as he is hit. To cut a pease out all around the arrow is your only safety. But if you have Dr. Croff's tincture of life, then you are all safe. A few drops of it will kill the snake poison. You must drop it into the wound. Then you are all right again. The Bushmen live in the caves in the Klifts on the mountains. They are artists. In their caves where they live you can see beautiful paintings of all wild animals. The oil that they use is the marrow out of the bones of the game that they kill. The paint is different colored soft chock, which they grind up fine, the micks with the marrow. The animals that they have painted are still around the mouth of their caves, look as bright as the day that they were painted. Anything that takes their eyes they will paint. When. the English soldiers came out to Africa with their coats, white pants, and their white belts, it their eye; and they painted the soldiers standing in a row, with their red coats, white pants, and the white belts across their red coats, and the yellow on the best of the soldiers just as natural as they could be. They are smart in thier paintings. All their game that they kill to eat they shoot with their poison arrows; and when the animal dies. they cut the arrow out, and then they eat the meat. Horse flesh is their favorite meat. They will kill a horse before anything for their own use. They love horse flesh. I could never learn to speak their language I was with them forever.

” The Dutch Of South Africa”

I will now tell you a little about the Dutch in Africa. I like the Dutch. They are friendly and kind, respecting everyone’s rights, very polite to the stranger traveling among them, teaching their children to respect aged people. If a stranger calls at their house, they will treat him right, keep him over night, be friend and entertain the guest the best they can. Coffe and the pipe goes the rounds _quite often in the corse of celebration during the evening. If you are a young man and you come into the house and there are old people in the room, you are supposed to up to them, shake hands with them and say “How do you do Uncle” or “how do you do Aunt”. Those about the same age you take by the hand, saying. “How do you do “; either boy or girl, it does not matter which it is. Little boys will come in, take off their hats and walk up to you and put out their hand and greet you with “How do you do. Uncle,” even if they have never before seen you in their life. You see, that is the way they are taught, and they expect you to honor them in the same way. I have been to Dutch houses, and I have been treated fine. There is one thing you must submit to and that is if you are going to sleep, in their beding, you have to have your feet washed before going to bed. Ihe sirvant or one of the daughters of the house will come in with a small tub of water. She will go to the master of the houseand wash his feet and do all in rotation till all have had their feet washed. Then you are ready for bed. Then you are given a fine feather-bed to sleep in clean and nice. Then as soon as it is daylight coffee is ready and you can have a cup of coffee to drink. You will have right along smoke and then coffee, and talk to the company till eleven o’clock. Then the breakfast is ready. If it is a rainy day it will be coffee and smoking till supper time. That will be early in the evening. When a person is not used to it he gets mighty hungry. But after while a person gets used to fasting so long. There is a class of Dutch that are called “Dopers.” They are very strange, in their way of dress, their pants have draw-string at the wast. They draw this string tite around the wast. And they are to short in the legs, about three inches. No socks on but they have corse shoes. Their vest is four inches to short, does not come down to the pants. And a little short hip-jacot. Their hat is two sizes to big for them I tell you, they look a perfect fright.

The young people sit up nights to spark. The girls furnishes the candle. The girl takes tallow and wick, and presses the tallow around the wick. If she likes you, she will bring, a long pease of candle; if she does not care for you, she will bring a short pease. So you can always know if she likes you. Every three months they have a “Naughmal” that is their conference. Then they are taken into church. Then they get married. Their church is Dutch Reformed Church. That is the church they believe in, and no other. The Dutch are great to marry cousins so they keep the money in their own family, and some of them are rich. When the girl gets married, her father will keep them for a year free, to give them a start in the world. After that they can comence on their own hook. So you see the young man gits a wife and keep for his wife and himself for a year.

The Dutch are good neighbors, kind and very good in sickness. They will do anything, for your. Great many of them keep lumber on hand to make their coffins with. They want seasoned lumber, and they keep the lumber for years. There was one man had his coffin made and used it to keep his bread in to keep it moist, as the bread drys out in that country it is so hot in Africa.

I knew a man by the name of Samuel Debeer that was chosen to command the Dutch volintears that would not accept the office placed on him by his countrymen. But addressed them like this: “Fellow countrymen. I thank you for the honor you confereed on me as your leader to go to war. But I cannot trust my life with you no ferther than I

can swing a bull by the tail.” But the same man offered to go with the English volitears anyplace they wanted to go but not with the Dutch, though he was a Dutchman himself. But he was brought up English style, and was not one with his country-men. The Dutch do not like the bullets flying around their head, and Samuel De beer knew it and did not want to be left to the mercies of the natives. The Dutch will fight if they are surrounded and cannot get out. They are good shots, and will make their bullets tell if they see no way of escape left for them. They know it is death to be taken by the natives. So if they cannot get away, they will fight to the death. No quarter for a white man with the natives, put prisoners in all sorts of cruel. Death. So you see it is better to die fighting than to be put death by the Kaffers.

Conclusion

At this point the history of Henry James Talbot breaks off. He was quite old at the time of writing, and a severe stroke of sickness, which interrupted his work, left him in a state of health which would not permit him to go back to it. The original of this story, written in pencil in a little brown-backed notebook, is in the possession of H. J. Talbot of Lewiston, Utah. He lent it to me to be copied during March, 1934. During that month I gave copies to several people in exchange for other things. The demand for them was great enough that now, Sunday May 27 I have just finished typing it for the second time, making six carbon-copies to be given away. It was on March 13, that Andie Talbot and I visited H. J. Talbot and obtained the Notebook. This time I have taken the liberty to make certain slight alterations “in the wording for the sake of clarity. I have also divided the story into chapters. given to a title wholly of my own choosing. My purpose in doing so to classify the various parts according to subject, thereby enabling the reader to turn quickly to whatever division he wished to find.

Kenneth Larson

Eden, Idaho

(I Oda Bolen, have typed this copy of this history which I obtained from Cliff Talbot, 3417. Van Buren

Avenue, Ogden, Utah)

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