



Settler Stories

by

Frank W M Bowker

A SHORT BIOGRAPHY OF FRANK W M BOWKER

Francis William Monkhouse Bowker (Frank) was the third child and second son of Miles Robert Bowker, who was the only son of William Monkhouse Bowker who, in turn, was the second son of the original Settler, Miles.

Frank was born in 1871 and died suddenly at Thornkloof in 1942.

He was educated at St Andrew's College in Grahamstown.

Frank married Geraldine Elphinstone Reid in 1913 and they had one son, Francis William Monkhouse II.

Frank is the author of this collection of articles which were written circa 1930 – 1942 for the Grocott's Daily Mail in Grahamstown.

Frank had a quiet disposition but was a most interesting man, full of family stories and the history of the district. He was a keen botanist with a great knowledge of local plants and shrubs, and especially succulents of which he had a good collection.

He was the OC and organizer of the District Rifle Association from its inception in 1918 and he donated and erected the targets and put life into the whole Albany Commando.

He was President of the Carlisle Bridge Farmers' Association from its formation 1930 until his death and served on the executive committee of the Eastern Agricultural Union.

Frank was a keen cricketer and captained the famous Fish River Rand cricket team.

He also did much for his alma mater and was made President of the Old Andean Club for his contributions.

He was an ardent student, philosopher and a great reader and became a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society.

During the Anglo-Boer War he served with Brabant's Horse and later with Gorrings' Flying Column in 1901. During the latter part of the war he was a lieutenant in the Albany Commando.

Despite being a big game hunter, Frank was a great conservationist and had a great love and knowledge of wild life and nature.

He was an outstanding and hardworking farmer and very thorough, meticulous and tidy in everything he did.

These articles bear witness to somebody with a keen mind and a great love of family, friends and the local district in which he lived.

SETTLER STORIES OF LONG AGO.

Adventure with a Leopard.

By Frank Bowker.

Special to the Daily Mail.

The incidents in my story took place in the early 'sixties of last century, that is over seventy years ago. At this time leopards were still very plentiful in the dense Fish River bush. During a period of approximately thirty years I was told that sixty-two were killed in this locality, nearly all on the farms Mountain Top and Abraham's Schoote. My late father accounted for, I think he told me, thirty; most of the rest, but not all, were killed by, or at any rate on, the farm of the late Mr. Wessel Wessels. The two farms mentioned have mile-long krantzes overlooking the Fish River, the home of baboons and dassies and the food supply being plentiful the leopards flourished. My father killed his by trapping, and shooting with a spring gun when they had killed stock, and by hunting with dogs. Good dogs that are trained will chase a leopard up a tree and the animal is then shot. He had no accidents, the nearest to one being when he blinded a charging leopard with No. 5 shot, and so escaped.

Leopards are not quite extinct in Albany even now. A few years ago a pair killed quite a number of sheep on Mr. Brown Pohl's farm Willow Fountain, near Riebeeck East. One of the parents and two cubs were killed and the remaining parent got away, leaving a claw in the trap. As lately as last year on Mr. Ronald Currie's farm adjoining the Grahamstown commonage, a leopard caught a sheep. It seems likely this one had cubs, as it carried a sheep some distance and tried to get it over a high jack proof fence. It finally got a portion over. This animal, so far as I know, was not killed. Some of the country at the back of Botha's Ridge is among the roughest in Albany and it probably came from there and may be there still, as there are plenty of baboons and other things for it to live on without killing stock. I have not heard of any other leopards in the district, though there may possibly still be some. There is probably no more cunning or wary animal than a leopard and it is most dangerous too. Plenty of hunters have been mauled by leopards, both wounded and unwounded, and many have been charged and saved themselves by straight shooting - a brother of mine had this experience.

I once read in a book on African animals by a very experienced hunter, that a leopard will charge "with the speed and accuracy of a rifle bullet"; so even a wounded one is no mean antagonist. I regret to say I have only accounted for one in my life, but as I have only fired one shot at a leopard my record is a good one. The skull and skin of my animal, shot in Kenya, are in the Albany Museum.

A SCARCE BREED.

How many of my readers, I wonder, remember what was known in former days as the old boer dog - "die ou boerhond." I think their ancestry and breeding are not accurately known, but I presume they were introduced into this country by the Dutch. To-day the breed is scarce in the Union, but has been established in Rhodesia (from dogs taken up by the early pioneers), where they are known as the ridge back lion dog, and registered in the Kennel Club stud book. These old boer dogs were very large and very powerful, savage, and did not know what fear was, but at the same time tempered courage with discretion. The old Boer farmers in early days always had a few of them and better dogs to keep off marauding natives and thieves and to protect stock from wild animals could not be wished for. They played their part well in taming the wilds. Soon after leaving school, more than forty years ago, my brother and I had a large pack of dogs, which included several boer-dogs and we accounted for many baboons and wild pigs and other vermin in the Fish River bush. A prevailing colour was a dark cream with black muzzle and the hair on the back inclined to be curly and to stand the wrong way - hence the name of ridge back.

At one time my father when a young man had a pack of these dogs, but had, through various reasons, lost them all, except the very best, "Old Spion." She had given birth to four pups and at the time of the adventure these pups were about eight or nine months old, nearly full grown, learning to hunt and spoiling for a fight. On the day of the hunt a young man lately from Ireland, called Kelly, who was learning farming with my grandfather, accompanied my dad. At the top of a kloof Spion entered the bush and presently gave tongue, loudly chasing something down the kloof. A little later it was evident from the savage barking that she had something at bay. Quite by herself, as the young dogs not yet trained had remained with my father. Riding round the kloof to a point as near as they could get on horseback to the baying, my father and Kelly entered the bush and went to where the old dog was. From the tone of Spion's barking dad said he knew it was something savage, but on reaching the spot saw her standing barking and looking into a hole under a bank and he then thought it might be a porcupine. Some creepers and tree roots hung in the mouth of the hole, so taking a stick my father pushed these aside to enable him to see.

A LEOPARD.

Then with a savage snarl a leopard clawed at the stick. "Good Lord, look out man, Kelly! It is a tiger!" My dad said he now thought here was a heaven sent opportunity to give his young dogs a useful lesson, if he could only catch the leopard and secure it in some way with a reim. Keeping guard at the hole with his gun he sent Kelly to the horses to bring the axe (he always carried an axe on his saddle when hunting) and halter riem. He then cut a long straight stout sappling, almost nine to ten feet long, with a fork at the end, sharpened the prongs of the fork, tied the reim fast to the stick at the fork end in such a way that it could not slip up the stick and made a loop with a running noose in the end of the halter riem. This was for the leopard to put his paw through. With Kelly standing by to help hold, my dad pushed the stick with the noose at the end into the entrance of the hole. The leopard snarled and clawed at it and after a few attempts at clawing, put his foot through the noose. My dad immediately gave the stick a jerk pulling the noose tight round the leopard's leg and the animal, finding himself caught, came out with a savage roar. Thrusting the prongs of the forked stick well among the roots and into the bank, and calling to help, the two men hung onto the end of the stick, pressing it into the bank with all their might. Here is the position - a large, full-grown male leopard noosed by one foot to one end of a stout ten foot stick, with two men just out of reach at the other end, and five dogs fighting the leopard.

Old Spion did not hesitate - it was not in that breed of dog to do so - but went for the leopard with all her strength, and the four sons of a good mother joined in too. The leopard, of course, was badly handicapped, tied by the foot as he was, but put up a good fight. Spion finally got him by the throat and hung on in spite of being badly clawed. When my dad thought the dogs had had enough he called to Kelly to "hang on like mad" and with a dagger thrust behind the shoulder gave the leopard his quietus. I have always looked upon this as a fine performance. My dad thought it the best of all his "sprees with tigers," but was always very modest about his own hunting exploits. To catch a full-grown male leopard in this way must be a feat which very few other men, if any, ever succeed in doing.

FAREWELL.

Well, time goes on, Leopards are practically extinct in Albany, and the old Boerhond has gone too, but the memory of both remains - at any rate with some of us. Kelly died a comparatively young man in 1890 and is buried in the Old Cemetery, near the chancel end of the Armstrong Memorial Chapel. My dad lived to pass the allotted span, died more than twenty years ago, and is buried here at Thorn Kloof next his wife and parents.

"Here he lies where he wished to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea.
And the hunter is home from the Hill."

AN ALBANY POET OF OLDEN DAYS.

Innocence and Death.

Mr. Frank Bowker, Carlisle Bridge, has amongst his papers the following verses which are greatly treasured by the descendants of the family to whom they were addressed in the early days of the Settlement.

The lines were written by M. B. Hudson, of the farm Craigieburn, March 22nd, 1853, on the death of Sybil Mitford, aged three and a half, fifth child of Mr. W. M. Bowker, and addressed to the parents.

While gazing on that tranquil face,
So lately racked with pain,
Oh! can we lack one wish to trace
Life's breathing there again.

It surely must be selfish thought,
That swells the mourners' grief,
For beauty's spirit overwrought
Thus speaks the souls' relief.

The brightest hope of earthly bliss
Must vanish with the wind,
Compared with type of happiness
Here pictured to the mind.

A lovely flower has ceased to bloom
Ere stained with earthly blight;
But ought we to regret the doom
Which tears it from our sight,

To flourish under purer skies
Where beauty cannot fade,
And where the perfect paradise
For innocence is laid.

'Tis hard to ask the parents' mind
To calmly yield its treasure,
In guarding which, 'twas theirs to find
Such mines of sterling pleasure.

Yet surely be the struggle met
With prayer for resignation,
They must behold ~~their~~ jewel set
In golden consolation.

That sweet tranquillity which reigns
O'er every settled feature
Bespeaks eternal death of pains,
The spirit's glorious nature,

Which seems to shed around its clay
Such weight of loveliness,
As if to charm the grief away
From dear ones in distress.

'Tis hard to part for months or years,
But thus to part for ever
May well give rise to burning tears
That earthly bonds must sever.

But every link in holy love
By death thus rent asunder
Will reunite and lasting prove
When heaven pours forth its thunder,

And calls on earth to yield its dead
Before the judgment throne
Of Him, Who innocently bled
To save us, and atone

For sin innate. - But, is it all
Will thus Redemption gain;
As little children must we call
On Him, or call in vain.

Then Parents! try to calm your grief;
Be thankful for your child
That thus has found such sure relief
Ere further sin beguiled.

And may the lesson reach each heart
That we be so prepared,
That Death no sting to us impart
More than this child has fared.

PUNCH.

1841 - 1891.

By Frank Bowker.

Some years ago I saw the first fifty years of Punch in 25 volumes advertised by a Johannesburg bookstall. I managed to secure these and have now presented them to the Rhodes University College Library. There, I have every reason to think, they will be very much appreciated by professors and students alike. These volumes are a mine of information on a great variety of subjects. You have the varying fashions of fifty years ago depicted by the leading artists of the day, and the political history of Great Britain and Europe during the same period. Recently I saw in an advertisement from Punch Office the following:-

"Mingle your cares with pleasure now and then."

Cato said this some sixteen centuries ago. I am sure anyone studying these volumes will do so, that is if he or she have any cares and I feel that these books are likely to be much more useful in their new home than they have been on the bookshelves of an old backveld farmer!

The derivation of the word Punch is interesting. Years ago, I do not know exactly when, in one of the large cities of Italy, I do not know which, but let us say Venice, there was a clever quick-witted man with a very large nose, whose name was Pucca Anelio. When people congregated in the afternoons to hear the news and town talk on the Rialto or St. Mark's Square, Pucca was always there exchanging badinage and cracking jokes with the crowd. Pucca Anelio came to be Punchinello in English, and then became abbreviated to Punch - the quick witted clever clown. The punch you drink has quite a different derivation, and was not called punch because it has a kick in it. Anyone interested can consult an etymological dictionary.

THE FIRST EDITOR.

The first editor of Punch was Mark Lemon, who died in 1870, having been editor for 30 years. Among the leading artists during these 50 years are John Leech, whose drawings form such a feature during the time he contributed to the paper. Then there is Richard Doyle, an uncle of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the father of Sherlock Holmes. Richard Doyle designed the well known cover of Punch, a picture of which one can never tire. Doyle signed himself with a big capital D, and an inverted R before it and a small "dickie-bird" perched on the D. He was known to all his contemporaries as Dickie Doyle. Linley Sambourne in the later years was a cartoonist. George du Maurier, author of Trilby, was another well known artist. Harry Furniss illustrated the Essence of Parliament by Toby, M.P., Sir H. Lucy. It was Furniss who invented Gladstone's collars. Thackeray contributed to Punch, and Hood's "Song of the Shirt" first appeared in its pages.

Of all the Punch cartoonists Sir John Tenniel is the best known. He contributed the weekly political cartoon for fifty years. His most celebrated cartoon is called "Dropping the Pilot" and refers to the dismissal of Bismarck by the young Emperor William II. This cartoon can be seen in the number of March 29, 1890.

THE VICTORIAN ERA.

The Victorian era was hardly one of peace. In these volumes you may find cartoons about and references to various wars. These are some. Sir Richard Napier's campaign in Abyssinia, ending with the storming of Magdala. This was the first time the British Army used breechloading rifles in action. The rifle was the Snider. It was in Ashanti, the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, wars in Afghanistan, the Egyptian campaign, the Zulu War, the Transvaal War of Independence. Then there was the Austrian War with Italy, the Franco-Prussian War, Turkey and Russia, and Prussia at war with Denmark and Austria, and the American Civil War in the United States.

Figures looming large on the political horizon are, of course, Gladstone and D'Israeli, who overshadow all others. But we have such well known men as the Duke of Wellington, Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel, Cobden and John Bright and in the later years Lord Salisbury, Joe Chamberlain, Goschen, Harcourt, Parnell, Lord Randolph Churchill and many others.

FUNNY FASHIONS.

In these pages one may learn what games were played and what costumes worn, and all the latest fashions are depicted. Every class of the community is held up to ridicule, from the lowest to the highest, but always good humouredly and without spite.

The fashions that strike me as the most extraordinary are the crinoline, the bustle - which has been called a fashion of "fiction founded upon fact," and the era of the wasp-waist - tight lacing, as may be seen in George du Maurier's drawings. These fashions appear very funny to us to-day, but what would great-grannie say about the cherry lips, the stained finger-nails or the plucked eyebrows of to-day. Grannie, who played tennis in a sailor hat and long skirts, wonders at her grand-daughter on the court wearing an eye shade on her head, and very little on the rest of her body, but she plays better tennis than ever grannie did.

FISHERMAN'S STORIES.

As regards jokes against a fisherman the theme is nearly always the way he exaggerates the size of his catch. At a fishermen's dinner the chairs are set fully six feet apart to prevent the occupants slapping each other's faces when showing how big the fish were. A farmer is a good grumbler, never satisfied with the weather, or his crops or, shall I say it, his subsidy. When he has cured all his hay in the best weather, he grumbles because he has no bad hay to give the dry cows. The professor, represented in earlier years with long, unkempt hair and beard, great eyed spectacles, and bowed back and drooping shoulders, is famed for his absentmindedness. If a bachelor, when preparing his breakfast, he puts his watch in the pot and holds the egg in his hand to tell the time by. If married, he sits reading downstairs, the doctor and the nurse being busy upstairs. The latter comes down highly excited, three steps at a time, and says "It's a boy, sir!" The professor without looking up from the printed pages says "Please ask him what he wants." Or again, the professor comes down to breakfast when his wife is busy pouring out the tea. He sits down and she says "How is it you have not kissed me good morning, dear?" The professor looks surprised and says "Well, whom have I been kissing then?" I trust there is no professor quite so absentminded in our local University.

So I make an end by hoping that the professors and students at Rhodes will derive a great deal of pleasure from "the past fifty years of punch" I have given their library, and that in Cato's words, they may "mingle their cares with pleasure now and then."

PAPER READ BEFORE THE UPPER ALBANY
FARMERS' ASSOCIATION

ON

A TRIP TO BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

By Frank Bowker.

Sailing from Durban on the 2nd July of last year, by the Austrian Lloyd's steamer Koerber, we, that is, my eldest brother and Mr. Hart from the Cathcart district, and myself, arrived at Delagoa Bay on the morning of the 4th in-time for breakfast. The town of Lorenzo Marques looks very pretty from the sea but does not improve on a closer acquaintance. The streets are for the most part rather narrow and sandy, and some are not over clean. Electric trams run along the main thoroughfares, and the town is well lit at night by the electric light. It rather takes one's breath away to be asked a thousand or two reils by a cabman for fare, and at once reminded us of Mark Twain's friend's experience at the Azores.

A visit to the morning market is time well spent. Here one sees a very motley crowd, sitting and reclining in all positions, with produce of all kinds. The beef and mutton was very "maar", plenty of fish and vegetables. Quite a large amount is brought in by native women, consisting of beans, bananas, mealies, sweet potatoes and ground nuts.

There is fine accommodation for vessels at the quay. Seven large steamers and four coasters can be berthed at once, with a depth of 24 feet of water at the lowest spring tides. There are ten electric cranes in constant use. They have a lifting capacity up to twenty tons; the cargo can be placed directly in the trucks from the ship's hold. There are seven large customs sheds with a storage capacity of 100,000 tons. No wonder the Transvaal trade is all going that way. The lamp posts, which are hollow, round the square in the centre of the town, are all occupied by swarms of bees. They did not appear to molest passers-by.

A run of 50 hours from Delagoa Bay brings us to Beira at the mouth of the Pungwe river. Here the shore is very flat and when still some miles out, the sea loses its blue colour, and becomes muddy. Beira is built on a low sandy flat. The streets are ankle deep in sea sand. Small tram rails are laid up the principal streets, and you can be shoved along by a native in a tram about as big as a ricksha, and pay a thousand or so reils for the privilege. On buying stamps at the Post Office you find that they are without gum, and must manage to fix them on to your letters as best you can. Beira appeared to be suffering from the prevailing depression, as many business places were closed, and of those that were open, a large proportion were liquor houses.

The tide at Beira runs at a great rate; the vessels swinging round at their anchors the moment it turned, and any boats that came alongside the ship drifted away at once if not secured.

From Beira there is nothing to interest us till we arrive at Zanzibar. The German boats call at all the small ports up the East coast, and if one wishes to visit them there you must travel by that line; but the journey to Mombasa then occupies three weeks, instead of ten days. When in the Mozambique Channel, and as one of the officers told me, between fifty and sixty miles from the nearest land, a peregrine falcon flew on board carrying a partly-eaten rock-pigeon in its feet.

On arriving at Zanzibar the ship is at once surrounded by boat Indians swarm on board with all kinds of fancy articles to sell. Fruit, consisting of oranges, bananas and cocoanuts, is to be had in plenty. The usual diving for money takes place, and the

shouting and chattering of this crowd is quite deafening. We arrived at Zanzibar at night, and the town looks quite pretty, being lit up. The Sultan's palace is of course the most striking building. It is three stories high with a verandah and balconies, and a clock tower on top. The Sultan's watch-tower, something like the stand of a large windmill, is close by. A brilliant electric light is fixed on top. The water off Zanzibar is deep, and large vessels can anchor quite close to the shore. Two old spars sticking out of the water are all that can be seen of the Glasgow, at that time sole surviving ship of the Sultan's navy, and sunk by the British during the bombardment of the town in 1896.

On rowing ashore you are pestered by guides, and it is quite a difficulty to get rid of them, but if you intend seeing the town it is just as well to employ one, or you will soon be lost in the narrow crooked streets. A walk through the town is of great interest. The houses are flat-roofed, two and three stories high. The windows are all barred and the doors are immensely thick, and some of them beautifully carved and fitted with brass. It was necessary to have them strong in the old slave days. The streets are very narrow and dirty. Some of them were just wide enough for us to walk three abreast. A tram drawn by mules runs down the principal street, and on its approaching you the driver tootles a horn and you must jump aside into some shop or be run over. The shopkeepers are nearly all Indians, and many of the shops are quite worth a visit.

Here we saw the convicts going out to work all chained to one another, round the neck, about eight feet of chain separating them from each other.

Zanzibar at once associates itself in one's mind with the slave trade. Thanks, however, to Great Britain's untiring efforts through more than half a century, the slave trade is dead. Approached through narrow, crooked streets of Indian shops, the English Church to-day stands on the site of the old slave market. Many of England's sons who were engaged in the suppression of the slave trade, to-day lie buried on Grave Island in Zanzibar Harbour. Over the gate of the cemetery there you read:

"Wave may not foam or wild wind sweep
Where rest not England's dead."

A fitting couplet.

Most of the great explorers at one time or another visited Zanzibar. Livingstone, Stanley, Burton are names that at once occur to one. Here they recruited porters. Livingstone's house still stands and can be visited by the curious. The chief exports of Zanzibar are cloves, of which the island yields 7/8ths of the World's crop, valued at £200,000 annually. Chillies to the value of £10,000, rubber - but not in very large quantity, - coconuts, oranges, bananas, plantains, sweet potatoes and the usual native grains almost complete the list. On leaving Zanzibar the vessel steams all up the coast of the island, quite close to the shore. The view one gets of the island is very fine. Coconut trees in thousands and vegetation of all kinds grow right down to the water's edge.

A run of about twelve hours brings us into Kilindini Harbour.

Mombasa town is quite an old place. Vasco da Gama visited it in 1498, and described it as large and seated on an eminence washed by the sea. It has had a stirring history, having been conquered and fought for by Arabs, Turks and Portuguese. The ruins of old forts with old cannon lying in them, are still to be seen on the coral rocks on the shore. The citadel of Mombasa, called by the Portuguese 'Jesus Fort', was built at the end of the 16th century. At present it is used as a gaol for white prisoners. Mombasa, if, of course, built on an island of the same name. Mombasa Harbour is on the north-east side of the island, and Kilindini Harbour on the south-east.

Kilindini, the future port for British East Africa, is a bay of

considerable natural beauty and great depth of water. It is perhaps 2½ miles in length by about six hundred yards in breadth. All the material used in the construction of the Uganda railway was landed here. It is connected with Mombasa town by railway from which it is about 2 or 2½ miles distant.

On getting your belongings through the customs at Mombasa you at once notice that all the clerks and officials are either Indians, Eurasians or Goanese. The same applies right through the East Africa Protectorate. On the railway all the stationmasters (with I believe, three exceptions), the signalmen, engine-drivers, guards, telegraph clerks, pointsmen and gangers, are all Indians, and I may say that a more civil and obliging lot of men it would be hard to meet.

Leaving Mombasa at 11 o'clock one soon crosses on to the mainland by the Salisbury bridge. The line rises rather rapidly till Mazeras, the second station, is reached. The train passes through coconut and banana plantations almost all the way up to Mazeras. From Mazeras to Voi (mile 102) the railway runs through country which is almost quite uninhabited, and consists of dense scrub jungle known as the Taru desert. The soil here is very red and sandy, and everything becomes covered with a coating of red dust. Your clothing and the carriage seats become quite dirty with it. Voi is a station of some importance, being nearest to the German border. A good cart road leads from Voi to the Kilimanjaro district.

The country between Voi and Makindu I did not see, as I travelled through it at night on both the up and down journey. The country from Makindu, mile 209, to Nairobi, mile 326, I have walked over while hunting. About Makindu the veld is suitable for Europeans. When I saw it, it was rather dry, as the October and November rains had not fallen.

I passed over the Government farm at Makindu. At that time no one was there, and it had apparently been abandoned. Some cotton was growing very well, but had not been gathered, and had become discoloured. I also saw some lucerne planted in square beds about six yards by six, which could be flooded. It was very short, but trying to grow in spite of the dry weather. The beds were a mass of Duiker and Steimbuck spoors, so it had no chance. Just about here agricultural farming could not be carried on successfully without irrigation, and water is scarce. The soil throughout British East Africa is of a very porous nature, and dam making, I think, would be quite out of the question. Running streams are plentiful, but such a thing as a small opening of water I did not see during four months spent in the veld. From Makindu Mount Kilimanjaro with its snow-capped peaks can be seen, and is a fine sight. The country from Makindu up to Smita and Sultan Hamon is fairly open with kopjes dotted about, and in the distance are to be seen high, bush-covered hills in the Wakamba country.

From Kiu to Machakos road the country is rather more level and open with trees in the valleys, and from Machakos road to Nairobi the railway crosses the Kapiti and Athi plains. Crossing these plains is almost like going through a zoological garden. Game is to be seen on both sides of the line right away to the horizon, in numbers which it would be difficult to estimate. I shall not hazard a guess for fear some of you might think I saw double. One sees impala, coks, hartebeest, Burchell's zebra, blue wildebeest, Grant's and Thompson's gazelles, ostrich and wart hog. We were also lucky enough to see five giraffe and two lionesses. The two latter were lying with their paws stretched out in front of them in the grass not more than fifty yards from the train, just well off the embarkment. It would have been possible to hit them with partridge shot.

The game is wonderfully tame from the train, so much so that one of my companions and myself tried to photograph some of it through the carriage window, but without success. These plains are covered with good grass - our identical root-grass predominating, but water is scarce. When we hunted over these plains three months later we found the game was by no means so tame when you had a rifle in your hand, and were chasing it on foot. Many a long mile we tramped over these

plains after blue wildebeest particularly, and generally just saw their tails switching as they disappeared over the next rise. As I am endeavouring to describe the country, as seen from the line, I will take you along with me to the Victoria Nyanza, and come back to my impressions of British East Africa, from a farmer's point of view, later on.

On leaving Nairobi the line climbs the Kikuyurange. The country here is well wooded, densely populated, and plenty of it cultivated. Quite a number of white men have settled here, on 640 acre farms. The line runs through some fine forests past Escarpment and Kijabe stations, from which you get a fine view of the Kedong valley, and the two extinct volcanoes, suswa and Longonot, in the far distance.

From mile 360 one gets a splendid view of the great Rift valley, and before long you run into Naivasha station, situated on the lake of the same name. My first sight of a big freshwater lake will not readily be forgotten. Naivasha is, I suppose, about 20 miles in diameter and 60 or 70 in circumference. It has no outlet and is fed by the Filgil and Morendat Rivers. Water birds of all kinds, in hundreds, are to be seen on the lake. There is a small island in the lake on which there are 34 waterbuck which are strictly preserved by the Government. The island is private property, and was for sale for £200 at the time of my visit. So if there is any one present who would like to lead a hermit's life, "far from the maddening crowd" he now knows where to go.

The country between Lakes Naivasha and Nakuru was, to my idea, quite some of the finest we saw, heavily grassed, well watered, fairly level, and running away to the hills, which were covered with good timber and firewood. It has all been taken up, with the exception of some near Lake Elementita, on which there is no water. The water of Elementita which is about 25 miles in circumference, as well as that of Lake Nakuru, is unfit for stock. To the taste it is like water in which you have dissolved a good quantity of soda, and a little salt.

After leaving Nakuru one passes through some lovely open country up to Njoro. Here Lords Hindlip and Delamere have settled. The train then enters the Mau forest, and climbs, till at mile 460 it reaches the highest summit level, a board alongside giving the altitude as 8,320 feet. It then rapidly descends to Londiani and Lumbwa stations. The country is healthy for Europeans as far down as Lumbwa, but nearer the lake, fever prevails. Round about the next station called Muhoroni the country is very pretty to look at, well wooded, lots of streams of beautiful clear fresh water, and the beautiful hills of the Nandi Scarpment in the distance, under which the train runs down the Kavirondo valley, which is flat and marshy, right up to Port Florence on the big lake shore.

The Kavirondo go about quite naked, men and women alike. In Port Florence itself a few do wear a small loin cloth, but for the most part they are clothed only in sunshine, which is a very neat and close fitting garment. "They never wear a safety-pin behind." The men sometimes roll in a mud hole, and then stand in the sun till the mud is nearly dry, and draw patterns on it with their fingers. When this has been done the toilet is complete. I saw some of these people eat meat quite raw. In fact I was cleaning the meat off a Thomas Cobs' head and they were standing round and eating what I cut off as fast as I did so. A few days later six of them started to eat a Bohor Reedbuck which my brother had shot, and which had been exposed to the tropical sun the greater part of two days. He and I did not wait to see them finish it - we fled. These people cultivate a good deal of ground, using a small native-made hoe. The chief crop is matama - kafir-corn. At the Government experimental farm at Kibos station, about six miles from the lake, cotton is being grown. I was shown some of the first which had been gathered, and which was said to be very good. Sugar cane and mealies were also thriving on this farm. The average rainfall at Port Florence for the two years 1903-4 was 51.23 inches.

The sight one gets of the Victoria Nyanza from Port Florence is disappointing. Port Florence is situated on Kavirondo Gulf, which is about 40 miles long and perhaps 10 or 12 wide. When standing on the shore, you simply see the water die away on the horizon as the sea does. I tasted the water of the lake here, and it was perfectly fresh. Hippos may still be heard snorting in the lake from the bungalow, at night. There is a small pier alongside which the two steamboats Winifred and Sybil were berthed. These boats make weekly trips across the lake to Entebbe and call at other ports. At present there is more cargo than they can carry, and I was told the Uganda railway is now paying its way mainly owing to this lake trade. A big body of navigable water, a thousand miles in circumference, surrounded by fertile soil, is a very good thing to have at the terminus of a railway. When we were at Port Florence another steamer was being built, and a dock was being excavated. The steamers running on the lake are flat-bottomed, and draw about five or six feet of water. They burn wood, and are lit with the electric light.

While on the subject of wood, I may say that the Uganda railway burns nothing else on the engines. The railway claims one mile on each side of the line for the purpose of cutting fuel. At the present rate of consumption they reckon they have a ten years' supply on hand. Trees are being planted as fast as they are cut down. At some of the principal stations one sees the fuel stacked. The wood is cut into lengths three feet long, and these are packed into long stacks three feet wide, five feet high and 120 feet long, and 100 of such stacks numbered from one to a hundred is the quantity one sees in one lot, probably about 600 wagon-loads.

I will now describe the climate as I experienced it from July to November, and as I was told it is during the remainder of the year. To start with, you have an equal day and night throughout the year, the sun only varying half an hour from a quarter to six to a quarter past. It very soon becomes dark once the sun has set. Dec., Jan., and Feb., are the hottest months of the year, and during these three months no rain falls at all, the country becoming dry and parched and trees losing their leaves. In the latter part of March the big rainy season begins, and continues till about the end of June or first week in July. You wake with a clear sky and a fine day. The clouds begin to gather, and regularly between 3 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon the rain commences, and it may continue well on into the night, perhaps only for an hour or two. This goes on nearly all the rainy season, and men who have been in the country 2 and 3 years told me it was quite regular - you never lose a day's work. The soil absorbs the moisture very fast indeed. After a few hours' rain, half an hour of fine weather and the moisture is gone. In July the rain ceases, and you then get what I heard described as the grey season. It is clouded in every day, and when we arrived in Nairobi in July we expected rain hourly, but we were told and rightly, that it was over. Between the middle of September and the end of November there is a small rainy season, which lasts about six weeks, but when we were there it seemed to have failed, at any rate, in some localities, for down at Makindu the veld was all black from the burnt grass, and no rain had fallen there up till the time we left - the middle of November.

I will quote a few of the rainfall returns, as they may be of interest. Mombasa average for 6 years 51.95 inches; Machakos average for 7 years 35.82 inches; Nairobi average for 5 years 36.94 inches; Fort Hall average for 4 years 48.21 inches; Eldama Ravine average for 2 years 57.80 inches; Mumias average for 5 years 73.45 inches; Kisumu average for 2 years 51.23 inches.

These are fairly big rainfalls when you remember that the rain all falls during about 5 months.

The days are not by any means unpleasantly hot, in fact I have experienced hotter days in the Fish River than I did in East Africa. The nights are nice and cool. We slept under blankets every night of one trip. These remarks apply to the high veld. Of course down on the coast or at the big lake you get that tropical steamy

heat, which is so trying to Europeans. But the high veld has a climate in which a white man can work in the open air from daylight till dark. We walked all day and every day during four months - on one occasion 35 miles in 9 hours, and did not feel it too hot. As I remarked before, December, January and February are the hottest months, and I cannot speak from experience of those months.

The soil, particularly in what is known as the Kikuyu country, is wonderfully fertile. This tribe cultivate a great extent of country, and grow very good crops, bananas, mealies, kafir-corn, two or three kinds of beans, sweet potatoes, sugar-cane, yams and ground nuts being their chief crops. We bought as many as 16 bananas for 1 pice (one farthing); sweet potatoes and beans a rupee (1s.4d.) for a load of 60 lbs. Tomatoes were growing wild along the footpaths and garden hedges. All this native-grown produce is of an inferior kind. Like most natives they have no idea of improving their grain by selecting the finest seed to plant. Some hickory-king mealies, grown from seed taken from this Colony, which I was shown, it would be hard to beat. These natives' lands lie for the most part on the steep hill-sides, and it will give you an idea of how the ground absorbs the rainfall when I say that such a thing as a sluit washed through a land, I did not see. Their digging over the ground is done in a very primitive way, with a sharpened stick or a home-made knife about 18 inches long, and an inch and a half wide blade.

Coffee, tobacco and potatoes are doing well, but I saw no wheat or oathay.

It is a mealie country, and East Africa should produce quantities for export in the future. One man told me that he had had green mealies on his table every day during the year. He had a small patch under irrigation. Over 1,200 tons of potatoes were sent away from Nairobi and Kikuyu during the year 1904. The potatoes I saw were yellow and sticky, not the nice white mealy potato one likes to see.

Two gentlemen who had settled near Fort Hall had 250 acres of ground turned over. They had sown a large proportion of it with ground-nuts by way of a first crop. The morning I saw their lands, there were fully 100 zebra and hartebeest enjoying themselves on ground-nut tops. I asked these gentlemen what they intended growing, and they said sisal-hemp, and chillies. Native grown Uganda chillies sell up to £20 a ton. These gentlemen grew a sample of chillies which they sent to England last year, which they told me had been valued at £60 a ton. The chillies go to America, where, I believe, some kind of spirit is distilled from them. The vessel we went up by took on board three lighter-loads of chillies at Kilindini. It must be rather a nasty crop to gather, owing to the burning it causes to the eyes. Most of us have experienced this as children, at any rate I have.

As regards the capabilities of the country for stock raising and farming, I think they are good. Merino sheep introduced from Australia and located near Gilgil station and near Nyoro were said to be doing well. I did not see them myself, but was told so by men who had. The first season, a very large percentage of the lambs died from a worm in the head - the same worm you find in all the hartebeests, right up where the nostrils enter the brain, but last year the lambing was very much more successful. The native sheep seem to thrive. They are of the fat-tailed variety, with drooping ears, and have a strong strain of Persian in them. You see them all bonte, just like the first and second Merino-Persian cross. They have no wool, but hair. The Masai have vast herds of sheep, I will not attempt to say how many we saw, in even a very small extent of country. They are, of course, all kraaled, and in spite of wet kraals, and standing up to their knees in dirt, they were looking well. I saw no scab among them, but the lambs were certainly bockpens and infested with tape-worms.

The cattle are of the Madagascar type, but the hump is not quite so prominent. They are small and very hardy. Cattle I saw in possession of settlers did not milk well, having never been bred from selection with that end in view. The oxen make excellent draught animals. Some Transvaal Dutchmen whom I met in Mairobi, said they

were quite the best oxen they had ever worked with - in fact they preferred them to the Africander. One can drive them at a trot. They do not purge or get out of breath like our Colonial oxen. The cattle are wonderfully tame, you can handle or scratch every beast in the herd, either in kraal or in the veld.

The Masai have tremendous herds of cattle. We counted 12 big herds one morning, all within rifle shot or where we stood, and the herd closest to us had 480 head in it. So that there were close on 6,000 head within a mile of us. That particular strip of country we travelled over for quite 50 miles, and it was the same all the way. On Likipia plateau, which is a Masai reserve, just the same vast herds of cattle and sheep. They also possess big troops of donkeys for which they really don't seem to have much use. These donkeys are rather fine beasts, bigger than the ordinary Colonial donkey. We had some as pack-donkeys, and if there is a provoking beast on this earth, one who is up to all kinds of old soldier's tricks, it is your pack-donkey. Boer goats the natives have too, but rather small and badly grown.

As regards disease in stock, I saw no scab in sheep or goats. East Coast fever has, I believe, occurred in German East Africa and Nairobi municipality was in quarantine for the same disease, but doubts were expressed as to what it really was. The highlands are not altogether free from horsesickness, cases having occurred in Nairobi, but horses can be considered as safe, especially if stabled.

For the most part the country is free of ticks. Most of the game we shot had none on, except the Zebra which had the same red flat tick you get on horses here. Down the Athi River and on the Athi and Kapiti plains the ticks simply swarmed, just as bad as in our coast districts. There is a bont tick rather smaller than our variety. These swarmed on game, particularly on the blue wildebeest, their ears, nostrils and round their eyes being covered with them. The red tick I mentioned before was also much in evidence, and a small brown tick (probably the young of the bont tick) in millions. I counted 28 round one of my companions' neck one morning. We used to smear ourselves with carbolic oil to keep them off. These ticks seem confined to these plains, which is rather remarkable, seeing that the nomadic Masai have grazed their stock here for years, and been in the habit of trekking all over the country.

In many parts of the country whenever the grass becomes eaten off and trodden down, as for instance round an old native kraal, along a footpath or round a settler's homestead, you find white and crimson clover springs up.

As regards ostrich farming I certainly think that East Africa has a future before it and at no very distant date. We saw hundreds of wild birds: 25 in one lot was the most I saw together; 18 in another lot, but generally from five to seven and sometimes only a pair. My brother and I were both agreed that they are larger than our birds. It is hard to judge accurately but we reckoned they would stand about three inches taller on the back than our birds. They are quite the wildest of all the game. Of those we shot, some had really very fine feathers. A nice long feather with wide tip and butt and very rich flue. Birds that even Albany farmers might have in a breeding camp. I don't saw equal to "Records," but really good birds, such as you do not see on every stock fair. These birds were shot along the Mirbo River, and I believe belong to the northern species, which are said to have very fine feathers. In fact I read in the Agricultural Journal for Aug. 1906 that Mr. Evans' well-known birds are descended from birds brought from North Africa - from the Barbary States.

Here is an extract from the London Daily Mail of Dec., 1st of last year, quoted from the Bulletin of the Imperial Institute:-

"A number of samples of ostrich feathers have been received recently at the Imperial Institute from British East Africa for valuation. They were collected from birds shot on the Athi Plains. They consisted a number of large white feathers and several small dark-brown ones.

The samples were submitted to commercial experts, who divided them into four classes valued at 160, 140, 70 and 20 shillings per pound respectively. A second set of samples was received towards the end of last year. These consisted of dark-coloured feathers of various lengths. They were divided by commercial experts, to whom they were submitted for valuation into three classes, valued at 90, 85 and 20 shillings each respectively."

I carefully examined the stomachs of those we shot, with a view to finding a stray diamond. They had been eating chiefly grass seed and clover. The *Strongylus Douglassii*, which you all know, was present in all the birds. The ostrich fly was also on them, and the bars in the feathers also. The bars in those we shot were not very noticeable and could have been overlooked, but not if you held the feathers up to the light. I was shown some feathers from a bird shot by a gentleman from England. He said "they are full of starvation marks." These feathers were very much barred. I asked him why he called them starvation marks. He said: "I used to go in for falconry at home, and in rearing your young hawks if you starve them you will always get this flaw in the feather, so we call these marks starvation marks." I then told him that the causes of bars in ostrich feathers was a much-discussed question in Cape Colony, and that starvation or "malnutrition" was admitted to be one, but not the only cause.

The wild birds in British East Africa nest chiefly during the months of October and November, and when we left everybody was "talking ostrich", and very keen on catching chicks and incubating eggs.

I was at Mr. Hill's farm at Kapiti plains. Mr. Hill hails from Salem. He was away from home at the time, so unfortunately I did not meet him. His partner was there with 33 small chicks, the oldest six weeks old, all caught in the plains; they also had seventy odd eggs in 3 cypher incubators.

Thirty young birds they reared last year were kraaled at night with a lantern hanging over them to keep off the wild animals. Mr. Hill had two ostriches killed in a shed by a leopard at Lamoru only a day or two before we left the country.

We found a nest on the Athi Plains with 35 eggs in. On telling a gentleman in Nairobi, he left that same day with ten porters, though it was thirty miles off. He found the nest, and last time I saw him he said the eggs were all getting on well in his incubator.

After settlers repeatedly representing to Government the folly of allowing wild birds to be shot, the shooting of ostriches has at length been prohibited.

The position in East Africa to-day is this. It is hard for settlers to get stock with which to start farming. The Masia have vast herds of cattle and sheep, and big troops of donkeys. But you can't buy from them. They will not sell. They simply have no use for money. They do not cultivate the ground at all but live on meal and milk. They also bleed the cattle and boil the blood, and even drink it hot and raw as tapped from the animal.

A large quantity of stock was captured from the Nandi tribe during the late expedition, and this was sold by auction by the Government.

Owing to East Coast fever the importation of cattle from German East Africa, where it seems the natives will part with them, is forbidden. So for a settler to buy sufficient to stock his farm, is at present out of the question.

Persons desirous of taking up land should make application to the Chief Land officer, Land and Survey Office, Nairobi. I will not give all the conditions attached to the taking up of small agricultural holdings, but will just give the terms, as concisely as possible, on which a 5,000 acre farm can be taken up. Five thousand acres is now the maximum average of grazing land the Commissioner will grant to or man. The price per acre within 10 miles of the line is higher than

beyond that distance, but nearly all the land next the railway has been already applied for. 1. (a) The applicant may secure 1,000 acres as freehold property on payment of one rupee (1/4d.) per acre or £66-13-4d. (b) The remaining 4,000 acres is leased for a period of 99 years from date of entering into the lease, at an annual rental of 1d. per acre.

2. Survey fees amounting to Rs. 480 or £32 for each 5,000 acre farm must be deposited when application is made for the land.

3. All farms must be occupied continuously by the owner or by a responsible European.

4. Each applicant must prove to the satisfaction of the land officer that he is possessor of a capital of at least £1,000.

5. The lease will be entered into after the property has been duly surveyed, and the owner must occupy within six months from date of signing the lease.

Having, as Cape Colony has, a far too scanty white population, I should be very loth to recommend any one from here to go and settle in British East Africa. We need white men too badly here. At the same time, to young men who can not afford to buy land here, who are willing to work and wait for a few years, East Africa is a land of promise. A settler must be prepared to face and battle with hardships of all kinds; perhaps even native wars, but just as surely as European settlers have made South Africa what it is to-day, so will they make British East Africa a flourishing colony in the not very distant future.

Anyone starting farming up there must be prepared to have a rather hard time for a year or two. He has to start as it were at the letter A. There is at present a very good market for agricultural produce of all kinds, but of course it is a limited market. But where you have a line of railway running to the coast, and a line of steamers from the coast to Europe, your markets are assured. Living is very cheap. We paid 5 Rs. (6/8d.) per day at a first class hotel in Nairobi.

In his book "The Uganda Protectorate", speaking of the country suitable for colonisation by white men, which he calls "The White Man's Colony" Sir Harry Johnston said: "We are offering a country with a climate as healthy as that of the temperate parts of South Africa, of Southern Australia, or New Zealand: a land abundantly watered by running streams, with grassy downs; a fertile soil, and a country which although exactly under the equator, is singularly like the landscapes of Southern England - landscapes that are decked with wild flowers closely resembling those that grow in the English meadows and hedgeways; a land wherein it is never too hot in the day time, though sometimes there is a frost at night; where there is heavy rain, and (where the forest is too thick) too much humidity; where the wind is sometimes keen; where the lion, the leopard, the wild cat, and the hyaena may for a time exact a toll from the settlers' flocks, where there will be unlooked-for disappointments in the third year's crops; or where an unexpected disease may diminish the tenth year's output of potatoes; yet on the whole one of the fairest countries for beauty in the habitable earth, and a tract of land which if it lay within the limits of Australia or a South African Colony, would maintain a prosperous European population of 500,000 souls."

Gentlemen, I would fain have described to you some of the game we saw and shot, and related some of our hunting experiences, but I am afraid I have already run to sufficient length on subjects perhaps not altogether applicable to a farmers' meeting.

I thank you all for your kind attention.

(THE END).

SETTLER STORIES OF LONG AGO.

EARLY DAYS AT THARFIELD.

By Frank Bowker.

When Miles Bowker the 1820 settler was a young man of 20 or thereabouts he wanted to marry, but the parents of the young lady offering some objection he said it did not matter, he was not in a hurry, but would wait and marry the girl's daughter. This he eventually did - he then being about 44 and she (the daughter of the first love), eighteen. He always maintained in after life that this was a youthful indiscretion, as his family became so large that he had to find names for the sons among the Roman ordinals! He left England in the Weymouth with wife, six sons and a daughter (Mrs. F. W. Barber), and eight farm servants and retainers, whom he brought out with him. A daughter (Mrs. John Atherstone) was born on board in Table Bay and another son (Colonel J. H. Bowker), subsequently at Tharfield. The two sons who had remained in England came out soon after, thus completing the family of nine sons and two daughters. They all lived for a time at Olive Burn, subsequently moving to the site at Tharfield - where Mr. T. G. Webb now lives. According to Sir George Cory: "The Bowkers seem to have risen superior to the difficulties which surrounded them." At any rate the sons of old Miles all learnt to ride and shoot well, very essential in those times when one shot first and asked questions afterwards, and Tharfield was more or less regarded by the Kafirs as a hornet's nest, so far as stealing cattle was concerned.

SHOOTING THIEVES.

There is a tale of shooting thieves told by Bertram Bowker. Though quite a boy when I heard it I remember it almost word for word. It has become one of the family traditions. Cattle stealing by the Kafirs was rife at the time, and at the least alarm (such as the dogs barking at night) one or more of the sons would go out to see what was wrong. On this particular night Bertram went out and hearing a noise in the cattle kraal crept slowly up in the darkness towards the kraal gate. The Kafirs had pulled away the branches which closed the gateway and were in the kraal trying to drive out some of the cattle, but making as little noise as possible. The Kafirs hearing something got a fright and those in the kraal and some who were outside all rushed together and stood in a clump in the gateway, listening. Bertram said he heard one whisper: "don't run away, it is only a Hottentot." What followed I give in his own words: "Just when he said that they got my loopers among them. Killed and wounded nine." Here the old man paused for a second or two and heaving a sigh of satisfaction, added, "Yes, that was the best shot I ever got among them." At any rate, next morning there were seven lying dead in the gateway and the spoor of two wounded ones was taken up. The one was found dead and the second one when they came near him humped up and bolted, but was, of course, shot. He had plugged his wounds to stop the bleeding by twisting ropes of grass and forcing these into the shot holes. This seems rather a big bag in one shot, but an old ten to the pound Brosn Bess could be loaded with nearly a handful of loopers and these are the size of small shrapnel bullets. The above may seem brutal and callous to modern ways of thinking, but the old settlers did not, and had good reason not to, love the Kafirs.

FOUR BROTHERS.

The Fetcani Commando under Major Dundas operated in 1828. Four of the Bowker brothers, namely, J. M., W. M., T. H., and B. E., took part in this expedition, which was the first time 1820 settlers had taken an active part against the natives except in time of actual war. When returning from this campaign and somewhere near the Bashee river, while riding along, one of the brothers (T. H. I believe), heard a child crying, and going to investigate found a very emaciated native boy about two to three years old, in an antbear hole. He had evidently been abandoned and put there by his mother when fleeing, as many of the natives had fled before the Fetcani. The child was fed and carried home to Tharfield by Holden, who tied him on his back like a native woman carries her baby, and called him Resurrection Jack. One of the brothers, Miles B. was married and the child was taken care of by his wife. She was a

Miss Oosthuizen of Olifants Hoek. The Oosthuizen's wagons had brought old Miles' trek from Algoa Bay and in this way son Miles had met his future wife. Resurrection was trained as a house boy and though an inveterate thief with food, turned out on the whole a good and faithful servant. He followed the fortunes of the family for many years. In the early nineties of last century he turned up here to see his old mistress. He was then, of course, somewhere about seventy years old, and that was the last the family saw or heard of Resurrection Jack.

A MISSING OX.

I will tell one incident connected with Resurrection as told me by Bertram Bowker. He said Jack was an expert at recognising cattle and able to miss any among a herd of hundreds with which he was acquainted. A writer in the Farmers' Weekly stated quite lately that he had a Zulu who could miss any one animal among his herd of 250 Doddies. As these animals are all quite black and as like as two peas, this is clever. Bertram's story was that the Bowkers had bought 115 oxen and these oxen were delivered on the sea beach just at the Riet River Mouth, shortly before sundown. Jack drove them from there up to the Tharfield house, a distance of at the outside two miles, and put them in the kraal. The next morning one was missing, having broken through the bush fence. Jack went carefully through the oxen and said, "Yes, the missing one is such a colour and marked in such a way". The ox was found and corresponded with Jack's description. For the fact of Bertram saying "I saw Jack do a smart thing with cattle," we may conclude that the missing ox was not a conspicuous one among the rest. To be able to miss one out of a hundred and fifteen, after seeing them for perhaps a hour, at the most, is a smart piece of memorising.

THE WARNING OF WAR.

One evening just after sundown when all seemed quiet and peaceable and the family were seated at supper a horseman was heard approaching at a gallop. "Go and see what that man wants," said old Miles to one of his sons. "No man rides like that in the dark unless he is made or wants to break his neck." The man was a messenger sent to warn them that war - the '35 war, had broken out and orders were for the whole family to come at once to Bathurst. Well, wagons were inspanned and stock started off without delay. The cloth was on the dining table and on this table all the Bowker family silver with the family coat of arms engraved on it, was piled. The whole was tied up in the cloth and four of the brothers (Bertram was one) carried it away in the darkness and buried it. It is said to have been a tolerable load for the four. This silver has never been recovered and is still in its old hiding place. Why it was not unearthed after the war I don't just know. Old Miles died in January, 1838. During the war there had been a fire and the bush had been burnt and the actual site not easily recognised on this account. Old Bertram always said it was not more than four hundred yards from the Tharfield house and helped search for it with some nephews and nieces in the early nineties, but met with no success. All they found was some human remains, presumed to have been those of a stock thief they had shot in earlier days.

The '35 was was a terrible time for the settlers as all who read Sir George Cory's admirable history can learn for themselves. I wonder how many of us to-day know the site of the old Bathurst fort. Just on your right hand side on the highest part of the hill as you drive into Bathurst from the Grahamstown side. (Not Pussyfoot lane, the old main road) I believe a teeing ground of the golf course is near by. Well, all the young men or a large number of them were quartered in the fort. After a time, there being no fighting here, life became dull to these youths and Robert Bowker (known as the joker of the family), got up a surprise party. One night he and half a dozen friends slipped out of the fort and when about one hundred yards from it took off their shoes and made a lot of barefoot spoors in the sand. They then lay down and fired off blank shots at the fort. Their confederates in the fort replied with blanks and then rushed out and charged. When they got to where Robert & Co. were the whole lot joined together and ran ahead firing and shouting as they ran, and presently all returned triumphantly to the fort. The village and camp were in an uproar. Everyone thought, of course, that

the Kafirs were attacking the fort. The O.C. ran to the fort shouting "Ring the bell, Bradshaw." Back came the answer "He won't ring no more, Sir." Bradshaw had the job of sounding the alarm by ringing the church bell. He gave it such a vigorous jerk in his hurry that the bell turned topsy-turvy and stuck. The O.C. arrived at the fort when the party who had made the sortie were returning. "What is it men, what is it?" "The Kafirs, Sir, attacking the fort, Sir." "Kafirs, where are they?" "We fired into them, Sir, and then charged and chased them clean away, Sir." "My brave boys," said the O.C., "I deem it my duty to make special mention of you to the Commander-in-Chief." An investigation next morning did not result in the finding of any dead Kafirs, but their barefoot imprints in the sand proved they had been there!

My grandfather, W. M. Bowker, was appointed a captain of the Burgher Force of Bathurst during the '35 war. I have his commission in my possession signed by Sir. H. G. Smith. Here it is:

By virtue of the power and authority vested by the Proclamation of Martial Law, I hereby authorise and appoint William Bowker, Esq., to be Captain of the Burgher Force of Bathurst and he will oblige all stragglers and others who cannot give an account of themselves to join his party, and he will obey all orders he may receive from me, and all His Majesty's officers.

Given under my hand and seal,

H. G. Smith, Lt.-Col.,

Commanding the Forces.

Also the following:

Headquarters,

Grahamstown.

18 January, 1835.

Sir, - It is with the greatest satisfaction I have the honour herewith to enclose a Commission appointing you a second Captain in the Burgher Force of Bathurst, and I only regret your active services have not been sooner brought to my notice. I have also the pleasure of enclosing Commissions of Lieutenants for Mss. Edward and Frederic Phillips, and I feel confident, gentlemen, you will persevere in your exertions for the public good.

AS Captain Gilfillan holds a commission in His Majesty's Service, he must according to my General Order and Regulations on this head command, and I recommend you and him to form the Burgher Force into a company, calling yourselves the Bathurst Volunteers; you shall be furnished with whatever you require to make your company effective, and the moment I receive a Muster Roll I will cause the Corps to be gazetted.

I have the honour to be, sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

H. G. Smith, Lt.- Col.

Commanding the Forces.

To W. Bowker, Esq.,

I also have a letter from Colonel Smith thanking Captain Bowker and the Bathurst Volunteers for services in the war: from Headquarters, Kingwilliamstown. No date. One of the men who joined this Bathurst Volunteer Force under W. M. Bowker was Walter Currie, then 16 years old:

afterwards that "chevalier sans peur et sans reproche," Sir Walter Currie. He has been described as "the beau ideal of a border warrior", and was worshipped by his men. I have been told he could sometimes be found of an evening at the old Masonic Hotel, seated in the centre of the billiard table telling a circle of admirers stories - risqué ones no doubt.

STORIES ABOUT OLD SETTLERS.

Many stories are told, of course, about the old settlers and their ignorance in agricultural and other matters; such as planting carrot seed in a trench three feet deep, and putting the whole mealie cob grain and all into the ground. I will retell one or two here, they are probably chestnuts, but why worry.

A neighbour of old Miles owned a few goats. These became badly infected with scab. The children used to milk these goats for the house and when herding them during the day time, when thirsty, they would catch an old goat ewe and milk it into their mouths. What small goat herd, I wonder, has not done it? These children contracted goat scab. The old father tried different remedies, apparently to no purpose. At last, as he grew tobacco for his own use, he made a strong decoction with some and dipped the children in it. They, of course, became dangerously ill from nicotine poisoning, and the old father came in a great state of mind to old Miles and asked him what was best to do. When old Miles remonstrated with him for dipping his children, he replied "Well you know, zur, I thought I would either kill 'um or cure 'um!"

One very hot day a neighbour turned up at Tharfield wearing an old overcoat. He was asked to take it off, but refused, saying that what kept the cold out, kept the heat out as well. After a time he was manifestly so uncomfortable that old Miles urged him to take it off. He replied: "Well, Mr. Bowker, if there were no ladies present I would do so, but to tell the truth, I have no seat to my trousers."

OLD TIME LUXURIES.

Sugar was a great luxury in those days and old great grandma kept an eye on the sugar basin as the sons (Holden particularly) always helped themselves when chance offered. They were seated round the table one evening, when suddenly there was an alarm. It was their custom to at once blow out all lights when an alarm occurred and then some of the sons would go out with their guns and investigate. They, of course, could not be seen going out of the doors when the lights were out, hence the precaution. Immediately the lights were out, suspecting it to be a false alarm - as indeed it was - grandma had put her hand over the sugar basin. Holden stretching out his hand in the darkness to help himself to sugar found his mother's hand over the basin, and called out: "Ha, I caught mother stealing sugar!"

Old Miles, who had enjoyed good health all his life was taken suddenly ill one day in January, 1838, and died in a few hours, aged 82. On hearing of his death an old yokel remarked: "He didn't oughter have died, he was a tough old Bowker." Another old crony, when on his deathbed, said he did not know where he was going, but he would go on till he came to where old Miles Bowker was and there he was going to stay, "Because what is good enough for him, will be good enough for me." Old Miles was loved and held in great respect by all his contemporaries.

Old Miles and his wife, and son Holden and his wife, are buried in the small Bowker cemetery at Tharfield. A fine stone has been erected there, with the following inscription:-

IN LOVING MEMORY
of
And Grateful Tribute

To

(I)

MILES BOWKER
Of Dekham Hall,
Northumberland,
Head of Bowker's Party
1820 Settlers
1756-1838.

(II)

ANN MARIA
Wife of Miles Bowker
and daughter of
John Mitford
of Northumberland
1782-1868.

(III)

THOMAS HOLDEN BOWKER
M.L.A.
4th Son of Miles Bowker
Served in all the early
Kaffir Wars.
Founder of Queenstown, C.P.
1806-1885.

(IV)

JULIA ELIZA
Wife of T. H. Bowker
and Daughter of
John McGowan
1827-1904.

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GEN. COLLEY AND MAJUBA.

Anniversary Near at Hand.

Interesting Recollections.

A General Colley Letter.

By Frank Bowker.

I believe there is to be a gathering of Majuba veterans this month on the site of the battle of February 27, 1880. This is fifty-five years ago, and the youngest veteran who attends should be, I suppose, about seventy-five years old. Very few I should fancy can be less. Some years ago there was a gathering of United States Civil War veterans held on the site of their big fight at Gettesburg. These men were, I believe, the guests of the Government. Several thousands attended and all went off well. This was held about sixty years after the event, a long enough period for ill feelings to have been forgotten. Time is a great healer, but it is surely a sign of the better feeling existing in South Africa to-day that a gathering of veterans can be held at Majuba, a fight which rankled for years. But to-day even the fights of twenty years later are forgotten. Who to-day thinks of Magersfontein, Elandslaagte, Colenso, Talana Hill or Paardeberg, except as a "long far off event?" things of the past, best forgotten. I don't suppose any Englishman to-day worries about Bannockburn, or any Scotsman about Flodden. They are among the things that don't matter and so it is in South Africa with our fights of some thirty odd years ago. I should like to hear some of these old veterans talk, as veterans do. Probably each one would give you to understand that he won the battle himself - what a lad he was; what prodigies of value he performed, and so on.

Should the veterans climb to the top of Majuba, a very stiff climb for old men, I imagine that after arriving on the top they will swap cigarettes and tobacco pouches, and will all sit down and rest on the spot "where Colley fell." Will they talk? I fancy not. Their thoughts will be too deep for words. Rather will they be like men who gazed on the Pacific for the first time.

"Silent upon a peak in Darien."

I have in my possession the following letter written by Sir George Colley to Colonel Bowker. It is dated from Hong Kong, May 18, 1860, and is very interesting. I will not comment upon it but will let it speak for itself. Will readers note the meaning the writer attaches to the word 'shave' in the sense of rumour or scare? Who could foresee when this letter was written that the writer would die on a South African battlefield twenty years later? R.I.P.

IN HONG KONG.

GENERAL COLLEY'S LETTER.

Hong Kong, May 18th, 1860.

My dear Bowker,

It seems quite queer addressing a letter from Hong Kong, that kind of hell upon earth and bugbear that one has always heard talk of, but here I am nevertheless, and I think it an uncommonly jolly place and, barring two or three summer months, should not at all mind being quartered here.

The town is situated at the foot of a hill, not unlike Capetown - with the difference that the mountain (Victoria Peak) is not near so high (I fancy it is about 1,500 feet), and much nearer the sea - a good big stone started from the top would certainly go into the town and might even reach the sea. What induced anyone to build here I can't conceive - there are a few hundred yards of level ground here and there, but all the upper streets and rows of buildings are regularly excavated out of the sides of the mountain which is terrifically steep. The town is not quite so large as Capetown, but much handsomer - all

the merchants' houses, barracks, public offices, stores, etc., are handsome granite buildings, some very handsome - indeed some of the merchants' houses are almost palatial - and as the town rises up the hill in terraces, you can see almost every house of it from the harbour. I never saw a place which showed signs of so much money and work having been expended - and I never saw a place where money was so plentiful. The island of Hong Kong is as rugged a bit of ground you could wish to see, many parts reminding me of the slopes from the "Bonzo" and thereabouts to the Bashee - but all about there are excellent level and hard roads and excavated out of the sides of the hills, in some places the cuttings across an awkward neck being carried to a depth of 50 or 80 feet - quite eclipsing even our memorable performance over the Butterworth hill - the roads for some distances are all provided with lamps, mounted on solid granite columns - every little slute is enclosed within cut stone facings, and crossed by handsome granite bridges, and altogether everything about it has a wonderfully stylish and well-kept appearance.

MONEY PLENTIFUL.

Money certainly is more plentiful here than I ever saw it anywhere else, the merchants are mostly enormously rich and everybody seems well paid. The Commander-in-Chief gets about 10 or 12,000 a year. Colonel Jephson, who commands a brigade, about 2,000 - a colonel commanding a regiment about 1,000 instead of 400 as he would at the Cape - an adjutant 600 - and everybody in proportion. General Mitchell, Sutton, and a whole host of Cape men are out here - we are brigaded with the 60th, the same battalion that was at the Cape. Sutton is our brigadier, and Mitchell our General of division.

Mitchell specially applied to have ourselves and the 60th under him, and has regularly made up a Cape Brigade. Elkington and Green are still with him, and Snell, Rowley of the artillery, and a lot of Cape men are attached to our Brigade. Rowley is with the Armstrong guns, a battery of which are attached to our brigade. I saw them practising the other day, but was greatly disappointed. Certainly it was under very difficult circumstances, some buoys were moored out at sea at different distances, and the guns were brought down on to the sand and told to fire at them guessing the range. The sea is always a difficult place to judge distance on, and being low down on the sand they could not see the extent between them, as one could from a little rise. The buoy also gives you no clue towards judging distance by size, as a man or a boat or anything whose size you know would. The guns are as ugly and insignificant looking things as you could wish to see - the muzzle is small and without any ornament or moulding - the neck only is massive - their general shape is something of this.

We have three or four batteries of them with us, so we shall know what they can do.

The expedition is all assembled, and a good part has already moved north. I believe we are to take a separate line from the French, which will be a great blessing, they work to the south of Peiko, and we to the north. We are almost daily expecting to be off, and I shan't worry when we are, for there seems some chance of these rows at home breaking up the whole thing. It is generally expected that we shall have a sharp fight at the first go, but little or none afterwards, but I am rather afraid they don't want to push on to Pekin, but mean to bring them to reason by occupying.

The number of varieties of uniform here are something wonderful. Besides all the various cavalry, artillery, sikh, Indian, almost every regiment wears a uniform of its own, entirely heedless of regulation - the pith helmet (the same as the Cape one, with blue, red and other coloured scarf round it) is generally worn, and certainly it is both a comfortable and rather a handsome headdress. Patrol jackets, grey flannel and cambric coats and all kinds are worn - the only thing you 'never' see is a regulation shell jacket, tunic and pongo.

" A STUNNING OLD BUFFER."

The Commander-in-Chief, Sir Hope Grant, seems an easy going fellow, and is generally voted a stunning old buffer, because he gives everybody

lots of money; having just put out an order authorising an advance of three months pay to everybody, which puts from £60 to £80 for the subaltern, to £500 or £600 for a colonel or brigadier into their pockets. I forgot to mention that besides the high pay they give, they rate the dollar (in which they pay) at 4s.2d., whereas its exchangeable value with England is about 4s.10d., so that on all money you remit to England you gain about 15 per cent.

We have been here now about a fortnight. Our passage from the Cape was very slow, about 70 days - on leaving the Cape we struck south, instead of going to the Mauritius as I had expected, till we got to Lat. 42, where we got lots of rain and wind. We then kept due east till we got within about 600 miles of Australia, and then turned north, making almost a right angle. We touched at Anjar (a pretty little Dutch settlement on the coast of Java) and Singapore - at the latter we remained nearly a week. The first part of the voyage was miserable enough, but the latter part, from the time we first sighted land, I enjoyed amazingly, all the coast of Java, specially, is beautiful.

TASTE OF TROPICAL SCENERY.

At Anjar we had the first taste of regular tropical scenery, vegetation, and fruit, and heat also - it's as pretty a spot as one could well conceive, the village almost buried in cocoanut trees, and in the middle of it one or two large banyan trees, under which the market is generally held. There was a post there occupied by a detachment from a Dutch native regiment, answering very much to our Sepoys - Javanese and Malays, commanded by European officers - but they have taken the wise precaution of having two companies (the two flank companies) of each regiment composed entirely of Europeans. I went over the post with some of our fellows - the officers quarters were magnificent, enormously lofty rooms with every possible luxury - and the men's quarters far superior to any I have seen at the Cape. The officer in command was an uncommonly nice gentlemanly young fellow, and very civil and hospitable. He spoke French, so several of us were able to get on very well with him, and Teddy Saunders, whom you probably know, and who came out with us, tackled him with Cape Dutch, and got on very well. One evening he dined with us, and some of our youngsters succeeded in making him screwed, he then got very quarrelsome and declared that our Captain had insulted him by not coming in to pay his respects to him as commandant of the fort and harbour, and that if he attempted to leave the harbour without doing so he would at once sink our ship - it was great fun to hear him.

From Java Head to Singapore one is constantly in sight of land - parts of it are very fine, but one part, the straits of Banca, is about the nearest approach to Hell I have yet had the pleasure of making. These straits are from five to two miles across - the land on both sides (Sumatra on one side, the island of Banca on the other) is a dead flat covered with thick forest, presenting nothing but a low black swampy looking line without a break - the mud banks can be seen running far out at low tide - the water has none of the pure green of the sea, but is thick and muddy and stagnant, and seems regularly to putrify and stink under the burning sun. The approach to Singapore is pretty enough - the sea has its proper clean colour there (I believe the colour in the straits of Banca is partly owing to some very large rivers in Sumatra emptying their waters into the straits) the islands though none very high, are not all dead flat and are covered with very pretty and various trees and shrubs - some are inhabited, and the villages look very jolly under the palm and banyan trees - and there were lots of boats of all kinds plying about them. At Java and Singapore fruit was pretty plentiful as you may suppose - bananas, pineapples, mangos, mangostein and cocoanuts were about 6d. a dozen at Anjar - do you remember the last cocoanut we ate at the Cape? The pineapples were magnificent at Singapore, but I think the best fruit is the mangostein. I don't think though after all that any tropical fruit I have yet tasted is equal to the good old English fruit - strawberries and etc.

SINGAPORE.

Singapore is a good sized place, the population about 80,000 I

believe. There are a few nice streets and handsome houses, but the greater part of the town is Chinese and very dirty - and such stinks! they beat the Kaffirs hollow in that. I fancy there is a greater variety of nations to be met with at Singapore than anywhere - Chinese, Malays, Javanese, Dutchmen from Batavia, half-caste Spaniards from Manilla, Hindoos, Mahrattas, Siamese, Burma, all seem to meet there. They say Singapore is healthy, and not very hot - which means that you are not quite certain to be carried off by dysentery or fever, and that you may sometimes venture out in the day without being knocked over by a sunstroke but I can only say every European I saw there looked pale and sickly, and the place certainly is never cool, for being just on the line it is always summer there - and when one of our fellows was taken ill and wanted a blanket, it turned out such articles were not known in the hotels there.

AN ECCENTRIC WAR.

May 30th.

I kept this letter in case I might have any more news to send, but here we are still - however, things look more promising than they did. All the sailing ships have been started for the rendezvous, which is somewhere in the Gulf of Pecheli, north of Chusan, and the steamers are beginning to move - we go the day after to-morrow. Our headquarters, which left the Cape sometime after we did, came in here ten days after us, and have now been transferred to our ship so that we all go up together, with the exception of about 150 men who are sent as coolie guards in other ships. This way certainly is most eccentric one in many ways - one goes about the country here just as if there was no war, and we are actually paying rent to a Chinaman for the land on which our troops are encamped - but the finest joke of all is that the Canton Chinese merchants have offered to bet 50,000 dollars (about £12,000) that we are repulsed at the Peiho - and have actually lodged the money at the European Bank here. The bet you may suppose created great excitement - heaps of officers have gone in for a share in it, and I believe the whole amount has now been taken up.

This place beats even the Cape for shaves, the other day it went all through the place that a Chinaman had been found trying to poison one of the wells in camp, and had been by the general's order tried and hanged at the same time. To-day it turns out that it was our colonel's cook, who went to fetch some water, and being seen by a very juvenile officer of artillery, lately out, was conducted to the guard room as being found meddling with the wells. At the guard room, of course, he was known and let go.

Next time I write I hope to have more news to give you - meanwhile you must try and let me know now and then how matters are getting on in my old diggings, and especially whether "Qassana" had paid the debt which he owes to me generally, and to you and me especially. I heard Sir H. Grant say the other day that Sir George Gray had returned to the Cape, and with more flying colours than ever - that before sailing he was sent for by the Queen, who told him she intended to send out one of the young Princes with him to learn how to be a good governor - is this all a shave? I suppose so.

NEWS FROM THE CAPE.

Nicholson (a long time doctor in the 60th, and a great friend of Maclean's), who is here now, told me he had news from the Cape a little later than when I left, and that they had not filled up my place - let me know all about it, and whether you have ever carried out the proposed expedition towards the heads of the Tsomo and Umgerali, and if so what you found there - also how Kreli is getting on and what are the changes of a war.

I can hear of no vessel being likely to return by the Cape, so I am sending this by the English mail - not a short way, certainly, but I believe a safe one.

Remember me to Fynn and any old acquaintances that may be there, and believe me ever yours truly,

(Signed) G. Pomeroy Colley.

A PEEP AT THE PAST.

By Frank Bowker.

No.I.

I have in my possession a copy of the Cape Frontier Times dated Grahamstown, Tuesday, July 18, 1848. I do not know exactly when this paper started or ceased publication, but this copy is No. 426, Vol. IX. It was published weekly, on Tuesdays, and the Afrikaans edition, the Grensblad, on Saturday. The subscription is given as £1-6s. per annum in Grahamstown, and £1-12s. in the country, and the terms for advertisements are also stated.

Editor and Proprietor, John George Franklin, High Street, Grahamstown. Printed and published by L. H. Meurant, High Street. I propose to take my readers through the paper from end to end, both advertisements and reading matter, and to endeavour by my comments to make the dry bones live.

The leading article is devoted to "certain remarks lately made by His Excellency the Governor at a public dinner given by him to the members of the Executive and Legislation Councils, etc., on the question of a separate and distinct government for the Eastern Province." The recall of Sir H. Young is commented on to His Excellency's disadvantage - "It will not increase his popularity, such as it is, at this end of the colony."

"The proceedings of the Legislative Council . . . neither command the respect nor the confidence of the public." Any changes advocated "will only slightly, if in any degree at all, affect the Eastern Districts, unless Sir Benjamin D'Urban's 'frivolous' suggestion of removing the seat of government to Uitenhage be carried into effect."

It continues in this strain, nothing seemingly satisfies the Editor but a separate government for the Eastern Province. His Excellency's intention "to form a species of yeomanry throughout the colony, but most numerous upon the Eastern Frontier," is also commented upon, and it is hoped time will be given the inhabitants to express their dissent, if they see fit, to the measure before it passes into law.

A short sub-leader states that Government Notices for the Eastern Province appear regularly in the paper, and in future will appear under one head. Then follows "Substance of Government Notices, etc." A half yearly account of the receipts and expenditure of the Board of Roads for British Kaffraria, ending June 30, 1848, show, revenue £2,196.5s. and expenditure on roads, repairs of drifts and making bridges, etc., £413.10s.4½d., leaving a balance of £1,692.14s. 7½d.

Will our divisional councillors please note the fractions of a penny?

The ordinance for "exempting newspaperers and certain other publications from stamp duty appears in the Gazette; also the repeal of an ordinance which, it seems, was ultra vires and also an ordinance for rendering legal certain marriages over the boundary, supposed to be invalid.

An ordinance for enabling "resident magistrates to exercise, in regard to disputed rights of water, certain powers formerly exercised by Landrost and Heemraden". Also for enabling public sales to be held by "persons not licensed as auctioneers, and without the payment of auction duty." The object of this ordinance is to enable agricultural associations to hold or authorise public sales of farming produce and live stock at their respective periodical meetings, without compelling the parties selling to take out an auctioneer's licence.

An ordinance for improving the public roads of the colony. An ordinance to enable municipal boards to locate in an orderly and proper manner such native foreigners as are now to be found regularly squatting

squatting upon municipal pasture lands. Also enabling the above boards, with the consent of the Governor in Council, to "dispose of, or alienate, or permit to be built upon, enclosed or cultivated" any part of the municipal lands. All monies so raised to be part of the municipal funds.

PART II.

Then follows an ordinance for regulating the duties and remuneration of a Field-Cornet. He can, in certain cases, arrest without warrant. He must, with all speed, hold an inquest in cases of violent death, accident, suicide, etc. On arresting a prisoner he can appoint any proper person as a special constable for the custody and conveyance of such prisoner to the nearest gaol.

The special is paid at the rate of 4d. per mile (both ways), and refunded any expenditure or food for the prisoner. Field-Cornets whose wards adjoin the sea are to assist in case of ship-wreck, etc.

Pay of Field-Cornets is: "Away from home 1s.6d. per hour for horse hire, and his own time 7s.6d. per day." (I fancy it should be 1s.6d. per day for the horse). For every inquest he holds, 1l. One shilling per day for supplying a prisoner with necessary food. For any special service, such sum as the Governor of the Colony shall approve.

"The Civil Commissioner for Graaff-Reinet advertises a meeting on the 31st instant to elect a divisional board, the inhabitants having taken so little notice of a former summons."

It seems that "apathy in public matters" is not a plant of new growth!

The next matter is Extracts from the Blue Book. Fort Hare Fingoes, etc.

"A Lieut.Col. Montessoro writes to the Governor complaining that he and Lieut.Col. Johnstone "have been left totally without instructions." His Excellency "is not aware of the nature of the instructions you expected to receive." Then follows a bit of a wiggling re a requisition for stores and equipment for the Fingo levies:

"You have not 'shown that scrutiny into the expenditure of the public money ... which it was your duty to make."

The Editor is against his Excellency here but I will not go into details. The equipment requisition form was as follows: Required for the four companies of Fingoes under my command the undermentioned articles of clothing:

400 veldt shoes, 400 steauty ruffle jackets, 400 pairs of sheepskin or moleskin trousers, 400 shirts, 400 hats, woollen caps.

Some of the people for whom the requisition is presented attend parade nearly naked.

C. L. Stretch.

Capt. Commanding.

Camp Block Drift.

5th Feb. 1847.

Speaking of naked parades, readers of Kipling's story "The Taking of Lungtung pen" may call to mind Mulvaney's description: "Twas the most ondasint p'rade I iver took a hand in. Foive-and-twenty privits an' a orficer av the Line in review order, an' not as much as wud

dust a fife betune 'em all in the way of clothin'!"

A long Government minute on the subject of losses sustained in the late war. "Should it so happen that Her Majesty's Government feels itself unable to undertake the payment of those claims, it will behove this Council to consider the manner in which they should be met."

This question of compensation for the '35, '46 and '50 wars was a long-standing cause of complaint. Later, under responsible Government T. H. Bowker, M.L.A., brought up the matter at every session and became known as "Compensation Bowker," so perhaps I had better refrain from further comment, "lest worse befall me!"

The European news is from the latest April papers, i.e. nearly three months old.

FRANCE.

A meeting of operatives on the Champ de Mars caused the rappel to be beaten and the National Guard 100,000 strong turned out. Every room in the Hotel de Ville was suddenly filled with Guards. Cannons were pointed from its doors . . . The idea had spread that a "proceeding directed against a part of the members of the Provisional Government was designed."

All Paris were spontaneously illuminated. Extraordinary precautions were taken at the Ministry of the Interior. Two companies of National Guards Mobile were stationed in the principal court. All was arranged to resist a coup de main. And so on. Nothing seems to have happened.

How like the Paris strikes, etc., of a week or two ago. History repeats itself.

GERMANY.

The old subject of Schleswig-Holstein crops up. If Danish troops do not cease for hostilities force must be resorted to.

The Dail is engaged in the project of the establishment of a German Navy.

PRUSSIA.

The concord between the working classes and their employers is strengthened every day more and more. In every part of the Grand Duchy of Posen the Polish armed corps have had conflicts with the Prussian troops, and several persons have been killed on both sides.

DENMARK AND SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

The Danes have entered Schleswig to the number of 2,000 men. There are 7,000 Prussian troops at Rensburg . . . The Danish army of 8,000 advanced yesterday, and took possession of Dannerzirkie near Schleswig.

SPAIN.

The Madrid mails on the 14th announce the banishment of the Duke and Duchess Montpensier to Serville.

PORTUGAL.

To give an idea of the state of things at the palace the queen has herself been cited or sued in the courts of law for wages due to the many palace servants - the kitchen maids and stable boys.

ITALY.

Naples. On the evening of the 4th 250 more volunteers left for Genoa.

TURKEY.

Great excitement prevailed at Constantinople by the news of a revolution in England. News had been received of a republic having been proclaimed in England, and that the Queen and royal family had left the country. It had the effect of completely paralysing all commercial transactions.

THE WAR IN ITALY.

The Austrian troops have been retiring for several days before the Piedmontese troops, in order ... to concentrate themselves.

There is quite a lot about this war, but hardly of sufficient interest to quote.

No. III.

We now come to the Editor's Portfolio:

The Grahamstown Journal states: We believe without intending a joke, that its accounts from British Kaffraria (showing that the Kaffirs are "troublesome" and committing "many thefts") "upon the whole are satisfactory," because the said accounts exhibit the "activity of the authorities and the successful manner in which at a very important crisis they are working out the existing system." Admirable logic! Consistent journalist! The Farmers' friend! At this rate a kaffir war might be "on the whole satisfactory" provided it exhibited the "activity of the authorities" at a "very important crisis". It is presumed then that kaffir thefts are part and parcel of the "existing system" which is now being worked in "so successful a manner." Formerly if an ox was stolen by kaffirs or a single goat was missing, the delinquency was traced to the "system" - it was allowing to the 'system', the horrible "unworkable system." But a new light has suddenly broken in upon our sagacious contemporary - and he has made the notable discovery that thieving is quite compatible with the "successful" working out of a "system". Who after this will refuse him the honour of a cap and bells?

Rather priceless. It would be interesting to read the Grahamstown Journal's reply to the above. It is quite apparent that the rival editors of Eatanswill, Messrs. Slurk and Pott, had their counterparts in Grahamstown at this time.

KOWIE COMMISSIONERS.

A correspondent asks what has become of the Kowie Commissioners? We answer, they are now where they always have been since they were appointed - at their post. Nothing can be done . . . in consequence of Col. Mitchell's absence from the Colony on sick leave, until the arrival of a to be appointed civil engineer. Why were these gentlemen . . . thus trifled with and led to indulge hopes of usefulness which the Government knew would not be realised?

Poor old Kowie, waiting still!

We have received information that the Gaika Chiefs seem much subdued. There is said to be a scarcity of food in Kaffirland.

A society for agricultural and horticultural purposes has been formed in Natal.

The Port Elizabeth Herald announces the death of Rev. James Kitchingham . . . for upwards of 30 years a missionary.

Natal is to have a separate and distinct legislature. How long is the Eastern Province to be kept in leading strings to satisfy the whims, to serve the pride, and minister the patronage of the Cape official:

A public library is to be established at Port Elizabeth.

The Port Elizabeth Herald is happy to announce on good authority that the lighthouse on Cape Recife is likely to be commenced within a month.

No doubt a great necessity in those days of sailing vessels.

A communication lately received by us from Stockenström represents that settlement in a state of profound tranquillity, unbroken only by the solitary case of theft ... The people here will gradually recover.... They have been turning their attention to wood-cutting and sawing.

A correspondent in the front writes: "The military villages are a complete failure; in the one there are 40 men out of 78;" and so on. Another account differs and says: "The military villages in Victoria (East) are also advancing in a satisfactory manner, quite as well or better than many anticipated."

The inhabitants of these villages, Ely, Woburn, Auckland and Juannasburg were murdered by the kaffirs on Christmas Day, 1850.

Somerset. An alleged case of discourtesy on the part of the post-master at Somerset East is found to have had no foundations.

The flight of Mr. Biddulph, the new Resident Magistrate of Winburg, has been confirmed . . . The officer did leave his post upon the most idle rumour, and repaired to Bloemfontein, to the British Resident, who immediately sent him back again.

Thus ends the Editor's portfolio.

LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.

(Abridged from the Zuid Afrikaan). Tuesday, July 4th.

The Governor now proposed the third reading of the Road Bill . . . Carried; Messrs. Cloete and Ebdon recording their protests.

Mr. Ebdon asked for a reduction of transfer dues. His Excellency thought the time for reducing the revenue had not yet come. . . Mr. Harries desired to know why despatch clerks were inefficiently paid, . . His Excellency remarked that they were paid just as much as Ensigns in H.M. Service were for exposing themselves as targets to be shot at from morning till evening.

A proposed increase in magistrate's salaries was carried.

Item. - "Ecclesiastical establishment" . . . a proposed grant of £400 per annum for an Archdeacon in Grahamstown.

Mr. Cock opposed the grant on the voluntary principle. Mr. Harries would vote for the grant whether he lost his popularity or not. Mr. Cloete did not know whether an archdeacon was of any use or not. If he were actually necessary, he thought they might give him £200, as much as a Dutch clergyman was entitled to.

The grant was carried.

An inadequacy of the police force in Grahamstown and Port Elizabeth is spoken of on the item "Pensions and retired allowances". Messrs. Ebdon and Cock remarked on the amazing extent to which it had accumulated . . . Hoped that all individuals to whom pensions were in future allowed would really deserve such consideration. A pension of £70 per annum was voted to Mrs. Norden, widow of the late Mr. Norden, who had been killed in action, while serving in the field as Captain of the Grahamstown Yeomanry.

A long extract from the Cape Town Mail, contains a speech by His Excellency proposing the health of the members of the Legislative Council for the Eastern Province. He speaks of and proposes a separate

government for the Eastern Province. It is a kind of fashion and frivolous to want this.

In a further speech, "The health of the Army," the formation of a Yeomanry Corps is hinted at.

POSTSCRIPT.

The last news in the paper comes under this heading.

Most of the news is all about occurrences north of the Orange River. Pretorius and his doings. Major Warden taken prisoner, or an attempt to do so.

A destructive fire had occurred in Port Elizabeth, the premises of Messrs. Kay, Hess & Co., as well as those of Mr. Hauptfleisch, being entirely consumed.

Latest European news shows fresh commotions in Vienna and the Emperor had fled. Another insurrection in Naples. The British Ambassador at the Court of Madrid had been dismissed. Polish insurgents at Posen had been defeated and are said to have committed inhuman atrocities upon the Jewish population in that Duchy. Consuls had risen, the last quotation being 84½.

This finishes the reading matter and I propose to deal with the advertisements.

No. IV.

I am now taking the advertisements in the order in which they occur in the paper, and make no attempt whatever to classify them.

COMMISSARIAT.

The undersigned persons are hereby informed that compensation has been awarded them for losses sustained by them of wagons, oxen, etc., during the war with the Kafir tribes, payable on application at this Office.

Among the names given the only ones that seem familiar to-day in Grahamstown are Crouch, Dicks, Lloyd, Webb, Moolman.

MUNICIPAL ADVERTISEMENT.

Wanted, a respectable, steady person, competent to perform the duties as overseer of the water in this town - whose business shall be to attend to the water only - putting the same on at morning and off at night, and attending to all the private leadings, so that each person entitled, may have his quantity at the proper time.

...

By order of the Commissioners,

A. W. Beck, Town Clerk.

Here is something interesting. I take it (I may be wrong) that at this time there were no reservoirs and the supply of water was not piped but ran in an open furrow. The water came from springs and ran down the kloof which feed the Grey, the Hamilton and the Douglas reservoirs, and also a stream down Brickmaker's Kloof. A furrow taken out at about the Dog Dam would come through the Botanical Gardens, pass somewhere near the Residency and then down High Street. Can "the oldest inhabitant" tell us anything about it? I remember these streams running quite strongly in the early 80's of last century. They failed, no doubt, as T.M. said in a late issue of the Daily Mail, "owing, it is said, to the trees planted on the slopes absorbing all the moisture." I think this view is the correct one, as the springs were fed by purely local water. Owing to thin elevation I hardly think it could be water

coming any distance underground. However, I have a spring on a farm here which after being dry for several years suddenly starts to flow strongly again, there being no local rain. It has done so twice in the last twenty years. Possibly this spring is dependent on rainfall in a distant area for its supply. That springs do fail unaccountably was noted by Lichtenstein about 1803 or thereabouts. He says: "It is one of the evils of this country . . . that a spring which has yielded abundantly for time immemorial, will at length suddenly fail and become wholly dried up." To-day the lowering of the water table by bore-holes may be one reason for the failure of springs.

JUST RECEIVED.

My superior Baas' Ale in three dozen cases and Bass' Ale and Porter in three dozen casks.

S. D. Mandy.

CIRCULAR.

Sir,

The office-bearers elected by the inhabitants of Albany, to carry out the details of the proposed Eastern Province Spring Race Meeting of 1848, beg to submit the following remarks for your consideration:

Ideas are then put forward for raising funds, and so on.

R. G. Stone,

Hon. Sec.

JUST RECEIVING --

A few tons of good Smith's Coals, a few tons of English and Swedish Iron - also a few hundred Cocoa Nuts.

J. B. Temlett.

POTE'S GENERAL SALES.

The attention of purchasers is called to the large amount of their overdue Vendue Notes . . . they will be handed over indiscriminately for prosecution.

Extension Public Sale. On Wednesday, 19th inst., in front of the Colonial Stores, Goods consisting of Ironmongery, Cutlery, Carpenter's Tools, etc.

Articles which I don't see mentioned to-day are hyson, caper steam mill float, roofing paper, oven doors.

Shaw, Hoopes & Co.

C. Pote Auctioneer.

NOTICE.

A society for the cultivation of Rhetoric, Literature and useful knowledge in general being in course of formation in Grahamstown. A further meeting of all who are favourable to the establishment of such an institution.....

DR. SMITH, DENTIST.

Leaving the Frontein for Cape town intends being at Uitenhage, George, Swellendam. Dates given.

NOTICE.

Undersigned conducts commission or agency business
King Williamstown. C. Fuller.

FORT BEAUFORT.

Mr. B. D. Bell, Auctioneer and Sworn Appraiser to the Supreme Court, continues to hold town and country sales . . .

Then follow advertisements for sale of merchandise for Mr. Mildenhall, a Commission Sale on behalf of Blakeway and Minto, and a Public Sale of Merchandise. Among other items Duffles, Mole-skins, Voerchitz.

JUST RECEIVED --

A splendid assortment of gold, silver and steel spectacles of all ages.

Benjn. Hadley.
Opposite the Court House.

FARRIERY, ETC.

H. Allison having engaged a farrier of first rate abilities . . late 7th D.G., can now execute orders in the above line in New Street.

Wagon making and general smithery on same premises.

Cape Brandy. The undersigned has now in store a batch of first rate Cape Brandy.

Jarvie & Co.

Two notices in Estates, signed,
F. Lucas,
Secretary E.F. Trust Company.

Wanted. By two single emigrants just arrived from England ... employment on a farm.

G. Cumming, High Street, has now unpacked:

(I quote only what seem strange to-day)

Tweed hip jackets, Millers and printed moleskin hip jackets, Turkey red handkerchiefs, Gents de Joinville scarfs, black Gros de Naples, rich corahs, French Clogs, double and single night caps, chip bonnets, German lucifers, Princetta cloth.

What was a double night cap? Double material, or a species of Siamese twin, one cap for you and one for your wife?

TO LET.

For a term of three years the farm Bellmont, together with the agricultural implements, a wagon and 24 oxen accustomed to the farm.

J. Carlisle.

NOTICE.

The Somerset and Albany Fair for the Show and Sale of Stock, will be held at Leeuw Fontein (Mr. Jelliman's) on the 13th September next, the premiums to be awarded will be published in a subsequent advertisement.

By order of the Committee,
W. Cole Currie, Sec.

Jelliman's was a small wayside hotel or inn on the present Grahamstown-Cradock road. I can't be sure if it was at the old ruins at the 12 milestone, or about four or five miles nearer Bedford, where there is a petrol supply pump. A year or two later, in 1851 I fancy a deserting Hottentot from the Cape Corps knocked the proprietor up at 1 o'clock in the morning and demanded brandy. On being refused he shot the proprietor in the doorway. (He was hanged for the murder). A few

words about W. Cole Currie may not be amiss. He was a younger brother of Sir Walter Currie and while he held the rank of Lieutenant was shot in the Zuurberg bush, when the bush was being combed out for Hottentot rebels. He was struck in the chest and badly wounded by a charge of shot. He was brought into Somerset but died a day or two later. A mural tablet to his memory may be seen in the English Church at Somerset East. At that time, a Commandant Bouwer, a highly respected man (who was himself killed later in the war), was in charge of a number of Burghers. He was a personal friend of Sir Walter Currie, and told the latter that one of his men had confessed to him that it was he who had shot Currie by mistake in the dense bush. Commandant Bouwer told Sir Walter this, but said he would not reveal the man's name, as it would only cause ill-feeling, and was a pure accident.

NO. V.

PER AMIGA.

The undersigned has just received a shipment of London porter and Palc ale in hogsheads.

W. Anderson, Sen. & Co.

G. CUMMING (LATE CUMMING, FLETCHER & CO.)

Just received Ladies Dress Caps, Voerchitz, Ribbons, Boys Blucher Boots, English cane bottom chairs.

TO BUTCHERS.

For sale on Seven Fountains, Tarka, 100 superior large fat hamels . . . price 10/- each at 3 month's bill.

Henry Kew.

MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

The report of the third annual general meeting of members, held at the Society's offices, Cape Town, Monday, the 3rd July, 1848, is given in full.

Ninety-three policies of the value £58,200 had been taken out during the year yielding annual premiums to the value of £1,740. The Society have to lament the loss of one of its members, but one only out of 335 during the past year. Although the number of persons assured at this office has amounted to 412, the Society has suffered loss on only five. Acknowledging the goodness of Divine Providence in this respect

Election of Directors and two Auditors, etc., follow. Very like the Old Mutual's annual meetings of to-day, except that to-day the figures are more astronomical than they were 88 years ago.

GRAHAMSTOWN MARKET PRICES.

Meal per muid	£1-16- 0
Oathay per 100 lbs	3- 6
Firewood	13- 6
Potatoes per 100 lbs.	7- 6
Butter per lb.	9

Agents for the paper, which seem to have been fairly widely distributed, are given for Capetown, Cradock, Uitenhage, George, Colesberg, Stellenbosch, Beaufort, Somerset and Fort Beaufort.

IMPORTANT PUBLIC SALE.

On the farm Groote Leeuw Fontein, near Zwart Kei Post, stock, wagons and merchandize.

William Morris.

Fort Beaufort.

In the Estate of the late Marthinus

C. BEHRENS.

Landed property for sale.

Farms Spitzkop, Wittleklip, Highlands, and Frome, all near Highlands.

Highlands is described, as on the High road to the Bay. The Howieson's Poort road had not yet been constructed.

MR. W. P. R. DIZON, COLESBERG --

Accepts orders for goods from persons in the newly formed stations over the boundary of the Orange River . . . and is in a position to sell cheap.

CEILING OF ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH.

Tenders will be received . . . for fixing ceiling joists and preparing and fixing a wainscot ceiling in the said church. Securities . . . will be required.

A. SHEPPERSON, ON THE PLEASANT WALK, HIGH STREET.

New Goods. Latest Fashions. Best Materials. Flowers for Brides and Ribbons. Ladies and Children's wearing apparel. Satin Damasks Wide Awake Hats. Table covers. Chinese Matting. Oil Cloths. This is no Puff.

Liberal discount for cash.

EASTERN PROVINCE SPRING MEETING.

To be held first week in October. Rules and orders follow.

R. G. Stone,
Hon. Sec.

EAST LONDON.

Ketchum & South, have a quantity of goods suitable for the trade of Kaffirland . . .

FRONTIER COMMERCIAL AND AGRICULTURAL BANK.

List of Directors, Capital, rate of interest on fixed deposits, etc., are given. The rate of interest on 12 months deposits being 4 per cent.

This bank failed in the sixties.

PRODUCE.

Jarvie & Co. make liberal advances on Wool, etc.

R. A. CAMPION.

Intending to close his establishment offers for sale at cost rates: Manufactures, Oilman's Stores, etc., Wines and Spirits, Clothing. (Unusual articles in this list, white punjums, goffered quilling (?), voerchitz, dowlas, patent skins and roans, manilla segars, clay tobacco pipes, De Jongh's snuff, Devon gaiters.)

MESSRS. W. ANDERSON, SEN. & CO.

Continue to make advances on consignments of Wool . . . Conditions made known at their Counting House.

FOR SALE.

Ten spans good Zuurveld oxen . . .

John Moloney, Howieson's Poort.

SOUPS.

The undersigned has Hot Soups daily from 11 o'clock to 3.

D. McMaster,

High Street.

WANTED --

A respectable youth who knows the town . . .

Thos. Jarman.

DISTRICT OF GRAAFF-REINET.

Positive sale of farm Coetzee's Kraal . . . stock, etc.

All without reserve.

Conditions Favourable.

Mrs. van der Merwe not being on the farm, no refreshments can be provided.

S. J. Meintjes,

Auctioneer.

JUST UNPACKED.

Toys, amusing and instructive. Glassware. Crushed sugar in 200 lb. casks.

Benjamin Hadley.

Dissolution of Partnership between M. B. Shaw, A. W. Hoole and J. C. Hoole.

£2 REWARD.

Wrongly delivered or made away with by a Kafir girl the 2nd volume of the Holy Bible . . .

Alex. Hyde.

Medeira Wines of Superior Quality . . .

William Kensit & Co.

That finishes the advertisements. I trust my readers have not been bored by my attempt to throw a light on the Grahamstown of eighty-eight years ago.

MORE SETTLER STORIES.

By Frank Bowker.

A relative from Southern Rhodesia after reading the stories in my last article, has handed me on one or two more which are quite worth repeating. He also gives the full story of the seatless trousers I mentioned, which is as follows:-

Jeremiah Divine was an Irishman and lived near Fort D'Acree, near the mouth of the Fish River. He rode over to the Kowie one day and on his return intended calling on old Joseph Walker. The latter had a large savage dog and just as Jerry dismounted in front of the house the dog saw him and flew out. Jerry mounted again in a hurry, but as he swung over into the saddle the dog made a spring and took out the seat of his very baggy trousers. Jerry tarried not on the order of his going, but rode off at a sharp canter for Tharfield, and just before getting there put on his overcoat, which was strapped to his saddle. On being asked to take it off at Tharfield on account of the heat, he said he would rather not as he was "hardly decent a-hind." a variation of course of my first story, but a good one.

On another occasion at Tharfield Jerry was asked to stay to dinner but refused politely, saying "he really must go, as there is no one at home but Jerry boy, and 'he's away cuttin' rushes'."

A FAITHFUL SERVANT.

Holden Bowker had a faithful old Hottentot servant who was called Boesack. Now Hottentot stories lose all their point and freshness if not told in Kombuis Afrikaans and I crave my readers' pardon if my Afrikaans is badly spelled, as I fear it may be. Boesack came to the house one day with blood pouring from his head. On being asked what was the matter he said, "Die ander mense het mij oor die kop geslaan, Baas." Why did they do that?" said his master. "Oor ou denge wat lang al vergeet is Baas." How like a Tot.

Two of the young Bowkers, Holden's sons, riding past Bathurst one day found old Jeremiah Banks next the road skinning off a fat heifer, and asked what had killed it. The reply was "I don't know, Mr. Bowker, but all my cattle's dyin' of 'orsesickness.'" As the boys were riding two nice ponies they thought it best to shift off, or may be the horses might contract cattle sickness from the dead heifer!

One of the old Bowker brothers (I won't mention which) said he had only owned one watch in his lifetime. He found a watch quite useless as he could always tell the time by the sun. What was it there for? However, his wife always bothered him to buy one, but as he would not she finally bought one herself, and gave it him for a present. Even then he said he did not use it, till one day when they were all going to Grahamstown in the tent wagon he wound it up, started it going, and put it in one of his pockets. Some time later in the day when they were outspanned, he took it out to see the time, and in his own words "the glass was all ground up, and the hands was broke off, so I took and put it under the wagon wheel." He had put the watch, an open faced one (hunter, I fancy, is the right name), into a trouser pocket along with some silver coins, a big pocket knife and a large bunch of padlock keys! Before the wagon started his wife saw the watch and saved it, exchanging it later at a jeweller's in Grahamstown for something else. But the old chap used to chuckle and say "She never gave me another!" Wise woman.

A RESPECTED GRAHAMSTONIAN.

The following story is in what might be called the "boerverneukery" line. Oxen and wain ropes will not drag the man's name from me. His descendants might rise in anger. The story concerns a man who later became a leading merchant in Grahamstown and was respected and looked up to by all, so apparently this little bit of sharp practise was forgiven, or may be never took place, the story being invented. Young X, as I will call him, started Kafir trading and made several trips to

Fort Willshire, which was the great emporium at that time. Later he proceeded into Kafirland with his wagon loaded up with goods, which he bartered for ivory, ostrich feathers and other things. He had on the wagon, for cooking his food, several three-legged iron pots, then a novelty, but to-day of course to be found in every hut. At this time the Kafirs cooking utensils were made of baked clay, and calabashes were used for carrying or storing water and milk. The Kafirs seeing these iron pots were quick to recognise their value and wanted to get some in exchange. X parted with one or two he could spare, "to set the fashion and create demand," and then said he was sorry he had no more, but he could supply them with seed, from which they could be grown. But surely, this was something the whiteman made, it did not grow in the garden. Yes, it did, just like their calabashes and pumpkins grew. He had not many seeds and naturally they were expensive. The story goes on to say that he produced leaden shot as the pot seed. A No. 5 shot from which a small pot grew, he exchanged for a weaned calf; a buck-shot was sold for a heifer, and a big looper, from which a pot could be grown big enough - so big, forming his arms in a circle to brew lots of beer, for a cow or a big fat ox. X returned to Grahamstown with the nucleus of a nice herd. These he sold and with the proceeds started his business which became a wide spread and flourishing one before many years were over. Good luck to X! Apparently ill-gotten gains sometimes prosper.

N T H L A M B O.

STORY OF A NATIVE.

Some Queer Ideas.

By Frank Bowker.

I trust the following account of an old kaffir servant of my grandfather, who also later served my late father for very many years, may be of interest.

This old man is still alive to-day, unless he has died within the last few months and I have not heard of his decease. When Halley's Comet appeared in 1910, Nthlambo or Nthlangeni or Tangen, as we children always called him, told us that when he was a suckling infant this wonderful thing had appeared in the sky and the chief of his people said they must do something to commemorate the event. He gave the order that all the suckling infants, Nthlambo among them, were to be weaned. So Nthlambo must have been born in 1834 or 1835, and is now a centenarian.

He first appeared here on Thornkloof after the cattle killing in 1857, when many thousands of hungry kaffirs invaded the colony to try to escape from starvation. He came to the house with a wife, and I think I have been told a child, and my grandfather engaged him. There was a dead fowl (dead several days) lying on the werf. Tangen kindled a fire, placed the fowl upon it, and when the feathers were burnt off, the dead bird and the carcase barely warmed through, he and his wife made a meal of it. Probably the first for many days. I asked him about this incident last time I saw him, but he was evidently ashamed of it and changed the subject. Tangen worked about the house and herded stock. One morning when chopping wood, he cut his foot rather badly between the toes with the axe. He pointed the scar out to me and said my Grandfather had told him he would always know the changes of the weather by the feel in this foot, and he said my grandfather was very wise, for it was true.

A SMALLPOX OUTBREAK.

I don't know the year, but smallpox was prevalent, and Tangen had been on leave to Kaffirland when the disease was rife. One day shortly after his return, he became ill, had a bad headache and struck out with pimples. My grandfather, suspecting smallpox, put Tangen into a small stone hut with a thatch roof, about six hundred yards from the homestead and the other kaffir huts, with strick instructions that he was not to leave the hut, nor were the other kaffirs to approach him. His food (which consisted chiefly of brown sugar, for which he had a craving) was carried and placed on a stone dally, about twenty yards from the hut and always on a stone from which the wind blew towards the hut. He would speak to the person who brought it and then go out and get the food. When at his worst, for a period of three days, he never came out at all and they thought him dead till he appeared again. He then got better and could be seen from the house sitting outside, and daily wandering a little further from the hut. This went on for, I think, three weeks, when one day the dogs chased a hare and it ran close past him. My grandfather from the house saw Tangen pick up a stone or two and join in the chase, and remarked, "That fellow is well now." He was sent orders to pile everything - blanket, clothing and utensils, etc. - on the thatch roof and set the hut alight. He was given a bar of soap (I was always told this amount) and told to go down and wash himself very thoroughly in the brak spring. Here a new outfit of clothes awaited him and, putting these on, he was allowed to rejoin the other kaffirs at the huts. He has the worst pock-marked face of any man I have seen. The circle of stones that formed the hut are still in existence and known to us as "the small-pox house." His was the only case, thanks, I suppose, to the careful isolation.

HERBAL REMEDIES.

Tangen had a wider and better knowledge of kaffir herbal remedies, bosjes medicines than any man I ever met. It seems a pity that the

uses of these plants cannot be learned from the natives and so become of wider service among mankind. Perhaps if the Government appointed some man whom the natives trust to try and find out some of these remedies, much might be learned, but, as a rule, they will not part with these secrets.

One evening my father and a young fellow who was living here at the time went to count Tangen's flock. While walking about the kraal, the young fellow turned over a stone and was badly stung in the palm of the hand by a large black scorpion. My dad said he was fairly dancing with the pain, which he said was dreadful, when Tangen came with the sheep and asked what was the matter. On being told, he said: "Oh, is that all? I will soon put that right." My dad said he walked round the kraal and evidently gathered some leaves of a succulent plant. These he pounded between the stones and moistened with spittal. Some of this was rubbed on the site of the sting and my father said the pain "stopped at once." Tangen was asked to show the plant, but this he would not do. I believe, in some cases, the natives have an idea that if they divulge their secret it will lose all efficacy as far as they themselves are concerned.

The natives have always eaten anthrax meat after boiling it up with some bush. The bush is not known to any white person, and to-day, owing to scarcity of the disease and restrictions, to very few natives. Tangen stripped one day and showed us a scar over his spleen. It looked like the scar left by a bad burn. Half the size of one's hand, shining skin, with (apparently) no pores. He said he had been taken ill after eating anthrax meat and a sore had broken out on this spot, which left the scar when it healed. Had his spleen been affected? I don't know enough to venture even a guess, but scientists, I fancy, pooh-pooh the idea of anthrax meat being made harmless to human beings. After doctoring and eating supposed anthrax meat, if no one is taken ill, the animal did not die of anthrax, but I know of a case where the natives ate the doctored meat and all were well, and a dog (a nice collie) that ate the undoctored meat was dead the next morning.

"The man recovered from the bite -
The dog it was that died."

Tangen was not above stealing when he thought discovery unlikely. My dad one day on riding to the kraal found one of his goat ewes suckling twin kids, both of which had been recently earmarked with Tangen's mark. He found Tangen with the flock and asked him about it, and he said, "No, I can't deny things, the Baas has found me out." "Very well," said my dad, "you must lie on that ant-heap and I will give you a dozen with the stirrup leather." I think it was the last Sir John Graham, or one of his younger brothers, who was with my dad at the time, and boy-like thought the affair a great joke. Tangen took six without wincing, and then sprang to his feet and said he really could not stand the rest. Pressure was put on him and he lay down and took another four, and then after a spell the remaining two. He was never caught marking his master's kids again.

One misty, rainy day Tangen walked on to two ratels in the veld, and getting up close started hitting them with his kerrie. Ratels are not easily killed, and they turned on him. He said, while he was beating one in front, the other got behind him and caught him by the ankle. He had great difficulty in getting away. Both his ankles were badly bitten (he was lame for some time after), and he had to run for his life and leave the ratels in possession of the field. Any man who knows a ratel well would hesitate before attacking one with a stick, let alone two of them.

When quite a small boy, I can remember Tangen buying an old muzzle-loading gun, and showing it to us children with great pride. The powder flask impressed itself on my mind by having a green cord with tassels to it, to hang it round one's shoulders. He had not had the gun long when the police, under the disarmament Act, somewhere about 1877, came and took it away from him, and he was told it would be throw into the sea. It was a sore point for many a long day.

A REMEDY (?) FOR MEASLES.

One afternoon there was a very heavy thunderstorm and Tangen did not turn up that evening, as he could not get the goats across the strongly running kloof. Early next morning some men were sent to see where he was, and found him near the goats, lying under a tree, very ill. He had, of course, been drenched and had been struck out with measles. An old boer woman said a goat must be killed and his body well rubbed over with the still-warm contents of the goat's stomach and entrails, and he must be wrapped up in the warm goat-skin as well. This was done and, after a few days, Tangen was herding the goats once more, but whether due to an iron constitution or the prescribed treatment, I shall not venture to say. This wrapping in a warm skin off a freshly killed animal is still practised to-day.

When Tangen was courting a second wife, he used to start off after kraaling the goats, and literally run from the farm Middleton to the farm Leeuw Drift, where the girl was, and be back at sunrise the next morning to take the goats out. I reckon the distance quite 13 or 14 miles, and twice that distance in a night on foot is good going. A truly ardent lover, a second Leander!

Tangen was an adept at shaping a kerrie, and my brother still has several which the old man gave my father at different times. One of these has the largest head I ever saw on a stick.

Tangen lived and worked round about this neighbourhood for very many years, in fact till he became too old for further service. He was living near Seymour when I last heard of him, and, as I stated at the beginning of my "biography" was still alive quite lately, and if not a full one hundred years old, must be within a very few months of it.

HAPPENINGS IN HIGH STREET.

Reminiscences of Frank Bowker.

I am going to attempt to describe a few things I have heard and seen, which have taken place in High Street, Grahamstown, our dear old home town.

In the 1890's when a trench was being dug in High Street, in which to lay the gas main, the workmen came on an old disused well, which had been covered over for years, just about where the Boer War Memorial now stands, in front of Commemoration Church. This was, of course, a three days' wonder. The well still contained water. I can remember that the Hon. B. E. Bowker, then aged about 82, and who was staying with us at the time, said he remembered the old well perfectly. He told us there used to be a pump on it and many people in the vicinity got their water from it. There was another well nearer Bayes' corner, which Dr. Cory mentions. There is a painting of this one and the crowd round it by I'Ons, but I do not know who, at the present time, owns this picture. At any rate, these wells were great rendezvous for the coloured, Hottentots and idlers generally. Standing near one about ten o'clock one morning is a tall gentleman who has a rather long nose and is wearing a leather hat and a rather baggy pair of trousers. He carries a long six-foot bow and a quiver of arrows. Some of the arrows have sharp heads and some have small round-headed bolts for heads. The trousers pockets are large and contain a lot of very small change, the smallest to be had, pennies, halfpennies and threepenny bits, predominating. Every now and again the tall man puts his hands in these pockets and rattles the coins. This is a sign to all the urchins and street arabs that there is something toward. They know the man quite well, and what he is going to do. Presently he calls out "Come along, children and help yourselves, here is a rich man," and taking out a handful of coins he throws them out like a man sowing wheat throws the grain. A scramble occurs till his pockets are empty. He then strings his bow and walks up High Street, followed by the crowd of children, and every few yards shoots at a round stone in the street, and when he hits one - and he misses very few - the stone is broken into pieces as though struck with a hammer. The children retrieve his arrows for him, and now and again put up a hat for a target, and invariably have a sharp arrow put through it. The hat no doubt after this being a prized possession. Who is this apparently crazy individual? Thomas Holden Bowker, afterwards the gallant defender of Whittlesea in the war of 1850, founder of Queenstown and the originator of the Cathcart system. For several years M.L.A. for Albany in the old Cape Parliament, and known there for his outspokenness as Thomas the Tartar, and also as Compensation Bowker, for his always trying to get the settlers compensated for their losses during the ruinous Kafir wars of 1835, 1846 and 1850.

ANOTHER NOTED CITIZEN.

John Frederick Korsten Atherstone, a son of the settler Dr. John Atherstone, was a marvellously active man. He farmed at Rockdale in the Riebeek East area, and later at Atherstone. This farm was originally known as Kruisfontein and later as Iron Pot. When the railway was built through the property the station was called Atherstone as a compliment to him and his brother the Hon. W. G. Atherstone who owned the adjoining farm. At the time of which I write John Atherstone is a lad of about 15 and has trained a cock ostrich "to the saddle," which he races up and down High Street. He sits astride the bird and has a short hooked stick in his hand. He catches the bird's neck in the hook and pulls on it when he wants to rein in, and guides the bird by pressing the stick against the right or left side of its neck respectively. I was told about this years ago and the narrator saw the bird run along at a wonderful pace. John should have joined a circus. I have another anecdote of him relating to the Kafir war of '46, which I may tell some other time should inclination prompt.

In early days the Grahamstown water supply ran down High Street in an open furrow and was led out of this main furrow into the gardens on either side of the street. The furrow was taken out somewhere about the Dog Dam, and came through the Botanical Gardens and quite near where

the Albany Museum and the Drostdy Arch now are, before going down the street. One morning the water had stopped flowing, to the indignation of some individual whose turn it was to water his garden. On investigation it was found that the furrow at the top of the street somewhere near where the Arch is now, it had been blocked by the body of a dead Hottentot and the water was running to waste. The man had imbibed not wisely but too well, fallen into the furrow and been drowned or perished from exposure, being unable to get out.

MASONIC HOTEL.

I can now write of something of which I have personal knowledge. In the early 1880's, the post office was next to the Carlton Hotel, at that time called the Masonic and kept by W. A. Phillips who afterwards ran the sweepstakes in Johannesburg. This still being the horse age there are several hitching posts in front of the P.O., to one of which is hitched a mare. Presently a telegram delivery boy, a smart looking youth of about fifteen, comes out of the P.O., with a postman's bag containing the telegrams hung over his shoulders. He walks towards the mare, loosens the reins from the hitching post and tosses them over her head. The mare flourishes her tail several times and then turns her stern towards the pavement. The young fellow places his hands on her hips and leaps on to her back, landing on his feet, and standing upright on her hips first and then stepping lightly into the saddle, on which he stands, and the mare, who knows her job, sets off up the street at a brisk canter. I saw this myself, many times. The rider, young Cogan, a member of a - at that time - well-known Grahamstown family. In an article a year or two ago I had something to say about this individual, who later became a noted wire-walker. He called himself Professor, and having a magnificent beard used to head announcements of his performances, Prof. O. C. Cogan, with Africa's Giant Beard.

A DICKENSIAN QUERY.

Readers of Pickwick may remember Sam Weller's asking "who have they got in this her match-box in mournin'?" when Mr. Pickwick was being carried off in the sedan chair. Well, in the early 1880's you might have seen in High Street going towards the gaol, two policemen, one pushing from behind and the other pulling from in front, a funny looking black handcart, something like a railway porter's barrow, and had you been inquisitive you might have put Sam Weller's question to the limbs of the law. The reply would have been, "a Hottentot woman, drunk and incapable."

I can remember going to old Mr. John Wedderburn's workshop, just off New Street with my father, and J. W. was fitting a long box, painted black, on to two wheels. It looked very like a coffin and my father asked what it was intended for. The reply was that the police wanted it to put Hottentot women in when intoxicated and so be able to get them to the gaol. The women (old stagers) had found that if they refused to walk, or sat down, the police were helpless and unable to do anything. I myself have seen a drunk placed in this "match-box" and there were a couple of straps to secure the victim and prevent a jump out, if an incapable could perform such a feat. When being placed in the vehicle the victim I saw had a marvellous flow of language - language that could turn a Billingsgate fishwife green with envy. Her body may have been incapable, but not so her tongue!

In those days there was unlimited Cape smoke at all the canteens, and there were many more licensed houses in Grahamstown than there are to-day. The old Phoenix in New Street had a large enclosed yard, and I can remember seeing at least a round dozen incapables lying about this yard. How came I to be there? When passing, boy-like, I peeped through a door! I wonder what became of this old Black Maria; John Wedderburn's work, if taken proper care of, would last for ever, almost. What a pity this old Maria can't be unearthed and placed in the Albany Museum. It would be worthy of a prominent place in that institution and could figure as a vehicle of national interest, or be dedicated to Bacchus or Silenus. A relic of the days when drink was free, in any quantity, to all who could pay for it.

A WELL-KNOWN 1820 SETTLER FAMILY.

The Curries and their Achievements.

By Frank Bowker.

On Thursday afternoon, March 30, the remains of the late Mr. Ronald Currie of Thorn Park were laid to rest in the Currie plot in the Old Cemetery. It was a wet, rainy day, but that did not deter relatives and friends from paying their last respects to one whom they held in great esteem. The late Mr. Currie was the eldest surviving son of the late Mr. C. H. Currie and Mrs. Currie. The latter, still hale and hearty at 85, is a daughter and the only surviving child of the late W. M. Bowker.

Mr. Clem Currie farmed at Glen Ovis in this district for many years, but moved to the Cathcart district shortly after the South African War. Ronald farmed at Glen Ovis for a number of years, with ostriches, Persian sheep and Shorthorn cattle. Later he was on the Kendrew and Longhope settlements, and a few years ago acquired Thorn Park. He was taken ill about two years ago and all his friends were very grieved at this long and painful illness which has terminated fatally.

The many beautiful wreaths and the congregation in St. George's Cathedral and at the grave side testified to the esteem in which he was held and showed sympathy for his wife, son and daughter. Everybody at the funeral looked on the wet and muddy cemetery as something to be borne for their old friend's sake. R.I.P.

AN INCIDENT OF 1881.

I said above that he was the eldest surviving son of his parents. May I mention a small matter which came back very vividly to my mind last Thursday. I am not quite sure of the date, but I think it was in 1881, when I was quite a small boy at a dame's school in Grahamstown, that Donald Currie, the eldest of Mr. and Mrs. Currie's sons, then a small child, died. I can remember the funeral, in the morning quite early, and how my late brother Meyrick, myself, the late Harry Currie and Houghie Hudson (Dr. Hudson, senior, of Graaf-Reinet), were the bearers. A tiny little coffin, a pale blue if memory be correct, and we four carried it from the cemetery to the Currie plot. I fancy the late Canon Mullins read the service. I can also remember that Mr. Currie, who was at Cathcart, at the time, hearing of the child's serious illness galloped down on a mare of his called Romp, and often spoke of the genuine bit of horseflesh she was, carrying him down the 80 miles in quick time, and he was no light weight either. But there were horses in those days. Time moves on, here 58 years later I attend the burial service of that small child's younger brother, a man already well past middle age.

THE CURRIE STOCK.

The Albany Curries are descended from Walter Currie, an ex-naval purser, who arrived in the good ship "Belle Alliance", with wife, a daughter and a son. The latter aged one year, was later to become well known as Sir Walter Currie. Three more sons, Joseph, Henry and William were born in this country and I fancy there were two daughters, but I am not quite sure. William was shot in the Kaffir War of 1850-53 in the Zuurberg when the bush was being combed for rebel Hottentots. He was wounded by a charge of shot in the chest, taken to Somerset and died there a day or two later. A memorial tablet to him and several others killed about the same time may be seen in the English Church at Somerset East.

Joseph farmed at Glen Ovis. His wife was a Miss Carlisle and he had a family of four sons and three daughters. Mr. Clem Currie, the eldest, I have already mentioned. Walter, the second son, was an inspector in the old Cape Police. He died suddenly in 1889 near Koonap Rand, from what I fancy, must have been acute appendicitis though at that time it was called something else. He is buried in the Old Cemetery and his funeral was one of the largest Grahamstown had seen for many years.

William Leopold, the third son, farmed in this district till 1886, when he became a scab inspector and rose till he eventually became Chief Inspector for the Union, or head of that department. He had the Kaffir War medal for 1877. He was major in Nesbit's Horse during the South African War, with the Queen's and the King's medals.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

One daughter was Mrs. Lorrie White, another Mrs. George Smith, while Mr. Joseph Chrrie and Mrs. te Water, mother of the High Commissioner in London, the remaining son and daughter, are happily still with us. Mr. Henry Currie lived at Groenfontein on the Fish River Rand. He died comparatively young in 1879 and was buried in Grahamstown. I can remember the mound on his grave was still large and fairly fresh in 1881, for I looked at it with his son Harry at the time of the child's funeral I mentioned earlier. His widow lived and farmed at Groenfontein till the farm was sold in 1915. I am pleased to be able to say that my brother and myself were the purchasers. The farm at one time belonged to Sir Walter. Three of Mr. Henry Currie's daughters are still living. The family was one of three sons and four daughters. Mr. Henry Currie was well known as a breeder of first class Merino sheep, Shorthorn cattle and horses.

I have purposely left an account of Sir Walter to the last. I will mention a few things I have heard of him before quoting a short account of his life. It has always been a matter of surprise to me that no biography of Sir Walter has been written. When I was a small boy his name was still on everyone's lips. At the age of 16, that is in 1835, he joined the Bathurst Volunteers under my grandfather, W. M. Bowker. I have my grandfather's commission signed by Sir. Harry Smith, appointing him captain. Sir Walter was a splendid horseman and always had a fine horse as his charger. I can remember an old German, who built stone walls for Mr. Henry Currie at Groenfontein, telling me that Sir Walter riding to where he was working, said, "Fred, you are not building your wall high enough, look here!" and he put his horse at the wall clearing it, and then turning round cleared it again (a five foot wall) and waving his hand to old Fred, went on his journey. I have always heard of his being popular with every class of the community. He was a "Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche" the beau ideal of a border warrior.

A LONG TREK.

In 1867 Sir Walter Currie and Major General Bissett hearing that the Duke of Edinburgh was arriving at Capetown in H.M.S. Galatea and had expressed a wish to see them, posted down from Grahamstown, doing the journey in three nights and four days. Let me quote from General Bissett's book "Sport and War": "It so happened that from Caledon to Capetown there was a separate and rival contractor, and two of his friends had taken their passage to Capetown in the mail cart from Caledon, but we insisted on our right to go, and it was about to become a question of some importance to us, as the two gentlemen had already mounted the cart and possessed themselves of the only two places. Near the starting-point there was a bridge, which it was necessary that the cart should pass over, and on looking round I saw my friend Currie on the bridge, revolver in hand, declaring that he would shoot one of the horses rather than let the cart pass over the bridge without us ... the two passengers quietly dismounted and gave us the seats."

LANGHOLM.

Here is a short account of Sir Walter's life from "British South Africa" written by Colin Turing Campbell and published in 1897:

"His father, Lieutenant Walter Currie, a purser in the Royal Navy on half pay, came with Mr. Willson's party on the 'Belle Alliance', and lived on the location assigned to Mr. Willson's party, south of Manley's Flats, otherwise called Beaufort Vale, near Bathurst. Subsequently he acquired a farm near that, which he called Langholm. Here young Currie was brought up from infancy, being only one year old when his parents arrived in Albany. In the war of '34-35 he took the field as a volunteer in the corps of Guides, under the command of Captain W. Bowker and R. Southey. After the war Walter Currie returned to his

farm, declining a commission in the army offered him by Sir Benjamin D'Urban, and on his father's death removed to the Little Fish River, near Somerset, where he had a sheep farm." (This is the farm Groenfontein mentioned previously, on the Fish River Rand, and so far as I know, he did not have another farm). "During the war of '46 he did good service, scouring the country and driving Kaffirs from their strongholds. In 1850 he disarmed the disaffected Hottentots at Theopolis, and made prisoners of the ring leaders and took command of several wagon trains between Grahamstown and Cradock.

VALOUR AND DARING.

In 1852, when Governor Sir George Cathcart arrived and found the Eastern districts in a still insecure state, he was appointed Commandant of the Albany District in the new corps, which was styled the Frontier Armed Mounted Police, in which corps he distinguished himself by his valour and daring, to which Sir George Cathcart gave expression in garrison orders, January 12, 1853.

On Sir George Grey's arrival, realising the importance of a constant patrolling police force on the frontier, arrangements were made to organise the force permanently, and Currie was appointed to continue at its head and superintendent its management as General Commandant. Under the new force Currie distinguished himself in the expedition against Quesha and Vadana in the Queenstown district, and the after expulsion of the paramount chief Kreli from beyond the Bashee. These services were brought to the notice of Her Majesty the Queen by special dispatches from Governor Sir George Grey, and Currie received the honour of knighthood, and also to mark His Royal Highness Prince Alfred's appreciation of his services during the long and interesting tour which that member of the Royal Family made in 1860. Sir Walter Currie's routing and dislodging of rebellious Hottentots and Korannas, who had established themselves on the islands of the Orange River, near its mouth, and were a source of annoyance and damage to the colonists in that part by their predatory and lawless habits, was a service in which daring and hardship were equally combined, but which brought his active career to a termination. The fatigues of that campaign and the successive drenchings in reaching the islands and getting back to land, brought on an attack of acute rheumatism which rendered him a cripple till his death, which occurred at his residence, Oatlands, near Grahamstown, July 7, 1872. He left no descendant to bear his honoured name."

MEMORIES OF THE OLD OX WAGONS.

WHAT S. A. OWES TO THEM.

By Frank Bowker.

I have not read the banned book "Turning wheels", but glancing into it I found the following in one of the first pages:

"In the third wagon a girl sat sewing. She was very fair with large dark eyes. Her bare legs dangled over the back of the wagon above the brake handle. ...Jakalaas, the old slave, who was continually cutting new brake blocks....."

Now, here is a bad anachronism, whether intentional or not I, of course, cannot say, but the Voortrekkers' wagons had no brakes, and I would like anyone who knows to tell me when brakes were first fitted to our wagons. I will tell what I have learned.

An anachronism in fiction, I suppose, is excusable, but not in history. Shakespeare's oft quoted anachronism is where he makes King John, about 1215, say, "The thunder of my cannon shall be heard." Cannon were first used, in any number that is, at Cressy in 1346. Wagons in Voortrekker days were braked by locking one or more of the wheels, according to the steepness of the declivity, one cannot say road.

BRAKE CHAIN.

Wagons to-day all have what is called a rem-ketting or brake chain to lock a hind wheel should the brake fail. A very necessary fitting, though perhaps rarely used. Now if you lock a wheel you will find that the tyre will very soon wear out, and to prevent the tyre coming in contact with the ground a remschoen or skid was placed under the wheel. In later days this remschoen was an iron one and the blacksmiths and wagon-makers used to re-shoe it when worn out.

It hung under the wagon on a hook, ready for use. But the Voortrekkers had no metal remschoens and no chain. Their rem-ketting was not a chain by an oxhide rope, made of twisted raw, or partly breyed, hide.

The skid was a wooden fork from a fairly hard and tough wood, such as mimosa or boerbon, and was shaped like a capital letter Y. The tail of the letter had a hole bored through it, and through this hole the rem-tou would be tied. The other end of the rem-tou would be tied to an iron ring made for the purpose, and fixed at the fore end of the long wagon at the rear of the front axle.

PROPER ADJUSTMENT.

The length would be properly adjusted, so as to allow the wheel to climb into the V of the remschoen. Getting the shoe from out under the wheel entailed some work and was generally done by jumping on the rem-chain while holding to the wagon rail. The iron rem-chains have a special hook with a very short and tapering business end which makes it easier to loosen.

Down very steep declivities two remschoens might be used. An old personal friend whom I was questioning on the matter said he remembered, when he was a boy of eight, in 1863, coming from the Winterberg to the Lower Blinkwater.

There is a very steep hill on this road known as Bier-hoogte (it was somewhere hereabouts that the Kaffirs attacked Colonel Fordyce's forces), and the old man said that he remembers the Hottentot driver tying both front wheels fast and placing a stout pole through the two rear wheels, and they came down with all four wheels locked. When a wagon's wheel or wheels are locked, it capsizes very easily.

A LOST ART.

Some years back, when wagons were used to travel in and many could

always be seen at any nachtmal service of the D. R. Church, the owners prided themselves on the really beautiful riens, strops, yoke skeys and whips they used. Many had two whips, using the second in wet weather, and putting the swell one away for the time.

The breying and cutting of riems is becoming a lost art. I have made any number of riems, strops and whips, but it is matter for regret that I did not learn to twist a riem-tou. I asked an old Boer to come and teach me and he readily agreed. But to my regret the old fellow took ill and died before I got my lesson.

I don't think there are many men alive in these parts to-day who could make a riem-tou; iron trek-chains took their place so many years ago. The iron chains were, of course, stronger, lasted longer and stood up to wet weather which the riem-tous did not do nearly so well. In later years when tolls were instituted and brakes had been invented, there was a heavy fine for the use of a remschoen. Imagine how a road could be damaged by a dozen heavily laden wagons coming down in wet weather.

A BOWKER BRAKE.

They would plough furrows from top to bottom. I remember the old tariff boards at the tolls reading, "Every wagon fitted with patent brake" so much, and wagon without, so very much more - and rightly too.

I can remember my father telling me that the first attempt at a brake he remembered was made by the Hon. R. M. Bowker (who represented Somerset East in the Assembly and Legislative Council for 35 years). It was made with an old vice screw and box. I don't know the date, but my father added "soon after, all wagons were fitted with brakes." Whether the Hon. R. M. Bowker got the idea from seeing a wagon with a brake or if it was his own idea, I cannot say.

My old friend mentioned previously thought brakes were put on wagons about 1863-5. He said he was living near the Hogsback in 1865 and could remember wool wagons from the Free State coming down that road and at night they used to hear the noise brake blocks and wheels make.

COFFEE MILL BRAKE.

There were and are two kinds of brakes. In the one the box is fixed on a beam under the wagon and you screw the long brake iron into it. In the other, the screw of the brake bar sticks through your brake beam and you turn the brake handle and, as it were, screw the nut on to the bar.

The latter kind of brake, I have been told, was the invention or made by a wagonmaker called Stevenson, who worked in King or East London. This was known at first as the coffee-mill brake, but Stevenson moved to Natal and, making his brakes there, they became known as the Natal brake, and are still so called.

Grahamstown in earlier days was a well-known wagon building centre. Names I remember are Brookshaw (the only one surviving), James, Robert and William Stanton. James' works were near where Kingswood College now stands. R. or W., I don't rightly know which, at the Hill Street bridge, John Wedderburn just off New Street, Jordan in Huntly Street, McLeod in Queen Street, and Matthew Hawkin on the Market Square.

STILL IN USE.

Jordan and McLeod had labour-saving machinery, but I fancy the others' work was all done by hand. I have a wagon made by Hawkin for my father in 1882. It has been working on the farm ever since; has always been under cover when not in use and is to-day as sound as sound can be.

The front wheels have never had anything done to them, except new tyres. The nave bands have never needed tightening. The hind wheels

have had a new spoke or fellow now and again. In those days, the wagon-makers made and threaded their own bolts.

Most of the old voortrekker wagons would, I feel sure, have had wooden axles. This axle had a band of iron running on the top, round the end and underneath to take the wear off the axle itself. It was fairly thick (the axle) and the bush in the nave was not solid right through but in two pieces, one in front and the other behind, each about three to four inches long.

The front band of the nave was flush with the wood, unlike wagon wheels of to-day, and the linch-pin could jump out with jolting. To avoid this a small, dirty, insignificant piece of riem was pulled through a hole in the linch-pin. The word linch-riem became a term of contempt and even to-day if a man calls you a linch-riem he is, to use an americanism, "saying you dirt".

GRASS STEALERS.

The old transport riders were great grass stealers, and who can blame them for doing the best they could for their oxen. A farmer near Grahamstown seeing several wagons outspanned in his veld sent a Native to collect grazing fees. The transport riders bound him hand and foot and put him on one of the ox wagons.

They released him at Carlisle Bridge the next morning, gave him two or three with a sjambok and said, "Now you can go back to your master." This is a fact.

The late David Gradwell, who could tell a story excellently and had been an old transport rider, was chock full of yarns of the road. After sticking all night once in the Free State he said he got out shortly before sunrise and proceeded on his way. But his oxen were done and the sun getting hot he unyoked them in some man's veld. Soon he saw four horsemen approaching and scented trouble. He told his Hottentot leader to cover himself up under the wagon with his blanket and sham sick.

The men demanded what he meant by outspanning in their veld. He replied he really could not help it; his oxen were tired and his leader was very sick. They asked what was the matter with him. He replied, "I don't know, but he has broken out in a rash and I feel sure it is smallpox." The Tot understood the cue and groaned loudly from beneath his blankets. The four horsemen turned their horses round and galloped away.

At that time, about 1860, smallpox was greatly feared by the Free State Dutch, vaccination was then in its infancy.

TRANSPORT RIDING.

At one time, of course, all the transport of produce and merchandise was done by the old transport wagon, and throughout the country there were thousands on the roads. Transport riding became a business and in many cases a paying one.

I have been told that £1,000 a year was made at Dagga Boer's Nek, between Bedford and Cradock, by charging 1s.6d. per span for outspanning. This will give some idea of the number of wagons on this road alone. Here there was an hotel with unlimited Care Smoke to be had cheap, a large shop, a bakery and a wagon maker's and blacksmith's shop to repair broken down wagons. At Anne's Villa, on the Somerset-Port Elizabeth road a similar establishment; and so on throughout the country.

At all rivers there was an outspan on each side of the drift, for before bridges were built wagons were often stopped for days by flooded rivers.

A group of three or four transport wagons generally carried what was called a voer-haak-ketting. A piece of chain about three feet long with a hook at either end. When one span of oxen could not pull the wagon out of a drift or mud hole, a second span was brought in front and

attached to the sticking span's chain by means of this short length.

WHAT S.A. OWES.

It saved a great deal of manoeuvring to get the oxen within fastening distance. Generally the two front oxen were taken off the sticking span, as the thin chain, the voor-tou by which they pulled would not stand the pull of a full span, and also good front oxen would soon be ruined by having others put in front of them.

They learned that if they did not make an effort help was at hand! A breaking chain could kill an ox. I remember my father saying after Carlisle Bridge was washed away in 1874 one day when he was there a heavily laden wagon with two spans was coming out of the drift, when the chain snapped a few feet from the end of the disselboom and the broken link struck the one after ox on the forehead and killed him instantly.

South Africa owes a good deal to the old ox wagon. People lived and moved and had their being in them. During wars or on treks they became a kind of fort, being linked together as the old voortrekkers tied them.

TRANSPORT COLUMNS.

They have been used as transport columns in every Native war we have had, and this means quite a few. In the South African War hordes of ox wagons played their part. Unwieldy transport, too, on a narrow road, one ox getting unyoked or shot could stop the whole column.

My generation will remember the annual trip to the sea in the large tent wagon; enjoyed by all, and when over the next year's eagerly looked forward to. The pleasure at the outspans of gathering wood for the fire and making the food, to say nothing of the eating thereof. The night spent under the wagon, while mother and the small children slept inside on the cartel.

The oxen tied to their yokes peacefully chewing their cuds. Well, this is the petrol age, and the time of the old ox wagon has come, but it may last a few years more yet.

I started to write this wandering yarn by wanting to know when brakes were first used on ox wagons, but like Sam Weller, have run on like a new barrow with the wheel greased. Can anybody tell me?

IN MEMORIAM.

CARLISLE BRIDGE.

Interesting Reminiscences.

(By F. Bowker)

"Built under the direction of the Chief Officer of Roads,
superstructure by David Ferguson, 1863."

A metal panel let into the mason work at each end of the bridge bore this inscription on it. To this might now be added: Destroyed by flood, 1874. Re-erected (ironwork only, as the mason work withstood the flood) in 1876 (I am not quite sure). Destroyed by flood January 2, 1932.

I had a feeling of affection for this old bridge, which in Hamlet's words "hath borne me on its back a thousand times," for I have been crossing it now for 60 years, infant, boy and man. I will give its history as far as I know it.

IN DAYS OF YORE.

In early days the north road from Grahamstown went through De Bruin's Poort to the old military post, then up more or less parallel to the river and crossing it at Botha's Drift (now H. M. Blomfield's, Rockhurst): then on passing to the right of Middleton (B. B. Norton's) and over the Fish River Rand near the dam and gum tree, and passing Groenfontein joined what is now the Cradock road near the 39th milestone, which is at the Bedford-Albany boundary. Later, the transport riders went from De Bruin's Drift up over Dikkop Flats and crossed the Fish at the Carlisle Bridge site, then known as Espach's Drift, called after Adriaan Espach, who owned the farm. From there past Schelm Drift (E. A. Bester's), and up and along the top of the ridge to the left of Ettrick Hills (M. Gradwell's) and getting to the top of the Fish River Rand on what is now Merrydale (W. Bowker's.) In the early 60's Hell Poort pass was constructed, and in 1863 the bridge erected. The stone used for the mason work was quarried on the farm Glen Ovis, about ten miles from Carlisle Bridge. The late Mr. J. O. Norton, afterwards M.L.A. for Albany, was then living at Glen Ovis, and had the contract to ride the stone. In December, 1874, there were abnormal floods, nearly all the bridges in the country suffering. Locally Koonap Bridge, near its junction with the Fish, Fort Brown Bridge and Carlisle Bridge were all washed away. At Carlisle Bridge only the superstructure was washed away. The same was the case at the other two also, the mason work remaining practically intact. I have always been told that it was the great weight of drift-wood against the bridge that broke it. The late Mr. William Keen, who was then living at Carlisle Bridge, always spoke of the drift-wood and how when the bridge went, "it went in a second." The '74 high water mark is still many feet above the present high flood - I don't know how many, but quite ten I should say. The following will point to the fact of the '74 flood being the highest, at any rate for very many years. I know a krantz on the river's edge with a cave that has bushman paintings on the rocks. My late father used to say that some paintings were washed out and those remaining were rendered less distinct by that flood. My father was a most observant man and of course knew the paintings previously to 1874. Now I suppose these paintings must have been there many years before 1874 and so it would seem that 1874 was the first time the water reached their level; had it done so previously the paintings would have disappeared long before.

LAST FRIDAY'S EXPERIENCE.

On New Year's Day 1932 I was on the bridge at about 10 o'clock and there was roughly about 20 feet of water in the river; by the afternoon it had risen another 10 feet and the next morning, January 2, at about 7.30 it began to come through the lattice work on to the bridge - a depth of nearly forty feet. Quite a number of local people interested in the bridge drove down to watch things. A coloured boy, Sam Brown, had been put on the bridge by the local D.C. member to push the logs and brushwood that came against the bridge, under it, and so prevent them accumulating. We watched him at work in the water, first up to his

ankles and finally, before he left his job, almost up to his waist. When there was about 15 inches of water on the bridge two Transvaal cars coming from Grahamstown arrived and got across. Mr. Oswald Maasdorp with his wife and several others also came across to the post office side of the river. He remained about 20 minutes and then went back as the river was rising fast. His car was thus the last vehicle to cross the old bridge for the water then rose rapidly.

At 12.30 the water was about level with the top of the ironwork, and people who were there saw the bridge go. The bridge seems to have bent in the centre, being pushed off the centre pillar.

THE BRIDGE CLOSES UP.

The river was running considerably higher in the centre just at the pillar, than at the sides. We thought the centre pillar had gone, but at the time of writing this is right above water again and all the mason work seems intact, as it was after the '74 flood - founded on a rock I suppose. Mrs. E. A. Bester, who saw it all, tells me that the sides of the bridge seemed to close up like the leaves of a book from left to right and from right to left. However, the ironwork is already showing and will soon be exposed altogether. After the '74 flood the ironwork was dismembered and most of it used again. Perhaps it may be possible to do so again. On the score of expense let us hope so.

LIFE RUDELY DISTURBED.

When a party of us got to the bridge the first thing we saw was a swarm of bees crawling up the mason work. They had been flooded out from somewhere under the structure. Then a little later several dassies ran out, wet as drowned rats, and made off into the prickly pears. Four small dassies the size of rats came out and we managed to catch three of these. One was soon after on his way to Johannesburg by car. Several tortoises were rescued and several snakes killed. The latter came out where the dassies did and mice accompanied them. Snakes and mice seemed to be companions in adversity.

Later we watched the water ever rising. Old Man River reached the telephone wires which crossed just below the bridge and snapped them, thus putting the Carlisle Bridge exchange out of communication with Grahamstown and the rest of the world. The Riebeek line remained intact. The pole was in the water right up to just below the insulators. It swayed about but always kept its head above water and at the time of writing Carlisle Bridge and Riebeek East can still exchange courtesies. Considering the huge flood there was comparatively little drift-wood and debris going past; I have seen far more in a 20 ft. deep stream, and it certainly was not drift-wood that carried the bridge away in 1932.

THINKING OF THE PAST.

One cannot help thinking of the old bridge and what it stood for and of all who have passed over it. What a blessing a good bridge is when you have a river to cross. Think of the hundreds and hundreds of wagons in the old transport days that crossed here. Wagons coming south laden with wool from the Free State and the northern districts like Cradock, Middelburg, Colesberg, etc; traders' wagons loaded with ivory and skins from what was then spoken of as the far interior; wagons going north with machinery for Kimberley. In those pre-rail days traffic came to Grahamstown and then on to Port Elizabeth. The other great road from the north to P.E. was over the Zuurberg pass. Hundreds of loads of wool were bought in Grahamstown and the wagons returned loaded up with supplies for up country.

In those days, the 60's and 70's, the leading Grahamstown wool buyers and merchants were Cawood Bros., Wood Bros., Benjamin Bros., Hildeman & Minto, Masterman & Crump, and I suppose others "I wot not of."

THE OLD FRONTIERSMAN.

Then think of that fine type of man the old frontiersman and transport rider who owned the wagons and travelled with them, taking care of their animals - for the old transport rider loved his bullocks as he generally called them. Among local transport riders whom I can call to mind and whom I knew and respected are the late David Gradwell, Jim and Tim Lake, John Emslie and Stephen Smith - there are very few left, among whom Mr. Harry Moss and Mr. C. C. Gardner are happily still with us.

In diamond field days too, before the opening of the railway, the first passenger cart for the north from Grahamstown crossed Carlisle Bridge, with relays of horses every 15 miles along the route. For example, between Grahamstown and Cradock there were the following wayside hotels in the following order from Grahamstown, viz: Hell Poort, Carlisle Bridge, Fish River Rand, Gobah, Bavians River, Daggaborers Nek, Kromme River, Blaauwkrantz and then Cradock.

A well-known post cart driver was a "zwart jong" who was called Jan Brand; from what I have heard of him a worthy rival of Tony Weller, "a man who could form an akerate judgment of a' animal and consekens of anything". In the S.A. War, General Kritzinger and his commando crossed Carlisle Bridge.

But those times have passed and much that was romantic and picturesque has gone with them. My thoughts always went to time "before I was" when I crossed the old bridge. I wonder what they will be when I cross the new one, for the old bridge calls from the river bed - Resurgam.

Thorn Kloof, Jan.4, 1932.

MY OLD HOUSE.

A TRUSTY KIND OF OLD FRIEND.

Some interesting Reminiscences.

By Frank Bowker.

I suppose all of use have an affection for our old homes and houses wherein we have lived and loved and slept for the greater part of our lives. An old house is a trusty and kind old friend which has stood by one in all weathers and sheltered and protected one. The house about which I am writing was built, or at any rate a portion of it, before the Kaffir War of 1846, by the old Bowkers, soon after they moved up to this part of the country from the coast, about 1840. In this house the family took refuge in 1846, the laager being formed at the homestead. Here they were attacked and defended themselves, beating off their assailants. Let me quote from a book published about a year ago.

"It is 1846 and we are at Thorn Kloof. Fred Barber, John Atherstone and a number of the Bowkers (seven) are defending the house against a night attack by Kafirs. By the light of smoky lamps you see their bristling beards and ragged clothes. The smell of gun-powder is strong and the room is blue with smoke. Rapidly they measure out the powder and pour it down their muzzle loading muskets. You can see the ram rods shine as they push down the ball and wads There is heavy firing from the Kafirs who have crept up under cover of the darkness. Their bullets thud against the house; occasionally one smashes through a window and flattens itself against the opposite wall."

AN OLD RECEIPT.

The bullet marks have disappeared from the walls in the course of time and some perhaps are covered by plaster, but we children were always interested in the marks and the story. The farm was abandoned and the house burnt by the enemy. It was repaired again, but burnt down once more in the war of 1850, and the farm and house were unoccupied for about four years while the war dragged on its weary length. Later, my grandfather rebuilt and repaired it -- this time in 1858 or thereabouts, putting a galvanised iron roof on in place of thatch. Galvanised iron was then an innovation and cost fifty-six shillings per hundred pounds. I still have an old receipt for galvanised iron from George Wood & Sons. I presume this was the iron for the roof. Good stuff it has been too. Thicker and wider than the iron one gets at the present time, and not so easily rusted as much of the modern stuff which can be bought to-day for about twenty shillings per hundred pounds. The old house now became known as a place where dances and "sprees" were held. A son and five daughters were all married in it. Churches were few and far between in those days, and at each wedding things were done in good style for those times. Guests arrived days beforehand, on horseback, in carts and in wagons, and made a week of it. I can remember a man who came from England telling me that "the finest spree I was ever at in Africa," was one of these weddings. Alas! the brides and bridegrooms, all except three, and they are all well over eighty, have all passed away. After my grandfather's death the farm became the property of my late father and in due course I inherited it and have been in the old house since 1895.

I have recently completed a new house next the old one, which, though comfortable, lacked modern conveniences. We were still living in the old house, not yet having moved into the new one, when the surprise came. January 8 was a very hot day, and my wife and I were sitting in the front room at 12.30 when there was a rumble of thunder and a few drops of rain. I went on to the verandah to look at the weather and saw a storm travelling at an alarming rate straight in front of me, and on looking to the left saw it coming on about two hundred yards from the house. The two hundred yards was covered in a split second and the gale struck the house in all its fury. I suppose that to-day the "tyre of all creation" is a pneumatic one and a high pressure one at that. Aeolus must have pointed the valve in my direction to let the air out. I was going to run inside again, but I occurred to me that I might not be able to close the door against the strong wind so remained where I was under the shelter of the verandah. There was tiny hail and the noise of the gale was

deafening, so much so that though the house roof was only about eight feet above my head I did not hear it go. My first intimation of it was seeing a stone weighing nearly fifty pounds land in the flower garden. That told me what had happened. The gale did not last longer than a minute and when it was over I believe one could have lit a candle in the open air - a dead calm. I rushed inside to meet my wife who said: "Whatever has happened; the noise inside the house has been appalling."

Fortunately, the whole house has a loft of inch boards, well supported by stout yellow wood beams. The stones and bricks displaced by the iron and rafters had fallen on this loft from heights of from three to eight feet and fortunately none had come through. The loft formed the ceiling and, of course, one could not see that the roof had gone, hence my wife's question. An eight foot brick chimney had collapsed too. The kitchen roof or a portion of it remained on and on asking the old servant what had happened the reply came (in Afrikaans): "No I don't know, I heard nothing!"

THE SCENE AFTERWARDS.

In the dead calm which followed one could look at the damage. The whole "werf" strewn with galvanised iron, guttering, stones, bricks, and timber broken to match wood. Fortunately, there was very little rain and summoning the servants we started to carry everything in to the new house and by four o'clock we had all that mattered shifted. Half the roof of the house was blown completely over the new house, though there were about thirty holes knocked through by falling timber or iron and stones. Had this half fallen on the new house it would have broken the roof, let the wind in and nothing could have saved it. The other half of the roof passed between the new house and an old-building, narrowly missing a windmill. When I rushed out I expected to see all my sheds and outbuildings rased to the ground, but "laus deo," they were all intact.

When I think of what might have happened - some of us killed or everything else wrecked I can but treat it as a bad practical joke and "stoop to build it up with worn out tools."

THE 1820 CENTENARY.

Notable Settlers.

Miles Bowker's Party.

The Regicide Judge.

(Specially written by S. M.)

One of the most noted families brought out by the Weymouth, some of whose passengers I commented on in a preceding article, was that of Miles Bowker. His party was different from most of the others (and akin to the Pringle party) in that it was his own, consisting of his sons and employes, all of whose expenses he paid himself, and by whom he was looked upon as a sort of feudal or patriarchal lord; whereas in the other parties the members chose a head from among themselves to treat with the Government, and each paid his own share of the expenses.

The Bowker party was a comparatively small one, consisting on only twenty-three persons. Nine of these were men, exclusive of the seven sons who accompanied him, the eldest of whom was then seventeen years old. The eldest of the family, John Mitford Bowker, afterwards so well known here, was left in England to wind up his father's estate, and joined the family two years later, bringing with him letters from the Secretary of State to the effect that he was to have his grant of land as a settler the same as the rest. As a matter of fact, he never got this, but it was granted to his mother after his death in 1847.

OUR FIRST WOOLLED SHEEP.

In his application to the Colonial Office, which is dated the 15th July, 1819, and is written from The Manor House, Newton, Wilts, Miles Bowker states that he has had much experience with sheep and wool, has twice been worth £14,000, has eight sons and one daughter, and feels that he is competent to assist in making the colonisation scheme a success. After the flight of a century no one will be found to question the last statement. Not only did he and his family in every way work for the good of the country, but many of their descendants are doing the same all over the Union, a great number of them still carrying on the industry of sheep farming about which he knew so much.

The seven sons who came out with their parents were William Monkhouse, Miles Brabbin, Thomas Holden, Bertram Egerton, Robert Mitford, Septimus Bouchier and Octavius Bouchier. Besides these, there was a little daughter, Mary Elizabeth, who later married Mr. F. W. Barber. Another daughter, Anna Maria, was born on the voyage out, and became the wife of Mr. John H. Atherstone, while a son, James Henry, born at Tharfield, Albany, afterwards became Colonel Bowker and died unmarried.

The only married man of the party besides the head, was John Stanford, who brought out his wife and four children.

Miles Bowker's grant of land was situated in the district of Albany, some of his descendants owning his original farm "Tharfield" to this day. He was the first breeder of woolled sheep in the Eastern Province, and raised a small flock of wool-bearing sheep by crossing South African ewes with thoroughbred merino rams which he purchased from the Government. A few women who had brought spinning jennies from England turned the wool into yarn, which was made into blankets by a settler named Bradshaw, who had brought a loom with him. It was found, however, that the industry would not pay, so for several years Mr. Bowker sold the wool to an inhabitant of Grahamstown (Mr. Allison), who made it into felt hats. Most of the sheep were stolen by the Kaffirs during the 1835 war, and the few that were left were removed to the Koonap, where they increased rapidly and formed the nucleus from which most of the early wool-bearing flocks of the Colony were derived.

OF ANCIENT LINEAGE.

Miles Bowker was born at Deckham Hall, Northumberland, where his people had belonged to the landed gentry for many generations. The

original name was Bouchier (now spelt Bouchier), one of the most ancient and distinguished in England, and it is noteworthy that the coat of arms on seals in possession of the Bowkers, handed down as an inheritance from father to son for generations, when submitted to the Herald's Office, London, in 1817, were immediately recognised by experts there as that of the Bouchier family, and were also found to have "two or three quarterings of the Arms of the Blood Royal of the Plantagenets and connections with most of the old peerage".

A light is thrown on the reason for these quarterings by the following paragraph taken from "The A B C of Heraldry" by Guy Cadogan Rothery (p.139): "Sir John Bouchier, Baron Berners (circa 1475) bore a label of England, each of the points being charged with three gold lions in allusion to his mother, Anne, daughter of Thomas, Duke of Gloucester, sixth son of Edward III. His brother, William Bouchier, Lord Fitzwarren, bore a label of France." For a similar reason no doubt, and one regrets that it is not fully stated.

It is said that Miles Bowker, the Settler of 1820, would have been Earl of Essex if he had had his rights, and that only want of sufficient means prevented him from going to law to prove them. He has left on record that he was "discouraged in a pursuit of the business as attended with very great expenses and uncertainty on account of the King's attorneys being unwilling to part with any of their advantageous engagements."

A STAUNCH OLD REGICIDE.

The reason of the change of name from Bouchier to Bowker is interesting. The Bouchiers took a prominent part in the troublous times of Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell. Everyone had to range himself on one side or the other and the Bouchiers firmly supported the Republican party. Sir Thomas Bouchier was sixth on the list of the eighty regicide judges who signed the death warrant of the hapless King, and his name and seal are attached to it. The silver seal used on that historic occasion bears the coat of arms of the Bowker family, and is now in possession of Commandant Duncan Campbell Bowker of Doornfontein, Middelburg, Cape Province, a grandson of the original settler.

The regicide judge appears to have been a sturdy character, who had the courage of his convictions, as indeed was shown by his appending his signature to so extraordinarily important and controversial a document as the King's death warrant. He died either just after the Restoration or just before it, when public opinion was already veering round in favour of Royalty, but he was not to be shaken in his conviction of having acted rightly. The story is told that when he was on his death-bed and apparently unconscious, one of the whisperers in the room said, "What a pity it is that he doesn't express some sorrow for the part he took in the death of the King!" He seemed to hear this, and raising himself in bed he said, "Friends, I tell you it was a righteous deed," then sank back and died, having with his last breath vindicated the course he had pursued.

It will be remembered that Oliver Cromwell married a Miss Bouchier. She was either the daughter or the niece of the Judge.

TURNING THEIR COATS.

After the Restoration, the family estates in Northumberland were es-treated to the Crown for the part taken against it by the Bouchiers, but in a generation or two it appears that some of the family had changed their politics and become Royalist again, as so many people, turning their coats to the prevailing wind, did. At any rate, Benjamin Bouchier, the son or grandson of old Sir Thomas, was private secretary to Charles Stuart, the Pretender. He died without male issue, so his brother Thomas carried on the name. This Thomas fought in the Pretender's army and it was he who, being decidedly Royalist and believing that his predecessor had been very wicked in siding against the King, changed the name from Bouchier to Bowker. From him the Miles Bowker, who came out in 1820 was directly descended.

In one of the documents left by Miles to his family, he speaks of his father's "persevering determination not to speak of his ancestry," and of his being a steady adherent to the Stuarts, adding: "No connection of the judges who signed the death warrant, could in Charles II's time and after be tolerated, particularly as his father and grandfather and some of his sons were then in the Duke of York's service, and continued so when he became King."

AN OLD-TIME ROMANCE.

Miles Bowker, who was fifty-five when he came out to the Cape, married Miss Anne Marie Mitford, of Mitford Hall, Northumberland, whose ancestors had been lords of the soil from time immemorial. Her grandfather scornfully refused a peerage, with the words "What! the oldest gentleman in England, to walk the youngest peer!" The family dated back to early Saxon times, the lord of the Manor in Harold's time being killed at his king's side at the battle of Hastings. He left an only daughter who, being a minor, became the ward of William the Conqueror. The King gave her in marriage to Bertram, one of his fighting captains, who loved her so devotedly that he decided to take her name, so the name and line continued unbroken. No doubt, if only one could find out, a very pretty romance is connected with this old-time love match.

JOHN MITFORD BOWKER.

It was at Mitford Hall that Miles' eldest son, John Mitford, was born. Leaving excellent prospects in England he came out in 1822 and joined his parents at Tharfield. Here in course of time he married and carried on sheep-farming, interesting himself in all that concerned the welfare of his fellow-settlers and taking a leading part in frontier matters, which, in those days, consisted for the most part of fleeing from Kaffir raids or, worse still, in deadly hand-to-hand fights with the savage hordes that constantly harried the border. Mr. J. M. Bowker was held in high esteem by Sir Benjamin d'Urban, who appointed him Resident Agent with the Fingo tribes after the Kaffir invasion of 1835, and, later, Resident Agent and Justice of the Peace with certain of the Kaffir tribes. Even after the subversion of Sir Benjamin's policy, Mr. Bowker continued in office as Diplomatic Agent on the frontier; but political jealousies among officials, and short-sightedness and bungling in high quarters, resulted in his retirement. He returned to his farm, Willow Fountain, Fish River Rand, but after only about five years of comparative peace, during which his advice and warnings to the Government were unheeded, the 1846 Kaffir war burst upon the Colony, and the ruin that overwhelmed it fell in fullest measure upon himself and family.

He and his brothers took a leading part in subduing the foe, but at the end of the war they found that though they had saved themselves and their children, they had lost everything else. Their farms totally destroyed and their homes burnt to the ground, ruin stared them in the face. The only shelter John Mitford's family had was their wagon, until a refuge was offered them in his brother Bertram's stable at Oakwell. This farm being nearer Grahamstown had to a certain extent escaped the destruction which had overtaken the rest. Here his youngest child was born, and here a few months later, weakened by the incessant hardships and anxieties he had experienced, he died. His death, as recorded in the "Frontier Times" of the day, "occasioned deep regret throughout the community, and struck grief into the heart of every honest man who knew him."

An interesting volume entitled "Speeches, Letters and Selections from Important Papers of the late John Mitford Bowker," published some twenty years after his death, throws an illuminating light on the events of his day, and gives a vivid picture of the losses, anxieties and fears of the frontier farmers, as well as of the failure of the authorities to recognise the necessity for dealing with the invaders.

THE SPIRIT OF THEIR FATHERS.

John Mitford's younger brothers were all, like himself, successful farmers, mighty hunters and valiant fighters, and every one of them made for himself an honoured name which will live in the annals of our country for ever. Miles Brabbin Bowker died without issue, and Colonel Bowker never married, but the others have left numerous descendants who worthily carry on the family traditions wherever they are situated. Their record during the Great War revealed that the spirit of loyalty, patriotism and courage, for which their forbears were noted, had not weakened in their generation. They were to be found in all ranks and on practically all fronts.

Of one of them - Captain Jack Bowker of the Midland Horse, son of Commandant Duncan Campbell and grandson of John Mitford - it was said by his troopers in East Africa that he absolutely did not know what fear was, and so inspired them with his own courage that he led them triumphantly through overwhelming odds. Some of them - he and his brother Duncan among them - have honourable scars which they will carry to their dying day as reminders of the war. And one at least (there may be more) gave his young life fighting gallantly for King, Empire and high ideals on a battlefield of France. This was Lieut. Alan Duthie Bowker, the son of Miles, the son of John Mitford, the son of the original Miles, the 1820 Settler, whose last words to a companion as life ebbed away, though couched in modest terms, were typical of the fine chivalry of the family and race from which he sprang: "Never mind me, I'm done for. Try and save yourself."

It is interesting to know that Commandant Duncan Bowker's children represent the union of two distinguished Settler families, for their mother is a daughter of William Dodds Pringle, youngest brother of Thomas Pringle, the poet, and head of the Scottish party.

(For some of the facts concerning the early history of the Bowker family I am indebted to Professor G. E. Cory, who kindly put two of his M.S. volumes at my disposal. S.M.)

NORTH FISH RIVER RACES.

Owners, Jockeys and Horses.

The Enthusiasm of By-gone Days.

By Frank Bowker.

A few weeks ago I wrote a short article under the above heading, which I have good reason to believe interested quite a number who read it. Since then I have had a very interesting and delightful letter from a lady friend in Johannesburg, who was present as a young girl at both the meetings and gives us a few details of what happened.

This lady was born in this neighbourhood and lived here till her marriage, when she moved to Johannesburg, where she has resided ever since. I have her permission to make use of her letter, but she asked me not to mention her name. I have given the names of the people she mentions with a note of explanation here and there. I think her letter gives us a good idea of how people got about in those days by cart and by the old family ox-wagon. It throws light on the hospitality of those days, on the dancing that continued throughout the night till the sun rose, and so on. Hospitality was dispensed very freely then; it was the recognised custom to put any and everybody up for the night who turned up as a "sundowner", as we all so often did. Food and bedding were provided lavishly for man and beast. I could point to homesteads near a main road where strangers arrived almost daily, and the hospitality given must have been quite a tax on the owners.

A DELIGHTFUL LETTER.

Here is my lady friend's letter:

"Now I must tell you what I know about your race meeting article. I was there. I was just about 18, and Annie Currie and I were - what shall I say? - the principal girls of our party! She and William came with Aunt Nelly and Uncle Henry (Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Currie) in their Cape cart from Groenfontein, but we trekked from Waterfall in the old big tent-wagon, and spent the night before the races, at Glen Ovis. We started from there at dawn and were at Salisbury Plain in time for the races. The Mr. G. White mentioned as chairman was Lorraine White and Mr. Currie was Uncle Clem's brother Walter (as far as I remember Willie was not there). (I thought the Stewart W. Currie was Major Currie, but it seems it was Walter, who was later Inspector Currie of the old Cape Police, he died suddenly in 1889).

"Mr. Langdon I remember seeing, but know nothing about him, except that I think he came from Bedford. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Atherstone had invited us all to dance at their house in the evening and I remember that Annie Currie, Dorothy Lucas (who afterwards married Arthur Hutton and died here a few months ago), Emily Bowker (Uncle Holden's eldest daughter) and I were very pleased at the thought of having such fun. In the afternoon, after the races were over, a very heavy thunderstorm came on and the old tent wagon was packed with men, women and children taking shelter from the rain. Salisbury Plain was like a lake for a time and when the rain stopped it was discovered that the Riet River had come down and it was impassable for about two hours.

A STEEP DRIFT.

"After that carts were inspanned and went off - some to Mr. Atherstone's, and others home, our wagon was inspanned too, and started for Ellende. I don't know if you ever saw or knew that steep drift between Salisbury Plain and the Atherstone's homestead. Well, we all got into the wagon, which slipped and slid into the drift, where the water was still quite deep, but when it came to getting out on the other side the oxen began slipping and even falling, and, in spite of all the efforts of our old Hottentot wagon-driver, David, we 'stuck' properly, and there we sat!

"Among the people at the races were Alick, Russell and Gordon Bowker (two of them were stewards as your programme shows) and they had raced a very fine horse called Bismarck, they bought from your father

a few months before. He was a powerful dark bay and won some of the races that day. As we all sat there Russell Bowker appeared on Bismarck and said, "Won't you girls let me carry you up to the house? Bismarck can easily carry two?" After some demure we agreed. He drew the horse as close to the front wheel as he could and when we one by one, stepped on to the wagon rail he seized us round the waist, swung us before him, and rode to the house. Altogether he must have taken four or five of us thus, and landed us on the raised stoep at Mr. Atherstone's house. I know I was one and so was Annie Currie, and I think Emily Bowker, the rest I don't remember. Evy" (the letter-writer's husband) "who was present as a young and very inexperienced 'rooi-nek' said afterwards that he did not know which he admired most - the man or the horse. So we all got to the house and eventually the wagon got out, and was outspanned behind Mr. Atherstone's houses. I still marvel when I think of Mrs. Atherstone and how she provided food for such a host, for we all had supper, big and little, and then we danced till daylight.

GOOD OLD TIMES.

"Afterwards we resumed our trek to Waterfall. How we slept that night and how we enjoyed the whole affair!

"I was also at the meeting held later near Goodwood, but I do not remember that so well, except that William's horse Remnant (whom you may remember) won a race, that Abram Lot was one of the jockeys, and that Uncle Clem's old groom, Jacob, got very drunk, and, as he led the cart horses up and down, kept saying in a very aggressive manner, 'Ek es een Africander', and was evidently disappointed that no one contradicted him. I forgot to say that at Salisbury Plain races H-----C-----had a drop too much too, and kept saying to all and sundry: 'If anyone asks after H-----C----- give him half a crown'. I can still see how poor old William Currie laughed at this recital. Those were good old times, and when I think of them I feel like Wordsworth's old huntsman: 'Men, dogs and horses all are dead. He (she) is the sole survivor!'"

I am sure readers will agree that the letter is a most interesting one and especially so to me who knew all the people mentioned.

ATHLETIC MEETINGS.

In rather later times atheletic sports were held in this neighbourhood. The first four or five meetings were held on the farm Groenfontein ~~and~~ the late Mr. William Currie being secretary. A strong local committee was formed and prize money was always forthcoming.

Later, the late Mr. Walter Weeks was secretary and the meetings were held on his farm Merrydale, on the Fish River Rand, just where the Grahamstown-Cradock road reaches its highest point between the 37th and 38th mile stones. These meetings were very successful and some capital performances were put up.

Among leading competitors I can remember were Steve and Jim Brown, Robert Broli, Harry Barber, Guybon Atherstone, Arthur Norton, Bertram White, W. Harvey, Dudley Gradwell (the South African weight champion), Hans Nel (who threw the cricket ball 135 yards) and many more. The programme was a varied one, races for ladies, for children, a veterans race (which always caused great amusement). A mile race for Natives (prize, a roll of tobacco). I can remember a Native competing in a new pair of corduroy trousers rolled up tight round his knees! These meetings were very popular and well attended, people coming on horseback, in carts and buggies and in wagons and even on foot, from long distances and enjoying themselves.

The meeting was often followed by a dance at a near-by farm. The last meeting was held in 1913 on Dikkop Flats, the late Mr. E. A. Bester then being the secretary. The Great War brought the meetings to a close and the club was never revived, but it had a life of nearly twenty-five years.

NORTH FISH RIVER RACES.

Halcyon Days of the Past.

Reminiscences of Nearly 60 Years ago.

By Frank Bowker.

I wonder how many among even the older people know that once there were horse races held in the North Fish River ward of the Albany district?

I can remember the races being held, but was too young to attend them. They were the topic of conversation among the local sporting fraternity and, as a small boy, I listened to my elders discussing the merits of the various horses.

I have a programme of the first meeting (printed by T. H. Grocott), which was held on Salisbury Plain, a farm about 15 miles from Carlisle Bridge and which was at that time the property of the late Mr. Walter Atherstone.

Here is a copy of the programme, which I hope may be of interest:-

North Fish River Races

Salisbury Plain,

Wednesday, September 22nd, 1880.

Stewards:

Mr. G. White (Chairman)

Mr. H. Comming, Mr. A. Bowker,
Mr. J. Langdon, Mr. G. Bowker,
Mr. W. Currie, Mr. P. Cloete,
Mr. C. H. Currie, Mr. J. Petersen,
Hon. Sec. R. Hamer.

Price: Six-pence each,
T. H. Grocott,
Printer : Grahamstown.

The list comprises six races: here they are:-

10.30 a.m. - The Salisbury Plain Plate, value £30. All ages. Weight for age. Entrance: 3 gs. Distance 2 miles.

11 a.m. - The Trial Stakes, value £15. For two or three-year-olds. Weight for age. Entrance: £1-10s. Winner to be sold for £40. Distance, 1 mile.

11.30 a.m. - Ladies' Purse, value £20. All ages. Weight for age. Entrance: 2 gs. Winner to be sold for £40. To be run in $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile heats.

1 p.m. - The Albany Plate, value £20. For horses that have been the 'bona fide' property of residents in this district for three months prior to the race. All ages. Weight for age. Entrance: 2 gs. Distance, 2 miles.

2 p.m. - The Forces Handicap, value £10. For all winners during the meeting. H.F. entrance, 1 guin. Distance, 1 mile.

2.30 p.m. - The Hack Race, value £5. Winner to be sold for £15. Entrance: 10s.6d. Distance, $\frac{1}{4}$ mile.

Post entry races (not specified on programme.)

AN INTREPID WIRE-WALKER.

I am afraid that I cannot say anything about the actual racing or the horses. I can, however, remember one of the stewards saying that

men outside the district brought better horses than the local people owned and ran away (literally) with most of the prizes. Now to digress.

This meeting was remembered by many of us for the following reason. At that time a young Mr. Cogan was a telegraph clerk in the Post Office, which was next the Carlton Hotel, where Bell and Hutton's offices used to be. A year or two earlier Cogan used to deliver telegrams and the mare he rode used to be hitched up to a post in front of the post office. He would come out of the Post Office with a telegram, throw the reins over the mare's head, and the mare being so used to his method of mounting, would turn her tail towards him. Placing his hands on her hips he would vault lightly up on to her back and standing on her hips or in the saddle would canter up or down High street. This was as good as any circus for all small boys - myself included. Well, young Cogan was riding as a jockey at the race meeting, his mount bolted and he was thrown and badly concussed, his skull, I fancy, being fractured. He lay unconscious in Mr. Atherstone's house for a considerable time before he could be moved. One of the Atherstone boys, who sat beside him, sometimes (he had to be watched night and day), told me that he would tap out messages in Morse with his fingers on the table at the bedside. Whether his fall had anything to do with his subsequent career I shan't attempt to say, but he developed a flair for wire-walking. I can remember seeing him practising on wire fences in Grahamstown.

About 1888 he gave what was his first public exhibition, one Saturday afternoon, by walking across the Cradock road dam on a fencing wire he had rigged up for the purpose. The hillsides were covered with people and I fancy the hat was passed round. He crossed the dam twice successfully. This started him on his career as a wire walker. Later, he grew a fine long, and very full beard, and announcements of his performances used to read somewhat as follows:

PROFESSOR O. C. COGAN,

With Africa's Giant Beard, etc.

He went to the United States and I believe died there. May I ask forgiveness of the Cogan family, if any are still in Grahamstown, for writing about their relative, but I was always interested in the professor?

ON MR. BESTER'S FARM.

Another race meeting was held on the following year. This time the course was on what is now Mr. Bester's farm, "Schelm Drift", about two miles from the Carlisle Bridge Post Office, just off the Cradock Road and to the right and adjoining the road that runs on up the Fish River Rand. I was on this course a month or two ago on a jackal hunt and found a large quantity of broken bottles in a bush. This brought the whole thing back to my mind, for the bottles were evidently those that had been emptied at the meeting. (We left our 'wounded' 'appy with the empties on the plain.) There was a fully licensed hotel at Carlisle Bridge at that time, kept by that good old sportsman, the late Mr. William Keen (afterwards for some years the Divisional Council Road Inspector). Maybe he had the contract to sell drinks at the races.

After this meeting there was another tragedy. My father at the time had an old Coloured man erecting wire fencing. This old man and his three sons attended the races and the night after the races got on the spree. One of his sons, being very drunk, fell into a fire. His clothes caught alight and he was so badly burned that he died a day or two later. A heap of stones in the veld here still marks his grave - another victim of Cape smoke.

The jockeys in those days at country meetings, like this one, were very often Tots - and good jockeys some of them were too. Tuis, Ruyter and George Lotts are three I can remember. (Ruyter used to dance 'vas-trap' for us at Carlisle Bridge during the South African War.)

THE STEWARDS.

Perhaps a word or two about the stewards may not be amiss. Let us remember that in 1880 ostrich farming was just beginning to pay handsomely and may be that is why farmers were able to raise a sufficiently strong wind to hold race meetings.

The chairman, G. White, may be old Mr. George White of Brak Kloof, but I rather think it should be his son G. L. White (Mr. Lorrie White), who was a racing man. H. Cumming (Herbert), one of the Hilton Cummings, a great lover of a horse, lived at Thorn Kloof (Mr. - Maasdorp's). He had a well known riding horse called (I think) Prince, and I can recall him high faluting on this old nag up High street, particularly when returning home late on a Saturday afternoon. J. Langdon I do not remember in anyway, nor do I even remember hearing the name. W. Currie was the late Major Currie, C.M.G., for years a scalp inspector and later the head inspector for the Union. C. H. Currie was Mr. Clem Currie of Glen Ovis (now Mr. T. Bowker, M.P.'s) and later of the Cathcart district, where he died, aged about 85, a year or so ago. A Bowker and his brother, G. Bowker, were ostrich farming at "Krom Krantz" in the Fort Brown area. Alex died in Kenya about 20 or so years ago, and Gordon (who is now 81) and the only living member of the stewards, is in Nairobi.

Mr. P. Cloete, whom many I am sure will still remember, was a great lover of a horse and could handle a team of four or six as few men could, He died about 1923.

Mr. J. Petersen or his father E. (Manie), at this time owned the farm "Schelm Drift." R. Hamer was only lately out from England and was a learner with Mr. C. H. Currie. He farmed in the district for some years, his wife keeping a school. (I had my first lessons in Latin from her). Later, he moved to Johannesburg, where he died a good many years ago.

So all but one of the stewards have crossed the Great Divide, and no wonder, for it is nearly sixty years ago.

R.I.P.

SETTLER STORIES OF LONG AGO.

Matthew Pearce and the Buffalo.

By Frank Bowker.

The South African buffalo has always been looked upon and with good reason, as one of the most dangerous of wild animals. An animal that will charge on the slightest provocation; that will hunt his adversary and if he catches him trample and toss him to a pulp, till no longer recognisable. He makes quite sure his victim is dead before leaving. Does not Rocky in "Jock of the Bushveld" say the only way to deal with a charging bull is "keep cool and shoot straight?" Does not Jantjie in the same book, when asked how he came by a great long scar say, "Die buffels bull, Baas, die buffels bull?" Was not Selous tossed, horse and rider and had a miraculous escape? The last H. M. Barber (later changed his name to Barberton), whom many will remember, was tossed by an unwounded bull and though terribly injured, still recovered. He was so badly hurt that his brother Fred would not attempt to move him but built a hut over him where he lay, and nursed him there for three months, miles away from water, which had to be carried daily. About forty years ago a local man was ripped open by one, not many miles from Grahamstown, and the late Dr. Greathead, who told me the story, was sent for and saved the man's life. I believe he is still alive today. All books on African hunting stress the savageness of Bos Caffer.

A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

When the settlers arrived in 1820 buffalo were very numerous in Albany and Bathurst, and several tales are told of marvellous escapes from them. I am going to tell one such story as it was told me, and I feel confident my readers will agree with me that it was a most wonderful and miraculous escape.

Matthew Pearce was a shoemaker by trade and in about 1833, when this happened, was living quite near the little village of Bathurst. Though he tanned a skin now and then to keep himself, his wife and his children in shoe leather, he made very little money at his trade. He owned a few head of cattle and goats and ploughed an acre or two of land; but his crops were nearly always a failure and he relied on his old Brown Bess to keep the wolf from the door, which helps to prove

"That if ever we English have reason to bless

Any arm save our mother's, that arm is Brown Bess."

Matthew had a son aged about twelve, whom I will call young Matthew. He sometimes took Brown Bess out when herding the cattle and it was due to his having fired her off and reloaded her with buckshot that the trouble came. I wrote buckshot, but this shot was made by melting lead and pouring it into the bottom of a reed. Then, cutting the lead into lengths of about a quarter of an inch, you had a serviceable slug; and if you rolled these slugs between two smooth flat stones they became round and you had S.S.S.G. shot. If I had a shilling for every slug I have made in this way, to shoot from a catapult, the shillings would amount to a nice little sum.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE.

But as the French say "to one muttons". One evening shortly before sunset Mrs. Matthew told Matthew the old story that the meat was finished and here was nothing to eat for to-morrow except a few sweet potatoes. Taking Brown Bess from her corner Matthew set out to look for venison. He had not gone far when young Matthew, who was bringing the cattle home, seeing his father with the gun came and told him there was a buffalo quite nearby "lying fast asleep" - he had been quite near it. Young Matthew guided his father towards the spot and when about one hundred yards away pointed out the buffalo just within the edge of the forest, peacefully chewing his cud. Matthew started to stalk, but young Matthew, who was not exactly seeking a bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth, fell behind. Perhaps he remembered

that Brown Bess was loaded with shot and not with ball. At any rate, young Matthew returned to where there was a tree about twelve feet high, surrounded by scrub about three to four feet high, which was thick and grew in a rough circle, perhaps thirty yards in circumference round the tree. Young Matthew climbed the tree to watch the fun. Matthew got up quite easily to within killing distance and taking a steady aim at the buffalo just where head and neck joined, pressed the trigger. But instead of being struck by a one ounce spherical ball which would break the buffalo's neck, the latter was struck by the slugs with which young Matthew had loaded the gun. A buffalo's skin is nearly an inch thick on its neck and consequently the slugs did little harm beyond rousing his ire.

Springing to his feet the buffalo looked round for the cause of the trouble. Matthew, who was just in the edge of the bush, retreated slowly and as noiselessly as possible, afraid to reload lest the buffalo should hear him. Please remember ramming home powder and lead in a muzzle loader is not altogether a silent job. Keeping out of sight as well as he could Matthew at last trod on a dead branch which broke with a crack and he immediately heard the infuriated buffalo, charging straight for the sound. The buffalo was some distance off and young Matthew's tree a good deal nearer and for this tree Matthew ran, having thrown away the now useless gun. The trees near him were all branches near the ground and not easy to scale. Matthew was breaking records and nearing his goal when the buffalo saw him and giving chase caught up with him just as he reached the scrub which encircled the tree.

The buffalo was so close that Matthew said afterwards he felt its hot breath on the seat of his home-made leather trousers. There was no time to attempt to dash into the scrub and climb the tree. Nothing for it but a game of "here we go round the mulberry bush," with the buffalo in hot pursuit. Matthew ran in a circle round the scrub, but he knew it was only a matter of moments, once or twice the buffalo's outstretched nose seemed to touch him, but he had not got quite near enough to toss him. As he came round the second or third time, Matthew heard the voice of young Matthew piping from the tree top, "Stick his eye out with your knife, father!" (I have said Matthew was a shoemaker and he always carried his shoe-maker's knife, which he had ground to a sharp point, in his belt.) Drawing his knife with his right hand as he ran Matthew made several wild stabs behind him on the right side and at about the third or fourth attempt was lucky enough to run the knife into the buffalo's right eye. The loss of his eye did not check the buffalo in the least; it seemed rather to spur it on.

Matthew still ran and the buffalo followed. He was nearly exhausted and felt all was up and only a matter of a few seconds more, when once again he heard his son's voice from the tree top, "Take the knife in your other hand and stick his other eye out, father!" Changing the knife from right to left hand Matthew again made several wild thrusts behind him, this time on the left side and luck favouring him the knife entered the animal's left and remaining eye, so completely blinding it. When blinded the buffalo of course ran on and away from the circle round the tree, and Matthew dropped to the ground quite exhausted, the seat of his pants wet with the saliva from the buffalo's mouth. It had indeed been a close shave. On getting his second wind Matthew rose, went and picked up Brown Bess and loading her "good and strong" with powder and a spherical ball got close up to the now blinded buffalo and finished him off. Buffalo tongue and steak figured on the menu for several days Chez Matthew, and he tanned the hide and it came in very useful as sole leather. I have read of many miraculous escapes from infuriated animals, but Matthew Pearce's escape from the buffalo bears off the palm, I feel sure.

MARY ELIZABETH NORTON.

A TRIBUTE.

By Frank Bowker.

The subject of my tribute, Mrs. J. O. Norton of Prince Alfred Street, Grahamstown, who was known to so many, passed away at midday on Monday, February 24. She was born so long ago as March 27, 1847, and so was a few weeks short of being eighty-nine years of age. She was the fourth child of William Monkhouse Bowker who came out to this country as a boy of seventeen in 1820, along with his parents, in Bowker's party. Her father was farming at Thornkloof when the Kafir was broke out in 1846. The '35 was had made the settlers cautious and the '46 was did not catch the Bowkers, at any rate, napping. They had formed their laager before hostilities began at Thorn Kloof, but were not strong enough to hold the place and had to trek further into the Colony to save their stock and families. After moving to Somerset East first, William Bowker later, when not on commando trekked about, I suppose wherever he could get grazing for his stock. He was at Oakwell in 1847, which was then the property of his brother Bertram. He was moving into Grahamstown from Oakwell and the large tent wagon, such as used by the old Voortrekkers, spanned out for the night on Coldspring just beyond the tunnel, and here in this tent wagon, Mary Elizabeth was born during the night or morning of March 27, 1847. Her mother was an Oosthuisen of Olifants Hoek, and two of her brothers, Mary's uncles, who were twins and about seventeen years old at the time, were murdered along with Piet Retief at the Dingaan massacre in February, 1838. My grandfather had a tutor, a Mr. M. B. Hudson, a University man, who probably taught her the alphabet and a bit more, but when about thirteen she went to a school near Highlands, which was kept by Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Barber (the parents of the late Hilton Barber, of Halesowen.)

GRANDFATHER'S PAPERS.

Among my grandfather's papers I have several school bills of Mr. and Mrs. Barber, dated 1860-61-62. These old bills seem almost historical, but for all that are very like the bills we pay to-day for children's schooling. For example:

1 quarter's board and instruction.
Music, Singing.
7 large copy books.
4 small do.
Drawing pencils.
Slate.
Intellectual spelling book.
Pen, ink and pencils.

FIFTY-SIX DESCENDANTS.

Then follow such articles as antimacassers, wool, embroidery, cotton and beads, and boots and a dress. I suppose cash was scarce at the time for the bills have been paid by 3 cows at £15 each, and 100 sheep at 16/- each.

Like all people of her generation Aunt Mary, as I will call her, married early. She was married to John Ogilvie Norton on April 20, 1864, and lived for some years on the farm Glen Ovis, but later they moved to Middleton, which was one of her father's farms and was ultimately left to her in his will. She had in all thirteen children. Four died in infancy, and of the remaining nine seven survive her. I think I am right in saying that there are fifty-six descendants alive to-day, children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Her daughters were all educated at the D.S.G., one, Mrs. Alfred White, being one of the original pupils when the school was first opened. The four sons all went to St. Andrew's. They turned out good cricketers and played for the 1st XI, and one, N.O. (Pompey), represented South Africa against England. A. W. (Arthur) was about the best all round athlete St. Andrew's has had and his record for the long jump as well as Pompey's for throwing the cricket ball still stand. A. W. also competed in the S.A. Athletic Championships and won one or two of the

sprints I fancy, but am not quite sure. Nearly all her grandsons who have gone to St. Andrew's have played in the 1st XI, a fact she was proud of, and has watched the past and present cricket match on St. Andrew's Day, in which sons and grandsons have played, for forty years. Pupils at both the above-mentioned schools have spoken of her affectionately for years as "Grannie Norton."

"A LIVE WIRE."

The late Mr. J. O. Norton was a progressive farmer of the best type, and a very strenuous worker. To-day he would be known as a live wire. He had at one time two farms in the Bedford and one in the Fort Beaufort district, besides three in Albany, one of these being 20 miles distant from the other two. He visited all these farms frequently, and as this was in the horse and cart days, it took time. When he was away from home Aunt Mary was in charge of everything and I can truthfully say carried out her duties most efficiently. About this time, i.e. during the 80's and 90's of last century, heartwater killed off all small stock along the Fish River, and Mr. Norton farmed ostriches and cattle at Middleton. He had nearly a hundred Friesland cows in milk in his kraal and Aunt Mary saw to all the butter making. This was before cream separator days when all milk was placed in dishes and hand skimmed. What this means in the summer heat in the Fish River valley only the initiated know, but Mr. Norton's butter had a good name and was always eagerly sought after. Many a time Aunt Mary took the butter to town herself in the buggy. Then there was a household of children to clothe, and she made all their clothes. Some of her children were rather croupy subjects and Aunt Mary was quite an expert in dealing with that and most other child ailments. She was looked upon as a doctor in that respect and people would ask her to come and see a sick child. One would think all these household duties sufficient for one woman, but the Church of St. Michael and All Angels was at Middleton and services were held here once a month, and previously to the church being built, the services were held in the house. Dear old Canon Mullins was our padre, and I still picture him riding out from Grahamstown, as he used to, on old Tromp, with his flowing beard and white helmet, and a haversack on his back containing his surplice. The congregation was quite a large one, and almost every church Sunday twenty or more grown-ups sat down to dinner after service, and a second dinner for a large number of children afterwards. Then there were perhaps eight or ten carts to be spanned out and in, and horses to be fed. These were not motoring days, but real old hospitable times, though I always maintain that hospitality was sometimes, as in this instance, carried to excess. But Uncle John and Aunt Mary did these things, and as a cook she had few superiors.

FOND OF FLOWERS.

Besides all this she found time for her flower garden which was generally bright, though water was scarce at times. Aunt Mary was a good shot with a rifle, as became a settler's daughter. Once when Mr. Norton was away from home the natives came and said there was a wild pig in one of the ostrich breeding camps. Now a pig can destroy an ostrich nest very quickly and chicks were worth money in those days. Aunt Mary took down the old Martini and proceeded to the camp where she had a shot at the pig and bagged him! Much to her indignation the matter got into the local press and about two or three years ago it figured again, under items "Fifty Years Ago." She told me all about it then and had a good laugh over it.

The late Mr. Norton represented Albany in Parliament. I am not quite sure, but I think from about 1886 to 1895 or thereabouts. Aunt Mary went with him to Capetown on several occasions when Parliament was sitting and made the acquaintance of most of the members including the high lights of those days, Rhodes, Innes, Merriman, Sauer, Sprigg, Sivewright, etc.

INDEBTEDNESS TO AUNT MARY.

I feel it a duty to mention how much my family was indebted to Aunt Mary. In the absence of a mother my two sisters were both

married from her house. She prepared the wedding breakfasts (morning weddings in those days), and right well too. My father meeting with a bad accident, being gored by a blesbuck, when we took him to town, Aunt Mary would not hear of his going to the Hospital but insisted on our taking him to her house, where she attended to him and he made a fine recovery. Many grateful thanks to you, from all of us.

Dear old Aunt Mary. When I saw your coffin before the altar in our little church at Middleton I thought how fitting it was that the last service should be there. In the church which you and your husband helped to build in accordance with your parents' wishes. The church where for years you worshipped and made your communion. The church you always took a pride in and looked after and saw that it was swept out and dusted and cleaned and scrubbed. You were borne to your grave by six grandsons. There were five nephews among your eight pall bearers, of whom I felt honoured and privileged to be one. I have seen you, dear Aunt, grow old, but you were always so young and bright and cheerful and full of life and loved a joke that one cannot but agree with Rabbi Ben Ezra when he says,

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first
was made,
Farewell. Rest in peace.

Thornkloof.

Feb. 28.

NORMAN MITFORD BOWKER WHITE.

An Appreciation by an Old Friend.

By Frank Bowker.

In writing the following account of Norman White, let me say at once that I do so solely to pay some sort of tribute to the memory of a life-long and very dear friend.

He was a White of Table Farm, which has been the family home since pre-1820 Settler times. Major T. C., the founder of the family in South Africa was killed near the Bashee river in 1835, by the Kafirs. He was on a hill, sketching and mapping the surrounding country, with a very small escort, when the natives crept up in the long grass and assailed some of the party.

Norman's father was T. C., the second, elder son of the Major. He was a man universally respected by all.

The following doggerel limerick, written by one who knew him intimately, is perhaps worth quoting:

There was an old farmer called White,
Thomas Charles was he also dight,
Through life's long span,
The straight course he ran,
Truth, honour and justice his delight.

ONE OF TRIPLETS.

Norman was the youngest of the family, his mother being Mary Bowker, eldest daughter of the Hon. B. E. Bowker. He was one of triplets, sons. One died in childhood, and the second, Castell White, was one of the first to join the Imperial Light Horse in the South African war.

He was shot through the chest by a stray bullet after the battle of Elandslaagte, and died a day or two later in Maritzburg. A beautiful stained glass window, The Happy Warrior, erected to his memory by the family, may be seen in the chapel of his old school, St. Andrew's College, Grahamstown.

My earliest recollection of Norman and his brother is that of two small boys of about four or five years, wearing nothing but a shirt and pair of knickers each. They never donned socks or shoes, and their feet were as hard as a native's.

They ran about the farm and learned to swim almost as soon as they learned to walk. The Table Farm boys were all splendid swimmers, and Norman was perhaps as good as any of them. A fine reach of water near the house gave them every opportunity in the swimming line.

In those days, the early eighties, the river always ran at Table Farm; the Slaai Kraal springs kept it going, for the two reservoirs were not yet built.

ENGINEERING.

Later in life when in Yorkshire, Norman played first class water polo and took many prizes for swimming, both there and also in Johannesburg. On leaving school he took up engineering with the firm Hubert Davis & Co. He was a splendid man, almost a genius, at a lathe, and the firm sent him to learn all he could in the engineering shops of Yorkshire. Unfortunately, the loss of an eye made it necessary to give up this line of work. Norman was one of those men who seem able to make anything with hardly any tools at all. In the South African War I can remember him turning out two good serviceable modern spoons with which we ate our porridge, from the spokes of an old derelict Scotch cart. His tools being a blunt axe and a pocket knife.

In 1896 he joined the Matabeleland Relief Force. This force started from the then rail head at Mafeking and marched the long 600 miles to Bulawayo and back after the termination of hostilities. This was a very strenuous campaign. It was just after the rinderpest had cleared Rhodesia of cattle and one had to be a good scavenger and expert thief (old soldiers will know what I mean), to keep your mess in victuals.

FARMING.

Norman took up farming soon after the South African War. Like all the White family, he had some beautiful ostriches and was a most successful ostrich farmer. He lived at Willow Fountain near Riebeeck East, and took to Merino sheep when the feather market failed.

Later he sold Willow Fountain and bought a farm from his brother in the Cradock district. Here he carried on with Merinos, successfully

During the South African War Norman, with about a dozen of us locals joined Gorrings's Flying Column. It was rather good fun, particularly when my horse bucked me off, and Norman's, a partly trained mare, got mixed up with the gun team.

The air, of course, was blue with bad language, and cries of "get to --- out of it", and when the mare got free of the gun team a hasty retreat was not only necessary, but took place! At Pearston a shop was looted. Norman, among other things, got a pair of boots as his share of the swag, and discarded his old ones.

My boots being very much worse than his discarded ones, I took the latter and wore them, throwing my old ones away, and I have never yet heard the last of this incident. How the Lieutenant wore the Trooper's old discarded boots!

RIFLE SHOT.

Norman was an outstanding rifle shot, both at the target and at game. He for many years always shot in the Cradock team, and was invariably among the top scorers. He was one of those shots who always seem to go one better than the next man. If the next man made ninety he would make ninety-one; if 100, he would put up 101.

Thirty years ago a number of us were very keen on revolver shooting, and I may say became quite expert. I myself killed four jackals from my horse's back, galloping after them on the flats here. But none of us could ever beat Norman. He seemed able to hit anything. A match-box at 30 yards had not a hope.

He one day placed a half-crown against a sand mound, bent it double with the first shot, and then turning it over and firing at the other side, straightened it again with the next bullet. This takes some doing - a steady hand, a good weapon, good eyesight and straight powder!

POPULAR FELLOW.

Dear old Norman, he was always a popular man and very good company. He always seemed to be the centre round which others gathered.

Well, old friend, you died too young. Both your parents were near or over 80 when their time came, and your grandfather, Bowker, lived to be 97. You are now at rest in the family graveyard at Table Farm, your old home, among your own people.

Close to the haunts of your childhoods where in company with Castell you ate fruit, and shot the mouse-birds; you swam like otters in the river, caught fish and set vips for hares and bucks and pheasants, collected birds eggs and did the thousand and one other things which small boys do and enjoy.

Farewell, and may I,
.....meet you later on,
At the place where you have gone.

O B I T U A R Y.

SPECIAL MEMOIR - MRS. CURRIE.

(Contributed)

The late Mrs. Henry Currie, who died recently at the ripe old age of eighty seven years, was therefore born as long ago as 1842. She was the eldest daughter of the late William Monkhouse Bowker, of Thorn Kloof, Albany who at one time represented Albany in the old Cape Parliament. The Bowker family was, of course, an 1820 settler family, the old original Miles Bowker, the head of the party, and his wife, are buried near Port Alfred. On her mother's side Mrs. Currie was related to some of the early Voortrekkers, two of her uncles, who were twins and boys of about nineteen at the time, were killed along with Piet Retief by Dingaan in 1838. At the outbreak of the Kaffir War in 1846 the Bowker family and many of their Dutch neighbours had formed their Laager at Thorn Kloof. During the afternoon of May 2nd, 1846, the kaffirs came out of the Fish River bush and managed to drive off about 3,000 sheep. An effort was made by some of the mounted men of the Laager to recover these sheep, but they themselves were almost cut off by about 100 mounted kaffirs and from 3 to 4 hundred on foot they threatened to attack the Laager, but were beaten off, though one of the white men, a Mr. Webb was shot through the ankle and died a day or two later. Finding they could get no assistance from the Government the Laager was broken up, most of the occupants trekking away to Somerset East, which was further away from Kaffirland and the scenes of disturbance. Of all the inmates of the Thorn Kloof Laager in 1846 to the writer's knowledge there is now, after Mrs. Currie's death, only Mr. Duncan Bowker left, and he is 91. In 1850 another Kaffir War broke out and much the same thing occurred again, but on returning to the farm after the war things prospered. Mrs. Currie married when about 16 or 17 years old, (those were the days of early marriages), Henry Frederick Currie, a brother of the well known Sir Walter Currie. Mr. Currie was a progressive farmer of the best type, and in those days, his horses, sheep and cattle were well known. To facilitate farming matters, particularly at lambing time, (this was before the days of wire fencing remember), he constructed stone kraals and stone camps, altogether miles of stone walling, which are all in use to-day. These walls were all the work of a man who came out with the German Legion after the Crimean war. This man built as much as forty yards of four foot six stone wall in a long summer's day, when the stones were all lying ready to his hand. Some may doubt this, but I know the members of the Currie family will bear me out as speaking the truth. As Fred Meyer worked for many years for my late father too, I take this opportunity of paying a tribute to his memory. I know Mrs. Currie and all her children respected him as a hard working and honest man.

Mr. Currie died while still quite a young man in 1879, leaving his widow with seven children, the younger ones of course quite infants, Mrs. Currie had therefore been a widow for fifty years. After her husband's death she continued to live and farm on Groenfontein which had been her home; educated all the children, and lived long enough to see them all married and settled in life, and had quite a number of great grandchildren.

In those days Groenfontein was a very happy place. In holiday time there was always a number of school children having a good time. Among the boys I will mention some I remember. I will call them by their names as then known to us. Tom Graham (now Sir. T. Graham); Harry Williamson (afterwards Advocate); Bob Mullins (now Rev. R. G.); Charlie Mullins (late Major V.C.); some of the Lucas brothers including F. de Neville (afterwards Registrar of Deeds); Cron Wright (Cronwright Schreiner); Harry Murray and the Carlisle brothers. Dear old Aunt Nelly made everybody happy. Kindness personified, considerate for others to a remarkable degree, never put out but always looking on the bright side of things, she endeared herself to all. I know men of sixty to-day and include myself among the number, who looked up to her as a second mother. We loved her then and still do so now.

In 1891 she met with a very bad accident, being thrown out of a cart, and was unconscious for several weeks, but a sound constitution pulled her through.

After selling her farm in 1915 Mrs. Currie lived with her youngest son in and around Adelaide, and passed away on the night of October 6th, 1929, aged 87 years, all but sixteen days.

To her family we wish to express our heartfelt sympathy.

THE LATE MR. W. C. L. CURRIE.

By an Old Friend.

Let us go back a bit and look at a list of the 1820 settlers. Among the settlers in Wilson's party, which came out in the good ship Belle Alliance, were Walter Currie, aged 34, his wife Ann, aged 24, and and her children, Mary Ann aged 4, and Walter aged 1. The settler was an ex R.N. purser, on half pay. Subsequently there were children born in this country. I am not quite sure but think it was four sons and another daughter. The sons were William Cole, who was shot in the Zuurberg during the Kaffir War of 1850, and to whose memory a memorial tablet has been erected in the English Church at Somerset East. Joseph who farmed in the Albany district. Low who died on a trip to Bechuanaland in the 1870's. Henry Frederick who was W. C. L.'s father. Walter who was a boy of one in 1820, later became the well known Sir Walter Currie.

I am sure when I write of W. C. L. Currie local people will hardly know whom I mean so I will call him by the name by which everybody knew him, viz. "Boydie". His father as I have just said was Henry Currie and his mother was a Bowker, eldest daughter of W. M. Bowker of Thorn Kloof, Albany. Mr. Currie farmed at Groenfontein, but died at an early age, in 1879. I think Boydie cannot have remembered his father for he was very young at the time. Perhaps the leading trait in the characters of the Groenfontein Curries was a love of animals, and particularly horses. I never met people both as boys and men who so lived in an atmosphere of horse as Boydie and his two brothers. Naturally they all became good horsemen and what is not the same thing, good horsemasters.

Boydie in his time must have trained many horses, both to the saddle and harness and was never happier than when working with a young horse. When he was quite a small boy of only five or six he would always help the groom to wash and clean the saddles and harness and was able at six to take a set of harness to pieces and reassemble it. To-day I am sure many youths of twenty could not do this, as harness is out of date, and their interests lie in the motor car and its engine. Other times, other manners. The groom I mentioned is still alive to-day, an old coloured man of nearly eighty but strong and vigorous for his age. He was at his old master's (I had almost written pal's) funeral yesterday. As a small boy Boydie went to school at Salem. There was a well known school there in those days kept by a Mr. Shaw. The same old groom used to take him there, a distance of 60 miles, in a buggy and sometimes they went on horseback. I remember once when Boydie returned for the Xmas holidays just before he reached home he passed the dead body of his favourite pony Snowball, who had died of horse sickness that very morning. With tears in his eyes I can remember him saying it was the very worst Christmas-box he had ever had.

On leaving the Salem school he went to St. Andrew's College, Grahamstown. He spent sometime learning farming with the late Mr. Willie Townsend, at Fairholt, in the Baviaans River. Here he had a narrow escape one day. His horse fell with him and the rifle he was carrying went off, narrowly missing him and killing the horse. Boydie then came and lived and farmed with his mother for a number of years at Groenfontein, till the farm was sold in 1915. He married Miss Ethel Emms, a daughter of the late James Emms and has a family of six daughters (also several grand-children), who have received many marks of condolence in their sad bereavement. For sometime Boydie acted as Sheep Inspector in Albany and also for some years Tick Inspector in the magisterial area of Adelaide. I don't think there was a better known and more popular man in his area. His funeral despite the excessive heat was largely attended by friends and relatives and there were many beautiful wreaths as well. R.I.P.

F. B.

Thorn Kloof,

1/3/37.

SIR WALTER CURRIE, 1819-72.

By Frank Bowker.

May I ask forgiveness for writing about Sir Walter again, but as a child I heard so much of him that I should like to tell a few of the stories I remember.

He and my grandfather were the greatest of friends, although the latter was considerably older. In fact Sir Walter had his first experiences of a Kafir war as a boy, in 1835, under him. My father, and mother too, were among his closest friends. My father was an only son and when he got married great festivities were held here at Thorn Kloof to celebrate the occasion. The wedding took place in the shearing house, a fairly big room, the largest on the farm. My mother had no relations in this country and Sir Walter, resplendent in his uniform as Colonel of the F.A.M.P., gave the bride away. I had a lady staying here last year who as a small child of five or six was present at the wedding in 1867. There can't be many of the guests alive to-day. People came from far and near and camped in wagons and tents. A big dance followed the wedding and the guests, learning the next morning that it was my grandmother's birthday, refused to go, and stayed over to celebrate the birthday and had another hop that night. The surplus wedding foods, I presume, furnished the dance supper tables. This lady told me that she and another little girl sat on a box behind the door while the ceremony was on, and when the wedding breakfast was well on its way and the elders all served, Sir Walter came to them and said, "Come along with me, you little girls; it is time you had something to eat."

In 1860 Sir Walter escorted Prince Alfred, afterwards Duke of Edinburgh, on his tour through South Africa. The Prince had the use of Sir Walter's famous charger Lancer. The Prince also planted an oak tree in Oatlands Park. Some years later, in 1867, Sir Walter and Colonel Bisset posted down to Capetown to meet the Prince, who was then on his way to Australia. The Prince's journey was broken and an elephant hunt held in the Knysna forest. A good account of this can be found in General Bisset's "Sport and War". For services to the State and his duties in connection with the Prince's tour Sir Walter received a knighthood. Years ago at Groenfontein there used to be a beautiful little inlaid Japanese cabinet, which had belonged to Sir Walter and on which his sword was kept. In one of the drawers of the cabinet was his order of knighthood signed by Queen Victoria, the only one of her actual signature and the only order of knighthood I have seen. There was also a letter beginning "My dear Currie" and signed "Alfred." It was really beautiful handwriting, small and neat and all the letters perfectly formed. I remember reading it. Among other matters the Prince expressed a wish that they would meet again, "as I have several lively little stories to tell you." The subject of these stories - I wonder! My guess would be vinum, puellae, carmen. The cabinet is, I believe, in the possession of Mrs. Hill, a niece of Sir Walter, who is now living in England. I wonder if the order of knighthood and the letter are still extant - it is fifty years since I saw them.

I have heard my father say that Sir Walter said he was not a religious man, but he believed if you really prayed in earnest your prayer would be answered. He used to say that he had only prayed in earnest three times in his life and each time his prayer was answered. The first occasion I am afraid I can't remember. The second was in Oatlands Park. Sir Walter had some navvies dam-making and was walking up to the work when an imported shorthorn bull that he had got out from England charged and knocked him down and was starting to gore him to death. He said he shouted for help and prayed for deliverance and the navvies, hearing his cries, came running from their work with burning sticks snatched from their fire and scorched the bull and drove him off. The third occasion was when his horse fell on some slippery rocks when crossing the Orange River. He was swept away by the current and was drowning. Again his prayer was answered, some of his men swimming in and saving him.

Years ago the Kafir chiefs - it was after the war of 1850 - were forbidden to enter the Colony. Now old Sandilli was a great beggar and he used to come surreptitiously and visit farmers, getting them to

give him anything they would. He usually had several amapakati (counsellors) with him. He used to visit my grandfather, who always said it was good policy to entertain him and give him a helper or beast of some kind, hoping that he would tell his followers not to steal from the donor. My grannie would not have Sandilli in the house and when gran'pop wanted to take him inside for refreshment she absolutely forbade it, but had two chairs placed outside in the shade and gave them their coffee there. The children took note of the chair Sandilli used and for years afterwards it was always a joke against the child who got it to sit upon. A finger would be pointed at the unlucky one and a gibe added, "Yah, you sat on Sandilli's chair." Well, one evening Sir Walter on inspecting rounds with an escort of four or five men arrived just about sundown to stay the night, when several natives were seen coming up towards the house. Sir Walter sent two of his escort to see who they were. It was Sandilli and his followers. After severely rating the chief for his delinquency he told off two troopers to escort the lot to the next station of the F.A.M.P., men from which were to see them back to their reserve. So this time old Sandilli went home empty-handed.

On the farm Woodlands in this area there is a large cave very well sheltered from the weather. In the war of 1850-3 Sir Walter was following up stolen stock. A very cold rain came on and knowing the country he fancied the thieves might make for the cave for shelter. This cave was "stalked" in the early morning and two Kafirs were shot there. Years afterwards one of their skulls was still to be seen in a tree there. I fancy it was my dad who fixed it up, but of this I am not sure.

Years ago a favourite pastime of small boys in Grahamstown was sliding down a sloping rock in the Botanic Gardens. The rock was rather rough and I remember a chum telling me that if you slid down without something under you your trousers were worn through in no time. Sir Walter used to tell the story against himself. He was in the gardens and hearing laughter went to join in the fun. He said he slid down the rock with the children and realised, when too late, that he was, as an Irishman would say, "hardly dacent ahind." He said he set off for home and kept pulling his coat down as he walked along the streets to hide the "indacency". He arrived home unobserved, "but didn't I catch it from Lady Currie."

Sir Walter was a boy aged one when the settlers arrived and like many of the settlers' children grew up bare-footed, and retained his hard feet in after life. It is said of him that "he could ride with or without saddle, go without boots, but he could not move along without adjectives." At a camp once, one of his officers says, "He challenged us to go out into the veld in the cold rain, in the dark, and run a foot race over a mile. Which we did."

Sir Walter, I have always heard, was a most popular man with every class of the community. Sometimes of an evening he could be found at the leading hotel seated in the centre of a billiard table cracking jokes and telling stories to his admirers.

When the Basuto were placed under British rule by Sir Philip Wodehouse, at the field day Sir Walter was "dressed in Admiral's uniform to move the chief, mounted on the celebrated blood charger 'Lord Clyde', having the horse held in such a way that when he mounted it stood on its hind legs and then sprang into the air with an awful bound, the great assembly of Basutos shouting Byat, Morena."

His funeral is said to have been the longest ever seen in Grahamstown. He died June 7, 1872. On his tombstone may be found these words. I have written tombstone, but I should rather have called it a monument, with four tablets. On the one is Sir Walter's name, on the second Lady Currie's, with of course the dates of birth and death. The third has this, "This tablet has been added to the memory of the gallant officers and men of the F.A.M.P. who raised this monument." Semper Fidele. The fourth tablet's inscription is as follows: "Erected by the Officers, Non-commissioned Officers and Privates of his old Corps who had served long enough under him to know why the soldiers of the tenth legion were attached to Caesar." Sleep on.

Hamlet's words come to mind: "He was a man....."

DUNCAN CAMPBELL BOWKER.

A Fine Character and Personality.

Incidents in Albany's Early Days.

A Tribute by Frank Bowker.

When Duncan Bowker passed away on July 24 last, a very fine character and interesting personality went to his rest. His life had indeed been a long one. He was the eldest child of the last John Mitford Bowker, who in his turn was the eldest son of old Miles Bowker, the 1820 Settler, and was the head of the Bowker family in this country. His father, John Mitford, was "some years resident and diplomatic agent with certain Kafir and Fingo tribes," and was stationed at Fort Peddie, where Duncan was born on March 2, 1838, and was the first white child born at that spot. John Mitford was suspended from this Office in February, 1839. There was friction owing to the missionaries having the ear of the then Governor and persuading him to take the word of the Kafir thieves rather than that of the settlers, which John Mitford resented. He was offered a clerkship in the Civil Commissioner's office at Grahamstown, which he turned down with scorn. He then moved up to the Fish River Rand where several of his brothers were sheep farming. He lived and farmed at Willow Fountain, which is part of Thorn Kloof, till 1846, when Kafir War conditions made trekking necessary. The ruins of his old household are still to be seen at Willow Fountain. Here Duncan and his elder brothers and my late father were taught by Aunt Mary Anne. My father, a boy of nine, used to walk from Waterfall, an adjoining farm, to school every day at Willow Fountain - a distance of nearly five miles - and, of course, home again after school, a young Hottentot called Scotsman going with him. These old men did not have very much further schooling and yet made good in life and WERE educated - mostly self taught.

BEATING OFF THE KAFFIRS.

The Bowkers formed their laager in 1846 at the present Thorn Kloof homestead. They were attacked here by Kafirs, but were able to hold their own, but being unable to get outside help decided to move further into the Colony, particularly as drouthy conditions made it impossible to keep thousands of sheep and other stock near the homestead. John Mitford died in 1847, at what was then his brother Bertram's farm, Oakwell, near Highlands, leaving his widow with five small children, four sons and a daughter, the eldest nine years and the youngest a few weeks old. Duncan's mother was a Miss Standen and proved herself throughout life a woman of the right type to rear and educate a family of small children, all by herself. Duncan, being the eldest, even as a small boy played a man's part, helping his mother and the rest of the family. Duncan up till a few years ago could always give an interesting and graphic account of the laager in '46. How he and my father would venture out and look over the stone wall which surrounded the homestead and when a shot was fired would bolt for cover like dassies. So far as I know he was the last survivor of the whites in this laager. They numbered, English and Dutch, nearly one hundred all told, and to look back from 1934 to 1846 is truly a long retrospect. Duncan was a man of wonderful vitality and scarcely had a day's serious illness in his long life of ninety-six years. He came of long lived stock on both sides, his two uncles, Jonathan and David Standen, I believe, reached ninety years.

THE PURCHASE OF FARMS.

After the war of '50 when the boys were growing up the family settled on the farm Mitford Park, near Riebeeck East, and lived there for a number of years, farming sheep. They also owned the farm Signal Kop, near Carlisle Bridge, and this was used as winter veld. Later, Duncan purchased the farm Duncairn and lived there till 1895, when he moved to the Middelburg district. He was a J.P. for Albany and Fort Beaufort and served for many years on the Albany Divisional Council as a member for East Fish River Ward.

He married Beatrice Pringle, a daughter of the fine old Scotch settler, William Dods Pringle, of Lynedoch. Dods Pringle did yeoman service as a commandant in the Kafir Wars. William had one brother and several sisters, the only surviving one being Lady Rose Innes. She, too, proved herself a woman of sterling worth, and I am sure Duncan would willingly admit that he owed much of his success in life to her.

COMMANDANT OF ALBANY BURGHERS.

Duncan Bowker was Commandant of the Albany Burgers in 1877-8, and as such did good service in the Waterkloof campaign and later at the Perie Bush. After the Kafirs had been turned out of Waterkloof one of his men looking through a cave where the natives had been living saw a rag stuffed into a crack between the stones, and taking it out found chief Tini Makomo's ivory armlet. I was shown this ivory armlet a few years ago. It had cracked slightly in the dry Karroo air, but otherwise was perfect. Inside it has Makomo's private mark, known to any member of his tribe. It is scratched in the ivory and is shaped something like a coronet. Duncan told me he showed it to a native once, a member of Makomo's tribe, who recognised the mark and said, "Baas, how many cattle must I give you for the ring?" Another treasure in the family is the old silver seal of Regicide Judge Bouchier. The Judge's signature and the impression of this seal in wax can be seen on Charles I's death warrant.

WHEN TICKS WERE A PLAGUE.

The younger generation of farmers do not realise what a plague ticks were before the days of dipping. Ticks had denuded many districts of merino sheep, and cattle farming was carried on under great difficulties. Heifers when they calved often had only one teat, and thirty to forty per cent of the calves died.

Duncan was farming in a tick area and decided to get out of it. In the early nineties, after the occupation of Mashonaland, the Chartered Company welcomed settlers and granted farms on easy terms. Duncan decided to go up and spy out the land. His brother John accompanied him. Railing a cart and a pair of mules to Mafeking, the then rail head, they set out from here on their long trek of six hundred miles to Salisbury and Bulawayo. They travelled through the area which was being given out to settlers and liked the veld. But one evening at the fire Duncan saw a bonte-tick run across his boot. Pointing it out to his brother he said, "Look her, Johnnis, what's this! I'm going home!" Why trek 1,200 miles to pastures new and pioneering, and find you had not left the ticks behind! They returned home and shortly after Duncan purchased farms in the Middelburg (Cape) district, where he lived ever since and farmed successfully.

RESEMBLED JOHN HAMPDEN.

Duncan Bowker was a man very hard to turn from his set purpose. A man who would not tolerate any injustice. I always imagine him to have been like John Hampden, who refused to pay the unjust 'ship money' levied by Charles I, and feel sure he would have acted thus in similar circumstances. I will tell another story of him to illustrate my meaning. When establishing lucerne on old ground which is full of weeds, when your lucerne seed germinates and comes up the weeds do the same (i.e. in the spring time especially). When the young lucerne is strong enough to stand traffic over it, you cut off lucerne and weeds together with a mower. The lucerne then grows faster than the weeds and smothers them, and becomes established. This fact is well known to lucerne growers, but apparently not to some officials. Duncan had sown a land with lucerne and the weeds that came up were burrweed. The noxious weeds inspector came along and gave him a few days in which to destroy the burrweed. He refused, saying the lucerne was still too young, but he would not allow the burrweed to mature, but would put the mower over the land when the lucerne was stronger. The Inspector said he would report him and run him in. Duncan replying, "I don't care! I will go to gaol first!" He was summoned before the Resident Magistrate at Middelburg, explained matters, but was fined and also ordered to pay

the costs. Saying "not one penny will I pay," he walked out of court and returned home, cutting up the burrweed in his own good time. He heard nothing further on the matter, but it was always understood that the magistrate himself paid the fine!

A FINE CONSTITUTION.

As confirming my statement of his fine constitution, at the age of over eighty he fell off a six foot high stoep in the dark at Knysna. He was picked up and carried inside, conscious but in great agony. This accident told on the old man as his left side was paralysed for some time, but he recovered again, though he lost his sight. This was a great blow, particularly as his eyesight had always been of the very best. But he bore it philosophically and never complained.

He was a fearless rider, as the following story will show. An old Scotch navvy turned up at Lynedoch and on being asked by Mr. Pringle for whom he had been working, replied for Mr. Duncan Bowker. On Mr. Pringle saying he did not know him, the navvy expressed surprise, saying: "Ye no ken Dooncan o' Riebeek, he would ride the de'il if he could get on his back!" At well over eighty he would ride about the cold flats on his farm shooting springbucks, when he should have been sitting round a cosy fire. In his declining years he had every care and comfort, being well looked after by dutiful children, as well as by a friend and relation of the family. He was as I have said the head of the Bowker family and its oldest member as well. He was the second grandchild of the old settler Miles, my late father being the first and three months Duncan's senior.

O B I T U A R Y.

MEYRICK BRABBIN BOWKER.

(Contributed).

We deeply regret to report the death of one of our most highly respected farmers, Mr. M. Bowker, who passed away on his farm Dunskey, Cathcart district, on December 28, after a short illness, in his 69th year. He was a son of the late M. R. Bowker, an Albany farmer, and was born in Grahamstown in January, 1870. Educated at St. Andrew's College, Grahamstown, and on leaving school spent a year in the old Bank of Africa as a junior clerk, and the bank tried hard to persuade him to stay on, but he evidently preferred the open-air life. After farming in the Albany district till 1894, he went to settle on the farm Dunskey, at Gaika's Kop, in the Cathcart district. When he first went to live at Dunskey it was bare veld. To-day one can point to it as one of the best developed farms in the district. A lovely homestead, with fruit and flower garden, and water laid on everywhere. Fencing, and net-wire fencing - miles and miles of both, and there was more than 300 iron piping gates alone, with stone kraals, sheds for stock, cattle and sheep dipping tanks, up-to-date shearing shed, silos, garages, etc. etc., and nearly all constructed by himself with the aid of ordinary farm labour. His creed was work, and he got through an unbelievable amount in his time. His wool clip was well known and always realised good value on the East London market. A most successful farmer, he acquired several adjoining farms and was among the large landowners of the district. An excellent rifle shot, his hobby was big game hunting. In company with Mr. Meintjes Hart and his brother Frank, he had a six months' shooting trip in what is now Kenya in 1906. Later, two trips to Zululand, one to South-west Africa, and one to Portuguese East Africa, and during the latter he had malarial fever badly. Some very fine trophies of these expeditions can be seen in his home.

In company with Mrs. Bowker he visited England twice, and travelled over the Continent, visiting France and Italy, and going as far as Constantinople. During the South African war he was a captain in the local Defence Force. He was business-like, smart and neat in all he did, and this country would be the better for more farmers of his class and ability. His large property is now in the possession of his two sons, who no doubt will ably carry on the traditions of the family.

He married first Miss Smith, eldest daughter of the late Richard Shaw Smith, or Port Elizabeth, by whom he had two sons and a daughter, the latter being accidentally killed when still at school. His second wife was Miss Wilson of East London. The late Mr. Bowker was a great believer in tree planting, and on his farms and at the Hogsback he planted some hundreds of thousands of trees. Many are almost fit to cut to-day and will be a source of revenue to his sons, and incidentally benefit the country in years to come. The elder son has been farming in the Cathcart district for some years, and the younger who is now returning to take up farming has been for several years in the Rhodesian Airways, where he has been recognized as one of their best pilots. Late year he won the prize for the best performance put up by a member of the Airways during the year.

The late Mr. Bowker was buried in the new cemetery at Grahamstown beside his wife and daughter, there being a large attendance of friends and relatives. Before the funeral at the cemetery a special service took place in the Cathedral. The Dean, the Rt. Rev. F. P. Crosse, M.C., and the Rev. C. S. Hill, from Cathcart, officiated at the service, and at the graveside. The chief mourners were Mr. Bowker's two sons, his daughter-in-law, three brothers, and his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Hockley. The pall-bearers were Messrs. R. A. Hockley, Charles White, B.B.S. Norton, T.B. Bowker, M.P., and Messrs. L. and M. Hart, of Cathcart district.

THE LATE MR. FRANK BOWKER.

A Brotherly Tribute.

His full name was Francis William Monkhouse Bowker. He was called after his grandfather who settled on Thorn Kloof, Fish River Rand, in the year 1843. The old farm was allotted to our grandfather in that year for services rendered during the Kafir Wars. The farm has always been in the family and after the long period of 100 years still finds it is held by some of us to-day. To his friends and relatives he was known as Frank and that speaks for itself.

A somewhat reserved man in strange company - as a boy he would vanish from the house when strangers came - he was to his friends full of good humour and laughter. Told good stories of events and knew all about the locality he lived in. He knew its history and its geography. He could tell you the story of any building or bridge that had a story behind it and very many such buildings are found around the parts in which he spent his life. He was a good naturalist and could tell you much of the habits of animals and birds.

He was educated at St. Andrew's College, Grahamstown, and matriculated with honours from there. He also passed his intermediate - an examination which passed into the beyond long since. He was once overseas as a boy in 1885. In 1906 he took a shooting trip to East Africa and bought or was allotted a farm in that part. On his return he read a long article on his trip and the prospects of the country to a gathering of farmers. He contributed several articles to Grocott's Daily Mail on people - mostly members of the family - and events. These covered a variety of subjects from an old Fort to an ox-wagon. His house was open to all friends, relations and strangers. No man went hungry from there. A spare bed was always ready.

As a farmer he was outstanding. He knew his job and was not afraid of hardwork. He had an infinite capacity for taking pains. The tidiness of his house and of his homestead - he hated an undity werf - were indications of his careful characteristic. He kept his farm tools all in their place. In the days of wagons, his riens, yokes, strops, etc., were all in the proper places. Anything and everything could be found and at midnight if necessary and without a light. He could literally put his hand on them. The game and shooting on his property were all properly controlled. "Out of season" was "out of season", and no buck were shot or fired at during the closed period. To-day he had bontebok on his farm - eight or nine all told. He had blesbuck, but a severe drought killed them to his great regret.

A keen business man who never spent money on any useless article. When he bought he bought the best. Anyone scanning his eye over Frank's library would realise at once that here was a man who knew and loved good books. Nothing on his shelves was unread by him. In later years he took an interest in Africana and had several old volumes worth reading. He also collected stapelias and had a fine collection. Birds interested him and nested in the front garden of his house. Barnets had their nests prepared for them, in American aloe poles. Also the familiar "Blink or Green Spreeuw" found a home in his front garden. Now he has left. I shall sorely miss him. For fifty years we have written to each other regularly. Just a note to-day a comment on a book to-morrow. A question another day, for information. Business another day. So it went on. When I visited him - as I usually did every three years or so - we invariably had plenty to talk about. To-day, yesterday and to-morrow brought up all manner of interesting events. Those of yesterday were usually the retelling of all stories, the jokes, the silly things one does. The laugh at the other's discomfiture. The outings together. Do you remember this, that and the other. Here is where the dogs caught a pig. Here a bushbuck killed some dog. What a good shot you made at this or that. And again it went on. The old familiar stories. The reference to folk long gone. The old German labourer. The old Kafir servant. The old nurse. Yes, they were all remembered.

To his servants he was just and expected service. Natives are on his farm to-day over fifty years of age. They were born there. What better example do you want!

AS we know the clock on the shelf beats out the little lives of men. It will beat us all out. Time never is other than relentless. It takes the just and the unjust. All fall to it. It wins always. It has won now and I know it will beat me some day. With such before me it is the one certainty everybody knows. Why fear "seeing that death, a necessary end, will come when it will come." I bid you good-bye, my brother, and to repeat his words "see you again, eh."

H.D.B.

LATE MRS. W. M. BOWKER.

Special Memoir.

One of the oldest inhabitants of the Albany district has lately passed away, at her old home Thorn Kloof, Fish River Rand, in the person of the late Mrs. W. M. Bowker.

Mrs. Bowker, who had reached the ripe old age of ninety-five years, was born, therefore, so long ago as 1816, on the farm Riet Vlei, in what is now the Alexandria district of the Cape Colony. This takes us back to the reign of George III, and to times before the '20 Settlers. Her father was Jan Oosthuisen, and his farm, on which he lived for many years, was Skiet Rug, also in the Alexandria district, and, I believe, still known by that name. He was known to all his contemporaries as a great and daring hunter. Mrs. Bowker's eldest brother was killed by a buffalo, and two of her younger brothers, who were twins, and about twenty years old at the time, were killed by the Zulus in Dingaan's massacre of the Dutch, under Piet Retief. Many a stirring tale of adventure and native wars could Mrs. Bowker tell. I remember her telling us children, how her father got his family all posted out in the veld, and then drove a herd of eighty elephants out to where they could see them. The dogs, she said, had them at bay in the open, and it being very warm the elephants were much distressed by the heat, and were drawing water out of their stomachs, as these beasts do, and squirting it over their backs and sides to cool themselves.

Once every twelve months, and sometimes not so often, the journey used to be made to Uitenhage for Nachtmal, and, I suppose, to get the children, born since the previous trip, christened. The story is told of one patriarch, who took six children down to Capetown, to get them christened at one time, and the eldest, a girl of about twelve years, as soon as she felt the water on her head, said "Oh, my God." She had evidently been well brought up.

Mrs. Bowker married the late William Monkhouse Bowker in the year 1836. Mr. Bowker was at that time living at Thorfield, in what is now the Bathurst district, being a '20 settler, and one of a family of nine sons and two daughters, who came out with their parents in that year. After remaining at Thorfield till 1845, they moved up to the Fish river, living just at what was then called Espach's-drift, then at Waterfall, and finally settling down at Thorn Kloof, where the remaining part of her life was chiefly spent.

THE KAFFIR WARS.

Those were stirring times. In the Kafir war of 1846, a laager was formed at Thorn Kloof, most of the Bowker family and the neighbouring Dutch making it their headquarters. The laager was attacked on the 2nd of May, 1846, by about 500 Kaffirs, 100 of whom were mounted, under a petty chief, a son of Mapasa, who was shot during the fight by Holden Bowker. The Kaffirs were beaten off, but a Mr. Webb was shot through the ankle, dying of the wound a few days afterwards. A great proportion of the stock was taken by the Kaffirs, and it was finally decided, after no help could be got from the Government, to abandon the farm. This was done, the occupants moving to Glen Avon, Somerset, then the property of the late Hon. R. M. Bowker. The homestead, of course, was burnt to the ground, by the Kaffirs, as soon as it was vacated.

The war being over, the family returned to Thorn Kloof, but much the same thing occurred again in 1850, stock being stolen, homestead burnt again, and having to flee with everything. However, the evil times passed, and Mr. Bowker always used to say that a Frontier farmer needed a native war every five years, or he became too rich.

EARLY DAYS HOSPITALITY.

Better times followed, and Mr. Bowker became a very successful farmer, merino sheep and horses being his special line. In fact, in those days, Thorn Kloof horses were well known in the Eastern Province. Mr. Bowker was a man highly esteemed by his contemporaries, was a field cornet and J.P. for many years, and was elected member for Albany in the Parliament which met in Grahamstown in the year 1864. In those

days there was no farm better known in the neighbourhood than Thorn Kloof was under Mr. and Mrs. Bowker, for its hospitality, and as a place where dances and entertainments of all kinds were held. Not to be wondered at either, when there were five fair daughters in the family, and all the young men around were constantly turning up, generally looking for lost stock, there being no fences in those days. It was a common thing too, then, for girls to ride thirty miles or more to a dance, and after dancing all night, perhaps on a mud floor, to ride home again the next day. Now we poor degenerates like to go by train, or motor, or Cape cart.

Mrs. Bowker had an amazing amount of vitality, and kept her cart and horses, and used to drive herself about the neighbourhood, and even to Grahamstown, nearly forty miles, when she was over eighty years of age. Her only son losing his wife, Mrs. Bowker, though then about 70, took charge of the seven children, and brought them up; no easy task for a grandmother at any time.

It had always been her and her husband's wish that a church should be built on their property. Accordingly, a piece of ground was given to the Church of England for that purpose, and the church of St. Michael and All Angels, Middleton, was built on it, to a great extent with money raised by the family. Mrs. Bowker laid the foundation stone, and put up a beautiful coloured glass window in it to her husband's memory.

Martin Luther, I think it was, who said that the greatness of a country consists in the number of its citizens of light and learning, its men of integrity, and not in the strength of its army or the beauty of its public buildings, etc. No doubt he is right, but how much does a country owe to its women, to the mothers who school the children, the future race, in the way they should go?

Mrs. Bowker is survived by her one son and five daughters, and there are forty-two living grandchildren, eighty great-grandchildren, and three great-great-grandchildren - two branches of her family thus running to the very unusual five generations.

OLD FIGHTING WEAPONS.

What new ideas and inventions the span of one long life covers! Mrs. Bowker could remember - to mention only a few - when there were no paraffin lamps, no railways or steamships, no sewing machines, no newspapers, no breech-loading guns or rifles, only the old Brown Bess, and a flint lock at that. Even the old wagons of those early days had wooden axles. Yet, I suppose there were advantages too. Next to no stock diseases or taxes, very little law, every man being more or less a law to himself; the greater part of the country a no man's land; the world all before you where to choose, as the old voortrekkers did. And what sturdy old people they were! Mrs. Bowker often told us the story of how, when her brothers trekked, a year or two after the great trek, her mother, who was going with them, started behind the wagons driving on her geese, bound for far away Natal, and, what is more, got them there too.

Did ever man, I wonder, perform a braver deed than Martinus Oosthuisen? To anyone acquainted with South African history it is unnecessary to repeat the story here - yet in my time we were taught that William the Conqueror came to the throne in 1066, and our own South African history was neglected. About fifteen years ago, the story came out, with Oosthuisen's portrait, in the journal South Africa. A copy was sent Mrs. Bowker, which she got me to read to her. After I had read it, she took the paper from me, and putting on her glasses, looked long at the portrait. "Well, is it like him?" I asked. "Yes, but I have not seen him for more than sixty years." "Then you knew him?" "Knew him! Why, he was my old sweetheart." I could not help calling to kind those lines:

"Oh, Willie, Willie, my love, my lost,
After sixty years I see thee again."

Mrs. Bowker's memory failed her somewhat in recent years, but her recollection of things that happened seventy or eighty years ago was

good. She remembered Halley's comet in 1835.

So, I suppose what I have read somewhere is true, that a long life seems to move in a circle. At fifty years things that happened when we were children seem a long way off, the circle being but half completed; but at ninety, we are near the beginning again, and across the empty stretch of years, we seem able, if for ever so short a time only, to join hands with the companions of our childhood, long since dead.

And now, dear old Grannie, after a long life, well spent, rest in peace; farewell, and grateful thanks.

OBITUARY.

The Late Miles Bowker.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Miles Robert Bowker, which took place on Saturday, at his farm, Oliphants Kloof. The deceased, who was in his 76th year, underwent an operation for appendicitis last Friday, but on account of his advanced age he never recovered. Until sometime ago when he was attacked by a blesbok, which he had been taming, Mr. Bowker had enjoyed robust health, but it is said that he never thoroughly recovered from the injuries and shock sustained then.

A son of the late William Monkhouse Bowker, the deceased followed the occupation of his father and was generally regarded as one of the most prosperous farmers in the district. Always of a quiet and reserved disposition he preferred devoting his whole energies to agriculture and never took any part in public life. During the late war, however, he was in charge of the party which went to intercept Kritzingen at Carlisle Bridge.

Mr. Bowker is survived by six children, five sons and one daughter, to whom a widespread sympathy is extended.

The funeral took place yesterday, the remains of the deceased being buried in the private graveyard on his son's farm Thornkloof, the original homestead of the Bowkers. The service was conducted by the Rev. R. G. Mullins and the obsequies were largely attended by the farmers of the district. In addition to the deceased's family there were present Dr. Saunders, Messrs. J. O. Norton, B. B. Norton, Major Currie, W. C. L. Currie, R. Currie, G. L. White, A. White, G. White, N. White and C. White, H. M. Blomfield, W. M. Gradwell, P. V. Cloete and his two sons, R. G. Irving, M. Ansley.

MR. MILES BOWKER.

Grahamstown, Monday. (26-8-1913) The death is announced from Oliphant's Kloof of Mr. Miles Robert Bowker, at the age of seventy-six. Mr. Bowker, who was widely known as a successful and wealthy farmer, was the son of Mr. William Monkhouse Bowker. During the War he was in charge of the party sent to intercept Kritzingen at Carlisle Bridge.

IN MEMORY OF LITTLE SISTER.

E.M.R.

Ob. September 1st, 1935.

Dearest Little Sister,

This will be the very last letter I write to you as of course you know we buried you yesterday, but I am writing to tell you all about your funeral and everything else in animal and bird land here on the old farm and at the old home.

Everybody has been very sympathetic and kind, and I have just returned from your grave which I could not see, for it is all covered by beautiful wreaths and bunches of flowers brought by these kind people. Your last journey out from Grahamstown was in a hearse, so you could not see the country for the very last time, and how beautiful it is looking - just the first touch of spring. The crassula flowers in Hell Poort are over now, but they were a sight. You always missed so little when we drove along. We put your coffin in the garden path among the flowers and while the service was being read the bees were humming round it.

I wonder if you heard them?

The little tortoise walked up the path in the morning for the first time after his long winter sleep. I could not point him out to you, as I always did. I set the fountain going and the sound of the falling water was cheerful as it always is.

Why should we be sorrowful?

You know what Dickens wrote about a fountain when John Westlock and Ruth Pinch were making love near it.

"Brilliantly the Temple Fountain sparkled in the Sun, and laughingly its liquid music played, and merrily the idle drops of water danced and danced" . . . beautiful words.

What a pity you can't see the fountain playing once more, little sister, or hear it.

The beautiful burial service was read from the verandah steps and read, as it was, by a minister with a nice voice and fine intonation it was really inspiring to hear it. It seems the very irony of fate that the hearse should take you past the window of what was to be your bedroom in our new house, in which you will now never sleep. The morning sun will never shine through the window on to you and wake you up, as I hoped it would.

When we left the house the dogs joined in and came along too, was it not sweet of them? In fact, all the birds and animals you loved so well were about. The old pied barbet looked out from the hollow stump occasionally and the doves, which you taught to eat in the garden, were close by in the spineless cactus. They were rather suspicious, there being so many strange people about. Old Jackie-hanger kept away on the telephone wire, you never loved him, did you; he was my pet? Do you remember how you started to feed only the doves with the mealies which old Pollie wasted? How they had a nest near your bedroom window and reared the chicks? Then how other doves joined them, coming to eat, till there are now seventy and they have eaten bags of grain? You spoilt them; they are on the dole and don't stir to fend for themselves, but just sit and wait till feeding time. The old crows with their two last year's chicks were about too, mischievous old beggars! The glossy starlings and the two red winged starlings, troublesome as ever, still carrying rubbish for their nest under the new verandah; the finks and sparrows, the honeysuckle, now with two newly hatched chicks, and zebras all were present to bid you good-bye.

While the service was being read over your grave the doves were cooing in the beautiful spring sunshine.

Did you hear them?

It was a day when it is a joy to be alive, and we were putting you into the cold ground. Sad, is it not, little sister, but everybody's turn comes? Your old cat still steals into your room to sleep on your bed when she thinks I don't see her. The wild old tom at the shed I hardly ever see. He must wonder where you are, for when you took him his milk he used to come to meet you and roll over on his back to welcome you, but ran away and hid from every one else. And then in your kindness of heart you always warmed the milk for the cats, because they preferred it warm, you said. And the horses, including Venus that would eat mealies from your hand when you went to feed your fowls. The fowls still wander round and steal nests which used to give you so much trouble to find, and when not found an old hen would turn up later proudly marching along to show you her brood and have a laugh at you.

Old Sarah, the cook, poor old soul, is down with 'flu, but she and some of the other servants always asked after you, wanting to know how you were getting on.

You will never help me any more with our crossword puzzles, or point out the holes in my socks and tell me to get the nails out of my boots, or cut them, as the case might be.

I am sure you are glad we buried you here on the old farm you loved, down in the valley among the bushes and birds and trees where you sometimes wandered. I often think of Gray's Country Churchyard where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep" when I see our little burial ground here. There are no rugged elms or yew trees, but our indigenous trees, such as they are, take their place.

Our household of four is now one of three and we all miss you very much. Like Wolsey,

... I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries, but thou hast forced me
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.

Well little sister, good-bye from all of us. Rest in Peace.
Farewell and grateful thanks.

F.B.

Thorn Kloof, Sept. 3, 1935.

HAVING IT BOTH WAYS.

Stories of Long Ago.

Salem Master and His Pupils.

By Frank Bowker.

In earlier days, that is roughly from 1830 onwards to about some time in the 1880's, Salem was quite well known for its boys' school. Here quite a number of settlers' sons got the little education they ever had. Labour was scarce and sons had to take their part in ploughing and herding stock, and in the thousand and one other jobs that went doing on a farm, and their schooling days were short. The boy who spent two or three years at school was very lucky. For all that many of these boys turned out well and made their mark in life.

The following story was told me by a man who went to school at Salem in the 1840's. He was an M.L.A. in the old Cape House for many years and was a highly respected man both at the Cape and in his own district.

TEACHER AND HIS BUTTER.

I am not mentioning any names in my stories, though I am only relating facts and knew the men of whom I write personally, that is with the exception of the Salem schoolmaster of the 1840's. This man (the M.L.A.) told me that when at school at Salem it was very dry and the old schoolmaster, who kept a number of cows and farmed in a small way on the Salem commonage, said to his pupils, "Boys, it is very dry and I am making very little butter, so I can't give you much to eat, or I shall have none to sell." Later, just before the holidays, there was a beautiful rain and when the boys returned to school the veld was in grand order and the cows were milking splendidly. Now, thought the boys, we shall have lots of butter on our bread. But the old chap said "Boys, I can only let you have very little butter to eat; it is so cheap now that I have to sell a great deal to get any money at all." This, I suppose, is a case of "heads I win, tails you lose," or having it both ways. But the boys had it neither way.

ENGLISHMEN ASTRAY.

When I was a boy there were quite a number of young men from England in this part of the world, I could name a dozen. They came out and took up farming. At that time there were few or no fences and these young fellows soon after their arrival were noted as being very bad hands at finding their way about from farm to farm on horseback. The same was said of the Yeomanry during the South African War.

Here is a story of one of these young fellows. He was at the time a tutor on the farm Groenfontein, and one Saturday morning said to his employer that he would like to ride over and spend the day here at "Thorn Kloof" with my grandfather. "Very well," said his employer, "but do you think you can find your way over there and home again?"

"Oh, yes," he was quite sure he could.

Well, he got to Thorn Kloof safely, spent the day and in the afternoon mounted his horse and set out for Groenfontein again. After he had left Groenfontein in the morning his employer had gone to visit a neighbour at "Ganna Hoek". Our lad turned up at "Ganna Hoek" and seeing his employer there thought he had arrived home and said, very pleased with himself, "Here I am, Mr. C., you see I have found my way back home all right."

Speaking of finding this way about, I am quite at home in the veld. I hunted in East Africa and never lost my way at anytime, but put me in Johannesburg and the chess board conditions, the square block of buildings have me beat at once. I am a country mouse, not a town mouse.

ILL-LUCK INDEED.

Here is another story of the same young man. He and my father

had always been great friends and some years later when the young man returned to England he and my dad used to write to each other now and then. I remember my dad being very amused when reading one of the letters, and, on asking him to let us share the joke, he read an extract from the letter, somewhat as follows: "I am sorry to say my ill-luck seems still to follow me up. My wife has just had twins. Now it is an extraordinary thing, but when I was farming in South Africa my cows or my sheep never had twins." Ill luck indeed!

If asked to define a good cat what would you say made that useful animal a good one? Perhaps your answer would be on these lines: A good cat keeps the house free of rats and mice; never jumps on the table or pantry shelves and steals food; is not always found asleep in the best easy chair when you want to sit down; does not sharpen its claws on the chair leather; sleeps peacefully at night and does not spend the time on the garden wall or roof caterwauling in the early hours when you want to sleep; does not have a batch of kittens too often, and does not scratch up the flower seeds or young plants you have taken so much trouble to raise, and so on.

Now to give another definition I have heard of a good cat, necessitates my telling a story.

THE CAT AND THE KAFFIR.

A lady, who was a widow with two boys aged about ten and twelve, was ostrich farming in the Cradock district. She had a small Kaffir boy, as the custom was, herding small chicks. She also had a cat which they noticed was becoming very ill-tempered, though it had not actually scratched anyone. One evening the small herd clad in shirt only, and a Cutty Sark at that, was bringing the chicks home to be fed and put away for the night, when passing a quince hedge the cat flew out and attacked him, clawing and biting him quite severely. His mistress, seeing his legs covered with blood, asked him what was the matter and on being told was quite angry and upset and said to her sons, "One of you boys take the gun at once and go and shoot that cat, we cannot have this happening here." Her brother-in-law was standing beside her and he said, "No, don't shoot that cat, it is a good cat; perhaps it will claw another Kaffir!"

It is only fair to add that this man when a boy had suffered very much at the hands of Kaffirs in the wars of '46 and '50, to say nothing of his parents' sufferings in '35. So there we have another definition of a good cat!

FISHING PADRE.

Just one more story: this time about two old padres and, like the others, quite true. In the 1880's there were two padres in Grahamstown whom I will call Father T. and Canon S. They each had a buggy and pair of horses, the usual mode of conveyance in those days. They got permission from a farmer near town to fish on his property and on a Saturday afternoon they would drive out to where there was a nice pool of water: unharness the horses, water them, tie them up and give them a feed and then get on with their fishing. Seeing their buggy one Saturday afternoon the old farmer walked down to where they were to have a chat and see how they were getting on. He bade them the time of day and asked if they had any luck. No, they said, they had been very unlucky with their rods, but very well with their set line, which was tied to some rushes growing near the water's edge. "S-s-s," said Father T, "I fancy there is another bite on the set line. Pull it up and see what we have caught." S. pulled up the set line and there was a bottle of whisky at the end! One can imagine the laughter of these three old fellows at the joke, and no doubt it was a lighter bottle that was again lowered into the water a few minutes later. I think there can be no doubt that when the two old padres started their return journey to town there was nothing in that bottle but the cork and the smell. I have always liked this story of the two fishermen, which shows that if they were not saints, they were men.

AN OLD DEED OF SALE.

By Frank Bowker.

Take a peep at an old map of Albany (you can find such a one in Vol. 11 of Sir George Cory's history), and on the Fish River at the site of the present Carlisle Bridge you will see Espag's Drift, and a sign to indicate that at the time the map was compiled, or maybe earlier, it was a military post of lesser importance. The name was changed when the bridge was built, and it was called after Mr. Carlisle who, I fancy, was M.L.A. for Grahamstown at the time, and was instrumental in getting the money voted by Parliament for the bridge. History repeated itself in the name Pigott bridge further down the river, some fifty odd years later. The Espag who lived here was Adrian, and his brother J. C. Espag lived at Maastricht, now Mr. Norden's, some miles, maybe fifteen, further up the river.

I have in my possession an old deed of sale dated 24th September, 1842. Let us try to make this dry bone live. It is written on unruled foolscap size paper and the writing though large is fair and easily legible, though it wanders from the straight path. Written in Afrikaans it is signed Joachim Christoffel Espag. In this deed the old man says how he has lawfully sold his four farms to Wm. M. Bowker (my grandfather), and John M. Bowker (Mr. T. B. Bowker, M.P.'s grandfather), for the sum of thirty thousand ryksdaalders (that is how he spells it). The following are the conditions of payment, viz., eight thousand ryksdaalders cash, within twenty-four days from the date of sale. Two years thereafter twelve thousand ryksdaalders with interest at 4 per cent. At the end of five years a final payment of ten thousand ryksdaalders, with interest at 3 per cent. The farms to remain as security till the full purchase price has been paid.

Those were the conditions. Then follows on the same sheet of paper a receipt dated 18th October, 1842, signed J. C. Espag, in which he acknowledges payment of eight thousand ryksdaalders from Wm. M. Bowker and John M. Bowker towards the purchase price of five farms, viz., Buffelsfontein, Maastricht, Doornkloof, and twee-stukke ground, the latter being Signal Kop and Salisbury Plain.

The final receipt is signed A. J. Espag, q.q. J. C. Espag, as Eksteteur (executor?) and dated 31st March, 1854.

So the two old purchasers managed to meet their liability after twelve years, which included the devastating Kaffir wars. There was no Land Bank to get assistance from in those days.

Let us see who owns these farms at the present time, very nearly a century later.

Maastricht, as I mentioned earlier, belongs to the Norden family, and has been theirs for many years, sixty or seventy at least, but I can't be sure. Buffelsfontein, now called Buffelsdrift, is owned by Messrs. Taylor and Lister. Salisbury Plain is now the property of Miss Kathleen Bowker. Doornkloof was acquired by Mr. T. B. Bowker, M.P., some four or five years ago, and Signal Kop has been in the Bowker family without a break since this sale in 1842 and is now owned by Mr. Reg. B. Bowker.

I have an old story in connection with this deal. Let us leave the two men, Wm. Bowker and J. C. Espag, sitting outside the latter's house under a shady pruin tree, arguing and trying to come to terms, and take a peep at Espag's home, maybe a typical one of the period.

It is a rather narrow building, about twelve feet wide and maybe forty feet long, with a thatched roof and mud ridging, the supporting timber being rough unsawn poles cut in the bush. It is divided into three rooms. The sit-kaamer or living room which you enter is the largest, and leading out of it as you enter, on your right the kombuis or kitchen, which has an entrance from the back as well, and on your left a bedroom or slaap-kamer. The front room has for furniture a folding camp table and a few folding reimpie seated camp stools, and a rust-bank or couch, home made. Also two large boxes, voor-kisten, an article of furniture of great strength and usefulness in these early days. All

Mr. and Mrs. Espag's clothing and most valued possessions are in these two boxes. In a corner of the room are yokes and gear for sixteen oxen, beautifully made yoke skeys, reims and strops. The wagon whip on its long stick is placed on top of the beams, as well as the old man's saddle and bridle. The trek touw is not a chain, but one made of twisted hide, strong, light and serviceable. The old man's most cherished possession is in his bedroom, within reach of his bed, ready if wanted, his old muzzle-loading double-barrelled smooth bore, and hanging from a peg in the wall are his powder flask or perhaps powder horn, and a leather haversack which contains leather wads which have been soaked in melted fat, percussion caps, round leaden bullets and shot, and also vet-lappies (greased linen patches used to wrap round the round bullets when loading them). The bedstead is the kartel used in the wagon - a square frame of wood with reimpie lacings. It rests on four forked posts planted in the ground, but is not fixed to the posts.

All the furniture, including the kitchen utensils, one of which is a flat bottomed baking pot for bread baking and the "crockery" not earthenware but utensils of pure tin, can be loaded on to the wagon at a moment's notice. Remember these people are living on the frontier and a Kaffir inroad can take place at any time, as indeed it did in 1846. Your lives depended on a quick getaway. My grandfather, who had to flee several times during his life, said later when things had settled down and he was doing well, that a frontier farmer needed a Kaffir war every few years or he became too rich, and could not get all the 'lares et penates' on to one wagon!

The wagon (the voortrekker model we all saw a year or two ago) stands outside the house. The canvas sail has been taken off and is carefully put away in the house. The house of course had mud floors which are smeared with cowdung, and have a number of skins on them as mats, and is itself made of mud, what to-day is called adobe. The mud was well prepared near the site of the house, and I have been told that oxen were sometimes yoked and driven backwards and forwards through the mud to brey it, much the same as brickmakers take off boots and get busy with naked feet. Boards were used exactly as we use them to-day for moulding concrete, and the house was completed by a section being put up every day. Sometimes the mud was made into sun-dried bricks about 18 x 9 x 6 inches, and the walls were built with these. These old mud walls erected in this way are nearly as durable as concrete. There are mud walls here in an old building burnt by the Kaffirs in 1846, a portion of them still intact; the building was put up in about 1833. The entrance door to the house is a double one, the lower half being closed to keep out the dogs and poultry and the upper half left open, except in bad weather, for ventilation and light. Neither the bedroom nor kitchen has such a thing as a window, but the front room has one small piece of glass set in a soapbox frame, which has been built into the wall.

Well, the two old men have finished their business while we have been looking at the house and now come in for a cup of coffee. On coming in old Espag says to his wife: "Well, wife, I have sold the farms to Mr. Bowker." "That is all right, oude-man", says Mrs. Espag, "I am pleased," and then turning to my grandfather and pointing at the treasured window she says, "Mr. Bowker, you have bought the farms and you can have them, but there is one thing you cannot have and that is my window." When the old Bowkers took possession and the Espags trekked, the window was removed from the mud wall and taken away, and Mrs. Espag, like Mrs. Gummidge, was happy.

FIFTY YEARS ON!

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.

By Frank Bowker.

In the Daily Mail for July 8 last, under the headings 100 Years Ago, and Pages from the Past, were two items which were of great interest to me. Under christenings, on May 29, Miles Robert, son of William M. and H. S. Bowker.

This was my father, and he was just six months old at the time, so apparently parents did not hurry about baptisms in those days, but had the ceremony done when opportunity offered. I had no idea my father had been christened by the Rev. W. Shaw (or some other missionary), but always thought he had been christened in the old St. George's Church (the present Cathedral), by the Rev. J. Heavyside.

I can remember his saying that they had some difficulty in finding his baptismal certificate when it was required as proof of age for life assurance purposes, somewhere in the early sixties.

MATRICULATION.

Under the second heading is the following: "Grahamstown has half a dozen successes in the Matriculation examination. St. Andrew's has a couple of young fellows in the honours list." Well, I was one of those two young fellows.

The other was the late W. M. G. Cloete. The third from St. Andrew's was R. R. Mortimer, also now deceased, some years ago. He got the wooden spoon. There were 147 passes in the Colony that year, Mortimer being the last.

The present Chief Justice Stratford was at St. Aidan's at this time, but I am not sure if he took his matric. the same year. I fancy it was a year earlier.

Cloete, who was a young fellow of great promise, to the lasting regret of all who knew him passed away at the early age of twenty-six. Those who knew him and who were capable of judging considered he had a bright future before him, but alas! it was not to be.

"Whom the Gods love die young," was true in his case.

CLEAR REMEMBRANCE.

He and I had been the greatest of personal friends and even to-day forty-two years after his death remembrances of him are very clear to my mind.

"Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake,

For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take."

It may be an advantage to die young, who can say? Shelley in Adonais says of one dying young:

"From the contagion of the World's slow stain,

He is secure."

A month or two ago, under the same heading, my name, and among others, that of the late Dr. Mullins, also appeared, in a prize shoot for the Cadet Corps. So I must be growing old! The saying of course is that one's friends recognise this fact long before one does oneself.

About ten years ago I met the late Sir George Cory, then from Caretown on a visit to Grahamstown, and on bidding him the time of day he said "How do you do Mr. Bowker, we old folks do hang on, don't we?" I got quite a shock, but no doubt he was right. Well, age has its compensations.

BEST YET TO BE.

Browning makes Rabbi Ben Esra say:

"Grow old with me,
The best is yet to be.

The last of life for which the first was made," and until one gets to the sans everything stage, "which ends this strange eventful history" there is much to do and much to be thankful for.

What are the advantages of old age - of the decreasing leg and the increasing belly? As old Tony Weller said, "Does one grow wiser as one grows wider - Width and wisdom, Sammy, always goes together."

I find one takes a longer and a saner view of things; one becomes less impatient; one looks with a more lenient and forgiving eye on the foibles and failings of others; one understands Shakespeare better; one finds that things don't matter quite so much after all.

A GRANDFATHER!

Wendell Holmes in "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" has a very amusing chapter on old age - De Senectute. He puts forty-five down as the start of old age, the age at which you may wake up some fine morning to find yourself a grandfather.

Here is a short quotation from him: "I have no doubt we should die of shame and grief at the indignities offered us by age, if it were not that we see so many others as badly or worse off than ourselves. We always compare ourselves with our contemporaries."

The Professor reads his De Senectute in Latin "like we swallow water, without stopping to taste."

I may have known a little Latin once, fifty years ago, but to-day I am afraid I know only a few of the Latin tags, of which *ehu fugaces anni* is the chief.

THE TALE OF A PENCIL PORTRAIT.

Interesting History of Siege of Whittlesea.

By Frank Bowker.

During the Kaffir War of 1850-3 Whittlesea, then a hamlet of a few thatched roofed houses, was hemmed in by the enemy. It was very ably defended by the Burghers under Commandant Thomas Holden Bowker - Compensation Bowker.

In a letter I have, written some years after the relief by the Commandant to his brother, William, my grandfather, he relates how he had the thatch removed from all the more exposed houses, for fear of the enemy setting them on fire, and so burning the garrison out.

He adds: "I thought you and your Commando would be the ones to relieve us, but help came from Cradock."

HOW CRADOCK HELPED.

Here is the story of how Cradock came to Holden's assistance. (The Commando from Cradock became known as the Cradock Bricks).

Many years ago, when old Mr. John Leach lived at Poplar Grove, next door to Whittlesea, an old man turned up one day and asked Mr. Leach if he knew that there were two graves on his farm, graves of men who had been killed by the Natives when trying to get through their lines to Cradock, to seek help and also to bring back powder and lead to beleaguered Whittlesea.

The old man took Mr. Leach to the rough heaps of stones in a valley on Poplar Grove, and said he had helped to bury these men's remains after Whittlesea had been relieved. Mr. Leach had known of the heaps of stones but did not know their story.

THE STORY.

The following is, I believe, the correct story: Commandant Bowker sent three mounted men, each with a spare horse, to Cradock for assistance. Two (those under the heaps of stones) were killed, but the third man got through and help arrived.

Here are two nameless graves, surely worthy of recognition of some sort. History may reveal who they were and perhaps a stone could be put up with a suitable inscription to their memories. Two unknown warriors, brave sons of a day!

I got the information about the graves from my old friend, Bert Leach (A. G. Leach) of West Hill, and I have no doubt he would be able to point out the site of the graves if they still exist, which is doubtful.

PADRE AT CRADOCK.

Now let me get to the portrait, the title of my story.

A few years ago, when staying at the Grand Hotel, Port Elizabeth, I met a Cradock man there, and in course of conversation, he asked me which of the Bowkers was Commandant Bowker. I replied that five of the old brothers had been Commandants in their time, viz., William, Holden, Bertram, Octavus and Henry.

Here is his story. He was chairman of the Cradock Library Committee, and recently a Church of England clergyman in England, a Rev. Mr. Edwards, looking through his father's papers, had come on several relating to Cradock in the early days, and to the Kaffir War of 1850.

Rev. Edward's father had been the Church of England padre at Cradock in 1850 or thereabouts, and apparently had accompanied the Cradock Bricks to the relief of Whittlesea.

PENCIL SKETCH.

Mr. Edwards, in England, had sent these papers relating to Cradock to the Library Committee. Among these papers was a pencil sketch with Commandant Bowker written on the back. This had presumably been drawn by Mr. Edwards, senior. Thinking that the sketch was not of any great interest to the Cradock Library, the Chairman has passed it on to Mr. Jack Bowker, the head of the Bowker clan in this country.

I got him to lend it to me and had it photographed and enlarged. Anyone who knew any of the old Bowker brothers will at once recognise it as one of them. I posted one photograph to Miles Bowker, Holden's youngest son, and the last survivor of his family who is in Rhodesia.

DELIGHTED.

He was delighted to get it and said he would treasure it and pass it on to his son. He said in his letter:

"It is my father sure enough, but not as I knew him."

Miles was born in 1869, when his father was an elderly man and had a long patriarchal beard. In the sketch his chin is clean shaven and he has what were known as mutton chop whiskers, or Piccadilly wheepers, I am not sure which.

His hair is long and looks rather unkemp as well it might be after a long and arduous siege.

NICKNAMES.

SPECIAL TO THE DAILY MAIL.

By Frank Bowker.

I have always been interested in and had a weakness for nicknames. Everyone has a weakness one way or another, be it golf or cats or bridge of lemonade. I find the following definitions of nickname in my dictionaries: name given in contempt; name in addition; surname; a popular name given sometimes in derision and sometimes in familiar usage; a familiar name, usually a diminutive, as Bob is a nickname for Robert.

People of my age will at once call to mind the nicknames or surnames given in our history books, when we were children at school, to the Kings of England. The Unready, The Conqueror, Rufus, on account of his red hair and ruddy complexion, Coeur-de-Lion, the Lion-hearted Richard I, and so on. One of the French Charles was called Great Charlemagne. Plon Plon was a French king or emperor, I do not rightly remember which nor do I know the meaning of the name. Abdul of Turkey, responsible for the Armenian massacres, was called The Damned. Peter "The Great" of Russia, Ivan "The Terrible." President Lincoln of the United States was known as Old Abe, or Honest Old Abe; and William Taft as Big Bill. Readers will, no doubt, call to mind many others among historical personages.

STATESMEN AND POLITICIANS.

Statesmen and politicians are often nicknamed by the people they rule, and it is said that no statesman is ever really popular with the masses unless he bears a nickname. One of the Pitts was known as The Great Commoner. The late Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain was always spoken of as Jo or Joey. The grand old man of France, Clemenceau, was Le Tigre. Bismarck, The man of blood and iron, The Duke of Wellington (Waterloo) and the late Duke of Devonshire were in their respective times always spoken of as The Duke. The late President Roosevelt was Teddy. Gladstone was the G.O.M., Earl Beaconsfield was Dizzy. Bishop Wilberforce, a popular character, was Soapy Sam; and when asked why he was so named he replied, "Because I am always getting into hot water and coming out with clean hands."

In our own country we have Onze Jan (late Hon. J. H. Hofmeyr), Oom Paul, and Jannie (Gen. Smuts). Dr. Jameson, of whom Mrs. Millin says: "As many people in South Africa love him as detest him", was always known to the lovers, at any rate, as Dr. Jim. Among soldiers Field-Marshal Lord Roberts was Bobs, General Baden-Powell, B-P., and General Joffre was Papa or Grandpère, and we could continue the list.

DICKENS' CHARACTERS.

Writers of fiction are fond of bestowing nicknames on their characters. The works of Dickens, as his readers must admit, abound in nicknames and very apt and appropriate ones too. We have The Artful Dodger, The Marchioness, "Flash" Toby, "Rogue" Riderhood, The Bird of Prey, "Conversation" Kenge. The boy "Biler", so called "because his father was an engine driver". We remember the indignation of Mr. Pickwick when he learns that Jingle and Job Trotter have nicknamed him "Old Fireworks". Then Steerforth calls David Copperfield, "Daisy", and his last words to him are: "Daisy. . . if ever anything should part us I want you to promise that you will always think of me at my best." I am sure we all would like our friends to think of us "at our best". It may be a poor best, but still ----

In the Forsyte Sage the late John Galsworthy has "Superior Dosset" the founder of the Forsyte family. Soames "The Man of Property", and Swithin is "Four in hand Forsyte," Giles and Jesse Hayman are "The Dromios." Again I am sure readers can add any number of nicknames from works of fiction to my short list.

AT SCHOOL.

School boys are great adepts at giving nicknames to their masters

and school mates. I suppose in some schools scarcely anyone escapes. In Lorna Doone, at the school of Blundell, the porter is known as Old Cop (so called because he hath copper boots to keep the wet from his stomach, and a nose of copper also, in right of other waters). There is Heffy, Prout's name in Stalky and Co., on account of his large feet. The Rev. G. O. Ogilvie, for years head at Bishop's, was known as Gog. At my old school in Grahamstown a master with large feet was called "Trilby" - I suppose on the principle of "lucus a non lucendo."

Here is another example on the same principle. A young lady attended the university classes at the college - this was before the Rhodes days. She was, well, not exactly good looking and as the lecturer was busy with Plane and Spherical Trigonometry the boys called her Spherical, in lieu of plane (plain).

A master, who used to blush very red was known as Pinkie or Rooi; and another was Cockatoo, from a tuft of hair. Boys with red hair never escaped. They were either carrots, or Copper-Nob, or Rufus, or Rooi-kop. One was known as Danger, and his brother as Safety. It was safe to tease Safety, a boy of even temper, but if you teased the red haired Danger you were looking for trouble. Constable was a lad who used to stand about like a bobby on duty.

OLD SCHOOL FELLOWS.

Here is a list of my old school fellows I can call to mind. I suppose in every case there was a reason for the name, but I cannot remember beyond a few; Fattie (inclined to stoutness), Fathead, Toodles, Doggie, Pellican and Fish, who most appropriately were always "scrapping" with each other. Boosey (rather mad) and his younger brother Mal-Boosey (a little worse), Brix, Pudge or Padda (scared of a frog), Coolie or Sammie (a dark-complexioned fellow), Sambo, Blair-eye, Cracksey, Chups, Bunkie, Nettekies, Pill Box, Schaap (a dull witted fellow), Takkie, Polly (hook nosed) Baux, Box, Kip, Sparrow, Punch (large nose) Pompey, Shuma, Bonus (said to have written bonus, a pig, melior eats, optimus stops, in a Latin examination paper.) At the girls' school there was a young lady who was very slow at seeing a joke, generally breaking into peals of laughter after everyone else had finished laughing. She was nicknamed "Miss-the-bus".

SOME DUTCH NAMES.

Our Dutch fellow South Africans are also addicted to bestowing nicknames on their compatriots. You have Piet-blaauw-oog or Piet-zwart-oog, from the colour of their eyes. Rooi or Zwart Jan from the colour of their beards. Kort or Lang as the case may be.

Years ago there were four Nels in this neighbourhood all Wilhelm. To distinguish them they were spoken of as Sterk Wilhelm (the strong man), Krom Wilhelm (he had bow legs), Wilhelm Gentleman (he liked things nice), and Wilhelm Bokbord (he farmed goats on a large scale). Another Wilhelm was known as Politiek (he was great on politics). Groot and Klein are often applied to father and son. Sometimes a man is called by the name of his farm, "Héndrik "Bradfontein", Hendrik "Visch Gaat", or Gert "Plaat," Gert "Leeuw Drift", are examples locally.

THE STOUTER MAN.

The stoutest man I ever saw was Dik Hendrik. A man who was bitten by a wolf at Heatherton Towers was Gert Wolf till the end of his days. Another had a withered arm from a monkey's bite. He was Piet Aap. An old man who had lost a thumb (he used to make boots and veldschoens in this neighbourhood fifty years ago) was Piet Stomp. Friki-pens was another very stout man and Theunis Kolhaas had large prominent eyes. A man with a moustache which a colonel of horse could envy was Lang Snor Kripple Jan, Schiel Jan, or Blinde Jan, as the case may be. A bald man is always Bles or Bleskop, and Vuil Gert was a man around whose homestead litter and refuse had been allowed to accumulate for many years.

NATIVES AND NICKNAMES.

The natives are great at nicknaming their masters and you can be quite sure if you have only two native servants that you have a nickname by which you are known to them and by which they speak of you to each other. You may find it out, but the changes are you will never hear it, particularly if it is uncomplimentary, as it often is. The native is an adept at concealment when it suits his purpose. Their names in most cases are very appropriate, taking off one's appearance, habits or characteristics. I regret I do not know how to spell Kaffir words correctly, but will try to give a few spelt phonetically. Mountain Eagle was a name most fitly given to a gentleman who lived in Adelaide for many years. As fine a specimen of humanity as one could wish to see and with decided aquiline features. My late father was known as "the man who counts when it is still cold." In earlier days sheep were all kraaled and farms unfenced, and the wise farmer turned his out early and made the herd go with them. Kaffirs do not like the cold, and registered their objection in the nickname. I remember a scab inspector coming to see the sheep soon after sunrise one morning and finding them already out of the kraal said, "You turn your sheep out early Mr. Bowker." "Yes," said my father, "the natives called me 'Count early' when I was a young man and I have made them live up to the name ever since." Nemesis! Nqouyama (the lion) is the name of an Albany farmer. He tells the story of how when he bought his present farm there were a lot of squatters on it. He told them that they all had to be gone when he took possession. On this date a neighbour riding along the road found quite a large number of natives "on trek" and asked them the reason. The answer he got was Nqouyama Fikili (the lion has come). A brother of mine was called Glu-o, gunpowder. He learned to shoot when very young, and was always greatly attached to his gun. A gentleman who was in Parliament for many years was Empetu (maggots), for his restless nature. Another member was Embala (the man who can count). He could count sheep correctly through a wide gate.

A farmer near here is (I can't attempt to spell this clicky word) but it is stink muishond. Gwytu means baggy seated trousers. I know two men called by this name - appropriately too. Gnarguza (is that right I wonder?) is the Kaffir word one would apply to a rough shaggy haired dog. A gentleman in these parts bore this name. He reminded me of Thomas Carlyle, whose portraits when he was still in vogue, one used to see in the illustrated papers during the '80's of last century. A man with bushy beard and rough hair is a fair translation. Beka-Beka (he puts his feet down deliberately) aptly describes the victim's walk. Palaza is to throw away, to waste. Name given to a farmer who dairied largely and always had skim milk to throw away, to waste. Bokkot, a round stone, given to a man who threw stones at his servants when annoyed. Bun guso - knob kerrie - applied to a man with a rather large round head. Lambile - the hungry man. This was the name of a late farmer, very thin about the waist. Gnuka (wolf) a farmer whom the natives said paid and fed them badly. Thlalene, literally The Bush, applied to a man who spent days in the Fish River bush with his dogs and gun; one might call it the "Man of the Woods." Gwanissha is spekboom. A certain farmer had a clump of spekboom on a kopje near his homestead. This position overlooked the surroundings and he was in the habit of taking up his stand in a spekboom tree (as he imagined unbeknown to the native) and looking to see what they were about. Any one with a bald head is usually called that name, an impossible name to spell. Unfortunately, when a man is called bald head to-day, she-bears do not appear as in biblical times and rend the aggressors! When tying a load of wood to a wagon a long reim, all in one piece, is sometimes used. The natives have a special name for this reim - one might call it Endless Rope in English. A young fellow very tall and thin, who came to farm in these parts was given this name. Another name given to a tall man who stooped very much was Flei Grass. This was most apt, he really looked like it. A great drunkard was Gunqu-fiki, he rolls or wallows in the (brandy) tub. Doubtless your readers could add many more.

(July 25th, 1941).

F O R T A R M S T R O N G .

A NATIONAL MONUMENT ON THE KAT RIVER.

By Frank Bowker.

quite recently I took a drive up the Kat River and had a look at old Fort Armstrong. To anyone acquainted with Eastern Province history this old fort is of great interest. Built about 1835 it was erected on the site of what had been known as camp Adelaide, and was meant to afford protection to the inhabitants of Kat River.

The fort is built on a tongue of land surrounded on three sides by the river. Funnily enough the tower, for no reason apparent to me, does not stand on the highest part of the site, one side of it being on the slope of the hill; may be it was placed where it is on account of suitable foundations. It is a square tower about thirty feet each way outside and somewhere about the same height, I should say. A small door about four feet by two feet six, or thereabouts, gives entrance to the ground floor, which was used as a magazine and store room. About six feet off the ground and in another side of the tower is another door which gives entry to the main room, which has a boarded floor, and has thirteen loopholes for musketry fire. A flight of steps has been built up to this door, but the original fort had a portable flight of steps or ladder, which you could draw up after you and on closing the door there was no means of entry. A wall running up from the ground divides the lower room into two half sections each, there being room to move round one end of the wall. This wall is carried up well into the second floor and then two arches of brick spring from it, right and left, and form the ceiling of the main room and a support for the heavy floor of stone or concrete of the top open section, on which a gun could be placed. A row of double steps all round the open top of the tower on which men could stand enabled them to shoot over the parapet, which slopes outward.

A ladder has to be climbed to reach the top, and as it is in a rather rickety state I did not venture up. The ladder goes through a large round opening to get one to the top. A couple of stone spouts through the wall supply drainage for the top section, which of course is open to the sky. The old tower is beautifully built of nicely dressed stone. Some of the stones are very large and could only have been got into place by means of block and tackle and a very strong scaffolding. The walls are as straight and plumb as when first erected. The present owner is Dr. Walker, who, though no longer young, is away doing war work. Good luck to him. The lower part of the mason work has been pointed with cement, fairly recently, but it would need a good scaffolding all round to do the job thoroughly and give the old tower a new lease of life. Bullet marks are still to be seen on the walls, fired nearly a hundred years ago.

The tower has been proclaimed a national monument. In reply to a question in the House of Assembly, the Minister of the Interior said: "As proclamation does not affect ownership the maintenance of the monuments or relics devolves upon the owners." More's the pity!

TOWER DESCRIBED.

The old tower appears to have stood at one corner of what might be called a kraal or enclosure of rough stone wall, the outlines of which are clearly seen. This might have been used for the horses and cattle at night, and away at the other end of the kraal and opposite the tower there were stone buildings forming three sides of a square and facing inwards, where no doubt the troops were housed, and there were also a number of wattle and daub shanties for a like purpose, all of course having thatched roofs. When the war broke out many fled to Fort Armstrong for protection, but later left for Phillipon and Whittlesea, and the fort remained in the hands of the rebels and Hottentot deserters.

I don't know how the old fort got its water supply, as it is some way, a few hundred yards, from the river. I suppose it was brought up in casks on sledges drawn by oxen. I have a lithograph of the picture of the capture of the fort, by General Somerset, on February 22, 1851.

The picture is painted by Hy. Martens from a sketch by Captain Carey of the Cape Mounted Rifles. In this picture, which must surely have been drawn from memory, and a bad memory at that, details are by no means correct. Some of the buildings are on fire, and the Cape Mounted Rifles, under Major Somerset, are galloping up the hill in lines as straight as if on parade. The Fingo levy follows behind. The guns are being served down near the river and near them is a group of gaudily clad native women apparently quite unconcerned at what is going on. The plate is inscribed to Sir Hy. Smith, G.C.B., by Rudolph Ackerman, 191 Regent Street.

REBELS DISLODGED.

The rebels, however, put up a hard fight, those in the tower refusing to surrender. My grandfather used to tell the story of how a few shells were fired through the door and then they scrambled out and fled, but a number remained in the tower and some of my grandfather's men, among others, went in and finished off what was left with daggers. The late Colonel Bowker, then a young man, with some other burghers was down near the river picking off fugitives, when a Kafir in a long black coat came running past, the tails of the coat streaming out behind. A well placed charge of loopers finished him off. I have my grandfather's sworn statement in connection with this affair and other matters. It is beautifully written by M. B. Hudson, the author of "A Feature in S.A. Frontier Life," a little volume of verse hard to come by these days. It is a copy, the original, I suppose, is in the Archives, for I am sure Sir George Cory from his account of the affair must have read it and got some of his information from it.

I am adding my grandfather's account and it will be seen that the burghers were on the Balfour or west side, and General Somerset came from Fort Hare, via Hertzog, the east side. It is hard to tell from the picture, but I think the horsemen galloped up from the east side, from about Dr. Walker's orange trees. It is the only way horses could gallop up and yet the whole outlay of the fort in the picture is wrong if they came that way. In the picture, too, there is a ridge of hill immediately behind the tower, which does not exist.

(July 26, 1941.)

In his description of Fort Armstrong, a ruined military stronghold on the Kat River, which is proclaimed a National Monument, Mr. Frank Bowker, in his article yesterday referred to his grandfather's account of the assault on the Hottentot rebels therein in 1851. The statement is given below:

Here follows grandfather's statement, and a note or two in explanation. Temple Nourse's farm is Rockwood, now Mr. Fred Ainslies in the Cowie Valley. Vaarkens Kuil is Mr. Barend de Klerk's, on the Bedford-Bay road and is about 25 miles from Rockwood (and not 15 as my grandfather says). He used to say that Mrs. Nourse said the small children with her in her flight go so footsore that she tied small flat stones under their feet with strips of her dress. The Rev. W. Thompson mentioned is the father of the South African poet, William Rodger Thompson, author of "Amakeya". The ex-Magistrate of Kat River was Thomas Holden Bowker, then beleaguered at Whittlesea.

Statement of William Monkhouse Bowker, Special Commandant of the Northern District of the Great Fish River Field Cornetcy in connection with a Burgher Force under his command during the months of January, February and March, 1851, and operating in the neighbourhoods of Kaga, Baviaans River, Kat River Settlement, etc.

On the 20th of January, 1851, a Burgher Volunteer Force amounting to 37 men, collected by the District Civil Commissioner left the town of Somerset East, under his orders and my command in direct route for the farm of Temple Nourse, Esq., to ascertain what had become of that gentleman and his family. Upon arriving at the

homestead we found an Englishman (Kaye) lying dead near the house; he had been shot by a body of Hottentots, who had carried off all the stock amounting to several thousand head and pillaged the house of its contents. We found that the family had quitted the place on foot and following on their spoor we came up with them at Vaarkens Kuil, a distance of about 15 miles from their abandoned homestead. Mrs. Nourse here informed us that one of the band (evidently their leader) had made himself known to her as Adam Paardenvaghter. This rebel was subsequently taken prisoner at Fort Armstrong since which time he has been serving in the Kat River Levy.

Mr. Pringle having sent us express that Post Retief was being besieged by a large body of Hottentots and Kafirs, we proceeded with haste in aid, and found on our arrival the Field Cornet (Sweetman) holding a parley with two Rebel Commandants (Cobus van Beulen and Speelman Kietvet) respecting the exchange of 2 English lads and one Fingo, whom they had taken prisoners. The Rebel Commandants demanded that all the loyal Hottentots in Post Retief should be given up to them in exchange for the three abovementioned prisoners. Mr. Pringle and myself immediately went down to where the conference was taking place when the Field Cornet (Sweetman) asked me "how he was to act, whether to deliver up the Hottentots at the Post for the prisoners or not." I told him, "Not to entertain such a doubt for a moment but to let them keep their prisoners and do what they liked with them." Shortly after this the prisoners were given up unconditionally, the Rebels stating that they had long fought on the side of the English Government and did not kill prisoners whom they took, because they knew the law. I put the question to van Beulen and Kietvet of "Whom were they (the Hottentots) fighting under?" They replied that they fought under their own Commandants, but that Sandilli was their chief. On the following morning at daylight we proceeded to Smith's laager which we heard that the Hottentots were besieging, but we found that they had abandoned it upon hearing of our arrival at Post Retief the evening before. The report of the inmates at this laager was "that they had been besieged by hundreds of Hottentots and Kafirs for 36 hours, that the enemy had burnt every dwelling house upon the place excepting the one into which they had congregated for defence, that all their stock had been carried off with corn, meal, etc., from the mill." There were hundreds of bullet marks upon the walls of the house and one Englishman (Wilkinson) had been shot through a loop-hole and the inmates had been obliged to bury him within the walls of the house. The Rebels made two attempts to fire the house above their heads, but were wounded while advancing with the firebrands, the burnt stumps were still lying where they had been dropped and there was blood spoor leading from the spot. This party of Rebels was evidently connected with the Commandants (van Beulen and Kietvet) for a party of horsemen had been observed to gallop off in the direction of Smith's laager as our men were approaching Post Retief. We brought all the people of this laager away with us to Post Retief and early the next morning, having espied the enemy's scouts upon the hills in the direction of Little Blinkwater, we moved to attack them, when they immediately fell back upon the bush. From the summit of the hill I was at this time able to count by the aid of a telescope upwards of 500 Hottentots and Kafirs coming up the several ravines to attack us; they advanced through the bush to the top of the ridge from which we drove them back, several times killing according to their own statement (subsequently given in Kat River) five men and capturing 3 horses with the casualty of 3 wounded on our side.

On the following day we found that the whole Commando of Rebels had trekked during the night to Fort Armstrong. It was this party that had burnt all the houses in Kaal Hoek, having plundered them of their contents which they had conveyed away in wagons to the Kat River. At this time we heard of the arrival of several Graaff-Reinet Burghers in Somerset, and our force being thus increased with other additions to 700 men I proceeded at once to Fort Hare to acquaint General Somerset of our efficiency for extended operation when was planned the attack on Kat River to take place on the morning of Saturday, February 22nd, 1851. The Burghers were to meet at Post Retief on the 21st and move by night to Fort Armstrong; a force under General Somerset to meet them there at sunrise on the 22nd. In accordance with these arrangements we proceeded from Post Retief at 11 o'clock on the 21st, went over the

ridge to the right of the Didima mountain and down the long ridge to Balfour where we fell in with a large body of Kafirs belonging to Jan Hermanus; these were immediately attacked by the burghers and between 30 and 40 of them shot; during which time, as soon as it was daylight, we perceived a large body of Hottentots coming out of Fort Armstrong to attack us, who, having thrown themselves into the bed of the river and sloots commenced firing upon us.

About an hour afterwards another large body of Hottentots and Kafirs mounted and on foot, came down from the direction of Philiptown, these took possession of the buildings at Balfour, whence they commenced an assault upon the Fingoes and Graaff-Reinet burghers. Other large bodies of Hottentots, principally mounted, were shortly after observed to be approaching from the direction of Elands River Post having passed at or near Hertzog; these also commenced firing upon us from the ridge above Armstrong. Our engagement with these several bodies continued from daylight till about 10 a.m., not one loyalist out of the many hundreds said to be in the Kat River having come to our assistance. The English party had by this time lost 10 per cent. in killed and wounded. It was now resolved to storm the enemy in the bed of the river and the sloots and in a few minutes an effectual clearance was made and many were shot in retreat on Fort Armstrong. On reaching the top of the hill above the Fort we recognised for the first time General Somerset's division coming over the wagon road from Hertzog; he continued his advance down the wagon road while we took up a position on the tongue of land upon which Fort Armstrong is situated behind a kopje about 300 yards from the Fort and the siege at once commenced. I had now occasion to cross to General Somerset's position twice in a short time, on the first to receive orders and afterwards to suggest the necessity for storming the place.

On the second of these occasions I found at least 100 Hottentots who had laid down their arms and surrendered to General Somerset. On neither occasion that I was with General Somerset did I see or hear a shot fired by the enemy in that direction, but the storming party under Major Somerset were fired upon afterwards when near the Fort, the same as if they had been burghers.

During the time that we were engaged at the back of the kopje I saw a Hottentot standing on my left hand with a double barrel gun in his hand; he cried out to me "Help me, Sir!" I said "You vagabond where do you come from?" I then said "Help me!" and ordered him to fire his gun into the Fort, which he did, immediately discharging both barrels. I then took the gun out of his hands and gave it to one of the burghers and since that time I have not seen it. This man proved to be Groepe's son and the gun was one that was given to him by Sir Benjamin D'Urban at the end of the war of 1835. It is now in the possession of a Boer near Somerset. This man was the Rev. Wm. Thompson's schoolmaster at Hertzog before the commencement of the war! The storming of Fort Armstrong being effectually carried out a great spoil of both live and dead stock belonging chiefly to the Winterberg farmers fell into General Somerset's hands. Some few of the Rebels disputed "the star fort" muzzle to muzzle. Many were taken prisoners; some fled in the direction of Philipton and a large number up the river above Fort Armstrong. The whole were dispersed.

Having rested the following day (Sunday) the General proceeded on Monday morning with the entire division and the prisoners and captured cattle to Lushington Valley under the Chumie Neck. On the Tuesday we returned to Elands Post, where we found a large body of Hottentots who offered no resistance. This post was taken possession of and garrisoned by 100 men. Thence we proceeded with the General to Philipton; from the hill overlooking which place we could observe the inhabitants in great confusion. We also saw many droves of cattle upon the hills around unguarded except by herds and evidently grazing in peace and security; several of these droves belonged to Kafirs who fled with them into the bush upon our approach while the Hottentots drove theirs into Philipton. These men were said to be loyalists and yet they were living at peace in the midst of the Queen's enemies. Upon our arrival at Philipton in the afternoon I recognised the Rebel leader, Cobus van Beulen, whom I had seen at Post Retief, and who had headed the murderous assault upon Smith's laager. This man was walking at large

amongst the Philipton loyalists! We seized him, bound him and turned him over to General Somerset.

Throughout the afternoon occasional shots were fired at us out of the bushy hill below Philipton but without effect. We heard from the Fingoes that Andries Botha's son who was wounded in the attack on Fort Beaufort had been lying sick at a little house upon the opposite side of the river below Philipton; we went in search of him, but found nothing but a cartel in one corner of the room. Several men amongst the Philipton "loyalists" were pointed out to me as men who went to Shiloh and fought in the attack upon Whittlesea, only one of whom I knew whose name was "Hans Buise", a Bastard, formerly in my service. I made an enquiry of Mr. John Thompson, son of the Rev. W. Thompson, as to "how many loyal men he considered they had at Philipton." He told me "ten or twelve." I then said "How do you know?" He replied "Because this number were ready and willing to take up their guns and fight in defence of the Fingoes and their cattle the other day when Sandilli came to take them; whereas the whole of the others said, 'that they would not fight against the Kafirs.' " None of the Kat River loyalists said to be so numerous by the missionaries, fired a shot in defence of the Queen's authority till after General Somerset's arrival at Philipton and the total dismemberment of the whole settlement, notwithstanding the fact that Groepe had made over to the newly-appointed Commandant, Cobus Fourie, two muid sacks full of gunpowder for the service of the Queen at a time when every true loyalist on the Frontier should have done their best to check the progress of rapine, anachy and murder which were riding rough shod over the land.

Groepe told me that had the ex-Magistrate of Kat River (Mr. Bowker) been in office at the commencement of the insurrection it could never have gained such ascendancy; but that as it was there were many of the well disposed who had fallen off from their allegiance from having no head to advise them nor leader to rally round.

In searching the wagons at Philipton several articles of stolen property were discovered and amongst other recognitions was a new wagon belonging to John Edwards, which was captured by Hermanus when young Buckley was assailed on the Blinkwater Hill in the commencement of the war. Edwards found his wagon in the possession of the Rev. Aries van Rooyen. I recommended him to enter a criminal prosecution against him on the spot; the wagon being stolen property; but, on Mr. van Rooyen affirming that it had been either given or lent to him (I forget which) by Hermanus Matroos, the prosecution was abandoned.

I was told that the Kafirs had free ingress and egress about Philipton at all times and that they were in constant communication with the inhabitants; that the inhabitants had never mounted guard nor made the slightest preparations to defend themselves against the Queen's enemies although surrounded by and living amongst them, saying at the same time that the settlers would not dare to attack them in the bush veld

On the morning of the 26th February by General Somerset's orders, the whole of the inhabitants of Philipton were removed to Elands Post and several of them thence to Fort Hare, the General assigning as his reason for having them removed "that should they be suffered to remain Philipton would again become a rendezvous for the disaffected as it had been already."

After leaving Philipton the division moved over the Chumie Neck to Fort Hare where the burghers honoured by the thanks of General Somerset and the Governor received their dismissal and closed their campaign.

In corroboration or elucidation of any of the above statements I am willing to give my evidence upon oath and have the honour to subscribe myself,

Gentlemen,
Your obedient humble Servant,

(Signed) W. M. Bowker.

THE SETTLERS CHURCH AT BATHURST.

Thoughts of Yesteryear and to-day.

By Frank Bowker, of Thornkloof.

Let us take up our stand near the Bathurst Church, the date being Sunday, January 2nd, 1938, and letting our imagination go back about one hundred years what will our mind's eye see?

First, a word about the church.

According to Professor Cory it was started as a kind of Joint Stock Company, the shares being £5 each, interest to the shareholders to be paid from the pew rents and offertories. Later, a Government Ordinance was passed authorising this as well as other regulations. Shareholders had the first choice of pews but they had to pay rent for them. Shares could be sold privately only and one share gave one vote in the proceedings of the vestry. The building work was carried on by a Mr. Bradshaw of Bathurst, one of the 1820 settlers. Very well this work was done too, for the old church is as sound as ever. No cracks or settlements are to be seen. But will the authorities responsible for the upkeep of the building forgive me if I say that the guttering should be kept free of pine needles and an um senga tree which is growing near the south wall must be destroyed immediately? The roots of this tree grow to an immense size and are capable of cracking and upsetting even the pyramids. The old mud or sod fort on the hill overlooking the village was erected in July, 1835, by Sir. Benjamin D'Urban's orders, and known as Battery Hill, and the unfinished church, being no longer required as a haven of refuge, the contractor proceeded to complete it.

WHEN WAR BROKE OUT.

The Kaffir War had broken out a day or two before Christmas 1834, and all those who had got warning and had been able to get away are here at the church with such of their belongings as they were able to bring with them at a moment's notice. The church is surrounded by buck and tent wagons drawn up in a kind of laager. The surrounding country is full of cattle, which are being herded by boys and men all carrying old muzzle-loading guns. The cattle are not allowed to stray far for the Kaffirs are ready to run out of the bush and drive them off.

At night the trek oxen are tied to their yokes and as many cattle as can be are brought into the circle formed by the wagons and are guarded all night, but in spite of these precautions the Kaffirs succeed in getting away with a good many.

The church bell is rung all one night, I suppose to warn the Kaffirs that someone is awake. The women and children have taken refuge in the church which is still in an unfinished state. It has a thatch roof and fear of the Kaffirs setting it on fire and burning them out is a very grave one.

On shots being fired a great deal of screaming and crying is heard from the church and the inmates don't exactly know what is actually taking place. On Christmas Day, 1835, the Kaffirs attacked Bathurst and got away with a large number of cattle. It being considered that the place could not be held it was evacuated and all the inhabitants fell back on Grahamstown; the number of wagons being insufficient many had to walk."

"HE WON'T RING NO MORE."

On one occasion, when an alarm took place, the man in charge called out "Ring the bell, Bradshaw," and got the answer "He won't ring no more, sir!" Bradshaw had given the rope such a vigorous jerk that the bell turned upside down and stuck. Glancing up at the belfry and seeing the bell I wondered if this was the same bell. I suppose it is.

This day January 2, 1938, has been a beautiful day, though a bit warm. It is now about 3.30 p.m. and a nice cool sea breeze is blowing and quite a number of cars full of people have come to the church. Arriving rather early I and a friend take a walk through the churchyard

and have a look at the tombstones. Most of the names on them are quite familiar, old 1820 settler names. After the recent rains everything is looking fresh and green and the blue and white agapanthus lilies are swaying and nodding in the light breeze. Here,

"Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

"A VERY GRACIOUS LADY."

But the reason for our being here is shown by a freshly dug grave near the church entrance. It has been carefully lined with palm branches and flowers. A large number of Natives, men and women, are here, all cleanly dressed. We, Whites and Blacks, are here to pay our last respects to the memory of a very gracious lady - Mrs. Edward White. We are all very quiet and attentive in the church, White and Black alike.

What a change from 100 years ago. The beautiful burial service is read and the padre gives an apt quotation from Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar". The coffin is carried to the grave, lowered and the service is over. All stand around a little as though loath to go. Mrs. White, who was a fully trained and skilled nurse, had endeared herself to everyone in the village, always ready to help sick people, either with medicine and proper food, or personal service and advice.

It can be said that Bathurst and its immediate surroundings are the poorer for her loss. Among the congregation there are six or seven of us who were present at the burial of Mr. White's first wife nearly forty years ago. Time does pass quickly; a hundred years are but as yesterday.

Thornkloof.

Jan. 12, 1938.

FAMILY TALK.

By Frank Bowker.

In a recent issue of the Daily Mail there was a short paragraph about the late Thomas Holden Bowker. I propose in the present article to write of the two Holden Bowkers, father and son, and perhaps set down a few items of interest, which to-day may be known only to members of the family.

Thomas Holden Bowker, the elder, was the fourth son of Miles Bowker, the 1820 settler, and was a boy of nine when the settlers landed. His first experience of Kaffir War was in 1827 when he was on the Felcani Commando along with his three brothers, J.M., W. M., and B. E. Subsequently he saw service in the Kaffir wars of '35, '46 and '50. He was commandant at the defence of Whittlesea and is known as the founder of Queenstown. At the outbreak of the '46 war he was here at the homestead, from which I am now writing and when the laager was attacked on the afternoon of May 2, 1846, a bullet from his rifle knocked a petty chief, a son of Mapassa, off the white horse he was riding while urging his men on. This caused a delay on the part of the Kaffirs, who gathered round the wounded chief, and enabled the whites, who were out in the open, to get back to the laager, carrying a wounded companion. These men were being surrounded and it was only this diversion caused by the wounding of the chief that saved them and the laager as well.

Holden Bowker, from all I have been told, was a peculiarly eccentric character. One of his favourite games was to change a couple of sovereigns into 3d. 1d. and 1d. pieces and then get all the street arabs in Grahamstown together and throw out a handful at a time saying "Here children, is a rich man, help yourselves." The scramble of course caused the enjoyment. He was a dead shot with the bow and arrow, shooting bucks like we do with a rifle. I have been told that he put an arrow through a tin of water a woman was carrying on her head, by way of a joke.

Another of his sports was to walk about the Grahamstown streets with his bow and arrow and shoot at and break the round stones. (we still have the round stones, where is the archer?) The head of the arros for this purpose was a small bolt, the head of the bolt doing the breaking. He was a farmer, but one cannot say he was a successful farmer. He built his own cart, which had a more or less "soap box" body, and used to visit his brothers with his wife, children and three large boarhounds, all on board. The cart pole was a long poplar tree, so long that the ordinary breast straps of the harness were much too short and ox reims took their place. The point of this disselboom was turned up like a sickle and as the cart has no springs the old chap used to say the shake or skommel of this curved pole took their place. He was M.L.A. in the old Cape Parliament - a member of the first Parliament after responsible government was granted. He always tried to get compensation for the settlers and frontier farmers who were ruined by the three wars of '35, '46 and '50, and came to be known as "Compensation Bowker".

He was on the diamond fields in the early days and when that no man's land had ideas of becoming a republic he was spoken of as one of the men likely to become president. He died at Tharfield in 1886 and is buried in the Bowker graveyard there, along with his wife and his settler parents. A fine stone with a nice inscription has been erected there by members of the Bowker family, but four old uninscribed monoliths (veld stones), one at each grave head, are the features of this small cemetery.

"OLD BOY."

Thomas Holden Bowker, junior, had all his father's eccentricities. To members of the family he was always known as "Old Boy", and only quite recently I was asked where "Old Boy" was. He was at St. Andrew's in 1873-74. The greater part of his life was spent at Tharfield. When he rode to Port Alfred he always strapped an overcoat and a blanket to his saddle; was clad in elephant cord jacket, riding trousers and to

boots and a red sash with long tassel round his waist; a big knife in one of the top boots and a rifle slung over his shoulders. He nearly always had an after-rider. In former days every man of any consequence who took a journey on horseback always had.

"Afair in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone at my side."

This after-rider was a batman, attended to the horses, built the fire, and cooked the food. Holden rode through the Cape Midlands with an after-rider less than twenty years ago, looking for concessions on farms for euphorbia. I believe this old after-rider is at Port Alfred; at least he was a few years ago and asked me where Baas Holden was, and said he wished he could see his good old master again.

A FEW STORIES.

Many stories are told of Holden, and I propose to repeat a few of them. I know members of the family will forgive me for "I set down naught in malice."

His mother hearing roars of laughter from his bedroom went to investigate. Holden had sold some slaughter oxen, £300 worth. He cashed the cheque in gold, placed the sovereigns on his bed and when his mother came in he was rolling on the bed in roars of laughter.

"For once in my life, mother, I am rolling in wealth."

The late Mr. Hilton Barber during a drought sent a number of ostriches to Tharfield for Holden to take care of. When Mr. Barber came to see how they were getting on he found Holden sitting on a wagon, playing a violin.

"Good morning, Hillie," he said, "the birds are all dead, but thank goodness I can still play the fiddle."

I can remember Holden being stung on the lip by a bee. The lip was swollen to an abnormal size and he was too shy to come and meet the girls at supper. Another time he was very sweet on a nice girl, a cousin. The mother rather objected to Holden on the ground of close relationship as a future son-in-law, and told him so, but he said, "If you will allow me to marry your daughter I will clean out your pig-sty for a full year." I knew the sty and it meant a lot.

He was what some would call a wild man, quite happy to live in the veld. In fact, he did so, making a "skerm" and keeping a few ostrich chicks. He was fond of his old violin and could play all the old South African tunes and "lietjes" such as "Johnny Hoopel Been," and the like. He was as proud as Pooh Bah.

Being offered the job of interpreter (Kafir) in the R.M. Court at Port Alfred, he turned it down with scorn, saying "I am much too well bred to have the smell of the court in my nostrils every day!" Wherever Holden stayed he was always welcome. When seated, if the lady of the house came into the room, he would rise to his feet and remain standing till the lady sat down or left the room, if it was all day. When questioned on this behaviour he said, "My mother always taught me to be respectful and stand in the presence of a lady."

Holden emigrated to Kenya some years ago where two of his sisters were. Here he lived much the same life. I remember hearing that he had camped in the forest and was making a living selling yoke skeys. He said he was hungry some days, but when he had roasted and eaten a sweet potato all was well again.

Such was Thomas Holden Bowker the second. Eccentric, but a good fellow, liked by all. Honest, upright, kindly, ready to help at all time I suppose thirty years ago there was no better known individual in the Bathurst district. Vale, "Old Boy," R.I.P.

Thorn Kloof, August 18.