# REMINISCENCES OF CRADOCK

Cory Library 14,680.2 (TS) Reminiscences of Cradock Eliza Butler

# **FOREWORD**

There are two documents in this publication. Both are from the Corey Library and both are attributed to Eliza Butler. The background to the documents is not entirely clear although both appear to be verbatim recording of oral history at a time before this was made simple by the advent of the tape recorder. As we see below, they may have been presentations made to an audience.

The originals are hand-written and were transcribed by Steve Herbert and Fay Lea. As far as possible they are verbatim. Where there is doubt about a word a ? is shown. In the original, a different handwriting appears with the notes, mainly giving addresses. In these cases the added notes are shown in italics. The bold headings shown here are written in the margins of the original document and refer mainly to the names of people, presumably those whose memories are recorded. The comments under the heading Essay are probably explanatory notes interjected by Eliza Butler.

It was felt that these documents would help any of the Flemmer Family members attending the Family Reunion in Cradock in March 2003 have a better understanding of what life was like when their ancestors arrived there 150 years earlier. It is of particular interest to note that two of the speakers - Mrs Naested and Mr Gilfillan have family connections.

Eliza Butler concludes her second paper with these words:

"Before closing I must tell you I have to thank several ladies and gentlemen for their great kindness in relating these incidents to me, and for their patience in correcting what I have written. To me it has proved a very interesting subject, and I have thoroughly enjoyed listening to the stories of the olden days from such worthy inhabitants that Cradock may well be proud of. I hope I have in a small way also interested you."

It is our hope that this will in a small way have interested you, the reader.

# "REMINISCENCES OF CRADOCK" JUNE 1st 1905

In the early part of last century where Cradock now stands, belonged we are told to a farmer Van Niekerk. The old farmhouse if standing at all is altered, some say it was pulled down others that it was the old house near the Gaol.

In 1811 Sir John Cradock came out as Governor and in 1814 this spot which could only have been a sort of out post, became a village and was made a magistracy. It was then on the extreme border of Cape Colony and a position of great importance. Communication then between different places, was the slowest and most uncertain description.

It was not an enviable position to the inhabitants in those days. When it was not wartime the people of Cradock were seldom free from the raids of the Kaffirs on cattle lifting expeditions. The district was well wooded in parts then, which was in the enemies favour for they like thick bush.

#### Mrs. Hill

A Cradock lady remembers hearing from her Mother, who travelled with her husband and one or two children from Port Elizabeth here with produce. They wished to be present at the laying of the Foundation Stone of the Old Dutch Church. On their journey about 7 a.m. they had outspanned, and the bread being short for breakfast, some fat cookies were being prepared in a three legged pot on a fire by the trees near the wagons. Suddenly their (sic) was a great bellowing with the oxen and we can fancy the noise about eight teams could make. But like the rushing of the wind, and going almost as quickly, a drove of elephants rushed among oxen wagons and fire and terribly frightened all; for they upset the pot and the fat caught fire and a tree was instantly ablaze, and one of the wagons nearly burnt. The visitors to town for this Stone laying camped under the tree then in Beren St. This will show how few houses were here at that time.

Sundays Hoek is so named because when the farmers came in to Cradock to Naachmael, their oxen were taken to this spot, and guards set over them to watch that no bushmen, came to steal.

#### Mrs. Naested

The Old Dutch Church was built in the shape of a cross, and had a mud floor and white washed walls, a thatched roof but no ceiling. Windows a churches had then wooden benches with backs. The Principal entrance door and windows above, can be seen still at the end wall of the house lately occupied by Mrs Flemmer, but now in Mr Ingram's possession. [The house in Dundas St used for the hostel for white girls.]

#### Mrs. Peitersen

One evening I had a pleasant interview in a lady's house, with a Dutchman, now 67 years old, and born here in Cradock. He was quite pleased to tell us many incidents still fresh in his memory of his boyhood days. Some may interest you.

He contrasted those times with the present. Both English and Dutch in the town lived like one family. What one had the other was welcome to. No selling of vegetables to your neighbours, or on the market. They would lend money then without interest if you wanted to buy a farm, they trusted each other and did not cheat. There was happiness and contentment everywhere. No one interfered with you, you might keep what stock in Kraals you liked in your yard. Your servant had their hut in your yard, no going away to the location. Some grew old in your service, a great contrast to the present time when you are continually changing and expect a months notice. He remembered a relative of his having a boy thirty years.

There was no imported furniture, homes were simple in the extreme. A few chairs, table and a bench seldom more, but what they had they could pay for then, but now your home might "shine" to use his expression but perhaps not be paid for. So he contrasted the times.

He used to go to school with an unbleached calico pinafore made he said in the style of the ladies "overall" no socks but veld shoes. Socks were not worn then as now, not even by the farmers. He smiled as he thought of the dress of those days, and of the simple dress of the women especially. No fashion to follow or trouble about – but they were happy times.

Butter was retailed at 4d to 6d per pound, and the poor people lived better than we do now. The Butcher killed in his yard no shambles then. The natives used to sing so beautifully, he would go to Mrs Munro's service in the Abbey just to hear the singers.

The Fish River was also quite different, swarming with fish from which it took its name, fish 12 or 14 inches long, and they were often able to catch fish in the furrow after the river came down by their homes. Great pits in the river bed which are filled up now with sand since the Flood of 1872, no wonder they call it the dry river now.

#### Mrs Hill

One Lady speaks of a certain wedding day when the guests went a picnic to the usual spot at the end of the Drive. There used to be seats along this Drive. Here they had a boat and the visitors rowed back and forth to Barbers Farm. The scene was enlivened by a Flute, Concertina and violin. This incident will show how full the river used to be in those days. The river bed was not so wide then. The favourite spot for picnics was destroyed by the flood for the trees were washed away.

#### Mrs Peiterson

In the neighbourhood were masses of game, thousands and thousands of springbok and even the Vilderbeast (sic) were common. Wild ostriches were thought nothing of, and our Dutch friend remembers the first he saw when out with his Uncle, who shot two dead just for sport. He tells a tale of someone who on horseback near Cradock Voselers Kloef, came across an ostrich nest, which the birds had forsaken, and wishing to take home the eggs, and having nothing to carry them in and being a tall man, he made two bags of his trousers, and thus carried home his prize slung across his horse. Surely necessity is the Mother of invention.

Great generosity and hospitality was bestowed upon you by the Dutch when travelling on the roads. If you had your wife with you they would load your cart on leaving with biltong (and they did know how to make that in those days) dried fruit, bars of homemade soap and butter etc. A farmer might be very rich, but still not show it by his dress. When asked what they did with their money before the bank days he replied "Store it in their homes". He gave an instance of a farmer who nothing to look at in appearance, driving an old cart, enquired the price wanted for a certain farm he was anxious to buy. He was told £4,000. A little while after the same man returned, driving the same of cart which contained his £4,000 in gold. This sum was considered a high price for a farm in those days.

We listened to some school day incidents. How a Mr. Walker was the teacher of the Government Free Aided School. He was much liked by the scholars, though a very eccentric man. This was a very mixed school, but the only one just then. It is remembered how he never rang a bell, but would stand on the steps, waving his red pocket handkerchief, and call out "All in boys, all in!" Dr Innes was the School Inspector in those days and came once a year. The schoolhouse was where Dr Cillie now lives, and had only a thatched roof. During school hours the scholars were quite unconscious that the roof was undergoing repairs. It was necessary for one man to be outside, and one in for securing the thatch. Suddenly they were all alarmed at the sight of a pair of legs suspended in the air; some of the girls fainted with fright and we can almost picture the scene ourselves. But Adam Mahoney working inside had fallen and his arms were caught over the reed ceiling. The result of the episode was a months holiday until the roof was repaired.

Mr. Jeffrey then started a Private School and many of the Scholars were removed from the Government School. But Mr. Jeffrey was not so popular. His punishment (sic) for boys and girls was a dose of Epsom Salts as well as the flogging. Our informant as a boy was made to kneel in prayer on the platform before the whole school, and ask God's forgiveness, for making marks on a book, which crime he had never committed, so he knew God would not hear his prayer. When punished for some other offence, he had to receive 19 cuts, and the lad counted the strokes as they were administered. He could not help laughing at the end of the dose. On being questioned why he laughed he confessed he had only received 18 cuts instead of 19, at which Mr. Jeffreys laughed

himself and asked "if he wished for the other?"

Mr. Jeffreys overheard one day some boys conversation as to what they would do with Mr. Jeffrey, if they met him on the Veldt. Sequel – The boys were locked in the box for punishment. A Knot had come out of the wood of this box, & when Mr. Jeffreys looked through this hole to see the boys, one of them put his finger through into Mr. Jeffreys' eye.

Mr. Jeffreys gave up teaching and started the First Newspaper where Mr. Ganmes shop is now – But the venture did not last long for it proved quite a failure.

Mr. Jeffrey used to play the bass Violin in the Weslyan Church there was only an harmonium then.

Horse racing was allowed in the public streets between where the park is now and Stephen's corner. [Bull & Kems.]

Each householder had to keep clean the furrow on his premises. These furrows had no masonry – only deep slutes. They were seldom dry but in the War of 1851 the furrow was dry for once and filled with dead locusts. After that for 10 years no locusts were seen.

Mr. Thackery was the only man who had a private tank in town and that was built above ground, no one thought then of doing anything under ground in those days.

# Mr. Perey

I was told the first iron tank that came to Cradock cost £12 for 400 gallons. I could not agree with one old man who had seen his three score years and ten, when he said he preferred the furrow water they used to drink to our town water. I asked him "Was it so muddy then" Oh Yes! "And was it always running?" he replied Yes! We had it certain hours every day and each took what they wanted. We had large brandy barrels & filled & sometimes we would throw in a handful of lime or alum on top and very quickly the water was clear. We used the clear and cleaned out the barrel for another day.

# **Essay**

The Dust was ankle deep in Cradock it was wading not walking.

#### Mrs. Naested

It is wonderful how the Farmers have assumed English ways. They thought nothing of whole families living in one room. Their furniture in those early days was mostly home-made, and I am told boxes called ottomans were covered and draped. This is done even now by some and I heard of a house recently in Cradock that the occupants thought ought to be called "Packing Case Cottage" as their furniture consisted largely of these [boxes] draped and disguised. But the rimpie was very useful for seating chairs stools etc, and even now you often see couches and chairs where the caning has perished, the article has been – cleverly reseated by the rimpie.

# Mrs. Peiterson

And I am told that men wore home made garments, made out of tanned skins. How durable! Of course we all know boots and shoes were homemade then and socks were not commonly worn. I have met individual ladies as well as gentlemen who repair their own shoes! Lasts I notice are quite common in homes over here. If the men folks in those days were not above wearing homemade outer garments, we can believe the ladies of that period were content and shall I say happier than we who have to vie with fashion! No wonder many farmers became immensely wealthy with their frugal way of living and their inexpensive attire. They have been able to hand down valuable property to their successors.

# Mrs. Armstrong

I am told the women were sometimes seen attending Nachmaal in their wedding garments, with the wedding bonnets on trimmed with Orange Blossom (all bonnets in those days) although that eventful day might have happened, nine years before. Their best clothes were carefully put away after a visit to Cradock to await the next. These visits were not very frequent if once in three months as much. Those living a long distance off seldom came to Church more than once in 6 months.

# **Essay**

The Parish was a very large one extending to Colesburg in one direction, almost as far as Queenstown which was not built, and down towards Bedford.

#### Mrs. Naested

At home the farmers wives were content with the Cappē. Black silk cappē's corded with white were considered very smart. The plain print dresses (*Vorekitz*) worn may have been of different patterns, but in those days the length cut-off for a dress for a stout or thin lady was seven Dutch ells, and a Dutch ell I am told is about three quarters of a yard, so about 5 yds and a quarter made a dress. The storekeepers had piles of these lengths on his counter for his customers to choose from we can imagine the consequence and how becoming some stout ladies looked in their scanty skirt.

# One of my own

I have heard my mother say in her mothers time Print was often used for wedding dresses & cost as much and more than 3/6 per yard. Pieces would be exchanged between friends to help towards a wonderful patchwork quilt to be handed down one or two generations, and quilting these quilts was quite an art and industry.

#### Mrs. Naested

I am told the print sold here was inferior.

#### **Essay**

The farmers were no scholars and it was not until the Rev J H du Plessis came to Cradock that he used his influence over them telling them to build houses for themselves to live in when they came to Nachmaal. Before this they would come in their ox wagons and each wagon had a tent next to it which they used for a house. It was a pretty sight to see the lights and fires in the evening and hear they hymn singing under the Mamossa (sic) trees where Stockenham (sic) St now stands. The store keepers in those day provided rooms for their customers, just the room with a fireplace, and here some "put up". There was often disputes over letting these rooms, if bespoke before, sometimes they found them occupied when they came. They never paid for the accommodation, the storekeeper was pleased to supply good customers who came to town to buy three or perhaps six months stores and who brought his wool in to him.

# Mrs. Naested

One lady tells me she quitted her house once, by only once in her early married life for the accommodation of these visitors from a distance, and her home then was adjoining their store where Roberts' shop is now.

Where Fryers [now ???] furniture store is there used to be rows and rows of rooms there for the accommodation of the farmers when they came to Naachmaal. But gradually the Dutch built themselves houses in town and are not satisfied with home made furniture. We are all witness to that their style of dress has changed and that many Dutch ladies are more smartly dressed than the English.

I am told they could not be confirmed unless they had a little knowledge of scripture – but many

could not read or write. When a Dutchman wanted to be very kind to his wife, he showed it sometimes in this way. He would put some rusty nails into the vinegar and put this on the veldt shoes to make them black and then take some chimney black and rub over. For black shoes were considered a little aristocratic.

The location was near the cold baths the servants would come in their blankets to work, but the house-work was easier and more quickly done then with white washed walls and mud floors. I was told of a lady who wrote home to her friends in England and said. "The floors her are made of dirt, and to clean them you put on more dirt".

#### Mrs. Green

On board ship when I came over, an Englishman returning to the Colony told me how he once was trying to interest a Dutch farmer's wife when on their farm, by telling her how many hundred rooms one of Queen Victoria's castles contained. She was appalled by the thought and exclaimed – "Oh but what a number of rooms to smear!!" even now all the country ladies are not too enlightened.

#### Mrs. Naested

The old Dutch Church was 'repaired' and a wooden floor and sealed roof added, and made to look quite nice. But not long after the Rev J H du Plessis came to Cradock and he did not consider the church alltho' repaired, good enough to worship God in. So he set to work and raised money to build the present handsome Church. While this was being built a temporary building was erected in Dundas St where the girls hostel is. Some of the material from the old church being used for it. I am told in the largest room of that house on the ceiling there are the ornamentations, from the old Church still.

# **Essay**

I should tell you the ground around the old Church was used as a burying place for all denominations, and as the new building encroached on some of the graves, the silent occupants were reverently taken up in the night and placed in the various cemeteries. None were disturbed outside the foundation.

#### Mrs. Naested

The present organ in the Dutch Church is the one supplied for the Old Church when it was renovated. That was 30 years ago.

#### Mrs. Peiterson

Before that the singing was led by an old man Martinus Ooshuzen (sic) who lived at Holtzhuizenbaaken, and he used to come in to Cradock every Sunday. The singing in the Church in those days was very bad, but when Mr. Wilson came, the singing greatly improved.

#### Mrs. Naested

All weddings and Christenings took place in this old Church and three or more children in one family would be christened at the same time by the Bishop if the Parents of the children were desirous they should have that honour, for his visits were not very frequent. The men sat on side of the Church and the women the other. Weddings took place on Sundays.

On the 13th of June 1864 the foundation stone of the New Church was laid, and that same day three children belonging to members of the congregation were born. Mr. Lawrence father of Mrs. Joslin was the Clerk of Works. The stores were prepared and dressed in the Churchyard and procured from the Quarry above the Krantz below the cold Bath. For two years the clank of the stone mason's hammer, was a daily sound from early morning to sunset.

There was one Dutch gentleman Mr. John du Plessis who took the greatest interest in the building of the Church. Not only did he contribute liberally to the funds but he spent the greater part of every day with the workmen. No paid labourer could have been more regular. So the workmen determined to do him a great honour. When the top most stone of the spire was in its place, before the scaffolding was removed several of the men took the old gent, lifted him up and held him while he stood on the highest stone. No one else was allowed to stand there and Mr. Plessis was keenly alive to the honour done him.

# Mrs. Naested

In Sep 1866 the Church was opened the building cost £35.000. About 2000 people assembled at the temporary Church in Dundas Street. Here they were kept waiting about two hours while a compromise was being made between the Contractor and the Rev J H du Plessis and his committee. The contractor had not made anything by the contract. There was no disturbance and those assembled did not know the reason of the delay. But after a settlement was made the contractor handed over the keys of the new Church to the Rev gentlemen – but not till then. After that those assembled marched four abreast from Dundas Street up Church St to the New Church. There were present many Ministers from other towns. The Rev Nykerk (sic) preached from the text "There is death in the pot" all denominations shared heartily in showing hospitality to the visitors, receiving them into their home.

It is a strange coincidence that all the ministers of the Dutch Church in Cradock have been called John-

John Evens

John Taylor

John du Plessis

John Reinikev

Some have thought it typical of Love, John being the beloved desciple. (sic)

#### Mrs. Peiterson

When Rev John Taylor would go about in his wagon on his preaching Tours to his scattered congregation, he would come home laden with a variety of good things given him Mr. Taylor was grandfather to Mr. George Armstrong.

#### Mrs. Naested

Mr. J du Plessis bought the house now called the Seminary [late boys hostel – Bree St opposite Dutch Parsonage]. Here he intended to entertain the Ministers at the Opening and no doubt did so. With the surplus money collected for the Church the Dutch bought this building to start a school. The sister in law of the Minister, Mrs. Budler came as Principal, a lady well capable to fill the office, and both Dutch & English were educated there. Mr. S Webbers house [now Mr. Vincents Bree Str] was the first Dutch Parsonage.

In 1850 there were only three places of Worship in Cradock – the Dutch Reformed – the Weslyan and The Abbey now the home of the Holmdens [Bree St.] but the latter was only a place of worship for a little while as I am told it became insolvent [7 steps up to the door]. There was now native Church then but they had the use of the Abbey Sunday afternoon. The first native Church built was near the bridge but was washed away with the Bridge by the flood of 1874.

Mr. Arthur Roberts house was the first Weslyan Parsonage- then Mr. Roberts house [now Mrs. Rainers] in Bree St. was the home of the Weslyan Ministries for 25 years. After that the house opposite the Mayns [The Palms] by the Park - then the Poplars before the present Parsonage was built [at 44 Dundas St].

In 1855 or 6 Rev Urquhart came to Cradock and interested himself and built the English Church, getting his friends in England to contribute largely. They gave the windows and the seats which have always been free for ever in that Church. The old Market House was in the centre of Market Square.

# Mr. Perey

The old Gaol was the building now standing in the Boys School playground in Bree Street and belonging to the School. I am told prisoners often escaped from the prison. [A longish building with high square windows can still be seen near by] No. 72 Bree St has been pointed out to me as one of the Canteens of the old times.

Mr. Heathcotes house [now Mr. Gerber - builder] in Bree St was the home of Dr Armstrong father to Mr. George Armstrong.

James Butler

Mr. Thomas now Sir Thomas Scanlen who represented the district in Parliament, afterwards became Premier also resided there.

#### Mrs. Naested

The house that was afterwards turned into the late Victoria Hotel was built by an Uncle of Mr. Flemmer, Mr. Töger von Abo for his brother in law Dr Flemmer who came from Denmark with his wife and family. They took six months to come over! And three weeks to come up from Port Elizabeth!!

Mr. Töger von Abo also built the building now the Post Office [now S L Laps sp.? Store] which was his store and his dwelling house behind.

Originally the Court House was at Drefontien, but afterwards removed to the present Seminary [opposite Dutch Parsonage Bree St] and the centre of the building was the Magistrates quarters.

#### **Essay**

Wool washing used to be carried on at the warm springs and this was an interesting sight. The wash women have long been carrying the clothes there to wash.

#### Mrs. Gardner

The other morning I listened to the life story of a Settler now 76 years old, who as a girl, came out with her Parents and brothers and sisters from Dorsetshire.

Her father was killed by the Kaffirs about a year after his arrival, and her mother in a strange land and all among strangers, had to battle with life to maintain her children. The elder ones left home to fight for themselves, and although so young this daughter undertook to educate & provide for one of her young brothers to relieve her Mother. This she faithfully did even after her early marriage at nineteen. For thirty two years after marriage a certain house here in Cradock was her home. Here 13 children were born. [House double story was destroyed by fire Bree St.] She never paid more the 7/6 a month to any of her servants, and they frequently stayed with her five years. For the first week she worked with them and told them that was how she wished her work done and if they did not care to do it so they could go. Some tried to get her servants away, and the girls would say, so and so has offered me 15/- but this busy wife and mother would not pay more, but told them they could go is they liked, but they never did. She never had a nurse for one of her children not caring to trust them to the care of the coloured [native] girl.

She would take her baby to Church with her in the mornings leaving her girl to cook the vegetables. Meat was only 3d a pound then. The Service was held in the old room which the Weslyans had, where the schoolroom is.

There is not time to tell you all the romance in real life I listened to. But I feel proud of my Country for giving you years ago this English maiden who has proved herself worthy of wifehood and motherhood, and now enjoys life visiting her loved ones. She has 40 grandchildren and 8 great-grandchildren. When complimented one day on her age and being asked for her secret, she replied – "I have no secret but hard work and a contented mind."

"I make it a rule to be happy and content in whatever circumstance in life I find myself placed in" She so treasures the memory of Godly Parents.

We must not stay tonight to speak of recent events such as the Flood and I fear I have wearied you already, with the recollections of some inhabitants of Cradock, who have so willingly and patiently told me their Reminescences (sic) of bye gone days.

Cradock May 31st 1905.

The following is a transcript of a document in the same handwriting. It is undated.

## From Mr. Armstrong

1 "Having received a favourable reply and accompanied by Mr. Peter Rennie and a Hottentot lad as guide and mounted on the light and hardy horses of the country Pringle proceeded to visit Captain Harding their magistrate at Driefontein near Cradock. They had no roads then but struck across the rugged country and hills in a direct line for Cradock descending from the summit of the ridge that divides the valley of Glen Lynden from that of the Tarka. After a ride of about three hours they reached the farm mentioned before, Elands Drift in the Tarka Valley the residence of an old Dutch African farmer named Wentzel Coetzer grandfather of the present proprietors of the same name - at that time their nearest neighbours and he gives a very interesting account of the place and their mode of living and farming."

2 1820

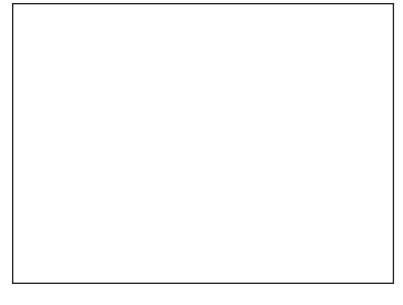
"Next day after an easy ride of about four hours through the Karroo and passing many ostriches and springbucks they reached Cradock and a short description of the place as he found it on his first visit in 1820 may be interesting. The village consisted of about thirty houses, with gardens and lands watered by a canal from the Great Fish River, it was graced by a decent looking church (the old Dutch Reformed Church) and boasted two small retail shops where a variety of articles, and among others tea coffee and sugar could sometimes be purchased. The clergyman Rev John Evans of the Dutch Reformed Church and two or three other families were English, but they proceeded without stopping to Captain Hardings residence at Driefontein about half an hours ride from the village. Resting (sp.?) once more he says with the refined hospitality and domestic comforts of an English home they spent the greater part of two days agreeably with their intelligent Magistrate and his family.

Pringle left Driefontein and crossed the hills to the southward of Cradock by the Barbersberg Pass - a fearful road on his way to Somerset.

At the end of the year they received a visit from their district Minister the Rev John Evans of Cradock with letters from the Landrost conveying the intelligence that a party of emigrants from the West of Scotland are speedily expected out, and to be located near them."

"The next day Capt Harding the Deputy Landrost of Cradock (their district magistrate) accompanied by a land surveyor arrived to install them in their lands and point out boundaries. When he left he strongly advised them to take careful precautions to avoid being surprised by their wild neighbours the Bushmen and Kaffirs and to place a nightly watch over the camp"

Cory Library 14,680.2 (TS) Reminiscences of Cradock - Eliza Butler



I have here a portion of an interesting old Map of South Africa, dated 1805, exactly a 100 years old. Graaff Reinet was in existence then, but no such name as Cradock appears. But our district is marked as "Good Country for Pasture and Grain" and our Warm Baths names "Heparte Wells". Tarka district is marked "Deserted on account of the Bushmen". And beyond again near the Salt Pans, the map says "last habitation in the Colony to the Northwards" and just a little to the North again, "This Northern part of the Colony has been deserted by the Dutch on account of the attacks of the Bushmen". This side of Zuireberg the map is marked "Plenty

of Zebras in these Mountains", and away to the left "Good grazing country but much infested with locusts' and this side of Elandsburg "Country of the Bushmen or Wild Hottentots". "Fine meadows well clothed with grass and abounding with wild animals' naming them.

So Cradock district was a Bushman's country, a race more like baboons, only human. After stealing the farmer's stock they were hunted and shot down, and buried where they died, and the murderer was never punished, it was the correct thing to do, when cattle lifting was an every day occurrence, and carried to the extent it was in those early days. Bushmen paintings are still to be seen and the colouring they made themselves. They painted figures on the rocks in caves I believe.

#### Mr Gilfillan

A lady in Cradock has kindly lent me a string of beads made by some bushman, from the shell of an ostrich egg. The kaffirs did not come to these parts until about 1830, when they began gradually to make their appearance.

The first prison was the building now in the Boys School play-ground. It was not a substantial building. The soft bricks used – called by one "Handle me gently bricks", were easily dislodged, and the prisoners hid away what they could find to help them in their efforts to escape. One man was sentenced to 14 years imprisonment for stealing a safe or box containing a large stock of money. When he heard his sentence he remarked, "They will be lucky if they keep me 14 days"! This same man broke out of prison five or six times. At one time there were three mad men (Europeans) confined there in lieu of a better place.

Cradock was an important stopping place, and the main road to the Interior for Traders and Travelers. It was really a suburb of Grahamstown. Their arrival meant an extra market and the Market Bell was rung at 1 o'clock. Before leaving Cradock these travellers replenished their stock of cattle and provisions. They brought with them Lions and other wild beasts; Lions Kaross' and curious of all kinds to sell.

#### **Essay**

In the early fifties the post was still carried on horseback, and though due once a week, it was seldom punctual – full rivers, horses knocking up often detained it for days. As may be imagined it was eagerly looked for. The English mail arrived about once in three months. At one time the then Postmaster was much addicted to drink, and it was no uncommon thing for him to be lying incapable in the office; so people used to sort their own letters and consequently letters often got mislaid and would turn up weeks afterwards, sometimes they were picked up in the street. The Post Office

was removed to the lane by the Bank of Africa. After some years there was a bi-weekly post by cart then three times a week and upon the opening of the railway a daily post.

#### Mr Gilfillan

One gentleman tells me when he was a boy an old native named Abraham used to tell him it was not considered safe in the thirties to go away from Cradock after dark even as far as the Slippery Rocks for fear of encountering lions or Bushmen, the latter the most terrible because of their poisoned arrows.

This same gentleman remembers playing "Hide and Seek" amongst the huge rocks that stood then in Market square. The Market-house was just two small rooms and outside the huge old fashioned beam scales with its weights. The bell close by. I have seen photo of this old Market-house and another taken later where the beam scales are standing near the present Library and the bell – on a pole – but the house has vanished. During the war of 1850 a high wall was built around it with look holes for firing through. The produce was sold on the wagons in the open, no market tables as now.

We think the dust in our streets a nuisance today; but all tell me, the dust in by-gone days was infinitely more terrible. The Market square was very different to what it is now, without exaggeration one sank ankle keep in the sand, it was really a wading not walking and the streets were in the same plight. There was no Park to shelter the town as it does, for where the park stands was only a waste sandy soil.

The Municipality did not commence carting away the dust until about 1880. Each householder sent his servant to throw out the waste just outside the town, and all around the town and on the river bank were rubbish heaps.

In Beren St. where Dr Dick and Mr Arthur Roberts live the houses were then above the street level but gradually by the dust accumulating the streets are raised.

In Bree Street Mr Holmden's house originally had several steps leading up to the front door and one lady here in Cradock who used to worship in that building when it was "the Abbey" still remembers this flight of steps. The pretty house where Mrs Louselle lives close by the Holmdens was also above the road and not below as now and there are many other houses one notices now below street level.

#### Mrs Beale

While speaking of Mrs Louselles house – it is interesting to know that Olive Schreiner and her brother and sister once lived there. The property was then Mrs Beales and she lived there about 40 years. After the Schreiners left the ginger and hop beer business as well as a store was carried on by Mr and Mrs Beale in that same pretty house.

#### Mr Gilfillan

The Doctors used to argue and still agree that the lower streets are unhealthy, but the theory seems rather contradicted, when very large families one could name have all been reared either in Bree Street or closed by. It is noticed too that epidemics commence in the higher streets generally. From Church Street to Cross Street, the better class of natives had their huts by the riverside, and the Fingo constables at the back of the English Church which was Government property.

The large almond tree and the mulberry trees in front of Mrs Philip's house are amongst the oldest in Cradock also the pear trees in front of Mr Webbers in Bree Street.

The old Court House was where St. Peters Schoolroom is now. A fine thatched building which was

allowed to go to ruins. The present class room of the Girls High School the other side of the street were also Public Offices.

# **Essay**

In the early years when the town had to be illuminated, the people made little pots of clay to fix the candles in or bored holes in pieces of wood to fit in the windows. These were decorated with blue or pink glazed lining and branches of leaves and flowers, and these primitive methods were to be by no means despised as I hear they looked very nice indeed. Those were the days when the housewives had to make their own candles either dip or moulded. The latter was a clearer as well as quicker method. These tallow candles were used in the churches, and it used to be a great amusement to the children to watch the Sexton go round with the snuffer three or four times during the service it often kept them awake!

#### Mr Gilfillan

Two bedrooms of the Rectory now occupied by Canon Hewett formed the library; but as there were so very few books, there was no need of a Librarian. The Library was used for all the different meetings bazaars etc. It was at first one room, till the old town hall was built when it was divided into tow. Traders and Travellers often brought in curious specimens of mineral rocks and quartz etc. these found a resting-place in this old Library and are remembered today by me more than the books that were there. These stones were scattered and lost when the present Library came into existence.

Drink amongst the natives was a terrible curse, and when the women of the Bush or Hottentot tribes took to drink the races died out. Drink was freely given to the customers at the stores, besides what they bought for themselves. There were five canteens although the town was so small. The Rev. R. B. Taylor got them reduced to two.\*

Lieutenant Griffiths who farmed at Burnt Kraal near Grahamstown was one of the first who imported Marino sheep. He amongst others suffered and lost all by the Kaffir War. He was afterwards Clerk of the Peace in Cradock. He wore a wig.

Two men are very highly spoken of and deserve mention. First the Rev. R. B. Taylor of the London Missionary Society. This good man spent his life here trying to convert the natives. He built Harpenden Chapel. He was an ardent teetotaler and through his efforts a canteen in High Street was closed. He was the pioneer in Cradock of teetotalism and devoted his life to this cause and for the good of the native community.

Dr Grey was the other worthy. The only medical doctor in the district in his day. He was full of kindness and attended the poorer patients free. Naturally he was overworked for his district included Tarkastad and Steynsburg. It is remembered how in one week he visited patients travelling by cart to Winterburg – returned to Cradock and off to Swaggersbook, Steynsburg on horseback and back – and then to Macassarfontein near Colesburg in a cart. In each interval on his return to Cradock visiting his patients in town before starting on a new journey.

He was the first to get out from England rubber pillows and beds for the comfort of his patients. He also had a rubber boat, the only boat known to have existed in Cradock, and that only for three or four months. The sad fate of this boat was that the last journey it took the two occupants lost oars and control and were washed under the trees by Barbers farm and saved themselves by catching hold of branches. The boat was subsequently washed ashore near Blaauw Krantz. This hard working Doctor was beloved by all for his kindness and philanthropy.

Once of the Sextons of the Dutch Church used to live in the house now MacCleans Hotel and another worthy of that Church live din the double story house opposite, near the South African Hotel

and he use to conduct the services if the parson was away.

The old fashioned Doppe hats then worn and everlasting wear, with broad brims were make for Colonial wool and manufactured in Cradock by two men called Crobbela and Fourie.

Once Cradock lady now deceased used to make dresses, and trim hats and bonnets and let these out on hire to the farmers wives and daughters who came into town to attend Nachtmael and I am told a good deal of money was made this way in the good old days. Even wedding attire was hired for the occasion.

# **Essay**

The first tailor was the late Mr Francis Senr., and later on he was about the first baker.

#### Mr Gilfillan

Daniel Mahoney was the builder of the houses (called by some Packing case architecture) from Garrett Brown to Webbers corner, the latter now demolished and rebuilt.

In 1862 the foundation stone of the Court Room then known as the Town Hall was laid. The present Town Hall was built in the early eighties.

# **Essay Mr Gilfillan**

Until the railway came into existence the Wool washing business was carried on near the warm Baths. This was to lighten the wool for carriage by wagon down to the Bay. The water used by the wash girls was afterwards saved because of soap in it used to wash the wool. A strange custom these wash girls used to have of throwing pins needles, beads etc. into the water before beginning their washing to propitiate the "water spirit" or it would pull them in.

# **Essay**

Wood was carried by women on their heads into town and sold to the inhabitants for 6<sup>d</sup> or 1/- per load according to quantity and length.

Cradock has done good service in all the Kaffir Wars from 1846 to the present day. Because of the readiness of the Cradock Mounted Volunteers to go out to service they were called the Cradock Bricks. I read that in those days people had to cast their own bullets and during fighting in laager while the men were fighting the women made the bullets. At Whittlesea for instance when the lead was all used. Mrs Loxton melted her candlesticks to make bullets.

Mr N. Gilfillan father of Mr E. Gilfillan came out to South Africa first in 1812 and served in the 60th Rifles Brigade. He went back to Scotland about 1818 and returned to South Africa in 1820 with the Settlers. On board ship he met his future wife, and they were married at Bathurst by the first Rev. William Shaw. From 1822 till 1835 he farmed at the Kowie. Then the Kaffir war broke out and Mr Gilfillan was ruined, for the Kaffirs robbed him of everything. He was put in command of Hottentot Leeves and was present when the Kaffir Chief Hentze was shot, which deed he thoroughly justified. I have on the table here the diary kept during the 1835 War by Mr Gilfillan. It is very interesting reading and I have been allowed to copy any of it, but I will not weary you with it tonight.

After the completion of the '36 War, Mr Gilfillan was appointed First-Civil Commissioner Resident Magistrate of Cradock. He built Rocklands and resided there till his death in 1856. During the War of '46 and '51 he was Commandant of the Cradock Burghers, and saw a good deal of service. In 1851 War Mr Gilfillan house now the Seminary was one night filled with crying babies, sheltered there during a panic. The alarm was caused by a levee of Fingoes on their way to the Border, who

got drunk and began firing off their guns a small distance from town. There were several other alarms but never any serious results. In 1850 the Cradock Volunteers relieved Post Retief and Whittlesea.

In the Galeka War of 1877 a telegram was sent to Cradock calling for Volunteers. On a Tuesday evening a meeting was held and a corps formed. They had to provide their own horses which were bought on the following Wednesday and Thursday. They were armed on Friday and started for Queenstown on Saturday morning and arrived in Queenstown Sunday afternoon. Were detained in Queenstown on Monday and part of Tuesday being provisioned and reported themselves at Ibeke in the Transkei on the Saturday just a week after leaving Cradock.

Mr Hodgsons business premises were used first by the 91st Regiment as Barracks while on their way up to the Battle of Boom Blaatz.

#### **Essay**

One man writes, Mr Gilfillan was a grand old gentleman....one of natures noblemen. I remember his large vine. This used to bear the most luscious grapes. I was one of the small boys who use to gather the grapes, throw them into a tub prepared for the purpose and tramp them with our feet. That was the process in those days of making wine, brandy and vinegar.

One lady tells me when she was a child she came over to Africa with her Parents. He Mother brought over two women servants; but the plan did not answer, for although one was particularly ugly yet they both very soon married.

#### Mr Gilfillan

While staying in London before sailing one of these girls lost her way and was found by a policeman crying. She did not know where her mistress was staying only that it was in some square. Her troubles were at and end when she saw the children at one of the windows of a house in America Square. One of the children had a birthday while in London – so they were allowed to go and buy chocolates at a Chemist shop. It was their custom to have cakes and chocolates as these birthdays came round. The children not speaking English – the shop keeper thought they were asking for the poison sugar of lead as in their language sugar-lather was their word for chocolate.

On arriving at Port Elizabeth, they were carried from the boat to the shore by Kaffir boys, and she remembers seeing her father a stout man with his legs across the shoulders of a small Kaffir. Tents were pitched and here they lived for a while.

One night they were alarmed by hearing footsteps, and the next morning they found a Kaffir thief had been and stolen a cheese. On their long journey up from the bay to Cradock in the ox wagon it is remembered still the cooking difficulties. They were a very large company who were coming up to settle in these parts for they brought out servants, carpenters and other workmen. Her Mother often had the inconvenience of finding the oxen were to be inspanned before the soup was ready; and the baking of the bread in the tree legged posts were all new experiences. The children innocent of the ways of the prickly pear – gathered their pinafores full, and for weeks they felt the effects in more ways than one.

# **Mrs Naested**

At a Sunday School picnic tea these children were surprised to see written up on a blackboard "Eat what you can, but pocket none."

# **Essay**

When King Edward was married in 1863, a monster picnic was held at the East end of the Drive. Everyone in town was expected to be present. The various schools marched in procession, Na-

tives as well as Europeans, even the raw Kaffir in blankets were there. An ox had been given for their use by the late Mr W. Caurod. Two brick walls were erected a little distance apart, on which the ox rested a huge fire flaming beneath it from early morning. Games of all sorts went on, and everyone seemed to be enjoying the day. Tables were prettily laid out for the Europeans and the more respectable natives had their food provided for them. But, alas, a change came over the scene later on. The ox was cut up and found to be quite raw. Upon this the raw Kaffirs became very unruly, and when the tables were set out again for tea with jellies blancmanges, iced cakes etc. for the Europeans, a number of these raw Kaffirs jumped on the tables snatching at the different articles. They simply cleared everything off, and became quite threatening in their manner when the different gentlemen tried to stop them. After that everybody hurried home and so ended the festivities. That part of the drive was always spoken of afterwards as "the place where the ox was roasted."

#### Mr Gilfillan

Mr Walker the eccentric schoolmaster is still remembered by others. His salary was £140 a year and house free. He was the only teacher this school had from 1844 to 1856. The hours were nine 'till 12 o'clock, and two 'till four o'clock. Seldom any holiday because one remarked "he is too fond of us." With Solomon be believed in the rod; and did not spare the rod to spoil the child. His punishment was severe, almost cruel. One boy was so severely chastised, that be bolted out of the window after, and ran home. The father and mother came back to the schoolmaster with their son with his shirt pulled up over his head to show the result of the whipping. There was a terrible scene in that schoolroom. The room was not large and a low roof and small windows and about 100 boys and girls. When Mr Walker gave up teaching with a pension, he opened a little shop in the corner house opposite "The Abbey." I read that he had a word for every passer by, the children were all his brothers and sisters and when they bought sweets of him, he always sent some to those at home; needless to say that was the favourite shop with the children.

One morning I was very much interested in hearing from Mrs Wilson the following little account of her husband's work here in Cradock, and of her own energy in byegone days in starting what afterwards proved to be the Poor School and now is more worthily called the Wilson School. Personally I had no idea that school was the outcome of a lady's efforts. Her great love for teaching and fondness for the children well fitted her for the active apart she has played in teaching so many who are today filling useful positions in life.

#### Mrs Wilson

But we must first speak of Mr G. W. Wilson's work. He was born in Ceylon, his father a Sea Captain from the Isle of Wight. His mother afterwards make her home in Cape Town and her son was educated, and trained for a Missionary at Hankey. Mr Wilson commenced teaching when about 20 years. First of all at Cape Town at St Stevens. The Monitorial System was in vogue. Here he became Head Master, and ladies came and gave their time and taught the scholars free of course. The wives of all the Governor's in Town assisted, and Lady Grey amongst the number. Her husband Sir George Grey took great interest in the work and visited the school often daily, sitting watching the work.

A remarkable case of "Love at first sight" occurred here. A gentleman from India was visiting the school one Friday morning, and asked Mr Wilson to introduce him to a lady who was assisting. This was done, and in the afternoon they became engaged and the day after Saturday morning they were married and in the afternoon they sailed away to his home in India, where they remained 10 years "and were happy every after."

Sir George Grey placed two sons of King Moshesh to be educated in this school. These two native princes did not forget they were princes, but behaved well and became good scholars. Mr Wilson left this school of 500 infant and 500 adult scholars for Ivar, where he became a Missionary

and here he had most interesting work. After that he went as Chaplain to the convicts from Cape Town to Bains Kloof. After that Cape Downs as Missionary and there he was married to one of his former teachers at St Stevens. Then he removed to Ourtsone (Oudtshoorn) teaching in the Public School there.

Mr Joslin of this town was one of his scholars, and is one of the lads in this old photograph. Then came the invitation from Rev. du Plessis to come to Cradock to take up teaching here. His first work was at the Dutch school (in connections with the Dutch Reformed Church) at Driefontein. Dr Dale came himself to inspect the school once in three or four years. Then the school removed to Cradock, to the house now occupied by Mr Ingram in Dundas Street. Here they had about 40 boarders, boys and girls, and about 150 scholars altogether, and no assistance. There was no sickness while the school was there and no unpleasantness. Scholars remained and received all their education under Mr Wilson. The Hon.(?) Michau and his wife were both scholars at the same time there and others could be mentioned, who afterwards married. Scholars were prepared for confirmation.

In Jan 1885 when the Rocklands Seminary was opened Mr Wilson sent 39 of his girls and 15 were boarders to that school. The name Rocklands was given because of the huge rocks then in front of the old Parsonage and where the present Town Hall stands. Mr Wilson taught the violin and singing, and himself led the singing in the Dutch Reformed Church for many years. His scholars helped to lay out the garden of that old Dundas Street school house.

Then in 1885 this school amalgamated with the present Government High School, and Mr Wilson became one of the Masters. For 32 years Mr Wilson was a teacher and 35 of those years he taught in Cradock. No wonder Mr Wilson is so widely known and respected.

Now Mrs Wilson while her husband was teaching at the Boys High School started teaching in Dundas Street a little Dutch Orphan Girl. Then four more children soon came, and still more until the number reached thirty. All the apparatus was left from the former school, so no expense was incurred. Then Mrs Wilson applied for Government aid, and as the scholars increased applied for a teacher, and paid this teacher from her own salary. Dr Muir visited the school and found the room was getting too small, so they hired the Saal. During the time Mrs Wilson had this school expenses were met and never any debt incurred. Once she held a Flower Show and the proceeds were used to buy the sewing material, and the scholars made garments to fit themselves and after the needlework was duly inspected the children received her work.

The school fee at this time was three pence a week.

About 7 years Mrs Wilson carried on this school and four years of that time Mrs Musgrove assisted her. Then Mrs Wilson handed over the school free of debt; and a balance in hand to the town council and Ministers of the town were the Sub-Committee.

#### Mrs Wilson

Any boy or girl that had successfully passed the fourth standard and had a good character were taken up free at either the Girls High School or the Boys High School.

At the Opening of the present Dutch Reformed Church Mrs Wilson remembers her Mother returning to Graaff Reinet after being in Cradock for the Opening ceremony. All the events ere detailed over to her children on her return and amongst others she mentioned how ably Mr Wilson conducted the grand choir of 80 voices. A Bazaar was held in the present Court Room and a doll that was purchased then for 2/- is still in existence that was bought as a present for her.

#### Mr Gilfillan

The present Boys High School was started by a Committee about 1873 of which Mr E. Gilfillan was the Secretary. With the teacher Mr Easten and about twenty scholars the school commenced in a room lately pulled down by Mr Webber for his extensive and handsome new buildings. The room had to be made decent by the Committee. Nine years after the school was taken over by the Municipality.

The Girls High School was started in the present schoolhouse by the Rev du Plessis, one of the most worthy men who ever lived in Cradock. Through his indefatigable energy, the present Dutch Church was built. No better monument could stand to his memory. Rich farmers possessing £30 or 40,000 themselves helped to drive the stones used in building that Church. They gave time and money liberally, almost vying with each other to do the most. All honour and praise is due to Rev de Plessis the hard working Dutch Minister, who did so much to elevate his people and their surroundings.

In early days the farmers outspanned in Market Square. Very often when ready to return home the river was flooded for days and remained so, for we are told the fact that it rained in those days, not as now.

It often caused great excitement in town people assisting where any danger was over crossing the river. Boys enjoyed the joke of carrying stout Dutch ladies across!

Cradock boys were the best swimmers in the Easter Province. They were constantly in the water spending every spare minute there. Directly school was over, away they rushed to the river, and it is said there was quite a track leading to the waters edge from the school house.

#### Mrs Beale

As an instance of this an ox wagon was crossing the drift higher up than the cemetery when the river happened to come down. A young man Henry Howard, being an excellent swimmer at the risk of his own life, swam in and cut the oxen lose and the animals reached the bank, but the wagon was never seen again. This same young man also saved the life of a Mr Lombard of Tarka, who was on horseback trying to come through, but his horse was washed away and Mr Howard jumped in and swam to Mr Lombard and caught hold of his hair and in this fashion brought him safely to land. Surely this shows the advantage of being a good swimmer, and also of men having hair long enough to catch hold of!

One Drift was between the Cemetery and Warm Baths, another by Mr Ingrams house in Dundas Street, this last after the flood was so washed away, another was made at the end of Cross Street.

#### Mr Gilfillan

This river crossing caused the farmers great inconvenience. In the late fifties the municipality undertook to build a Bridge the farmers subscribing liberally. The iron work was brought up by wagon, but the cost was so enormous the Municipality did not go on with it. The Divisional Council was authorised by Act of Parliament to take over the material and complete the Bridge, and raise a loan for the purpose.

The Bridge was completed and opened by Sir Philip Woodhouse then Governor of the Colony. It was called the Gilfillan Bridge after the first magistrate. Only 14 years of existence and then the Flood of November 1874 washed the Bridge away.

There had not been such a Flood since 1812. It was a Sunday night to be remembered. No one slept or even went to bed. Some families were removed for safety to the upper part of the town, for as night came on the river was still rising, and reached the front door of the house recently incor-

porated in the South African Hotel on this side and as far as the station steps on the other, tho of course there was no station there then. The native Church near the Bridge was also washed away. The Bridge was landed 100 yds lower down. The catastrophe was thought to have been caused perhaps by the scamping of the western abutment, a great part of which was found to have no mortar only dry stones. All portions that could be were used again when the present bridge was erected. This was raised 6 feet higher the centre pier will show the addition. It is exactly like the first bridge, with the addition of the footway, which was added by Government after the Railway came to Cradock on account of danger by the great increase of traffic to foot passengers.

In 1878 one of our townsmen wrote his first impressions of Cradock. "He was disappointed, the broad dusty road was indefinitely bounded by a stony dusty waste, there seemed an incompleteness, a neglected unfinished appearance about the place as if some designer had intended the town to cover the cleared waste, but his plans had been stopped when only partially carried out. He enquired for a barber but found there was no such trade practiced professionally but there was a photographer. The town consisted of about three long streets running parallel to the river with a few cross streets. There is a Bridge called 'Gilfillan Bridge' if that had been here 50 years ago I could understand a small town gradually accumulating around it – but the reverse is the order here, the town grew here and the Bridge was brought to the town."

So we contrast the difference today, how Cradock has grown and improved in every way, with its handsome Church, its Park, its Railway, daily Post and Water supply, etc.

Before closing I must tell you I have to thank several ladies and gentlemen for their great kindness in relating these incidents to me, and for their patience in correcting what I have written. To me it has proved a very interesting subject, and I have thoroughly enjoyed listening to the stories of the olden days from such worthy inhabitants that Cradock may well be proud of. I hope I have in a small way also interested you.

Extracts from the Narrative of a visit to South Africa by James Backhouse, May 29th 1839

"The country over which we travelled was dreary. We outspanned in the evening at a place called the Thorns, near Cradock, where another wagon was standing that belonged to a trader, who had been detained here many days, all his people having taken the measles.

#### May 30th

"We rode into Cradock, which is a small town of two imperfect streets bordered with apple, pear, almond and mulberry trees. The houses are white and chiefly of two stories, in the old Dutch style. We were kindly received by the wife and family of John Taylor the minister of the Dutch Church, he not being I town.

"A young medical man kindly undertook to give notice for us of a meeting to be held with the inhabitants in the Government School room. Our next object was to get a little repair effected to the ironwork of our wagon. Three of the smiths residing here were also wagon makers were out of charcoal, which is universally used for smiths fires in the interior of South Africa. They therefore could not help us, the only man who could was an American, & his workman was gone to Somerset, but at length he found another, who effected what was necessary with much labour, & in a very bungling manner.

"The number of Hottentots in this neighbourhood was considerable, many of them were employed as servants, but a large number were living above the town without any visible regular means of subsistence, in miserable huts in half huts; the latter were open on one side, & were patched up of sticks reeds, skins and various other things. Canteens were among the chief attractions of the people to this place, and the inhabitants were deeply implicated in the production and sale of spirituous liquor. Probably defective wage and payment of labour in spirits, were among the chief

causes of defective industry on the part of the Hottentots. Their forlorn state induced the London Missionary Society at a subsequent period to place a Missionary among them at Cradock. Farms are scattered remotely over the district – 500 wagons are said sometimes to have been in Cradock at the Nachtmaal.

"Herds of antelopes of various species, visit this part of the Colony. The Springbok especially, was never so numerous, that some of the Boers feared the destruction of their crops. Springboks were sold in the market yesterday at 13 ?? each

# June 2nd

"In the afternoon we walked into Cradock – and dined with Rev. John Taylor and family, at two o'clock we met a congregation of Hottentots in the schoolroom – where a number of them usually assembled as a Sabbath school. The school was suspended in this occasion, & John Taylor interpreted for us, as he did also in a congregation, the chief part of which was English in his own place of worship at three o'clock.

A few years ago before Somerset & Colesberg were separated from Cradock, the circuit of it Minister included an area of 15,000 square miles and 10,000 inhabitants." Cory Library: 14,680