

## A NAVAL OFFICER'S JOURNAL, 1861.

Surgeon Lieutenant R. W. Brigstocke, R.N., was obviously one who enjoyed life, viewing it lightly, unlike many of his fellow-Victorians. He was a keen observer and could put his observations on paper in a graphic manner.

This is shown by his journal which is at present in possession of his grand-daughter, Mrs. Barbara Brock of Simon's Town, by courtesy of whom, it is here published. Unfortunately, only seventeen handwritten foolscap pages are available, for, from its title, it was obviously intended to cover the whole of Brigstocke's stay in Southern Africa. It would appear from the journal that it was commenced at some later date, possibly being written from a diary or notes compiled at the time but for some reason, was never completed.

### PART I

*A cruise in the Mozambique, visit to Mauritius and voyage via the Cape to England — H.M.S. Sidon<sup>1</sup>*

On the first of January 1861 we left Simon's Bay for the Mozambique Channel this being our second cruise in that water since our arrival on the Cape of Good Hope Station 10th January 1860.

I must say that I now left the Cape with far different feelings from those I had on the same occasion last year. Then I had no friends and scarcely any acquaintances on shore but now I had received such kind and generous hospitality from more than one family in the vicinity of Cape Town that I could not but regret leaving behind so much agreeable society for a cruise in the dreary Mozambique. However there was every prospect of some interesting work cut out for us this time. In the first place we were to tow the 'Pioneer' to the River Zambese (sic) and we had also to take up officers for the purpose of surveying the mouths of that river now becoming so well known through Dr. Livingstone's energy and enterprise. We had besides on board the first instalment of missionaries who had come out for the purpose of founding the Central African Mission. All these objects in view promised a cruise of more than ordinary interest. We left Simon's Bay in the morning but a fresh south-easter blowing in the afternoon we anchored with the little charge in Pringle Bay under the lee of Cape Hangklip. The 'Pioneer' was a little paddle-wheel steamer sent out for the use of Livingstone in exploring the African Rivers. She was 140 tons burthen 40 horsepower and drew from 4½ to 5 name struck me as being familiar and I immediately asked him if she had been in England for some years. On his replying in the affirmative

1. H.M.S. SIDON — a paddle wheel frigate (5th rate) laid down 26th May, 1845, completed 27th August, 1846 — Engine 560 H.P., max. speed of 9 knots. Armed with 20—8 inch guns in broadside batteries and 2—68 pdr. guns on upper deck. Took part in operations in Black Sea and Sea of Azov during Crimean War. Was on the Cape Station from 10th January, 1860 until ordered home in February, 1862. Was surveyed and sold out of the Service in July, 1864.

feet of water. She was brought out by Daniel May, Master R.N., who was formerly in the Niger expedition. Dr. Mellor came out with him on behalf of some Botanical Society. The missionaries we had on board were Messrs. Waller & Scudamore, the later a clergyman, the former a layman. On the morning of the 2nd we weighed anchor and proceeded to Algoa Bay where we arrived without adventure on the evening of the 5th. The next day being Sunday we had church in the morning and after an early dinner, Mellor, Suther and I went on shore to explore the town of Port Elizabeth.

The place is still quite in its infancy but I think it bids fair to make good progress. It struck me as a more decidedly English place than Cape Town. The town consists of the long street running parallel with the water's edge and a few houses on the hill behind the town. Many of the stores and houses are well built of solid stone and present a very substantial appearance, the inhabitants have also shown their good sense in the great width of their street. There are two very fair hotels one of which 'Walsey!\* has civility and cleanliness to recommend it — no mean qualification for such an establishment. At the top of the hill behind the town is a square based pyramid to the memory of Lady Donkin after whom the town is named. This forms a prominent object in the view of the town from the water. Before returning on board we called on a Mr. Fairbridge<sup>2</sup> whose acquaintance I had made some months before at Cape Town. On enquiring for Mr. F's house I was much amused at the conceited puppyism shown by a military gentleman whom I addressed. When asked if he could kindly inform me where Mr. F. lived he said "Weally I have not the slightest ideaw". He was certainly a snob worthy of Punch and I believe literally told a lie for at that time he was standing at his own door and Mr. F was his next neighbour. Mr. F. also told me afterwards that he had met him a few evenings before at a party. The next morning I went on shore for a stroll and Fairbridge came off with me to lunch there were a great many visitors on board in the afternoon of all classes (a man-of-war being a rare visitor at the port) but I fear many of them contrasted us rather unfavourably with H.M.S. Euryalus which had been there some months before. The 'Pioneer' too created considerable interest her tiny dimensions, comfortable accommodation and the urbanity of her officers exciting general admiration according to the Port Elizabeth Herald.<sup>3</sup> As Fairbridge and I were just going on shore a party of visitors arrived alongside among whom were some ladies. Fairbridge exclaimed "Here comes the pretty Mrs. Henry Dear."<sup>4</sup> The

2. William Alexander Fairbridge of Whites Road. A shipping agent, also Brazilian Consul in Port Elizabeth. Distinguished himself in saving life during the wreck of the "Charlotte" in Algoa Bay. (Cape papers of 20th September, 1854). See Note 1.

3. Present day 'The Eastern Province Herald'.

4. Wife of Henry Deare of Bird Street.

\* Walsey Hotel — Jetty Street. Later — Terminus Hotel, Victoria Bar and now Hotel Windsor.

I persuaded him to wait and I proceeded with the party round the ship. On getting into conversation I think Mrs. D — felt rather surprised at my knowledge of her movements and residence during her stay in England especially when I talked of her mother and brothers. At length I mentioned my name and the mystery was explained. She kindly invited me to her house and I called next day and had a long chat about mutual friends. She was looking remarkably well. The evening I spent at Mr. M-s and it was decidedly slow. Spasmodic efforts at conversation still worse attempts at music, a very minute inspection of some pictures in which everyone *pretended* to be deeply interested formed the evening's amusement if amusement it could be called. Dr. Brock, Suther and Airey with myself were the party. Mrs. F. was a very quiet person of no conversation and with a very weak voice and retired early.<sup>5</sup>

I was to sleep at Mr. F-s so after the others had gone I concluded I was going to pitch into a hearty supper. However after waiting for some time Mr. F said in an enquiring tone, "Bye the bye, will you take some supper." I saw clearly by his manner that there was none prepared and as it was now 12 o'clock the servants were probably in bed, but a hungry stomach has no conscience so I promptly replied, that I should like to do a little in that way. I might mention that I had not seen anything to eat since entering the house about 6 p.m. and my last meal was in the middle of the day. Mr. F. accordingly set to work and having at length roused a servant, a bone with a little ham left on it some bread and a bottle of porter were produced and I sat down to my supper in which mine host would not join but contented himself with promising me roast duck and all sorts of luxuries for breakfast next morning which in a loud voice he ordered the servant to prepare at an early hour although he was well aware that I was going on board to breakfast. I must say that I was disgusted at there being no supper prepared and hence my impudence was fully justified as I had been asked to come and spend the evening 24 hours previously so it was not an unexpected pleasure that my society conferred on the establishment. At length I retired to my bed but alas! not to obtain much of that repose which I had hoped for. Those horrible pests the mosquitoes denied me that in spite of the liberal use of salad oil my host had supplied for the purpose and of which I availed myself freely, perfectly regardless of the bed-clothes, the appearance of which would probably not be improved by my greasy paws and face. I believe I could have slept in spite of their biting but the constant ringing buzz in one's ears all night completely prevented such a possibility. I rose early and admired my inflamed visage and having dressed immediately decamped, without seeing anyone but a servant. I returned on board and after breakfast again came on shore first to call on Mrs. Dear and afterwards to met Skead at Wasley's

5. That Mrs. Fairbridge was so quiet is not to be wondered at as she gave birth to a daughter a fortnight after this visit. She was a Miss Charlotte Beresford (b. 1832 d. 2 Jan. 1905).

Hotel and ride with him to the country to spend the day with some friends of his the Rice Smith's.<sup>6</sup>

Skead<sup>7</sup> is Admiralty Surveyor on the Cape Station and was proceeding with us to the Zambese to survey its mouth. He had borrowed two horses for our expedition. The one he rode was a beautiful and showy animal but unfortunately soon lamed owing to some old injury. Mine was a wiry tough beast with no great pretensions to beauty but a good one to go, in fact his owner in lending him said he had only one fault and that was that he was fond of running away. This I soon had an opportunity of proving for just after we had got out of town on a rough plain which abounded with holes and large stones, bushes etc. my horse set off as hard as could go. I soon found that it was useless to attempt to stop so I urged him on to his full speed thereby inducing the animal to believe he had really run away and he quickly became quite manageable and did not attempt to repeat the trick. After riding for a few miles over rough flat country we arrived at Mr. Rice-Smith's. Skead introduced me to the family consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Rice Smith and two daughters. Mr. Rice Smith is a good hearted good-natured Englishman from Devonshire I think. His wife is a jolly good-humoured plain and thrifty looking person. The daughters are pretty interesting looking girls well educated and ladylike. They were educated in England. The eldest was engaged to Seymour Fairbridge<sup>8</sup> and was to be married in a fortnight. The present Mrs. Smith is a second wife and is not the mother of the young ladies.

I was received most hospitably as Skead's friend and I soon saw he was a great favourite with them all. The early dinner party passed off admirably. How could it be otherwise when there was agreeable society, first rate fare, excellent cookery and no deficiency of appetite. After dinner Seymour Fairbridge arrived with a Mrs. Graham and Miss Perkins. They arrived on horseback all ready for a riding party which had been previously arranged. We all (i.e. the young people) then went out for a ride which if one may judge from the state of our spirits we much enjoyed. Mrs. Graham was a very jolly little person nice looking and agreeable and rides well. By the way I hardly expected that she would have been of our party owing to a little incident that occurred the day before in this way. While Skead and I were standing talking with Fairbridge in the street at Port Elizabeth and arranging the riding party that was to take place the following day, Fairbridge said he would ask Mrs. Graham to come as she rode well, had a good horse and was an agreeable person. The only difficulty is, he added, that old Graham<sup>9</sup>

6. Rice Smith, son of William Smith and Mary Susannah (née Trinder) of London. Owned Welcome Wood farm (near Sidbury) Dist. Albany. . Later settled at Cradock Place (near Port Elizabeth) where this day was to be spent by Brigstocke. See Note 2.

7. Frances Skead — Master R.N. (See Note 3).

8. Brother to William Fairbridge. (See Note 1)

9. Joseph Graham — merchant, Secretary of Port Elizabeth Trust Association and Manager of the Savings Bank.

is very jealous, as he not long ago brought his bride from England and there is a great disparity of years between them. I replied by all means persuade her to come and if Graham is jealous why, all the more fun. At that moment Fairbridge wished a gentleman good morning. This was Graham who was standing on a step immediately behind me. We all agreed he must have heard our remarks. Be that as it may however Mrs. Graham joined our riding party next day. Mr. Graham rode out to the Smith's to spend the evening. We passed the evening pleasantly with playing and singing the youngest Miss Smith (Lora)<sup>10</sup> Skead and I being the principal performers assisted by Seymour Fairbridge and Miss Smith when they were not employed on the verandah in that billing and cooing which appeared to form so important a part in the occupation of engaged people. About 10 p.m. we thought it advisable to leave as the ship was to sail early next morning. The night was dark and there was no good road to the town. As the Grahams lived on the way to the town we had the benefit of their guidance for some distance. I have rarely met people with whom on so short an acquaintance I have been so sorry to part, as Mr. and Mrs. Rice Smith and their charming daughters. The kind and generous but unobtrusive hospitality of the kind host and hostess and the ladylike and unaffected manners of their amiable daughters enabled one to pass one of the most pleasant days I have ever spent. After leaving Mr. Smith we rode in company with Mr. and Mrs. Graham until we arrived at their house where Mr. Graham politely asked us in and gave us directions for our route. We declined to alight not wishing to delay unnecessarily and wished them goodnight. Notwithstanding the copious directions given us we soon lost our road or rather track but as we could see the reflection of lights in the town we walked our horses groping our way through the darknesses best we might among the bushes, holes, stones, etc. on the plain before mentioned. As became the occasion Skead indulged in a little or rather I should say, a good deal of sentimental conversation in which he informed me confidentially that were he twenty years younger he should pay his attention to Lora Smith<sup>11</sup> and ended by enumerating the many attractive qualities of that young lady, the all of which I warmly acquieced. Between 11 and 12 p.m. we arrived at Wasley's Hotel. Next morning the 9th we rose about 4.30 a.m. had a bathe and went on board. That day we sailed for the Zambesee off the mouth of which we anchored on the 31st January."

## PART II

The second part of the journal is remarkable for its non-observance of the rules of punctuation. Paragraphs are non-existent and the fullstop appears only occasionally. The second part is contiguous with the first

10. Laura Rebecca Smith (5.6.1841-24.2.1922).

11. He actually married her the following year.

part, the division having been made at what appeared to be the logical place.

In the second part Brigstocke throws some light on the life led by the early explorers in Africa with their hardships and their attempts to ease their lot with certain "luxuries". Again, his powers of observation, no doubt heightened by his medical training, are apparent and his decided sense of humour appears at all times.

" . . . the Zambese of the mouth of which we anchored on the 31st January. By means of rockets we ascertained that Livingstone was awaiting our arrival and from the maintop we could see a couple of huts on shore. We were compelled to lay off the bar owing to the depth of water and its being a lee shore. Owing to the winds that prevailed we were unable to enter the River until the morning of the 4th February. About 8 a.m. on that day the Pioneer weighed anchor and having taken our surveying party and the missionaries on board and our second cutter and gig in tow steamed in for the river. We crossed the bar without accident and about 3 p.m. anchored in the river abreast of Livingstone's hut. There was one other hut there in which a Portuguese corporal and two privates were stationed to keep the Portuguese colours flying, this part of the coast belonging to that nation. On letting go the anchor we manned the rigging and gave three hearty cheers. Livingstone and his party (consisting of his brother, Dr. Kirk and a party of Makoloto's<sup>12</sup>) were on the beach anxiously waiting for the first boat to land bringing as it did their latest mails, parcels etc. The arrival of the little steamer was a source of great pleasure to Livingstone as it would enable him to prosecute his discoveries more efficiently. As soon as possible we (i.e. the surveying party) got all our gear on shore and having chosen the highest available point of ground proceeded to pitch our tent. This we gave up to our men the crews of the gig and cutter 16 in all, and made a tent for ourselves out of the lining of the men's tent.

Scudamore soon came on shore with his men and proceeded to pitch one of the missionary tents within a few yards of ours. We soon got our fire lit and cocoa boiled, and sat down to grub in which performance we all acquitted ourselves very creditably considering it was now about 6 p.m. and we had eaten nothing since 8 a.m. The missionary party were not so fortunate for being all inexperienced travellers and unaccustomed to roughing it they had forgotten to land their provisions and had no fire. When this discovery was made it was too late to remedy it for it was dark and our boats hauled up for the night, however we were able to supply them with everything necessary, namely cocoa, pork, biscuit and a bottle of brandy. Scudamore came and supped with us. We had all settled snugly for the night and arranged our tent in the most convenient manner when a tremendous shower of rain fell which quickly proved to us that the texture of our tent was too light for the rain which penetrated

in every direction. This however we remedied by spreading the boats sail over the weather side.

From this time there were four establishments on the banks of the river. First, there was Livingstone and his party before mentioned. Secondly, there was Scudamore and his men encamped close to us, Thirdly, there was the surveying party consisting of Skead (Admiralty Surveyor) Suther (Lt. R. M. A. HMS?) Shuckburgh (Lt. R.N. 'Sidon') and I with the boat crews, and lastly there was the Pioneer with May, Mellor and Waller (C of E missionary) on board. The latter preferring the ease and comfort of the little steamer's saloon to roughing it in a tent. On the morning of the 5th about 4.30 or 5 we were all up and performing our ablutions in the river. We were obliged to be cautious however and not venture in very far as alligators had been seen there a short time before and the water was so discoloured that it would be impossible to be aware of their presence until unpleasantly informed of it sans ceremonie. The water in the river here was drinkable but brackish. Our supply for drinking was obtained from some water standing among the rushes in a low bottom a short distance from our tent. This water became quite hot in the middle of the day which was to say the least of it decidedly unpleasant. Our tent being in so frail a nature we borrowed a proper tent from the Pioneer and after breakfast I set to work to pitch it. Skead and Suther were busy surveying all day. Having set up the tent and dug a trench around it assisted by one or two of the men I set to work to fit it up and arrange inside. In order to cool our water I slung a row of bottles enveloped in calico which was kept constantly wet and as each bottle was emptied it was immediately refilled. By these means we had constantly a supply of cold water. Having spread a lot of dry grass on the ground, had a rack made for the tumblers and arranged all the gear our tent looked rather snug. In the afternoon all our party were in the tent and Dr. Kirk having come up to see us were all laying down having a chat when we suddenly espied a very fair sized snake gliding along at the back of the tent. We all sprang up and the reptile was quickly dispatched. It proved to be a cobra di capello.<sup>13</sup> That evening we burnt all the bushes around our tent in order to avoid such unwelcome visits for the future. The same afternoon one of the men brought me a beautiful though small snake not more than 18 or 24 inches long. It was of a bright green colour and I fancy was a tree snake although it was killed in the water. It was of a poisonous nature. I endeavoured to preserve it in a bottle with strong brine but owing to the intense heat it rapidly decomposed. At daylight on the 6th Skead and Suther started in the cutter for a two days surveying expedition and I and Charles Livingstone took the gig and started on a shooting excursion. We were to cross the river to an island at some distance to reach which there was a passage between Pearl Island and a bank, which was not

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13. Hooded snake.

navigable at low water. When we arrived at this critical spot we soon saw as the tide was falling that the only chance was to jump out and drag the boat through as there was very little water. Our boat was manned by Makolotos and one man whom I had brought with me. No sooner said than done and in less than no time there we all were nearly stuck fast in the mud, boat and all. Finding it was quite impossible to get through we thought it advisable to endeavour to launch her back again and now there was considerable difficulty in doing this but fortunately for us we were not doomed to stand in the mud for some hours waiting for the assistance of the tide. Once more afloat we decided to proceed up the river to a different shooting ground. Just at this time it began to rain as it does only in the tropics but nevertheless we held on but at length Charles Livingstone not seeing the fun of it and the heavy rain continuing we were compelled to put back. Mellor was one of our party. Having landed, Mellor came up with me to our tent to breakfast and our costume during our repast if not graceful was at least simple consisting as it did of a blanket or railway rug. Of my only two flannel shirts and unmentionables one of each had been washed that morning and of course were not dry while the others had become rather damp while clothing my back and extremities. After our meal had been despatched I took my fowling piece and went for a stroll but did not see any game. On the following morning we again started for a shooting expedition. The party consisting of Charles Livingstone, Mellor, Waller, Scudamore, Geddy and I with one of our men and a couple of Makolotos in all 9 or 10. We started about five a.m. and landed at our shooting ground about 6 a.m. I was about to load one of the men with grub and liquor for the day but Livingstone considered it wholly unnecessary as he said we were not going far from the boat and should be back in two or three hours so I gave in to his opinion which I had reason to regret afterwards. We had a very day's work walking for six or eight hours under a summer tropical sun sometimes over burning sand, in long grass or by way of variety up to one's waist in water which was decidedly warm. The sensation of being alternately wet and baked was if not pleasing decidedly novel and fortunately none of us suffered any ill consequences. The greatest inconvenience was from sunburn and my wrists became so inflamed and the skin so tender that I could scarcely bear them to be touched. The end of our noses and lips too suffered. Livingstone too though a veteran in these climes had the skin burnt off his nose that day. As a shooting expedition our excursion was a failure. The game was very wild and our party too large and excitable. We saw plenty of Buck but at a great distance. I only got one shot and that at a distance of about 500 yards without effect. The only game bagged was a buck shot by C. Livingstone which made a delicious dish for us the next day. About noon C. Livingstone and I were detached from the rest of the party and I was in hopes of getting better luck but we walked and walked without sighting anything. At length I became very exhausted and



intensely thirsty but not a drop of drinkable water could I find. At length we reached a group of trees bearing a fruit somewhat resembling a green orange in appearance but having a hard rind which on being cracked reveals a pulpy interior with large black seeds. The fruit as Livingstone informed me may be sucked but the seeds are poisonous. I found the juice of an agreeable acid flavour and refreshing under the circumstances. Finding that I was getting knocked up by the heat and fatigue I parted company with C. Livingstone and retraced my steps to the boat which I reached about 3 p.m. having been absent about nine hours. I immediately set to work on the contents of our basket in which agreeable occupation I was soon joined by the rest of the party who all returned one after another in the course of half an hour. They all did ample justice to the grub and then we started for our camp where we arrived safely in spite of the fearful timidity of one of our party (Waller) who saw in every little ripple of the surf that was going to swamp us and was quite angry with me because I coolly occupied in skinning the buck and would manage the boat in my own way. The game was divided between the party in the tents and the party messing on board the little steamer that being the rule of the chase. I was not sorry when I got back to our tent and being very tired turned in early. The next day we took it easy and dined at 12 o'clock on our venison which was delicious. Our appetites then certainly stood severe tests for about 11 a.m. Dr. Kirk had brought over to our tent a huge Scotch cake which had been sent him from home. All the residents were immediately assembled and having furnished some marmalade from our stores and provided an ample supply of gin and water we all sat in a ring and freely discussed the merits of the cake after its long voyage its digestion being assisted by the liquor before mentioned. The way this too was served out was rather amusing. We had a large kettle half filled with water and then about a bottle of 'Old Tom' was emptied into it. It was then served out with a soup ladle, every one providing himself with a tumbler or in wanting of that with a tin vessel of some description or other, generally an empty preserved meat pot excepting one who had charge of the kettle and helped himself with the soup ladle. In the afternoon we discovered a boat making her way into the river over the bar. It proved to be Commander Oldfield of H.M.S. 'Lyre' in his gig bringing in Bishop Mackenzie and his chaplain but he brought besides a very welcome basket to our encampment containing a meat pie and some bottled ale. We all turned out to welcome the Bishop and party who at once took up their quarters on board the little steamer. The next morning Oldfield returned to his ship.

Saturday Feby 9th/61. The great occurrence of this day was a supper we gave in the evening to Dr. Livingstone, his brother and 'Kirk'. We gave an invite to Waller & Scudamore also but the former did not attend as he got under his mosquito curtains too early and did not like to turn out. We made great preparations for the occasion. The tent was swept up and set in order, the loose grass on the ground shaken up,

our plates and glasses marshalled in array, preserved meat pots opened in readiness and a railway rug folded on the arm chest as a state seat for the great man. Our supper consisted of potted salmon, bloaters and oysters, biscuits, marmalade and the remains of Dr. Kirk's cake. Our liquors were port, sherry, a light Cape wine, and spirits consisting of brandy, gin and rum. We had lemonade too. Not a bad turn out for the banks of the Zambese. The old Dr. seemed to enjoy himself and pitched in no end, in fact we were rather amused at the appetite of himself and party as they had dined on board the little steamer at 7 p.m. and it was now only 9 p.m. but as we found out afterwards their mess was horribly managed. After a very sociable evening our guests left and we lay down but not to sleep for the mosquitos put such an idea out of the question. It was quite a pleasure when day broke and relieved us of these tormentors and we all got up and had a bathe.

Sunday Feby 10th. After we had finished our breakfast consisting of grilled pork, biscuit and some birds that I had shot, we received a message that divine service would be performed on board the little steamer at 11 o'clock. We accordingly tried to make ourselves look as respectable as possible but in spite of all my efforts I must have been a queer figure for my dress was not exactly a Sunday suit. I had a week's growth of beard, my hair was cropped close to my head and I took a pair of flannel trousers, a flannel shirt, a pair of heavy shooting boots an old wide awake with the brim slouched down and a remarkable looking (duck) shooting coat. The garment was a mass of pockets and due allowance not having been made for shrinking in washing, my movements were somewhat limited and my hands and arms appeared to be pushed much too far through the sleeves. Round my waist was a belt in which stuck a small dagger and supported a cap pouch &c. Such was my complete rig when I stepped on board the little 'Pioneer' where we found the officers and men all dressed in their best and Bishop Mackensie & his chaplain in full canonicals. The contrast was striking. After service we returned on shore and dined. After dinner a party of us set out in the cutter on surveying duties. Skead, Suther, Dr. Kirk, I and the boat's crew formed the party while Shuckburgh with the gig's crew remained to take (care) of the encampment. We arrived that evening off one of the mouths of the river just south of Parkin's Post Bluff and encamped for the night at the extremity of a beautiful plain skirted on both sides with wood. We saw deer grazing in the distance but they were too shy to allow us to get within shot. Our tent was made of the boat's sails stretched over oars and the men occupied one and while we had the other. After a chat we made a good supper off the pie that Oldfield brought us the day before and then began to think about sleep. Easier said than done for the mosquitos fairly drove us out of the tent so spreading a sail on the sand outside and rolling up in our rugs we prepared for a nap in the open air. It was long before the din of the troublesome insects almost worse than their bites would allow us to

sleep and soon after I had succeeded I was aroused by a loud noise between a grunt and a snort quite close by. I roused up 'Kirk' who said it was an hippopotamus and sure enough in the darkness I saw a huge dark mass moving slowly away towards the water. A loaded rifle lay by and I was just going to have a shot but considering that the men were all about the beach and the bullet might wound them but was not at all likely to hurt the animal I gave up the idea."

The Journal ends abruptly at this point. No further notes have been found.

J. B. Scott.

## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

### 1. Fairbridge Family

The first of the family to arrive in South Africa was *James William Fairbridge, M.D.* who arrived in Cape Town with his wife, Sarah (né *Armstrong*) on 25th March, 1824. He was appointed District Surgeon of Uitenhage and Physician to the Cape District in 1826. He died in Uitenhage on 22nd October, 1845.

Nine children were born in South Africa, the best known of whom was *Charles Aken Fairbridge, M.P.* (22nd May, 1824 to 4th July, 1893) whose collection of over 15,000 volumes is now part of the S.A. Public Library. He was President of the Cape Law Society, Admiralty Proctor (1861), Queen's Proctor, Trustee of the S.A. Public Library and the Grey Collection of books and MSS etc., Trustee of the S.A. Museum, Chairman of the Colonial Orphan Chamber and the device of the Coat of Arms for the Cape Colony was entrusted to him in 1875.

Two other sons were those mentioned in the journal, viz.:—

(a) *William Alexander Fairbridge* (4th May 1832—1st October, 1865) married *Charlotte Beresford* 11th July, 1855. His son *William Ernest Fairbridge* (1863-1942) founded and edited first Rhodesian newspaper *The Rhodesian Herald* and *The Bulawayo Chronicle* and was first Mayor of Salisbury. He later became General Manager, Argus Newspapers Co. and then Managing Director of the *Cape Argus*. He compiled *South African Encyclopaedia of Events*.

(b) *Frances Seymour Fairbridge* (16th May 1836—3rd September, 1877). Senior partner of Fairbridge & Pettit, Customs House and Shipping Agents and Share Brokers in Port Elizabeth. They were also compilers of *The Morning Advertiser and Port Elizabeth Shipping Gazette* (1864). He was a Councillor of the Port Elizabeth Municipality (1864). His son *Rhys Seymour Fairbridge* (1861-?) was Government Land Surveyor, Cape Colony, 1883 and Mashonaland (1891). Served in 1st Matabele War (1893), Mashona Rising (1896) and World War I. A grandson was *Kingsley Ogilvie Fairbridge*, a Rhodesian pioneer and author. He founded the Fairbridge Farm Schools.

### 2. Smith Family

*William Smith* (1802-1853) arrived in Algoa Bay on the *Maria* 15th April, 1836 with his brother *Joseph Smith* (1805-1853). They founded W. & J. Smith, General Merchants and Wool Brokers. William was the first Mayor of Port Elizabeth (1861). His mother's family name of *Trinder* is perpetuated in Trinder Square, Port Eyizabeth.

*Rice Smith* (1810-1870) followed his brothers on 27th March, 1837 when he arrived on the *General Kyd* with his wife Martha (née Hill (1814-1834)). He started sheep farming at Welcome Wood Farm, Dist. Albany, being a pioneer breeder of merino sheep. He finally settled at Cradock Place (near Port Elizabeth). There were five children of his marriage to Martha and none of his second marriage to Ann, who was apparently some ten years his senior.

### 3. *Skead Family*

*Frances Skead* (9th April, 1823—11th October, 1891), 13th child (of a family of 18) of Thomas Skead, a veteran of Trafalgar and Jennefer Eyre Smart. Entered Royal Navy in 1838 at age of 15 years. He served in China and East Indies 1841-1845, the Cape of Good Hope 1848-1849. He was a member of a Polar Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin (14th December 1849—24th May 1855) spending three winters in the ice. From 1856 tot 1865 he was at the Cape, surveying the coast. In 1858 he joined the David Livingstone Expedition to the Zambesi in H.M.S. *Pearl* and surveyed the Luawe and Lower Sambesi Rivers. His knowledge of landing through surf was put at Livingstone's disposal. He retired as Staff Commander and was appointed Port Captain, Algoa Bay 1865. He went on pension due to "ill health and approaching years in 1889, He was instrumental in development and building of Cape St. Francis lighthouse.

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