

Captain Allen F. Gardiner

Unpublished Manuscript: A Memoir by his wife, written for his grandson.

MY DEAR ALLEN,

Some years have now passed, since you expressed a wish that I should write some personal recollections of the Grandfather whose names you bear. Again and again have I made the attempt, when my narrative has resolved itself into a record of travelling adventure during the years when we were all together, a small family party, roaming over the world; interesting enough for me to write but too long for you to read, and after all comprising only six of the 15 in which we were united, or of the 57 to which his life extended.

I am now again attempting to give you a sketch of his life and character as I knew him and hope to add in another book, long extracts from the private letters, which his own children considered ought to have been published in the memoir which was presented to the world in 1853. That this was not done, was merely due to the necessity of reducing the book to a saleable size and price.

Your Grandfather was of mature age before I became acquainted with him, and his impetuous youth had been toned down and his naturally hasty temper held under restraint. He was about 5 feet 10 inches in height, strongly built (he used to say he had not an ounce of superfluous flesh on his frame) but being muscular he did not look thin. His hair was very soft and curled all over his head — I do not think he used a hairbrush, but constantly rubbed his head with a wet sponge. Some young men thought his appearance more that of a soldier than a sailor, because of his firm step and upright carriage. The expression of his face in repose was stern, but there was a glance of the eye and a ready smile which betokened latent fun, and his children were never afraid of him. The stories which he told for their amusement were endless and when asked what they were to do in Africa he romanced so freely, that my matter of fact mind was startled and afraid that they would be disappointed at the reality of things — But my fears were groundless, they listened entranced, but impossible projects did them no more harm than fairy tales.

He retained to the last a deep interest in his profession, and if war had broken out during our wanderings, would have returned home without loss of time to place his services at the disposal of the Government. But as nothing occurred to prevent him from employing his time as he chose, his leave of absence was renewed from year to year, and of course his half pay was received in due course.

So all the qualities which so eminently fitted him for an explorer, were dedicated to the service of God, as a pioneer of missions: viz. his knowledge of men, his experience of travel, his undaunted courage, his patient perseverance, his disregard of hardship, his readiness at every sort of contrivance, his independence of all the conventionalities of life while readily resuming all social customs on his return to civilized life. His father-in-law Mr. Reade (who could hardly conceive of a man being comfortable in any dwelling less substantial than a brick house, and who therefore rebuilt most of the cottages on his estate of

brick) used to say of him 'Look at Allen, he goes to unheard of places, lives in a Zulu hut, then comes home, changes his coat, and looks as if nothing had happened'.

On our first voyage he was much occupied in preparation for our future life in the wilds, making interminable lists of things to be procured at Cape Town in the way of stores and furniture which included glazed windows for a projected house, doors for the same, also tiles for the floor, which he thought more suitable than planks, a few chairs and tables, saucepans and kettles, casks of meal, sago, rice, sugar, salt, olive oil etc. We had afterwards to send for fine flour and cheese which had been omitted, not from forgetfulness, but because they were considered useless or unwholesome! He had provided and brought from England a complete dinner and tea set of Britannia metal— plain low bedsteads and mattresses we had with us, etc. etc.

Another occupation he had, which was drawing out illustrated plans for setting the natives to work, at making rope of the wild hemp of the country and houses with mud walls, etc.

Then he had provided a store of Scotch Tartan, to be made into what he called kilts, a short kind of petticoat reaching from the waist to the knee for the black men's wear, numbers of which were made up on the voyage by the wife and sister of the Rev. Francis Owen, missionary from the C.M.S. who accompanied us. (These three remained our dear friends as long as they lived). I and little Julia also employed our needles in the same way. That dear little girl was several years older than her brothers and sisters and our one sorrow on the voyage and subsequent journey, was that of observing her declining health. After a healthy childhood, she had measles at school, and never recovered tone. Her Grandmother, Mrs. Reade, would have liked to keep her in England, but it was fondly hoped that the sea voyage might restore her to health, moreover she was keen for a life of adventure, and her father wished to have all his children about him. We took advice for her at Cape Town, again at Genadenthal where there was an English physician, also at Graham's Town, but nothing did her any good, and she gradually faded away from sheer distaste for food, and died before we reached Natal. She was a very happy child, and wrote the most lively accounts of everything that happened. In the last few weeks of her life, her natural sweetness and charm were enhanced by Divine grace and she learned to love and trust her Saviour with her whole heart. The day after we landed at Natal her dear little body was committed to the grave at Berea.

On your Grandfather's former visit to Natal and Zululand, he had much conversation with each of the few settlers who were living there for many years before the colony was formed. He learned from them that the Zulu refugees who peopled the country were fond of attaching themselves to some one white man as their chief. Any who were entrusted with a gun wherewith to shoot elephants, willingly brought the ivory to the owner of the gun contenting themselves with the flesh for food and the importance which was given by the possession of such a weapon.

Having ascertained that no objection would be raised to himself in like manner posing as a chief, and adopting as his clan any volunteers, he was sanguine in his hope of being able to govern them for their good and to teach them the truths of Christianity. His people were to be called the 'Clomanthleen' (or the Clothed) as no one was to be allowed to go naked. So you will perceive that his plans were far reaching, and might well be engrossing.

Our landing at Cape Town, our removal to Rondebosch, the children's delight in the common and the flowers, our trips to Wynberg and Constantia, all these must be omitted. But I must just say that the first missionary meeting connected with the Church of England ever held at Cape Town took place on that occasion, the Governor taking the chair, officers and clergy on the platform and your Grandfather the chief speaker. The same thing happened afterwards at Graham's Town only without the Governor.

The colony being originally Dutch, and the majority of the colonists being still Dutch, in some measure explains though it does not excuse this backwardness of the Church of England. The first Missionary Stations within the colony were Moravians: then came the London Missionary Society, then the Wesleyans, then the French Protestants. A party of American missionaries arrived at Natal just in time to have a conference with your Grandfather when he was leaving in 1835 and when we arrived in 1837, we found them fully established and very excellent missionaries they proved to be. The Moravians win favour with every one, even with those who do not really desire the conversion of the natives to Christianity. And for these two reasons, first they never interfered in politics, which some others were supposed to do, and next they taught their converts a trade.

To return.

After settling us at Rondebosch, your Grandfather went in daily to Cape Town to make necessary purchases and arrangements. In process of time the stores were all purchased and sent on board the brig *Skerne*, which was chartered for the purpose, and was to pick us up at Port Elizabeth, Algoa Bay.

Your grandfather's former journeys in the colony had been made on horseback, but he was well acquainted with the African wagon, and considered it well adapted to the country. So he had one built for our journey from Cape Town to Port Elizabeth, with a view to its subsequent use at Natal. But he added a double tilt, the better to protect us from the sun, and had each of the four seats slung on springs, to make up as far as might be, for the impossibility of putting the wagon itself on springs; the inequality of the roads, and the absence of bridges forming insuperable impediments. Ten horses were required to draw this ponderous vehicle. But the colonial wagon drivers were equal to the occasion, and we traversed the colony successfully; spending the nights in general at the farm houses, and sharing the family meals; at moderate charges. The horses were hired from farm to farm. We stayed at the Moravian mission station at Genadenthal for Easter, and enjoyed the few days rest and converse much. We crossed the Hottentot Holland range of mountains by the Franchehoek pass on this occasion and by Sir Lowry Coles pass another time, the scenery there was magnificent, but the general impression of our route was that of fertility and space rather than of special beauty.

We made a little stay at Graham's Town and again at Port Elizabeth whence we sailed for Natal, hovered about the Port till a high tide enabled us to cross the bar, were met by a wagon on shore and conveyed at once to Berea. There we staid in a house built by your Grandfather two years before, while he matured his plans. Very soon his former servants found him out, and introduced others. The names I recollect are Umpondombani Umkonto Nombamba, Sinda and Jurdi, also Konda. Altogether about 40 families agreed to accept your Grandfather as their chief and to follow him to a place which he was to select; there to build their houses and to sow their corn. He wished to be some few miles from Natal, so as to give the freer scope for his efforts for the people's good and



'Zulu Procession before Dingane'. Engraving from Jesse Page's life of Gardiner.

and Captain Smyley says that the two captains who accompanied him cried like children at the sight.

A gale came up suddenly, and it was with difficulty they were able to get back to the *John Davison*, having secured what they could of the relics of the

- 4 *Thursday* - There is now no room to doubt that my dear fellow Labourer has ceased from his earthly toils & joined the company of the redeemed in the presence of the Lord whom he served so faithfully - Under these circumstances it was a merciful providence that he left the boat as I could not have removed the body - He left a little peppermint water which he had mixed, & it had been a great comfort to me, but there was no other to drink - Fearing that I might suffer from thirst, I prayed that the Lord would strengthen me to procure some - He graciously answered my petition & yesterday I was enabled to get out & scoop up a sufficient supply from some that trickled down at the stern of the boat by means of one of my indian rubber overshoes - What continued mercies am I receiving at the hands of my heavenly Father! Praise be his holy name -
- 5 *Friday* - Great & marvellous are the loving kindnesses of my gracious God unto me - He has preserved me hitherto & for 4 days, although without bodily food, without any feeling of hunger or thirst -

FACSIMILE OF PORTION OF MANUSCRIPT FOUND ON THE BEACH.

dead. They then returned with all speed to Monte Video, to carry the terrible news. Then came the English war-ship *Dido*, unaware that the sad discovery had been made. The coast was eagerly scanned for any sign of life, and cannons fired amid the solitudes, as signals of coming relief. At last, on a boat being



Engraving: 'The Death of Captain Allen Gardiner' (from an original drawing by Lancelot Speed)
From: *Captain Allen Gardiner, Sailor and Saint. Africa — Brazil — Patagonia* by Jesse Page: London: S. W. Partridge & Co., 8 and 9, Paternoster Row
(1888).

judged it well to be between Natal and the Zulu boundary, with the hope of perpetuating the influence which he had previously acquired over the Zulu king.

All this came to pass. We started with two wagons and a tent, our Leader riding ahead, and we following, sometimes to the sound of his bugle. We outspanned the first night on the bank of the Umslutie, and the next day reached the selected spot on a hill above the Untongata. One incident I must mention because it is characteristic of the position. Our wagon driver came to me, saying 'What are we to do, madam? Master is blowing the horn, but there is no road.' So I got out, looked about me, got in again, and said 'Consult Mr. Cane'. He was the owner of the other wagon, and accustomed to the country. Very soon, he and his wagon and oxen were ploughing their way through the brushwood, and we followed in their track.

Our establishment consisted of a Dutchman as cook, a colonial born Englishman as wagon driver and interpreter, a young English nursery maid who had come with us from England, divers black boys to look after the cattle and obey orders and soon two young black maids to be trained as housemaids and laundresses. Thomas Verity the interpreter was a respectable youth who with several others had been sent by Government into Kafir land to learn the language colloquially. When recalled he earned his living as a wagon driver till we required him in the double capacity.

We lived for a month in tent and wagon. Eventually several houses were got up of various kinds, the first built by natives in their own style but with divers alterations directed by your grandfather, then a wooden one by an English carpenter, a granary raised on poles to keep the contents from the rats — also other small erections for stores or visitors — for we had visitors: now and then a missionary going to Natal or returning, once or twice a passing traveller, who asked for some bread for his next days journey, or some Zulu with a message from Dingarn.

Without waiting for these buildings, it was necessary for your Grandfather to visit Dingarn, and of course he was accompanied by the interpreters. Fancy our loneliness! But we had no tangible fears, no wild beasts, or wild men came to scare us, two or three women would come peeping into the tent to look at the white woman but the men kept their distance.

My two children gave me constant employment. Luckily they liked their lessons, and appreciated all my efforts for their amusement.

As soon as the travellers returned your Grandfather adopted a system for instructing the men, which was to assemble them every morning, and through the interpreter teach some one Christian fact or doctrine, recapitulating on certain days and asking questions. They were manifestly interested, but we were not advanced enough to take the women in hand. They were the cultivators of the soil, and were very patient and industrious. The study of the language was also steadily attended to. Long vocabularies were written at Verity's dictation but as he was quite illiterate he could not dissect a sentence, though he could give phrase for phrase. He could tell you what to say for which is the way or where are you going, but could not tell which word stood for where or way or going. Then in his anxiety to have the true Zulu idiom your G. F. invented another plan, he would have one or two boys with the interpreter, and desire each in turn to say something which we wrote down and Verity translated. Many of the African languages are cognate, and the one Verity had mastered was not Zulu, but sufficiently near for practical purposes.

The natives worked willingly at buildings and fences — and were well satisfied with the coloured blankets they received as pay, in addition to an occasional ox which was slaughtered for their benefit. But there was a howl of dismay when it was announced that in future only two or three men were needed for work, and they would be paid according to a fixed scale. No, their chief must not pay them; they would work for him willingly, but they would like him to give them food and occasional presents, at his pleasure. However, they had to be talked over, as this comfortable free and easy method of share and share alike was too expensive for a continuance.

(Meantime your Grandfather wrote to influential friends in England, and money was freely subscribed to help him, which all had to be given back, as we had left Africa for ever, before we heard anything about the effort which was made on his behalf.)

Our friend Mr. Owen with his wife and sister staid some days with us on their way to Zululand which was a great pleasure — we received them again when Dingarn's savage conduct led to their leaving the country. But for some time everything promised fair.

Still, knowing Dingarn to be a capricious despot your Grandfather thought it well to make our little establishment into a tiny fortress, by throwing up earthworks all round with a trench outside and placing two small cannon in position, so as to keep off (for a time) an enemy who had no firearms. Another of his contrivances was the kitchen chimney. Our settlement being on the summit of a hill, he caused an excavation to be made which resulted in three earth walls, the fourth was made of planks and a door, the chimney was in the highest wall and there was a sloping roof.

Our food was porridge, milk, Indian corn cakes, occasional vegetables, and meat whenever we slaughtered an ox. To make our meat last longer, an experiment was tried which answered perfectly, viz. to cut some meat into slices and dry it in the sun. This was in imitation of what the sailors of the South American squadron called 'jerked beef' and the Chilenos 'Charqui' — It made very good stews.

We lived in this way for several months and your Grandfather was even talking of making a picnic expedition for us all, by way of variety, when the disastrous news reached us which changed the whole aspect of affairs. Knowing ourselves to be so unprotected it might be surprising that neither the servants nor I apprehended danger. I suppose our confidence in our Leader was one thing, and for myself, I had been brought up with the belief that it was right to encounter such risks in missionary work, and to trust that the same merciful protection might be granted to us, as was experienced by the missionaries in New Zealand.

We were said to be in the heart of the hunting country, but the wild beasts kept their distance. We once saw a family of elephants crossing a neighbouring hill. Another time a hippopotamus was taking his bath in the sea, when we arrived there with wagon, oxen and attendants for a similar purpose. Not that any one was literally to bathe in the sea, the thought of alligators and sharks was too dreadful but we brought a big tub, looked out for a sheltered place, had it filled by a black attendant and then the children were duly dipped. One night a hyena was heard to howl and another time it was supposed that a panther had scared the cattle for they all managed to leap from the cattlefold and it took the boys half the day to recover them.

Among our visitors were two of the emigrant Boers. They had been to see

Dingarn and to negotiate with him for his sanction to their occupying a tract of land which lay between the Quathlamba and the Indian ocean, south of the Tugela, which he had made his own boundary. (This was the identical tract which Dingarn had 2 years before offered to your Grandfather and which he had in vain endeavoured to persuade our Government to colonize). These Boers said the king had been most friendly, but that they were to come again with a larger number of men and that then the agreement should be formally notified. Little did they or we know what that meant.

They came again, a party of 60, were received as before. Zulu dances were exhibited. The Boers were invited to dance in return and executed a sham fight, were to have a final interview in the morning, and when seated another Zulu dance was announced, during which the guests were surrounded and at a given signal speared. . .

Some boys who were in attendance fled with the terrible news to the encampment, and by this timely warning, further slaughter was prevented. The Zulu army was in hot pursuit but found them prepared. Dingarn sent contradictory messages to your Grandfather, one was to the effect that he had killed the Boers, because they were coming to kill him, and that he should shortly march to Natal and recall his runaways; then another message, that he was fighting with the Dutch only, and not with the English.

We staid at Hambanarti as our place was named, till the American missionaries as well as the Owens, had left Zululand, calling on us by the way, and signifying that as Dingarn had involved himself in a war with the Dutch, it was no longer safe for white men to remain in his country. It was evident that his professions of friendship were not to be relied on. The next thing we heard was that the English at Natal had armed their retainers and marched to the assistance of the Boers.

We then in our turn retired to Berea and from thence to Natal, where we encamped and found ourselves in good company, all the missionary families being there. There was a brig in the bay called the *Mary*, and when she was ready for sea we all went in her to the Colony: Mr. Lindley one of the Americans alone remaining in the hopes of being allowed to minister to the Boers. Every one took it for granted that the Dutch would subdue the Zulu and settle down as lords of the land.

Your Grandfather felt that the ground was swept away from under him — that the Dutch would never tolerate such an establishment as his, in their very midst or in their immediate neighbourhood. For he knew well that the migration of the Boers from the colony and their dis-satisfaction with the British Government proceeded from two causes — first that the British insisted on freeing the Hottentots whom the Boers had enslaved and second, that the British were opposed to the system of reprisals which had hitherto found favour with the farmers: for as was to be expected the Kafirs would occasionally make a raid upon the neighbouring farmers and drive away their cattle. Then from time to time the farmers would band themselves together in what they called a 'com-mando', and with their retainers march into Kafir land, and in their turn drive off some cattle, shooting any one who opposed them.

You may well imagine how inexpressibly painful it was for him to give up his cherished plans, and leave the people in whom he took so deep an interest, and some of whom had attached themselves so warmly to him. But it was not possible for him to rest without an object, nor could he imagine it possible to begin the work again under Dutch sway. He heard also that several of his people had

joined the local army so hastily got up and fallen in an encounter with the Zulus.

Under these circumstances his elastic mind reverted (as you know) to his old interest in the Indians of South America, particularly the Araucanians who maintained their independence on the frontiers of Chili, and next to them, the Indians of the Pampas who still waged war as occasion favoured them against the various Spanish Republics, which had sprung from the Spanish Colonies. (One cannot name this fact, without contrasting these Republics with the great nation which had its origin in a British Colony).

We left Port Natal on March 26, 1838, arrived at Port Elizabeth in four days, once more traversed the colony from Algoa Bay to Table Bay took ship there, and were at Rio Janeiro on June 22 — your Grandfather ransacking his memory for Spanish words all the voyage, and teaching them to me. He could not get hold of a Spanish book till we reached the continent, and then they were often translated from English and printed in London, so that he distrusted the idiom.

He was well acquainted with Rio Janeiro considering it one of the finest harbours in the world, only to be compared in size and scenery, with Trincomalee in Ceylon, the Bay of Naples, and Sydney Harbour in New South Wales. He pointed out the Sugar Loaf, the Corcovado and at the head of the harbour the range of the Organ mountains.

We put up at Pharoux' French Hotel and felt ourselves in luxury. It took several days to get our luggage through the customs house before which time our passage was secured to Buenos Ayres where we arrived on July 27, 1838.

Your Grandfather got much information at Rio from an American missionary, Mr. Dempster I think, and from Mr. Dafrugas a Guernsey man who represented the firm of Boardman & Co. to whom we had a letter of credit. At Buenos Ayres in the same way from Mr. Lyne, or as he was called there Don Ricardo, also from Mr. Armstrong the clergyman with whom we became fast friends. From all these sources he satisfied himself that his best hope of getting at the (so called) Indians was on the southern frontier of Chili beyond the Biobio but that there was a chance of his being able to visit a tribe who lived among the mountains at a moderate distance from Mendoza. So to Mendoza we went, with the double object of improving ourselves in Spanish, and of ascertaining the whereabouts and condition of these people if possible. The same difficulty existed there as on the east coast, viz. war to the knife, between Spaniard and Indian: a cessation of hostilities from time to time but no peace or friendliness. So we staid there till the winter was over, and the pass open for crossing the Cordillera into Chili, during which detention, all the Spanish Bibles, Testaments and Tracts we had with us, were given away and gladly received though not one was parted with, without the power of reading on the part of the recipient being tested. A handsome letter of thanks also was received from the schoolmaster for the books given to his pupils, which was the more gratifying as he was a Priest. I must mention a few particulars about these journeys, though I am trying to avoid getting into a long narrative. The Pampas were traversed in a Galera, bought for the purpose, large enough to give us sleeping accommodation if desired but we generally found it best to have our own mattresses and bedding taken into the Post house which always furnished catres, viz. low bedsteads formed of a framework of wood connected by strips of hide. We had a Courier whose business was to precede us to each post house, and order horses for the next stage. We had chocolate for breakfast made Spanish fashion in a proper

chocolatera and Paraguay herb, alias 'Mate', made tea fashion for tea, bread and milk were always to be had, butter and condiments we did without. Every evening we had a fowl stewed, and ate it cold the next day. The courier and the peones as the postilions were called, were most picturesque objects, with their flowing ponchos and fringed botinas and wide hats or pointed caps. We had five horses, each of which was hooked by his rider to the poles of the carriage. Thus far we followed the customs of the country. Crossing the mountains wanted more contrivance, and your Grandfather's ingenuity found scope for exercise. The usual way of carrying a child was for a man to place him on a pillow in front of him as he sat on his horse. This was not to be permitted, so panniers were made, each being a sort of long box made of a framework of wood covered with hides and lined with some of the wagon cushions which your Grandfather's prudence had brought from Africa. All our baggage had to be restowed in hide trunks of the country the proper size for conveyance on pack saddles. The panniers answered perfectly and with a few small books and toys the children were quite happy, and able to change their posture whenever they liked.

Another contrivance of his did not find so much favour, though it answered the purpose for the time being. By it the panniers were converted into palanquins one for the children and one for me. But this was only required while traversing the snow at the top of the pass. It was very early in the season, and the snow still lay for a few miles — which made that portion of the route impassable for animals — an agreement had therefore been made for another set of mules to meet us on the other side and men to carry the things across. So few men came, that the luggage had to be fetched in relays and we spent the night in a Rest house on the Cumbre. These rest houses are very strongly built, a solid mass of brick raises the floor some 8 or 10 feet above the ground, the roof is arched inside and sharply sloped outside, evidently calculated to encourage the snow to fall off, but able to support an accumulation if necessary. It was the 12th October when we left Mendoza, and we arrived at Santiago on the 23rd, having actually travelled nine days for we rested two Sundays, one before beginning the actual ascent, the other after we had once more descended into the plain. I must admit, that a great part of the journey was too sublime for me, the vastness and grandeur were overpowering, some sign of the presence of man or beast would have been a relief. After we had passed the Cumbre, the views were much more varied and beautiful and I was able to appreciate them.

We stayed ten days at Santiago, and had a good deal of conversation with Mr. Caldcleugh, a gentleman who was engaged in some mining business and who happened to be at the same hotel with ourselves. We left Santiago on the 3rd of November and got to Concepcion on the 23rd. In the course of the following month your Grandfather made two reconnoitering journeys and was much pleased with his intercourse with the chiefs particularly Corbalan, but as he could not get permission to reside among them for more than a few weeks we went thence by sea to Valdivia where a similar experience awaited him. He took us inland as far as Arique by boat, and beyond that to Quindulca on horseback where he left us for a few days. But all was in vain. As a visitor he might go where he liked but as a resident, nowhere. He ascertained that a knowledge of the Chilidugu language might have been a passport to him, but thought himself too old to begin upon that. Also he could not make up his mind to go such a slow way to work as to live within the confines of Chili and visit the people across the border till they got used to him and ceased to regard him as a stranger.

Probably if he had done so, the Romish missionaries would have interfered — for there came a time when a friar was heard to boast that he had sent him away from one place, and intended to prevent him from going to another.

Anyway we left Valdivia and got to Valparaiso on the 2nd of March, after making most pertinacious researches in every direction as you may read in his book "The Indians of Chile". I should not have been sorry if he had then taken up Bible and Tract distribution — so many people could read, and there were so few books, and he so much regretted that the Bible Society had no agent in the whole continent. But he did not look at this in the same light and considered his own life as dedicated to God's work among those of the heathen nations to whom He was yet an unknown God.

So it was soon decided that we were to make for New Guinea, and we proceeded by way of Sydney, Timor and Amboyna and Ternate, in an ineffectual endeavour to reach that country. A year was thus occupied, which gave us full experience of life in the tropics and then we found ourselves back in South America.

Wherever he was, your Grandfather was the same man, keeping his main object steadily before him, bent upon losing no time but getting on from place to place as fast as circumstances allowed getting information on all hands, from every one with whom he got acquainted.

It is right to say though you would assume it, that he was all along a most diligent student of scripture and abounded in prayer. We had our daily prayer, and on Sundays our morning and evening services, whether there was any one to join with us or not. Then when any plan was in abeyance or any fresh project to be entered upon, he would call me aside to kneel beside him while he implored the Divine blessing and guidance. Sometimes I was afraid of the discourses being rather too long for the children's attention, but of course did not hint that to them and they always behaved perfectly which I think quite in accordance with child nature. Children are keen sighted and in any rank (as far as my experience goes) will behave in the way they feel is expected of them. If they know that you think the church service too long for them or that they cannot be expected to sit still at prayers they gladly indulge their natural restlessness. But there is much heroism about them, if you encourage self command instead of teaching self indulgence.

So much for my theories.

It was about this time that a plan was started for adding to the children's stores of knowledge in an original and interesting way, thus: The father and children were to commence a correspondence. Each was to ask a question and to answer one. The letters were to be placed in an amateur letterbag, labelled Postoffice, generally placed stealthily and discovered triumphantly. Many of the youthful questions showed observing minds readily interested in general knowledge. We had also various games — one was called only Describing things, and began 'I have thought of something'. Another was called Earth, air and water. But their great delight was in pet animals or birds. Of these we had a succession — dogs, cats, parrots and goats, afterwards in England — dormice, squirrel, pigeons and once a kestrel hawk.

I must give some incidents of our experiences in the east, before going back to the western hemisphere.

The islands are very picturesque, and except at the monsoons, the water is so smooth as to make sailing about very pleasant, for which reason you are not

allowed to drive nails into the deck in order to fix your boxes in their places. An earthquake had just destroyed the Town at Ternate when we arrived. The Government house and the jail were among those which were levelled to the ground, but we had no difficulty in engaging one made of palm branches. The Dutch allow of no gold or silver coins to be used in these islands — all payments have to be made in copper. It took 3 men to bring £5 worth of copper coins from the Bank. Bread is not generally to be procured. Rice is the staff of life — varied with poultry, sago, fruit and vegetables also much curry. Malay is the language of trade and travel, taught by law in the schools — many of the islands having a special language of their own, into which certain Dutch missionaries have found it expedient to translate portions of the Scripture. There are few if any hotels, but you easily get a house with a few necessary articles of furniture, such as bedsteads, chairs and tables. As we were only to stay two days at Manado in Celebes, preparatory to ascending to an elevated plain the Resident, as the Chief Magistrate is called, kindly invited us. As everybody naps in the hottest part of the day, the arrangements for meals are peculiar sometimes the principal meals are at 10 in the morning and 10 at night. At one place they were at midday and midnight. In the interim you can have coffee or fruit or Tamarind water. We made the acquaintance of some excellent German missionaries in Celebes. They came I think from Berlin, went to Rotterdam and were engaged by the missionary society of that place. From motives of economy they are supposed not to marry — and if they do, the wife is ignored by the society. Two of our friends had married Malays, the third had fallen in love with a Dutch lady at Rotterdam and it was agreed between them that she should go in another ship to Java which she did, and there they were married. We had to travel in palanquins, the children looking picturesque in theirs with their two parrots. When their bearers put them down to rest, they were offered coffee berries, and drank water out of a leaf, which gave them an opportunity to air their few words of Malay.

The Dutch are cautious in the extreme. Every missionary has to reside a year at Java before going to his post, that the government may be assured he has no evil intention and is not the emissary of any government. At Java we met Mr. Medhurst and family, he was on his way to China, and I cannot remember, how it came about, that he had to spend a year of probation at Java, but there he was, utilising the time by opening a school for Chinese boys. At that time Chinese women were not allowed to leave their country, but there were large numbers of Chinese emigrants then as now, and they married Malays. All these boys spoke their mother tongue and Mr. Medhurst taught them to read in 3 Languages, Chinese Malay and English. We spent a day with them and inspected the school, Mr. Medhurst asking which of the three languages we would hear them read in. We said English, and if they miscalled a word they were at once asked for the Malay and Chinese equivalent to show that they understood what they were about.

But I must stop my narrative or I shall never have done, only adding this explanation.

We went to Timor first because there was no ship from Sydney bound to Amboyna or Ternate. It appeared that the only communication with New Guinea was carried on from Ternate. But no one could go as a passenger without a permit from the authorities at Java. So your Grandfather sent a Petition to that effect but got no answer. Eventually he went in person and applied for the answer which proved to be.

'None but burghers can go to the places you name'. We all suffered more or less from the fever and agues of the country, but recovered health and strength on the subsequent voyages.

Among the curiosities we saw were many kinds of Palm trees — sago included — a forest tree as large as an Elm which bore almonds, and had white-ant galleries all up the trunk and along one of the branches, parrots of brilliant hue at every house and on board every ship, crowned pigeons about the size of turkeys, bread fruit trees with leaves often two feet long, some which I measured were no less than 4 feet in length, tables chairs and couches all made of bamboo, neat and convenient, but not luxurious.

From Java we took ship to Cape Town thence as before by way of St. Helena to Rio Janeiro and then by Cape Horn to Valparaiso in order that your G.F. might go first to the Planchon Pass in the Cordillera and then to the island of Chiloe where we spent quite a long time from May till October 1841. Unable to effect anything there we returned to Valparaiso, and as soon as occasion served to the Falkland Islands. I am not sure on which occasion of our detention at Valparaiso it was that we took a house in the Almendrale. It was utterly without furniture so it was necessary to get bedsteads and chairs and tables — of course of the plainest description — a side table was contrived thus — two piles of brick supporting two long planks covered with red calico — bookcases in like manner of plank slung with rope, and each shelf covered with red calico — the deal tables also covered neatly. Everything had to be in seaman's phrase — shipshape. Each of us had a corner or a shelf or a box in which to put away his things.

A ship came into harbour which had been to the Falkland Islands. A call was at once made on the Captain, who in answer to the inquiry 'Can I rent a house for my family if I go there,' said 'Impossible, very few houses there all poor affairs and all occupied'. The next thing was to draw out a plan of a house which could easily be taken to pieces and rebuilt. This was taken to a carpenter, and the house erected in his yard, was our abode at Port Louis East Falkland for twelve months.

We took goats with us when we left Valparaiso for the sake of their milk, and they became the children's pets, and when we landed followed them like dogs.

The population was very limited then. Lieut. Tyssen R.N. of the Ketch Sparrow was in command. He was away when we landed and Lieut. Cox R.N. of the Sparrow was acting for him lent us a boat's crew to build our house, and presented us with bread till he was ordered off. A few months later Lieut. Moody of the Engineers came as Lieut. Governor with half a dozen sappers and miners, three of them married, making a large increase to the number of inhabitants.

The governor's duty (as there was no chaplain) was to read the Church service at Government House on Sunday morning. So we always attended that. But your Grandfather had a little evening meeting for the sailors who belonged to one or two sealing schooners in the house of a brown woman called Antonina.

It was long before there was any chance of getting across to the continent to visit the Patagonians. In despair your Grandfather chartered a wornout sealing schooner called the Montgomery for the trip, leaving us at Port Louis. He came back quite happy and sanguine having had agreeable interviews with a Patagonian Chief called Wissale, and received his sanction to bring us to live on the coast. So he left his tent under the chief's charge, and if he could have engaged

some whaler or passing ship to convey us, we should have gone at once. He did not like a second time to take the crazy *Montgomery*. Our stay was much enlivened by the society of Captains Ross and Crozier of H.M.S. *Discovery* ships *Erebus* and *Terror*, who wintered there. The *Carysfort*, Captain Lord George Paulet, and the *Philomel* Captain Sullivan also made a diversion for shorter periods.

Letters at last came from England which convinced your Grandfather, that even if we were what he called 'holding the ground' in Patagonia it would be hopeless to expect the C.M.S. to send a missionary to prosecute the work, as they were retrenching on all hands.

This decided him to return to England, and as the children had very much improved in health and were of an age to profit by advantages in education unattainable in our wandering life it came to pass that his subsequent journeys were made alone.

As he often returned sooner than we had been led to expect him, and as when once he turned his steps homeward, his course was too rapid and too direct for any letter to precede him, our life became a sort of parable, we were at all times looking out for him, and never surprised at his appearance, if he came ever so unexpectedly.

Finding that it was only too true, that there was no chance of getting the C.M.S. to attempt a mission to Patagonia, he determined to wait awhile, and his way of waiting was to take a tour in Spanish South America with Bibles and Tracts.

For this purpose he left England on Sept. 8, 1843 (we had together landed at St. Ives in February of the same year). He returned to England and landed at Falmouth on April 12, 1844 — having been to Buenos Ayres, Cordova Santiago del estero, and Tucuman a tour of considerably over 2000 miles. He succeeded also in interesting Mr. Lafone a Merchant of Monte Video and Liverpool, and Mr. Birch the English Chaplain at Monte Video in a scheme for projected mission to Patagonia. This was, that associations should be formed in connection with the C.M.S. at Monte Video, at Buenos Ayres and at Valparaiso, each engaging to raise annually a specified sum for the support of a missionary in Patagonia. With this assured help he counted on inducing the C.M.S. to take it up and to authorize him to collect what more was required in England in their name. Mr. Birch was to see Mr. Lodge the Chaplain at Buenos Ayres. Mr. Lafone readily guaranteed the right amount from Monte Video and your Grandfather wrote to Mr. W. Armstrong at Valparaiso.

However the C.M.S. Committee did not see the way to do their part — And after pertinacious and ineffectual attempts to induce some other Society — the Moravians in particular to do so, the Patagonian Missionary Society was formed at Brighton in 1844 — transferred to Clifton in 1850 and finally to London under the name of the South American Missionary Society early in January 1866.

Considering all things, it is surprising to realise that no more than three years had passed between your Grandfather's first visit to Patagonia in 1842, and his attempt to form a station there in March 1845. Yet this time was long enough to effect a total change in Wissale's character and demeanor and the station had to be abandoned.

Possibly it might have been wiser to have made the attempt with more deliberation and preparation though at the cost of further delay — And this was the view taken by some members of the Committee — But they all honored the

zeal of the Promoter, and were overborne by his impetuosity. Besides he engaged to go out himself, and to stay with the one missionary Mr. Hunt, who was ready to go, till a companion could be sent to join him. As it was, they left England *December* 12, 1844, and landed at Greenock on their return *June* 19, 1845.

The disappointment was profound.

Some members of Committee were even for dissolving the Society, and returning the money which had been subscribed.

At your Grandfather's earnest entreaty this was not done, the money was reserved. Once more he recommenced his researches taking with him Federico Gonzales, a young Spaniard, who was to have gone to the assistance of Mr. Hunt in Patagonia.

Together they sailed on *Sept.* 23 of the same year to Monte Video, and finding it impracticable from the state of the country politically, to ascend the Parana, embarked *Jan.* 21, 1846, for Valparaiso, and subsequently sailed thence to Cobija in Bolivia.

After a most arduous journey an arrangement was effected in accordance with which Mr. Gonzales was left at Potosi to wait the arrival of a fellow laborer, Mr. Roblis, when together they went to the selected spot on the frontier, where they were studying the language of the neighbouring Indians till they were unsettled by political disturbances and recalled by the Committee.

Meantime your Grandfather after a longer absence than usual landed at Southampton on *February* 8, 1847 and not contented with having started a mission on the confines of Bolivia, which he fondly hoped would extend to the Gran Chaco, (now, 1892, approached by our missionaries from Paraguay) he at once formed schemes for a mission to Tierra del Fuego, which led to his embarking at Cardiff *January* 5, 1848 with a little pioneering party of 5 men, taking with them 3 boats, one of which was decked, with stores for eight months, the intention being to take up their abode at Staten Island and from thence visit Tierra del Fuego at short intervals till they could establish friendly relations with the islanders and go to reside amongst them.

It soon appeared that their resources were not sufficient for such a stormy latitude and the attempt was abandoned.

The party went on in the same ship to Payta in Peru where the men were discharged and your Grandfather proceeded to England by the isthmus of Panama landing at Southampton on the 4th of August 1848.

The funds of the Society were now exhausted and it required an amazing amount of persevering energy to travel over England and Scotland giving lectures and holding meeting in the endeavor by one man's boundless enthusiasm to kindle interest enough in others to raise the necessary funds. At last one good old lady the late Miss Cook of Cheltenham gave £600 in a lump sum and on *Sept.* 7, 1850 the party of seven left England on their fatal mission. I always think the most wonderful thing in that wonderful story of heroic endurance is that there should have been such entire agreement not one man to murmur or rebel.

As the narrative is given in full elsewhere, I do not go into it here. . . .

Notes:

The final paragraph is probably a reference to John W. Marsh, *A Memoir of Allen F. Gardiner* London, 1857.

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