

2. JEREMIAH GOLDSWAIN

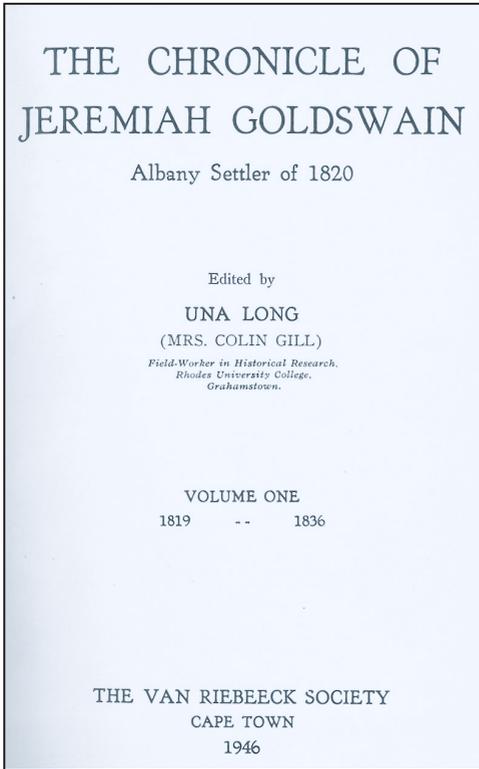
The East London connection to The Chronicle of Jeremiah Goldswain

by Martin Goldswain

I am lucky enough to be born of a father descended from Jeremiah Goldswain, and mother from Dan Hockly, both from 1820 Settler stock.

When we arrived in East London in 1947, the only members of the Goldswain family in East London were George and Pauline Goldswain and their children. I went to Sunday School at St John's Anglican Church in lower Oxford Street, where their son Ralph and his sister Joan, attended Sunday School classes. Ralph was a fine scholar of English who went on to Rhodes. Guy Butler spoke highly of him, and wrote a play on Dugmore's famous words "Take Root or Die ", in which Ralph played the leading role. Ralph later emigrated to England and wrote "Roughing It", a most interesting account of the early days of Jeremiah Goldswain, the original 1820 settler. Ralph has subsequently rewritten the Chronicle in English of today. I am not sure where Mackie Goldswain fits in and there are relatively few of the surname that survive in South Africa. My brother Peter has emigrated to Perth, Australia. He has 2 sons, and one of his sons, Philip, has 2 sons. I have 4 sons, three of whom have produced 4 sons between them, all in South Africa. So the name Goldswain lives on; just!

The first Chronicle of Jeremiah Goldswain was published in 1946 by The Van Riebeeck Society. Una Long must be given full credit as a field worker in Historical Research at Rhodes University College, (as it was known in 1946), Grahamstown. She acknowledges many people in her first chapter, including The Van Riebeeck Society which gave her a copy of the Chronicle. The Society only became custodians in 1944, and yet



Una Long had completed the editing of Volume 1 (1819-1836) which was published in 1946. She put in a massive effort to change as little as possible, except to punctuate, break up sentences, and to use capital letters where needed, in order to make the Chronicle readable. What is fascinating to me, is that only because she reads Sir G.E. Cory's "The Rise of South Africa", does she realise how much he quotes from the Chronicle, but where is it? Dr Cory's son informs her that the Chronicle is owned by C.T Goldswain, which in fact

is not true. My grandfather, Clement Tyson did get a copy of the 52 foolscap pages from Mrs Austen (round 1944) who bequeathed the Chronicle to Govt Archives, who then passed the 52 pages to Cape Archives. I cannot trace Mrs Austen who was a grand-daughter of Jeremiah, as Clement was a grandson. Clement had a copy which he re-wrote in his own English, but this was declared inappropriate by Una Long. Volume 2 of the Chronicle (1838-1858) was published in 1949, in which Jeremiah used words and sentences from Robert Godlonton in his narrative of "The Irruption of the Kafir Hordes 1834/5".

His first Chronicle is amazing, for a few reasons : Una Long thinks that he must have attended some place of education as when he started the diary in 1819, he could form letters and

write. He did not attempt capital letters, nor did he punctuate his sentences. He wrote his vision of life for only 16 years, before the end of 1835. From 1835 to 1858, and in the last 13 years of his life, there is little daily record.

Back to 1819 when he decided to join Wait's party. His family, particularly his mother, was outspoken in predicting his demise. He would be "killed by the wild beasts" and "Jeremiah was a very undutiful son". He asked his family to stop weeping, and this included family members who had come to "Grait Marlow" to persuade him to stay in England. His mother and aunt wept and his father "tuck it very much to hart". This was the background to his departure on 26th December. He eventually got to London Docks where he sees a ship for the first time in his life: "We rived thear and Got on bord just as it was dark". Jeremiah was in the first party "and thear was no-one to show us. We asked them: Ware was the beddens? There was also no soppers". In Jeremiah's words this was a bad beginning. The weather did not help and they spent a few weeks trying to get the Zoroaster out of the frozen Thames. Jeremiah caught a chill and possibly developed a Typhus of sorts. He had a really bad time and was hardly able to eat or drink. He arrived two months later in the Cape, a bag of bones.

At this point it is worth noting that there are very few chronicles maintained by ordinary people. Jeremiah's is one of the few in the world that reflect daily occurrences. He shows his mettle and moral fibre and indeed John Tosh, a British historian, lauds Goldswain's attitude in fending off his mother and for writing about his daily life. Most other diaries are written by people of the upper class.

Jeremiah married Eliza Debenham, on 21st October 1822, they had 11 children. His eldest son William was born on 21st Jan, 1823, and died in 1898. William married twice. His first wife produced six of his 10 children. His second wife, Sarah Meason Barnes

(who had been married twice before), and whom he married in 1862, produced their first son William Rupert Jeremiah who was born in 1869 and who died a bachelor. The second issue of their marriage was Gilbert Henry, born in 1871, who married Hilda Harper, who produced one daughter. Then Walter Sydney was born in 1873, and is recorded to have died at age 24 with no issue. Their last child was Clement Tyson George, (my grandfather), born in September 1878, who married Winifred Noyce. I knew my grandmother Winifred, who lived in a flat near the Pig & Whistle Pub in Rondebosch, Cape Town. She died on 16 December 1965. Clement Tyson died in 1944. He was the last remaining grandson of Jeremiah and was a magistrate and held office in Durbanville (Cape), then Lydenberg (Transvaal), Kimberley and Dordrecht (Eastern Cape), where my father Kenneth Tyson was born.

Durbanville was his second last office as my father, who was the only son, born on 11 September 1912, was schooled in Cape Town, and certainly ended up at Rondebosch where he played rugby and cricket for the school. In my father's memoirs, which I have only just found, he writes that the influence of Afrikaans was such that his parents decided he needed to go to the English speaking school of Rondebosch Boys High to balance the influence. He was a keen sportsman, and enjoyed golf with a robust bunch of golfers who used to frequent Port Alfred's Langheim Hotel. Dux Bennett, Boet Pachochnic, Dr Dudley Burton and Dr Denis Hansen, were regular members of that bunch. Dad played hockey for friendlies for the Drs and Lawyers, and when squash courts started in East London (1950's), he became a useful squash player, but did not like losing to his son, Peter (a really good provincial player) and me a second leaguer. His regular partner every Thursday afternoon was Dr Charles Keast, and only after a heart attack on the squash court in about 1980, did Dad give up squash. He gave me his cane handled racquet!

Yes, my Pa was a typical Goldswain: He went for his top honours, got his Fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons (F.R.C.S). in 1939 . He and my mother married in England on 19th August 1939. They looked so young. War with Germany was declared on 5th September 1939, and he immediately volunteered for service. When SA joined the war he was seconded to their medical corps. So he spent about 6 prime years of his life, aged early 30's, in service, patching up the wounded in a tented hospital in the desert most of the time. It was also an education and a time to read and reflect. I only met my Dad when I was no older than three. Brother Peter was born in the UK. My mother Mary Ainslie (Hockly), was a qualified nurse from Somerset Hospital in Cape Town. She worked at Great Ormond Street Hospital and moved my brother to Surrey when The Blitz of London started. I was born in Graaff-Reinet on 1 January 1943. My mother was from that family area: Grandpa Hockly farmed near Cradock on a farm called Kareebosch. He was to inherit the farm Cullendale and was the Laird of the Hockly's. My mother was the only child of the second marriage to Annie Nel. My Hockly grandfather then moved from Cullendale to Kareebosch. He died before the war so I never met him, nor did I know my Grandpa Clement Goldswain. My brother was christened Peter Robin Tyson and myself, Martin Richard. Peter was the last Tyson, not a real family name, but given to three generations of Goldswains.

To touch briefly on the Hockly family : Dan Hockly was born in 1787, married to Elizabeth O'Moore in 1811, he was 24. They came out on the "Chapman" which was one of the principal ships of the 1820 fleet. They were part of Bailie's party. Dan was a well-known silversmith and died in 1835. The spread of the Hockly family is extensive, and intertwined with the Cawoods who go back 1000 years in English history.

My father, Dr Ken, was a qualified surgeon, but had enough of war surgery. He turned to becoming a GP, well-loved in East

London. He had a strong sense of community medicine, and brought about pasteurised milk and fluoridation of water in East London. He was the last of the doctors to go to patients' homes (at night too). My father read extensively and had many skills: he played the piano (with Bruce Gardiner) and loved his workshop where I remember he built my sister a beautiful dolls' house. He then got ambitious and built a 14ft yacht for me as I finished school. We called it "Siyenzile" which means "we made it", but he did 95% of the work. My mother worked hard for charities like Marina Glen, with a team of doctors' wives.

My brother Peter followed Pa into medicine, did research at UCT and then became a physician. He married Margaret Watson and moved to Perth Australia. He was Head of Department at Royal Perth until 1992, then head of a Rehab Hospital, then Director of Geriatrics in W.A. Country Health from 2015 to 2019. He was awarded the Churchill Fellowship in 1998. Peter's wife Margaret, moved from BA in 1990 to Diploma of Modern Languages, and was awarded a PhD in 2015 for her studies of French women in Literature. Peter and Margie are semi-retired, and very active . Peter loves fishing, bee-keeping, and they spend time at their cottage at Augusta. Of the five of their next generation, five are architects, two in Academia.

My sister Susan Mary, who was born in 1948, schooled with a very bright and lively bunch of girls at Clarendon Primary and High Schools. She studied a BA in English Literature and qualified at UCT, then moved to Canada and earned a PhD in Counselling Psychology. She has married twice, with four children. She still plays piano and is a serious author.

For myself, I have been crazy about yachting since 14, and built my own racing dinghy, Trendy, a moulded ply dinghy. I married a yachtswoman and UCT graduate, Sue (Baxter). We both sailed in the first Cape to Rio Race in 1971, on different craft, Sue in the all-woman crew of Sprinter. Sue's mother,

Ellaphie Ward-Hilhorst, was an acclaimed Botanical artist who illustrated the Pelargoniums of South Africa amongst other Botanical volumes. Sue has had her time cut out raising five children, including a bunch of triplets.

Our five children are: Julian, a photographer; Jeremy, in Finance; Christopher, a preacher at Every Nation, Berlin; Warwick, a teacher and artist ex Michaelis; Lucy, an artist ex Michaelis, in Perth.

We tried our hand at deep sea yachting, and launched the 36 foot yacht Zoroaster in 1980, and took all five children on a magical four month trip to the Seychelles and back. Zoroaster was the boat that brought Jeremiah Goldswain to South Africa. An interesting name as the early philosopher Zarathustra, believed in only Good or Evil, which is a trait of Jeremiah and my father . There are shoals in the Seychelles called Zoroaster shoals, where the good ship is purported to have landed up.

There are many chapters to our lives: we have 14 grandchildren, in RSA, Australia and Germany. I studied architecture at UCT and started as an architect at Osmond Lange Architects, in 1971, one of three recently graduated architects taking over from Bokkie Osmond and Barry Lange. We were awarded fabulous contracts: Umtata University, airports, hospitals, and much much more. When I retired in 1998, we were doing Melrose Arch in JHB, and had been involved with Mercedes Benz since 1980. From little East London, to one of the largest practices in South Africa.

In about 1988, I was asked to join the Council of the 1820 Settlers Foundation, replacing Mr. Nogs Newman. I was the second 1820 descendant to serve on the Council after Mr. Bill Slater. It was an honour to sit with the likes of Prof Guy Butler, Prof Bozzoli of Wits, Dr and Mrs Henderson and others. I served until the fire of 1994 when I chaired the Consultant group, who

re-instated a vast mess after the fire. It was a huge project and a privilege to work with a team of interested people. My last grouping was serving on the Council of St Andrews College from 1983 to 1993. The headmasters and members of Council were great academics. Our children all had the privilege of attending Selborne, Clarendon, St Andrews College and Diocesan School for Girls.

I quit Architecture as Sue opened Quarry Lake Inn in 1997, which we still own. As an architectural practice we designed the Selborne Quarry. We now live on the Chalumna River where we have had a home for 40 years. Here we have peace, quiet and are surrounded by Nature.