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**REMINISCENCES OF A
SOUTH AFRICAN PIONEER**

W. C. SCULLY

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Reminiscences of a South African Pioneer by W. C. Scully.

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considerable height. Old Rody, one night when in his cups, made a bet that a goat, thrown from the top, would land uninjured on its feet. The cruel experiment was tried. It may be some satisfaction to know that Old Rody had to pay the bet, but it would be more if we knew that he had been made to follow the poor animal. Once my people were on a visit to Dualla. Old Rody, who was much addicted to the pleasures of the table, was especially fond of roast goose. This, to satisfy him, had to be done to a particular turn. On the occasion in question the bird was brought to table slightly overdone, so Old Rody told the butler to retire and send up the cook. No sooner had the butler left the room than Old Rody picked up the goose by its shanks and took his stand behind the door. A dreadful silence reigned; the guests were as though stiffened into stone. The cook, a stout, red-faced woman, entered the room in evident trepidation, wiping her face with her apron. As she passed her master, he lifted the goose and hit her over the head with it as hard as he could. The bird smashed to pieces, and the woman, covered with gravy and seasoning, fled back, wailing, to the kitchen.

On another occasion a neighbor, whose name happened to be Cook, came to spend the day at Dualla. He brought with him his two children, a boy and a girl, of whom he was inordinately proud. Old Rody and Cook were sitting on the terrace, drinking punch; the children were playing on the lawn.

"Now, Scully," said the proud parent, pointing to his boy, "isn't he a regular Cook?"

"Oh! begor' he is," replied Old Rody, "and the other's a regular kitchen-maid."

Near the close of a not at all reputable career Old Rody "found it most convenient" to marry his housemaid. He survived the ceremony only a few months. His widow, disappointed in her expectations of wealth for the estate cut up very badly, indeed emigrated to Australia, where, I believe, she soon married again.

There is a story told of Vincent Scully (father of the present owner of Mantlehill House, near Cashel), who was a Member of Parliament for, I think, North Cork, which I do not remember to have seen in print. Another M.P., whose name was Monk, had a habit of clipping, where possible, the last syllable from the surnames of his intimate friends. One day, he met Vincent Scully in the House of Commons, and addressed him.

"Well, Scull, how are you today?"

"Quite well, thank you, Monk," replied Scully; "but I cannot conceive why you should snip a syllable from my name, unless you wish to add it to your own."

My father quarreled with Old Rody, who went to Italy, where he had some relations. He meant to remain for a few months only, but it was upwards of six years before he returned. He then read law for a while. Getting tired of this, he went "back to the land."

My mother was a Creagh, from Clare. Creaghs used to be plentiful in both Clare and Limerick. The civic records of Limerick City show that for many generations they took a prominent part in local municipal affairs. My mother's father was a soldier too. The Creaghs have always favored the army. A few years ago eight of my mother's first-cousins were soldiers. At the Battle of Blaauwberg just before the capitulation of the Cape in January, 1806 a Lieutenant Creagh was slightly wounded. This was either my grandfather or my grand-uncle, Sir Michael Creagh. Both brothers were in the same regiment, the 86th Foot, or "Royal County Downs."¹

¹ I have since writing the above ascertained that it was my grand-uncle who was wounded.

