BC 151 C 15.14

Grey Library

Cape Town:

28 Febry, 178.

(Dupl.)

My dear Miss Frere,

Mrs Bleek and I read with much interest the letter from Mr J. M. Orpen, which you left with us at Newlands on the 17th instant. I now return it to you, and in reply to His Excellency's apparent desire for information, will

Miss Frere

himself

with Dr Bleek, had grasped a certain waterpit, inherited by him from his fathers and grandfathers before him, of which he had been deprived by some farmer (or farmers). He used earnestly to beg that Dr Bleek would ask the "Groot Baas" (i.e., Sir Henry Barkly) to "drive away" the farmers from the water and the hunting-grounds which belonged to the Bushmen.

The much younger Bushman, now

will briefly say, that the Bush-
men who lived with us at
Knowbay used to make similar
statements with regard to the
treatment received by them
from the generality of the
farmers. For instance, that their
waterpits were taken from
them, although they had
belonged to certain Bush-
man families for generations;
that the game had been
driven from their hunting-
grounds; that the ostriches,
whom
whom they seem to look upon
as a possession, and to kill
with a certain reserve and
consideration, and whose eggs
and flesh contributed greatly
to their maintenance, were
chased to death by the farmers on
horseback in the hot sun,
and left dead and wasting
on the ground, of no use to
any one, &c., &c., not having
been killed by the farmers
for food. The old Bushman,
who lived nearly three years
with

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Cape Colony, and another
in the Eastern, there would
be some little protection
for the people nearer at
hand. I had a faint hope, the
other day, that Messrs Sharp
& Davis might perhaps
have taken the matter
up. But no.

I am, my dear Miss
Frere, truly yours
Lucy C. Lloyd

now with us, tells us that
there are two farmers only (in
his part of the country) who
are good to the Bushmen
and who do not drive them
away from the water. I have,
also, heard complaints regarding
the honey-nests of the Bush-
men; but the water, and the
driving away, or useless killing,
of the game, seemed to be
the worst points in their
minds.

I was telling our present Bush-
man

Bushman that we had heard
of more Bushmen in Griqua-
land East, and how much I
should like to go and see them.
but that I would go by myself,
not with a Commando, for fear
of their poisoned arrows. She
hastened to say, that, if his
Excellency
present the unreserved con-
dition of the Grey Library for-
bids me voluntarily to ab-
sent myself from the near
neighbourhood of Cape Town)
there are few things which
I would more gladly do than
endeavour to make the
acquaintance of the Bush-
men in their own homes.
I fear, however, that one would
be likely to see a good deal
that would give much heart-
ache, without the power to
make things better. If only
a wise kind of
Mission could be established
among the Bushmen in
the Western Province of the
Cape

two Missionaries went to that
part of the country, he should
very much wish to be allowed
to go too; adding that he would
be as "careful for us up there,
as we were for him down
here." Were it possible (at
present