

Old Maritzburg

*An address to the Twenty Club by
Mary Carlyle Mitchell*

Introductory Note

Mary Carlyle Mitchell (1861–1932) came from an interesting family. Both grandfathers were military men. Her maternal grandfather, Major Wilhelm Buissinné (1764–1815), born in Hanau, Germany, had commanded one of the Dutch East India Company's regiments. Her Bird grandfather, Colonel Christopher Chapman Bird (1769–1861) came to the Cape in 1797 during the first British occupation as assistant Quartermaster-General, returning to England when the territory was handed back to Holland in 1804. He was back again in 1807 as Deputy Secretary to Government (the Cape having become a British colony in the preceding year). In 1818 he was promoted to Secretary to Government. His relations with the Governor, Lord Charles Somerset, were 'cordial' until Somerset returned from leave in England in 1821, when he felt that Bird had supported Sir Rufane Donkin (who had acted as Governor in his absence, and had reversed some of his decisions). Bird's services were 'dispensed with' in 1824, ostensibly because, as a Catholic, he could not take the oath of supremacy. According to what Somerset wrote, however, this was 'false' and he was removed 'because of his conduct to me'. Bird returned to Europe in 1843.

Only one of his children remained in the Colony, viz. Mary's father, John Bird (1815–1896). He started working for the Cape government in 1840 as a land surveyor, and when the Colony of Natal's civil service was set up, he was one of the four Cape surveyors who arrived in 1845 to make Natal's first

survey. In September 1848 he was sent to the Klip River Division to survey, and also to act as resident magistrate. He resigned from the latter position a year later because of the incompatibility of the two posts. He acted as resident magistrate in Pietermaritzburg in 1852, was Chief Clerk in the Colonial Office (1853–1859), Resident Magistrate, Pietermaritzburg (1859–1876), Colonial Treasurer until 1878, and acting Judge of the Native High Court in 1879. Thereafter he retired. At the request of the Natal Society, and with a government grant, he compiled *The Annals of Natal between 1881 and 1885*, a two-volume compilation of documents relating to Natal from 1495 to 1845. The papers were garnered not only from Natal sources, but also from the Cape and England.

Mary's mother was Sarah Armstrong Fairbridge (1826–1881), daughter of Dr J.W. Fairbridge of Cape Town, and sister of Charles Aken Fairbridge, whose magnificent collection of books is housed in the National Library in Cape Town (formerly the South African Library).

As for Mary herself, evidently as a young girl she was regarded by her contemporaries as 'quite a blue-stocking'. In 1883 she married Thomas Carlyle Mitchell (c.1856, Edinburgh – 1939, Pietermaritzburg), an accountant who had come to the Colony in 1878. Their married life was spent in Pietermaritzburg, Estcourt, Johannesburg and Durban, before they returned to Pietermaritzburg once more.

The present generation of Carlyle Mitchells maintain that Thomas was the one who engineered M.K. Gandhi's removal from the train at the Pietermaritzburg Station in 1893. According to Gandhi's own writings, however, he had no bedding ticket, and did not want bedding, so was asked to go to the part of the train where first class passengers who were not taking advantage of sleeping arrangements were accommodated. He refused.

To illustrate the divergent views of two brothers-in-law – Mary's sister Frances' husband Frederic Augustus Laughton, a solicitor, in 1897 escorted the wife of R.C. Alexander, Durban's Chief Constable, with Gandhi, disguised as an Indian policeman, in attendance, from the building where the latter was being besieged by a white mob.

SHELAGH SPENCER

If an old man were to re-visit Maritzburg today, not having seen it since he was a small boy, there would be little but the horizon to help him to recognise it. The beautiful outlines of the hills are, naturally unchanged – and the Umsinduzi still winds its peaceful way round the outskirts of the town.

But how different it looked when last he saw it! Then the Durban

Road entrance was bare of any house between the old Victoria Bridge and Fairview, about two miles out. The river banks could easily be seen, bordered by graceful willows near the Park, then in its infancy. For old time's sake let us follow him as he wanders through the main drive. Hardly any are left of the oaks, gum trees and loquats which he remembers, but on the left he recognises the little caretaker's

cottage which then was surrounded by rising open fields. Coming out of the Park towards the West Street hill, he sees many changes. The bridge itself is new, and is at a much higher level than the old wooden structure which replaced the first bridge. That was swept away by the great flood of August 1868, one of the most vivid memories of his very early childhood, when many houses gave way under the devastating rainfall.

And he misses something else – where is the crowd of ‘wash-boys’ who came down to the river, furnished with nothing but a sack of clothes, a bar of soap, and a ball of blue? There they used to stand, knee-deep in the water, rubbing and banging the linen on the large stones in the river-shallows. Many a time has he hopped across the river on these stones! A merry crew were these primitive laundry-men, shouting, singing and laughing as they worked, spreading the clothes to dry on the grass, and entirely careless as to wear and tear caused by their vigorous manipulations.

Probably the thrifty housewives of those days, knowing the kind of treatment their clothes were to receive, gradually gave up the use of any delicate materials they might have possessed and bought only good stout stuff which defied the worst efforts of the wash-boys.

And now our old friend must merge into the personal ego for I want to give you a picture of Maritzburg as I remember it – so clearly – in those far-off times.

Let us take up our position at the top of Church Street. Where the railway station now stands was a bare grassy slope, Fort Napier on the summit with its barracks, its big drill ground, its little church and its shady syringa

trees. Then as until recently the road approached the Fort from Longmarket Street, and a very favourite walk, especially on Sunday afternoons, was to go through the Camp past the powder magazine and to the pretty little cemetery. In that spot were buried soldiers from the very first regiments quartered at Fort Napier, and the brick gravestones, dating back to the forties and fifties seemed very ancient to us.

Now let us turn towards the Zwaartkop and Town Hill. But few houses were to be seen either in the valley or on the hill sides, and there was more of natural bush in sight than of planted trees. At the very top of Church Street, coming down from the Zwaartkop Valley, was the bright little stream which we children called the Camp Canal. It was bridged over by a rather pretty, wide bridge which I think was mostly wood-work; looking over the raised sides we loved to see the water dashing down into the open channels which were found in every street. These were properly called *sluits* by the Dutch folk who led them through the town – improperly, but invariably, ‘sloots’ by us. They were about four or five feet wide, and amongst the pebbles at the sides grew moss and ferns. The sloots were bridged over at each house door by rough planks, generally – a few people had made more pretentious little bridges, some even had rusty rails, but not many. At the wide cross-streets the water was led underground, at no great depth. These open sloots are very characteristic of the old Dutch settlements, and they certainly were picturesque, though apt to be dangerous on a dark night. The oil street lamps which were hand-lit, gave a very dim light and were few and far between.¹

The sloods were the main water supply of Maritzburg, and were pretty clean at the top end of the town. Those who were particular as to their drinking water used to send a bucket or two daily to the springs. I knew two of these springs very well, one on the Vlei as it was called, near the corner of Berg Street and Pine Street. There were no houses on the Vlei, nor were the Botanic Gardens yet in existence. Its surface was intersected by ditches leading to the town *shuits*, many of them very clayey in substance, at the bottom of which water ran, and where grew the most enchanting stag-horn moss and beautiful varieties of maiden-hair fern. The other spring was on the Park side of the present Sanatorium, then a big field in which stood the belfry of the Catholic Church.² I believe that there was another larger spring at the foot of the town, towards Mountain Rise.

Open spaces were to be found all over Maritzburg, which was laid out by the Dutch, the wide streets at right angles, and each house or cottage was intended to have ample garden space. And there was no crowding together of houses or shops.

There are still many of the old houses in Maritzburg. Most of these are small and insignificant, but a few of the better class buildings remain, like the one built by Colonel Cloete³ in the fifties before my time, and still called The Oaks. The disappearance, however, of the fine old trees which I remember makes it a misnomer. Government House, now the Training College at the top of Church Street, was a really pretty little double-storied house, built of stone, but now so disfigured with excrescences as to be unrecognisable.

I can only mention a few of the old houses. One is the main part of the Convent School in Loop Street⁴, for many years the residence of the solitary Catholic priest, Father Barret⁵, whose parish included Ladysmith! The Orphanage School building next to the Sanatorium, surmounted by the Cross and the letters D.O.M. (*Deo Optimo Maximo*) was the original Catholic Church, with its unlined thatched roof and shaded from the afternoon sun by a beautiful willow tree. I am afraid that this willow was the shelter for many cicadas, whose shrill music almost drowned the sermon on a sunny Sunday morning.

The very oldest building in Maritzburg, I believe, is the little porch at the corner of Loop and Pine Streets. Not much else remains of the original house, built by one Hertzog⁶ before the British occupation of Maritzburg. This place was, in turn, a private residence, Bishop's College for boys and St. Anne's School for girls. But I am glad that the historical value of the porch is recognised, and that it will not be pulled down.

Two notable houses with their beautiful grounds have completely vanished from upper Loop Street: those of Mr. D.B. Scott⁷ and Mr – afterwards Sir – Theophilus Shepstone.⁸ Elm Cottage, as the Scott's quaint pretty red brick house was called, stood where Wykeham's fine new school has lately been built.⁹ For many years it was the home of the family after whom Scott's Bridge and Scott's Theatre were named¹⁰ – a most hospitable family who did much to make life pleasant in old Maritzburg. The grounds were well kept; ornamental trees and shrubs were freely planted, and I think there was a croquet lawn in the days before

tennis superseded the quieter game. I well remember the great picturesque clump of bamboos which screened the house from the morning sun, the pines, the threading of whose needles kept us busy and happy when we were tired of games, and many other growths of common or unusual interest.

The roomy stables of Elm Cottage – they made excellent playrooms in rainy weather – were at right-angles to Loop Street, and back to back with those of the Shepstones. The properties extended from Loop to Burger Streets, from West Street to Shepstone Avenue, and together with their shady trees and flower gardens, made a very pleasing picture, now entirely lost to us. The Shepstones dwelt in a rambling grey house – I forget if it was thatched or slated – with stone verandahs and passages, and I remember stone steps leading to different levels in the old house, which had a quiet dignity of its own. It was always cool there. The grounds were very large and besides many beautiful trees, both native and other, there was a big orchard from which fruit in season was generously dispensed by its owners. Sir Theophilus loved to take visitors around his garden; always the most genial of men, he was especially kind to children and young people, in the days when children were continually reminded that they might be seen, but not heard. To the end he was always loved by the younger generation.

We owe the introduction of the Catawba vine (as he called it, though there is reason to believe that the name is not correct) to Sir Theophilus Shepstone, and he gave my husband an interesting account of its first beginnings in his garden. He received the seed from America in the early

seventies, and he treated the young plants as he had been accustomed at the Cape to see them grown as bushes. For years they bore no fruit; when he was away from Natal for a considerable period in England and the Transvaal, he let his house to the officers of the garrison as their mess. When he finally came back to his home, he found to his astonishment that one of his vines was laden with bunches of grapes; its long tendrils had caught hold of and covered a big tree close by, and had thus gained the freedom of growth necessary to the ‘Catawba’. After this Sir Theophilus grew his ‘Catawba’ vines over trellises, and they yielded enormous crops.

All the gardens of Maritzburg come back to me as full of old-fashioned, sweet-smelling flowers, cabbage roses, violets, pinks, heliotrope, pansies, heartsease, sweet-williams, larkspurs and snapdragons, though ‘antirrhinums’ were unheard of.

There was a particularly fragrant little garden in front of the gaoler’s house¹¹, within the precincts of the Central Gaol. And though this is slightly discursive, I might mention that we were very familiar as children with the inside of the gaol. My father was the resident magistrate at that time, and every Sunday afternoon went to visit the prisoners personally, taking one or two of us with him. Being Sunday, the prisoners were locked in their cells, which the gaoler opened, and we got to know some of the long-sentence convicts by sight. Once or twice we went with my father on week-days, and watched with more amusement than awe the tread-mill at work. It did not grind mealies or do anything useful beyond making the rows of prisoners lift their feet from

one step to another as it revolved.

After visiting the prisoners, my father always went to a building in the gaol grounds which housed in gloom and without comforts, what my father termed the 'lunatics'. In this respect most certainly the changes have been enormously to the good.¹²

Now let us go back to Church Street, where between West and Chapel¹³ streets especially, you can still see some of the oldest houses standing. Only one shop remains practically unaltered and still in the hands of the original family – the little toy-shop lower down, known to everyone as Cockney James's¹⁴ and labelled 'London House'. There it stands, curiously unchanged, both as to structure and interior. It was then, as now, the toy-shop where we could buy marbles, balls, hoops, kites, Noah's Arks and of course dolls, from the ugly wooden jointed, painted, black-haired Dutch dolls to the fair-haired waxen aristocrats. We never had enough money to buy these expensive luxuries, with real flaxen tow, and even eyes that shut when the doll was laid down, and greatest glory of all which could bleat a plaintive 'Pa-pa' or 'Ma-ma' when the appropriate string was pulled. I believe both strings led to the same result.

The only shop which still bears the same name, as far as I can remember, is Topham's, which, however, makes a very glorified contrast to the original place. Other notable shops have been closed or pulled down. Dunnings, where Silburn's¹⁵ Mart is now, a kind of Akerman's, only that groceries were sold on one side, and draperies on the other. Harwin and Risley were grocers, and some of the chemists' shops have gone on unchanged except in name.

Fyvie's, lower down, was Akerman's – later the owner was Sir John¹⁶ and an MLC.

'The Medical Hall, by Robert Dawney'¹⁷ is now Hall's Motor Works. It was not uncommon for families to live over the shops.

With regards to the churches, we still have St Peter's, which has been much enlarged since those days. It was called the Cathedral and Bishop Colenso held sway there until his death. I believe that the first beginnings of the English Church Mission was in a tiny church still standing, St Andrew's.¹⁸ When the split came between the Bishop and his Dean, the little church was attended by that section that followed the Dean, soon afterwards known as the Church of the Province of South Africa. St Saviour's was built later. There is a certain charm about St Peter's, with its tree-hung bells, and its shady grounds and green lawns, a quiet and pleasant crossing between two busier streets. The first Wesleyan Chapel, as it was then called, that I remember, is now the hall attached to the church in Chapel Street. The Presbyterian Church¹⁹ near the Court Gardens is little changed as seen from Church Street. For many years the clock of the Presbyterian Church was the only one of its kind in Maritzburg. When the first Town Hall was built on the present site, the clock was removed from the tower of the church and sent to Greytown. The Dutch Reformed Church, with its steeple and weather cock, was a landmark of my childhood, although I believe not the oldest church in Maritzburg. That was the building close by, now altered to make the Voortrekker Museum.

I should like now to speak of the social side of Maritzburg at that time.

By the way, it was always called 'Pietermaritzburg' in full. It was then far more important than Durban: it was the residence of the Governor, and the centre of the civil service of Natal, and there was always a regiment with engineers and artillery stationed at Fort Napier. It was bigger, too, than Durban, even commercially, for as there was no railway in Natal, Durban's greatness still lay in the future. It was the port – Port Natal was what English people called it – the few that is, who had ever heard of such an outlandish place.

And all the little society of Maritzburg clustered round Government House²⁰, which had something of the look of an English cottage, standing in its large grounds, bounded by a close hedge – probably quince – replaced by the present brick wall.

To us children the chief glory was the tiny lodge at the Church Street entrance with its sentry-box, and at both that and the Longmarket Street gates a soldier was always on guard with bayoneted rifle on his shoulder, pacing backwards and forwards – a person of enormous majesty and power in our eyes!

There were very well defined lines of demarcation in the society of old Maritzburg. The Lieutenant Governor was the Queen's representative, and therefore supreme. Next to him in rank came the Colonel of the regiment, who acted for the Governor when the latter was away and was sworn-in with great ceremony in the Court House on these occasions.

Next in importance came the civil servants, especially the few who formed the Governor's Executive Council, and the various officers of the regiment were also society leaders, with the élite of the civilians – don't

smile please!: they organised picnics, dances, riding parties – very common then when almost everybody who was anybody rode, and but few owned carriages.

There was still a good deal of small game, such as partridge, quail and even snipe to be found in the outskirts of Maritzburg, when I was a little girl. And there was generally a pack of hounds in the garrison and regular hunts were held within a few miles of the town, buck being fairly common in that area. Another very usual form of amusement was a paper-chase in which a good many ladies took part, riding on side-saddles of course, with their long habits and low top-hats.

In my childhood's memories Maritzburg appears as a very gay little place indeed. There was always a great deal of quiet entertaining, and was there not one glorious outburst in the year – the May Week! The Queen's birthday was 24 May, and there was always a review in the morning, at which the royal salute was, of course, part of the programme, and in the evening came the great ball given by the Governor, where girls made their début if they were lucky enough to be invited.

Crowds from all parts of Natal flocked into the Town for the May Week, for there were races, the Agricultural Show, and the presence pretty often, of a real live travelling circus.

I rather fancy, too, that the end of the week was given up to the *Nachtmaal* of the Dutch-speaking community, whose wagons nearly filled the Market Square. In any case the town overflowed with up-country people, both English and Dutch, who usually slept in their wagons, hotel accommodation being expensive as well as scanty. The

Plough²¹ and Crown Hotels²² the only ones, I think, which have remained – one never hears of the Crown now-a-days, but I think its sign-board is still visible. Warrington House²³ is perhaps another, though never called a hotel. Mrs. Davis²⁴ boarding-house in Upper Church Street, kept the name for many a year, and Commercial Hotel now considerably added to what was known as Nicolson's.²⁵

In one respect Maritzburg has certainly very much improved. In my young days there were no schools at all of the present day type, with the one exception of the High School for boys – now called Maritzburg College. There were no high schools for girls, the nearest approach to one being at Richmond, St. Mary's, an English Church school. Most of the schools belonged to the different parishes;



This photograph, taken in June 1930, shows members of the fire brigade passing the Crown Hotel in Commercial Road as they accompanied the body of one of their colleagues in his funeral procession.

Government schools proper I do not think existed.²⁶ There were a few of the type of dame schools, and one or two ladies made an effort to teach elder girls in a 'superior' fashion. I think that the Convent School, opened 1875, was the very first girls' school which attempted education for girls at a higher plane. It was followed two years later by the Natal Evangelical Protestant Ladies' School Association, Ltd., for very many years more pleasantly named the Girls' Collegiate School.

I have said very little about our native servants, who, on the whole, responded to the manner in which they were treated, and certainly made in a great number of instances invaluable servants. There was an element of stability in their service, as they were largely recruited from the ranks of the refugees – natives who had swarmed into Natal to escape from the murderous tyranny of the Zulu chiefs, so as to be under British protection. These refugees were allotted to different families for three years; their wages small. Very often they returned to their old employers in regular routine, after six months or more of kraal life. Girls as well as men were among these servants, and I remember on leaving us, Bessie, our nursemaid, married Mnikina the groom, and came to see us occasionally for many years, even after her husband ceased to work for us.

The clothing of the natives in service was very much what it is now, those employed in the Government offices being conspicuous for their smart white suits of duck, bordered with red, and they took a great pride in polishing up the large brass badges, initialled with their respective offices, which they wore on their left arms. The clothing

of the natives employed in the shops was a much simpler affair. A muid sack was all that was necessary, with a hole for the head, and two others for the bare arms to slip through.

One institution that we are justly proud of today was in its infancy even before my earliest memory – the Natal Society. It was housed when I first remember it, in a couple of rooms in Timber Street, the Library being a very small affair compared with the fine one we now possess. But the best men in Maritzburg were solicitous for their nursling, and did their utmost with the small means then at command, and we owe it to them that it has grown steadily, though with little support except from its members. There are still a good many who can remember the little librarian, with his wooden leg, Alexander Beale²⁷, and who for so many years stumped about proudly in charge of the books, and later of the Museum. To him we owe a new conception of 'autobiography' as a book by an author unknown.

There is one more bygone custom to which I should like to allude, the firing of the time signal every morning at nine o'clock, from Fort Napier. An old cannon was used, one of a pair which stood at the entrance to the Fort. There were no church or other clocks to set time of day for the town, and I have heard my father say that at first at any rate, he used to give the signal himself, ascertained by means of his surveying instruments, by dropping a large handkerchief from the attic window of a house which still stands. He was living then where Judge Turnbull²⁸ afterwards resided for many years, at the corner of Loop Street and Killarney Lane.²⁹ The guns were also fired to announce the incoming

English mail, one shot to herald its arrival at Durban, and then two shots rang out a day later to tell us the letters were sorted. A long queue formed in front of the counter-window to shout their names to the clerk, and snatch their letters from him. The mails came in once a month and took about five weeks to reach Natal.

The old guns fire no more from Fort Napier, but another time-signal is sounding in my ears; I must heed its warning and bring my paper to a close. Forgive me if I have lingered too long over these memories of early childhood days when no present member of the Twenty Club, except myself, knew dear old Maritzburg.

MARY CARLYLE MITCHELL
(née Bird) (1861–1932)

NOTES AND REFERENCES

- 1 Paul Henwood (1828–1907) supplied the first oil lamps. Initially, in January 1866, the first was erected on the Market Square. By March, Church Street was completely lit – 50 lamps in all.
- 2 This wooden belfry was in place by March 1862 and is visible in some of the photographs taken in 1879, when the Prince Imperial lay in state in the first St Mary's Church (still in existence).
- 3 Henry Cloete (1792–1870), an advocate, was seconded from the Cape (May 1843 – May 1844) to facilitate the settlement between the Voortrekkers' Volksraad and the British Government. The clerk who accompanied him, C.J. Buisinné, was John Bird's cousin. Cloete returned in 1845 as Recorder (judge) of the District Court (Natal having been made a district of the Cape Colony). In 1855 he went back to the Cape to assume the office of puisne judge in the High Court. It was his younger brother Abraham Josias who was the colonel – he was in command of the British force sent to relieve Capt. T.C. Smith and his men in the fort at Durban in 1842.
- 4 Now Jabu Ndlovu Street.
- 5 Father Justin Barret (1826, Brittany –1911). Arrived in Natal in January 1854 as leader of the second party of Catholic missionaries. He was the parish priest in Pietermaritzburg. When, in 1862, Bishop J.F. Allard left Natal to concentrate on mission work in Basutoland, Fr Barret became the virtual administrator of the diocese.
- 6 Hertzog – not identified. Possibly the Hertzog who came to Natal from the Cape in 1845 with Dr William Stanger, to be the latter's clerk. Possibly this was W.F. Hertzog.
- 7 Daniel Burton Scott (c.1825–1902). After a short period as a general dealer, from 1860 to 1872, together with Joseph Henderson, he had the Belvidere Mill on the Msunduzi river (the site of today's Medi-Clinic).
- 8 Theophilus Shepstone (1817–1893) came to Natal from the Cape Colony in 1846 as Diplomatic Agent to the Native Tribes. In 1854 his office was renamed Government Secretary for Native Affairs. In 1877 he went to the Transvaal on a British government mission, which led to the annexation of the Transvaal, with Shepstone as Administrator until March 1879.
- 9 On the corner of Loop and West Streets.
- 10 Daniel Burton Scott jun. (1854–1919) who made money at the goldfields, built the theatre in 1897 and presented it to the people of Pietermaritzburg. It was in Theatre Lane, and lasted until the 1930s depression, when it was gutted and began a new life as Edsam Court. Scottsville takes its name from his brother Clifford Walmsley Barlee Scott (1859–1946), an attorney and Pietermaritzburg town councillor, through whose initiative land was put up for sale in the area in 1903.
- 11 William Cook (1833–1889), an ex-45th Regiment sergeant, who was the Gaoler (later renamed Superintendent), of the Central Gaol, or County Gaol, as it was sometimes called.
- 12 'Mild lunatics' were admitted to Grey's Hospital at its inception in 1855, but more severe cases were cared for in the Gaol, until in February 1875, *Townend House* on Erf 53 Longmarket (now Langalibalele) Street became the temporary asylum. In 1880 the present Town Hill Hospital received its first patients.
- 13 Now Peter Kerchhoff Street.
- 14 William James (c.1845–1936), 'dealer in fancy goods'. His London House was on Erf 20 Church Street, just above today's First National Bank. The Old Mutual Building on No. 203 Church Street now occupies the site.

- 15 No. 179 Church Street on Erf 17 Church Street opposite the Cathedral (which is on Erf 17 Longmarket Street).
- 16 John William Akerman (1825–1905), chemist, Mayor of Pietermaritzburg, member of the Legislative Council 1862–1892 and Speaker 1880–1891. His double-storeyed building (No. 199 Church Street) still stands.
- 17 Robert Dawney (c.1826–1874) whose Medical Hall at No. 118 Church Street, on the corner of Temple Street remained a pharmacy until recently. The building still exists.
- 18 No longer. It was on the upper corner of St Andrew's Street and Pietermaritz Street.
- 19 Now part of the Tatham Art Gallery complex.
- 20 At the top of Church and Longmarket Streets – today part of UNISA.
- 21 The Plough Hotel in Longmarket Street opposite the Market Square (now Freedom Square). The Boxer supermarket is now on the site.
- 22 The Crown Hotel on the Commercial (now Chief Albert Luthuli) Road frontage of Erf 25 Longmarket Street. The site is now occupied by Liberty Liquors.
- 23 Warrington House on Erf 132 Church Street (site now encompassed by the 333 Church Street municipal building).
- 24 Mrs Elizabeth Davis (died 1911) wife/widow of Frederick Davis (the last reference to him in Natal dates to c. July 1870). Mrs Davis' private boarding-house was on Erf 13 Church Street by the end of 1871. In later years it was known as the Somerville Hotel. It was still operating in 1937 – address then 133 Church Street. It would seem that the Landbank building is now on the site.
- 25 This still stands on Erf 11 Loop Street, on the corner of Temple and Longmarket (Langalibalele) Streets, now numbered Nos. 112 and 116 Langalibalele Street. Mrs Samuel Button's Temperance Hotel was taken over by William Nicolson (1822–1910) at the end of 1870. In the 1872 *Natal Almanac* he appears as a builder and boarding-house keeper, but the 1876 issue shows that it was his wife (Elizabeth Robson) who is running it, while his building business had a Church Street address. Elizabeth died in 1878. In later years its name was Whitby Lodge.
- 26 The author means here a government high school for girls.
- 27 Alexander Beale (1840–1918). A tailor from Weymouth, Dorset, who lost a leg early in life. Librarian of the Natal Society Library 1865–1901. Initially combined his library work with his trade as a tailor and outfitter, his 'Weymouth House' being opposite the library in Timber Street. Despite his disability, he was active in various societies, being the honorary secretary and treasurer of the Swimming Club in the 1870s and 1880s, the Pietermaritzburg Horticultural Society (c.1875–c.1905) and the Pietermaritzburg Agricultural Society (now the Royal Agricultural Society) from 1889–1902.
- 28 Judge John William Turnbull (1829–1902). Born in Edinburgh, barrister at law of Lincoln's Inn. Came to Natal in 1859, member of the Legislative Council 1869–1872. From 1888–1896 was a puisne judge. Apparently Turnbull was particular about the company his children associated with, so built a workshop at the back of the house for the sons, and a ballroom attached to the front for his daughters.
- 29 Now Killarney Terrace.