

## Olive Schreiner at 150: Some Thoughts on Re-Editing Cronwright's *The Reinterment on Buffelskop*

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The original edition of Cronwright's *The Reinterment on Buffelskop* (1983) was produced by Guy Butler and Nick Visser to commemorate the centenary of the 1883 publication of *The Story of an African Farm* (hereafter *African Farm*). The Butler-Visser text was a photographic reproduction of a typed carbon copy of the first part of Cronwright's extant diaries plus a special diary he had kept covering in detail the events of the actual reinterment. (The originals are now at the National English Literary Museum [NELM].) Butler included a comprehensive and illuminating introduction to these texts, as well as – under separate soft cover – a set of “Provisional Notes” which draw deeply on his own and his family's accumulated knowledge of Cradock, its environs and inhabitants. In addition, Butler and Visser included two passages excised by Cronwright from the typescript of his *Life of Olive Schreiner* (1924; hereafter *Life*): a word picture of Charles Heathcote, and the longer account of “The Nienaber Incident” – pages which deal with the execution of three innocent men at De Aar on 19 March 1901, and Cronwright's subsequent attempts at legal reparation for them and their families.

The substantive text of the Butler-Visser edition is often difficult to read because of the method of reproduction; moreover, because it also reproduces Cronwright's emendations (in ink) of the typescript, it is frankly uninviting. Thus, when the NELM Council proposed a publication commemorating the 150<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Olive Schreiner's birth on 24 March 1855, it seemed appropriate that a second attempt be made to give students of Olive Schreiner's works easier access to Cronwright's detailed account of this

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“bizarre, romantic” episode (Butler 1983, 10). Furthermore, from the perspective of text history, the typescript of the *Reinterment* antedates both Cronwright’s *Life* and *The Letters of Olive Schreiner* (1924a; hereafter *Letters*). Parts of it are clearly Cronwright’s preliminary ‘notes towards’ his *Life*, and, as Butler (1983, 15) hypothesizes, the whole of the *Reinterment* might have been intended as a separate (and earlier) publication. Finally, the sarcophagus on Buffelskop is one of South Africa’s more noteworthy literary shrines: while the idea of re-editing an account of Olive Schreiner’s reinterment might be thought to be a futile exercise in intellectual recycling, our intention is that both husband and wife should live again through a rediscovery of the thoughts and feelings that led them to this dramatic final resting-place.

The outline of the story of Olive Schreiner’s reinterment appears as “Appendix F” of *Cronwright’s Life* (1924, 394-401). This has long been out of print. It is our hope that our entirely new edition of his Diaries (that is, what he labelled Diary I and Diary II) will prove accessible, portable (for pilgrims to the sarcophagus) and easy to read. The details of the Diaries provide clues to Cronwright’s character and the way in which his mind worked which are hard to find elsewhere in the Schreiner literature; Cronwright’s relation of “The Nienaber Incident” – as Butler comments in the “Introduction” to his 1983 Edition – “shows both Cronwright and Olive at their best” (Walters and Fogg 2005, 28). Moreover, this extract shows the extent to which these two English South Africans – in the aftermath of the Anglo-Boer War – were prepared to exert themselves to vindicate a group of Boers who had suffered gross injustice at the hands of British martial law.

While Cronwright’s *Reinterment* is not great literature,<sup>1</sup> it tells us something more – a long and lovingly-detailed postscript, perhaps? – about the mother of South African literature, an early pillar of the women’s movement, and a doughty and prescient fighter for political rights for all, whose vision for a better South Africa only started becoming a reality in 1994.

### **Why Reinterment?**

The simple answer is: because Olive wanted it. In Diary I (10.6.21;<sup>2</sup> Walters and Fogg 2005, 52), Cronwright says he thinks it “must have been in May [1894]” when he and Olive climbed Buffelskop, then part of the farm “Krantz Plaats” to which he had brought Olive as his bride on 24 February 1894.<sup>3</sup> The Diary continues: “[The presence of the butterflies] and the superb panorama enchanted Olive: it was all pure and exquisite delight to

her” (10.6.21; Walters and Fogg 2005, 52). Referring to this moment, Cronwright writes in his *Life*: “Before we went down she said: ‘We must be buried here, you and I, Cron. I shall buy one morgen of this top and we must be buried up here.’ It jumped with my own desire, and so it came to be decided” (1924, 268). Cronwright was 31; Olive 39. Olive was never to visit the spot in life again, and Cronwright only in December 1919, when he made a small cairn to indicate “the exact spot where the grave was to be” (1924, 394). He sent Olive (who had been in England since December 1913) a photograph of himself beside the cairn.

Some three months earlier, having sold his house in De Aar to a D. J. Viljoen (who changed his name for it – “Krantz Plaats” – to “Huis Salem” [Diary II: 23<sup>rd</sup> Aug. 1921; Walters and Fogg 2005, 135]), Cronwright had buried the remains of their (never named) Baby and a favourite fox terrier, “Nita,” in a temporary grave in a corner of the De Aar property with a note in a “very carefully” corked bottle (Diary II: 11<sup>th</sup> Aug. 1921; Walters and Fogg 2005, 107, 129–30, and endpapers). This note concludes:

These bodies are, at some future time, to be removed and buried finally with Olive and myself on the plot of ground on the summit of Buffelskop, Krantz Plaats, Cradock (where I used to farm). *This is primarily Olive’s wish.* In the mean time, with Mr Viljoen’s permission, they rest here, on the plot I have just sold to him.

(signed) S.C. Cronwright-Schreiner.  
(our emphasis)

Before they were even married, however, Olive had given Buffelskop a special place in their relationship. Writing to Cronwright from Matjesfontein, she says:

Cron, you know, if ever I feel I wish to see you, what I feel I want is that you and I should stand on that old mountain together, there where we can see on one side the place where I spent so much of my solitary girlhood, and on the other side Krantz Plaats where your young manhood with all its bitterness and passion, its mistakes and its beauty, was passed. . . . That mountain top lives always in my thoughts as connected with you.

(letter 1893: 7, in Rive 1987, 221)

The lives of what Butler calls the “briefly transfigured” newly-weds who stood on Buffelskop in May 1894 were to become sadly encumbered: first

Olive's chronic asthma (and worsening heart condition – see Stanley [2002, 50 n.124]), then the death of the baby daughter (30 April 1895) who lived only a few hours, and at least five subsequent miscarriages (see letter 1896: 48, in Rive 1987, 295; and Stanley 2002, 35), Olive's apparent inability to settle anywhere for long, their enforced separation during the Anglo-Boer War, followed by Cronwright's absences as a Member of Parliament after it, and his dogged devotion to earning a living when in De Aar (First & Scott 1980, 298), then Olive's protracted stay in England from December 1913 to August 1920, their brief reunion there, Olive's return to South Africa (13 August 1920) and, finally, her death in Cape Town on the night of 10 December 1920.

Nevertheless, amidst it all, the thought of her (their?) last resting-place runs through Olive's thoughts and letters:

When the war is over I will get my baby's body and take her to our resting place on the mountain. Oh, Cron, dear, I wish that I were there now. . . . If I should die before you, you must promise me whatever happens to come and be buried by me there. I know it's only a foolish imagination, but it always seems to me I shall know and be so happy then. You've no idea how the thought of that quiet resting place is always a comfort to me.

(Olive to Cronwright, Hanover, 17 January 1901  
[Cronwright-Schreiner 1924, 326])

Six years later (14 March 1907), again from Hanover, Olive writes to Cronwright:

I have painted my baby's little inner coffin, the shell, a beautiful pure white with Aspinall's Enamel, and written on it for her birthday on April 30. It is so nice to think it will lie close beside me in my coffin. You must take it all out of the outer case and put the little white shell in by my side, not at my feet dear.

(quoted in Hobman 1955, 160)

This, then, was the commitment, which Cronwright, in all the humourless seriousness of his nature (Unpub. letter from Kenneth Wilson to Guy Butler, 7.2.91, NELM 97.11.7.1), was determined to keep. But Butler reminds us that this “must also be seen as a tryst” (Walters and Fogg 2005, 14); perhaps for both of them, a place where they might recapture a time “When the feelings were young and the world was new, / Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view.” The words are those of one of South Africa's earliest poets in English, Thomas Pringle, from “Afar in the Desert.”<sup>4</sup>

As the mixture of poetry and pragmatism at the end of Diary II's entry for 12 August 1921 (that is, the eve of the reinterment) shows, Cronwright does not allow himself much indulgence in such fancies:

. . . and once more she'll be on the beloved kop: then the ironstone grave will be closed on all that is left of her and her child and her dog, and we shall leave her alone on the wonderful peak; no, not *alone*, but with the wild nature she loved so intensely, with the immense vault of the Karroo [*sic*] sky, with her "African Stars" above her; and there she will lie till I am put beside her, when the grave will be closed permanently and we shall be part of the old farm: we who stood together there 27 years ago hand in hand, with her glorious eyes reflecting and illuminating the great expanse of beauty, and we shall lie there together with our child and the little dog; all home at last. It is beautiful to think of it now; we shall not know it then; and does it really matter then?

Of course the letters from Olive quoted above appear in *Cronwright's Life*, and the entry for 5 September 1922 in his later unpublished diaries records his burning of most of her letters to him: "This afternoon, after making the necessary extracts I burnt the remainder of Olive's letters to me up to the date of our leaving Krantz Plaats." This leaves the way open for those who wish to maintain that the whole reinterment saga was Cronwright's project – perhaps, even, a last, futile attempt to control and possess in death a spouse who had constantly and maddeningly eluded him in life. Certainly, as Butler points out, "No one attended both of Olive's funerals" (Walters and Fogg 2005, 22). Her first burial in the Schreiner family plot in Maitland No 1 (a plot Olive herself had helped to establish [Walters and Fogg 2005, 14-15]) was attended by an impressive number of prominent Capetonians, together with several of her blood relatives (as the *Cape Argus* reported on 13 December 1922). Diary II records in meticulous detail those present at the reinterment on 13 August 1921. Cronwright feels that Olive would have been pleased by the multi-racial nature of that second gathering, as well as by the presence of some of the Cawoods from the neighbouring farm of Gannahoeck where Olive had worked as a young governess and where she seems to have begun *African Farm*.

Although a final answer as to whether Cronwright was carrying out Olive's final wishes or his own strong-willed interpretation of those wishes may now be impossible, one perspective which the *Reinterment* affords is what Buffelskop meant to *Cronwright*. He had his own associations with the mountain and its environs which went back to his adolescence:

When George Cherer Murray and I were at St. Andrew's, he asked me to spend my holidays with him at his father's farm Kuilfontein, near Colesberg. . . . We slept (I think the first night) at Steenbokvlakte, Charles Heathcote's farm. [Heathcote's sister was George Murray's mother]. Next morning . . . Mr Heathcote's head assistant . . . took George Murray . . . and myself, on to the mountains to see the wild zebras.

. . . .  
So that, in December 1880, I stood on Buffels Kop . . . not far from the spot where the grave is to be, where I shall some day be buried with Olive, the baby and Nita. On my first visit to the Karroo [*sic*] I thus walked on my first farm and actually almost on the very spot which is to be my last resting place.

(Diary I: 10.6.21; Walters and Fogg 2005, 53)

In the same entry, Cronwright refers to the numerous times he had climbed Buffelskop while it formed part of the farm ("Krantz Plaats") he was managing for Mr John E. Wood of Grahamstown, who donated the single morgen for the sarcophagus on the Kop to Olive. (It was registered in her name in 1896.) Born in Bedford where his father was then farming, Cronwright grew up in Grahamstown, where his father had opened a successful tanning and saddlery business and was at one time Mayor. Cronwright attended St Andrew's College and had hoped to proceed overseas to study law, but, owing to a reversal of his father's fortunes, had to leave St Andrew's in April 1883 (Diary I: 8.6.21; Walters and Fogg 2005, 51). He was sent to learn farming under his mother's brother on the farm Weltevreden, Pearston – "without a sixpence – and with a bright yellow pair of corduroy trousers!" (8.6.21; Walters and Fogg 2005, 51). (Weltevreden lies some 10 kilometres north of Pearston on the eastern slopes of the "Honey Mountain" (Heuningkop) whose southern escarpment is part of the farm Cranemere, the principal setting for Eve Palmer's *The Plains of Camdeboo*. As the crow flies, Weltevreden is probably not more than 65kms south-west of Buffelskop.) By the end of the next year (December 1884), the young Cronwright, 21 years old, was sent by his father to manage "Krantz Plaats" as a favour to their family friend, John Wood of Grahamstown.

Shortly after taking up residence at "Krantz Plaatz," Cronwright made the acquaintance of Richard and Erida Cawood (and their 12 children), of Gannahoek, and it was in the front room of their homestead that Cronwright first met Olive in December 1892 (Diary I: 10.6.21; Walters and Fogg 2005, 55):

After I met Olive, Dec 1892 (her personality having impressed me, I think, even more than "*The African Farm*"), I sent her a slip

of paper on which I wrote simply that wonderful sentence “I have seen today that which I never saw before, a ‘Vast white bird with silver wings outstretched sailing in the everlasting blue’”.  
(Diary II: 17<sup>th</sup> Aug. 1921; Walters and Fogg 2005, 128-29)

How did the well-educated young bachelor spend his time? Farming as he did is a full-time occupation, governed by the seasons and the sun – full of fresh air and healthy exercise. Moreover, Karoo hospitality is famously generous: one can speculate that Cronwright was a welcome addition to many a match-making mother’s dinner table. Then there were “manly outdoor activities”: in Diary II: 16<sup>th</sup> Aug. 1921, three days after the reinterment, he gives us a flashback to the athletic achievements of his bachelor days:

I have met several of the “boys” who used to be in the football (rugger) team under my captaincy in the eighties – a team that achieved many victories. . . . In the middle eighties I used (sometimes) to win their cricket matches for them (the old “Standard Cricket Club”); it was [on the old sports ground] too that in 1886 I jumped a long jump of 19ft, 7in and a high pole jump of 10ft, 6in. (which is still, I believe, the unofficial S. African record).

His activities were not confined to rugger matches and pole-vaulting, however. Rive (1987, 281-82 n. 4) describes Cronwright as a “frequent contributor” to James Butler’s *Midland News*, “through the letter column, and as the pseudonymous author of a ‘Karoo Farmers’ Column.’” One of these columns “attacking Rhodes for voting for the Strop Bill and for his throwing the Native as a sop to the Boer” (letter 1896: 27, in Rive 1987, 279),<sup>5</sup> had so interested Olive that she had written to Erida Cawood of Gannahoek to find out the writer’s identity. Cronwright also made a scientific study of Angora goats (his book on the subject, published in 1898, is still one of the early standard works), and in 1892 read a paper on “The Angora Goat” before the Agricultural Section at the Kimberley Exhibition,<sup>6</sup> where Olive was a guest of honour (Diary II: 9<sup>th</sup> Aug. 1921; Walters and Fogg 2005, 97).

Cronwright was also a great reader – and not on agricultural matters alone: he had already read *African Farm* before he met Olive. His Diaries provide several further glimpses of Cronwright’s love of reading: in Diary I: 7<sup>th</sup> June 1921 (Walters and Fogg 2005, 51), he notes that he is taking with him *Edwin Drood*, Bertrand Russell’s *Problems of Philosophy*, and *Buddhism* by a Mrs Rhys Davids for his first train trip to Cradock. For the second trip, he buys *Middlemarch* at “Books Unlimited,” records reading

part of Mrs Gaskell's *Cranford*, and reads *The Life of J S Moffat* by his son – a work for which he expresses his dislike. In Diary II: 17<sup>th</sup> Aug 1921 (Walters and Fogg 2005, 125), he refers to the previous evening's meeting with Miss Mary Butler (the principal author of the account of the reinterment printed in her father's *The Midland News*, and aunt to Guy Butler):

Miss Butler seems an admirable type of woman, refined, quiet, strong. Having heard of "Dreams", which she had confounded with "Dream Life", she is reading it with enthusiasm. But how little people read; to meet one who *has* read, especially poetry, is a miracle. . . . I drove with her [back to the Training Institute]; and we had this little talk about reading.

In November of the same year (unpub. diaries: 21.11.21) Cronwright reflects with quite startling clarity on himself: "My love of reading (especially poetry), of knowledge (science and philosophy) and my love of *fact* and truth has no counterpoint in any relative that I am aware of, certainly in any relative who has also any record in athletics."

The *Reinterment* provides ample evidence of these qualities and interests which Cronwright attributes to himself, and, in Diary I in particular, as Cronwright gathers material for Olive's early life in the Cradock district, we see him "using his lawyer's powers of deduction, measurement and documentation in a thoroughly creditable fashion" (Walters and Fogg 2005, 31). His love for poetry (seemingly, with one possible exception, quoted from memory) is patent: indeed, to paraphrase something D. H. Lawrence wrote about Sophia and Nathaniel Hawthorne, we might venture to say that Cronwright "never saw Olive in time, but only in the frail effulgence of immortal poetry." There are only three poetic allusions in Diary I: from Tennyson's "The May Queen," lines from Wordsworth's "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle" and Shelley's "Adonais" (the latter two repeated in Diary II). But, as he leaves Cape Town on 8 August 1921 with Olive's coffin in a goods van at the end of the train, the poetry (and its associations) piles up thick and fast: both "Brougham Castle" and "Adonais" reappear, as do Shelley's "The Cloud" (more of which anon), several references to Browning's "A Grammarian's Funeral" (a particular favourite of Olive's) as well as his "Our Last Ride Together," Stanza CXXIX from Tennyson's "In Memoriam," Poem iv of Wordsworth's "Lucy" poems, together with 8½ lines (as yet untraced) beginning "When I am deade and all my heart's distress," Walter de la Mare's "The Mountains," Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "The Mask," Stanza 47 of Edward Fitzgerald's translation of *The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*, two stanzas from a hymn on the death of



Moses by Mrs Cecil Frances Alexander, a reference to Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey," and, finally, two lines from Thomas Pringle's "Afar in the Desert." There are, of course, no fewer than five allusions to Olive's "great white bird" – though there seems some uncertainty as to its colour – a passage, which, from their first meeting in December 1892, as Diary II makes plain, had an almost talismanic power for Cronwright where Olive was concerned. Another recurrent phrase, which is also taken from Olive's "great letter to J. T. Lloyd" (Diary II: 9<sup>th</sup> Aug. 1921; Walters and Fogg 2005, 93 n. 17): "the whole existence seemed to me more beautiful because it had brought forth and taken back to itself such a beautiful thing as she was to me," takes us back to another death – indeed, another dead infant – Olive's much-loved younger sister Ellie, who had died when Olive was only nine. Ellie's dying precipitated Olive's life-long rejection of orthodox Christianity (see Stanley 2002, 19-20).

There is a mild irony in Cronwright's later declaration of a love of reading poetry, since, as Ronald Currey in his *St Andrew's College, Grahamstown: 1855 – 1955* records:

[I]n the Debating Society in September 1880 . . . S. C. Wright had the House with him when he maintained that the 'necessity of Poetry [as one of the subjects of the ordinary school courses] need not be insisted on, at any rate at St Andrew's, where', as he added amidst tumultuous applause, 'the College had nevertheless turned out good men and true' . . . Wright later became the husband of Olive Schreiner.

(1955, 48)

One should point out in Cronwright's defence, however, that proposing or opposing a motion in a debate is a technical matter and does not necessarily indicate an expression of a personally held belief; secondly, that the silence and loneliness of Karoo winter nights may convert the most arrant philistine into a lover of poetry!

In trying to answer the question 'Why reinterment?' we have tried to outline some of the answers that Cronwright's Diaries suggest in terms of the significances accruing around this particular spot for both Olive and Cronwright. Perhaps, however, the most obvious reason has been left as yet unstated: surely, it symbolises their shared passion for the Karoo, of which few South Africans have ever written more powerfully than Olive herself. Moreover, thanks to a long-standing association (at least in Western consciousness as well as in Tibetan Buddhist thought) mountains are linked with seers, prophets, spiritual illumination (associations underpinning the allegory in Part II, Chapter Two of *African Farm*). All things considered,

then, there is an unarguable fitness about this joint choice of Olive and Cronwright's final resting-place, however macabre or bizarre the mechanics of its accomplishment may have been.

Pursuing what the reinterment meant for Cronwright, however, leads one to a fascinating clue in his personal copy of *Life* (in NELM's Schreiner Collection), which has his holograph inscription on the cover "Corrected and Annotated." At the foot of the page, below the famous photograph of the sarcophagus, the three coffins, and Cronwright holding the three-month old Van Dijk child (whose middle name was Cronwright), there is an interesting annotation in Cron's hand. It reads:

("Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb")

This quotation comes from the concluding lines of Shelley's "The Cloud," a particular favourite of Cronwright's, as we have seen above. Looked at in context, the quotation takes on a strange and even prophetic significance. The last four lines of "The Cloud" read:

I silently laugh at my own cenotaph  
And out of the caverns of rain,  
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,  
I arise and unbuild it again.

Whether Cronwright had all these lines on his mind when he inscribed the third line under the photograph, we do not know. But if we examine the image we notice that Cronwright is standing with his back to the sarcophagus on which *his own name* is inscribed on a brass plaque together with those of the dead Olive, Baby and Nita. His eyes are in shadow, but from the angle of his head he appears to be gazing down with a slightly quizzical look at the Van Dijk baby on his knee. If he lifted his head slightly he would be looking directly at the coffin of Baby, who had only lived those few brief hours after her birth on 30 April 1895. Some commentators ascribe Freudian significance to this stance, since Cronwright's hobnailed boot is resting on his wife's coffin, but it may be merely that this position is the most comfortable and secure one in which to hold a tiny child. It would be another fifteen years before Cronwright joined Olive, their child and dog in the sarcophagus on which his name was already inscribed.

The child's death had had a profound effect on both parents. From the moment it was found dead, Olive held her for ten hours before she allowed the body to be taken away. (Six years before she and Cronwright met, she had written to Karl Pearson in August 1886 (letter 1886: 22, in Rive 1987, 101): "I myself have a very intense wish to have a child.") For years

afterwards both Cronwright and Olive would be moved to tears by chance references to their child's death. In his (unpublished) diary entry for 30 April 1922, Cronwright wrote:

On the afternoon of this day in 1895, at the Homestead, near Kimberley, our little daughter was born – 27 years ago. Oh the long, long time and the undying sadness. Now, she and Olive and Nita are in the strong stone sarcophagus on the summit of Buffelskop on the old farm where I lived 9 years, Olive about 5 months, and which the child and Nita never saw. It and the whole time are too sad, disastrous and embittering to dwell upon. And I am *alone* – no one knows how much alone and how utterly lonely. *It is all wrong*. I am before a fire in my study, Nita (great grand-daughter of the dog on Buffelskop) at my feet. Soon we too shall be gone.

(our emphasis)

Apart from the obvious symbolism of new life and new hope amongst the mournful furniture of death on that mountain top, the Van Dijk infant held another very specific meaning for Cronwright – a meaning which is only made clear in “The Nienaber Incident” (see Walters and Fogg 2005, 165-78). Briefly, the “Incident” describes the false accusation and execution of three young Boers arising out of an act of ‘sabotage’ committed by General Wynand Malan in 1901. The father of the infant, Mr W. S. van Dijk (who was farming “River View” – formerly the eastern part of “Krantz Plaats” lying between the railway line and the Fish River – at the time), was the brother-in-law of one of the principal witnesses for the defence – Mrs A. S. van Dijk (formerly Pienaar) – in a trial (after the Anglo-Boer War) in which Cronwright had successfully defended P. A. Pienaar against a charge of murder, and to which he had called General Wynand Malan as a witness. This trial exposed the fact that the three men shot at De Aar had been betrayed by one of their own, who perjured himself to save his own skin. Olive had also attended the trial, and taken the full proceedings down in longhand (original in NELM's collection). It was another – seemingly all too rare – moment in their lives when Cronwright and Olive had been able to express in public their shared passion for justice (and their hatred of the Anglo-Boer War!). The measure of the extended Pienaar family's gratitude was the ‘immortalising’ of Cronwright's own distinctive name by giving it to little Maria.

Perhaps all those years of having two small coffins following Olive and himself from house to house (in De Aar, they remained unburied until September 1919, when Cronwright was winding up his affairs there) had but

served to engrave deep within him the longing to father a living child, because Cronwright (aged 58 years 6 months at the time of the reinterment) was not about to give up yet. In early November 1923, during his stay in London to see his two major books about Olive (the *Life* and *Letters*) through the press, Cron met Lyn, or Leonora, Gann, born Bush. During the following weeks they frequently met for a meal or a visit to the theatre or cinema. He regarded her as being “a nice, free person – as nice as any woman I have met in London” and they took to meeting at a favourite restaurant on Euston Road, called the “Cronlyn” (unpub. diaries 7.11.23). They married in June 1924 and a daughter was born to them on 28 July 1925: she was named Cronlyn (!) Mary Featherstone. Cronwright had arisen and unbuilt his cenotaph with a vengeance.

There will probably always be those who would have preferred Olive to have been left in peace in the Schreiner family plot in Maitland No1; yet others who will point out the irony of her sharing the idea of a mountain top grave site with the empire-builder she loathed (Cecil John Rhodes in the Matopos); many will find the whole idea of the peripatetic little coffins and the reinterment so macabre that it ought not to be dignified with even a moment’s attention. Our response is: go to Buffelshoek; climb Buffelskop; stand on that ironstone *blad*; feast your eyes on that superb panorama – and then declare that Cronwright was wrong to bury Olive Schreiner on high amidst the landscape which she has written into our South African consciousness.

#### NOTES

1. At moments, Cronwright’s spare style has a certain understated poetry about it. See, for example, this sentence from early in “The Nienaber Incident”: “In the quiet, bare, sunlit burial ground of the Dutch Reformed Church at Hanover stands a stone pyramid” (Walters and Fogg, 165).

2. Cronwright is not consistent in his date notation: we have reproduced these variations in this article.

3. But see letters 1894: 15 and 1894: 16, in Rive (1987, 237-38), where Olive dates this climb to 13 or 16 April 1894.

4. Cronwright quotes these lines twice: once as he leaves Cradock after the reinterment (Diary II: 17<sup>th</sup> Aug. 1921; Walters and Fogg 2005, 128), and once in the description of Charles Heathcote (Walters and Fogg 2005, 162-63).

5. Rive (1987, 196 n. 4) refers to “the Masters and Servants Act Amendment Bill (the ‘Strop Bill’) – which proposed flogging of farm servants for certain misdemeanours . . .”

6. The South African and International Exhibition held at Kimberley in October 1892. The Rev Mr John T. Lloyd addressed the Literary Conference on “Literary culture in South Africa.” See Walters and Fogg (2005, 144-45, n. 14).

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