

they started again, and arrived at Graham's Town by 8 P.M. So much for quiet and restful travelling.¹

The Bishop remained till the 17th at Graham's Town, during which time there was morning service at 7.30 A.M., and evensong with a sermon daily, that being the only way, as he said, that he could hear his Clergy preach. He confirmed a large number of persons, and it is noticeable that the editor of the Methodist newspaper volunteered to print and distribute gratis to all the candidates a copy of the Bishop's address. A Synod of the Clergy of the Eastern Province occupied two days; on the 14th the Bishop himself examined a candidate for Holy Orders (Mr. Long) in the Articles and Greek Testament, and the following day (being the seventeenth Sunday after Trinity) ordained him, administering the Blessed Sacrament to 150 communicants, and preached twice. The 16th was filled up by local meetings and Church business of all kinds; and on the 17th the Bishop started for Southwell, but lost his way, as he relates in the following letter to Dr. Williamson:—

“Pot-House, Lower Albany, October 17th, 1848.

“My dear Richard—It's an ill wind, they say, that blows nobody good, which is just being illustrated in your case, for you now stand a chance of getting a business letter answered which you might have waited long enough for, had I not found myself benighted at a pot-house, when I ought to have been twenty miles off on a different road; having been misled by a stupid fellow whom the Chaplain at Graham's Town engaged to show me the way, for which blunder you will agree with me the said Chaplain deserves at least three months' suspension! It has thrown me quite out; my only chance of recovering myself is by rising at 3—driving five hours and riding three—to a confirmation at 11 o'clock at Southwell to-morrow. Enough, however, of my misfortunes. I am burning to give

¹ The Governor returned at once to Cape Town by sea; and Mrs. Gray mentions his kindness in going out *immediately* to Protea, to tell her how well the Bishop was, and how charmed every one was with him, speaking of him in the most affectionate manner.

you all an account of my last fortnight; but you shall have business—dry enough—instead! . . . The amount to which I am pledged (to Clergy and Catechists), as you will see, far exceeds my income. . . . But I cannot help encouraging our people here to make exertions for themselves, and promising to help them. The real wants of this Colony are far greater than I imagined in England; the Church population, too, is far larger, and they have been, and still are, in various places aiding the erection of dissenting chapels, for want of any effort upon the part of the Church. If you could witness what I have witnessed, and still witness daily, you would feel with me that I *must* go forward and enter upon the work which God in His Providence opens out to me. . . . I have had most distressing work in every place where I have yet been in hearing complaints against the Clergy. Our Church is indeed in a sad condition. I do hope S. P. G. will aid me in my work out of their own funds. This Diocese has a right to look for something beyond what I was able to raise for it. It has too long been neglected, and there is that to be done and undone which is sufficient to break the spirit and wear out the energies of better men than myself. But I will not write despondingly; it would be sinful. God is, I trust, with us. Much has already been done in this land to place things on a better footing, and the hearts of men are cheered. Things have, in too many ways to mention, fallen out wonderfully for the furtherance of the Gospel. I attribute much to the prayers of those who are dear to me; it is a great comfort to me, and gives me much confidence, to know that many daily intercede for us.”

The result of this delay was that the Bishop could not reach Southwell as appointed. He started the next morning at 4 o'clock, in the dark; but heavy rain set in, and the roads were all but impassable, wagon and horses sliding about in every direction, and they proceeded through a pretty country, severely marked with the traces of recent Kafir devastations, in momentary expectation of an upset. On arriving at Bathurst the Bishop learnt that no horses could get across to South-

well, so he was obliged to disappoint the people, always a most unwilling act on his part. The next day he consecrated the church at Bathurst, celebrating, preaching, and confirming. The appointment at Southwell was kept a day or two later, and the same incessant work continued. "Indeed I am pretty well wearied out," he wrote from Bathurst. "This Diocese is really a much more important one than I had any idea of when I was in England. If, instead of £1,500 a year, I had £3,000 or £4,000 at my disposal, I could establish the Church everywhere, but I shall have great difficulties with my present scanty means. It is almost a mystery to me to see what a field there is before us after our long neglect of this Colony. The Methodists are a very strong body in this Eastern province, but they are not in a healthy state. They are oppressed on one side by a fearful amount of worldliness, on the other by a wild fanaticism. Had our Clergy been leading men, a good deal more might have been done."

At Fort Beaufort (October 24th) the same work went on—celebration, services, preaching, Confirmation, large meeting, Evensong, and another sermon—inspection of Church and churchyard; after which the Bishop visited a dying man, and after a sleepless night (the frequent result of excitement and anxiety about his flock, and the responsibilities arising from it) he was off to Fort Hare, to begin the same sort of thing over again; and so on at Auckland, Chumie, and Balfour, riding fifty miles in the day—starting again on October 27th in a dense cold fog, and losing their way before reaching Fort Retief; then to Mancazana Post, the Great Fish River, Somerset, and Cradock. Some extracts from the Journal must be given, at the risk of sameness, to show the life of unwearied exertion involved:—

"*Nov. 2nd*, Up at 4 A.M. . . . through a country hilly and barren till we reached some farms called Spit Kop, where we were to sleep; but finding there was only one dark hole where the family slept, and which they kindly offered to give up to us, we preferred passing the night in the wagon, with our men snoring on the ground on one side of us, and the

horses tethered to the wagon on the other. Unfortunately for them, poor things, the night was a cold one.

"*Nov. 3rd*, Started a little after 5 A.M. By 10.30 arrived on the banks of the Fish River, where we first bathed, and then shaved, which we had no opportunity of doing before. We offered up our morning orisons under the shade of the mimosa.¹ Our road from hence lay along a stony, desolate valley, with mountains on either side, until we reached Cradock about 3 P.M. I find here a Dutch church, Wesleyan and Independent chapels, but no English church or clergyman. Many of our people have already joined other communions—others attend their services till a better day shall dawn. Official business, meetings, services, Baptisms, Confirmations. . . .

"*Nov. 7th*, Up at 4. I walked on before the wagon, having wearied myself out with reading Southey's *Life of Wesley* in the night. About this house (Zoet Fontein) we found three tame ostriches, also the secretary bird. Our journey, as yesterday, lay over a great desert plain, with nothing upon it but a kind of bush; abounding, however, with the springbok, of which we must have seen thousands. . . . Where we outspanned we found the ground for a considerable extent actually covered with locusts, giving some idea of what the plague of locusts must have been. . . . Slept at Peter Zisanel's farm, Macaster Fontein. . . . The farmer asked us to hold a service in Dutch, saying they were so seldom able to hear God's ministers. Though very doubtful whether they could understand my Dutch, I thought it wrong not to comply. We began with a Psalm; I then read a portion of the Word of God, and offered up some of the prayers of our Church. They professed to understand all I said; but I fear my pronunciation must have appeared ridiculous to them.

"*Nov. 8th*, Off again between 5 and 6 A.M.; arrived at Colesberg a little after 5 P.M. It is situated in a kind of valley, between two rows of barren broken rocks. . . . Took up our quarters with Dr. and Mrs. Orpen. . . .²

¹ He told his wife that he enjoyed outspanning and breakfasting in the Bush, boiling their kettle, and cooking mutton-chops and eggs very successfully.

² In a letter from Colesberg the Bishop says: "The Dutch have a singular way

"*Sunday, Nov. 12th* (21st after Trinity), Ordained Dr. Orpen Deacon, and had much satisfaction and joy in admitting him to the ministry. We had a large congregation on the occasion. . . . I preached on the duties and privileges of the Christian ministry. . . . The treatment of the coloured heathen is, from all I can learn, anything but what it should be, and but little calculated to win them to the faith of Christ. . . . The Government is now consulting as to the best method for checking their thefts of cattle, etc. The farmers have, in several instances, suggested that they should be allowed to administer a '*vaderlicht tucht*,' or fatherly correction, the tender nature of which may be seen in the case of a poor coloured man in jail, or *tronk*, at Colesberg, the soles of whose feet were so beaten by a farmer that he is now obliged to crawl about on his hands and knees. Slept at Eland Fontein, I in the tent furnished for me by the Governor. I found my mother earth none of the softest, and had but little sleep. My morning toilet was performed at 1 o'clock by the side of a muddy *vlea*, much to the annoyance of the frogs; a vineyard was my oratory. . . .

"*November 16th*, We are again amidst the mountains, but everything has the same barren desolate aspect; the springboks and gnus have disappeared, and we have scarce seen any symptom of life, except a few sheep. We have found some difficulty even in procuring sufficient water for our horses, the streams being many of them quite dry through the long-continued drought. We have felt it, however, quite refreshing to have exchanged the wearisome plains for the mountains. Arrived at Graaff Reinet about 6 P.M. The approach to the town by the banks of the river with mountain crags hanging over it is very beautiful, and the town itself is charmingly situated among the hills. . . . The oleander here grows to a large tree, and I saw the Kafir broom and some magnificent weeping willows. . . . I found a packet of about thirty letters waiting me, some from

of building churches. They buy or get Government to give them a farm. Upon this they build a church, which perhaps costs £2,000 or £2,500. They then sell small allotments of land, called *erven* at a high price. Many purchase, and a village springs up, the church being the attraction. . . . Perhaps I may some day thus found a town."

England containing accounts of the falling off of my subscriptions, just as I have been pledging myself to near £400 a year beyond what I had raised. But God will provide; He will not suffer His Work to languish for want of a few hundred pounds.

“*Sunday* (22nd after Trinity), *November 19th*, Holy Communion and service in the Dutch Church. I preached on the necessity of coming to Christ in order to salvation, and the way in which men must come. So long have our people here been deprived of Holy Communion that very many do not seem to know how it is administered in the English Church. . . Collection to-day for Holy Vessels amounted to upwards of £18.”

Here a letter to Mrs. Mowbray gives a lively representation of the Bishop's actual travels:—

“Karoo, November 22nd, 1848.

“My dearest Lizzie—I write to you from the Great Karroo or Desert, through which we are passing. We have just arrived at the huge bed of a mountain torrent, down which, were a thunderstorm to arise as is usual at this dry and hot season, a flood would rush sufficient to sweep away our wagon and our tent. Our men are collecting fuel, our poor jaded horses picking up the dry grass and enjoying a roll in the sand; and I am sitting on the bank of our river with a barren country and still more barren mountains around me, and a glorious setting sun, writing to you. There is no house within many miles of us, but enough water for us and our beasts, and biscuits, cheese, and ham, for us and our men. They sleep on the bare ground, Green in the wagon, and I under a little tent given me by the Governor, with sand for a downy bed.¹ We enjoy the freedom of this kind of life much more than stopping at a Dutch Boer's house, stammering out bad Dutch to dull ears and understandings, and sipping vile coffee. They are, however, most hospitable, and

¹ In the Journal the Bishop says: “My tent, which was pitched in the sand, was so loosened from its holdings by the wind that it kept flapping all night, and the sand drifted into my bed, so that I scarce got any rest. We enjoyed, however, the freedom of our mode of life, and lay gazing on our magnificent canopy of stars.”

are always kind to the 'Predicant!!' As a specimen of hospitality, I may inform you that I had this day a plate of very nice bread and tallow placed before me: I discovered it was not butter in time to warn Green, but too late for myself! It is quite wonderful how our little horses stand their work. We rise at 4 A.M., start at 5—I generally walking on, being the first ready. We jog on till about 9 or 10, when we outspan, and cook our breakfast or breakfast at a Boer's, while our poor horses roll and pick bushes or dry grass, or perhaps have a bundle of oat straw for a treat. At 11 we start again under a broiling sun, and, unless there be a sea breeze, a cloud of dust. We outspan again perhaps at 2 P.M., when I walk on. We reach our destination at about 6.30, having generally travelled near fifty miles with a heavy wagon. We read nearly the whole time, and I always, as soon as I decently can, make my escape, write letters and my Journal, and so ends our day. I am not sorry my journey is drawing to a close, though I could enjoy great part of the actual travelling if it were not for the absence of all I love. I cannot, however, be too thankful to Almighty God for His many mercies: we have not had a single accident since I started, thirteen weeks ago. My health is greatly re-established, though I do not sleep well; and I trust the good cause is progressing, though amidst many trials and difficulties. It has been a great disappointment to me to hear from Edward and Richard of the falling off of my finances. . . . I trust to be at home with my dearest wife again by about December 19th, and then I shall have much anxious work before me. My present chief anxiety, however, is about finance. The sum which one Wesleyan Missionary costs in this country, £300 a year, would enable me, I believe, to keep six additional Clergy. If I am ruined I must be compelled to spend a year in England begging, but it will go far to kill me. . . . £200 a year here is not equal to £300 in England. Mutton and beef are from 1½d. to 3d. the lb., according to the locality; groceries cheap; house-rent, clothes, servants, all dear and all bad. A man would in many places do well as a teacher. I have heard of incompetent men making £500

a year, but there is great uncertainty. . . . I do not want mere gentlemen; we must gain a character for earnestness and devotion."

JOURNAL. "*November 23rd*, During the day we saw a great number of ostriches; we were quite rejoiced to see the mimosa again, of which a fortnight since we were so weary—anything green is pleasing, after the dreary waste of dry and withered bushes by which we have been of late surrounded. . . .

"*November 24th*, Arrived in Beaufort; found another packet of English letters, announcing the arrival of the Archdeacon and seven Clergy and Catechists. . . .

25th, Calling upon some of the English people, I found one lady who said she had been thirty-eight years in the Colony without seeing any minister of her own Church. . . . There is, however, a little congregation here of members of the English Church, who meet together every Lord's Day, to read the Church Service.

"*27th*, Up at 3 A.M., but was delayed some time waiting for the horses I had engaged, thinking it prudent to send my own on a day in advance, lest they should be quite knocked up on our long journey to George, over a road but little known, but known to be a bad one. Our route to-day has been along a dreary barren karroo; we have performed, however, nearly seventy miles over a rough road. Our horses stuck in the rough bed of a river, and I thought we should have to remain there till the next thunderstorm washed us all away. Our men suggested that Green and I should put our shoulders to the wheel, which we did, and at length got out. We outspanned for the night near a little muddy pool in the bed of the river; and here again we were obliged, as it was growing dark, to become hewers of wood for my fire, and drawers of water, while our men were pitching the tent, lighting the fire, cooking our supper, and feeding the horses.

"*November 28th*, Up again between 3 and 4 A.M. I walked on, and the wagon did not overtake me till I reached Swanapools, where my horses were waiting for us. I had a pleasant

walk of two hours. We started immediately, and travelled as usual, till we arrived at the top of the Zunyberg mountains, over which we had to pass, where one of our wheels gave way with a great crash. . . . We walked on till near 9 o'clock. . . . I was very tired, and was thankful on arriving at a pool of water to kneel down like the cattle, and drink, but would gladly have given up my place to our poor parched horses, who had no water within several miles of them. . . .

"*November 29th*, Early despatched Ludwig with an ox wagon, and a cask of water for the horses, while I walked on to a wheel-maker. . . . Somewhat crippled with my walk of twenty-five miles yesterday under a hot sun; and having no books, nor any writing materials, my day was but a dull one. I spent the greater part of it under the shade of some mimosa bushes, reviewing my work, meditating upon various subjects, and looking out anxiously for the wagon, which did not return till 9 P.M. It was once upset, which did not improve the condition either of the vehicle or its contents.

"*November 30th*, We find the benefit of carrying provision with us, as we are nearly reduced to living on our own stores. Christian produced an ostrich egg, which he had got from a coloured woman yesterday, and it satisfied the hunger of our whole party. I do not much admire the flavour. . . .

"*December 1st*, Our repairs were finished early this morning, and we got off at 9 o'clock, thankful to get quite out of the Karroo country, which is essentially 'a barren and dry land where no water is.' . . .

"*2nd*, Had oxen to take us over the mountains. I was very glad to find myself in the Lange Kloof; it seemed quite like an old friend, and made us feel we were again approaching home. . . . Arrived at George." . . .

Riversdale, Swellendam, Worcester followed, each affording fresh instances of spiritual destitution, and of the harvest waiting to be reaped by the Church. On December 15th the Bishop rode up Mitchell's Pass to inspect the Convict Station, with which he was pleased, and thought it well disciplined and conducted. He went on to Wellington,

and before arriving at Stellenbosch, his heart was gladdened by the far-off sight of Table Mountain, and he rejoiced in tracing the range up to the point where Protea (now *Home*) lay. The Bishop had scarcely reached the inn, when, to his surprise and delight, his wife drove up,¹ and after four months' separation, they met again for two days, after which he had again to continue his Visitation at the Paarl, Malmesbury, etc.; and on the 21st he reached Protea, after a journey of nearly 3,000 miles, during which he had confirmed 900 persons, besides the various other works he had, by God's Grace, been enabled to do for the Church.

To Mrs. WILLIAMSON.

"Protea, December 28th, 1848.

"Dearest Annie—I cannot let the mail go without a line, though I scarce know which way to turn for the press of business which has come upon me since my return home. I arrived here last Monday, after a journey of seventeen weeks and a day. I cannot be too thankful for the restoration of my health, for I am now quite well again, though still suffering from weak eyes. . . . We have a houseful of Clergy and candidates, and like them all much. . . . Wright and Henchman

¹ Mrs. Gray says in a letter to England (December 19th, 1848), "Robert had fixed to spend Sunday at Stellenbosch, which is only twenty-seven miles, but had never hinted at any wish for nearer intercourse. However, I determined, though without leave, to make a push to see him, and with some difficulty persuaded Mr. Badnall to drive me into this terra incognita, on Saturday. We arrived at Stellenbosch about five minutes after the Bishop, with Mr. Green and Mr. Davidson, had taken up their quarters in a little inn, which, though dignified by the name of an "Hotel" in large letters over the door, would have been but a poor public-house in England. The travellers, however, thought it luxury after what they had encountered. They were looking extremely well; Robert grown quite stout again, and very brown or red and healthy looking, also very jolly and in good spirits, and full of jokes. . . . There was, however, not the same improvement in their equipments—the poor wagon which looked so smart when they started, was sadly battered, its wheels all tied up with ropes, and sundry patches and stains in all parts of it. The horses thin but fresh, the men in high favour; but the boxes, bags, dressing-cases, clothes, shoes, etc., showing grievous marks of having been in the wars. The Bishop's two new strong tin boxes, which he got from Cox, all battered to pieces, neither would lock; his black patent leather bags worn into holes; his hat, which was new when he started, looked as if he had played football with it for a month—Mr. Green's still worse—and his shoes had a hole in the sole through which you could put a finger."

have volunteered for the lepers and convicts in Robben Island. I ordained Dr. Andrews Deacon last Sunday; we were nine Clergy in all at the service, and every one had come out within the year. . . . I had a most kind letter from the Archbishop a few days ago, and a very satisfactory one as to his own line of conduct in the Church. He repudiated with some indignation the charges of an intention to tamper with the Liturgy."

To. Dr. WILLIAMSON.

"Protea, January 11th, 1849.

"My dear Richard—I cannot let the 'Essex' sail without a line, though I cannot write definitely, my mind and my affairs being in a state of great confusion from the very great press of matters which have been weighing on me ever since my return home. I arrived here this day three weeks, and I really feel as if I should never be clear of my load of letters and papers. Every day new questions start up which involve important principles, which I find it very difficult to settle, and tremble to handle. . . . The Archdeacon (Merriman) left us on Saturday last, the Feast of the Epiphany. We all on that day partook of the Holy Communion together at the Cathedral, and I saw him afterwards safe on board his ship. I trust ere this he has arrived in Algoa Bay. He will, I am sure, perhaps amidst some reproaches, do much, if spared, to extend the Kingdom of God in this land, for his whole soul is in the work, and he has great energy and ability. His preaching while here made a great impression. During all the time he was with us we were, of course, much engaged in discussing future plans. He is, I think, quite convinced that he cannot start his proposed College for at least a year. During this time Mr. White will act as Principal of a Collegiate School which I am, I think, likely to start at Protea within two months. Mr. Badnall will be Vice-Principal. . . . They will occupy at first the Mayneer's Cottage,¹

¹ This cottage was a long range of buildings forming the right hand side of the courtyard of Protea, those on the left hand being offices. Three sides of the Court were shaded by fine oak trees, bearing immense acorns. The cottage was used for the Collegiate School, then for the Kafir schools, and later still for the coloured children on the estate.

which will only entail a rent of £30. We shall thus begin our Educational work at no great cost, and in a quiet way. As our work enlarges our schemes will be more developed; but we are not very anxious about numbers at first. We shall certainly want one man, and probably two, to fill the office of fellows and tutors. We only propose to give £100 a year as at Radley, out of which battels will be paid. Mr. White will be obliged to go to the East during the winter months, but will return again; he is writing to Sewell, Heathcote, etc. We should wish our Institution to be somewhat similar to Radley, not taking children younger than 10, but keeping them perhaps till 17 or 18, or even longer. . . . It is a disappointment to me not to secure White permanently, but I think he has set his heart on the East, on the score of health chiefly. He may, however, abide with us. The future we are content to leave in some degree of uncertainty. Badnall will always be ready to fill the Principal's place till we have got a man thoroughly to our mind. . . . As for Clergy, I want sadly more of them, but I dare not commission you to engage any. I have not yet been able to prepare all my papers for fresh application to Government; but I have a tolerable list, and it will lead to much discussion. I am just now in trouble about Clergy. . . . I am dismissing another, who appeals to Lord Grey!! What an opening for discussion, and Church and State discord! Lord Grey, I suppose, considered his appeal to you in the case of Mr. — as obtaining your concurrence. I shall stop him here for a time, but I shall not refuse to license him if his testimonials are satisfactory. His appointment, however, throws £200 a year more upon me, for acting upon Lord Grey's letter to me, I had fixed upon Green for Natal, and devoted the money intended for him to other objects. I hope, however, it will lead to my getting two chaplains. . . . I cannot allow Lord Grey to send into this Diocese men who come for the loaves and fishes. I am quite sure that earnest men would seek employment through the Bishop rather than the Colonial Office. . . . I always require testimonials from you or Coleridge, because I am subjected to applications from all sorts of adventurers. . . . I am just now

contesting an important principle, the conveyance of all churches to the See. The existence of our Church in this land depends upon it. I hope it is not too late to put things in almost every case upon a sound footing, but I shall have great trouble and labour, and some abuse, in effecting it. At present there is nothing to prevent several of the churches from being turned into conventicles.

“We had, while the Archdeacon was with us, another Synod of the Clergy. We were fifteen in number, one absent from ill health. But so many never met before in Southern Africa. Some very important points came under discussion, involving principles, but we came to no practical decisions. One question was whether we should apply to Government for a Church Ordinance or not; fourteen out of fifteen gave their opinion against our doing so, after long discussions, which led to much change of opinion. In other words, we do not admit that the Colonial Government is in any way to legislate for the internal affairs of our Church. Considering that our future Government is sure to be adverse to the Church, this is a most important question.

“We came to no conclusion as to the steps to be taken for the government of our parishes, but it probably will end in my summoning the *Communicants* to elect their churchwardens. This I apprehend to be according to the spirit, if not the letter, of the Canon, parishioners being of necessity communicants according to the Canons. But I shall proceed cautiously in this matter, although it is one which is being forced upon me. Mr. Montagu, whom I generally consult on all these points, is strongly against an Ordinance. He enters more and more into our work. The Governor, I think, is more afraid to show that he is a Churchman. But I have no reason to complain; he is most kind and anxious to help me in every way.”

To EDWARD GRAY, Esq.

“Protea, January 19th, 1849.

“My dear Edward—I fear I give you a great deal of trouble and anxiety about my financial matters, which I am

truly sorry for, but know not how to help. I own I am not free myself from anxiety on this score; but if I am to be *quite sure* of my ground before I move in this Colony, I fear I shall lose opportunities which may never again present themselves. The Diocese of the Cape has this peculiarity to distinguish it from other Colonial Dioceses:—There are towns, or, as we call them, villages, standing, and with considerable populations, in all of which there are many members of the Church, for whose spiritual oversight nothing has hitherto been done. The work which presents itself before me is the immediate supply of these places whose circumstances are very similar. It is not like the Canadas or Australia. What we have to do here is not to supply the wants of a continual tide of emigrants as fast as they arrive, but to plant ministers in towns and villages which have grown up without them, and where the people are making efforts to remedy the evils under which they have long groaned. There can be no doubt that the first visit of a Bishop amongst them has roused feelings, hopes, and expectations, which had almost died away. I must not disappoint them if I can help it, or suffer them to sink again into listless inactivity. I mention these points to excuse myself from seeming want of caution in embarking with small means upon too great an undertaking. I have, however, not altogether forgotten prudential considerations, and I do not think I am at present in danger of the *Gazette* unless my subscriptions fall short. . . . But now I want eight more Clergy, and if I do not soon get them, the cause of the Church will, I fear, be lost in eight important places, for I cannot easily send men to hold services once a month, the stations being generally 200 miles apart.” . . .

To the Rev. HENRY GRAY.

“Protea, January 20th, 1849.

“My dear Henry—I feel great comfort in having, after a month’s hard labour, wiped off the greater part of my business, which was pressing upon me and wearing me greatly. I trust I shall now have a little time for thought, for reading, writing sermons and letters. But I know not when I may be sum-

moned to S. Helena. I shall put it off if I can till Easter, that I may remain over Lent at my post. We shall, I hope, have a good supply of Lent services. Dr. Camillari is to preach every Wednesday evening on Missions, with special reference to the conversion of the Mahometans. Mr. Newman every Friday on some of the Penitential Psalms, and every day in Holy Week on our Lord's Passion. I trust these services may be blessed to the good of our people. I take the Cathedral generally every other Sunday, and one of the other churches in the neighbourhood on the remaining day. I shall probably go still less to the Cathedral. Wednesdays and Fridays are my week-days there. Mr. Newman turns out to be a popular preacher; he is very much admired; he seems very anxious to do what he can, and I like him, and think he will be a useful man. We are just now, while you are buried in snow, in the very height of our summer. I was walking about Cape Town all day yesterday with the thermometer 91° in the shade; to-day it is 97°, and 140° in the sun; but I do not suffer very much from the heat. . . . Douglas is about to open his store as a school for girls and boys and a place of worship, and I am engaged to preach the opening sermon. He is everything I could wish in a parish priest, and is, in a quiet way, doing much good from house to house. I will undertake to say that no one has ever done so much pastoral work before in Cape Town. He will have for master of his school a local Wesleyan preacher and schoolmaster who has long been feeling his way back to the Church on true Church grounds. He is a man we all like very much, and the Wesleyans are somewhat angry at our getting him. He gives up £100 a year with them for £50 with us, and sinks from a preacher to a schoolmaster; but the thought of being a preacher without a commission pains him now. . . . Ere long I hope we shall be able to start our newspaper. We have found—*i.e.* Montagu has—a Dutchman as a sort of editor. Our arrangements are not complete, but I think we shall be able to manage with a kind of committee who will have the real work to do. Of course I keep out of this. I sent in an awful letter to Government yesterday, asking for

£900 a year for nine Clergymen, and grants of land, and assistance towards churches. Montagu looked very grave after reading it, and the Governor is digesting it to-day. I could have asked for more if I had thought it prudent, but I have already asked for more than I shall get. I hope you will be able to raise something in the old Diocese,¹ though I do not expect much. . . . We hear so constantly from England, and the communication is so regular, that you really seem only, as it were, a step from us; and I am under the necessity of making such long voyages and journeys over the Diocese, that I shall think nothing, some of these days, of a trip to England. I dread more an eight or ten months' campaign in England for the purpose of raising funds for the support of this Mission. It was that that knocked me up."

To the Rev. CHARLES GRAY.

"Protea, January 21st, 1849. . . . I am now likely to be hurried off to S. Helena, after having been at home little more than a month. The Governor wrote to say that he had asked for a steamer, and I rode to Simon's Bay this morning to see the Admiral on the subject. If I go I shall not be back before the middle of April, and shall leave much important work undone here. I ought not to leave home for at least two months, but the difficulty of getting back from S. Helena is so great that I shall probably go now. I feel this second separation from wife and children so soon, after having as it were, just looked at them, very much. But it cannot be helped: 'They that have wives must be as though they had none.' We are now in the height of our summer, and the weather lovely. I am quite fresh this evening after riding 36 miles in the sun, and a tolerable walk since dinner. . . . God helping, we will ere long have a Mission among the poor Kafirs, but I trust we shall get men who will be content to live in a Kafir hut upon £25 a year. I am told that a Missionary can live upon this. The Wesleyans average £300 a year, and grow rich upon it. I am persuaded Missionaries cost far too much, and live far too

¹ Bristol.

comfortably. The Archdeacon has already begged me to relieve him of his Archdeaconry, and send him as a Missionary to King William's Town. He is certainly well suited for the work, for he loves these poor heathen, and longs to be amongst them. We are going to have a meeting on Thursday to take steps towards the erection of a small church in Claremont, which is Badnall's parish. He has now a very nice congregation in a schoolroom. I feel much obliged to you for the zeal with which you work for Christ's cause in this part of His Vineyard. I have good hope that your labour will not be thrown away, for those who are supported by the funds you raise are, I trust, earnestly anxious to spread the Truth and Kingdom of our Lord in this land. I do believe much will be done amidst increasing opposition, and perhaps persecution. It is wonderful what a disposition those who are not of us show to pick holes in us, and how utterly they are at a loss what to lay hold of. Not a week passes without some abuse of me in some paper or other, and always for something said or done which is pure fiction."

To the Rev. Dr. WILLIAMSON.

"Protea, February 9th, 1849.—I have this day seen a rough draft of the answer to my official letter to Government, in which I brought under their notice the state of the Church in this Colony, and applied for help. . . . The Governor expresses his inability to grant me glebes, and I cannot press the subject now, but I may hereafter, and write to Lord Grey on the subject, inasmuch as I think the Church—considering what has been done for Dutch, Methodists, Independents, Moravians, etc.—is entitled to them. He refuses me sites for schools and parsonages, why, I do not quite know, except that I make large demands, and am not in a condition to build. But he grants me sites for churches wherever I ask, and a fifth of the expense of building them. He grants me also £900 a year for nine Clergymen, and means to lay down the rule which I have been pressing him to do, of giving a fifth to all churches, Dutch and English, and half the stipend of the Clergy; the

remainder to be raised from private sources. This will work well for us in the long run, if steadily adhered to. And now, though this is more than I had a right to expect, or even than the Governor may be able to carry, it has made me melancholy, for it has forced upon me my own weakness, and the sad fact that I am pledged to as much as I can with safety promise. Yet there are posts which I *cannot* leave unoccupied. I *must* fill them up, unless you at home think I am incurring responsibilities beyond what I am justified in doing. The new posts which I want to fill are Stellenbosch, Beaufort, Cradock, and Somerset. . . . —, whom the Low Church party here expected to be the man to beard the Bishop, is being forced by his friends more and more into a Church line. He is, I think, getting quite sick of them, and is a vigorous supporter in — of the true Church course. Their disingenuousness and assumption are very offensive. . . . I must have no more Catechists or Candidates for Orders. I had rather wait longer and get duly ordained men. . . . Catechists cost as much as Clergy, or nearly so, and are at best unsatisfactory, and Candidates are very expensive. . . . I expect to sail for S. Helena about the 20th, just one year from the date of my arrival. Thank God much has been done in that year, and the Diocese is, I trust, getting into order. . . . I am sorry, my dear Williamson, to give you so much trouble, but it is for Christ's Body you are working, and He surely accepts the work as done for Him. I would that I could have your counsel here, for I daily feel more keenly my own insufficiency. All sorts of questions press thick upon one, and I feel at every step I take principles are involved and precedents established. The Church should have sent out an abler man here. It is a post that requires the very choicest of her sons, and I feel that I do not and cannot fill it as it ought to be filled. However, amidst much weakness and infirmity, I do desire to spend and be spent in doing my Master's work, and I trust He will forgive what is wrong, and accept of my poor worthless services. I am thankful for such advisers as I have. Badnall is a very sound judging man, and shows more ability than I expected. Davidson, too, is of

very great use, and has a great deal of work to do. He wanted me not to pay him, but I have insisted on his taking £100 a year. He earns it well. I do not know what I should do without him. . . . I am willing to run some little risk in engaging men, but you all scold me so for going beyond my means, that I do not wish to act too boldly. Now, however, is our time or never . . . and I am willing, if need be, to go to England when my funds are exhausted, and endure a campaign there for a year, though I think it would go hard with me, for I have had a good deal taken out of me these two years. . . . The dear children are full of health and spirits. Sophy is languid from heat. I am in vigour, but careworn. The climate is wonderful.—Your affectionate, R. CAPETOWN.”

In vigour he had need be, for the pressure of work was destined rather to increase than diminish. Careworn who could wonder that the Bishop was, amid the bodily fatigues and mental anxieties which have been but partially set forth in the preceding pages? But he did not ask rest—his was a spirit that needed to be up and doing, for his dear Lord's Sake; and truly it was so to the very end.

CHAPTER V.

FEBRUARY, 1849, TO JANUARY, 1852.

VOYAGE TO S. HELENA—FIRST VISITATION THERE—SIR PATRICK ROSS—EMANCIPATED SLAVES—VISIT TO A SLAVE-SHIP—DEPARTURE FROM S. HELENA—LETTERS ON BOARD THE “GEYSER”—RETURN TO CAPE TOWN—PROPOSAL TO SEND CONVICTS TO CAPE TOWN—ANTI-CONVICT AGITATION—CLASS OF CLERGY REQUIRED FOR AFRICAN WORK—LOCAL AFFAIRS—CLERGY GRANTS—PRECEDENCE QUESTION—*ISMS*—ARCHDEACON MERRIMAN—SHORT VISITATION—DUTCH FARM-HOUSES—THE KNYSNA—PASTORAL WORK—BEGINNING OF 1850—LETTERS TO ENGLAND—VISITATION OF NATAL—BISHOP GRAY’S LOVE OF ANIMALS—BEAUFORT—RICHMOND—COLESBERG—BLOEMFONTEIN—VISIT TO THE CHIEFS MAROKKO AND MELITZANI—LOST IN THE MOUNTAINS—THE DRAKENBERG—PERILOUS TRAVELLING—BUSHMAN’S DRIFT—MARITZBURG—D’URBAN—PROPOSED MISSION PLANS—VISIT TO AMERICAN STATIONS—JOURNEY TO KING WILLIAM’S TOWN—DANGERS AND UPSETS—CONVERSATION WITH KAFIRS—PALMERSTON—KEI RIVER—EAST LONDON—VISIT TO THE CHIEF UMHALLA—FORT PEDDIE—GRAHAM’S TOWN—DECLARATION OF BISHOP AND CLERGY CONCERNING CONVOCATION—CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY—PORT ELIZABETH—KAMA’S TOWN—CRADOCK—MORE TRAVELLING ADVENTURES—GRAF REINET—SOMERSET—UITENHAGE—PLETTENBURG BAY—CONFIRMATION OF COLOURED PEOPLE—MELVILLE—GEORGE—APPOINTMENT OF MR. WELBY AS ARCHDEACON—SWELLENDAM—SUBDIVISION OF THE DIOCESE NEEDED—RETURN TO CAPE TOWN—CHRISTMAS-DAY 1850—OUTBREAK OF THE KAFIE WAR—LETTERS CONCERNING IT—DANGERS OF CLERGY—MARRIAGE LAWS—PROPOSED BISHOPRIC OF GRAHAM’S TOWN—SECESSIONS FROM THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AT HOME—DANGERS OF STATE AGGRESSION—PAPAL AGGRESSION—EXCITEMENT—PURCHASE OF PROTEA—DIOCESAN SYNOD—PASTORAL LETTER.

AS the Bishop mentioned in his last letters to England, he was again about to set forth on his travels, and to visit the Island of S. Helena, a voyage of about 2,000 miles from the Cape. He sailed on the 22nd February from Simon’s Town, in H.M. steam frigate “Geyser,” Captain Brown, to whose kindness and courtesy, as well as that of the ship’s officers, the Bishop makes several allusions in letters and Journal. He said

the daily offices of the Church morning and evening, which all the officers and as many of the crew as possible attended; and a more orderly and attentive congregation, the Bishop remarks, he had never seen. "I still retain my great dislike to the sea," he wrote, however, "and feel, away from all that are dear to me, very dull, amidst much attention and kindness." A letter to one of his brothers during the voyage shows how his mind was still full of his diocesan cares.

To WILLIAM GRAY, Esq.

"At sea, H.M. ship 'Geyser,' March 2nd, 1849. . . . You will have heard how we fare from Edward and others, to whom I write more frequently on matters of business, which they were indiscreet enough to undertake for me, little suspecting, perhaps, the amount of labour it would entail upon them. Indeed, my correspondence is so incessant, in and out of the Diocese, that I loathe the sight of paper and ink. . . . I am now on my way from the Cape to S. Helena, for my first Visitation of that island, in a steam frigate, with an excellent commander and a set of officers who are very obliging. In my solitude I manage to get a little reading, which at home I have no time for. The drilling on board is incessant; every sailor now is not only practised at the guns, but expected to be a proficient in the use of the musket and sword, and they march and countermarch daily on deck. I am to spend a month at S. Helena, during which the 'Geyser' will cruise on the coast of Africa for slavers, and then return and carry me back to the Cape. Were it not for this arrangement, I should have great difficulty in getting back; for although hundreds of ships touch at the island on their way home, there are perhaps not six in the year who pass from it to the Cape.

"I do not suppose that you take much interest in Cape politics. We are, however, in daily expectation of hearing that Lord Grey has, upon the Governor's recommendation, granted a representative government to the Colony. There is a rumour indeed, that he hesitates to do so, which I hope is true, for the Colony is undoubtedly not ripe for one. The races should

be more equally balanced before a great change takes place. . . . I get on very well with the powers that be. . . . Mr. Montagu is almost everything I could wish—highminded, generous, disinterested—his place could not easily be supplied. . . . I always consult him on Church matters, and as a friend keep back nothing from him. He is an excellent adviser, but he would not, were I to ask him (which I would not) do anything for the Church which would be unjust or unfair, much as he desires to see her cause flourish.”

To Mr. Mowbray (also while on board the “Geyser”) the Bishop writes: “I left dear Sophy and the children quite well; she, however, felt my second departure alone, so soon after my return home, very much. But I am now realising that Scripture that ‘they that have wives must be as though they had none.’ The day before I left was the anniversary of my arrival in the Colony. It so happened that the Governor on that day laid the foundation stone of a new church at Rondebosch, which will be the best ecclesiastical structure in the Diocese. There were about sixteen Clergy present in their surplices. I have adopted the service used in the Diocese of Exeter, with some slight alterations.”

The “Geyser” reached S. Helena on March 7th, and Captain Knipe, A.D.C. to the Governor, Sir Patrick Ross, came on board at once to receive the Bishop, and conduct him to Plantation House, the Governor’s residence. The Bishop declined the honour of an intended salute, but gladly accepted the hospitality of Sir Patrick, with whom he established a firm friendship, as with the other members of the Ross family. The Bishop’s letters show that his time in S. Helena was not more idly spent than elsewhere.

To EDWARD GRAY, Esq.

“S. Helena, March 30th, 1849.

“My dear Edward . . . I have not had time to write a single *letter* during the month I have been here, and the ten days which I have still to remain will be absorbed in writing

and in public services. It is quite singular to find such an amount of work to be done in this little place; but so it is, and I trust much will be effected in a great measure through the kind assistance of that most excellent man, Sir Patrick Ross, the Governor, whose guest I am, and of whose family I have become for the time almost a member. Nothing indeed can exceed their kindness and attention. On my landing he had ordered a salute, which I declined; then he held a levée, at which the whole of the respectable inhabitants of the island were present. His carriage and horses have been at my disposal ever since, and with him I have returned the calls of all the good folks. We have had one Confirmation for communicants, when 111 were admitted; next week we shall have about 250 non-communicants confirmed. A great deal of my labour has arisen from the necessity of repealing ordinances of this Government which interfere with the laws and Canons of the Church. All this I hope to get through before I leave, though — snarls and opposes, he having a party to back him. All the churches, churchyards, etc., which belonged to Government I have got conveyed to the See, and shall consecrate them next week; and I hope to see a good deal done for the improvement of Church Education, for which there are ample funds misapplied. . . . The examination into the whole state of education in the island has been very laborious and unsatisfactory. . . I have been writing too a Charge suited to the practical circumstances of the island. . . . Unfortunately for the first time schism began in this island two or three years ago, by an emissary from the Cape, and I find him now in full confidence of success. He has started a church of his own, and is an Anabaptist on principle. His success is chiefly with the poor, and he is a thorn in the side of the Church. But God brings good out of evil, and the members of the Church here have been led to examine the grounds of their own faith, and many have been led to take a deeper interest in religious matters; and I am seizing the opportunity for bringing forward something like Church discipline, and calling upon the laity to take a greater share in the work of the Church than they have

hitherto done. All our places of worship, and there are five, are attended by crowded congregations, and I do hope a great deal may be done for the revival of religion throughout the island. The people are, however, all very poor."

To Mrs. WILLIAMSON.

"Plantation House, March 30th, 1849.

"My dearest Annie—Though I have but half-an-hour, and have before me a heap of official letters to be copied out, I cannot refrain from writing a few lines to you by the 'Monarch,' having received a packet yesterday. Nothing could be more kind than Sir Patrick Ross and his family have been, and I really should have been quite happy during my visit to this sweet island, had dearest Sophy been with me, but being quite alone amongst strangers, without even a line from any who are dear to me, I have been low and dull amidst unlooked-for kindness. However, I am repeatedly led to feel in my wanderings how true the promise¹ is in S. Mark x. 29, 30. But neither, amidst the gracious sayings therein made good, is the drawback wanting. There is always more or less of 'persecution.' For much, very much, however, I have great reason to be thankful. There are some very beautiful parts in this rocky island. Plantation House is like a choice English gentleman's seat, with nice wooded walks, and a fine view of the sea, along which all the ships sailing for England pass, just before my bedroom window. Sandy Bay is a lovely spot, which it is impossible to describe, with hills or mountains tossing about in every variety of shape, some bare and barren, some clothed with verdure or plantations. Longwood has nothing very interesting about it. I preached yesterday in Napoleon's billiard-room, which I am licensing for Divine service—not in the old house where he lived, but in the new one built for him, which is an excellent house. James Town is singularly situated

¹ "Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for My Sake and the Gospel's, but he shall receive an hundred-fold now in this time . . . with persecutions; and in the world to come Eternal Life."

in a little narrow valley between hills perfectly bare and bleak, up which all must climb who would get into the country.

"I have had a great deal of work to do since I have been here, and have still much to do. One of the most painfully interesting visits I have paid was to the establishment of emancipated slaves. About 3,000 of them are brought by our cruisers every year to the island. Half of them fall ill, many die. Out of 600 that I saw more than 300 were in hospital, pitiable objects. Nothing is done by way of instructing them. I am writing to Lord Grey to beg he will sanction the appointment of a teacher. I went on board a slaver brought in last week. There were 560 in a little schooner of 100 tons. Poor things! my heart bled for them. I never before felt so powerfully the call to be a Missionary, and resolved, God helping, to make redoubled efforts for beginning a Church Mission in Africa. Many thanks for your collection for the Kafirs."

To Dr. Williamson the Bishop wrote a fuller account of his Visitation, desiring him to send it to Mr. Hawkins for the benefit of S. P. G., if he thought it desirable. This letter was accordingly published. In the private postscript to it the Bishop says: "I trust I may be left for a time at the Cape in quiet. But I fear ere long I must go to Natal, and Mauritius ought to be visited while those excellent people the Gomms are there. I shall not, however, go there, though Hawkins puts it, with the Seychelles, in my Diocese in the S. P. G. Report, unless I find a letter from him or the Archbishop requesting me to do so. We ought to be prepared to strengthen our work there, at the Seychelles, Comoro Islands, and, above all, Madagascar, which is a most interesting field, and will ere long be opened out again."

Some extracts from the main substance of the letter may be interesting as showing the then state of things in S. Helena.

. . . "I have been busily employed every day in visiting the parishioners, assisting the Clergy in preparing candidates for Confirmation, confirming, consecrating the Church and

various churchyards, examination of schools, preaching, and in business arising out of the Visitation, such as the repeal of local ordinances, which interfered with the Bishop's office in the conveyance of the Churches and burial-grounds (all of which were still in the hands of Government) to the See;—in remodelling and placing upon a sounder and more extended footing the Church Society, and I trust also another very important ecclesiastical association called the Benevolent Society. . . . There are four Clergymen now belonging to the island . . . the fourth is Mr. Frey, whom I had much satisfaction in ordaining to the holy office of Deacon. . . . He was formerly a German Missionary in India. . . . He is now master of the Country Government School. He will strictly confine himself to the duties which properly belong to the Diaconate, continuing in his office of teacher, and devoting his days after 2 P.M. to visiting the poor, many of whom, especially those who were slaves, are very ignorant. . . . The island still greatly needs another Clergyman, who should devote much of his time to visiting the poor from house to house. The rugged and mountainous nature of the country, coupled with the very great heat of the climate, renders it impossible for a Clergyman to do as much parochial work here as in England. . . .

“ You are aware that this is a great depôt for Africans captured from slavers. About 3,000 of these poor creatures are landed on this island every year. Of these nearly one-half suffer in health from the hardships they endure from their inhuman tyrants, and about one-fourth are very heavily afflicted. I accompanied his Excellency a few days ago in a visit to their village or establishment in Rupert's Valley. If anything were needed to fill the soul with burning indignation against that masterwork of Satan, the slave-trade, it would be a visit to this institution. There were less than 600 poor souls in it at the time of my visit; of these more than 300 were in hospital, some afflicted with dreadful ophthalmia, others with severe rheumatism, others with dysentery, the number of deaths in the week being twenty-one. I think I have seldom beheld a more deplorable spectacle. I was pained, too, to find that no

effort is made to instruct these poor things during the time they are in the island; and the more so, because the Superintendent informed me that they show a great aptitude for instruction, and have a strong desire for it. The lack of employment, too, for their minds has a bad effect upon their health and spirits; so that when sickness overtakes them, they sink at once into a settled melancholy, and some commit suicide, partly from lowness of spirits, partly because, poor souls! they imagine that after death they will return to their much-loved home and fatherland. The least thought must convince any one that the healthy exercise of their minds would be of great service to them in every way; and it is sad to think that our Government should spend £10,000 a year on this institution, and between £300,000 and £400,000 in support of the squadron, and yet not allow the trifling sum which would be needful to supply them with a teacher. Mr. Frey, whom I have just ordained, did at one time undertake the work, and with some success; but Government would not sanction the appropriation of a stipend.

“A day or two after I had visited Rupert’s Valley, a slave ship was brought in captured by one of our cruisers. She was a schooner of about 100 tons, and had 560 slaves on board. I went to see them that I might more fully realise their condition. The cargo was a particularly healthy one, the number of deaths being only about one a day. Two were lying dead upon the deck, and one had the day before jumped overboard. Everything was done by the officers and crew in charge to keep the ship clean; but you can conceive better than I can describe what the condition of such a mass of human beings must be in so small a space. The deck was entirely covered with them. They had a worn look and wasted appearance, and were moved into the boats like bales of goods, apparently without any will of their own. I crept down between decks to the place where they are usually stowed away. It might be between three and four feet high, and the atmosphere was most offensive, although not occupied by one-third of the usual number. The condition, however, of a slave ship has been too often described to make it necessary for me to enlarge upon it. I shall only say, I never

beheld a more piteous sight,—never looked upon a more affecting scene,—never before felt so powerful a call to be a Missionary. I did not quit that ship without having resolved more firmly than ever that I would, with the Grace and Help of God, begin as speedily as possible direct Mission work in South Africa; and that I would never cease entreating of the Mother Church the needful supply of men and means, that the reproach may be wiped off, which, alas! still attaches to us, of being almost the only body of Christians in this great Diocese which is not engaged in the work of the conversion of the Heathen.”

On the last day of his sojourn in S. Helena the Bishop wrote to Mrs. Mowbray: “I embark this morning. I should have done so after Divine Service last night, instead of riding up here (Plantation House), but the gentry of the island expressed a hope I would not steal away from them in the dark, so I am to have a public departure as well as a public reception, and be attended to the shore by a crowd. I have been here now nearly six weeks, and I trust it has pleased God, through means of His own appointed Ordinances, though administered by feeble hands, to do much good. Indeed my whole experience since I have been in this Diocese shows in a very remarkable way the life and power there is in the simple administration of Divinely-appointed ordinances. The Church here has, I trust, received an impulse, and I cannot but hope new life has been infused into it; and God is, I trust, building up the spiritual temple while His servants are aiming at the erection of the material fabric, and the enlargement of His visible Kingdom. Two Churches and a School Oratory are taken in hand, after which two more remain to be accomplished. I feel much interest in the people here. They really seem very well inclined, and I rejoice to welcome so many coloured people, (for whom I have an especial tenderness) as brethren in Christ. The respect shown to my office is all that could be wished, and the kindness of people, especially that of the dear good excellent Governor and his family, very great. I believe we shall all feel to-day as if some member of the family was going away.

Indeed I have been spoilt here for the rough handling I am likely to meet with on my return to the Cape, where the whole discussion concerning ecclesiastical grants will be renewed.

“I shall not be sorry for a few quiet days, after the incessant toil of the last six weeks, and preparatory to the anxious work which awaits me at the Cape, where I trust it may please God to bring me in safety, and permit me once more to embrace my dearest wife and children, after more than two months’ absence. She has not heard from me since I left, and will now be expecting me every hour, as I am more than a fortnight behind my time. The laity here are going to publish a history of my Visitation, and have requested copies of my Charges to Clergy and candidates. The former was hastily drawn up, and contains strong matter, yet I think I must submit. I will tell them to send copies to England. My Charge was begun as a mere private letter. The people, however, will be disappointed if they do not have everything. I have been asked about sermons, but have got off from them.”

The Bishop’s departure (on April 16th, 1849) produced an expression of kindly feeling which touched his tender loving heart deeply. A large body of the authorities, the Chief Justice, Colonial Secretary, Queen’s Advocate, etc., all the Clergy, and crowds of others, attended him to the shore, expressing strong gratitude and affection for one whose every action had proved the reality of his name—their Father in God. The Clergy, as well as his more intimate friends among the laity, went on board the “Geyser” with the Bishop, and before returning to shore, presented him with an address, which ends as follows :—“ Whilst reviewing the firmness and delicacy with which the high and sacred functions of a Bishop have been introduced among a people to whom they were before unknown, we cannot but most heartily record our gratitude to the Great Head of the Church for directing the choice of our rulers to one endowed with such qualities of mind and heart—qualities which lend a peculiar grace to every act of authority and render obedience on our part only a privilege. Our grati-

tude for the many marks of your Lordship's personal kindness and regard will be best evinced by following up with our flock that vigour and earnestness in the service of our common Lord which has been so singularly exemplified throughout the whole period of your Visitation. We heartily pray that the Almighty Giver of all good things may grant to your Lordship length of days, and every good gift for the continued exercise of your high office; and with all affectionate reverence we would say, Father, Farewell!"

We find one or two interesting letters written during the Bishop's passage to Cape Town.

To the Rev. HENRY GRAY.

"At Sea, H.M.S. 'Geyser,' April 23rd, 1849.

"My dear Henry—I had intended to write to you on your birthday, but I was too ill even to think of you, for I have suffered more on this voyage than on any other. You have now entered on your forty-second year, and I am fast approaching forty. How rapidly life is passing on! May we, my dear brother, each be preparing for eternity. The wrench which separated me from home and so many who are dear, and the many calls of duty which compel me to become a wanderer upon earth, away from dearest wife and children, do, I think, contribute to wean me from the world, and make me, I trust, more alive to things eternal. Certainly, except for the sake of wife and little ones, I have no desire to live one day longer than I may be useful in advancing Christ's Cause and Kingdom upon earth; and I often think that this will not be very long, for my capacity for the great work which lies before a Bishop in this Diocese falls so very far short of what is needed, that I am at times much distressed to find myself in the very responsible position in which I am placed. However, for some of the very rough work which a first Bishop must go through, which requires no extraordinary gifts, but physical power and energy, I have perhaps some little qualification; and a sense of this, together with the recollection of the way in which I shrank from the

office, which was really thrust upon me, often consoles me amidst a growing sense of incompetency and insufficiency. I trust you will continue to pray for me, for I need such support, and I daily feel that the prayers of God's people help me on my way. . . . I had an affecting parting from many at S. Helena. The circumstances of the island, together with its being a first Visitation, compelled me to speak upon subjects I would gladly have been silent on—I mean the nature and constitution of the Church, the office and authority of a Bishop in the Church of God, the succession of the ministry, schism, etc. I do not mean that these were exclusive subjects (God forbid!); but I was compelled to speak out on these points more plainly than I have ever done before, and I really believe much to the furtherance of Christ's cause."

To the Rev. CHARLES GRAY.

"H.M. Ship 'Geysers,' April 24th, 1849.

"My dear Charles—I avail myself of the quiet of my ship, now that I am able to exert myself, to write to you. I felt much on quitting S. Helena, knowing how seldom I can visit it, and seeing how much there yet remained to be done. . . . A large party of gentlemen accompanied me to the ship, and we had a very affecting parting—the Clergy presenting me with a little address. . . . They are excellent men, doing God's work zealously; and it is not unnatural, I think, that having lived in daily intercourse with each other for about six weeks, we should feel parting, to meet no more at least for two or three years. I have been very poorly since I came on board, but have read as much as my weak eyes would admit of. The Dutch Testament, Bishop Corrie's *Life*, and William Allen the Quaker's, Stanley's *Apostolical Age*,¹ Freeman's *Mission at Madagascar*,

¹ These books were lent to the Bishop by Miss Ross, the Governor's daughter. In a letter, dated May 10th, 1849, he thanks her for them, saying: "I was much interested in Stanley's book. There are here and there views, not passages, that I should except to, as for instance that of the Apostleship springing out of great qualifications for the office, rather than from a commission to exercise it. And there seem to me to be indications of views not fully developed, perhaps not matured, which might be dangerous. Still the book is a very instructive one, and I shall order it."

and Poole's *Holy Eastern Church*, have been my chief studies. What a striking contrast between Corrie's religious life and W. Allen's, and yet both were eminently holy. I have been much moved at comparing my own unprofitable life and manifold shortcomings with their earnestness and devotion to the one work of a Christian's life. Some men, however, seem to have the faculty of turning every moment and every part of their intercourse with their fellow-men to the best account. I suppose it is because they are so much in earnest that they never miss an opening. In my poor way I have been trying what little I could do for the souls of those on board, but it is very difficult to get at people. I have, however, had some conversation with a few. Captain Browne is very kind in affording me every facility, and his cabin is quite at my disposal. I am just now preparing some, both officers and men, for a Confirmation¹ which I propose holding, *Deo volente*, on Friday next, on board ship. This has brought me to close quarters with some, and, I trust, poor fellows! it may be blessed to them."

TO MRS. WEBB.

"At Sea, April 28th, 1849.—My dear Mary . . . I rather dread the worries and anxieties which I know await me at the Cape. It ought not to be so, and it betokens a want of confidence and filial trust in God, Whose I am, and Whom alone I desire to serve; but the weight upon my mind from so many and such varied causes is almost at times greater than I can bear. I trust, my dear Mary, that I shall have the comfort of your prayers and those of all who feel an interest in me or my work. It is a very great comfort to me to know that I am remembered in the intercession of God's people."

On Sunday (third Sunday after Easter) the 29th April, the Bishop landed at Table Bay just in time to go to the Cathedral service and give thanks for his safe return. He lost no time

¹ In a letter to Sir Patrick Ross, written after his return to Protea (May 10th, 1849), the Bishop alludes to this Confirmation, saying he supposed it to be perhaps the first held on board a man-of-war.

in resuming work, for he preached that very morning. He found all his immediate belongings well. He had presented himself quite unexpectedly to his wife in the Sunday school at Claremont, where he was sure of finding her;—but the Governor, Sir Harry Smith, was dangerously ill with a carbuncle, and the Bishop's first act was to appoint prayers to be offered for him throughout the Diocese. He was constantly with Lady Smith, and wished to minister to the sick man, but the doctors would not allow the Bishop to see him at first. However, after a few days the Governor sent an orderly for him, and they met again.

The cares and anxieties to which the Bishop had looked forward were not wanting on his arrival. It seems to have been his peculiar lot all his life to have to contend against the State's attempts to encroach upon and trammel the Church. The first thing he heard now was that the local Government was in doubt as to fulfilling the promise of a grant of £100 a year each to the Clergy for whom he had written to England. The cause of this (he privately tells Dr. Williamson) was that "Lord Grey has written urging the Government to place all religious bodies upon the same footing, and in consequence of this despatch the Attorney-General has received instructions to draw up an ordinance to meet Lord Grey's views. I have vehemently remonstrated. If not withdrawn, I hope the Bill will be thrown out. I found this awaiting me on my return. The principles laid down would include the support of Judaism, Mahometanism, and Heathenism, and indeed the Attorney-General has given his opinion that the two former should be supported. Pray keep this to yourself. I scarce know what to do. It would be good policy to endeavour to enter into an alliance with the Dutch Church, and perhaps I may. But I am afraid of compromising principle if I get too closely connected with any other body. The Government here wrote a despatch to Lord Grey, making their stand where I thought they only could, considering the precedents established throughout the Colonial Empire, viz. in the support of the Church of England, Dutch, Romanists, and Scotch Establishment. These

are all recognised as Churches in Europe. If this line is passed, all the twenty sects in this Colony must be supported, and Mahometans and Jews! It is awful to think of it. We shall have some fearful discussions and disputes. We are soon to have our Legislative Assembly. We are also to be turned into a penal Colony, and have 1,000 convicts. I wish to protest in some way against this, but the Colonists are so violent about it that I scarce know in what way to do so. Perhaps I may join with the Clergy. . . . I send you Lord Grey's letter to me about appointments, and one I am sending to him. My plan is to write civilly, courteously to him, but to act independently of him. I therefore keep him informed of all I do, and the reasons for it, lest he turn upon me. This Government puts everything upon a right footing, but, thank God, we are daily establishing sound precedents and principles. . . . The military chaplains are appointed by Fox Maule, from the War-Office; Gleig looks out for them, and I do not wish to interfere. He has written to me about the two last appointed. . . . Many thanks, my dear brother, for your exertions. The mass of letters I found here on my return affected me deeply, and all of an encouraging nature. I am now overwhelmed with work. Affairs at home interest me deeply; but I have not time to look into the papers, or write sermons, which distresses me, for I preach twice every Sunday old sermons at one church or another. I want Dansey's *Horæ Decanice Rurales*. Can you get me any hints about the practical working of the Rural Deans' office? I have now made four Rural Deans—Cape Town, George, Natal, and S. Helena. I do not like to fill up offices before we feel the want of them. I trust to ordain three Deacons on Trinity Sunday. Remember that what I want are plain, sensible, earnest hard-working Curates, who can be trusted alone."

The proposal made by the Colonial Office in England to send convicts to the Cape roused, as the Bishop has said, a most furious storm of resentment in the Colony. "The whole Colony," he wrote, May 29th, "is rising up just now in indignant hostility to Lord Grey, for his plan of sending out convicts;

I have summoned the Clergy, and we have memorialised the Governor. There cannot be a greater mistake than to send them to this Colony, on *every* ground. But the question is too large a one to enter into. I allude to it, however, because, if persevered in, which I think it will not be, Lord Grey should undoubtedly place the means at my disposal of giving them religious instruction. Without he does, they will have none. He means to scatter them over the Colony. Up to this period the ministrations of religion have been confined almost exclusively to the Dutch language. The Dutch ministers have immense parishes, and officiate in Dutch. The Missionaries, for the most part, are foreigners—Berlin, Moravia, Basle, Paris Society men; and where this is not the case, and they are English, confine their labours professedly to the heathen, and minister in Dutch. And as yet, between Cape Town and Graaff Reinet—500 miles on the one side—and Cape Town and George—300 on the other—there is not a single English Clergyman. It is only by aiding me in extending the ministrations of the Church according to a certain definite scale, that he can in any way meet the wants he is creating.” Again, in the beginning of July the Bishop wrote: “Pray, if you can, induce Gladstone, Palmer, or Cardwell, to raise up their voices against sinking this to a penal settlement. The whole Colony is furious from one end to the other on the subject. I believe if they were strong enough they would resist the intrusion by force of arms. . . . I feel as strongly as any man the deep injustice of making it a penal settlement in spite of the remonstrances of the whole population, and I have, with the Clergy, memorialised his Excellency on the subject. But I have taken care to let it be seen that I have no sympathy with the spirit which has been evoked, nor with the disloyal and rebellious language which has been adopted. It is most absurd to talk of sending convicts to this Colony for reformation; it seems to have been quite overlooked that the language is for the most part a foreign one.”

A very touching and characteristic act on the Bishop's part was done under the influence of this feeling of loyalty to the

powers of the Government, even while condemning their policy and seeking to alter it. "The people have behaved very ill," he wrote to his brother Charles, June 27th, 1849, "to Sir Harry Smith, who has written as strong a letter to Lord Grey as he well could. They would resist the importation by force of arms, I believe, if they had the power to do so. Their language is most disloyal and rebellious. When Sir H. Smith made his appearance for the first time in public on the day of the Queen's Accession at a ball which he gave, many sent him insulting refusals to attend, and tried to intimidate all who were inclined to go. I had refused on the ground that I go to no balls; but when Majesty was to be insulted in the person of its Representative, I asked leave to withdraw my refusal, and went with wife and chaplains to welcome our gallant Governor on his first appearance in public. I heard 'God save the Queen,' and 'See the Conquering Hero comes,' and then retired as soon as I could get my carriage. Perhaps you may think differently from me, but I felt it a *duty* to go, and therefore constrained myself. People are very angry with me about it. I was determined it should be seen we were loyal subjects, and the Governor is very grateful for it. . . . Lord Grey has most assuredly adopted a most unjustifiable course, and done much mischief thereby to the people by the evil passions he has roused." Probably this was the only ball that the Bishop of Cape Town ever appeared at, and it deserves to be remembered.

Troubles of many kinds surrounded the Bishop besides this, chiefly arising either from the want of men, or from those whom he found incapable, or those who, having been sent to him, proved failures. He had quite come to the conclusion by this time that it was a mistake to send out many Catechists, whose expense to the struggling finance of the African Church was almost as heavy as those of Priests, and their services, of course, in every way, far less valuable. "I am sick of Catechists!" he exclaims in one letter (June 4th, 1849). "We have to *make* them when they come. I had much rather wait a little longer for men already made." Neither did experience encourage him

to wish candidates for ordination to be sent to him. "There can be no greater mistake," he writes, "than to suppose that inferior men will do for this Colony. The Clergy are, and will continue to be, 100 to 200 miles from each other, and must be such as can be left to act alone, and be fair representatives of the English Church in the presence of very respectable Dutch ministers." And in another letter he says: "I had no sooner got into the interior of the Colony, than I found that Catechists were not the men for us—that if our Church was to be planted in this land, it must be by 'zealous, judicious Clergymen. Everywhere I found men of education and intelligence in our own communion, who, for lack of means of grace, had availed themselves of the ministrations of the Dutch, Wesleyans, Independents. Everywhere these people were anxious for *Clergymen* of their own Church, and everywhere raised subscriptions for *Clergymen*. . . . It is not that there is not work for these men—God knows there is enough for all!—but the Catechist can only be sent to an inferior place, and with my small means I am most anxious to occupy the towns and great villages first. As it now is, however, a Catechist costs me more than a Clergyman. He will not do for a chief post; he cannot be trusted in it, and yet he swallows up all the small means at my disposal. Pray, therefore, do not send me any more. . . . I would rather henceforth have nothing but plain, hardworking, right-minded Curates. Everything depends upon the style of men whom I send forth. The posts are trying and difficult, requiring zeal, judgment, and bodily activity. I would rather wait one or two years than get a wrong man."

Again: "Sentimental men are the last that will do any real good in such a land as this. . . . What we want is a body of men who will work under every discouragement and disadvantage, and not theorise. There is quite enough here to encourage men whose minds are in a healthy state, and quite enough to rouse them to exertion; but there is at the same time quite enough to discourage and disgust morbid souls. Men had better not come than come expecting anything but work,

or they will be grievously disappointed." The whole subject of ecclesiastical grants, too, remained an open and vexed question, and while it remained so the Bishop knew that precious time was slipping away, the effects of which, if lost, could never be repaired. So, while officials looked upon him as an insatiable beggar, and his own family and friends as a reckless spendthrift in good works, the "hungry flock" which looked up to him, and (unlike that of Milton) *were* fed, oftentimes grumbled because he could not do more for them. "You all think," he writes to one of his brothers, "that I have been attempting too much—people here think I have done but little for them, and are more apt to reproach me for inactivity than anything else. As men arrive, indeed, they are seen in Cape Town for a few days, but they soon pass away, and move off to their distant fields of labour, and nobody hears anything more of them, or troubles his head to think how they are to be maintained." It was often difficult to decide whether men who offered themselves should be accepted or not. Thus: "I have had an application from Mr. —— to come out. . . His mind was shaken Romewards, but he says he is quite settled now. I must be cautious, for one secession would throw back our work here for years; and yet I ought not hastily to reject a good man, who is willing to work in the Lord's Vineyard, looking for his reward above."

Mission work was going on: "On Whitsun Day I baptized seventeen adult heathen in the Cathedral, making a total of about seventy in that church since I arrived, including three Mahometans. The baptized are kept in three classes for further instruction. We shall not lose sight of them until after their Confirmation, and I trust not then. Dr. Camillari is going on very quietly and judiciously with his Mahometan Mission. He is obliged to be cautious in his way of dealing with the people, and is approaching them not only in person, but by endeavouring to interest their masters and employers, several of whom meet him in class to receive instruction as to the best method of dealing with their servants." Active legal work, too, was rife. "I am working hard at conveyances," the Bishop says soon after his

return to the Cape; "always pushing Davidson about them till he is as near worked out and distracted as myself. I am getting churches, schools, land, all I can, conveyed to the See, but it is infinitely laborious work . . . Would that I could read the books you send me. But I never read! My papers even lie unopened about me. I do nothing but write or talk business. If I am spared for another year things will be different."

TO EDWARD GRAY, Esq.

"Protea, June 4th, 1849.

. . . "I cannot be too thankful for the result of the efforts made by my dear friends and relations for this Diocese last year. It has cheered my mind greatly amidst the daily increasing anxieties of my office. . . . I am now, thank God, quite well. Anxieties and worries alone upset me,—they rob me of my sleep; but I am giving up working at night. Indeed my eyes will not stand it. Sophy reads to me, though her eyes are weak; and what between (as I tell her) her sweet monotone, and the absence of all exciting cause, I occasionally yield to the family infirmity! You need not fear overwork—it is not work that affects me—I am never tired in body or mind by mere exertion. It is only when things go wrong that my head suffers. . . . The Governor is getting better;—still in his bedroom. He *will* worry his mind about the convicts. . . . Tell the family I will write to them, one and all, as I can find time. I am weak enough to be much affected in this distant land with the letters I receive from many who are dear to me, all breathing so affectionate a spirit; but I do not regret my expatriation so far as I am myself concerned at all. Were I but convinced that it was for the good of the Church, I should be satisfied; but I had no idea of the demands upon a first Colonial Bishop until they came upon me, and I feel every hour I live increasingly my own utter incompetency. On this ground alone I could wish to be in a little village cure, which is best suited to my capacity."

To the Rev. Dr. WILLIAMSON.

“Protea, June 11th, 1849.

. . . “The Bill for endowing all sects will be introduced, but we hope also thrown out. . . . At present we are tolerably clear of men, having only —— to drill. It is quite a luxury to have our house clear. We are availing ourselves of the opportunity to invite the neighbourhood. No one asks us, as we are considered too great people! but they expect us to ask them. We were some time finding this out, though Frere tried to impress us with it. The Governor mends very slowly. I have been praying with him, and administered the Holy Communion to him and Lady Smith on Sunday.”

To the Rev. ERNEST HAWKINS.

“Cape Town, June 20th, 1849.

. . . “I have lately appointed Mr. Newman, Chaplain of the Cathedral, Rural Dean of the Cape District. The Clergy are to meet once a month in the vestry of the Cathedral, and attend Divine Service previous to entering upon their deliberations. The subject for discussion at their first meeting is to be the best mode of fulfilling the requirements of the Church with respect to sponsors. In this land we have many difficulties with regard to them, which are not so deeply felt in a country altogether Christian. Doctrinal subjects are not to be discussed at these Decanal Chapters. . . . The numbers that attend daily prayers at the Cathedral have not increased, but the weekly Communion are very encouraging. . . . Our Collegiate School was opened during my absence at S. Helena. It is held partly under my roof and partly in premises adjoining. We cannot accommodate very many, but our candidates for admission appear likely to increase so rapidly that we shall probably be obliged to engage a larger house until we can raise funds for erecting a building. . . . I have appointed Mr. Green, who went round the Colony with me last year as Chaplain, Rector of the Capital of Natal, Pieter Maritzburg, and Rural Dean . . . he officiates four times every Sunday,—once in Dutch.”

To the Rev. CHARLES GRAY.

“Protea, June 27th, 1849.

“My dear Charles . . . My last great anxiety was an Ordinance laid upon the table of the Legislative Council last week by the Attorney-General. It was professedly prepared to meet Lord Grey’s views, and supported all bodies *calling themselves* Christians, whether Christians or not, and laid down principles which must have led to the support of Mahometan, Jewish, heathen, atheistic teachers. Montagu kindly sent it to me confidentially before it was printed. I instantly set about pulling it to pieces, both as to principle and in detail,—for in its details it was most carefully constructed so as to mar the whole progress of the Church in this Colony, and to affect us in a way in which it could affect no other body. I had but one day to draw up a paper in opposition to it. Had any delay occurred all would have been lost. Thank God, however, the Governor and Montagu have listened to my appeal, and the Bill (the most awful document I have ever seen) is to be withdrawn, secretly if possible, though it has been noticed in the Government speech on opening the Council. What will be the next move I know not. But every month’s delay is of vast importance to us, and two or three years hence, if God continue to bless us as He has hitherto done, we may set all their legislation at defiance. . . .

“I hope the Church at home will not yield to Kay Shuttleworth one tittle. I am glad the German school is awakening attention of people to the true danger of the latter days. . . . Amidst many anxieties our work is progressing: the self-willed, independent spirit of Colonists, and the jealousies of those who are not of us, are the chief difficulties in our way. . . . Do not forget us in your prayers. ‘Without is fighting, within are fears,’ and we are but poor creatures, and oftentimes cast down, and full of doubts as to the proper course to follow.”

To Mrs. MOWBRAY.

“S. Peter’s Eve, 1849.

. . . “It is the eve of the anniversary of the Consecration in Westminster Abbey, and I had intended to have a quiet day

to-morrow for thought. But I have just received a note from the Governor, begging me to go into the country to see an old friend of his, who is dying, and is anxious to see me. So at daybreak I shall be booted and in my saddle. Unfortunately, Badnall has gone off with Montagu into the country for a trip, taking with him my best steed. . . . I cannot conceive how any one should in these days covet the high posts in Church or State. In my little sphere there are anxieties enough to weigh down any man. May we all realise more and more, amidst the turmoils which surround us, the promise that God has made, of keeping in *perfect peace* the mind that is stayed on Him."

To JOHN MOWBRAY, Esq.

"Cape Town, July 4th, 1849.

"Mr. ——'s letter is all very well as a theory. Every Bishop would be glad to see a Dean and Chapter, Cathedral, College, etc.; but, so far as this Diocese is concerned, the thing is simply impracticable at present. He does not seem to be aware that the patent expressly enables me to appoint a Dean and Chapter;¹ but even if I had the men, it would be ridiculous to do so in the existing state of our Church. People do not seem to be aware that up to this time the Church can scarcely be said to have had a footing in South Africa. We have already

¹ February 25th, 1850, the Bishop was able to write to Mr. Mowbray: "I think before very long I shall have to constitute something of a Chapter; at present you know I have no Cathedral. The present building (called by Davidson the *pagoda*) has a debt upon it, in the shape of shares in a loan, amounting to £7,000. The shareholders are the parishioners, and consist of Jews, Socinians, etc. These elect the vestry, and the vestry has a great idea that it can order services as it pleases. It regards the Chaplain as its humble servant, but has scarce yet realised to itself what its power over the Bishop is! . . . I think it not impossible that the whole debt may be gradually wiped off,—the church conveyed to the See, and I be enabled to consecrate the building. Should this be so, I should then desire to appoint a Dean and Chapter, though there are *no* endowments. . . . What I want you to do, is to give me, if you can, a body of statutes. Of course full power should be retained by the Bishop over his own Cathedral. Up to this time we have not been able to establish full Cathedral service; but we have daily prayer, morning and evening, and weekly Communion. The Canticles and Glorias, etc., are chanted, and we have regular anthems. We shall in time have full Cathedral service. The simpler the statutes are the better. I should regard the Chapter as the Bishop's standing Counsel or Council."

excited quite sufficient jealousy by our movements. The Capitular body may one day exist, but it will not be for some time. Our present task is a more homely one—*i.e.* to supply our scattered population in various extensive districts with zealous, hard-working Clergymen, who will be content to labour amid disappointments and reproach in laying the foundations of the Church in this wayward, long-neglected land. When I have £30,000 at my disposal, I may begin to think of a Cathedral and College; the present Cathedral cost £16,000.

To the Rev. HENRY GRAY.

“ Protea, July 14th, 1849.

“ My dear Henry—I believe, for the first time in my life, I am in your debt one or two letters! . . . Our condition in the Colony just now is a very gloomy one: Government is at a complete standstill, and society entirely disorganised in consequence of Lord Grey’s determination to turn the Colony into a Penal Settlement. None of the grants for the new Clergy have passed, and nothing can be done till quiet is restored, which does not seem very likely just yet. The agitation is a most senseless one now, for its avowed object is gained. Not a convict will be landed. Were the people strong enough, there would be a rebellion. . . . I shall be glad to hear that you are comfortably settled again in your quiet Vicarage. I often sigh for the quiet pastoral work of a parish priest in England, which seems to me in this distant land the happiest lot on earth.¹ Cares and anxieties thicken here, and I am sadly wanting in that faith which can commit all to God in cheerful confidence, convinced that He will take care of His Own Cause. I ought to feel perfectly satisfied that all things will work together for the good of His Church here, and I do feel in the main assured of this. But each trouble as it springs up daily in my path is allowed to disturb and distress me in a way it should not do, and it is

¹ In another letter (September 22nd, 1849) the Bishop says the same: “ I had rather occupy such a post than any other in this world, if it were God’s Will; but we do not choose for ourselves, and I am quite content to be here or anywhere, only I feel I have an office the weight of which I am ill able to bear.”

astonishing how thick they come upon me. I trust, my dear Henry, you will give me the benefit of your prayers, that God's Cause may not suffer through my fault. Let that but prosper, and I care not for myself. I am contemplating a little tour of a couple of months after the rains up to the Knysna, and at the commencement of the year a long and difficult journey by land to Natal, which will occupy near six months."

TO MRS. WILLIAMSON.

"Protea, July 19th, 1849. . . . Our Colony used to be considered quiet and orderly and peaceful, but henceforth (since the convict question, etc.) I fear we are doomed to agitation, strife, and radicalism. The Council is broken up, the estimates are not passed, and of course I have not got my ecclesiastical grants. I am anxious about these. But I cannot find it in my heart to counter-order a single Clergyman: it is quite essential that our posts should be filled. . . . I have seen a good deal of the Governor throughout this trying business, for I felt it a duty to go and see him, weak and poorly as he still is, poor fellow; but I have abstained of late, because I was accused of being one of his advisers, and I thought it better both for him and me, and the public also, that it should be seen that I really had nothing to do with public affairs. Church matters are, I trust, going on well generally, amidst anxieties and much abuse from the press. It is very odd people will not let our work alone. We never assail others, but almost every paper that is published attacks us; their determination is, if possible, to write us down. They bring no charges against us, only they tell lies of us, to excite the jealousies of the different bodies that are around us. One day the education of the Colony is to be placed entirely in my hands; another, I am a great man at Government House, and give foolish advice to the Government. . . . another, the Church is aiming at being a dominant Church. Then there are tirades against priestcraft, and so forth. I wish I could let you see some of the letters I receive from different Clergy. They are very interesting. If things go on quietly for two more years, we shall, I trust, have ob-

tained a firm footing in the Diocese. But everything, under God, seems to depend upon the course things may take during the next two years. Probably ere long we shall have our representative government, and then the Church will, I fear, meet with no favour. We shall have a flood of radicalism. . . . The Archdeacon (Merriman) seriously proposes going to live in a Kafir hut for six months with a Deacon to begin a Mission. He is a noble fellow, but he cannot yet be spared for this."

To EDWARD GRAY, Esq.

"July 26th, 1849. Our convicts have not arrived, and will not be landed when they do come. The people are madly urging the Governor to send back the 'Neptune' when it comes, consigned to Earl Grey. Our prospects for the future are anything but satisfactory, for I fear we are entering upon a course of political agitation, which will keep the Colony in a ferment. The Church still continues to be attacked, and our ecclesiastical grants cannot be passed, as the Legislative Council does not exist. Our situation is somewhat critical, but I trust and hope in God all will be well with us. My responsibilities will, however, be very great if a Representative Government be granted before I get what has been promised. . . . Many things, however, occur to console us. My conveyances are going on well. I consider this of the very greatest importance. Indeed the unity, if not the existence of the Church depends in this country upon everything being conveyed to the See. I have just got hold of several schools, etc., which have been in a doubtful state, and people begin to feel, I think, that they must fall into my views upon this point. Wynberg church has just been settled; Kalk Bay school, Graham's Town school, and others, are falling in. . . . To-morrow I have some leading Dutch ministers to meet some of ours. I wish to be on kind terms with them, and to let it be understood that we help each other in any way we can without compromise of principle. Will either you or Lizzy purchase for me two handsome altar-books (quarto) for the Cathedral? I wish to make a present of them. . . . Some Swedish Missionaries have gone to Natal;—

I want a little book, published two or three years ago by the Archbishop of Upsala, also Dewar's *Protestantism in Germany*. Beg Richard to let me know what he thinks of the Swedish succession, what title the reformed body in Sweden has to the name of a Church, and what relation the Swedish Bishops have to the Bishop of Cape Town."

TO JOHN MOWBRAY, Esq.

"Protea, August 25th, 1849.

"The news about S. P. G.'s liberality to me has been a great relief to my mind under many very pressing anxieties. I trust I see my way through pecuniary difficulties for the present, thanks to the Governor and to dear Mr. Montagu, who is everything to me, and is essentially the *mind* of the Colony. I am getting through all business with Government gradually and satisfactorily. Difficulties are wonderfully smoothed for us through him, and he takes an increasing interest in our work. . . . I fear the present agitation will leave permanent effects behind it; the same spirit so prevalent in Europe is rampant here—indeed the state of this Colony makes me very uncomfortable. It is thoroughly leavened with the self-willed democratic element, resisting all authority and restraint. This may all take an anti-Church line, and be a serious hindrance to our work. They feel indeed already that we have no sympathy with it, and hate us for it. Still amidst manifold anxieties God's cause is advancing, and our work becoming consolidated. It will take, however, two or three years of quiet endurance before we can look upon the Church as having taken deep root, I consider the question of Clergy grants pretty well disposed of; Government not being able to vote them has recommended them to the Home Government, and asked Lord Grey for authority to fulfil the Governor's promises. Meantime the Clergy will draw their stipends, I guaranteeing repayment in case Lord Grey refuses to sanction them. The grants towards the erection of churches are in a more precarious condition, still I hope they will come round. I have just made another plunge. I have purchased fifty acres of land, in an excellent

situation within four miles of Cape Town, for our College.¹ . . . If I had delayed another day I should have lost it. I am now going to concoct an appeal for funds. Montagu highly approves of our scheme, and thinks it a great move. We are outgrowing our present accommodation. . . . We shall want £10,000 to set us afloat. . . . I am about to inclose you a correspondence about precedence here. I send it to you because you can, being in town, consult friends privately as to whether anything ought to be done in the matter. I believe it is the first time that the Colonial Minister has ever directed the puisne Judges of a Colony to take precedence of the Bishop. At first I thought that I ought simply to announce the fact to the Metropolitan, as it will of course form a precedent for other cases, and is part of the system of the day, which is to slight the Church. You will see the extract from the Judge's Charter, which I interpret as giving the Bishop precedence over the Chief Justice here as in England. . . . I have literally been writing ever since I got out of bed this morning. . . . I am going to take Sophy with me, early in October, on a short Visitation of about 880 miles in a cart. She will never want to go again, but must, I suppose, purchase her experience. . . . Our convict ship has not yet arrived; the Anti-Convict Association are not unlikely to refuse the Governor bread and meat if he does not send them away. Indeed it is not impossible that we may all be on short allowance! You may easily imagine that our state of society is at present very distressing; people talk of nothing but convicts, all business is at a standstill, and the Colony is materially suffering."

This subject recurs in another letter to Mr. Mowbray, of February 25th, 1850: "Many thanks for the trouble you have taken about the precedence question. I entirely agree in your and Judge Coleridge's view. To me it would be most painful to raise such a question. Nothing but a conviction that it was a duty to do so would induce me to call Lord Grey to an account

¹ "Woodlands, near to C. Bell's at Rondebosch. At Christmas our present Collegiate School at Protea will move into it."—Letter to Miss Cole, September 24th, 1849.

for his decision, and I am very thankful to find that so many upon whose judgment I can rely concur in opinion with myself, and advise my not taking any further step in the matter."

These extracts do but give some faint shadow of the perpetual anxieties and vexations which were continually springing up around the Bishop's path, seeming sometimes to depress him, especially when (as too often was the case) they involved sleepless nights, but borne on the whole with wonderful elasticity and brightness; sometimes turned playfully, at others accepted in patience and humility. One of the most trying matters was his frequent disappointment in men who were sent out, and who proved failures, or were altogether unsuited to African work. The kindness and tenderness with which some cases of gross incompetency and ignorance are treated is very striking; and his warm, hearty appreciation of his Clergy who worked well and in his own spirit of self-devotion is no less so. Writing to Dr. Williamson (August 31st, 1849) of various men whom he had sent out, the Bishop says: "It is White's dress, I suppose, that gave offence. He and the Archdeacon made their appearance in cassocks, and have stuck to them. Many, I imagine, consider the dress peculiar and appropriate to the offices of Archdeacon and Principal. We do not hear much about *isms* here, though I daresay some talk about them. It would be strange if they did not, for all that passes in England on that subject is read and retailed here; and much of our work is entirely new to people's minds; *e.g.*, the appointment of parish limits, pastoral work, etc. Up to this time Clergy have looked upon themselves as ministers of congregations, and there has been very little parochial work. As to living at peace with other denominations, not one of the twenty sects around us can say that one of the Clergy has spoken unkindly of them, yet they day by day attack the Church, and endeavour by every means to bring it into odium as aspiring to be the dominant Church of the Colony, and this simply because we are striving to supply our destitute brethren with the means of grace. I am personally the chief object of attack, not for what I say or

preach, for I do not hear that fault is found on this score, but because I have aims and objects which are ambitious, and so forth. . . . We never answer these railings. I own, however, I feel continued anxiety, and much depression of spirit, amidst the daily increasing difficulties of my position. This Colony, so far as the Church's work is concerned, is unlike any other. We have to engraft a new system—a new phase of religion—upon a previously existing one. Everywhere we appear to those who have been before us as intruders. Our own people, when a Clergyman comes amongst them, find that all their previous habits and actual associations have to undergo a change, and very many of them are by marriage mixed up with other communions, and have been, perhaps, in the habit of attending dissenting chapels themselves. When a Clergyman, then, goes to his parish he finds very few actual Church people. Great judgment, discretion, forbearance, patience, and zeal, are required in dealing with the strange state of things around him. He has, in fact, to found the Church. A combination of graces and gifts is needed to fill such a post well. Then people's minds are struck with the sudden change which has taken place in their own Church. It is alive and struggling everywhere, having been up to the present time in a state of almost total inactivity. It is like a surfeit to a half-starved man: he is scarce able to digest all he gets. The only quarter from which I feel much anxiety about 'ism,' is the Eastern Province. There the Archdeacon is aiming at establishing strict rubrical observances, and is, I believe, succeeding. He has carried Graham's Town, and the Church has had a great rise there, through his energy, zeal, self-denial, and power.¹ But Port Elizabeth always looks with a jealous eye on Graham's Town, to which it is a sort of rival, and so it calls the Archdeacon names. This latter place I know not what to do

¹ In a letter of September 25th the Bishop says, "The Archdeacon is very anxious to have the services performed strictly according to the rubrics. The vestry at Graham's Town publicly requested him to preach in the surplice, which he does, and has the weekly offertory, which ere long will, I hope, prevail in every church in the Diocese. Port Elizabeth sets itself against these things; but everything is dead and going back there. People who subscribe to Jewish Synagogues,

with. . . . The people require a strong man, for there is a large amount of republicanism among them. It is our weakest point, and they think we do not sufficiently estimate the importance of the place, or do enough for them. . . . The Colonial Society has been behaving in a strange way to its three agents, two Clergymen and one layman. They have dismissed, or all but dismissed, them all. Blair is about to withdraw from the Society. The parish of Wynberg is very much afraid of losing him; they will raise £200, and I shall have to add £50. This place is the focus of *Indianism*. The Indians who come for the recovery of health are very peculiar. It is very rare to find a real Churchman among them. They have founded various dissenting institutions here. I am not without hope of getting some control over them, but it is doubtful. They are frequently Plymouth Brethren,—preach, and have even administered the Holy Communion. They give largely when they take an interest in anything, and hang together a good deal. It will be some time before they are brought round, if ever. You need not be surprised if you hear I am unpopular. I have been compelled to be firm, especially about putting the conveyances of churches on a proper footing. . . . The formation of parishes is another delicate question. . . . The nicest thing I have now to decide is the qualification of voters for Churchwardens, etc. I make it to depend upon communion, or where from circumstances this test of Churchmanship cannot be insisted on, then upon signing the following declaration—‘I do declare that I am a member of the Church in the Diocese of Cape Town in communion with the Church of England, and that I will conform to the doctrine and discipline of the said Church.’ I have not yet settled the exact wording, but it is most important on many grounds that all Church people, in a country circumstanced like this, should

as is the case with very many Church people here, may well bear whatever *we* do : they cannot care much about the Faith.” And a little later (October 22nd) : “A secession here, or any injudicious conduct, would do immense mischief. The Diocese has just as much as it can bear. People are up to all that is going on in England. Gorham, etc., are heroes! Nevertheless we shall, I trust, have the surplice and weekly offertory gradually in every parish.”