Cape, and in case of my being then still here, that would be indeed such a grievous disappointment. But I hope your threats are idle; or indeed I may not be here, and then I should almost wish that you should not touch here during my absence. But that is still so distant a contingency, that it must not yet trouble us; particularly as there are other matters of far more importance to be decided in the meantime. Oh! I wish so much I could at once with this your two ~~last~~ letters, the answers to my last ones, to reply to. I have so often blamed myself for having written them; not as if they did not contain my exact sentiments, but it appears to me to be so fearfully selfish in my bad state of health ~~to say to~~ even to suggest the idea of a union which to the other party can scarcely bring anything but sore trials of strength of mind and endurance. I would so like to be at home with my friends and our old family doctor, and talk the matter over with him, tell him all about it, and follow his advice. I so love to shirk all responsibilities, whenever possible, and throw them upon other people. But it is not a thing I could write to him about; and though he knew my state of health in September 1860 perfectly well, yet he cannot know how I am now, and what under the circumstances would be right for me to do; and I have not the least confidence in any of our Cape Doctors, to consult them. Not that I am not in general stronger and abler to exert myself, though I have not yet been able quite to recover from the violent cold, which I caught last month. But I fear I shall never be quite strong and healthy, and though life may protracted, health will never be quite restored. I am afraid I have not made that so prominent in writing about myself, as I ought to have done; I almost believe, it would be mere hypocrisy to ask you to take me for better for worse; I fear it would unquestionably be for worse. - But I must not dwell too much upon this dark side. It will make me so gloomy, and will end in making me talk again in such a savage way, as that when I shocked you by my apparent slavery sympathies. Though I had not supposed that it could be understood in any other way than as a metaphor for an indissoluble union. You indeed quite understood my meaning, though you rightly gave me a lecture about the manner in which it was expressed. — Regarding your intended conversations with Mr. Bickett's, I shall be anxious to hear the result, though I can hardly think that it will be a quite conclusive one. Thankful as I should be on your account to know that your mind was in some way set at rest about what did or late distract you, - yet I cannot help wishing that I knew all what had puzzled you, and could be permitted to try and solve those puzzles for you. I can, however, understand your position, and your evident wish, if possible to become reconciled to what almost all who our —

surround you and show you love and kindness,
except as almost the foundations of their being.
Yet I feel almost sure that you could only in
an artificial manner be reconciled to it,
and that I feel almost persuaded to be im-
possible for the thorough sincerity and reality
of your mind. - I have already in a former letter
advised you to read Newman's Phases of Faith.
I cannot but repeat this wish. I have never
seen Theodore Parker's writings, but I dare
say, they might do you good to read. I was so
glad you had old Mr. Woolley to talk to during
your stay at Bromyard. - What you say
with regard to the question of the
Clergyman who begins to doubt the
Creeds, is indeed the right thing, though
it will always be difficult in every single
case to decide what is right. The fact appears
to me that in the practice of the Church
the Creeds have become so much mere
formularies, that very few Clergymen
indeed take the trouble to examine carefully
what they really mean, and although this
may be a matter to be lamented, and to be
taken as one of the signs of the decay of the
old forms, yet it may excuse from any abrupt
and rash step on one conscientiously striving
to ascertain the truth. It may be that I should think

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Cape Town 18 December 1861

My sweet friend,

I was so gladdened by the receipt of your dear long November letter, which I received on the 16th inst, containing as it did, such good news of your health and welldoing. I so rejoiced to see you in such good spirits, so overflowing as to vent themselves even in a little swearing, and quite ready to do battle with an appointed guardian of the orthodox faith. But joking apart, it really gave me great joy, and perhaps the latter as a sign of still increased confidence and intimacy quite as much as any other part of your most welcome letter. - There is, however, some alloy in this as in all joyfulness. First you had not good news from your sister Lucy; and, though I sincerely trust that since you have had better tidings, yet I could not help sharing your anxiety, and feeling driven to enquire directly from her. I felt sure that after all you had written me about her, she would not think my simple note presumptuous or intruding. I sent it to day per Waldensian. It is indeed rather awkward to write at first to a lady, whom one does not know at all personally, and I am sure she will find the letter rather constrained and stiff; but not knowing how much or how little you might have said to her about me, I could not but feel some embarrassment in writing it. - Your being very much better and stronger is a fair set off against this, and I shall be so glad to admire your stoutness. But then you threaten not to tour again at the Cape

went himself on board to take leave from
poor Mrs. Syme, who after Dr. Syme's death
is gone back to her family in Scotland.
It was only the day after the departure
of the November steamer, that the
Marlears ascertained that she had
fairly run away. I have not yet seen
any one of the family; but give you merely
the general report. — I hear that your
fellow passengers the Glovers intended
to embark this month in the Cambria;
and are, therefore, expected here in the
middle of January. Also our future
Governor Wodehouse, with lady, our
Colonial Secretary Mr. Rawson, and that
abominable piece of mischief Colonel
Travers with his good natured fat wife,
and the Brickersteths and Barringtons
are to go in the same vessel. — Regarding
my Comparative Grammar, I have finished
one part nearly, and do really think
ing of beginning to print it; but whether
I can achieve this, is not yet quite clear. —
I come so very rarely out of doors now;
as we have either strong South East
or the unhealthy Bloofwind. It is rare
that a very fine enjoyable day is to be
met with in this season. — You say
in your letter that a reason for almost
reconciling you with your separation from
your friends, is the fear that when they
really knew you, they would find you unworthy of

BC 157, Cu.8

think it better impossible for my own
conscience to accommodate myself to such
a step. But if a friend, whose exact opinions
I cannot know so well as my own, thinks
that his conscience allows him such a
temporary armistice (as I would call it)
shall I gainsay, — shall I call upon him
to relinquish his posts, whilst there is still
a chance of his becoming again reconciled
to all what is required of him. — It
may be cowardice, but I have not the
heart to tell him that he must be
quite regardless of the consequences.
It may be that my manner of thinking
has been vitiated by living so much with
people, whose only standard of worth
is taken from success, and who of course
~~of the~~ calculate the consequences of
every step, which they take to a
nicety. I know I have proved a
bad pupil of theirs; yet I have probably
a little from them, and have spoilt
my simple faith in the eventual
success of mere right doing without
regard to consequences. But the question
always is, how far the consequences do not
belong really to the doing, and stamp to
some extent its being right or wrong.
This is sometimes difficult to say. Though

went himself on board to take leave from poor Mrs. Syme, who after Dr. Syme's death is gone back to her family in Scotland. It was only the day after the departure of the November steamer that the Mailears ascertained that she had fairly run away. I have not yet seen any one of the family; but give you merely the general report. I hear that your fellow passengers the Glovers intended to embark this month in the Cambrian, and are, therefore, expected here in the middle of January. Also our future Governor Wodehouse, with lady, our Colonial Secretary Mr. Rawson, and that abominable piece of mischief Colonel Travers with his good natured fat wife, and the Bickersteths and Barringtons are to go in the same vessel. – Regarding my Comparative Grammar, I have finished one part nearly, and I am really thinking of beginning to print it; but whether I can achieve this, is not yet quite clear. – I come so very rarely out of doors now, as we have either strong South Easter or the unhealthy Kloofwind. It is rare that a very fine enjoyable day is to be met with in this season. – You say in your letter that a reason for almost reconciling you with your separation from your friends, is the fear that when they really knew you, they would find you unworthy of

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think it better impossible for my own conscience to reconcile myself to such a step. But if a friend, whose exact opinions I cannot know so well as my own, thinks that his conscience allows him such a temporary armistice (as I would call it) shall I gainsay, – shall I call upon him to relinquish his posts, whilst there is still a chance of his becoming again reconciled to all what is required of him. – It may be cowardice, but I have not the heart to tell him that he must be quite regardless of the consequences. It may be that my manner of thinking has been vitiated by living so much with people, whose only standard of worth is taken from success, and who of course ~~of the~~ calculate the consequences of every step, which they take to a nicety. I know I have proved a bad pupil of theirs; yet I have probably learnt a little from them, and have spoilt my simple faith in the eventual success of mere right doing without regard to consequences. But the question always is, how far the consequences do not belong really to the doing, and stamp to some extent its being right or wrong. This is sometimes difficult to say. Though

purity and sincerity, ~~the~~ on account of the love which you have shown me, that I love you, - not it is quite an irrational attachment, for which I can by no means account, and which would not leave me, even if you should show yourself the very opposite of what I believe you to be, and of what you really are. - But really I can hardly believe that your fear has any existence in reality. I mean in your own mind, and that it was ~~merely~~ only a passing thought, awakened by an undefined apprehension that a nearer relation than that of a distant adopted brother, ~~with~~ to me, would under the circumstances not be the right thing. And sweet as even the thought is to me, - I have, I do not, know somehow the feeling as if it was a happiness which was not to be granted to me. Nor feel I more that, if it was granted, I ought to accept such a boon, and involve another's fate with the dreary prospects of my own; even if the thing can be managed, and even if my health was not so irrevocably lost. - But do I then know whether I have really won your affection to that extent, and that you have that trust in me which is required to make you even think of being nearer to me than ~~the~~ sister can be - and should I not almost wish for your sake that you should give me a decided refusal? Oh, really, I must not think more of this matter; but patiently wait, until we better understand each others' hearts, ~~and stand~~, in one way, or another way, in a clearer position to each other. - And whatever you may tell me, or have told me (for when this letter reaches you it is all done), - you will be the same dear friend to me, and, if nothing more, continue to be my most beloved sister; and though seas may separate us, and years of separation and diversity of pursuits and of friends, may cause differences in characters and opinions as yet undeveloped, your own dear self will always remain with me as guiding star; - and though the intercourse may be limited to the exchange of letters, I hope, nothing will prevent at least this last solace for a starving heart. - But I must not bore you longer by a repeated giving vent to my pent up feelings. -

Of my own life, scarcely anything worth mentioning is to be recorded. The little society in our house is rather improving. We lost two boarders, one of whom was very undesirable, as he managed frequently to be drunk before dinner time; and we have gained one very agreable young Englishman who came about a month ago in the Mail Steamer. He is about 20 years of age, and by profession surveyor and engineer, but perfectly a gentleman, educated at King's College. His mother, Mrs. Wharton, a clergyman's widow, lives at Willesden, near London. They seem to be in good circumstances, but as he is the eldest of ~~three~~ four sons, he wishes to be here quite

rude

independently; and I have no doubt that he will succeed. It is a great advantage to have one with whom one can to some extent be friend, in the same house. He is just now hard reading for a surveyor's examination, which is to take place next month. You will be glad to hear that the news from Mrs. ~~Fisher~~ this month are better than per last Mail. She is gone to stay with an aunt who is well off, somewhere in the South of England. I shall send this time as before the newspaper to Mrs. Fisher. I do so, because at all events, it would go to her address, and she can always send it to you. I shall be glad to hear how ~~to~~ she is doing, and what her pursuits are. Does she paint much? — Of my father's posthumous work ~~one~~ another volume has appeared, the first of the two parts of the Synopsis of the first three Gospels. It is to be sent to me by the next opportunity. But I must copy you a passage from a letter from the Bishop of Natal to whom I had sent my father's Introduction into the Old Testament. He says: "I have been reading your father's book with deep interest. It has scarcely been out of my hand since it came, and I think it an admirable work — so temperate, so

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of the continuance of their friendship. Now, if I had said some such thing, I am sure you would have given me a good scolding, and perhaps have say, I was laughing at you; though in serious earnest, if it were to go only by one's true worth, I should sink very low in the scale, compared not only with you, but with perhaps most of your friends. But it is certainly not the calculation of our worth, upon which our mutual relation to each other is based, nor, I truly hope, not upon an ideal figure which each has conceived of the other. No, — I for one know too well how glaring many of my faults are, to have ever laboured under such a supposition, neither do I conceive you to be faultless, nor do I imagine that I can as yet be conscious of all your imperfections. But whatever they may be, mutual love and trust into each other is a far better warrant for happiness ~~basis~~ than mutual admiration and idolworship, even if such could endure forever. In such a union one party must look upon the other as part of his own self — and, as ridiculous as it would be to be filled with admiration for one's own excellency, nearly as unbecoming it is to make an idol of those whom one most dearly loves, so dearly that in reality they form part of one's own individuality. Though if I began to calculate, I could count up many qualities in you which would rationally account for my esteem for you, — yet it is not on account of your excellency, but your thoroughness,

your

if they were not so confidential that even to you a communication of them would be a breach of trust. But the more I have now to do with him, the more I love and esteem his frank open nature, though it may be joined to the fault of a frequently indiscreet and injudicious behaviour; but he does not mind the least to be told his faults openly and even sharply by one in whom he has confidence. I am truly sorry that I shall probably now not see them before their departure to England, almost as sorry as that I am thereby also prevented from making the acquaintance of your sisters. – It may perhaps interest you to hear that our old fellow boarder Capt. Lowther, is, as I hear, now married to the youngest daughter of Mr. Painter, an Eastern Province M. P., with whom and whose family he was staying for some time together at Mrs. Brown's boarding house in St. John Street, and whom he there accompanied to their home. – I had a letter per last Mail from a former Colleague, Mr. Charles Boyle, who was Sir George Grey's Private Secretary, who went home in 1859 with his family, and could then not make up his mind on their account to return again to the Cape. So he resigned in the latter part of this year a very advantageous Colonial appointment with scarcely anything to do, that of Clerk to the Executive Council, and took a house at Bath intending to educate his children together with some boarders whom he hoped to be able to receive, and whereby he hoped to increase his not very large means. One could not say that he was exactly fitted for such a task, a man between fifty and sixty, who had never been doing anything but acting the fine gentleman. And so the result showed. Just before Sir George Grey went to New Zealand he had a letter from Boyle, in which he wrote in great distress that he had not succeeded in getting a single pupil, and did not know what to do. So Sir George offered him a berth in New Zealand, but said that in that small Government he could not give him anything like his former pay. – After Sir George's departure I wrote then at once to him, interested to hear what his movements would be. It seems however that he is not going to leave England, though he was not yet certain what to do. He says "I children are a tie to a place one is once in." He gave me the address of his sister's house "22 South Audley Street, Grosvenor Square, London W." They were a very nice family, and I was sorry for their going away. He is exceedingly well connected, in fact it was sometimes amusing to hear him talk of his friends Prince so & so, &c. So I have no fear that eventually he will manage to

to get even into a better position than he had here. — I have just this moment (2 P.M. afternoon) posted a letter to Sir George, to go by a direct vessel, the ~~departure~~ arrival of which I only ascertained this morning. She had put in for supplies. — But I must close. Good bye, my very dear friend, — whatever you do, keep a little place in your heart for me.

Your's most affectionately W. H. I. Bleek

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so judicious & so able are his views — and to my mind, his German is the simplest and clearest I have ever read. I can read it like French. I have already thoroughly digested for my purposes the whole book to the end of the section upon Samuel and Kings (besides reading through one later part, too of it.) I have derived great help from it which I shall duly acknowledge in its place. Hurtz represents the moderate unbigoted defender of the whole Pentateuch" (This is what would be called in England a German champion of the orthodox view of the five books of Moses) "Your father I regard as the most excellent specimen of one who maintains the general veracity of the Pentateuch, the truth of the main story." . . . . . "But this part of your father's book (on the Pentateuch and Joshua) is the only part that I do not fully subscribe to, sitting most gladly at his feet as my teacher on many matters, of which I have been till lately profoundly ignorant." — I could you write many more interesting passages out of the Bishop's letters

Will it be too forward to ask you to send me your photograph? I mean to send you mine, & should like to have it.