

# *Some letters of Frank Colenso from Bishopstowe in 1900*

*Francis Ernest Colenso BA, LL.D. (Cantab.) (1852–1910) was the second son of Bishop J.W. Colenso. He was a barrister of the Supreme Court in Natal, but in 1879 went to live in England, where he worked as an actuary associated with Norwich Union, with which he had family connections. (His maternal great-grandfather Bignold had been one of its founders in 1797, and his maternal grandfather Bunyon head of its London office.) He did all he could to assist and support his sisters Harriette and Agnes in their fight for justice, both for the Zulu Kingdom and for themselves as they resisted being dispossessed of the Bishopstowe property. (They eventually lost it after the passing of the Church Properties Act of 1910.)*

*In 1900 Frank visited his sisters at Bishopstowe after a long absence. His wife Sophie (née Frankland) did not accompany him, and these letters to her describe some of his experiences and impressions during his weeks in South Africa.*

*In order to have the material on disk, this transcription has been copied from one made by Mrs Diane Scogings in 1994, with this introduction and a few bracketed notes added. The pages of the originals are indicated {1} {2} etc.*

*The letters are held by the Rhodes House Library, Oxford, as Frank Colenso to his wife Sophie: Colenso Papers, Box II, Vol 1285(2), items 751–772(b). Photocopies are held in the Natal Diocesan Archives, Pietermaritzburg, and were obtained in 1994 through the good offices of Dr Brenda Nicholls of the Dept of History, Rhodes University, Grahamstown and Dr Charles Swaisland of the Rhodes House Library.*

*John Deane*

*Chairman: Colenso Homestead Restoration Project*

*March 2002*

*{1} East London*

*10th April 1900*

Our ship's letter bag missed the mail train at Port Elizabeth yesterday, this having been dispatched to Capetown at 5 a.m. . You are likely, too, my beloved wife, to get nothing between the transhipped letter which ought to be reaching you in a couple of days now,

and the letter that I left behind me in Capetown. For it appears now that of the 600 bags on board the *Mexican* only 100 were saved, and, I understand no Capetown bags. This last seems curious, but I have in any case increased your chance of hearing something of me {2} by carrying your letter, with Sylvia's out to Wynberg, and posting it there, after posting the cards etc. in Capetown. So much on the question of mails, which seems an inevitable subject when one is in the colonies. We spent a tiresome day at Port Elizabeth yesterday. I did not go ashore, but sat reading and trying to sleep when I was not walking. The noise of the windlasses was, however, very disturbing. It seems that one escapes all this dawdling along the coast if one travels by the direct line of steamers, which only take a couple of days long over the whole voyage, are more gemutlich and some £10 per head cheaper. The cabin accommodation is also more roomy, and {3} general arrangements, according to a gentleman on board, more satisfactory if one is travelling with children. At P.E. came on board a Pietermaritzburger and wife, very pleasant people in their way whom I shall be able to do a service by getting particulars for them from Balliol respecting the question of their son's entering there. They are very pleased about this. He is a Congregationalist, and expressed great sympathy with the Ch. of E. position. 'Miss Colenso is fighting a wonderful battle,' he said. 'She has just won her action at Durban against Bishop Baynes.' Bravo H.E.C. Loram, I think is his name. He has given me all sorts of information about people. {4} His wife seems a kindly old lady and no points of difference have manifested themselves between us, as I have kept off the origins of the war. Mr L. has shown me high consideration, no doubt in acknowledgement for my letter to Evelyn Abbitt, by offering me a ride out to Bishopstowe on a thoroughbred mare of his, 'a very gentle creature'.

*Bishopstowe*

*12th April 1900*

I cannot go to rest tonight, most beloved wife, without writing something to you about the wonderful position in which I find myself. It is nearly 10p.m.. We have just had prayers, a transcendently beautiful evening after a splendid thunderstorm – one to suit you, sky alight for several hours with lovely flashes, none {5} dangerously near, and abundance of rain after several days of very dry heat. But how can I describe the scene that meets my eye as I look out of the french windows of these rooms across the dear old verandah, and see the same old trees and mountain, illuminated by a heavenly moon, which shines through fleecy clouds out of a firmament that really seems vaster than that of the old country. The calm beauty of my surroundings all under this light just as they used to be, the sounds and scents of the night, the note of a Zavolu (whip-poor-Will in Zulu 'Zavolu sengela {6} abantubami = Z milk for my children') coming up from the valley, the breeze souging in the old trees as of yore, grillidae gently chirping – it seems all a dream, and I wake from it to long for your presence, and wish, oh how intensely, that I had brought you with me, and I am touched to tears to think of your being at home full of thoughts of my being now here. But I must continue this with particulars tomorrow. Goodnight, my beloved.

*13th April*

I must now give you 'hair small' particulars, darling, of my experience since {7} I was disturbed in my writing on board the *D[unottar]* by the news that we should be in the

outer Bay of Natal in less than an hour. The exertion of putting final touches to my luggage was, in the heat of the cabin, a matter of diaphoresis. The Bluff came in sight with the old face on it but on the right the Berea seemed to have erupted with a disease of white houses. There is plenty of bush however and in this there are still animals and birds, including many monkeys. We waited a weary time before a tug came off for ourselves and luggage. The sea was like glass, bar nil [*This probably refers to the notorious sand bar at Durban harbour mouth*] so that {8} no basket work was needed but we stepped upon a gangway. I was glad Agnes had not come out, but there she was on the pier looking exactly the Agnes of years ago. With her was a Table Mountain young man who saw salt water for the first time, and whom Agnes had just taken over a hospital ship. [*The Second Anglo-Boer War was being fought in South Africa, but Frank Colenso makes virtually no reference to it.*] The custom house business was fearful. Heat, just waiting for luggage to turn up etc. In interval we had tea nearby, good. Bottle of lemonade for Ngitshwa. In time we took a tram for Durban. The Point is now a busy place indeed and so is the town. Very picturesque and particularly good looking Zulus all about in rickshaws. {9} In Durban my first visit was to D. Currie's office to arrange about cabin on *Kinfarn's* for 14 May only 2 single berth ones on board, of which one, No.3, assigned to me up on promenade deck as on *Dunottar*; said by the clerk to be first rate one. Called at Royal Hotel and saw Sir Michael Gallwey. Hardly changed at all. Reminded him that he had broken his promise – he had agreed we should swap photographs. After this to Railway Station to look out for luggage which turned up close on 6 o'clock in nick of time. Agnes saw Ngitshwa carefully into 2nd class carriage. The first which they chose {10} had white boy, wife and children in it who deprecated a black boy's entry. Agnes said 'He has got his 2nd class ticket.' 'Oh has he,' said the guard, 'then he can sit here,' and gave him a more comfortable seat with another native in an empty 2nd. Harrie interposes to say that there is not as yet anything like the separation of colour that exists in America. But there is an entrance for Natives at Durban where also there is a separate ticket office. At P.M.B. the tickets are bought at one office. Agnes approves of the separation as much safer and nicer for the black folk, {11} white ones being so often dirty and dishonest, since at least Johannesburg days. The journey up in the train, which was extremely well appointed though slow, was most exciting to me. Twilight was too short to admit of distant views, but there was a moon, and the mountain sides looked as of old, the cicadas shrilling from every bush as we passed. There was also distant lightning and thunder, but they passed off. At Inchanga station we had 20 mins refreshments – soup, fish and lamb apollinaris. We reached P.M.Burg at 10, Harrie being on the platform well and cheerful, {12} looking not one hour older than when she left us. [*Frank had last seen Harriette three years previously when she visited England from April 1895 to December 1897.*] Our omnibus took us to the Imperial Hotel, (Mrs Thrash) where I was made extremely comfortable [by] the usual crowd of turbaned coolies with nice looking 'Zulu boys'. Slept fairly well but disturbed by late train arrivals and early boot droppings. Table Mountain not visible. P.M.Burg not very different – no trams or other vehicles than the rickshaws with the familiar old ox wagons. Sluits now all running through pipes. Otherwise the old streets and houses. Dust smells with old perfume. No fresh public buildings {13} worth mentioning but suburbs spread rather. After breakfast in huge room with a few khakis and haughty cigar smoking products of civilisation (fish, toast, marmalade, oatmeal porridge and good tea) joined

by Harrie who accompanied me through town to call on (1) Hathorn her advocate, whose late wife and her sister were our guests at Norwich, (2) H.C. Campbell, late a magistrate, now one of the Reformed Native High Court judges, and (3) last but not least my Father's old dean, Green. Him I found, like Campbell, {14} in a pretty little residence and as he came into the room evidently gratified at my and H's call, I was astonished to find him so perky instead of the pathetic old man whom I wished to call on. After a pleasant chat he said 'Was Bishop Baynes (*sic*) on the *Dunottar*?' As we parted the old fellow, who looked, I must say, extremely foxy, wanted to know where I was staying and hearing Bishopstowe, expressed a hope we should meet again before I left. All this sojourn in Pietermaritzburg was pending the arrival of an ox wagon, which after selling a load of forage, would {15} take out my baggage, and the appearance of a boy with two Bishopstowe horses. On these H. and A. were to ride out, I accompanying them on a third horse which they have bought for my use, alleging that they felt the need of such an animal for the use of their native escort hereafter. While Agnes gave instructions to the native driver at the hotel H. took me to Miss Giles's shanty. It is really a most comfortable dwelling. H. and A. rent two rooms. One a 'sack' room where A. sleeps when in town. There is quite a considerable garden separating the house from the street, and as much behind, with a stable, all rather ram-shackly {16} of course, natives and coolies coming through back garden with offers of various articles for sale, 2 cats, one with amber eyes. Miss Giles much as before, a little stouter [*illegible word*]. Received me very kindly and gave us scratch lunch with excellent soup. Then went up street with H. to fruit shop. Bought 2 dozen oranges and 1 dozen limes for 1/6 [*one shilling and sixpence*]. Oranges very refreshing, a tip top flavour though still green in colour. Shall desist from bananas at present. Little wagon with 8 touching little oxen came up; all my belongings on board. We the mounted. Horse a strong but not very tall beast. Seem to have sat it y' day, no difficulty at all. We walked horses through deep dust of outskirts and over stream which crosses entrance to town. Then {17} we set off at a canter, my horse's paces proving excellent. It cost £20, and was one of three belonging to an officer who needed only 2. It is particularly well behaved, a strong test being that Agnes' beast, which was a present to her, shied right across the street at a barrow, mine being alongside and hardly stirring in sympathy. It trots free and sure footedly, you may feel very comfortable about it. I shall only use it for home drawn locomotion. Well my emotion was great when Table Mountain, beautiful as ever, came in sight. Once out of town everything looks the same. We cross the flats which extend to the marsh at the bottom of the 'long hill'. As we ride up that we are overtaken by the son of the Dutchman {18} Maartin (*sic*) who lives between Bishopstowe and Table Mountain, and who has been very neighbourly to H. and A. He is, or was, a suspect. [*This possibly means he was a suspected Boer sympathiser.*] Then comes the full view of Table mountain and of Bishopstowe. Of the latter nothing but trees is visible. Down the hill we go to the Willow Bridge. Although the summer heat and foliage are also still with us, the veldt flowers are no longer numerous, nor is the bed of the stream decorated with Natal lilies and arums. But the green trees are in fine case, and many flowers are shining at Bishopstowe, in particular the lovely blue convolvulus. How can I describe my emotions on riding up to the dear old grounds so little and yet so much changed. As I sit on the front verandah, it is quite {19} easy, if I ignore the ruined walls to my right, and do not too closely regard the rebuilt portion of the premises on my left, to imagine myself at the

old Bishopstowe. I am astonished at what my dear sisters have done. They have expended £700 to £800, and put up on the foundations of the north half of the ruins, a neat zinc roofed dwelling which reproduces not a few of the features of the old habitation. If you look at the photograph of the front, the restored portion is on your right – and extends up to and including the middle hall. This is, however, rebuilt as a very charming room in which I am now located. French windows onto the verandah, neat wooden ceiling, walls distempered grey. Length of {20} room from window backwards a little over 9 of my strides length in width, i.e. 18ft–12ft. Height 11ft3. The length of the front verandah is exactly 50 of my strides, i.e. 101ft 4. Next my room is the drawing room (Mother’s bedroom of yore). Next H.’s study (the ‘old’ drawing room of yore) Then the ‘old’ hall reproduced. Then H.’s bedroom in which A. also now sleeps, exactly reproduced even to the inset bookshelves which were delight when I had measles and read ‘Bell on the hand’ the identical volume of which was among the few books saved from the fire and is in the shelves here together with several other relics, including the ancient dining room piano, {21} the mechanism of which is a dead fixture all blocked together and decayed, except one octave in the extreme treble which curiously enough can be played. The North wing is also nearly all rebuilt, but the rooms are somewhat unfinished. The height of all the walls must be nearly that of the old house, but the zinc roof is not high-pitched. All the rest of the rooms are left untouched except that the end of the South wing has been rebuilt. This used to be the dining room, and has been reproduced so as to form a fine large room used as a chapel and school room. From the {22} zinc roof is collected a splendid supply of rain water in tanks. These are carefully guarded and cleaned and nothing could be more delicious than their contents. These suffice for all purposes, and I am revelling in my morning tubs – so cold and pure. The grounds are still very much run to wilderness, but some of the most conspicuous trees are old friends and the general appearance of things is as of old. In the early morning the duiker antelopes appear in the garden. The shrubbery trees are vocal with doves and I hope to record their cooings, but there are several varieties, on {23} the phonograph. I have seen no disagreeable insects yet, and only one snake, a smallish and probably not poisonous variety. I believe I shall be able to report bang sleeps next week. The nights are peace itself. Thursday and yesterday were spanking hot, and I have been doing dolce far after the grind of getting away from Durban etc. We all attended the sermon and a great part of the service, including 3 hymns, in the chapel yesterday. Sotenjwa officiated and there were over 80 present, women and children on the one side and men on the other. It was almost too {24} affecting. The last hymn, with which of late they have always wound up, was the National Anthem. H. has explained to the natives that the ‘enemies’ whose ‘knavish tricks’ we ask to be ‘confounded’ are those who give bad advice to the Queen. [*Frank was not quite accurate in his reference. The verse in question says ‘Confound their politics, frustrate their knavish tricks’.*] After the service the congregation left their seats to speak with me. I explained my visit and circumstances, and was asked why, now they had got me, I need return. The photographs of my sweet wife and children were handed round, duly protected against the thumbs by pieces of paper. {25} 3 or 4 old friends – not much older, I told them – came round afterwards to shake and kiss my hand. In my bedroom I find a lady’s bicycle. What do you think? Agnes has had it out to try and learn it, imagining that I might be bicycling! Very much relieved is she to discover that I have not the slightest wish to mix up such incongruous things as Natal

and bicycles. Y'day evening H. and I walked Tina to the waterfalls. It was a perfect evening with a nearly full moon. Nothing has changed except that a certain {26} black ants nest has gone. The tree which bore it is covered with hanging birds' nests which I will photograph. I see that when I bring you all out, Darling, Bishopstowe will be more itself, and the wild scenes as of yore. H. and A. had intended that you 4 and one of them should sleep in the school room. They are hardly ready yet, however, for so many, and on the whole I am confirmed in my view that it would not have done to bring you all out this time. But I recognise more clearly than ever that my mind cannot {27} rest until you have participated with me in my experiences here. My precious Wife, today 4 weeks since we parted. 1/3 of our separation gone. How touching it was of you to telegraph all on my account because you imagined that I might worry at hearing nothing, and that it would start me off satisfactorily to know all was well. I fear my first Capetown mail all went down. There are no illustrated post cards here I am told! Another spanking day but no signs of more {28} lightning. As I am nervous about the messenger not starting off early, I must close this now, dearest. Fond kisses for you and my darlings. There are two cats here and a hawk. We met some native women and two absolutely naked little boys some 6 or 7 years old in the long grass near the waterfalls. They said they were not frightened of snakes. Ever my own Wife's tender and loving Husband. You must not expect all details by this mail.

*{29} Bishopstowe  
Wednesday 18.4.00*

My own most precious Wife

I ought to have been making daily jottings for your better information [in] the shape of a diary, and hope to continue this in that form. The event since I posted my letter on Saturday has been the arrival of your dear 16 page letter which was brought out to me the last thing on Monday night. How precious are your words of love to me my darling, and how I long for the moment when I can embrace you again, and take you off for your visit to Germany. Remember, I rely upon your getting your lists of things all together, so that we may go off at once. It {30} will be much more important that your time alone with me should not be curtailed than that I should have an extra evening with the bairns on my return. The fortnight abroad will go quickly enough, as these days of distant separation are going. I despair of bringing you back any adequate representation of the mountains and hills which surround me. My photographs will I am certain, flatten down all the foregrounds. We are here perched on a hill and yet have a horizon of loftier hills. I am more than ever struck with the imposing aspect of these and I have been viewing them under imposing conditions of the sky. My ambition is to take views comprising the whole {31} of the Bishopstowe horizon, but there are several difficulties, one being that the trees very much [*several words illegible*] horizon, especially in front and to the North. I have done little, if anything, so far, in the way of landscapes, save feast my eyes upon scenes that I want to 'take'. On Saturday towards sundown H., A. and I walked down South through the farm buildings, now deserted and dilapidated indeed, yet once the residence of my dear Mother, on to the Umzinduzi River. Twilight vanished rapidly, but we had a grand moon. In all directions the veld is covered with thistle and often very high grass. Our first stage runs down about a mile of this when we reached {32} a stone cottage which used to be occupied by the women of Langa's

[i.e. *Langalibalele*'s] tribe, and is now the residence of a lady who was one of those looked up by Agnes on the occasion of Miss Fin's arrival as being likely to remember her. This lady, Meli by name, arrived at Bishopstowe to greet Miss F. carrying a live fowl which Agnes supposed was for sale. On Meli's being introduced, however, she promptly placed the fowl in Miss F's arms, saying 'Take it, it is yours.' Imagine the old lady's embarrassment. 'You know I hate live fowls' she said to me, i.e. as armfuls. ¼ of a mile back of this cottage is the little old Bishopstowe cemetery. The plantations which lie {33} between the cottage and 'other farm' used to comprise a fine orchard. All is now surging in the direction of savagery, except that some fine oaks are being preserved with other trees. Eric's wild fig tree up against the house has developed well. [*This tree was probably planted about 1880, about the time when Bishop Colenso's first grandchild Eric – Robert's son – was born in Durban. It is still there in 2002.*] The mile or half between the farms and the Umzinduzi is much as it used to be, only more dense with long grass. The character of the hillsides is attributed to the lack of cattle to keep the grass down. There will certainly be famous fires this winter, and unless there is careful burning in between there will be miles {34} of mighty conflagration. Rob will know what I mean when I say that the uqubuli will constitute a veritable powder in a magazine. [*iqubula (amaqubula) = grass that hasn't been burned for a year.*] H. is quite alive to this and will take early precautions, but they had rather a scare last year. There are good mealie gardens however to protect them on the North, and in front a comparatively recent burn has given them a great expanse of green grass. At present all things are still green though seeds innumerable and the long grass show the progress of the Autumn. In addition to the thunderstorms which I {35} mentioned we have had some beautiful distant storms on several evenings, and on Tuesday night much 'summer lightnings' was succeeded by a deluge of rain that has thoroughly soaked the country and filled up the tanks. To resume – we picked up Magema our whilom printer on the way to the river. He is little changed in appearance. The Umzinduzi soon lay before us at the foot of the steep hill on which we stood. The old rocks with Vanderplank's Island before us and the rock rabbit kloof on our left, were unchanged in appearance. It was {36} almost uncanny to be back by moonlight among the old scents and sounds. I must spend a day snap shotting down here. Here are 2 of the first fruits of Mr Kodak. These are not of course 'snaps', as the illumination was that of an interior. The square mouthed Rhino, commonly called the white rhinoceros (though not less black than the other) a now nearly extinct variety, will amuse the children. [*If this was an 'interior scene' and the subject was a white rhino, did Frank Colenso possibly take the picture in the museum in Pietermaritzburg? The Natal Museum building in Loop St was not begun until 1902, but in 1900 there was already a large collection of natural history exhibits, which could well have included a rhino, displayed in a museum hall attached to the Natal Society Library.*] Its body is gigantic. I shall try to put in two 'snaps' as well, one of the little spring on the arid mountain side where I got my drink on the day of the excursion up Table Mountain, and the other {37} a view that I took from under the precipice of the mist which was trying to roll over a depression at the end of the mountain so as to lay its cloth. The mountain was too hot, however, and the mist could get no further that day. On Sunday the morning service was held under 'the oaks', and it was a touching sight to see the procession which carried forms, harmonium etc. from the chapel. We had no sermon upon this occasion, but after the morning service a good many of the adults

stayed to the Holy Communion, Harrie administering the {38} bread and wine with the assistance of Sotenjwa. The latter is an Uncle Tom looking old catechist not 'in orders', and it was most touching to receive the cup from him to the dear old Zulu words, which being a novice at this part of the service he was a little nervous over. After the service the bell was rung in order that all might again assemble to enable me to photograph the ibandhla or congregation so that friends in England might see them. Here are the results which are decidedly bad photography because I left out that wretched yellow screen, and over exposed. However, they are intelligible, especially if you use a hand glass for their inspection. {39} At the end of the verandah climbs a large convolvulus which is simply glorious. I have taken 2 photographs of this end of the verandah. After developing the more successful of the 2 I found that the plate, as has happened before with Ilfords, was cracked. However, I have hopes of the second one. On Sunday after a broiling day, had evening ramble alone down the waterfalls valley and took several snaps. I tried in vain at night to get a good lightning flash on my Kodak. Monday afternoon A. and I rode with H. half the way to P.M.B. H. went on to Miss Giles where she is likely to be until Saturday as she is taken up with a disputed {40} succession case in the Native High Court! She certainly occupies a unique position here, and having the [*words illegible*] like some of his Episcopal functions it must be a terrible grind for her to attend to these 'cases'. I found it bad enough even with the prospect of fees. Various natives call here to see H. and also in some cases to pay their respects to me. A nice catechist who rode out from P.M.B. to see me has been kodaked. He was very touching, said it was like seeing a piece of Sobantu to see his children. He is one of H's most {41} staunch adherents and has a low opinion of Baynes, who is apparently no favourite of anyone's. There is something very pathetic in the work of this Mission Station. There is no make belief about it; no outside help, no loaves and fishes. The people with H. and A. to guide them, depend on themselves. I have kodaked the school with Miss Fin and Sotenjwa in charge thereof. H. and A's position here is that of 'missionaries in charge'. They claim to be carrying out the purposes for which the Ekukhanyeni lands were granted, and {42} have a position here which is all the stronger for not being defined. The land is legally vested in the Curators. A year ago these gentlemen after disclaiming any responsibility in respect of the monies expended by H. and A. in rebuilding, moved the Supreme Court to restrain them from putting up a wire fence round the grounds and plantation, etc. The Court, while saying nothing one way or the other about the Miss Colensos' tenure of the mission station, refused the interdict with costs. {43} This has impressed the natives, of course. It is not at all likely, H. thinks, that the Curators would take a step so unpopular as that which would be involved in proceeding for ejection, especially as they did not actually forbid the rebuilding, and would have to provide for the continuation of missionary work here on C of E principles, so that things seem likely to go on in their present grooves, the position of the C of E party in the Colony being now weaker but probably stronger than it was. Friday evening. {44} Agnes is sending in [the] cart tomorrow morning with the mail so that I cannot write much more. A. and I rode in pretty early on Tuesday. I paid calls to various old acquaintances amongst officials and had lunch at the Club with the Surveyor General who seems to be very sympathetic about native matters. We finished up with a call on Mme Dumas, mother of my old flame, who was out walking. The old lady and her son, a doctor, who gives his services to Agnes and natives gratis, are charming, probably

the most refined people in {45} P.M.B. I am glad to get back to these hills again. All here is so pure and lovely. The first necessities of life, air and water are simply perfection. The rain water from the tanks will more than suffice while I am here, but there is a spring down the hill side. We have been having superb weather with quite a summer-like display of electricity, though none near enough to alarm. Last night Table Mountain was for several hours illuminated by glorious lightning, storms having skirted us to north and south {46} and joined behind the mountain. We had however about sundown a few good claps which brought me back from the waterfalls and were followed by torrential rains, so that in spite of a spanking hot day today all is still, soft and moist below. I have never seen a more glorious spectacle than the firmament over us tonight. It is simply thickly studded with blazing stars. The distance vibrates with grillidae, while mysterious voices of the night come up from the garden. We had a very successful trial of the phonograph this afternoon, {47} but it will not, I fear, lend itself to reproducing our bush sounds. I believe I am now getting back my old nights – slowly but surely. Nothing could be more comfortable than my quarters. I have said nothing directly on the subject, but you know how every requirement of mine is anticipated by my dear sisters. Agnes has just rigged me up a muslin apparatus to be put in use in the early morning when the attentions of the common house fly become annoying. I have heard no mosquito at present. Speaking generally I {48} feel that this experience must pay well. It has been, and is, hot certainly, but I have not exerted myself and the air up here is delicious. I had meant to write my Sylvia a letter to make up for the one that reposes at the bottom of the sea off Capetown, but I am too late and must do it next week. I cannot moreover manage more prints, as I want to keep some of my [word illegible] for Nomsimekwane (?) [*The word is not entirely legible, but this is the most likely reading. It is the name of a well-known pool in the river nearby.*] I may send you all my gelatines to date next week. Old Miss Rhodes is all right! The children's letters were a great pleasure to me. I fear they were disappointed about Loch! I could find no German