

merely to glide down the stream of life.⁴ She wrote to Selwyn to see if she could be of use to Sarah and was, according to Sophia Marriott, rather discomfited by his eventual reply, 'it was so very brief & business like. As my Mother said, "if Caroline had been a young clergyman, offering himself to the Mission, of whose family the Bishop knew nothing, it would have been all right".'⁵

Equally worrying to a single woman advancing into her thirties would have been the apparent failure of the friendship between herself and Charles Abraham to blossom into anything further. She had turned to Charles for counselling about the duty of women in a church divided between High and Low practices and had been advised that it was 'no less our privilege than our duty . . . to stand aside & not suffer the sharp winds of controversy to ruffle . . . our peace of mind'.⁶ Time whiled away for Caroline and she thought of becoming an Anglican nun. But at Eton, where he was a house-master and assistant master, Abraham had set his hand to the plough and, until the reforms he contemplated had been carried through, both his marriage and his promise to Selwyn were held in abeyance.

In 1850 Abraham accomplished both. On 17 January he and Caroline were married. The bride was not excited by the day: 'I was so weary of the wedding gown & all the outside preparations & so wishing that another *Prima Donna* cd. go thro' the part.'⁷ On 14 March they left for New Zealand on the emigrant ship *Lloyds*. The emigrants were orderly; there was neither illness nor open misconduct, which was just as well, for Charles, appointed chaplain, was seasick most of the time. The captain was upright, but the cuddy passengers Caroline thought 'all very colonial'. Denied kindred spirits she and Charles 'yawned together over disputes about Cargoes & Dollars & Coal trade etc'.⁸ At Sydney they were entertained most hospitably by the bishop but, Caroline observed:

such a different state of outward things and such a different atmosphere—moral and intellectual as this, and I suppose all Colonies present . . . if we see a *Gentleman* in the street—when he comes near, he is sure to be a Clergyman.⁹

After an appalling Tasman crossing during which unfavourable winds buffeted the *Emma* for three weeks—'a tedious voyage'—they arrived at Auckland on 6 August 1850.

Letters from New Zealand had made 'Bishop's Auckland' no strange place. 'Everything', Caroline wrote, 'was so much like one's imagination of it.' The Royal George not so much altered: 'His voice, his look, the curl of his lip, the twinkle of his eye all takes one back to Eton and the friends around him at that time.' The Martins' house at Taurarua was 'all so true to one's fancy that it