

1854

We left Tahiti May 30th. On the 8th June a poor man died of consumption. 10th June, dear Marian's and Lala's birthday. Oh, how sad I felt that day and how much I thought of them. I never knew my heart and feelings were so bound up in them till our sad parting came. I knew they would think of and wish for me; I had two long cries, was glad when the day was over. We crossed the line June 12th. The Captain had made the young Australian men who had not crossed the line before give the ladies

We went after to the Saloon at 8 and there were speeches made . . . . . and a great deal of fun. We left about 10, but they kept it up on deck till 3 in the morning.

We reached Panama, June 19th. The harbour is beautifully studded with green slopes and a very large strange looking rock almost in the centre; the town looked at the distance very pretty and compact and clean, tall church spires, and surrounded by high mountains. It reminded me very much of some views I had seen of Jerusalem. Mr. Shadler, Mr. Kirckner and McArthur went on shore in the morning and secured bedrooms for us in a very large hotel . . . . . rooms and staircase. Our rooms were in a large balcony, all window, we could look over into the streets. I will describe the interior of the place. A wooden floor . . . . . stretchers one in each corner of . . . . . a table, looking-glass and a washing stand. No window but venetians and a venetian door, very cool and comfortable. There was no mattress, only the sheet and a straw pillow, if there had been anything else on we could not have slept, for the heat is intolerable. We did not go on shore till the next day; we had engaged a boatman to fetch us on shore and with him for a certain sum, when he came he insisted on having one pound for each of us, they would not to that and Mr. S. got in a great passion, the man was in a great rage because we did not go with him and threatened to stab Mr. S. and McArthur when he saw them again. Some of the other passengers went with him and when he was half way to land, he drew out a . . . . . and was going to stab a Mr. Boyne for not paying him the exorbitant sum he asked. We went on shore the next morning and heard he had been waiting on the wharf for them the night before. Mr. Sawkins, McArthur and Mr. Boyne had him taken up and appeared against him and the sentence was that he was to be sent as a soldier for five years and at the end of that time his licence as water man was to be taken away, poor man, I was sorry for his wife but very thankful to hear he was secured. I have such a dread of Spaniards, they come behind one so stealthily and you hear nothing till you find yourself stabbed. McArthur did not tell me about the man till the next morning, kind and thoughtful as he is always, he was afraid I should be nervous as indeed I should have been terrified to have come on shore.

But now I must tell you about our going on shore. We got up at 4 in the morning and started for our long row at 5 to get there before the intense heat of the day. There are small breakers about the beach so we had to be carried by men to the shore. One fine looking man with very white teeth came saying, There I'll carry you, miss, put your arms round my neck, and I was carried just like a baby and put on the nice pebbly beach just outside the city gates which are just like old ruins, literally crumbling to dust. A man took McArthur, Come, I'll carry you; McArthur looked so comic in the man's arms, then he got our luggage out and Mrs. S. and I had to sit on it on the beach to take care of it. The men were enchanted to see the guitar-case and made friends with me at once. We then went to the . . . . . to settle about getting our luggage across the Isthmus, and there heard Banditti infested the road, there was no help for it so we let our luggage across that day that we might be free when we started to fight the Banditti. We then feeling very hungry went to a restaurant for our breakfast and there met some of our party, La Trobe, Capt. Lorie, Mr. Fraser and some others so we all sat down together and had claret and ice water, eggs, omelets and everything nice. We never drink, we never think in these hot countries of taking anything but claret, for the water, you would be quite shocked

to see me never taking anything but that for a drink. Sometimes varying it with champagne, shocking, I know you will all think and say, but indeed, I am more moderate than most of the others. Then we all sallied forth to Madam Mayhers, a french store and dress making establishment to buy some ready made morning dresses. The gentlemen would go with us, thoughly puzzling us by advising first one thing and then another. At last I made my choice of a pretty and blue one, not one atom of lining in them and fine muslin made in the American style like Mrs. Byron and Miss Dunbar used to wear. Then we went to the cathedral, a beautiful but very old building. We had to take off our hats at the door, we stood first at the door and took a bird's eye view of it all, the tout ensemble was beautiful. The floor of the church was covered with marble grave stones. In some little niches of the . . . . . people were kneeling, they were so throughly immoveable that I thought they were figures dressed up with long veils, but I could see their lips moving when I came nearer to them. They looked very picturesque and improved the appearance of the church. There were a great many steps up to the altar, it reached almost to the ceiling, very beautiful with very deep niches and large vases of pure silver, fixed in, all the ornaments are silver beautiful vases very small for flowers or perfumes. Large figures on each side with long curtains drawn down but a man drew them up for us and showed us everything - The Virgin Mary and the different saints, they were very old and the church required repairing in a great many places. I saw at the lower end of the church the little boxes where the priest sits for the confessional with little holes bored in the side for the people to speak through. I was enchanted, everything was so solemn and still. I did feel inclined even to smile, I felt quite a veneration for it, it looked to old and venerable. There was a very pretty Spanish lady kneeling at one side of the church on a carpet, very prettily dressed and a very handsome black silk dress with a long black lace veil, she turned right round and looked at us as we passed, I could have laughed then for she was repeating her prayers all the time. She looked as if she had taken a great deal of trouble to arrange her dress before she opened her prayer-book. They have no doors to the Cathedral, only a large open porch, I suppose they think that the oldness and sacredness of the building will protect it from being robbed of its old ornaments. It looks as old as Adam, everything so old-fashioned. I write all this in a very matter-of-fact way because I can scarcely write for the tremendous motion of the vessel and am almost stunned with the noise.

The city of Panama is intensely interesting, everything about it looks so old, the streets are narrow, very dirty, scarcely a clean spot for your foot. The walls are all tumbling down and green grass growing over them. I felt as if I must explore every part. There is small porch just inside the city gates, wide open, no door, we went in and there was a large picture of the Crucifixion and one of the Virgin Mary almost broken to pieces throughly decayed, all the more interesting to me on that account. We went to another church, it was very much in the same style as the Cathedral, but not so handsome, except in one thing, a very magnificent view of the Crucifixion, an immense wooden figure representing our Saviour, the Virgin Mary on one side and some saint on the other, a large tree, the cross and real nails. I was quite startled, could hardly bear to look at it, it was so like life, the Virgin was as tall as Mama, dressed in white with a large brown Spanish cloak, hanging half off her and face looks all swollen and red with crying. I was frightened to see her, I thought she was alive. After our long walk, we felt very hungry, had our dinner and then McArthur and the rest went to the place to secure our mules and to decide upon starting the next day. In the evening we mustered our party and all agreed to meet at the restaurant at five the next morning. We arranged it this way of the banditti, the single men were to be put in the front to face the enemy, the married men in the middle and the servants and children to bring up the rear. I assure you when we separated for the night, we all felt very nervous at the thought of our encounter on the morrow, though there was a great deal of excitement in it which I would not have missed for the world. I am quite (tired) as I read over this description of Panama to think how little you will realize what it really is. I can fancy dear Pap's impatience when reading it not to be able to hear and understand

more about is but at any rate it is better than nothing and the sea has carried away all my power of description, dear Mama, how often have I thought of and about home in the cabin moonlight as I used to sit at the side of . . . . . and many many tears have dropped from poor Queechee's eyes into the deep blue sea but the moon looked so kindly on I did not feel quite alone for she really seemed to sympathise with me in my troubles. Dear McArthur too, his kindness will never wear out . . . . . then we went to bed. I really did feel nervous, thoroughly nervous for there had been some rebellion at Cartegina and the soldiers were going about the town with drums trying to get men for soldiers and it was such an old fashioned town and there were such strange noises but at last I got to sleep and slept very well, better than I had done for some time. At four o'clock in the morning McArthur woke me and I got up and dressed by candle light and thought a great deal of the banditti. At five we all went to our breakfast and met our party there. You would have been thoroughly enchanted with it all. The mules were coming up by dozens till the whole street was full of them, then the . . . . . came and our cavalcade was formed. As we went out of the old city gates, I am sure we looked very war like and formidable, it was very fortunate for us that it was a fine morning, it was the rainy season when poor Mrs. R. crossed it, rained the whole time, heavy pelting rain and we quite thought we should be wet through before we arrived at the dirty town of Roosipas. We were all in very good spirits at the first few miles, where the road was comparatively speaking good, magnificent scenery, the trees were exquisite, beautiful valleys and just the very place for a banditti. But very soon we had to go in a single file, one after the other. Mama darling, to attempt to describe the road is impossible. I am sure you with travelling as much in Africa as you did never came in contact or every travelled over such a fearful road. The mules sometimes were up to their knees in mud, poor things. I allowed my mule to find his own way for they are sure footed and always choose the best place. Large holes and steep hills, so steep that many of the gentlemen had to hold on their mule's neck going down, we scarcely spoke one word, every one was silent, some one would go first and see if the road was passable and then call halt and one by one would scramble up to the top of the hill, as steep and almost as straight as a line. So dreadfully slippery, I shall not attempt to describe it for it would be impossible to give you any idea of the fearfulness of the road. My mule was a very good mule and when we came to a down hill, down it would (go) up to its knees in mud and tear through it and then would give a tremendous leap half way up the hill and poor McArthur would stand at the bottom expecting to see me come rolling down. I would not have cared for the mud but the fearful stones and trees, the jerking we had of the ladies fainting but our especial party kept up splendidly, especially the ladies as they always do in any case of emergency. I felt it had to be gone through and did not feel one atom nervous, enjoyed it very much, there was such excitement but dear Mama, I do not exaggerate at all, the road positively awful, some of the old colonists who have travelled much say they never saw such a road but the scenery was beautiful, but it was no time for sentimentizing for if I would just look round to take a peep at the high mountains, beautiful valleys and trees I would be rudely called to my senses by a sudden jerk that nearly threw me over his head, the only thing you could do to extricate yourself was to give him the rein and let him get out the best way you could, there will be no need for me to take lessons in leaping when Mc teaches me to ride for I felt sometimes as if I was going up in the air my mule would leap so high over a precipice. I do not know what made me who am so nervous so entirely free from fear. I felt we must go so there was no help for it, so on on I went allowing the mule to take his own course and keeping tight on but one very narrow place where there was only room for one at a time, there was a small tree at the side, he must either go through mud up to his neck or nicely under the tree and leave me in the mud, he choose the latter and went to the tree and very quietly laid me in the mud, I jumped up, as soon as one foot was out, down the other would go and there was I stopping up the road for the others for the mule filled up the passage. Dr. Fullerton saved my face from being smashed by rushing up and preventing the mule from putting his foot on me. I was in fits of laughing for I was not at all hurt but was dress was torn half off the skirt and covered with mud. By and by we came to a good part of the road and I tried a race with Dr. Fullerton, there was a nice breeze, good road and the mule was quite frisky, and then McArthur came after us and in that way we got separated from our party. Only Mr. Collie and his servant being with us.

We took a road that we heard afterwards had been considered impassable for two years. You can imagine what it was like, how we arrived safely was a miracle some of the way we had to go on the railway line where some men were working, two deep precipices on each side, our mules were obstinate, did not know the way and were terrified at the noise at the working engine which was coming after us at the distance. I had to give McArthur my whip, Mr. C. had to go first, and me in the middle and Dr. behind poking the mules with a large umbrella. Frightful and dangerous as it was, I could scarcely keep my seat for laughing, we looked so absurd but Mc's mule was going towards one side to shove him over the precipice but Mc seeing him so inclined jumped off, down the mule went and McArthur had to walk the rest of the way in a boiling sun and a thunder storm coming on. At last we caught a glimpse of the town, my mule was so pleased that off it started and I could not stop though I tried with all my might. I should have enjoyed it any other time but the idea of leaving my own dear husband in such a place to trudge on alone was dreadful. I grew quite desperate and gave such a pull that the little thing was quite astonished and stood still. I called out as loud as I could but no answer, again I called, no answer. Oh how sick and faint I felt, I thought the had come over him or he had fallen down one of those dreadful places and been smashed to bits but no such thing, presently his head made its appearance and then his own identical self, so on I went to the railway station with my skirt half off the body, the flounces of the skirt all over mud. Mr. Collie took me in and tried to stuff brandy down me but I could take nothing though I had tasted nothing since five in the morning and it was then two in the afternoon but sat down and had a thorough nervous cry. Now I really think it my duty to praise myself. I will begin by quoting my husband's opinion that I had behaved nobly; you see, dearest Mama, I was determined to show my husband whose opinion I most thoroughly value that I had great sense and fortitude and whilst the others were looking doleful and inclined to grumble, I was making the best of it and first and foremost in everything Mr. Collie could not help talking and telling everybody how well I had gone through, said I was a thorough heroine, but oh, we have been grossly deceived by the accounts we heard, instead of eight miles, it is 24 miles to the railroad, the rest of the party took the right road, so they missed the last 6 miles which we had the benefit of. We took a room at the hotel, such as it was, and Mc changed his things and then I changed mine and went to my room, a low garret with no window, only a large hole in the side of the room looking into the street, two stretchers, no table, no basin. McArthur went down to the large room to ask the waiter for some water, the answer was, no water allowed upstairs, but the visitors washed there pointing to a large trough. Mc said he would not spill it and he must have it, so up came a little tiny round basin which Mc held for me whilst I washed my hands and face and then we had our dinner in a large room, with a long table and wooden benches - we sat at the other end of it. After dinner, which was very good, very nice tarts, nice pastry, a man said there was a nice room where the lady might sit, showed me into a bedroom where were very nice looking chairs. In one of them sat a pretty looking Spanish girl, arranging her hair, she went on with the utmost nonchalance, not minding at all for Dr. Fullerton or McArthur, dressed so very gaily in such bright colours. At night when we went to bed we had to pass through a room, full of stretchers and all the night we could hear them talking, laughing. Well, there was novelty in it at any rate and I did not feel at all tired but was very much afraid Mc would have the fever and got up in the night to see how he was and fancied I saw people peeping in at the window. But how stiff I was the next morning, could scarcely move but so thankful to find the isthmus crossed and the chief danger over. At 2 o'clock we started for Aspinall, a new town the railway station which I enjoyed very much, I could really rest there and enjoy the without any trouble and indeed it was something to enjoy, the branches and leaves of the trees are entirely different to anything I have ever seen, they hang in beautiful, graceful fashion and in many places form quite an they are really beautiful, every mile showed up some new beauty. In two hours we arrived at Aspinall, a very nice looking but very unhealthy feverish town, we were met there by Mr. Hargraves who complimented me upon being such a heroine. The day before he was not with us at the time but my old friend Mr. Collie had told him, he said, that he could not talk of anything else. We went to the large city hotel, very nice indeed, a large

balcony all round the house with venetians which close and open just as you like, very cool and comfortable. We had a very nice room, one had been prepared for Mr. La Trobe and Capt. Cary - and the hotelkeeper asked if Mc was the Governor, we were there one night but I must tell you the reason we did not go to New York. The New York boat would not arrive at Aspinall for a fortnight and the steamer which goes to St. Thomas to meet the Southhampton boat sailed the next day. We could not bear the thought of staying there a whole fortnight for it was a very unhealthy place. So we took our cabins and on the 23rd June left Aspinall in a nice little English steamer called The Dee and indeed very thankful I was to find myself on the way to Southhampton and when I once get my feet on terra firma, I shall not care to brave the sea and its dangers again in a hurry. The Dee was a very nice little steamer but there were too many passengers to make it comfortable, especially as there were some Spanish ladies on board who had two servants and they were always outside my cabin in the passage, very sick, it was dreadfully rough and we had head winds the whole way, so that we were nearly all very sick. All the time we had to put in at Carthagina as a whole number of officers were going with their regiments to quell the disturbance there, a kind of civil war. You never saw such a set of soldiers, thorough ragamuffins, taken from among the rabble at Panama - such a strange dirty rabble but some of the officers were very handsome and the old general looked very old gentlemanly, I do not think he would fight very much.

On Sunday the 25th June we reached Carthagina and then we went on shore, a whole party of us, the streets were long and narrow, and much cleaner than those of Panama but very unhealthy, a regular old Spanish town. We wished to find out the Cathedral, so McArthur went to the American Consuls and his wife was so taken with him that she sent her two little girls with us to show us the way. It is a very fine old building, rather handsomer than the one at Panama, a beautiful figure of the Crucifixion, the Virgin and Shepherd, all the Saints, they seem never to lose sight of our Saviour suffering is portrayed in almost every picture and sign. I was very much struck with that. The pulpit was of pure marble, beautifully done, the design was exquisite, beautiful wreaths of flowers made of marble figures holding them up, the effect was chaste, elegant and splendid. The altar was very massive immense gold figures in niches, about 30 I should think, reaching almost to the ceiling, very handsome. But what amused me so much was that the old man seemed so pleased to show us anything and had a broad grin on their faces all the time. I made the man draw up all the curtains and show me everything. I was delighted and interested with everything I saw. Outside the church there was a very doleful wooden face of a woman stuck outside in a box with a lot of painted boiling water and a place in the box to slip money through. They wanted us to give something they said to get their friends out of purgatory - poor deluded creatures. I felt very sorry and was beginning to feel dull when some very strange outlandish noise met our ears, we ran out to see and there were our fellow-passengers, the soldiers beating a drum, looking very much pleased with the noise they made, they were not keeping step at all not to do that, but I thought and wondered how many of them would be alive that day week and Mr. Silvester told me that all they did was to arrange themselves and look at one another and then the smallest army would get frightened and run away. It is quite true, many have told me the same thing. We were walking about and poor McArthur was very thirsty but he would not go in a cafe because it was Sunday. At last I begged him so, for he was thirsty, and so was I, that he said he would go wherever Mr went. He went in without any hesitation, so we asked for some cocoa, they handed us small trays with one cup of cocoa, two sponge cakes each. We were not the only ones who transgressed, Capt. Cary, Mr. & Mrs. Shadforth, Mr. Dalgety and Mrs. Silvester, and dear Mama, it was a case of necessity, was it not. Such an unhealthy feverish place as it was, I should have been afraid of Spouse being ill if he had not had something. We were only a few hours on shore, for The Dee arrived at 10 in the morning and sailed again at 4 in the afternoon. They had a piano on board but it was so much out of tune that we could not play on it. I tried tuning but the sound gave me a headache. We were one week getting to St. Thomas and very very tired we were, how delighted to find ourselves one morning in sight of land when we woke. We arrived there early and went on shore, it is a very pretty place surrounded by high

mountains, very much like Tahiti, the town is very well arranged and nice and clean, very nice shops, very pretty french china, it was very very hot. Dr. Fullerton took Mrs. Shadforth, Mrs. Dalgety, McArthur and myself to a restaurant where at the end of a long room some pretty red curtains were hung forming a nice little room for the ladies. We had each of us a June apple, ice cream, a lemon ice cream, a sherry cobbler and then a glass of sherry cordial that the Dr. made us take as a walk down? But, dear Mama, I am forgetting that you very civilized people do not often hear of ladies drinking sherry cobbler, I must tell you what it is,  $\frac{1}{2}$  tumbler of sherry and half water, plenty of ice and cinnamon and a long straw that you drink it through. Oh, they are delicious and so enchantingly cold. We then went to a bookshop and bought some light works to read on the voyage and the Dr. bought me one "Flirtation" he is reading it first to see if it is fit for me. I bought some beautiful little baskets, made of tamarind seeds and a pair of bracelets, very pretty, of the same kind, the Dr. bought me a beautiful bag, very curious made of the wild tamarind seeds. At the hotel there is a large balcony and nice easy chairs, so there we all sat, we were there for a long time, so we had some nice little cakes brought in and then we eat them. We stayed at St. Thomas one day and a night and the next day went on board the Magdalena bound for Southhampton, much larger than The Dee but so thoroughly crammed with passengers that she is not half so comfortable, but we are going to England and every one is brightening up. Oh I am so heartily sick and tired of the sea. I think of you all always and the first thing when I wake in the morning and the last thing at night and dear Marian, George and Adeline, sweet darling Addie, how often I fancy I see her walking in her little white pellesse, darling thing, my heart is full of love to her, precious thing with her sleepy blue eyes, don't let her forget me, do show her my likeness and teach her my name. I loved the bit of sofa my own dear sister sat on in my room on board the Colden, everything, dear Mama, I take out of my trunk reminds me of you and many many a cry I have at the sight of all the comfort you have stuffed in at the corners, and Lala and Mina, I love to think of their sweet happy faces having you always near them, dear dear Mama. Every day I feel the want of you more and more; I suppose you are now in your new house. Good night, me blessed darling Mother, Maria. If I could only steal one kiss from you tonight, ah how much and immensely I value them. One night, I dreamt you were near me, talking to me and that you kissed me and then I woke, how bitterly disappointed I was. I used to dream of you, all of you every night but I used to feel so sad to wake and find them untrue that I had much rather not dream. There is a gentleman on board, a Mr. Wynholt, who knew Capt. Gilmour of the Australia, so did the 1st officer of The Dee, he was with Capt G. when he took the command of a vessel out to Calcutta; it seems he took charge of a young lady who was engaged to be married to some gentleman there who had sent her £300.0.0. to bring her out and had bought a house and furnished it very nicely. He had been earning and saving the money up for a long time and had denied himself every luxury. Well, the Capt. fell in love with her himself though she was placed under his care and he knew she was going out to be married. He proposed to her but was refused but when they arrived at some place or other, I forget now, and he pictured to her such a life of misery if she went to Calcutta to live that she married him then and there and Mr. W. was at the wedding. He then took her to Calcutta and introduced his wife to the poor disappointed lover. He was anxiously looking out for her, was it not shocking. He went home but ~~she~~ there was an action brought against him, he had to pay every so much and was discharged from the ship. Mr. W. told me he had heard from several parties that they were not at all happy, serve them right. There is a lieutenant in the Army, a passenger on board, a very fine tall handsome gentlemanly man, he knows Mr. Mascot very well, went home from Sydney in the Melbourne with him and is very fond of him. Mrs. Shadforth tells me that Miss Steven was very much attached to some officer on board the Calliope but he hearing she was engaged did not propose though he was very fond of her, it was only from principal that she fulfilled her engagement, poor thing, no wonder she looked pale before she left.

This is now the 14th July, we expect to be at Southhampton on the 17th or 18th, but I must tell you what I am sure you will be sorry to hear that soon after we left St. Thomas, a fever broke out on board, there are 34 cases already, the sick are in a shed at one end of the deck, poor things, and I am sorry for them all dragged out there, one of the

steerage passengers, a poor man who was with us in the Golden Age, died two days ago, they did not wish to tell the passengers, so he was very quietly at the other end of the deck, a gentleman who jointed us at Aspinall is obliged to be fastened up in his cabin, he is so delirious, he broke loose yesterday and was found throwing his clothers overboard, there are two that they think will not recover, poor Mrs. Shadforth has been very ill and is still very weak, the two cabins next to mine have the fever but I, as yet, have escaped. None of our own especial party have had it except Mrs. Shadforth, how mercifully I have been preserved from all danger and trouble, I hope I shall not have it. We are now in cool breezy weather, my velvet mantle and fur cuffs are a great comfort. I have my high heel boots on today and feel very tall, I am now quite in a fidget to get home and see McArthur's brother and family. I think that we shall only stay in London a fortnight and then go to Ireland and by and by come down again. I would rather do that, I am so tired of sight-seeing; three more deaths, dearest Mama, I did not know the parties, but oh how dismal and sad it makes me feel, they will not tell any one but keep it very quiet and bury them in the evening, there are some very dangerously ill, not expected to live. You remember my telling you of Mrs. Blight, Gen. Bligh's daughter and her son, she is very ill getting worse every day, her poor sone never leaves her night or day though she has been delirious and in quite a stupor for 3 days, how strange and mysterious are the ways of providence, she was never ill all the voyage, used to be up at 6 o'clock every morning and used quite to make us younger ladies ashamed of ourselves, she was so active and used to walk the deck so much. Now she was a perfect lady, every sentiment and every word she uttered showed the lady. She used to dress equisitely and everything was good and ladylike, always in very finely worked muslin dress and white caps, her hair was perfectly beautiful, quite white and silvery, and plenty of it. Everyone used to admire, she took such interest in everything. I used to be very nice to her and she used to like me very much. She went out to Sydney 3 years ago to take her son home to England and was delayed longer than she thought she would be, allher daughters except one are married and she was taking home so many things for them that were sent out from India. She used to talk about them to me and say what she would do when she got home and how delighted she would be and now, poor old lady, I am afraid she will never get well, she almost idolised her sone and he, oh there neverx was such a good son, he never leaves her night and day and looks fearfully miserable. Od dear, dear, another poor man dead and so many very very ill, the saloon sofas are covered with our passengers, half well but looking almost death like but with little success, four dead already, how will it end with all of us, every day a fresh one is taken ill. Did I mention to you a Mr. Boyne, a merchant from Sydney, very nice quiet but very nervous man, he sat opposite me on board The Dee, he's now on the sofa by me. I am afraid he is going to have the fever, I have been telling him to get well and to cheer up, there is not any fear of him though for if it is really taken in time it is not so dangerous, all those who have it are dreadfully ill, so weak they cannot raise their little finger and quite delirious, it makes me feel very sad to think how happy they were in the thought of landing. A very nice German, very fond of music and one I thoroughly liked is very ill with it and not expected to live. Before the fever began I almost expected it, you know I sometimes have presentiments. On board The Dee I was so thoroughly nervous I used to say to Spouse, I am sure something will happen, there is such a heavy weight hanging over me. One night I sat at my open window, the waves were dashing up almost against my face and a very stormy dark night and the waves were thoroughly growling. How terrified and nervous I was, I really was miserable on board that ship at night, dearest Mama. I am wrethced, only think while we were at breakfast and whispered to one of the passengers and they got up and left the table but still I did not think anything of the matter. Mr. Wynholt said he wanted McArthur and I went upstairs with Mr. Haig. Whilst I was standing talking Mr. Silvester came up and Mr. Haig said to him, So that poor unfortunate mane Boyne is dead. Dead, I screamed, I was horrified. I grew as white as possible, I do not know how I got to my room but McArthur found me scarcely able to speak, I shall never

forget that Sunday as long as I live. I cried bitterly the greatest part of the day. I could not forget it, he was found on the floor dead and had I seen him and was talking to him a short time before never dreaming of his dying. Poor Mr. Haig, he got quite a blowing up from Mr. S. and the others for telling me so suddenly, but he thought I knew. I was miserable that Sunday, I had a great fright before early in the morning, Mc woke me by saying someone was at the door from Mrs. Bligh. I thought she was dead but it was the stewardess come to ask me to lend her something for Mrs. Bligh who was only just alive. It was a pouring wet Sunday, we held the church service downstairs, poor Mrs. Bligh, we could hear her moaning and I could picture her poor broken-hearted son, sitting by her bedside watching his mother die. Mr. Milner was quite affected and could scarcely get on when he read the prayer for the sick and at the part where they pray that the departing spirit may be received into heaven, I cried the whole time. On the one side as poor Mr. Boyne, dead, on the other, Mrs. Bligh, dying, both had been well the previous Sunday. In the afternoon the saloon doors were shut and the people could see their shadows outside standing in a circle during the burial service. Mr. Milner looks quite cut up and ill from being so much with the sick and this is the 6th he has buried within the last few days. Two gentlemen had joined us at very gentlemanly fine looking men. Well, one of them was very ill indeed, not expected to live the day through. Mr. Robinson, his brother, was standing next me, he was quite overcome, nearly fainted, then sat down and sobbed for a full hour with his hands up to his face. Everyone was dismal and sad that day.

Monday morning. Well, dear Ma, we are sailing into Southampton, the scenery is beautiful. I am in good spirits but am thinking of the people who looked forward with such joy and anxiety to landing now dead in the deep blue sea, "He was the loved of all, yet none o'er his low bed may weep." There is the dinner bell, I must go. Afternoon - Mrs. Bligh is just dead. Her end was peace. She died just as we are in the Channel in sight of Southampton, her poor son is in Mr. La Trobe's cabin by himself. Mr. Robinson's brother is worse. God help and save the dying, has been and still is my earnest prayer. It is now all bustle and confusion. We are going to land, the health officers have been on board. We thought we would have been put in quarantine but they say we may land. Adieu for the present. Oh dear Mama, how mercifully have I been preserved from all sickness and danger.

Well, dear Mama, we had a very nice ride in search of an hotel and are now in the Dolphin, a magnificent, very large hotel, the best in Southampton, we have a nice large well furnished dining room and then through a wide long hall, are our bed rooms, a nice large feather bed, such a treat, we are likely to stay here a few days as poor Dr. Fullerton caught the fever from attending on the sick people and has been very sick and is still very weak that McArthur does not like to leave. I cannot describe the sensation I had when once again my feet touched English soil and would have been wild with delight if poor Mr. Bligh had not come to bid me good-bye and the sight of his sad face quite upset me, there was such a great change, he was the most lively, witty thing on board, he used to play on the guitar and sing duets with me. He used to play the accompaniments and taught me some pretty duets, he has a fine bass voice and takes a beautiful second. We had the guitar on deck, I used to sit in an easy chair and he by the side and the guitar sounded so well and pretty in the beautiful moonlight and I never felt nervous in the dark when I could not see the people's faces. McArthur used to be quite pleased Mr. Bligh used to be so thoroughly nice, well educated, fine looking and of course, a gentleman, but he never left his poor Mother day or night and he was thoroughly altered - he could scarcely speak to me but hoped I would have all the happiness he wished me to have. It was very sad leaving him all alone, when he used to be so full of life and spirits and say what he would do and see when he landed. I cried thoroughly. McArthur felt very sorry for him. Leaving so many sick and some dying made us feel rather sobered down. Dearest Mama, I could not fancy your not coming to see me at the end of my journey, but oh, I was so pleased to be on land again.



Wednesday, the doctor is much better this morning, we had a very nice English breakfast. I am going this morning to see poor Mrs. Shadforth who has been so ill and was carried on shore and is in bed still. I am also going to shop a little, buy a pair of gloves and some little nick-nacks, a velvet bandeau. etc. Goodbye all of you. Afternoon, I have been to see Mrs. Shadforth, when I went in I thought she was a corpse. I was frightened to move - she is awfully weak and my opinion is that will not rally, is it not very sad, just come home to see her father. I did not stay very long but kissed her and bid her goodbye and never expect to see her again. We met Mr. Bligh there, he was delighted to see us and said he felt so lonely, all the other passengers except Mr. Milner had gone on by the first train, he asked for our address to come and see us, so McArthur asked him to come and dine with us and he said he would come, it seemed quite a comfort to him to see someone who really felt and sympathised with him, for I was a good deal with Mrs. Bligh. He has to wait there 4 days, for they are obliged to give 3 days notice before these are allowed to bury them, Mr. Milner is waiting to attend the funeral. He told us then that morning he had met Mr. Robinson taking a large coffin on board to fetch his poor brother who had died the night we arrived at Southampton. His mother and father just came down to meet them from London a few minutes after he was dead. Oh, is it not very sad? We went for a long drive in a nice large open cab and I enjoyed it very much. There are some beautiful houses and gardens about Southampton. When we came home we found a telegraphic despatch from London saying McArthur's brother was not in London but that Mr. McDonald would be down in the 5 o'clock train, so in honour of our guest, I took the trouble to unpack and get out my little dark silk and tried to make myself as nice as I could and perhaps succeeded. About 6 in walked Spouse followed by a very nice looking quiet gentlemanly looking man and a very decidedly plain looking man, the first was McDonald, the other a Mr. Finlay whom I will tell you about when I write. I am delighted with Mr. McDonald, so thoroughly nice, agreeable and very gentlemanly. We are to leave for London to-morrow. In the evening we had a sail in a boat to the ruins of Nettley Abbey, where the Monks used to live where the services used to be held. You never saw such a beautiful ruin and immense extent, the walls were  $\frac{3}{4}$  down and there was an immensely large room, where I suppose the service was held and behind that a great many dark oil small rooms, a great many passages and little where many a poor nun has pined for liberty. The guide showed us the subterranean passage through which the monks escaped to the seashore from their enemies. It was a long winding passage in many places stopped up with stones from the walls, tumbling down and very deep. We saw a large tree which had sprung up in the large room and had grown so tall that it burst open the roof, It was 600 years old. Of course, there was not any roof at all and scarcely an atom of wall when we saw it and it was thoroughly interesting. I longed for dear Marian to explore it with me. We viewed it by twilight, what beautiful twilight, we have here. at 8 o'clock in the evening it is quite as light as it is at 4 in the afternoon in Sydney. It was half past ten when we got home, I enjoyed it very much.

The next morning we started by railway for London, passing through 3 very dark tunnels, I thought of you, Mama. We got to the station in 2 hours and were whirled off in a cab to Islington to a very nice house in one of the Squares, where a thoroughly nice young lady-like looking person ran up and gave me a very kind welcome. In her manner she is something like Mrs. but not so stout, nice looking not pretty. Mr. McDonald is very fond of her, she has only been married 2 years next August and has a baby 14 months old and is expecting another one every day. She knew Mr. McDonald when she was 4 years old. Their drawing room is exquisitely furnished, so is their dining room, mirrors in all corners, sofas, easy chairs, and nice low lounges, a nice little garden, beautiful vases with flowers in and every part of the house from the top to the bottom is perfect, so well furnished and in such good taste, the table so like an English table and such very nice servants and I am so pleased she will be a thoroughly nice friend for me. Marian would thoroughly love her at

once, so would George. They pressed us very much to stay but I realised being here when the little stranger arrived, so McArthur has engaged lodging just 3 houses off from this so that is very nice. This afternoon McArthur is going shopping with me and he says I may a nice silk dress. of some kind. I have seen some very pretty ones, a little white bonnet, and I think that is all I shall want for we expect Mr. William McArthur tomorrow or the next day and I want to complete the shopping part that I may be free to go and see all that is to be seen when he comes, it is so strange to be called Mrs. Alexander and Spouse Mr. Alexander for that is what I am to be called now, I like it very much, it sounds so fresh and new. I am a little browned but they must have expected me to have been black for they looked quite surprised and keep saying and asking however I managed to escape so well from the sun though I am quite brown to what I used to be but Dr. Fullerton says the cold will soon move that off. Its beginning to wear off now. Now darling Mama, I must write to entreat and implore you and papa, if you value your health, money or anything else, not to come this route. I could not close my eyes all night, I should be so full of misery and anxiety about you if I thought you were coming that way, first the heat is intolerable, almost unbearable, next place you have an immensity of trouble about the smallest degree of luggage, thirdly, every possible thing is enormously expensive, and fourthly, they cheat you in every possible way, even the express where your luggage has to go and highly respectable men they are too, you know you are being cheated but you cannot help it - there is no help for it. McArthur paid 15 dollars each for our mules, one dollar is 4 shillings, we have been most grossly, shamefully deceived. The isthmus is 21 miles, and fraught with danger. Panama, Obispo, Aspinall all are fearfully unhealthy, fever and all kinds of disease are always there. Fever must surely break out, there is no help for it. Now, dearest Mama, I enjoyed it immensely of course, because I had no anxiety, no trouble, but poor McArthur was quite worn out and looked quite ill with running about so much in the heat, I was afraid he would catch fever, he could afford in a way to be cheated, but dearest Pa and Mama could not and everything enormous. Spouse says it cost 3 times as much as he thought it would, he has been tremendously perfect throughout to me in every little weeniest thing. Mr. McDonald thinks he is looking younger than he was when he left England last time. And this book is really going home, I hope you will be able to read it but on board I could hardly write with the tremendous motion. I did not think of sending this home.

And now, dearest Papa, Mama, dear Lala and Mina, what shall I say. Shall I tell you how many times I have kissed and cried over dear Mama's picture and how I valued and worn my darling's little brooch and looked at the little lock of hair that is to be put in it this afternoon, and how I cried when I read the two lines in the paper it was wrapped in, just like Lala, "The sweetest thing in life is centered in the name of Wife", and how I kissed my husband and cried at the same time, and dear Marian's desk which I have always used and thought of her and Adeline and George so much that I have found myself instead of writing dreaming bright day dreams and building castles in the air again and again. I will tell you that my heart is almost bound up in you all, every morning and night I both pray and think of you all, especially Mama, every day I grown more impatient to see you and to hear the children's laugh. I am writing now to Marian and everyone of you, Marian's picture, the brooch I have had to take off and show to everyone, it has been so much admired, of course I about the mouth and said she had a more intellectual face than that gives but indeed I was very pleased and proud to be able to say, it was Marian, Mrs. George Allen. She looked so young and pretty, many said What a beautiful complexion, but I said nothing. What about Mr. Stewart. I like the arrangements more and more every day. Lala will be ready to scold me for calling her engagement an arrangement but I am quite anxious to have her home, take her about and buy her wedding dress from the West End where I am going to make my purchases. The more I think of Mr. Stewart the more thoroughly I like and admire him and look forward with immense pleasure to being his siter and if he only will like me in my capacity as well as I am sure I shall like him in his we shall get on very well. Lala is not

to buy one single thing before she comes home, you are all if you to come home as sharply as possible and buy new clothes in London, the shops are so tempting. Dear dearest Mama, precious thing, my heart seems almost bursting with love to you all. I love the little piece of sofa that the dear things sat on, on board The Golden and it made me quite happy to see something every day that reminded me, dear thing, of her. I suppose, dear Papa, bustles about as much as ever and is still talking of coming home, surely George will come too. If he could only see how much life and spirit London and its bustling inmates put in you, he would not stay long in Sydney. Still I like Sydney and try to look out in the streets of Southampton before going to bed and try to fancy it was Sydney. I cannot forget Rothwell Lodge, my much loved home, I shall never love another place, however, beautiful, as much as I loved Rothwell Lodge. I think of you now in your new house, I wonder how you have arranged the rooms and how it all looks. Oh how Lala and Mina ought to value you, dearest and best of Mothers. When they leave home and your kind loving face, how they will long for one single peep and one kiss. How often I have thought of it all, in the night especially on board The Dee, and thought Mama would send the nervousness away somehow or other, dear Spouse would come and stand by my berth some times until feeling he was watching over me, I would like a sensible thing drop off to sleep and then I used to sleep all the night and wake in the morning very early and feel very hungry and wonder I had been so foolish the night before. ~~But~~ now I think the change has done me good and I am as fresh and rose as possible. At Southampton I saw many ladies in full dress, in a hat the colour of mine, trimmed with the same coloured ribbon which looked very well, my hat has been much admired and before I went on board the Magdalena I took off the old green ribbon and put on the new that you, Mama, gave me, green and gold which looked exquisitely, nearly all the ladies on board had on hats and I never wore anything else, either on sea or land; I have quite an affection for it. I went in the train to London in my black silk dress, velvet mantle and hat for it was so early in the morning to wear my pretty bonnet I bought with the most beautiful pink strings with a black satin flower in the centre, most exquisite, makes the bonnet entirely different. Oh dear, how I do love you all, cats and everything that is about you all.

July 22nd. I have been shipping and very much to my satisfaction. Mr. McDonald and McArthur went with me, I had a list of the best shops in the West End from Mrs. McDonald. You never saw such perfectly magnificent queenly robes that are in the shops, silk dresses that you would think too beautiful to wear, you are not to bring one single thing home with you for you will be ready to throw them all away after seeing all these, there are lace shops in abundance the most exquisite lace and booked muslins, everything beautiful. Now I will give you an account of our shopping. McArthur, Mr. McDonald and I started off in a cab to Redneagnes in Bond Street to find our Emma Parsons' Miss Green. We got her address, No. 4 Gt. Marlborough Street. I then drove there to tell her about Emma and ask her how much silk I was to get for a dress which she was to make. It is a very nice house, a servant opened the door and showed me upstairs into a rather large room with a table which was strewn with the latest fashions. Soon Miss Green came, a nice pleasant, really lady-like looking person, she was delighted to hear from Emma but she said she had not written to her and that she was very anxious about her and so were all her friends. Do tell Emma this and tell her to write to Miss Green for she seemed quite pleased to hear that she was about to settle and be happy. I told her I thought it was a nice match but that perhaps Emma herself would write and tell her. I thought of her poor girl when I saw Miss Green. She told me to get 17 yards of wide silk and then she would make it well, so went to Swan & Edgars in Regent Street and there chose a most exquisite blue, very delicate and chaste, it is not a shot or a glaze but a kind of slightly corded silk, it is not a deep blue, not a very pale one, but just between, a lovely sky blue, not at all common looking, a splendid quality. It is very nice having your husband with you, for if I had been by myself I would have chosen a much darker one but that took McArthur's fancy and indeed

mine. It will be a lovely carriage or visiting dress for me. I took it to Miss Green and it is to be done next Wednesday, she is also making me a pair of french stays and is to try me on on Monday. McArthur also bought me a most exquisite kind of black lace mantle. It is very fine black lace with little narrow black silk stitched in to form a pattern of flowers. I cannot describe it being totally unlike anything I ever saw and quite new, it reaches at the back a little below my waist and reaches to the elbow and hangs down in front, very graceful pretty and transparent, and then for the bonnet. We were in every shop in the West End before we could find one that suited me, or that McArthur or Mr. McDonald would like, there were so very open, they wear them having right on the neck, frightfully ugly. At last I found a very pretty simple white silk and blond one with a wreath  $\frac{3}{4}$  round of small deep blue flowers and the other side a kind of deep blue convolulous with drooping leaves, thoroughly elegant and chaste and very simple and young looking. Spouse is quite pleased it is about  $\frac{1}{2}$  way on my head and yet I shall be considered out of fashion. All the bonnets are trimmed with blond and nothing else at all. Then we went to buy gloves to match, a velvet band and little nick-nacks and came home thoroughly tired, but it is so amusing to see what a thorough martyr poor McArthur feels and looks going from one shop to another with me, helping to choose but he is getting quite reconciled to it. We are in our new abode in Islington and like it very much. Bon Soir, darlings, peace be with you all. Oh dearest Mama, I am so tired, all this morning sorting out soiled things for the wash and unpacking find my things perfectly safe, thanks, many thanks, dearest Mama, for your careful packing. I went out today in Mrs. Stewart's black lace jacket, McArthur quite admires it, so do I. Is Marian's worn out by this time? I saw today a very beautiful dress that will just suit you, dearest Mama, to wear at Lala's wedding. I came upon her likeness today and took her and Mina both in one hand and sat down on the floor and cried over them for ever so long until I remembered McArthur. Mr. McDonald and Dr. F. were all going to dine with me a 2.30 and it was nearly that so I kissed the darlings very much and then carried them down to show Mr. McDonald. I sat at the head of the table for the 1st time since I left home today. The people cook, keep our rooms, but we order things and provide provisions so I ordered today a roast shoulder of lamb, nice green peas and new potatoes and currant and raspberry pie and very nice custardy sago pudding, cheese and nice strawberrys for dessert. The 1st day we got to Southhampton we had rich cream to them. We have thick cream both for breakfast and tea. The dinner went off very well but poor Dr. Fullerton was not there, he was in great grief having just heard from a friend in town of the death of his mother, she died just about the time that he had that dream about her kissing him and coming to see him as he had not been to see her, he told me on board that since that dream he could never seem happy about his mother and never could think of her without tears in his eyes. It is most strange strange. I am so sorry he is in dreadful spirits. I went out with Spouse to complete my business before Mr. William McArthur came down, he wrote this morning to say how delighted he was we had arrived and he that should be down by tomorrow and then we are to go to Sydenham to see the Crystal Palace and everything that is to be seen, another kind note from Mr. Gilbert enraptured to think to seeing us and saying old Mrs. McArthur was so overjoyed that she could not speak for some time, she is now at Dublin so I suppose we shall go there first but we remain in London a week or ten days longer, I know you will all like to know what has been the result of my expedition to the West End today. You know you told me to tell you what I bought and what I thought and what I saw. First we went to the shoe shop and there bought nice brown shoes and a very pretty pair of fine black merino boots with a pretty small high heel, they are all worn so now, they came to £1. 4. 6d. Then for a white real ermine fur 17/6? a pair of black silk stockings and the most exquisite real lace thoroughly perfect, 4 yds. for the top of my good frocks, then to the music shop for the Italian duets, Nomea -- per Belli, Se Me Credi, guitar strings and then McArthur saw some pretty pencil cases and bought me one and then to the confectioners for a strawberry ice, they are far superior, quite different to those we have in Sydney. I wished so much that you all had been with us and thought how enchanted I should be to take you about London when you do come. Now Lala, you are to be married at

Islington Church. I was in it yesterday and quite settled that, besides you would be quite vexed to see the beautiful things and think you had got anything in Sydney and I would not send you out one thing. I should be so glumpy with you and Mr. Stewart. Be sure you keep to your engagement, young girls should. I don't at all approve of ladies changing their minds, the more I like him, the more I think of him, and dearest Marian surely she will come too and bring her children, Adeline, darling pet, do not think I ever forget her, that would be quite impossible. What I miss so dreadfully is not seeing you all to talk to. Where ever I go I see strange faces and I feel as if surely some of you ought to turn up at some corner or other. Dear Mama, everyone is kind here and I am sure nothing could be kinder sweeter or nicer than Mrs. McDonald but still it is not my home, you, my own dear Mother, are not there, it is that which makes the immense difference. Do, do, do come home soon, as soon as you can. It has been as hot since I landed as it is in the summer months in Sydney. Every one is dressed as lightly as possible and looking very warm and, dear Mama, if you felt the cold, you and I who are delicate could winter somewhere else, and everything is so much cheaper here. I am quite surprised at the difference. That little song Buna Nottè was very much admired on board. There was a Capt. Ward on board, Capt of the Artillery, in the Navy, a very gentlemanly man, he was delighted with it and I had to sing it over a times and the dearest place on earth to me is Home, dear Home. I had to sing that and could scarcely get through it. I used to sing everything I could think of - "Swiss boy, he comes from the Wars" was an immense favourite, they used to say, I sang that better than any other thing - but darling children, I did so long for you, it tired me so to have to be always tidy and nice and have to talk and walk and be agreeable, but I never walked with anyone on deck besides my husband except Capt. Carie and Mr. Dalgety, both of them perfect gentlemen. Capt. Carie's mother was Lady Carie, you would have most thoroughly liked him, the nicest thing in the world, so thoroughly amusing and funny, yet so really kind, good and nice. I don't know much about his great goodness but he used sometimes to pretend to be and I used to sermonise, Mr. Dalgety was a rich merchant from Melbourne, quite a young man, a very fine deep dark rich blue eye, tall, slight, dark hair and a good figure. I would rather talk to him than with anyone else on board. We had so much in common and he seemed to enter in so thoroughly into your pursuits and thought and many a long confab we had and I think he thoroughly liked Queechy, he used when McArthur perhaps was playing Koites, a game they had on deck, take me for a walk, he used to be very nice and a good deal with me until the last two days when I think they teased him or said something to him for he was talking to me on Sunday morning just as usual until he saw Capt. Carie and Silvester coming when he coloured up and was off in a moment. Mr. Silvester is very nice, his laugh was quite infectious, a very laughing blue eye, and thoroughly nice looking, not quite so gentlemanly polite and quiet as Mr. Dalgety, I suppose because he was a squatter but very funny and agreeable. McArthur used to like Capt. Carie and Dalgety so much that he could leave me with them incomfort if I wanted to sit on deck and he to walk which he very often did, for instance he would say, I wish Capt. Carie or Dalgety were here with you and then I could take a walk. You would have thoroughly admired them and so would else. I was the youngest lady on board and they said I was a gleam of sunshine and Mr. Dalgety, I heard, had said he liked me better than any lady he had ever talked to, there was some comfort in talking to him, he was so nice. We had an enchanting party on board, Mr. La Trobe was particularly nice and polite, he used to offer me his arm and I used often to take it and walk up and down the deck especially towards the last when he got to know more of me. There was a Mr. Haig on board, a baronet's son, a fine tall gentlemanly man, very nice indeed, I used to like him very much. Mr. Milner was most pleasant and very cheerful. Mrs. Kirchner and Mrs. Shadforth were the ladies I was most with, Mrs. Kirchner is most exquisitely pretty and there was a most desperate, really shocking flirtation going on between her and a Mr. Stone, a gentleman on board, but her husband who is thoroughly nice did not seem to mind at all and generally left them but he has been on the Continent, so has she so I suppose don't think much of those things. McArthur has Mr. Kirchner's address so I am going to see

her. Poor Mrs. Shadforth, I sincerely hope she will get well, is it not sad so many ill and some dying who left in perfect health and I the most of all spared, in perfect health so is my dear husband. Mama darling, do you care to hear of all these little things, you told me to tell you all I could think of.

I have seen old Mr. and Mrs. McDonald, there are thoroughly homely people but kind, live in very pretty furnished rooms and we are going to tea there on Monday to meet some Capt's. daughter. But I did not finish about our shopping yesterday. From the ice place I went to Miss Green's and was tried on, a french stay maker in the house and she is to come on Monday and try me on and make me a pair of them. Then we drove home to Islington and just as we were getting out of cab, Spouse said, Take and walk with him down these streets and I show you the shops, it proved a very dear pleasure to him though, very beautiful shops, everything pretty. I saw a lovely dark green silk in the window which took Spouse's fancy and mine too so we went in and bought it for a pretty high plain walking dress. It is very nice and pretty, then we went into a fancy shop and saw the most little red purse with pearl and silver on the back. McArthur bought it for me and two more little text books. Bead work in all the fashion now and we saw the most exquisite mats and oh, there was a most magnificent large marble vase that top like a basin and in it apples, pears, guavas, lemons, oranges and beautiful bunches of black and white grapes, some of the bunches hanging over the pure white marble side - it was very large and under an immense glass case. I thought they were real and lo and behold when I went very very near I found they were wax. I did really admire that, I thought how well it would look in the niche of a large hall. Then we came home to tea and Spouse told me it was 8 in the evening and just as like day light as it is at 12 in the day in Sydney. It seemed so strange to me to have it just getting dark at 9 instead of 8 - beautiful twilight. We are not going to see anything till Mr. William McArthur comes - he will be here tonight. I feel a very little nervous. McArthur says I am to put on my little dark silk. Did I tell you that the night before last Mrs. McDonald was taking a walk with us quite well, went home about  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 10, about 12 was taken ill and had a fine boy at 5. Mr. McDonald is enchanted, so is Mrs. McDonald, they will have been married two years next month and now they have two children, the first a little girl called Annie, 14 months old, is it not funny - She did not lose much time. I have not been to see Mrs. Hoole yet but I shall do so either this afternoon or early next week. I know, dearest Marian, this is written horribly but you said to me send your journal just as it is, don't write it over again, and so I send it, its natural way. I hope you will be able to read it, I wrote it as well as I could on board but just imagine your hand shaking all the time and people talking, quarrelling and laughing all round you - Some of the curious ones trying to get a peep or two which I took very good care they did not get. Now, darling 'soer' Monday I shall go on with this and tell you about my brother, what he is like and whether I like him or not. I do not think I shall have formed my opinion but hope I shall have reason to change it. My bills for the last two days, last night I added everything up and did not mind as Spouse was with me all the time and paid for everything but I had no idea things could add up so - £11.17. 6 - cab hire 12/6, but these are substantial things and will last me for a very long time, shoes here are quite as expensive as in Sydney but must I not be careful, dearest Mama. Our voyage has cost just £400 not counting a great many little extras. Spouse said laughing that Queechy was an expensive little piece of goods - I said you told him before we married but really I have not got all I require and do not intend to spend any more - a very good resolution, says McArthur, but how long Queechy dear will it be kept? He is possibly perfect the dear thing and has grown even handsomer than he was when we left. He is in high spirits at hearing of his brother's good health and is enjoying the prospect of seeing his brother this evening and showing his little bit of creation as he calls me - his merriment is quite infectious. I think I must have caught a little of it for I am in very good spirits, I enjoy ordering the dinner, it is so natural and reminds me of home, dear home. We are to dine at 2.30 and are to have a pair of fowls,

green, peas, potatoes and sago pudding. I am quite hungry just because I think of it. They have had dinner and gone into town again. McArthur has had a letter from his brother this morning saying that owing to peculiar circumstances he will not be here till next Wednesday and this is Saturday. I am so much disappointed but still it will give me more time to get my things made and put a little in order. Oh, I do so long to have you here, dearest Mama, a day comes and passes on and how I miss your dear sympathising face and exquisite lovingness, kindness and forbearance, how you did hear with all my childish whims and crossness, there never, never, never was such a mother, I value you and love you more and more every day and now I can think of you all quietly but sometimes cry, cry yes cry bitterly when I think such a long time must elapse before again I get such kind looks or sweet kisses. I long for and yet almost dread your first dear letter, it will remind me so much of my blessed home. Oh, dear, it is no use sighing, I ought to be grateful, truly grateful, for oh I have been preserved from fever and sickness of all kinds, some have lost their mothers, others their brothers and friends and I am spared in good health and as far as I know, all those who are so dear to me are. I can fancy you all now, how lonely dearest Mama you must feel when the children are away at Mrs. Stanisfalls. Do they go there still? You must advise Mina to be an old maid, for you would be quite lost without your piccaniny, dear child, her face in that type is perfect. You cannot tell how Dr. Fullerton admires her, she has made quite a conquest; he said he should never forget that day that he called at Rothwell Lodge when we were out, how beautifully Mina entertained him and how ladylike and truly sensible she was, he admires dear Marian too, he saw her at my wedding and Adeline, he thinks she is a very fine child. I think I quite astonished him with the burst of eloquence I came out with about Addie, darling Addie. For one single peep at you all I would give all I am worth. What are you doing? I wish I could tell or imagine. When you write, you must all write and tell me every single thing what has happened or what is likely to happen, every item now is dear . . . my cat, I hope Mina is still performing the duty of foster mother, feeding him every day. I go into fits of laughing when I think of Buff and his demure face, is Lala still his patroness, a very pretty one surely, he ought to be quite proud, dear child. A Mr. Terry, the greatest goose that ever existed and who everyone on board used to make fun of, saw Lala the day she was having her likeness taken. I could not be sure whether it was Lala or Mina but it was the day you lent you for Mr. Terry to be taken in, he admired her exceedingly and asked me if she was not engaged to be married for he had been told so, precious thing. Tell darling Marian to be sure and write me very long letters telling me every new thing dear Adeline says and when I may send out a box of pretty small white things.

Of course, you received my long letters from Tahiti giving you the whole account of our voyage from the time I left Sydney, and of my long illness, there was a vessel sailing in a week for Sydney, so we left our letters at Tahiti to be sent on by her, it was very well and I am sure I am very thankful that I was ill on board the Golden Age for after crossing the isthmus I should have been ill, I am sure very ill. At Obispo, that horrid little place where dear Spouse had to hold the water for me to wash my face in.

How is Mrs. Clark and the new baby, will you give my love to her and dear Bella, my love to her also please, tell her what you think will amuse her out of this. I do not write to dear Miss Allen this time for I should only say the same things over again and you, dearest Mama, can please tell her my very kind love to her. I wonder when she will come home, she would be enchanted delighted with it. Sydney seems to me such a little box compared to this busy metropolis. I shall be sure and give poor Janet a good character and shall write and tell you how all her old and kind mistresses are. I hope she is still with you, dear Mama, I hope you have nice good servants and are really comfortable - I could not bear to be so comfortable and happy if you were not, and my heart and thoughts are so much with you all. We are going to see the wax works tonight. I expect to enjoy it very much. Good-bye dearest best-beloved ones from me, Queechy.

There is a thundering knock at the door, who can it be and McArthur is out. Well, dear Ma, it was old Mr. McDonald come to fetch me to his house, as he had met McArthur and found out I was alone. He is a thoroughly plain old man but not in the last bit vulgar, thoroughly genuine and kind, no affectation pretending to be what he is not, he is quite pleased at all he sees, stopping to admire the houses, took me in his bedroom to show me the beautiful garden at the back of the house, about as large as the Gothic Cottage drawing room, it is quite a pleasure to talk to him and be kind to him. They were very intimate with the Turners, lived just behind them at Paddington, he was the one who Martha said told her McArthur was 42. I don't believe he did, it was all make up to tease me. You remember Spouse telling you of a gentleman who said a young wife was the best because you could train her into what you liked. I told him of it and I suppose he thought it either pleased or amused me for he was quite ready to acknowledge it and said yes I told him so, just what I should have advised him to do. I like him but Mrs. McDonald is a thoroughly commonplace vulgar woman but kind-hearted. I do really admire the way young Mrs. McDonald behaves to and treats them, she made them stay to tea and paid them every attention and the old man is as fond of her as he can possibly be. The son, McArthur's friend, is quite a gentleman, he has never been much with them, is well educated, has mixed much in society and always lived in England. I thought the first evening I spent there that he was a thoroughly well bred English gentleman, but he is Irish but has scarcely lived there at all. I should not be ashamed to introduce him anywhere or his nice wife either. I am so thankful they are so nice for if we live near London it will be so pleasant for me to have such a nice friend. He reminds me a good deal of George, he has eyes and hair exactly like George's, figure like but not quite so tall, he is I should think very particular, everything at his table is good silver and in very good style but it made me feel quite uncomfortable for I saw he was thoroughly ashamed of the vulgar ways and remarks that his Mother kept making. Mind, he is very nice to them, pays them every attention but he cannot be familiar with them, he is quite a different stamp - a large merchant in town, no shop of any description, he has dined with us the last two days and is very fond of going out with us, he is going with us this evening to the wax works. Did I tell you that he and McArthur went shopping with me, a great wonder, for Mrs. McDonald said he had only been shopping with her twice since they were married. They were so difficult to please, both of them together, one was too old looking, another too large, another not good enough, at last I hit upon one, a perfect love, extremely simple and young, very pretty drawn white silk, trimmed outside with a kind of rouche blond and round the small curtain little ducks of blue flowers, half round and an exquisite royal blue convolulous with little wee feathers inside and white with long leaves, you never saw anything so perfectly elegant, quite simple and ladylike and the shape will suit me to perfection. I wear it to-morrow at chapel for the first time. It is 20 minutes to 7 and they have not come yet. Dearest darling Mama, Marian, Lala, Mina, a sweet good-night from your loving child Queechy.

July 22nd, Monday. How are you all now, darlings, quite well and happy I hope as I am now. We went to the wax works on Saturday night. I never was so thoroughly amused, they have now in a large room the full figure of Henry VIII with all his Court and his eight wives around him and his two daughters Mary and Elizabeth. They looked quite alive, the expression on all the faces was life exactly, we then saw the Queen at her Coronation and the Archbishop pronouncing the blessing and there she is they say, a perfect likeness of the Queen on her throne in full dress and all her Court, all of them dressed in silks and satins in the style they used to dress then, the Queen and all her children and her Court. Queen Adelaide is there, she is most transcendantly beautiful, McArthur could not stir from looking at her most exquisite face, very one of the children grouped about, they say all of them are exactly like what they are, the governess, the Queen's mother and all her Court. We saw the Duke of Wellington as he lay in state, very way the room was supposed to be furnished at the time, it is quite by itself. I saw in a glass case the very same identical old umbrella he used to use with the strings across, the tope had a little



armour of brass, his old coat was hanging up, his old gloves and one sick sock with two little wee wee holes in it was very interesting. They have there Napoleon and the Empress being married, this last one that the Illustrated London News was full of. I saw her picture in the Illustrated London News in her wedding dress and this is exactly like it, there he is, very tall and she is a little less standing by his side very pale and pensive looking. I did not admire her face much, it was a little too I saw Mary Q. of Scots, and Joan of Arc, beautiful creature, and the great Bosworth, he startled me, I quite thought he was alive and he quite frightened me he was looking at me so. Oliver Cromwell and King Charles with the paper in his hand for the execution and Mrs. Siddons the actress. Mama, she is magnificent, I hardly cared to look at anything else, her face is angelic, I cannot describe it. I could have cried and was nearly doing it too, her face was so perfect, beautiful, not a sweet soft face but just the kind of beauty I do so intensely admire and could almost worship, she was dressed in black velvet and a black mantle trimmed with ermine. Charles Wesley, Byron, General Napier, and hundred others there, they say, and Mrs. McDonald has seen some of the Members of Parliament who are there, that they are perfect likenesses of them and the Queen is like her figure exactly. Voltaire is there, every one of any note, some lovely little wax babies asleep in cots, they are so like real people that I would not go into that place alone in the broadest day light and I kept close to Spouse the whole time, I did not go near the room of horrors. There was music the whole time, two pianos, a splendid harp, two fiddlers and a violin, the immense room is beautifully ornamented and I saw the Sleeping Venus dressed beautifully lying on a kind of couch, and her heart beating so her chest and side move up and down, up and down, as naturally as possible, and old Madam Tussaud herself standing at the head, keeping watch, she had her spectacles on and looked quite alive. You see what you would think the blue veins of hand, they have natural complexions there these are not a white kind of wax except the D. of Wellington whose face is quite ghastly. Oh, dear, it no use describing you must come and see it yourself. If George was to come to London, he would wonder however he managed to exist in Sydney.

I have not been out to see many things as we are waiting for Mr. William McArthur who will not be here till the day after tomorrow. Yesterday I went to Islington Chapel; it is a nice Chapel not so large as York Street and no organ. A Mr. West preached a very good sermon, but wretched delivery, spoke through his nose and whined. I felt as if I must give him a good shake go bring the sound out of him, but I did thoroughly enjoy the prayers, the had a magnificent splendid voice and sounded all the better from coming after Mr. West's. The litany was beautiful, the first time I heard it in public worship was the last Sunday on board the Magdalena when poor Mr. Boyne was dead and Mrs. Bligh dying, it was very solemn and impressive, everyone was so frightened of the fever that they joined in very steadily with all the petitions and I cried most thoroughly for poor Mrs. Bligh and her poor sad son. I hope we shall meet him before he leaves London.

Before Chapel time, I saw Mr. Hoole, Mr. McDonald introduced both me and McArthur, he was delighted to see us and said he would tell Mrs. Hoole, was it not strange that the first hymn that was given out was so very appropriate to us, just what I had been feeling all along in our trouble and danger preserved from it all and brought safe through it all to land in perfect health, Hymn 206:

"What am I, O thou glorious God,  
And what my father's house to Thee  
That Thou such mercies bast bestowed  
On me the vilest ..... me.  
I take the blessing from above  
And wonder at Thy boundless love."

It was very appropriate and was sung to my favourite tune that I often heard at York St. before I was married. I thought of home and of the darlings and wondered how you got into York St. and what events had taken place since I left and felt very soberish and quiet. After Chapel, Mrs. Hoole came up and shook hands with me, said she was very

pleased to see me and that she would call on me to-day. Mr. Hoole is off to Birmingham today for the Conference.

There is a knock, Miss Green to try on my stays, she is gone, my stays fit me transcendentally, I am not the same figure in them, quite different. You would hardly know the swanlike elegant figure is the little apple dumpling who lived at Glebe and the transformation is caused by a pair of stays. They had not one bone in them..... at the back and down the front, not even one at the side and so loose large and comfortable. She has taken my dark green silk home to make. I am now go and dress for Mrs. Hoole may call soon.

Well, dearest Mama, was not that fortunate, I had just finished dressing when Mrs. Hoole came. She was very pleasant, asked after Miss Hoole, said she was very much obliged for your great kindness and told me there was a very handsome one on its way out from England to me, a present from her, so dearest best beloved Mama, keep it for yourself, don't give it away to Lala for her house, but keep it as a present from Queechee. I can get some when I want them and it will ornament the drawing room, write to me and tell me what it is like and all about everything. By the by, I had forgotton to tell you about last night. We went to City Road Chapel for I thought I should like to see the graves, so we went and, oh dear, I was so very uncomfortable the whole time, the pews are very high and the seats so narrow that you can scarcely sit on them and cannot lean back, but I saw what I wanted to see, John and Charles Wesley's tablet, Adam Clarke's and some other very old divines; The Rev. George Osborne preached, Spouse went up and introduced himself and me too, he was enchanted, made us go home with him to see his wife, praised you and papa up to the skies, said never two people them so much as you and papa did. However, I should not go without seeing the graves so he offered me his arm and showed me the place where rested the remainrs of Charles and John Wesley, Adam Clarke and some others, and then we took a cab and drove to his house, a very nice took me in a large dining room where Mrs. Osborne and ever so many children were. All rather little ones in a few minutes two frightfully ugly girls came down both taller than I am and slight or rather awkward figures, all bone and no flesh, very brown and freckled and both shook hands with me, said they were very much pleased to see me and bowed or rather curtsied, very old fashionedly, and then walked as straight as a piece of wood, sat down on chairs and looked at me, they have a frightfully ugly The eldest who asked me to have some pie for my supper then gave me a teaspoonful of fruit and a small wee piece of pastry, there are nine children, one I believe a baby, all very ugly and strange and sleepy looking. I had to shake hands with all of them and when I began to speak to Mrs. Osborne one child came and stood by her knee and I was asked to speak louder as the child was a little deaf and was very anxious to hear what I was talking about. I was very glad when they were fed and sent to bed. I heard a great squalling and was told it was a child taking medicine. Mr. Osborne looked the very picture of happiness at having caught us and brought us home, and said Papa's letters amused him so that he wrote just as he talked, praised you up and said you were an elegant talker and good listener, so said Mrs. O. also. You called on her at Leeds, I believe, and she met you, I think at Miss Rothwell's Mr. Osborne asked me if we intended staying in England long, I said I thought that would depend very much upon you if you came home as you wished to do I should not care to go out again, but if you did not come I should not care how short my stay in England was. He said, Stuff, stuff, your Papa must not think of coming home so you must make up your mind to that. Mrs. Osborne said she remembered your and keeping us with you and would never let us go to school, she said she approved of that plan, hers had been educated at home. I thought pretty specimens, certainly I need not have been afraid of looking faded for they are by comparison. Now I am not conceited but want to make you understand how withered up they look for if they looked so bad by candle light, what will they look in broad daylight. Mr. Osborne insisted on Spouse going up to Birmingham for the Conference just for one meeting, there he would see Mr. Young and all of them, so off he goes tomorrow morning at 6 o'clock and will not be back till late at night. Mr. McDonald goes with him and Mrs. &

and Mr. O. and the Misses Osborne all joined in asking me to spend Tuesday with them and Miss Osborne is to come for me at 11 tomorrow.

I wore on Sunday morning my violet with my pretty new black mantle, you cannot call it a mantle for it hangs quite loosely over your arm and is not fastened at all, and my pretty white bonnet, nice gloves, and looked very nice. At night I changed to go to City Road for I thought I had to walk and put on my dark blue dress which I ironed out and it looked as fresh and pretty as ever. Mrs. Stewart's black jacket, which is the prettiest thing I ever hand on, Mac is delighted with it - I have taken out the ribbon and it fits much better without it for now it hangs loose - my white bonnet with the deep blue flowers, blue gloves, black jacket and the all looked very well, ladylike and in good taste, so I was quite nice to go to Mrs. Osborne's. I wonder how I shall like it, I intend to behave very well. You don't know how much I have been improved by being thrown among strangers and being amongst nice people, dearest, dearest Mama. If you, Marian, Papa, George, the children and Addie, how immeasurably happy, yes, really overjoyed I should be, dear Marian I shall never forget her dear tearful little face that I saw on board the Golden Age. McArthur was quite overcome and I don't wonder, he says he never met dear Marian's equal, he and Dr. Fullerton think you perfect; the poor Dr. is beginning to eat again and looked quite bright, he has bought a new eye glass and I have bought him the most superb, elegant, perfect, beautiful gentleman's dressing case and given it to him, was it not nice.

There are McArthur, Dr. Fullerton and Mr. McDonald come to dinner. I shall tell you what I ordered for dinner yesterday. You know I order what I like, they prepare it, buy everything and send the bills in at the end of the week - I ordered a roast leg of lamb, nice mutton chops, early peas, potatoes, currant and raspberry pie, sago pudding and beautiful custards made of pure milk and cream, almonds, raisins, dates. Now was not that nice for them, the people cook very nicely indeed, make beautiful curries and give us clean table napkins every day. Now, dearest Mama, I ordered for today, piece of beef, a sole curry, peas, potatoes, plum pie, custard pudding and nice fresh strawberries with thick cream and white sugar and gooseberries. I do so thoroughly enjoy seeing Spouse and the doctor enjoy it all, and Queechy helps very well too. Mr. McDonald has dined with us nearly every day since his wife's confinement.

We have had dinner and McArthur has gone. He brought home from town a letter from Mrs. William McArthur today for me, a very pretty truly ladylike hand, I think I shall write it out here for your satisfaction.

"Londonderry, July 22nd.

My very dear Sister,

Will you allow me most cordially and heartally to welcome you to old England and I hope soon to have the pleasure of giving you an Irish welcome to the Emerald Isle. We were truly thankful to hear of your safe arrival and that you and dear Alexander had been preserved in health while others were suffering around you. Surely it is cause of thankfulness to the God of all our mercies. We were sorry to hear of your friend Dr. Fullerton's illness, I hope his health has been improving since he got to London and he will soon be quite well. I hope you do not feel at all nervous about coming amongst your new friends, let me assure you we are all prepared to love you, not only on your good husband's account but on your own also as we have heard nothing but what is good of you from every quarter. We have had so far a very wet summer in this country, but hope we shall have fine weather in August and September that we may be able to show you some of the beauties of the North of Ireland. I am sure you will find the climate very different from that of Australia. William is very sorry he has not been able to go and meet you and Alexander, however, he proposes leaving here on Monday and hopes to see you on Tuesday if all be well, he unites in kindest love to you and dear Alexander, also to Mr. and Mrs. McDonald when you see them and believe me,

Your ever affectionate sister,  
Miranne McArthur.

This letter has pleased me and I feel more friendly disposed towards her than I did a short time ago. Did I tell you that when I first arrived here Spouse had a very kind note from Mrs. Gilbert. I am sure I shall like her and Mrs. McMillan the best. Dearest Mama, Mrs. McDonald has come to fetch me to go there to tea as we promised. I suppose I must go, I had much rather stay here and write.

July 26th. Tuesday. Dear McArthur left me this morning at 5 to go to Birmingham, he will be back to-night about 11 bringing his brother with him. I had breakfast alone with Dr. Fullerton, you cannot tell how thoroughly I like him and how nice and agreeable he is, his prosing has quite worn off, he is thoroughly nice and fond of me which of course raises him very much in my estimation but I will tell you about last night. I dressed in my dark silk and went there, I saw a young lady dressed in all kinds of gaudy shabby finery and very plain and sour looking, Dr. Fullerton who was with us said he never saw such dour right sour face and then fancy they proposed a walk, it was broiling hot, hotter than ever I remember in Sydney and I have been more browned since I landed in England that I got all the voyage. They tell me that in England that my complexion will soon be spoilt for the wind, the damp and the sun ruins it and everyone I have seen look as brown and as freckled as it is possible to look. Just fancy me walking out on old Mr. McDonald's arm up and down one street through ever so many squares until I was so thoroughly worn out and tired that I said I could not walk one step further and oh, when I got in I was do dreadfully tired every bone in my body ached so that I did not know where to put my feet to rest them so I had to sit on the sofa with my feet on a cushion and I did not move the whole evening or scarcely spoke a word, I cannot remember feeling so thoroughly exhausted and worn out as I did that evening, I was so tired I could scarcely undress.

Look, here are the Miss Osbornes for me, Queechee. Wednesday. I went to Mrs. Osborne's and have not spent so quietly happy a day since I left home, it reminded me so much of home, so many children there, Mrs. Osborne so thoroughly kind to me that I could have had a good cry. I am so sorry I have made such fun of them in my former description but it is really quite true about their looks, they are very well educated intellectual girls, you can see that at once, but the eldest who is 18 stammers dreadfully, she is the eldest, the other Lily is 15, as unlike a lily as is possible to be, the third about Mina's size is 13. She reminds me very of Mina, dear Mina, she has the same deep clever eye and the same figure, but her other features are not nearly so good, she is an ugly likeness of my darling sister. They are all passionately fond of poetry, quite enchanted to find I read and admired and loved Tennyson and Longfellow, Mrs. Newman, Shelley etc. Mrs. Osborne is very fond of it and has greatly cultivated their tastes and feelings in that respect, but has quite excluded both Tennyson and Shelley as she does not approve their doctrine and finds it too exciting for the girls. The little one who is like Mina and whose name is Maria, recites poetry beautifully, with her face perfectly beautiful with expression, they have all Mrs. Hemans's books and she idolises her, never sits night or day without a volume of Mrs. Hemans in her hand or pocket. We took a walk, Mrs. O. and all of us in the evening and Maria began long pieces from Mrs. Hemans, she recited them exquisitely and well as any orator, it quite thrilled through you and brought the tears very full in my eyes, she makes such thoroughly clever remarks and so old fashioned, just like dear angel Mina in everything, description and all, I told her she was like me sister and so found an excuse to kiss as often as I liked, 'tis very strange I never can think of Mama, Marian, Lala or Mina without having a good burst of crying which leaves after feeling quite sick and shaky. I've just had a good cry now speaking of dear Mina, if she only knew how many bitter tears I have shed and am shedding now till my head feels as if it burst with headache at the thought of how often I have by my manner given her reason to think I did not love her, oh, if I could only see her now to tell her how much and how truly I loved her, would I not smother her sweet face with kisses and she would then know how much I loved her. I have been crying about it this morning so much till my whole body shook and my face is quite swollen, the darling

How much I love you all God only knows. I was never made to leave home and to leave dear Mama. McArthur is an angel, we are as happy and united in feeling and thought as anyone can be but yet I long and yearn for home. If I had been nice while there perhaps I should not feel it so bitterly as I sometimes do, but when I think of all at home and of my darling Mother's kindness, sweetness and forbearance with me, I feel as if my heart would break at the thought of how much happier I might have made you all, how cross and horrid I was sometimes, oh, Mama, if I was near you and with you how different I would be, do write and tell me not to hink so, so often as I do and not to cry so much about it for that you all forget it and that will comfort me for sometimes I need it. Now I will not write more for this will make you sad and I cannot see.

Now, dearest, Ma, my sight has returned and I feel much better but very dull and not at all disposed to talk to Mr. W. McArthur at dinner to-day. I did not tell you when they arrived. I had only been at home  $\frac{1}{4}$  hour when a cab stopped at the door and Mr. McDonald, McArthur and his brother jumped out and came upstairs. I made a bolt and before they were in the drawing room I was in my bedroom, Spouse came looked quite radiant to fetch me down, but I felt so nervous I could not come down for some minutes, for two tipsy men were quarrelling and running after the other and I was so frightened that I ran on the other side of the pavement and would have fallen over if Miss Osborne's fiance, 19, had not caught and saved me, that made poor Queechie shaken, but however I rallied and down I came. He is taller than McArthur, and as stout as Mr. Rabone, has just Mr. Rabone's figure, a rather fine good natured kind face, a very bright dark blue eye, but not fit to wipe my husband's shoes. In comparison with McArthur, McArthur looked so vastly superior, there is no likeness between them at all, not in the slightest. I had dressed Mac, in black to go to the Conference and he had them on, his eyes so sparkling and bright because he was pleased, his figure so nice and his manner so quiet and gentlemanly. I was quite proud of him, his brother sprang up, came caught hold of my hand, said he was delighted to see me, I replied "That I was very glad to see him, that I had been looking forward to it for a long time, that I must thank him for the kind note I received from his wife, and hoped he was quite well and said I was quite anxious to see them all." I was very polite, quiet and nice, but not so nice and free as I should have been had I not remembered - "Though you have disappointed our cherished hopes, yet still we are prepared to love your wife and receive her kindly." I thought I would show him I was not such a common piece of goods and just talked to Dr. Fullerton and McArthur very nicely and to him as a visitor. He went back to London after a very nice supper, I had ordered a roast fowl, and tonight he has got a room in the same house that we have and takes possession today. I am expecting them every minute. I had on the night they came my violet short sleeves, waist-band and dearest Lala's broach, just as I came from Mrs. Osborne's. They saw Marian's broach on Sunday night and it was handed round the room for one and all to look at. Both McArthur and I telling them it did not do her half justice. Spouse saw Mr. Young at the meetings, he, Mr. Young was delighted to see him and sent his love to me.

I shall tell you what I have ordered today - a boiled shoulder of mutton, onion sauce, a rump steak, curry, peas and potatoes, raspberry pie, sago pudding and custards, cheese strawberries and cream which I arrange myself with green leaves and nice ripe good-berries. We are going this afternoon first to the Zoological Gardens, then to Colosseum, and lastly to Madame Tussaud's celebrated wax-works, To-morrow I will try and describe all I saw, but I will tell you something first, McArthur told me that Mr. William McArthur had told him he had taken a beautiful country house by the seaside ready furnished, it belonged to an estæd private gentleman who has vacated it for a little. He has taken it for two months, insists upon McArthur and I going there with his wife. He wishes us first to go to Londonderry, and then over toe Dublin to fetch his mother to go with us to the sea-side, is it not nice, I hope they will like me and be kind and nice and then I will be, but I must confess I feel a little wee bit rebellious.

July 27th Thursday morning. Here I am and its really a wonder I am alive after all the strange wonderful things I saw last night, the Zoological Gardens are Beautiful, but have a new edition of wonders, a large house you look in and see what they suppose to be the bottom of the deep with hosts of stones and shells and innumerable fishes of all kinds alive swimming about, the stones from being in the water so long are all covered with green stuff and seaweed, it is real water and live fishes and it is more interesting than anything else there. From that we went to the Colosseum, it does not open until 7 o'clock so this was about 6, we took our tickets and went over the grounds. There is one part of it with beautiful winding old-fashioned walks and now and then an old ruined wall peeping out from between the numerous flowers. Some part of the walks are pure marble and there is a very large inclosed place all made of pure glass, that is the outside, then inside there is a beautiful fountain and four immense large pieces of looking-glass are all fixed in the inside and you see you think four fountains springing up and down and looking sparkling and beautiful and the calm still twilight. It is a regular grotto, steps, winding walks, old vines and the most exquisite, perfect flowers. We then took a guide book and walked through long gallerys all the sides lined with statuary, this leads you to the immense saloon, it has a lofty dome of several thousand feet of rich cut glass all round the room which is a round kind of building. There are figures representing different scenes and different people, that was very very interesting and beautiful, they all looked almost alive, the attitudes were so graceful and perfect. In the centre of the building is a circular frame work enclosing the staircase leading to the Panarama, this is lined with a handsome and classically disposed drapery from the top of the arched dome to the floor and concealing the staircase, the effect is brilliant, all round there are large mirrors and seats of violet. The building is magnificently decorated with gold and other ornaments divided by groups of Cupid and Psyche supporting a candelabra in the form of palm trees, you cannot imagine the brilliant effect. We had a guide book so we went all round to each piece of statuary and thoroughly studied it. It is an immense place, our feet were quite sore with walking round it; the most exquisite music going on all the time, violin and the piano, someone played perfectly, exquisitely, enchantingly. The others were thoroughly tired with walking so much but I did not feel at all tired, the excitement kept me up. I think I will send the books describing it all. We then enter the Chalet or Swiss Cottage, immense steep hills and rocks but made artificially, a large Swiss Cottage, everything in the swiss style and as you look out of the window you are almost deafened by the noise of the waterfall which is gushing down the rocks into a large lake at the bottom full of stones and all moving in the wind. You see then the Noiresuss and the village of There are cottages and bridges, places all about the rocks and grasses mud. This is all in the broad daylight for it is not even dusk till 9 o'clock and yet it looks like a real mountain. I would not believe that any of it was artificial, we were in a real house, I sat down on one of the old chairs and tried to fancy myself in Switzerland and then looked out at the waterfall and enjoyed it thoroughly. We are going today to the Crystal Palace and Sydenham so I must go and get ready, adieu, me chere maman.

Friday. Well, I really know not how to begin, after the Crystal Palace, all my senses are muddled up together. How shall I describe, I feel I cannot tell you one half, its exquisite, magnificent beauty, if I was to write about it all my life, so I will not say one word about it, except that we arrived there at one and left at five, and we could without exaggeration have stayed there a whole year and yet not see and understand all. There is the Grecian Court, immense places, just as they really are, the Pompeian Court, everything which is in this world, beautiful glass and marble fountains wherever you turn but I cannot tell you about it but will try and find some print that shows the interior as well as the exterior. When last I wrote I was in the midst of the Colosseum, in the Swiss Cottage, after that we went right underground to see the stalictite cavern, the village of Addsburg stands at the bottom of an rocky ravine, having entered the cavern you proceed through a long gallery of about 100 paces when it opens into the vestibule of the most magnificent hall,

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