
PRG 389/9/1 Early recollections of Caroline Emily Clark c. 1828-1905
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Caroline Emily Clark (1825-1911), known as Emily Clark, arrived in South Australia from England in June 1850. She became a social reformer, especially known for championing the cause of children in institutions, and for her efforts in the founding of the 'boarding-out system' for settling destitute and orphan children with foster families in Adelaide. She worked with fellow Unitarians Annie Montgomerie Martin and Catherine Helen Spence. She was appointed to the State Children's Council in December 1886. Spence's book *State children in Australia: a history of boarding out and its developments* was written about Clark's work and was published by the State Children's Council in 1907 in recognition of her service.

Members of her family are frequently mentioned. Her father, Francis Clark (1799-1853), and his wife Caroline (1800-1877) emigrated to Australia and arrived on 11 June 1850, with their seven children: Caroline Emily (1825-1911), Algernon Sidney (1826-1908), John Howard (1830-1878), Henry Septimus (1837-1864), Ellen Rosa (1839-1899), Matthew Symonds (1839-1920), and Susan Mary (1846-1932).

[*The Recollections are in a book bound in brown fabric, with gold lettering on the spine: Recollections of CAROLINE EMILY CLARK. There are 184 pages, more than half handwritten and the rest typed.*]

[*unnumbered page 1*]

RECOLLECTIONS OF MISS CAROLINE EMILY CLARK
COMPLETED BY HER SISTER MRS. JOSEPH CROMPTON.

The recollections were written at the dictation of Miss Clark towards the end of her life, when her sight was impaired.

[*unnumbered page 2*]

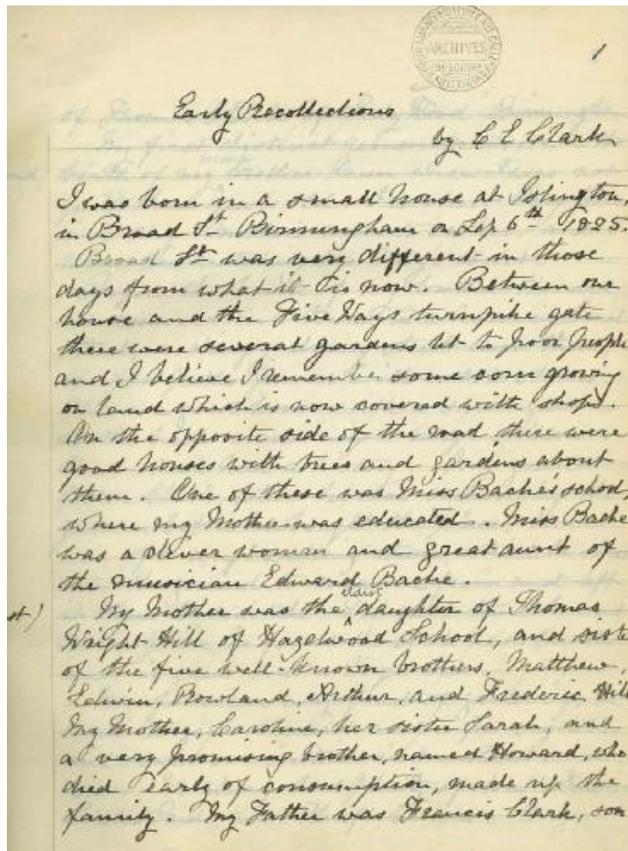
CONTENTS

PAGES.

1	to	110.	Early recollections.
110a	to	115.	Miss Clark's first impressions of S.A. as dictated to her sister Mary, Mrs Joseph Crompton
		.	Miss Clark's journal in three volumes has replaced Mrs Crompton's summary
pages 1-42			Volume 1 October 21, 1850 to December 17 th 1850
pages 1-49			Volume 2 December 24 th 1850 to April 27 th 1851
pages 1-68			Volume 3 December 18 th 1851 to April 18 th 1852
128	to	135.	Recollections of Mrs. Joseph Crompton, in continuation of the reminiscences of Miss Clark.

136	to	162.	Boarding out system. Care of neglected children.
162	to	168.	Continuation of Mrs. Joseph Crompton's recollections.
169	to	179.	Children's Courts.
180	to	181.	Death of Miss Clark.
182	to	184.	Boarding out system.

[page 1 handwritten until page 110a]



Early Recollections

by C E Clark

I was born in a small house at Islington, in Broad St^h Birmingham on Sep 6th 1825.

Broad St^h was very different in those days from what it is now. Between our house and the Five Ways turnpike gate there were several gardens let to poor people, and I believe I remember some corn growing on land which is now covered with shops.

On the opposite side of the road there were good houses with trees and gardens about them. One of these was Miss Bache's school, where my Mother was educated. Miss Bache was a clever woman and great aunt of the musician Edward Bache.

My Mother was the eldest daughter of Thomas Wright Hill of Hazelwood School, and sister of the five well-known brothers, Matthew, Edwin, Rowland, Arthur, and

Frederic Hill. My Mother, Caroline, her sister Sarah, and a very promising brother, named Howard, who died early of consumption, made up the family. My Father was Francis Clark, son

[page 2]

of Thomas Clark of Ladywood Birmingham.

My first distinct remembrance was the birth of my second brother Owen when I was not quite three years old. I recollect being taken into my Mother's room to see her, and I remember watching the baby's toilet.

Before the birth of my brother Howard, we removed into town to a house in Lionel Street, a dingy dreary street even then, the foot paths paved with cobble stones. It was a good house with a small garden at the back containing a large willow tree, which had a history. My grandfather Clark, when he was measuring the garden before he bought the place, made use of a rough walking stick, which he stuck into the ground to measure from and left it there by

mistake. The next time he went to the place he found the stick had budded and it grew into a large tree.

My father was very fond of gardening, he used to grow rhubarb and a few vegetables, and sowed our initials in mustard and cress. We always had plenty of double Daisies London Pride, and Thrift, besides a large

[page 3]

Honeysuckle, but very few other flowers, the roses sometimes had buds, but they never blossomed, the air was too smoky.

There were pleasant walks within a very short distance of our house. One of our favourites was to the Sand Pits, since made into a cemetery. There was a spring of clear water which interested us very much. It used to come bubbling up from under an iron cover in the shape of half a garden roller, placed there I suppose to prevent the spring being choked with rubbish from the road.

I think our greatest pleasure was to go to Weaver's Museum. Weaver was an old man very fond of Natural History, he could stuff birds and mount insects, and having made rather a large collection, he took a room, and charged sixpence and a shilling to those who went to see his treasures. My father paid an annual subscription, and it was a great delight to go to the quiet room with our nursemaid, and walk about at our leisure examining the curiosities. We were always welcomed by the old man and his wife, who

[page 4]

generally had something new to show us.

Once it was a living horned owl, which stood winking & blinking on his perch. Another time it was a chameleon. This creature was green to begin with but gradually changed to a dull brown when the old man put it on his coat sleeve, then to a dingy white when placed upon a sheet of paper. The room was lined with cases containing stuffed birds and animals; there was a beautiful skeleton of a boa constrictor, the tattooed head of a New Zealander, which had been lent to the old man, and there were hundreds and hundreds of butterflies and beetles, mostly English. There was a long table down the room on which stood glasses containing different kinds of caterpillars which were kept until they turned into butterflies. The arrangements were very good, a glass of water enclosed by a wooden lid with a few holes in it, through which springs of the plant necessary for the caterpillar appeared all looking fresh. A tall glass covered these so that we could see the creatures feeding.

[page 5]

On one occasion we saw some curious black caterpillars on sprigs of nettle, and were fortunate enough to see a beautiful Peacock butterfly on the day it made its appearance out of the chrysalis.

Another time there was a Deaths head moth with its wonderfully handsome markings.

Then there were flying squirrels, though we were rather disappointed to find they had not real wings.

Perhaps the most exciting visit we ever paid to the Museum was when we discovered our own pet owl among the stuffed birds, it was one we had had a long time and it was quite tame. We had all gone to Hazelwood to stay for a week or two and had taken the owl with us, unfortunately it escaped from its cage and we never saw it alive again. It was presented to the Museum by my grandfather's next door neighbour who had shot it in his garden. We grieved over the loss very much but we were glad to see it again stuffed as it was. Some time afterwards

[page 6]

Weavers Museum was sold and became the nucleus of the large Queen's College Museum but it was never so interesting to us as the old place.

My memory goes back a long way, for I recollect the Proclamation of William IV in 1830. It took place in what was called the Bullring, the market-place of Birmingham. I remember the Heralds in their red coats blowing their trumpets before they proclaimed the new king. The event was perhaps fixed in my memory by a little accident which might have been serious.

Many people were collected in the house of M^r James Belcher, my father's cousin, which overlooked the scene. My cousin Emma Clark and I were in a room at the top of the house looking through a small open window, when M^r Belcher's assistant, thinking to make it more pleasant, tried to open the window a little wider. It stuck fast, and then came down with a run upon our necks causing us a terrible fright. Our shrieks brought everybody up into the room but we were unhurt

[page 7]

so that they only laughed and the window was carefully fixed before we ventured to put our heads out again.

We must have lived in Lionel S^t for four years, there my brother Howard was born and another boy named Russell who died while still an infant.

I was a very delicate child and spent much of my time at the houses of my two grandfathers. On one occasion I got a terrible fright which I never forgot and I think it seriously injured my nerves. I slept in my Mother's room and on awakening in the middle of the night and calling to her I was answered by the voice of a servant who was sleeping in my Mother's bed, "where is Mama" I exclaimed in a fright, "oh y'er Ma's at Ladywood" the servant replied, y'er Pa's been knocked down by robbers and almost killed so they couldn't come home but it'll be all right in the morning." I turned sick with horror and it seems to me I lay awake for hours crying quietly. The next day we heard what had really happened, My mother had been spending

[page 8]

the afternoon at Ladywood, the house of my Grandfather Clark and my father was to join her in the evening. He was detained in town rather late and was just approaching my grandfather's gate when three men jumped from behind a hedge and attacked him with sticks, leaving him on the ground, stunned. As soon as he came to himself my father managed ~~to~~ with some difficulty to crawl to his father's house, and unwilling to alarm my mother, he went in the back way. Meanwhile the family were sitting at supper wondering why

he did not come when a servant came in and whispered to one of my aunts who immediately went out of the room. The servant returned and whispered to my grandfather who also went out, then my mother, feeling sure that something was the matter, followed him into the kitchen, there she found my father ghastly pale, the blood flowing from his head. It was a long time before he recovered and although the matter was fully inquired into the perpetrators of

[page 9]

the deed were never discovered. My father had not been robbed so there seemed no motive for the attack. He himself always imagined that he had been mistaken for a gentleman who lived a little higher up the lane and who had quarrelled with some of his workmen, it was a dark night and the two gentlemen were about the same height. From that time I never was comfortable when my father was out at night, I used to lie awake and listen for his latch-key or his voice and for years afterwards if I did not hear him come in I used to creep to the door of his bedroom and listen for his breathing.

There were no policemen in those days, the town was supposed to be guarded by watchmen at night, but these were generally old men, each carrying a large lanthorn as if to warn the thieves that they were coming. Each man also carried what was called a watchman's rattle, this was somewhat the shape of a violin, but a good deal smaller and

[page 10]

instead of strings there were strips of wood lying side by side. At one end there was a handle with a toothed wheel attached, which when the rattle was swung smartly round moved the strips of wood in succession and made a great noise. This rattle was intended as a call for assistance.

It was the custom of the watchmen to call out the hours of the night, accompanied by a brief description of the weather. "Past twelve o'clock and a fine starlight night" or "past four o'clock and a cloudy morning". Each watchman was provided with what was called a watch-box a very small wooden room with a seat in it, where he could sit and rest and sometimes sleep. When we were returning home after an evening's amusement and saw the light shining from the watchman's box my father would sometimes peep in to see if he was awake and wish him goodnight, or make some little noise to arouse him if he were asleep. I think it was in 1834 that Sir Robert

[page 11]

Peel established the police force and people took to calling them Bobbies or Peelers.

I think I must have been old for my age for I am told that when little more than five years old I was often allowed to take my two little brothers to Hazelwood a walk of about two miles. It was a pleasant walk in those days, we went the back way, that was through the Crescent and down a few steps onto a road which led us to what was called the Black Lane. This was a passage between gardens, with high hedges on either side and a pathway made chiefly of coal dust which perhaps gave it its name. When we reached the other end we could see the bridge over the canal, which we had to cross, and it was difficult to get my little brothers away

for they would stand watching the boats. Next we came to Ladywood House, where M^r Blyth lived at one time, then through a short but beautiful avenue of trees and into Ladywood Lane, nearly opposite my grandfather Clark's house. Then on into Monument Lane, which at that time had

[page 12]

high banks on the Western side where we used to gather dog-roses and honeysuckles and sometimes even blackberries; then through the turnpike gate into the Hagley Road and on to Hazelwood, which was opposite the last lamp post.

There we had our cousin Julian Hill for a play fellow. He was a delicate child and the air of Tottenham did not suit him. So when he was four years old he was taken to his Grandmother at Hazelwood and there he lived till he was seven.

I remember first seeing him very well, we had gone to spend Sunday at Hazelwood, as we did very often, and Cousin Emma Lea, who was a sort of housekeeper at there, took us to see our new cousin. He was a beautiful boy with large blue eyes and long fair curls, we were taken into the refectory where the tables were being laid for about 100 boys and he was walking up and down with his hands behind him singing to himself. As we had none of us any taste for music this seemed rather alarming and we were

[page 13]

all somewhat shy; but he was quite at his ease and made friends with us directly a friendship which has lasted all our lives.

Hazelwood had many attractions and Julian was not the least. He had a little garden with a seat in it and there we used to sit and talk or make feasts with any cake or scraps that might be given to us. We had found an old lanthorn and this we used to fill with yellow broom flowers and pretend it was a fire which served for our imaginary cookings. The broom Julian grew in a hedge on the other side of a ditch, which skirted the drying ground near the little garden, and well do I remember one woeful day when trying to gather some flowers, which were almost out of my reach, I slipped into the ditch and came out in a dreadful state and had to go to the house to be renovated very much ashamed of myself.

One summer morning \when/ Sidney Owen and I had walked over to Hazelwood Grand-mama brought in a beautiful cabbage

[page 14]

and asked if we could manage to carry it home. It was put into a basket and Sidney and I were to carry it between us. Just as we were starting Uncle Frederic asked me if I could carry a letter to M^r Burt's, which was near the Plough and Harrow, so we went by the Five Ways and took the letter to its destination; the lady of the house, who opened the door, told us it was just going to rain heavily and we had better stay there till the shower was over. She was very kind and gave us some cake but the rain did not come. After a time the servant came in to lay the cloth for dinner and I begged to be allowed to go saying that my Mother would be anxious, so we started off and just before we reached the Five Ways turnpike gate a loud clap pf thunder terrified us and Owen began to roar.

He would not be satisfied without both his hands being held so Sidney and I placed him between us and we had to carry the basket by turns. Oh how heavy it was! but we hurried on. Clap after clap of thunder followed, at last the rain came down in

[page 15]

heavy drops, we took shelter for a few minutes in an entry but so many people did the same that I got frightened and we started off again. We had just reached the piece of land on which Messrs F.& C Osler's factory was afterwards built, and the rain was coming down in sheets, when a kind woman, who kept a small vegetable shop, asked us in, and we gladly took refuge with her. Less than five minutes after while watching the rain, I saw a car drive up and my Mother was in it, I rushed out fearing she might not see us, but the car stopped and how pleased we were to get into it, the kindly woman watching us drive off, almost as pleased as we were. How delightful it was sitting there telling our adventures and then going home to dry clothes and a comfortable dinner.

The cars of Birmingham were quite an institution in my early days. They were very much like shabby close carriages, and it must have been nearly twenty years before they were superseded by cabs, although these must have been in use in London at that

[page 16]

very time, or soon after, since they are spoken of in *Pickwick*¹, which came out in 1837.

In 1832 the agitation about the Reform Bill was going on, and we children talked about it like grown up people. It is told of me that one day when Julian asked me what was Reform, I replied, "Oh Uncle says form to his class when they are going to march" and we were both perfectly satisfied with that explanation.

Note There was a song in vogue about that time supposed to show the sentiments of the Conservative leaders towards those of the Whigs and sung to the tune of "Begone dull Care".

Begone Harry Brougham
For ever begone from me
Begone Joseph Hume
You and I shall never agree
The Tories will dance
And the ministers sing
And so merrily pass the day
The bishops will dance a quadrille with the King
When Harry Brougham's driven away.

[page 17]

I well remember being taken to see the gathering of the Unions in May 1832.

¹ Charles John Huffam Dickens (1812-1870) was an English writer and social critic. His literary success began with 1836 serial publication of *The Pickwick Papers*.

They met on New Hall Hill which was a natural amphitheatre well suited for such a display. Political Unions had been formed all over the country to assist in the agitation, and on this occasion the men marched in thousands from Nottingham, Derby, and many other places, each Union with its separate banner and band of music. It was a magnificent sight to see there 100,000 people as they filed down in perfect order, taking their places tier above tier in the arena, and very impressive when the proceedings began by Mr Hutton the Unitarian minister offering up a prayer. I remember seeing them standing with their bent heads, and afterwards hearing the cheers which greeted the different speakers. Had the Reform bill not been passed soon afterwards, all these Unions would have marched up to London to claim their rights. The excitement in Birmingham was intense. At Coventry ribbons had been woven with the pattern of the Union Jack. These were worn by all who could afford them, and

[page 18]

my father's sisters made some in beads and presented them to their friends.

The Reform Bill was passed on June 4th, in Birmingham the people were wild with Joy, and the whole town was illuminated: I remember my father putting up a transparency in the drawing room window, bearing the word Reform in coloured letters.

Before the passing of the Reform Bill, Birmingham had had no representation in Parliament, therefore the first election caused immense excitement. I believe my two grandfathers either proposed or seconded the names of the two Liberal candidates, Attwood and Scholefield, who were both elected without opposition.

My father and mother took me to see the chairing of the Members. We sat in a first-floor room in High Street, but I cannot remember exactly where. I had no idea what "chairing" meant, I quite expected to see them lifted up on chairs, it was a surprise therefore when they drove by in a beautiful carriage, bowing right and left while the people cheered the crowd was so dense

[page 19]

that it seemed wonderful how they could get through. There was a sort of procession, according to my recollection, with hammers and emblems of different trades, and someone carried, at the top of a long pole an enormous 4^{lb} loaf, with sixpence, the ordinary price of bread, marked upon it. This showed how much the people hoped from the Reform Bill. It is sad to think how long it was before such hopes were realized, and then only in part by the abolition of the Corn Laws ten years later.

I suppose it was on the day of the election, that a little incident occurred which showed the excited state of the populace. Our old washerwoman, when she came for the clothes in her little covered cart, said she had been pelted through the streets because there was no blue on her horse's head, blue being the Liberal colour, and begged the servant to find her a bit of ribbon. This she could not do and my mother was not at home. Suddenly I remembered my doll's sash, I ran up to the nursery to fetch it and soon it was twisted into the harness, I watched the poor

[page 20]

woman drive off and had the pleasure of thinking that she was safe from her assailants.

I often paid long visits to Hazelwood, where Julian and I were constant companions, and many of my pleasantest recollections are connected with the old house.

After being cooped up in town, the freedom of the country was delightful, and we used to ramble about together in the garden and fields. There was an old Summerhouse, covered with clematis and jessamine, and sometimes we sat there, helping Grandmama to shell peas. The garden was large and mostly planted with vegetables, but there was a pretty old grass-plot and a long straight-path, with roses and lilies and all sorts of flowers, on either side.

At the end of the path was a little gate which led into the play-ground and was kept locked. On the other side of it grew the most beautiful dog-roses I ever saw, one was a dark damask, another was pure white. It was our great delight to get Cousin Emma to open the gate for us, so that we might gather some of the beautiful

[page 21]

little buds. Cousins Emma and Mary Lee were two nieces of my Grandmother, and lived with her. Cousin Mary took charge of the nursery and had the care of the sick boys while Cousin Emma was the house keeper, as I mentioned before, and our great favourite. Sometimes she would take us into the play-ground and we climbed up the steps which led to a little shop over the stable, where Mrs Heath came on certain days to sell sweets to the boys, and had always a kind word for us whether we had any half-pence or not. Sometimes we stayed a little too long, the great bell began to ring, and before we could get down the steps, the boys came rushing along, I was always a little frightened when this occurred, for one would seize upon me, another upon Julian and try to carry us which, though kindly intended, gave me more alarm than pleasure. I was very glad to get back safely into the garden.

Life at Hazelwood was always rather exciting, the great-bell was rung for the changes of classes, then there was a band of several instruments played by the boys,

[page 22]

and this was heard several times in the day. The boys were called together in the schoolroom at certain hours, to what was called a muster, and sometimes Uncle Arthur would take us in with him to see and hear what was going on. We stood between my two uncles, Arthur and Frederick and a few other privileged persons, on a stage raised at one end of the room. The great bell was rung and in came the boys. If I recollect right, they were allowed two minutes and a half, after the bell had stopped for assembling, while what was called the rally was beaten on a large drum. Then the door was locked, and the names called out, and all who were not there were marked as absentees.

One or other of my uncles often addressed the boys, then the band began to play and the classes marched off in perfect order to the different rooms. Everything at Hazelwood School was done with absolute punctuality and precision. Woe betide the servants if dinner was late, the bell rang to the minute, and the boys marched in and took their places, whether it was ready or not.

[page 23]

As we grew older, Julian and I attended some of the classes, a reading class, a writing class, a French class, and one for mental arithmetic. Reading aloud was taught remarkably well at Hazelwood. I cannot remember when I could not read, so I do not know how they got through the preliminaries but in the class I attended, all the pupils had books alike, and the teacher also. The plan was for the teacher to read a sentence with good, perhaps a little exaggerated, emphasis, and then the whole class together read the same sentence aloud, imitating his voice and manner as much as possible, and the pupils were kept to the same pages until they almost knew them by heart. French reading was taught in the same way, we used to read a French translation of Miss Edgeworth's² "Frank" and I could repeat some of the sentences now. In this way phrases and pronunciation were fixed in the memory, so that, in after years, I was able to refer to what I learned then for the form of the verb and the genders of nouns. Mental arithmetic was also very well taught, and the plan of

[page 24]

using sticks was in use then. The first who answered a question correctly, received a stick, and as soon as any boy had a certain number he was allowed to leave the room and go to the play-ground, thus no time was wasted, and the teacher was able to give equal attention to all. Geography was taught to beginners by means of maps of the place and the neighbourhood. My grandfather's idea was in all things to begin with the concrete, and gradually reach to the abstract. He was a very clever man, and very kind-hearted but he had scarcely patience enough for a school-master, and it was a great joy to my grandmother when flogging was abolished. It was the first school in England to do this.

There were many plans in use in the school that were both singular and original. Voluntary work was much encouraged, and paid for in marks, which were small brass coins, and used for paying fines. The boys bought things from one another with them so that they were really like current coin in the school. There were various kinds of voluntary work provided, sometimes the

[page 25]

boys followed a prescribed course of reading, and if they chose to be examined upon it they received marks in payment. Writing, drawing, carpentering, and music were all available for this purpose. There was a printing press, by which the "Hazelwood Magazine" was printed and the printers were paid in marks.

The making of models was encouraged, sometimes in cardboard, sometimes in cork and sometimes in wood. Our uncle, Follett Osler³, when quite a boy, made a beautiful model of a steam-engine in brass, and I remember a model of the old house in cardboard that was very pretty. Some were occupied in map making and surveying, drawing plans etc.

² Maria Edgeworth (1768-1849) was prolific Anglo-Irish writer of novels, stories and essays for adults and children. She held advanced views on politics, education and estate management.

³ Abraham Follett Osler (1808-1903) was a pioneer in the measurement of meteorological and chronological data in Birmingham, England. He had attended Hazelwood School.

This opportunity of choosing their own occupation had the effect of drawing out the boys' faculties in a singular way. Uncle Follett afterwards made many inventions, among other the anemometer at present used in most observatories. This ingenious instrument not only registers the direction of the wind, but also its strength and the rate at which it travels. Thomas Creswick⁴, another Hazelwood pupil, was considered hopelessly dull until he learned to draw. He afterwards became the first
[page 26]

English landscape painter of the day.

The marks were in fives, tens, hundreds, and thousands and could only be earned by voluntary work, the boys bought them from one another sometimes with money, and they were often exchanged for marble, tops, and other schoolboy treasures. They were used as fines for small misdemeanours, a boy might have to pay five marks for talking in class, ten or twenty for impertinence, while fifty was considered a heavy fine. I believe the monitors were paid in marks.

Self government among the boys was practised, a court of petty sessions was established and all its officers elected from among the schoolboys, occasionally if the charge was a serious one, one of my uncles was asked to be present at the trial but more often a judicial inquiry was made and sentence passed by the boys alone. Records of the proceeding were carefully kept, due formality observed, and the scheme did much towards a wise education in real life. A benefit society was formed, to which all the boys were encouraged to contribute, with secretary and treasurer; and minutes were kept of each meeting.

[page 27]

The Hagley Road, on which Hazelwood School was situated, was the way to market, and on Thursday, which was market day, Julian and I often stationed ourselves at the upper windows to watch the droves of horses, cattle and sheep, carts, waggons and people go past. Sometimes crowds of ill dressed people came from the opposite direction and this was generally the sign there was going to be a fight. At some distance beyond Hazelwood there was a place where four counties joined, and this was a favourite place for disgraceful combats, which were only too common in those days. These being illegal the place possessed great advantages, if the constables from one county tried to interfere, the men had only to step into another to be safe from interference. I well remember how the news spread through the house when a fight was impending, the servants rushed to the windows to see the crowds pass by and Uncle Arthur and Uncle Frederick always started off at full speed to try to get the magistrates to put a stop to it.

[page 28]

Sometimes they succeeded but not always, they would come back tired and angry and utterly disgusted.

At that time Hazelwood was the last house on the southern side of Hagley Road, there were fields on both side of the way nearly up to the turnpike-gate and pretty lanes in all

⁴ Thomas Creswick (1811-1869) became a well-known English landscape painter and illustrator.

directions where we used to gather violets in the Spring, also harebells, ragged robin, stitchwort, dog roses, honeysuckles and foxgloves later in the season. Our favourite walk was to Watery Lane on the way to Harbourne, a little brook as clear as crystal ran down the middle of the lane with a wooden bridge across it, there we used to fish for tad-poles or gather blue for-get-me-nots. Another favourite walk was to a large swimming bath that was made for the boys at some distance from the house and the path lay through the play-ground and pleasant fields in which grew quantities of blue bells. On one occasion when Uncle Arthur was taking the boys to bathe he offered to take us with him into the blue-bell field, we were to stay there \gathering flowers/ till he came back. We were delighted to go and had gathered two great

[page 29]

bundles of blue-bells and had just discovered a beautiful white one, which was very rare, when there came a great clap of thunder; we were much terrified and started off instantly to run home, soon the blue-bells seemed too heavy and we reluctantly left them on the ground. Great drops began to fall and we ran on as fast as we could when suddenly we heard foot-steps behind us and turning round we saw our kind uncle Arthur coming at full speed to take care of us, and oh! delightful sight, he carried our precious blue-bells in his hand. We took shelter in a shed in the play-ground till the worst of the storm was over and were soon safe at home.

Uncle Arthur was always very good to us, when the boys were getting up some plays he often took us to the rehearsals, so often indeed that we knew some of the scenes by heart and used to rehearse them for our own amusement.

In the house we were mostly in the care of Aunt Sarah who was very kind to us, the white blue-bell was for her. She was very beautiful or

[page 30]

at least she seemed so to us, very fair with lovely hair of a red gold colour which she wore in ringlets on each side of her face, as was the fashion in those days, with a large plait on the top of her head. She was very fond of poetry and taught us to like it too and she wrote songs for us to sing, there was Julian's song and my song, Bertha's Florry's and Louisa's I believe all are to be found in a manuscript book of my Mother's.

I don't know how it was but I was always a little afraid of Grandmama and yet she was very kind, some of the schoolboys were passionately attached to her; she had been a very handsome woman and was an attractive old lady. She wore a low dress one side of which folded over the other, above it a spotless white muslin handkerchief crossed over her breast. Her head was covered with a large cap tied under her chin with a wreath of ribbon bows around it and little curls of auburn hair lying on her forehead, for noone wore grey hair in

[page 31]

those days. She had tortoiseshell spectacles and always sat with one or both feet on a crimson leg-rest, with a little round table beside her on which she laid her knitting or her work, there she had her tea, but she was an active woman and always carved at dinner. Her husband and children were devoted to her. She was thoroughly practical and planned everything for the household. It was she who persuaded my grandfather to become a schoolmaster and, and strange to say, he bought his school from my other grandfather, Mr Thomas Clark. It was originally at a place called Hill-top near Birmingham, we have a book called Hill-top Exercises in which the names of my father uncles and many of my relations appear.

My Grandfather was a scholar and had a very original mind, he invented a short-hand, of which he made great use, and taught it to some of his pupils, which was so much like that invented by Sir Isaac Pitman⁵ that he was afterwards

[page 31]

accused of having stolen the idea, but was able to show that had used it for many years previous to Sir Isaac's invention. He always wrote it phonetically and was in favour of the introduction of phonetic spelling into ordinary books.

Many years afterwards he invented a nomenclature for the stars which attracted much attention at one of the meetings of the British Association, which was so contrived that the name showed the magnitude of each star.

He also invented a system of voting very similar to Hare's⁶. It was introduced into South Australia by Sir Rowland Hill⁷ for municipal elections, but not being appreciated soon dropped out of use.

My grandfather was very fond of poetry, had good taste in literature and immense enjoyment of wit and humour. His laugh was delightful and most infectious, indeed when attending one of the old Charles Matthews⁸ entertainments the lecturer was so charmed with

[page 32]

his laugh that he said he would gladly pay £5 a night to have that old gentleman always among his audience.

When I was about 17 I well remember his delight in listening to Leigh Hunt's⁹ book on wit and humour. He was staying with us and brought his book and his reader, for at that time he was unable to read to himself, into the dining room that my Mother and I might share his enjoyment. Some quotations from Chaucer¹⁰ particularly pleased him, especially the description of the cook who quoted Cato and who roamed up and down upon his toes and

⁵ Sir Isaac Pitman (1813-1897) was an English teacher who developed the most widely used system of shorthand, first proposed in 1837.

⁶ Sir Thomas Hare (1806-1891) was a British proponent of Electoral reform.

⁷ Sir Rowland Hill (1795-1879) was an English teacher, inventor and social reformer. He established the Hazelwood School. He campaigned for postal reform and introduced the Penny Post.

⁸ Charles Mathews (1776-1835) was an English theatre manager and comic actor.

⁹ James Henry Leigh Hunt (1784-1859) was an English critic, essayist, poet and writer.

¹⁰ Geoffrey Chaucer (1340-1400), is known as 'The Father of English Literature. The references are to *The Canterbury Tales*

admired his wife Dame Partlett because she was so scarlet red about the eyes. Then there was the nun

“Who spoke the French of Stratford-at-le-Bow,
For French of Paris was to her unknowe.”

My Grandfather had this read to him over and over again and quoted from it for some days. I remember some other specimens of wit that charmed him, one from Dryden¹¹

[page 33]

“And his gold snuff-box
Tho’ concealed it lies,
Like a good conscience
Solid joy supplies.”

Another from Pope¹².

“Sir Plume of Amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane.”
What a world of wit there is in that “justly” he said.

My Grandfather had a very sensitive ear and had a great dislike to the same sounds following one another, one of the boys named Horace Smith he called Horatio Smith to avoid the repetition of the double sound of s. His naughty grandsons took pains to collect specimens of this defect, one sent him a card

Mark Cook
Cork Cutter

to his infinite disgust. Another name he groaned over was Pennsylvania Avenue. So much did he dislike this fault that he could not bear poetry in which it occurred, he would have liked to have altered Addison’s¹³ line “His Presence shall my wants supply”

[page 34]

he would sound the s at the end of wants ever so long and then carry it on with a groan. He was very particular about pronunciation and used to accuse us of clipping our words like a Cockney.

It was a sad thing for us when my grandfather and his family decided to move to Tottenham. There were several reasons for this, my uncles Edwin Rowland and Howard were already established at Bruce Castle and Uncle Howard’s death in 1830 was a terrible loss. Uncle Edwin suffered from severe headaches and found that school life did not agree with him. Uncle Rowland’s health failed, he was ordered to give up work and travel. It was

¹¹ John Dryden (1661-1700), English poet, literary critic, translator and playwright, was made England’s first Poet Laureate in 1668.

¹² Alexander Pope (1688-1744), English poet known for his satirical verse.

¹³ Joseph Addison (1672-1719) was an English essayist, poet, playwright and politician.

therefore found utterly impossible to keep up two schools and it was decided that the one at Hazelwood should be given up, so in 1833 the whole family removed to Tottenham, Uncle Arthur taking the management of the school at Bruce Castle, Uncle Edwin lived there also but gave up teaching, and Uncle Rowland decided

[page 35]

not to return to the work.

My Grandfather and Grandmother and Uncle Frederic lived in a house in Whitehart Lane not far off. Uncle Frederic afterwards received the appointment of Inspector of Prisons for Scotland and Uncle Rowland became secretary to the South Australian Commissioners. (It is to his wise foresight Adelaide owes her parklands. [*added along left hand margin and again at the bottom of the page*]) For a time he and my aunt lived with my Grandparents but afterwards they took a house in London.

It must have been in 1832 that I saw the sea for the first time. My Mother's sister aunt Sarah was very delicate and was advised to go to Hastings. Aunt Mary, my father's second sister also needed change of air so my mother took charge of both and with myself and my brother Sidney we started by coach about seven in the morning. It was my first experience in travelling and most delightful it appeared.

We started from the Swan Inn and with four horses soon rattled through the town. At Coventry we were met by my father's cousin William Clark who brought us a present of fruit to eat on the journey. There I saw

[page 36]

Peeping Tom, the figure of an ugly little man looking out from the corner of the street. It could hardly be called a relic of the days of Lady Godiva as he was in comparatively modern dress but I suppose the original had been replaced.

Coach travelling was very exhilarating in those days, the horses were changed every ten miles and as we drove into the town or village where this was to be done the guard blew his horn, people rushed out of their houses to see the coach pass by, and fresh horses stood waiting with their harness on. The exchange was made in two minutes and a half and then we were off again. I suppose I must have slept during the latter part of the journey as I remember little except our arrival at Bruce Castle where we spent a few days before going on to Hastings. On one of these days we drove to the Vale of Health Hampstead, where my uncle Matthew and his family then lived. It was a lovely summer afternoon and I remember we had tea in the garden with strawberries and

[page 37]

cream. There I made my first acquaintance with Cousin Florence, her brothers and sister Rose I had seen before. Florry, as she was always called, was then a bright eyed rosy little

creature of three years old, all curls and smiles, with a ringing laugh and a merry face. Her brother Alfred was rolling her on the grass much to her delight.

It was a drive of nine miles from Bruce Castle through pleasant lanes and over Hampstead Heath, which was larger before the residents took to enlarging their properties by enclosing portions of it, a disgraceful robbery of the public which never should have been allowed. It was a delightful place in my childhood, when staying at my uncles we used to wander over the Heath gathering heather, harebells and other delicate flowers, now it is under the care of wardens and no one is allowed to pick a few grasses, much less flowers.

Leaving Sidney at Bruce Castle our little party went on to Hastings accompanied by my uncle Edwin, my mother and I rode on

[page 38]

top of the coach with him and enjoyed the journey extremely through the lovely scenery of Kent and Sussex. My uncle lifted me up to see the sea as soon as it became visible as a faint blue line on the horizon, I was horribly disappointed and not much less so when after tea at the inn my aunt Mary took me down to the sea shore while my mother and uncle were hunting for lodgings. I expected to see waves running mountains high and on the calm summers evening the water was almost as still as a mill-pond. The fishing boats were all black and there was a horrible smell of fish and tar on that part of the beach which induced my mother to get as far away from it as possible. She and my uncle therefore were delighted to hear of S^t Leonards, then quite a new place about two miles from Hastings. There they found lodgings in a pretty house, kept by a kind old lady with a fine view of the sea and I was soon allowed to run down to the beach by myself as I could be seen from the drawing-room window.

The neighbourhood of Hastings was a great

[page 39]

place for smugglers in those days and there was great indignation among the fishermen when, soon after our arrival, they were all ordered to paint their boats white so that they could be seen on a dark night. Many of the men had been accustomed to make money by assisting the smugglers to land their goods secretly. Sometimes we saw the Revenue cutter giving chase to the smugglers and it must be owned that my sympathies went with the poor men instead of with the Government. My father and uncles were staunch free traders but the mistress of the house must have connived at smuggling for I remember her bringing for exhibition some beautiful silk dresses at such singularly small prices that my mother said they must be smuggled goods. Another day a Gypsy woman professing to sell baskets said in a mysterious whisper that she had a lot of things in the cart if the ladies wished to look at them.

There was a Gypsy encampment on the cliffs between S^t Leonards and Hastings and one evening when my mother was on her way home

[page 40]

after posting a letter two men followed her begging for money, in hurrying on to get away from them she twisted her ankle in getting over a fence and might have fallen into their power had not a gentleman come up and scared them, very kindly assisting her home afterwards.

One of the remarkable features of that part of the coast was the line of Martello towers erected for the purposes of defence from French invasion. This was a series of small fortresses about a mile apart from which guns could be fired at any boats trying to land troops. These towers were round, very strongly built of stone and at that time inhabited by the Revenue officers. To my eyes they appeared so romantic that I envied the people living in them until one day my mother took me to one of them to ask for a glass of water when the sight of the back premises and the clothes hanging out to dry dispelled all my romance.

We spent eight delightful weeks at S^t Leonards and the last was the most delightful of all for my father was with us and we went

[page 41]

all sorts of expeditions with him that we had not attempted before. He took us to Battle Abbey built to commemorate the battle of Hastings, and the spot where Harold fell was pointed out to us in what appeared to be a ruined little chapel overgrown with grass and flowers. I had never before seen near S^t Leonards a rocky boulder on which William the Conqueror had stood when reviewing his men the night before the battle. In the great hall of the abbey, which is now used as a private house, there is a magnificent picture of the death of Harold, not very exact as to truth for William is represented as looking on mounted on a fine white horse while Harold, shot in the eye by an arrow is supported in the arms of his foster brother. My mother had read to me beforehand a description of the battle from M^{rs} Hack's English Stories so that my imagination was very much excited.

We had been previously to see Hastings Castle, built by William the Conqueror. It is a fine old ruin over-looking the town and standing on the top of a high cliff.

[page 42]

At the edge of the cliff there was a light hedge made of tamarisk the first tamarisk I had ever seen. Uncle Edwin pointed out the extreme thickness of the walls and their great strength.

My father was a delightful companion, nothing escaped his observation. He knew the note of every bird and the haunts of the wildflowers and where to look for wild strawberries, blackberries or bilberries.

It was near Hastings that I saw a snake for the first time, it was lying in the sun curled up like fossil and did not stir when we passed. My father soon discovered nuts in the hedges and on my birthday we had a nutting expedition, armed with hooked sticks to pull down the branches and a large bag, which however we did not fill.

At the end of that delightful week we left S^t Leonards but not before, under my father's guidance, I had collected a fine lot of shells. Then there was another exciting journey on the top of the coach and another visit to Bruce Castle where we picked up Sidney, then a little

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[page 43]

boy of five and three quarters, in the comical dress of those days, jacket waistcoat & long trowsers. Little girls appeared to wear trowsers also for short leggings were tacked on to their calico drawers which matched their frocks. Out of doors I wore a pelisse, the skirt of which opened in front, or on warm days a small cape called a tippet or sometimes a spencer, a silk blouse. Men used to wear spencers, I remember M^r Belcher coming to Ladywood in one, I rushed off to tell my mother that he had a jacket on, she laughed. It had once been very fashionable and M^r Belcher always dressed in the old fashion though in very handsome materials. His shirts had broad starched cambric frills and he wore a soft white neck-tie folded many times round his neck when other gentlemen were wearing stiff stocks. The spencer took its name from a certain Lord Spencer, a leader of fashion, who mad a bet that if he went to the opera with his coat tails cut off it would set the fashion and so it did.

[page 44]

Our family removed to a house in Calthorpe S^t now called Calthorpe Road, Hazelwood School was kept up for some time by D^r Hopkins who had been brought up there, but the number of pupils fell off and he soon had to leave it.

For some time the house stood empty, then probably to keep it from going to ruin, my father and mother removed into it. To us it then seemed a very dreary house, the school part of it was shut up and the door-ways into the upper rooms were built up to make it a little smaller, still it was a gloomy place to live in, we used to hear strange noises in the empty dormitories and the servants thought it was rather ghostly.

There was a door from the old schoolroom into the garden, this was generally kept locked but in wet weather we were allowed to play there and we rolled our little carriage up and down the boarded floor till we were quite frightened at the noise it made.

One evening we were very much startled, we had just finished tea when my mother went into the hall and called out to us. "Who

[page 45]

has left the back hall door open"? We none of us had done so. She called to the servants, for it was dark and cold. They were quite sure that it was shut when we went to tea. Then some one noticed that the front hall door was open also, and this could only have been opened from the inside, it seemed quite inexplicable. The next day we heard that a house had been robbed at Harbourne, and the men appeared to have escaped across the field at the back of Hazelwood. Then they were lost sight of and my mother always believed that they had gone through the garden and the house. Robberies were not infrequent at that time and the fear of thieves was one of the miseries of my childhood.

One of the servants had told me a story of a man being found under a bed in some house, and many people made a point of always looking under the beds before retiring to rest. I had never the courage to do that, so I always took a flying leap for fear anybody should catch me by the leg.

[page 46]

On one occasion my grandfather Clark's house was broken into, my grandfather was awakened about 3 o'clock one summer morning by hearing footsteps outside his door. Thinking it was the servants he rang his bell to see what was the matter and then he heard someone run rapidly down the stairs, he followed but saw no one. In the morning a pair of man's shoes was found at the bottom of the stairs and a basket of carpenter's tools, which had been stolen from a boat builder living not far off.

There were always some stories of the kind about and going to bed in upstairs rooms was very trying to timid children. I don't know which I was most afraid of at this time, robbers or dreams. I used to have such horrible dreams that the days were often spoiled by dread of the nights. Two I especially remember \that/ I always feared I might have again. One was that as I was lying in bed at Ladywood, a long procession of people came into the room, this was bad enough but what

[page 47]

followed seem infinitely worse, although utterly absurd. I thought after the people all the sticks and umbrellas in the house came hopping past me. My grandfather had a green umbrella, with a handle like the head of a bird, and I thought this head turned toward me with wicked looking eyes, and I never could bear to see it afterwards.

There was a picture in Sir Walter Scott's "Demonology and Witchcraft"¹⁴ of a sick man in bed who always fancied he saw a skeleton looking at him. One day the doctor drew together all the curtains of the bed and placed himself at one end, "now" said he "can you see the skeleton": "Yes doctor" he said "I can see it just looking over your shoulder." The doctor is represented as looking round in a fright with his hair all standing on end. It is really a comical picture but it was horrible to me and one night I dreamed that the skeleton stood by my bed and took hold of my arm, I awoke in terror, the room was dark and could see nothing but I seemed to feel the bony fingers on my arm, the moment I stirred I found it was my own hand clasping

[page 48]

my wrist.

I was a very little girl when Hood's "Dream of Eugene Aram"¹⁵ came out. It was in a pamphlet form and my father's sisters had borrowed it and began to read it aloud, I was captivated by the lines

"When four and twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school."

and \was/ listening intently, when I was sent out of the room; I suppose they thought it was not good for me. Unfortunately they left the book about, forgetting perhaps that I could read. I seized upon it and devoured it eagerly and repented for years afterwards. Often when I went to bed the lines came back to me

"One horrid blow with a jagged stick

¹⁴ Sir Walter Scott, 1st Baronet (1771-1832) was a Scottish historical novelist, playwright and poet, very famous in his day. 'Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft' was a series of essays on the subject of the witch-craze.

¹⁵ Thomas Hood (1799-1845) English poet, author and humourist. His poem 'The Dream of Eugene Aram' about an English philologist who committed a murder was first published in 1829, and frequently thereafter.

And one with a heavy stone.”

I seemed to see the murder till I was ready to freeze with horror. I think people cannot take too much care what their children are allowed to read.

Some of Sir Walter Scott’s stories haunted me in later years, “The Tapestried Chamber”¹⁶ and “The Betrothed”, also the picture in Dickens¹⁷ “Oliver Twist” of the Jew in the condemned cell, and another of the two men looking through the

[page 49]

window at Oliver asleep. I was allowed to browse at will among the books and had read all Miss Edgeworth’s novels¹⁸ before I was ten years old as well as “The Arabian Nights”¹⁹ and “Don Quixote”²⁰.

My grandfather Clark had the old red edition of “The Waverley Novels” and those I enjoyed extremely. We used to spend every fourth Sunday at Ladywood and when Howard was about 12 or 13 he generally managed to get through one of those volumes in the day.

The house at Ladywood was as different as possible from Hazelwood, it had a very pretty garden, a large lawn sloped away from the house sheltered by ornamental trees, and beautiful trees they were. A spreading beech with a seat under it, and a magnificent weeping ash with long branches falling to the ground like a curtain. It was delightful to stand under this and see the sun shining through the bright green leaves. Then there was a copper beech and a larch with its beautiful tassels.

My aunts used to play trap and ball on

[page 50]

Les Graces or bowls on the lawn, if they had lived in these days they would have played Lawn tennis and cricket. Friends used often to drop in on Saturday afternoons to play with them, my aunts were always full of life and spirits. My father’s elder sister M^{rs} Beasley married early but her husband became insane and she returned home to keep house for her father and younger sisters. Aunt Mary was married to M^r Follett Osler when I was seven years old, in 1832, but aunt Caroline and aunt Ellen made the house very lively. Aunt Caroline, afterwards M^{rs} Henry Ryland, was very clever, she wrote poetry, sometimes sentimental but more often amusing. I have two parodies of her writing, one on “The Burial of Sir John Moore”²¹, the other on “We are Seven”.²²

My Grandfather’s house was always lively but especially so when Uncle Edmond was at home. Uncle Edmond was a barrister, afterwards Recorder of Hastings, he lived in London

¹⁶ Scott’s story is ‘The Tapestried Chamber’.

¹⁷ Charles John Huffam Dickens (1812-1870), English writer and social critic. ‘Oliver Twist’ was first published serially in 1837-1839

¹⁸ Maria Edgeworth (1768-1849) was a prolific Anglo-Irish writer of adult and children’s literature.

¹⁹ ‘A Thousand and One Nights’ is a collection of Middle Eastern and South Asian stories and folk tales, originally in Arabic. Usually it is known in English as ‘The Arabian Nights’.

²⁰ A Spanish novel by Miguel de Cervantes (1547-1616).

²¹ A poem by Irish poet Charles Wolfe (1791-1823)

²² A poem by Alan Alexander Milne (1882-1956) English author and playwright, best known for his books on Winnie-the-Pooh.

and his occasional visits to Birmingham were a delight to all his relations. I can remember him sitting by the fire, telling funny stories and

[page 51]

even my grandfather, who generally appeared rather severe, laughing till the tears rolled down his face. He introduced me to the old fairy tales; after he had been telling me the story of Cinderella I was found by my mother in a great state of alarm because I had heard mice behind the wainscot and I said I was afraid they would turn into horses and gallop over my bed.

My uncle was sent to Madeira just after his marriage, as his doctor was afraid of consumption and he came back apparently cured, but suffered frequently from asthma which he inherited from his mother. At times the attacks were very severe, he could not bear people to know how much he suffered, he would make all sorts of curious noises to hide the terrible sound of the difficulty of breathing, I have heard my Mother say he could crow like a cock, or imitate other animals. He was very good to us children and we were very fond of him.

He taught me to say Hood's poem of "Number One" with appropriate action, I must have been very little for I can remember being

[page 52]

stood upon the table to repeat it. This might have made me vain, but I don't think it did, I was never vain of that sort of thing as I disliked display

Uncle Edmond was in Madeira at the time so much fighting was going on the followers of Donna Maria, afterwards Queen of Portugal, and those of her Uncle Don Miguel who laid claim to the throne. There were adherents of both in Madeira, and consequently there was a good deal of quarrelling, fighting and occasional duels. The young Englishmen staying on the island used to practise firing at a mark with pistols and they were always trying to get my uncle to join them. At last they succeeded and one day when he took his turn at firing, his first shot hit the bulls-eye, it was the first time in his life that he had fired a pistol and he never would try again.

In Madeira my uncle and aunt made the acquaintance of M^{rs} Anson, daughter of the British Consul, and they gave Sir Robert Torrens an introduction to her when he was sent there, which resulted in her becoming

[page 53]

Lady Torrens.

My uncle Edmond had married Miss Clara Pearson whose sister was the wife of M^r afterwards Sir Rowland Hill. Her father lived at Wolverhampton and was a staunch Unitarian, indeed I believe it was chiefly at his expense that the Lady Huley²³ case was fought out, which led to the passing of the Dissenter's Chapel's Bill, when Macaulay²⁴ and Shiel made very fine speeches. I can remember the rejoicing in Birmingham over this, on which occasion

²³ Lady Sarah Hewley (1621-1710).

²⁴ Thomas Babington Macaulay (1800-1859) British historian and Whig politician.

Macaulay came down, the only occasion I ever heard of him speak but I cannot recollect anything of what he said. Uncle Edmond died when he was only 40 and I have nothing but pleasant memories connected with him. His friends used to say of him that they never saw him read, and yet they could never mention a book without finding out that he knew more about it than they did. He had the family talent for writing comic verses, I wish I could remember some of them. He was up to all kinds of fun, on one occasion he and some young doctors made some punch

[page 54]

with laudanum in it, selecting one of their party to listen to their talk and tell them about it afterwards. They thought that Uncle Edmond would come out with some of his wonderful jokes, but instead of that he argued learnedly about religious matters, of which he had seldom been heard to speak. From the time he was a little boy he had been noted for his wit and humour. At one of the Hazelwood school entertainments he was set to play Falstaff when he was only eight years old, he was heartily encored but when he was asked to go onto the stage again, he said with tears in his eyes "I did it as well as ever I could, I can't do it any better."

Life at Ladywood was always very pleasant to me, and even when quite a child I was struck with the differences between my two grandfathers. Grandpapa Hill once asked me to untie a parcel for him. It took me a long time, but I succeeded at last in undoing all the knots. "Thats my persevering little girl" Grandpapa said, "Waste not want not," and he gave me the string, which I thought a magnificent present. A little time afterwards a

[page 55]

parcel came to Ladywood for Grandpapa Clark, I asked to be allowed to untie it, the knots hurt my fingers, but though I worked away patiently I had not untied many before Grandpapa came back into the room. "What not done yet?" he said, "here give it to me" and he took his knife from his pocket and cut all the terrible knots at once. "There" said he, "time is more valuable than string," but I did not appreciate his words, I had made my fingers sore, and I neither got the praise which I expected, nor the string.

My grandmother Clark, who died when I was only four years old, was a very kindly generous old lady and had several pensioners who used to come weekly for a little money. After her death my aunts used to pay these small sums. There was one claimant who was called the "Parson's Son" and came every Saturday for a shilling. He generally came while my grandfather was away in town, but on one occasion he made his appearance just as my grandfather returned. He was a tall shabby looking man, dressed in rusty black, he always wore gloves which were very holey, he had a slouching gait and small blinking eyes. "Who's that"? said my

[page 56]

grandfather, as he passed the window. "Only the parson's son" was the reply. My grandfather who had probably his existence, opened the front door himself and I crept after him to hear what was going on, though I very much disliked the man. "Who are you"? said

my grandfather, then he gave the man a good scolding, telling him he ought to be ashamed to beg and should go to work. He at last dismissed him, desiring him never to show his face there again. When I went back into the library, Aunt Caroline, who had heard all that was going on and knew her father thoroughly, whispered to me, "What did your grandpapa give him?" "He gave him half a crown," I said innocently. Both my aunts laughed and aunt Caroline said "He'd bear a good deal of abuse for that," and sure enough next Saturday the man made his appearance just as usual. My grandfather might have sat for Macworth Praed's²⁵ description of Quince,

And then he would declare the poor
Were always able – never willing.
And so the beggar at the door
Got first abuse, and then a shilling.

[page 57]

I think it must have been in 1831 that we removed from the town to the country, or what seemed the country to us, N^o 5 Calthorpe Road. It was a small house with a pleasant garden entered through an arched trellis, which my father covered with white bindweed, the English wild convolvulus. We each had our own little garden and took great pleasure in planting and sowing seeds. Next door to us lived an old friend of my father's, M^r Brooke Smith, of the firm of Martineau and Smith, a very kind-hearted good man who was the first in Birmingham to establish the Penny Bank, he used to stand at the corner of a street every Saturday to receive and register contributions. This afterwards became a very large and useful institution. M^r Brooke Smith's son, young Brooke, as we used to call him, was then about five years old, a beautiful child with large dark eyes and a very bright complexion. There was a small hole in the hedge close to his little garden, which we called the gap, and there we used to stand and talk. Sometimes Brooke would say "Now we'll take a ride in fancy's car", and he would start off to run round his garden

[page 58]

while we would run round ours, when we came back, each told what he had seen, which meant anything that a lively imagination could conjure up.

At that time my father began to take in "The Parents' Cabinet"²⁶, a small periodical which came out monthly and which we called, the little blue book. The story of "Charles Long and his curiosity box" set us to work to collect specimens, and my father was always ready to help. We began with a few shells, a bit of lead ore and some dead moths, which we kept in an old leather covered work box, but our collection soon grew too large for this. My mother gave us a small dressing room, which opened into the nursery, and which we guarded from intrusion with jealous care. There we kept our curiosities on an old set of book shelves. Brooke became a collector as well as ourselves and in a year or two the room was dignified by the name of our museum and we decided to admit people by tickets; a very pretty ticket

²⁵ Winthrop Mackworth Praed (1802-1839) English politician and poet.

²⁶ The Parents' cabinet of amusement and instruction.

was drawn by Brooke's cousin but it never got beyond the first design, that one ticket was the only specimen. This collection

[page 59]

went on increasing for many years, before we came out to Australia it occupied a large glass case which stood in the dining room. We also imitated Charles Long and his brother in fishing for sticklebacks and made the acquaintance of the caddis worm, the water spider, the merry-go-round and other quaint and curious water insects. This slight knowledge of Natural History gave great interest to our country walks, and my father, who was keenly observant, was always calling our attention to the beauty of nature. Often on Sunday afternoons we made long expeditions to Harbourne, Moseley, the Lightwoods, or even to Rowley-Regis, and we brought home handfuls of the wild flowers which grew in abundance round about Birmingham in those days, Sweet violets white and blue, the starlike stitchwort, the graceful campanula, honeysuckle, wild roses and magnificent fox-gloves. Sometimes we found wild strawberries and bilberries in the Light woods and plenty of blackberries and nut trees in the hedges, but I can never remember finding a single nut upon them.

In the Autumn we sometimes went into the

[page 60]

wheat-fields to glean a little wheat after the harvest had been gathered in, the fresh wheat boiled milk made a delicious dish called furmity. Sometimes we found pig-nuts which seemed very nice, and once we brought home a quantity of crab apples, but no kind of cooking made them eatable. From the woods we brought home beech-nuts and sometimes a few Spanish chestnuts. It is surprising how much pleasure can be got in the search for such things, however small the reward.

[page 61]

My childish recollections would be incomplete without some account of the fairs which used to be held in Birmingham twice a year. The largest was at Whitsuntide and my father used to take us to see it whenever he could spare the time.

Numbers of booths were erected in Dale-end the Bull-ring and Smallbrook street for the sale of all sorts of things from boots and shoes to brooches and rings, ready made clothes to ginger bread nuts and toys of all sorts and sizes.

There were caravans with gigantic pictures outside to show what was to be seen within. Then there was Wombwell's wild beast show²⁷ to which we always expected to be taken, where the elephant and the monkeys formed the greatest attraction. The elephant was always at one end of the caravan and people fed him with nuts and apples and cakes. He waited till his trunk was full of nuts and then poured them into his mouth, cracking them all at once, letting the shells fall, and carefully feeling about in the straw for any kernels that might

[page 62]

²⁷ Wombell's wild beast show.

have fallen with them. A woman sat near with a basket of cakes and if a penny was given to the elephant he gave it to her and then waited patiently for the cake which he expected in return.

Then there was the travelling theatre with a band playing outside and beautiful ladies dancing during the intervals between the pieces while a young woman kept shouting to passersby to come up and see "The Bloody Banquet," "The Ruffian's Revenge" or "The Phantom Lady".

There were the usual shows of the Giant and the Dwarf, the Two headed Baby, the Monster Pig and the Fat Lady, all represented in glaring colours on the outside of their separate habitations.

There was the Peep Show with a solid black leather curtain in which glasses were inserted at different heights. By putting your eye to one of these, for a penny you might see a succession of magnified pictures ending with a magnificent vista of an impossible garden with arched trellises loaded with enormous grapes all cut out in card-

[page 63]

board, placed one beyond another and sometimes lighted with numberless hanging lamps. We always took home some gingerbread nuts but my mother bargained that these should be bought at a shop. The noise, the confusion, the crush, the drums, and the sound of a hundred penny trumpets, the favourite faring of children, seem to come back to me like a troubled dream.

Going to the fair was always a sort of awful pleasure, I could not resist going, but I was very glad to have my face turned homewards.

One of the features of those times was the so called Broom girls, Bavarian young women, sometimes with children on their backs, who used to go about in their national costume, scarlet petticoat, laced bodice and quaint little close caps made of black silk and tied under the chin. They went about selling small brooms made of narrow shavings of white wood on little sticks and sold them for a penny or halfpenny each. Sometimes they would sing and dance to the tune of "Lieber Augustin"

[page 64]

And always ended with "buy a broom, buy a broom".

[*There appears to be a change of handwriting at this point*]

When I was eleven & ½ years old I went to live with my grandmother Hill at Tottenham, near London, that I might attend Miss Wood's school where my cousin Rose was placed as a boarder.

The school was at Upper Clapton and in order to be in time I used to walk to Bruce Castle, half a mile away, to the half past seven o'clock breakfast, then my cousin Katherine, two years older than myself, and I, walked to school a distance of two miles, and back the same distance in the afternoon, when it was wet we could go in an omnibus, but we enjoyed the walk. Sometimes my uncle Edwin Hill, Katherine's father, walked with us until the London

omnibus overtook him and he always had something interesting to talk about. Although perhaps the least known of the five Hill brothers he was not the least clever. He had wonderful powers of explanation as of invention and was very original in his

[page 65]

way of putting things. I remember hearing him begin a dissertation on currency by saying, "Suppose that instead of money the medium of exchange was elephants," proceeding to show how impossible it would be for the supply to keep pace with the demand. Currency and Criminal Capitalists were his two favourite subjects, using the latter term to describe the owners of bad houses, receivers of stolen goods etc, maintaining that these were the people who should be imprisoned and hunted out of the community.

I lived with my grandmother for a year and a quarter and on the whole I was very happy there. Instead of having to do lessons at home, part of every morning was allowed for their preparation; each girl had a desk and could sit quietly at work ready to be called up by the lady in command either for separate attention or to be formed into classes. When I see the poor children now-a-days slaving away in the evenings to the destruction of happy family intercourse, I wish this plan were more widely adopted.

[page 66]

The one drawback to my happiness at Tottenham was fear. I slept in a pleasant room at the top of the house, when it was given to me my aunt Rowland's nursery was close by, but when she and her family removed to London I found it very lonely. The house was old and I used to hear strange noises. One night I heard a curious ticking sound and when next day I asked the housemaid who slept in the room opposite, what it could be, she said "oh that must have been the death watch, there will be a death in the family before the year is out." Then my uncle Edwin told me it was a wood grub which made the noise, a little creature with a shield upon its head through which it works while boring into old wood, it was this insect which gave Brunell the idea of how to make the Thames Tunnel. I ought to have known that the prophecy of death was a mere superstition but I could not shake off the fear and it made me miserable.

Another source of alarm was rather more reasonable. There was a man going about the neighbourhood trying to frighten people. They

[page 67]

called him spring heeled Jack and he had really been to our next door neighbour's house.

This lady used to have her gate locked at night and one evening her servant hearing the bell ring and going to open the gate saw a man wrapped in a large cloak. When she asked what he wanted instead of answering he threw open the cloak and she saw, or thought she saw, a skeleton. She shrieked & tried to run back to the house when the man caught her in his arms, she thought he would have carried her away if there had not been somebody coming. Now almost every evening my uncle Arthur used to come to see his mother, sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by uncle Edwin, and to prevent their being kept waiting grandmamma used to send me to open the door. As it was in Winter I had to shut the

sitting room door before I did so, and my heart used to quake for fear it might be spring heeled Jack. I was afraid to open the door and often waited for a reassuring sound, a word or a cough. I did not speak myself because I was

[page 68]

afraid of being thought silly, and hearing my footsteps my uncles did not knock at the door. I was often scolded for being so long opening the door but I never confessed the true reason and after a time spring heeled Jack was caught and received a severe thrashing which put an end to his nightly adventures.

Every Sunday morning some of my uncles used to come to breakfast and either one of them or my grandfather read the "Examiner" aloud, it was a weekly newspaper edited by Albany Fonblanc²⁸, a witty writer of the day. I remember how they used to laugh and I used to try to find out what they were laughing at. Sometimes uncle Arthur, seeing my puzzled face would try to explain but more often he would tell me to run away and find something to read to myself. Sometimes one of my cousins came to stay with me and then we slipped away together.

I longed sometimes to go home to see my little sister Rosa, my only sister, who was born while I lived at Tottenham, but a long visitation

[page 69]

of whooping cough among my brothers, kept me away and I never saw her till she was more than a year old.

I believe it was on the day of the Queen's coronation that I went home but it seems strange that I can remember nothing of the crowds of people who must have thronged London on that day. The railway to Birmingham was open but not completed. The great tunnel was not finished so that I had to get out of the train, I think at Blisworth, and go thirty miles by coach, taking the train again at Rugby. It was my first experience of railway travelling and I thought it very pleasant except for the smell of the smoke. The coach part of the journey was hot and rough. My mother and brothers met me at the station and took me to a small house in Monument Lane where the family was residing while the old Hazelwood was being divided into two houses. We all went up to see it after tea, one story of the old house had been taken away and one wing pulled down, the other built up to the level of the rest of the house. The old

[page 70]

schoolroom shortened in length became our dining room and part of the old Refectory made a beautiful drawing room, but at that time all was confusion.

As soon as the roof was again on the house we went back to that part of it we had inhabited before, and lived for many weeks in the midst of the noise and bustle of the building.

²⁸ Albany William Fonblanque (1793-1872) English journalist. From 1830 to 1847 he was in control of *The Examiner*.

One evening soon after we had moved in it had a narrow escape from being burned down. An empty room in the upper story had been given to my brother Sidney for a workshop and he had gone up to work at a boat he was making; he perceived a strong smell of burning wood and not being able to account for it he came back to tell my mother. She sent him at once to fetch one of the carpenters from the other part of the house and to stop the other men, only two were to be found as the rest had gone home. Meanwhile my mother went up to the workshop carrying a large jug of water and directing the servants to bring more. Nothing

[page 71]

was to be seen but the wall was hot and by that time smoke was issuing from behind the wainscote; when the carpenter pulled it down it burst into a flame. This was promptly extinguished and as it was clear the fire had come through the wall my mother determined to investigate the other side. This was no easy matter as she had to climb up the long ladders to the third story and to walk over the joists as the floors were not laid. She found that the workmen had had a large fire, still smouldering, in the room next to the workshop and it was afterwards discovered that part of a beam under that floor had been left in the fireplace. This had caught fire and communicated with the wainscote on the other side of the wall. The men brought buckets of water and soon put an end to all danger but had it not been discovered the house would soon have been in a blaze.

[page 72]

I have a very pleasant remembrance of Mosely, then a little village situated in Worcestershire about three miles from Birmingham, where I sometimes went to stay with M^{rs} Barnes. She was an elderly widow lady who lived in a large old-fashioned red-brick house covered with climbing roses. A pleasant lawn sloped away from the back of the house towards beautiful green meadows separated from them only by a gravel path and a light fence.

A shrubbery curled round to the east of the first meadow along which ran a sunny path with a little gate at the end, opening onto the grass. It was usually locked but it was often opened to let us through into the fields to gather mushrooms or blackberries. I say us, for I never stayed there alone. M^{rs} Barnes was an old friend of my aunts Matthew and Edwin Hill and whenever any of their children came to Birmingham I was always invited with them. Once I remember going there with grandmamma Hill, aunt Sarah and my cousin Katherine. M^{rs} Barnes had a niece

[page 73]

and a grand niece with her, both named Sarah and as that was her own name and also that of my grandmother and aunt, there were actually five Sarahs in the house.

I used to like to hear Grandmama and M^{rs} Barnes talk about old times. M^{rs} Barnes told us one day that her husband's uncle was the first man who ever carried an umbrella in Birmingham. He was very particular about his dress and went by the name of Beau Barnes. The umbrella he brought from London, it was made of oiled silk and must have been a

clumsy affair. As he carried it over his head he was followed by crowds of children and one day a boy got one of the rough baskets used for coal in those days, and mounting it on the top of a broomstick followed the gentleman all through the streets and imitating his mincing walk excited shouts of laughter.

M^{rs} Barnes's brother had lived in South America and she had stuffed birds, cases of beautiful butterflies and handsome shells, all very interesting.

[page 74]

The house was beautifully kept, the oak floors and staircase were polished so much that it was quite dangerous for unaccustomed feet to walk upon them. The drawing room furniture was all carefully covered up and the room was only opened occasionally except to be cleaned and dusted, but there was a pleasant room furnished more simply and called the garden room, in which we spent the afternoons and evenings. The house had only one fault, there were absolutely no books to be seen. Once when my cousin Rose and I were staying there one of the servants told us there were plenty of books in the attic and we got leave to look there for something to read. We found a large musty chest full of leather bound books and we turned them over eagerly. We were greatly disappointed to find that they were nearly all sermons or theological works. There were a few on the diseases of cattle but we searched in vain for anything that looked interesting. At last we pounced upon some dingy looking volumes with a portrait

[page 75]

of Smollett as a frontispiece and the rather attractive title of "Humphrey Clinker"²⁹. We carried these down stairs in triumph but when we showed them to aunt Sarah she shook her head and said they would not do for us to read, so the books had to go back again. The next time we went to stay with M^{rs} Barnes we took care to provide ourselves with literature, taking with us "Pickwick"³⁰ and a book of Washington Irving's "Tales of a Traveller"³¹. I can never forget how the old lady enjoyed these when we read them aloud to her, she was too much interested to do any sort of work, she listened with her eyes fixed upon the reader, sometimes laughing and rocking herself to and fro, or when there was some sentiment of which she approved, she bowed her head majestically, at the same time patting her knee as a sign of satisfaction. Sometimes it is true, she fell asleep and we stole quietly out of the room, but more often she awakened with a start as soon as the reading stopped and said "Go on my dear it is very interesting.

The days we spent at Mosely were very

[page 76]

²⁹ *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker* (1771), a picaresque novel by Scottish poet and author Tobias Smollett (1721-1771)

³⁰ *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club* was the first novel by Charles John Huffam Dickens (1812-1870)

³¹ Washington Irving (1783-1859) was an American short story writer, essayist, biographer and diplomat. *Tales of a Traveller* was published in 1824.

peaceful and pleasant. There was a delightful kitchen garden where strawberries, raspberries, currants and gooseberries and delicious little summer apples grew in abundance and we were allowed to pick what we liked so that we did not make ourselves ill. The red and white currants were a sight to be remembered clustering round the branches so thickly that we could gather a handful at once.

We used to ramble about at our own sweet will, sometimes going out in the carriage with the old lady and her niece to call upon other old ladies, who gave us seed cake and cowslip or currant wine, which was some consolation for the weary time we had to sit bolt upright on the edge of our chairs carrying out the dictum that "Little girls should be seen and not heard". We would not have missed the honour on any account but it was delightful to get back to our pinafores and garden bonnets and to race down the shrubbery or hunt for acorn cups of which we had a large assortment, we arranged them as cups and saucers and called them our

[page 77]

fairy tea things.

The last time I went to the dear old house, with Rose and Florence, I must have been 18, the old lady had become infirm and her niece was married to a clergyman. They both lived with her and other clergymen often dropped in, for M^{rs} Barnes was a staunch church-woman, extremely hospitable and always kept excellent port-wine.

[*The following paragraph has a line struck through it and 'Leave out' has been written above the first words.*]

I had not much respect for the clergy in those days, indeed I think they scarcely deserved it. Their talk was of the most trivial description and they sat so long after the three o'clock dinner that it seemed as if they had nothing to do. One however, I did admire, he read so beautifully and had a good deal of fun in him, but my admiration was soon dissipated for walking home one evening, a large party of us, from some entertainment I saw a man swaying from one side of the pavement to the other "Do you know who that is" said my uncle Frederick Ryland, "That is the clergyman you liked so much". I believe it was the same man, who sometime afterwards preached a powerful

[page 78]

[*The crossing-out line continues till the end of this paragraph.*]

sermon against Voltaire, who had of course been dead for upwards of half a century. A few days afterwards, my father, who was a member of the "Old Library committee, was told by the librarian that every volume of Voltaire's works, and they numbered more than a hundred, had been taken out! People wanted to see the wickedness for themselves.

1839

The meeting of the British Association in Birmingham was an era in my life and in that of the family, opening up interests in the scientific world which were new and delightful. At an exhibition of Arts and Manufactures held in Birmingham in the Free School building, I was for the first time introduced to photography, then in its infancy. The idea of the sun making

pictures was astonishing. The specimens were crude enough and gave little promise of the immense growth of the art. They consisted of representations of lace ferns

[page 79]

and skeleton leaves obtained by placing the things to be represented upon sensitized paper and then exposing it to the sun. Seeing how much interested I was my father procured for me a small quantity of Bicromate of Potash and I made sun pictures for myself. There were also one or two specimens of the Daguerrotype, very bad portraits taken upon silver plates, and sometimes requiring eight minutes for the process. It was some years before they were taken upon glass and longer still (about 1859, before the carte de visite was invented).

It was either then, or soon afterwards, that I first saw lucifer matches. Before their advent our only means of getting a light was by the use of the tinder-box and some long matches dipped in a solution of brimstone. A small bar of steel and a flint were kept in a box made of tin and containing tinder made of the remains of burnt rags. By striking the flint and steel together sparks were produced, which falling upon the tinder set it alight, the match being applied to it the sulphur caught

[page 80]

fire and ignited the deal of which it was made. This process was so troublesome that my mother, when she had a young baby, kept a light burning all night. This was a primitive little oil lamp. A tumbler half full of water with oil on the top was supplied with a float made of three oblong pieces of cork connected by small tin arms with a hole in the middle so that it looked like a tiny horizontal wind-mill. A small wick, made of the pith of a rush, set in a circle of cardboard, was inserted in the float so that it just touched the oil and when lighted burned with a flame just sufficient to make darkness visible, and at which a candle might be lighted by the use of a spill. The first Lucifer matches were rather large and every box contained a folded piece of thick sandpaper through which the match had to be drawn in order to ignite it, and if I recollect rightly, the boxes of matches were sold at seven pence each.

Soon after they began to be used I remember

[page 81]

my three elder brothers and our cousin Cartwright Hill, made an expedition to the Lightwoods, taking with them materials for making tea. They had lighted a fire when they were interrupted by two men who caught hold of them and threatened to take them up before a magistrate. They protested, declaring that they did not know that they were doing wrong, and then one of the men asked how they had lighted the fire. They produced their matches and showed how to use them. The man, much interested, and astonished immediately said if they would give him the wonderful box he would let them go. Of course they were only too glad to purchase their freedom and turned homewards rather disconsolately.

I think it was in 1839 that the Chartist³² riots occurred in Birmingham. Two Chartists who had been imprisoned for seditious conduct, were to be released from Warwick gaol on a certain day,

[page 82]

and a large number of people started off to meet them on the Warwick road, intending to escort them back to Birmingham with bands of music in a triumphal procession. For some reason, perhaps to avoid the possibility of this proceeding, the men were not allowed to come by that road and the crowd who had gone out to meet them, after waiting some hours returned to town disappointed tired and angry. A large body of the new police had been collected for the emergency but it was not intended to interfere with the Chartists as long as they conducted themselves properly, so the policemen had been shut up in the courtyard with orders that they should not stir out without orders from a magistrate, and the magistrate who should have given the order imagining that the Chartists had dispersed and gone back to their homes, had returned to his own house which was a some distance from the town, consequently there was no-one to give the order and a crowd of infuriated men collected in the Bull-ring

[page 83]

and began making angry speeches against the Government. These soon excited the mob, ripe for mischief, they attacked the shop of one of the members of the Town Council and set it on fire. Meanwhile messengers had been sent out to find a magistrate.

We four elder children had been spending the afternoon and evening at the house of Cousin Mary Lea, one of the boys had gone to buy something at a neighbouring shop when he came rushing back saying that the town was on fire. There was not much pleasure after that; we hastened home to find that my father, being a magistrate, had been sent for and my mother was in a state of great alarm and anxiety. It was seven o'clock next morning when my father returned, the mob having been dispersed by the police and quiet restored. He had been up all night trying to check the fire. On arriving at the Bull-ring the first thing he saw was his cousin M^r Belcher being dragged through his bedroom window to prevent his being burned to death. The poor old gentleman, not feeling well, had

[page 84]

gone to bed early, and being very deaf could not understand what was the matter and resisted the attempt to get him out of the house. It was a great relief to him to see my father's face and he gladly took refuge in a house at a safe distance.

M^r Belcher never recovered from the alarm and excitement of that night; he died soon afterwards much regretted by the few who knew him well.

The town was some time in recovering its usual quiet state. The magistrates were hooted through the streets and some of them were stoned by the mob. The militia had to be called

³² Chartists were a party of political reformers, chiefly working men, who advocated better social and industrial conditions for the working classes, including secret ballot and universal suffrage for men.

out and many gentlemen were sworn in as special constables and had to go on night duty armed with staves, while the Militia paraded the streets on horseback.

[page 85]

1840

We had been at Hazelwood about a year when a dumb well overflowed into the cellar, in consequence of very wet weather and to this circumstance my mother attributed an attack of scarlet fever which seized one after another of the children, the baby, Symonds, being the only one to escape. There was however another possible cause, it was a cold winter and my mother had bought for us some warm muffetees which she afterwards discovered were knitted by a poor woman who had scarlet fever in her house.

What was strange was that we did not all take it at once. Three months elapsed between the first and the last child taking the disorder. My brother Arthur and I were taken ill in January. We had been spending the day with a cousin and came home in high spirits. I remember dancing along the road to the scandal of the elderly lady who was taking us back. The next morning both of us had headache, sore throat and a high temperature. As scarlet fever was about it was at once

[page 86]

suspected and our doctor, M^r Frederick Ryland, made arrangements for taking all the children out of the house. The three elder boys were sent straight from school to Ladywood. Our aunt M^{rs} Follett Osler, took the two next, who were near in age to her own children, and the two little ones were taken care of by Cousin Mary Lea. The baby was the only child left in the house and the only one who escaped the fever. One after another all came back to be nursed and not one in the families of those who so kindly took charge of them took the disorder, nor did my father or mother, although neither of them had ever had it. One of our servants took it, but no one else.

It was a terrible time for my mother as, except from my cousins Mary & Emma Lea she had no help. For three months she never had an undisturbed night, fortunately she had the power of going to sleep the moment she laid her head on the pillow and as she could depend upon herself to wake at the slightest call, she never sat up or she could not have stood the strain. She was wonderfully cheerful all through that time, at least as far as we

[page 87]

could see. And it was not only the fever with which she had to cope, almost all of us had some after effect, I had rheumatism in my hands, Howard had dropsy, Owen had rheumatic fever, followed by brain fever and Henry abscesses on his legs. Months passed before he could walk.

My convalescence was delightful, my mother read Miss Austen's Emma to me and seemed to enjoy it as much as I did. It was February and we had a few days of delicious weather, I remember the first day the window was opened I heard the bells ringing for Queen Victoria's wedding. These pleasant days were soon over for when my brothers came back

one after the other to be nursed my mother's time was quite absorbed and the house was so dreary that I lost my spirits and grew paler every day, adding to my mother's anxiety. Our Uncle Frederic Ryland came to the rescue, with my kind aunt Ellen's full consent he offered to take charge of me in his own house, various precautions being taken. I went to Ladywood to meet him and my aunt, not at all realising their generosity, until old M^r Ryland, who was

[page 88]

there also, made a remark which enlightened me. Uncle Frederick said jokingly that now they had me they might give their nursemaid a holiday. "Oh" said M^r Ryland "if I were you I would not let her touch the baby." My heart seemed to stand still for I knew that neither my aunt nor the baby had had the fever.

My uncle spoke angrily "I will not have such things said, I know what I am doing and it is perfectly safe." How grateful I felt for those words I cannot express, from that moment a lasting affection for him sprang up which was a source of enjoyment as long as he lived and a great benefit to me, for he was a cultured man. He drew out my intellect and taught me to love Milton and Shakespere and laughed me out of my admiration for the sentimental style of poetry which was fashionable in those days, when Haynes Bailey³³ and Eliza Cooke³⁴ were writings.

[page 89]

When I was about fourteen I went to stay with my uncle and Aunt Edmond Clark and there I met Sir Robert Torrens, Colonel Torrens he was then, who was about to be married and start for South Australia. I little thought then that I should come here myself.

My uncle and aunt lived in Wilton Street, and as that was not far from Hyde Park Gate, my aunt and I used to walk there every day to see the Queen and all the grand people pass by on their way into the Park. It was a very gay scene. The Duke and Duchess of Nemours³⁵ were at that time staying in Buckingham palace and they drove or rode out with her Majesty and Prince Albert³⁶ every day. Both \visitors/ were very handsome, Prince Albert extraordinary was an unusually fine man, and the Queen herself was at that time very nice-looking. I remember her in a pink drawn silk bonnet with a bright animated face, bowing right and left as the people cheered her. Sometimes the Duke of Wellington³⁷ rode by her side, I was disappointed when I first saw this great man, he was small and stooped and his features looked too large for his body

[page 90]

but on a nearer view the strength and resolution of their expression and his commanding air made me feel that he was truly the "iron Duke" of my imagination. I could fancy him, in the

³³ Thomas Haynes Bayly (1797-1839), English poet, songwriter, dramatist and miscellaneous writer.

³⁴ Eliza Cook (1818-1889) English author and poet, proponent of political freedom for women.

³⁵ Prince Louis of Orleans, Duke of Nemours (1814-1896) was the second son of King Louis-Philippe 1 of France.

³⁶ Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha (1819-1861) was the husband of Queen Victoria.

³⁷ Field Marshall Arthur Wellesley, 1st Duke of Wellington, (1769-1852) was an Anglo-Irish soldier and statesman, remembered especially for his triumph at the Battle of Waterloo.

celebrated interview with William the 4th, of which I had often heard my mother speak, telling the king the truth with straightforward earnestness. It was at the time that the great Reform Bill was hanging in the balance, the king had dismissed his Whig ministers, Lord Grey and Lord Brougham and sent for the Duke of Wellington who told him plainly that he must recall them. "What" said the king angrily "do you mean I must have them all back again?" Yes your Majesty, every man Jack of them" said the old soldier "or there will be civil war." The king took his advice and the Bill was passed.

Many stories were told of the Duke showing his simplicity, the frequent accompaniment of greatness. One was that on receiving a request for his autograph he replied to the letter himself. "Field Marshall the Duke of Wellington must decline to give his autograph" and then signing it in the normal manner.

[page 91]

Another story was that when dining in company with Crofton Croker³⁸ he allowed that gentleman to contradict him as to some details of the battle of Waterloo. Soon afterwards the conversation drifted to percussion caps³⁹ and again Croker contradicted him. This was too much, the duke started up and said angrily "Mr Croker may know more about the battle of Waterloo than I do, but I'm d___d if he knows more about copper caps"

We often saw Sir Robert Peel⁴⁰ ride past, he was a fine, rather countrified looking man with a thoughtful pleasant face.

I must have seen other great men but at that time I felt more interested in the ~~pretty~~ beautiful women and their pretty dresses than in statesmen. One day my aunt pointed out a long forgotten celebrity, Count d'Orsay⁴¹, a clever man I believe with artistic talent, but better known for his taste in dress and perfect accoutrements. He was driving a private cab of elegant construction, with a magnificent horse, a little tiger with a host of buttons, stood behind. The count looked to my unaccustomed

[page 92]

eyes as if he had stepped out of a tailor's advertisement, his hair and whiskers were as elaborately brushed and curled as those of the waxen busts exhibited in the hairdressers shops. He wore a moustache, and a small imperial, as it was called, a little tuft of hair between the mouth and chin such as may be seen in Thackeray's illustrations in "*M^{rs} Perkins' Ball*"⁴².

³⁸ Thomas Crofton Croker (1798-1854) was an Irish antiquary whose collection of songs and legends formed a storehouse for writers.

³⁹ A percussion cap is a small cylinder of copper or brass with one closed end. Inside is a small amount of a shock-sensitive explosive material. The percussion cap is placed over a hollow metal 'nipple' at the rear end of a gun barrel.

⁴⁰ Sir Robert Peel (1788-1850), twice Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, is especially remembered for his prison reform and the creation of the Metropolitan Police.

⁴¹ Alfred Grimond d'Orsay (1801-1852) was a French amateur artist, dandy and man of fashion.

⁴² William Makepeace Thackeray (1811-1863) English satiric novelist. His first Christmas novel, *Mrs Perkins's Ball*, was published in 1846 under the pseudonym 'M .A. Titmarsh'. It was illustrated with Thackeray's drawings.

Uncle Edmond took me to the British Museum, which I had never seen before, and pointed out to me the beauty of the Elgin Marbles⁴³, telling anecdotes of their history in a most interesting way. He was a delightful companion, full of information, never boring one with too much of it and always quick to see anything comic.

Some years later, when visiting my uncle Rowland Hill his daughter and I made frequent visits to that part of the Museum and learned to appreciate them.

When I returned to Bruce Castle, where my three brothers, Sidney Owen and Howard, had been staying, I found an invitation from Aunt Matthew Hill to go to Bushey Park and

[page 93]

Hampton Court the next day. My brothers and cousin Julian had gone to aunt Matthew's a few days previously and the difficulty was to get me there in time. Cousin Albert was however equal to the occasion, he undertook to convey me to London next morning, by the seven o'clock omnibus and put me into the Hampstead omnibus so that I might reach the Vale of Health by nine o'clock.

We were to breakfast at a quarter past six and the housekeeper was to call me in good time. I went to bed full of pleasant anticipations, the palace of Hampton Court was built by Cardinal Wolsey⁴⁴ and its antiquity had a great charms for me. I dreamed that I was too late for the pic-nic and awoke in a great fright. It was daylight, I thought the housekeeper had forgotten me and that my dream would come true. I got up and was hurrying on with my dressing when the Castle clock struck three. There was nothing to do but to go back to bed again, but still troubled my dream I would not take off my clothes. When at last awakened by the housekeeper she was astonished to find me

[page 94]

nearly dressed. It was a lovely morning, fit prelude to a lovely summer day. At my aunt's I found all in the bustle of preparation, we were all eight of us packed somehow into the carriage, except one who rode the Shetland pony, old Wallace, taking it in turns with some of the other boys. It was a lovely drive and we were in the highest spirits. My aunt was very deaf generally but in a carriage she could hear much better and she pointed out everything of interest, while Rose and Florence were full of fun and Howard, then eight years old and the youngest of the party, made comical remarks which brought down shouts of laughter and laid the foundation of his reputation as a wit.

In Bushey Park the horse-chestnut trees were in full flower, they had been planted by William the third in the Dutch fashion. Every way we looked they formed an avenue and driving between these majestic trees with their grand leaves and magnificent branches of blossom was a pleasure never to be forgotten.

The palace of which I had expected so much was a disappointment, an ugly red brick

[page 95]

⁴³ The Elgin Marbles are a collection of Classical Greek marble sculptures taken from the Parthenon in Greece by Lord Elgin and now in the British Museum

⁴⁴ Thomas Wolsey(1473-1530) was an English churchman, statesman and a cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church. He fell out of favour with King Henry VIII, but died of natural causes.

building with no beauty about it set in a formal Dutch garden where

“Grove nods at grove, each alley has its brother
And every blossom nods at every other.”

Only the roses were lovely, trained on arches or up tall poles and growing so luxuriantly, that the formal arrangement was forgotten. There were fountains playing into stone basins full of gold fish, but they seemed to intensify the heat. It was cool enough inside the palace and there were Raphael’s famous cartoons⁴⁵ to be seen. These having been merely intended as designs for tapestry look far better to uneducated eyes in the engravings than in the originals which are but slightly coloured.

We passed through room beyond room full of Sir Peter Lely’s⁴⁶ portraits of the beauties of Charles the Second’s court. I never felt more tired in my than when we came to the end of them. Then came the delightful pic-nic dinner under the trees and the pleasant drive home. Altogether the day lives in my memory as one of the most agreeable and the longest, I ever passed.

We spent a delightful time with our aunt and cousins, the garden was very pretty with

[page 96]

lawns sloping down to a large pond, it seemed a lake in those days, and there was a beautiful weeping ash which we thought would make a grand theatre, the falling branches serving as a curtain, so we got up a little play of our own invention called “Muckle-Mouthed Meg”⁴⁷, founded upon a story in the notes to one of Sir Walter Scott’s novels which Rose and I had read. It was too much trouble to write it but all entered into the spirit of the play and after days spent in arranging rehearsing and preparing the dresses, we acted it much to our own satisfaction with our aunt, the children and servants for audience, not under the ash tree, however, for it was raining and the performance could not be put off as we were going home next day.

[page 97]

1844

On the occasion of the opening of the Polytechnic Institution Dickens was invited to Birmingham and great preparations were made for his reception. There was to be a large tea-meeting at the Town Hall and my mother and a number of other ladies spent many days beforehand in making artificial flowers for the decorations. There were simple dahlias made

⁴⁵ The Raphael Cartoons are seven large cartoons for tapestries, by Italian painter and architect Raphael (1483-1520) belonging to the British Royal Collection. Since 1865 they have been on loan to the Victoria and Albert Museum in London.

⁴⁶ Sir Peter Lely (1618-1680) was a Dutch painter whose career was nearly all spent in England where he became the dominant portrait painter to the court.

⁴⁷ Muckle Mouthed Meg has been the protagonist of many poems and stories by famous writers including Robert Browning and Sir Walter Scott.

of wool and roses and lilies made of paper. I was allowed to assist and to my great delight, my roses were said to be the best.

The eventful day arrived, I went with my mother and the other ladies of the Committee to help in decorating the Town Hall, taking our lunch with us. The wreaths of evergreens were all put up and we were just giving the finishing touches to the long tables, all feeling tired and dirty, when a side door opened and in came a party of gentlemen with Charles Dickens in their midst. There was no mistaking him, he was exactly like the portrait by Maclise⁴⁸ which was the frontispiece to "Nicholas Nickleby", a singularly handsome man with wonderful eyes, eyes that seemed to look through you, and the long hair curling inwards,

[page 98]

which was fashionable at the time. He was of medium height and wore a black satin stock and a frogged military looking great coat, such a coat as no one in Birmingham would have ventured to wear. There was no possibility of escape so with soiled hands and crumpled dresses we awaited his coming. Some of the ladies were presented to him as he passed round the room and his kindly smile and ready complements aroused our enthusiasm to even a higher pitch than it had reached before.

In the evening the hall was quite full and the great man's appearance on the platform was greeted with round upon round of applause. His dress was even more extraordinary than in the morning for his coat was faced with white satin, he had heavy rings on his fingers and a handsome gold watch chain hung in festoons across his waistcoat. In Birmingham at that time both gentlemen and ladies affected a severe simplicity in dress, so much so indeed, as sometimes to incur the reproach of being dowdy, so this display was rather startling

[page 99]

and in anyone else would have been harshly criticised, but this was Dickens, and Dickens might do anything, or wear anything, and still be adored as the author of the most amusing and popular books that had appeared since the days of Walter Scott.

He had a rich and penetrating voice, a clear enunciation and complete ease of manner which made him a delightful speaker. He could make people laugh and cry with equal ease and the earnestness with which he advocated the cause of the poor, for whose education the Polytechnic Institution was established, could not fail to win the respect and sympathy of all his hearers.

The only part of his speech that I can remember distinctly, was a complement to women, in which I flattered myself I had some share. He said there was once a certain Eastern potentate who whenever he heard of any plot or conspiracy, always said "Who is she"? feeling sure that there was a woman at the bottom of it. His own experience was very different, whenever he heard of any generous devotion needed

[page 100]

⁴⁸ Daniel Maclise (1806-1870) was an Irish portrait painter and illustrator, who worked most of his life in England.

any self sacrifice to be made, or any good deed to be done, he always said “Where is she?” And she was always forthcoming. How the people laughed, and stamped their feet. It was a most enthusiastic meeting and resulted in a large addition to the funds of the Institution.

The next day my father received an invitation, from the master of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, which was very near our house, for himself, my mother and me to go over the school with M^r Charles Dickens, and we were of course very glad to do so, only one other gentleman went with us. The master, whose name I forgot, naturally devoted his chief attention to the distinguished visitor and we stood quietly by listening to his explanations and admiring the rapidity with which master and pupils conversed by signs.

Dickens was evidently much interested, his quick eyes singled out the most intelligent among the boys and through the master he asked questions and had something pleasant to say to each. When we had been through

[page 101]

the institution we were taken into the drawing room and there introduced to the wife of the master, who was deaf and dumb and to her sister. The sister asked Dickens for his autograph and I should have liked to ask for it too if I had had sufficient courage. She brought paper and pen and he wrote “God bless us every one” said Tiny Tim”.

The next year Douglas Jerrold⁴⁹ came to speak at the Polytechnic meeting and he stayed at our house. He was very different from Dickens, almost a dwarf in size, with an enormous head, and very quietly dressed. He was very nervous too, and just before the proceedings at the Town Hall began, he was waited upon by a deputation of working men who presented him with a ring in token of their gratitude for his consistent advocacy of the cause of the poor, not only in “Punch” but in his “Story of a Feather” and “S^t Giles and S^t James”. This unexpected recognition of his work affected Douglas Jerrold almost to tears and seemed to make him forget all he had intended to say. His voice was weak and when he got up to speak and saw the thousands of people collected to hear him he

[page 102]

could scarcely bring out a word. He was rapturously received and whenever he hesitated the audience clapped their hands to encourage him, but it was all in vain, he was evidently unused to public speaking and as the little he did say was unheard except by those close to him, it was a relief to everybody when he sat down.

The next morning we had a breakfast party to meet him and there he was in his element, keeping the company in roars of laughter. I wish I could recall the conversation as I can recall his earnest kindly face and the dry manner in which he brought out his witty sayings while his eyes sparkled with quiet enjoyment.

The only time I ever saw either Dickens or Douglas Jerrold again was at Bruce Castle where I was staying the following summer. They came to see the school as Dickens wished to place one of his sons there. [*four lines of script have been torn off here*]

[page 103]

⁴⁹ Douglas William Jerrold (1803-1857) was an English dramatist and writer.

and I have since heard of his hurting other people's feelings in the same way.

Sargeant Talford's⁵⁰ name is not often mentioned now but when I was about thirteen his play of "Ion"⁵¹ was brought on the stage, Ellen Tree taking the part of Ion. It was a very beautiful play, a Classic subject, Ion sacrificing himself to avert the anger of the Gods.

I admired it extremely and when my cousin Alfred Hill took me to see Westminster Hall I asked him to point out the author to me. I remember he said "Look round the room for the person least likely to have written Ion". I did so and at once picked out the author. He was a large heavy man who looked as if he thoroughly enjoyed the good things of this world, not at all my idea of a poet full of beautiful thoughts, his appearance did not do him justice.

I saw Thackeray once and was quite satisfied with him. It was at my uncle Matthews at a party of young people gathered together for a

[page 104

dance. I saw him but a moment but I can never forget his genial smile and the pleasure he seemed to take in seeing the enjoyment of the young people. I wish this had been the party at which he sang his song of "Liittle Billee".

The most charming literary people that I ever met were M^r and M^{rs} Cowden Clarke. M^{rs} Clarke⁵² was the author of the "Concordance of Shakepere" and M^r Clarke gave delightful literary lectures, he had been a friend of Charles Lamb and a schoolfellow of Keats, who wrote a pretty address to him showing how he had taught him to appreciate beauty in poetry.

I think it must have been about the year 1838 that I heard the great tenor Braham⁵³ sing his celebrated song "The Bay of Biscay", He was an old man, more that seventy years of age, small and very Jewish looking and his voice was failing, but he put so much life and energy into his singing that the effect was wonderful. When he came to "A sail, a sail, a sail" he rose upon his toes to his

[page 105]

utmost height, raising one arm above his head and rapidly waving his hand as if beckoning it on as he shouted the words in his powerful falsetto, raising such enthusiasm among the audience that many of them rose in their seats, as he sang the last lines "Now we sail, with a gale, from the Bay of Biscay ho".

Head arms and legs were all going and the effect was tremendous. I have never since heard such a roar of applause, though some of the elder people shook their heads over the effort remembering what his voice had been.

[page 106]

⁵⁰ Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd (1795-1854) was an English judge, politician and author. Dickens dedicated *The Pickwick Papers* to Talfourd.

⁵¹ Eleanora (Ellen) Kean (née Tree) (1805-1880) was a famous actress and renowned for her performance as Ion.

⁵² Charles Cowden Clarke (1787-1877) was an English author and Shakespeare Scholar; his wife, Mary Cowden Clarke (1809-1898), was the author of *The Complete Concordance to Shakespeare* (1845).

⁵³ John Braham (c. 1774-1856) was a renowned English tenor opera singer.

[A cross and 'Very' written in top left hand margin.]

Uncle Edwin Hill was a singularly handsome man, very absent, very impatient, and unwilling to suffer or let others suffer the smallest evil that could be remedied. If one of the children cried and seemed cross he always thought it must be uncomfortable in some way and he would feel about its arms and waist or feet to see if there were anything tight about it. If there were woe betide the garment, he would take out his knife and cut the shoulder straps or even the shoe. Once when the waist band was tighter than he liked he unhooked it and made a new hole for the hook with his pen-knife. My aunt must have had a singularly sweet temper for she only laughed when it was done although she had remonstrated beforehand. Lest he or the children should be hungry in the night he had a bag of biscuits hung over his bed at night, and because he sometimes felt the bed-clothes too heavy he had an apparatus for lifting them by means of a pulley which hung beside him and which raised them little or much just as was most comfortable.

[page 107]

He had a genius for mechanics, he carried out all the details of my uncle Rowland's invention of the roller printing machine, which was unfortunately brought out too soon and found no purchaser. I remember going with my mother to see it in a room in Chancery lane and my uncle Edwin explaining it to us. It worked so well that although only moved by hand it could throw off eight thousand printed sheets of newspaper in an hour. The principle, that of putting the type on rollers was long afterwards brought into use by M^r Walters of "The Times" and with steam power its results are marvellous.

When envelopes came into use after the establishment of penny post, my uncle Edwin invented a beautiful machine for folding them, this was bought by Messrs Delarue and attracted much attention at the Great Exhibition of 1851. M^r Edwin Hill was then at the head of the Stamp Office and there found abundant scope for his ingenuity and an occupation which suited him exactly.

[page 108]

When my uncle was over seventy years of age and still working at Summerset House, he daily left home in a comfortable soft felt hat followed by a demure young man servant carrying a band box containing a black "stove-pipe", then universally worn by business men. Together they walked a few yards to meet the omnibus, \then/ my uncle donned the tall hat and went to town, the demure young man returning home with the felt \hat/ in the box. Regularly at 5 p.m. the faithful Thomas issued forth, this time with the felt head gear. He met my uncle as the omnibus reached the corner handed him the felt, replacing the tall hat in its shrine and solemnly carried it home.

[page 109]

Sorrow came to the happy family at Hazelwood. In 1848 my young brother Arthur, after some months of delicate health, died suddenly form haemorrhage of the lungs. Within eight

months my promising brother Owen died of the same fell disease, after spending thirteen weeks in bed. Cheerful and patient to the last he occupied himself in learning German. He left a letter to my parents imploring them to endeavour to save the remainder of his brothers by taking them to a warmer climate.

They took the family to the Isle of Man for six months and then reluctantly decided to leave friends, business, home, and country, in search of health. South Australia was decided upon, partly because of its dry and healthy climate, but also because of my Uncle Rowland Hill's connection with that colony in its earliest days. He, as previously mentioned, was the first Commissioner and my uncle Matthew, when member for Hull, was instrumental, in passing through Parliament, the bill authorizing the foundation of the now important State.

[page 110]

The decision to leave England having been made no time was lost, the home at Hazelwood was given up, farewell visits paid to many of our relations and passages taken for the family of ten on the good ship "Fatima" which we boarded at Plymouth. Then followed a trying time waiting for better weather but on February 15th 1850 we finally left England and began our new life.

The vessel was small and crowded, with emigrants but in spite of various discomforts we had a happy time everything was so new and interesting.

[summary on verso of page 110]

from page 1 to 107 Miss Clarke's Early Recollection Childhood in England

[page 110a] [The remaining pages are typewritten]

MISS CAROLINE EMILY CLARK'S FIRST EXPERIENCES IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

Dictated to her sister Mrs. Joseph Crompton.

[page 111]

1850.

It was a bright winter's morning when on June 11th, we first saw the Port of South Australia. The mangrove swamps looked very desolate and the Port a poor miserable collection of temporary buildings roofed with shingles, and only one story in height. The scene might have been depressing but for the clear atmosphere and brilliant sunshine.

We were full of hope and excitement. Boats were putting off from the shore and presently we saw a coach drive up with four horses, passengers came rushing up, the guard blew his horn and off it went. Everything looked so small and the colours so bright, we could hardly believe them to be real, the horses might have come out of a Noah's Ark. We were not accustomed to see things so distinctly at such a distance.

Soon the good ship "Fatima" was crowded with people as our fellow passengers and most of the immigrants had friends to meet them. Four Mr. Wrights came to meet their Father,

Mother and sisters. My Father and Mother took the first coach to Adelaide, where they were most kindly welcomed by their old Birmingham friend, Mr William Bligh, who had left England eleven years earlier.

A house had been taken for us on the Goodwood road, and hearing that the rent was £100 a year, my Father thought it would be too large and too grand, an idea which was speedily dispelled.

Our furniture had been sent out by a different vessel, she had not arrived, and as we could not stay on the ship, we all went to the York Hotel, a small building then, but very comfortably managed. I remember how delicious the tea and fresh bread and butter seemed after the ship's tea diluted with preserved milk, sour bread and salt butter to which, during the voyage of 116 days we had become accustomed.

The small bedrooms, many of them with brick floors and opening on to a verandah with curtainless beds and one chair, had a poverty-stricken look but they were scrupulously clean, and compared with the ship's cabins quite spacious. I believe Miss Bathgate was the founder of the well-known York Hotel, now unfortunately re-named the "Grand Central". She had a tent put up for her boarding house divided by a heavy curtain, it was looped up by day and let down at night, she sleeping on one side and her gentleman boarders on the other. This was superceded by a stone building of two stories with verandah and balcony facing both Rundle and Pulteney Street before we landed in 1850.

A cockatoo and a parrot which used to whistle "There's nae luck about the house" stopping always in the middle and beginning again, were a great amusement to the children, and the horses, carts and bullock drays passing, interested them very much, after seeing nothing of the kind for so long.

The city was much better and much worse than I expected. It was a surprise to find so many good shops and houses where we

[page 112]

thought we should only find loghuts and stores, but I was quite unprepared for the mud, and the wretched hovels close to the well-built residences gave a most incongruous appearance to the streets. Indeed Rundle street consisted chiefly of empty blocks; there was but one building on its northern side between King William Street and Pulteney street. Hindley street was the business centre as it was nearer the Port Road. The mud was so bad that my Mother lost her shoe when crossing Pulteney street and we had to pick our way round puddles and over uneven places as if we were on an English common instead of a city street. The Park Lands of which we had heard so much, were a woeful disappointment. They had been planned by our thoughtful Uncles Rowland and Matthew Hill for lungs to the city and a recreation ground for its people but,

"The best laid plans o"
Aft gang aglee"

and the early settlers had so hard a battle to fight with circumstances that they never thought of the future. The magnificent trees planted by nature, which should have been carefully preserved had been cut down and used as firewood, fences etc. Whenever people were short of wood they felled the nearest tree, consequently what had been a scene of beauty

had become one of ruin and desolation, this was especially the case between North and South Adelaide, now so beautiful.

Kind Mrs. Bligh invited us to dine at her house on Sunday, and I think we had very little idea of the trouble we were giving, a party of 10. There we met Mr. and Mrs. (Howard), the best friends I ever had in Australia, and just as delightful when I met them later in Scotland. It was a great grief to me when they left this country in 1855. Old Mr. Bligh was an extremely pleasant man, with a talent for conversation which I have seldom known surpassed, and we had a most agreeable day.

Staying at the York Hotel was so expensive an arrangement that it was soon decided to send my brothers and sisters and myself, with the servant we had brought out with us, and a man and his wife, engaged from among the immigrants, to our new house, while my Father and Mother remained in town to transact the business connected with the arrival of our furniture, and the various goods with which my Father had been entrusted, so taking with us our cabin beds, boxes, deck chairs etc, we were taken to our new residence.

It was a lovely day and the little garden in front was sweet with mignonette and gay with monthly roses. The air was so fresh and delicious and all was so new and required so much contrivance that we thought everything delightful. My Mother bought a teapot and kettle for us with two or three saucepans, a frying pan and a few cups and saucers and plates. We had our cabin washstands and chests of drawers so we soon established ourselves, and after a grand exploration of the premises and a good tea went to bed thinking we should be very comfortable. We were obliged to lay our beds on the floor and discovered only too soon that the house was infested by fleas. Every room was the same and until by patient search and

[page 113]

slaughter, and the use of a scrubbing brush and boiling water we had got rid of these horrible pests we had very little rest; the house having been empty for some time they were ravenously hungry.

It was many weeks before we got the bulk of our furniture, our only table was a shutter placed on top of a cask and we got our meals in the kitchen. As many as there was room for sat at the table the others managed as they could. It was a delightful discovery when we found a wide plank in one of the out-houses and by laying it on top of two casks we made a table large enough for us all to sit down at once.

By that time our Father and Mother were with us and the Captain and Doctor from the ship soon made their appearance, paying us pleasant little visits from Saturday till Monday.

There was plenty to do, all the ships' clothes had to be washed, bed-steads and curtains to be put up, carpets to be laid and fitted and room to be made in our very small house for the many superfluous things we had brought with us.

As we had but one sittingroom our drawingroom furniture had to be sold. It was purchased by our fellow-passenger Mr. Wright, who settled at Lockleys, and many years afterwards when he returned to England we had the pleasure of buying most of it back again in as good order as when it arrived here.

There was a large garden at Goodwood and when the man began to dig in what appeared to be only a forest of weeds, he found vegetables of all sorts. There were vines also and peach, apricot and plum trees so that in the season we had plenty of fruit. One kind we found

there we were afraid to touch thinking it looked poisonous, it turned out to be the Cape gooseberry and we soon learned to appreciate it.

People made jam of it and it was used for puddings and pies, but we never had more than we could eat raw. We grew beautiful melons and cucumbers from seed brought from England as well as vegetable marrows. Ripe marrows were sometimes used for jam and when flavoured with ginger it was not bad. We made our apple pies of pie melons flavoured with essence of lemon for at that time apples were sixpence to a shilling a pound, we little thought that they would ever be one of our exports. Red currants were four and sixpence a pound when I first heard of them here, and cherries nearly as expensive. Melons we had in abundance, they are said to prefer new ground and certainly they do not do nearly so well now. An old colonist told me that when he first came he used to kick the seed into the ground and in later days he could not get it to grow with the greatest care.

My Father could never live in any place without improving it so new ground was brought under cultivation, trees were planted, and the garden was in beautiful order when the landlord took the opportunity to raise the rent, my Father was so disgusted that he decided to leave the place although we had become very fond of it, and we were not sorry to learn afterwards that the house stood empty for six months and the rent had to be reduced before it could be let.

There were several disadvantages, it was four miles from town

[page 114]

with a very bad road and my Father and brothers having found occupation had to go in everyday. Once they found the road so flooded my Father and Howard returned home, Sidney managed to cross the water by clambering along the fence, he slept in Adelaide and by the next day the flood had subsided. This was the great flood of August 1851 when all the bridges that crossed the Torrens were destroyed except the one at Hindmarsh and a foot bridge.

That first year in the colony would have been a very happy one but for the frequent illness of my Mother to whom the change of life and separation from her Father and brothers were terribly trying. The state of my Father's health also gave her great anxiety. I think it was on New Year's Day 1851 that he walked up the hills with Mr. Higginson, the brother-in-law of our old English pastor Mr. Bache, and afterwards minister of the Melbourne Unitarian church. They went to the top of Mount Lofty and then perceiving that the way they had taken was unnecessarily long my Father determined to strike across the hills towards home, Mr Higginson, who lived in North Adelaide kept to the road, so they separated. My Father had a singular aptitude for finding his way but he did not know the country. He had to go up one steep hill and down another till he became so weary that he lay down on the ground thinking he could go no further, until a little rest however he tried again. A storm was evidently coming, thunder became more and more frequent and he did not meet with a single human being. It was dark before he reached home utterly exhausted and he never recovered from the fatigue of that day. Soon afterwards he was attacked by rheumatism which flew to the heart and although he lived for two years afterwards it was with a broken constitution. Little suspecting this at the time we young people found many pleasures in our new life. We worked hard and enjoyed ourselves none the less for that. My Father and Howard acted as

land agents for my uncles and other English friends, they also undertook accountant's work, and Sidney had a timber yard to manage. I made bread for the family and learned to starch and iron and to make my own and my sister's dresses. We had brought out with us a small hand mill and used to grind our own wheat and make whole-meal bread.

In the winter this was frequently good but in summer the difficulty of getting or making yeast and my own want of experience often made it too much like Hood's⁵⁴ description, "Who has not heard of home-made bread, that horrible compound of putty and lead?" It was a great blessing when our removal to Kensington took us within reach of a baker.

Vincent was our carpenter, he made washstands and towel-horses, a workbox for Mary, a stool with a wooden edge round it on which my Mother could keep her candle and glass of water at night, besides mending any broken furniture of which we had only too much for it had been very badly packed by the men who did not understand packing for the sea. He put up shelves also and made all sorts of contrivances for the comfort of the house.

Henry was farmer and gardener, having paid a long visit to Mr. Howard Bligh's farm at Ladywood, near Dry Creek, where he learned much, for he was singularly observant; he was always discovering

[page 115]

new birds and insects, plants and flowers, and never went anywhere without learning something. I shall never forget the delight we felt on first seeing the scarlet creeper growing among the grass. Then came the native lilac and the lovely wattle blossom. Henry would walk up into the hills and bring home the red and white epacris, the pretty pink Grevillea and numbers of beautiful orchids. Once he found a large fan-shaped fungus growing upon a gum tree. It was left on the side-board and happening to go into the dining-room in the dark I was startled to see what looked like a piece of the moon shining there, it was the fungus, one mass of phosphorescent light, most beautiful, the rays of the fan like the underside of a mushroom were all distinctly visible lighting up the whole room.

Rosa and Symonds looked after the poultry and Rosa soon learned to milk the cows and make the butter.

Mary was too little to do much, she was learning to read and it was surprising how quickly she learned on my Mother's plan of teaching by words without any attempt at spelling. Before she was six years old she could read Miss Edgeworth's "Frank" with such spirit that old Mr. Bligh said it was a pleasure to listen to her.

[Here Miss Clark's reminiscences come to an end. They are followed by the three volumes of her journals: October 21st 1850 to April 18th 1852.]

JOURNAL OF CAROLINE EMILY CLARK PRG 331/2

Exercise Book 1 pages 1-42

October 21st 1850. Goodwood Road Adelaide.

⁵⁴ Thomas Hood (1799-1845), English poet, author and humourist.

I have had so much pleasure in reading the journal of one kind English friend & anticipate so much in the perusal of another not yet arrived, that I have resolved to make a great effort & once more attempt to keep one myself in the hope of doing something towards the payment of the debt of gratitude contracted by such kindness. I have a most uneventful day to begin with, but as my wish is to give a true picture of Australian life, that is not an objection & you must make up your minds to find in these ~~the~~ pages the quintessence of dullness occasionally – I was up at six to make breakfast at half-past for William Bucknall who spent yesterday with us & had to be in town early – He did me the honour to praise my bread, which flattered my vanity – Papa & the boys were off early & Rosa & I went to our usual occupations of \Rosa/ looking after the fowls (Henry is at M^r Howard Blythe's) & \both/ making beds. At a quarter to ten we were ready for the lessons which occupied us till one o'clock, then came needlework, dinner, the children's drawing lesson & needlework again till five o'clock when Mamma & Mary & I went into the garden to cut off dead roses & water some of \the/ poor plants which are wanting rain so sadly – my young seedlings do not grow at all they only live or rather exist. We noticed that the earth even then was quite disagreeably warm tho' there was a cold wind blowing. Papa & the boys came in soon after six & brought a note from Henry – Papa had his dinner & we our tea.

[page 2

Then I \put Mary to bed &/ returned to my sewing till I made this book & wrote so far. Sidney sits writing letters, Papa do – Howard is turning over "Ellis's Specimens" & Mamma has just retired to bed, whither the others have long since betaken themselves & whither I myself shall not unwillingly retire. Good-night or rather good morning therefore – Mary often says when the sun sets. He "is gone to waken Willie" – I trust he has wakened you to a happy day – Our night promises to be stormy. The wind rumbles & howls round the house, while the sky is as clear as on a summer day – The moon lights up the distant hills, the stars look down "unutterably bright," with such a quiet gaze, as if they had no thought of shipwrecked mariners. Heaven keep all ships away from this inhospitable shore to-night.

Tuesday Oct 22nd –

I was up later having been tempted last night to sit up too long to write to Bertha. The sun was so hot that it seemed to scorch the young melon plants & I spent nearly an hour in sheltering them with cabbage leaves. Then came yesterday's occupations over again but this afternoon I took two hours to begin to copy some beautiful trees lent to me by Miss Wright. When we went into the garden about five – I uncovered the melons & cut as many dead roses from four trees as I could carry in my apron – We set to work also to cut the blighted leaves from a peach tree but darkness came too soon – Sidney, Howard & Vincent came home without Papa who returned late, having been over to M^r Howard Blythe's with Cartwright on horse back. He came home very tired & stiff. Twenty eight miles is a great distance for a first ride – The moon rose very beautifully over the hills & Mary was delighted & would take me out "to see it better". Symonds followed & as we came in explained to her that the planets shine

[page 3]

with borrowed light! As Mary was going to bed she made her first critique on poetry. I was repeating to her "The Butterfly's Ball & the Grasshopper's feast." of which she is very fond & when I came to the lines –

"But just in the middle oh! shocking to tell,

From his rope in an instance poor Harlequin fell."

I put the emphasis on "poor" & she detected a fault in the metre & charged it on the poet instead of on me. She said – "I think it should not be poor Harlequin it should be some short word the \or good/ Harlequin" – & then she repeated the line putting the in the place of poor – Rather a premature, is it not? criticism from a child of four years old! –

Wednesday Oct. 23rd. The lessons were pleasantly interrupted this morning by the arrival of M^r & M^{rs} Blythe. It is the first time they have been to see us & they were much interested in our arrangements. It does one good to see the face of M^r Blythe. It is the picture of benevolence & good humour. They dined with us & papa walked up from town to see them as they had to leave early. Papa told us that Sidney had had an accident. He attempted to ride Lancet (Cartwright's horse) home & the spirited creature set off at full speed & galloped on, in spite of Sidney's efforts to restrain him till he came to a lane down which he is in the habit of going & turning sharply he threw Sidney & then ran off again. Sidney was not hurt & the horse was soon caught. I hope he will not mount it again, or at least not until he has had a little practice in riding – Lancet ran off with me two or three days ago, as I rode round the field for practice. His mouth is very hard & Sidney had he wrong rein. We have had a very hot day but the night is lovely.

[page 4]

In the evening Papa read two or three chapters from "Ennis [?]" Howard is the reader generally but lately he has been too busy with his chemistry to indulge us – He stayed at home to day to experimentalize in his laboratory (a packing-case turned upside down under the verandah.) The only result of the day's work which I could perceive was a series of horrible smells, which, the wind wafted thro' the open doors & windows – I have a book which interests me exceedingly. "The Life of Margaret Davidson," by Washington Irving. The subject of the memoir was a young girl born on the borders of Lake Champlain – a poet by nature - She lived long enough to show what treasures of beautiful thoughts lay ripening in her mind & at the age of fifteen fell a victim to that epicure in beauty & excellence, Consumption –It is a distressing yet a beautiful story, her life, tho' one long disease, was a bright & happy one & contains a lesson for old & young – Her poems are often really beautiful. I am tempted to copy some few verses but I am bewildered amidst riches & alarmed by the length of the pieces – It would be unfair to give a few lines as a specimen because the thoughts ~~expressed~~ are not expressed concisely – Margaret Davidson was not a Chatterton only a very sweet little songstress.

Thursday Oct^{re} 24th This morning Sidney & Howard did not make their appearance till half past seven & when they found that we had all deserted the table, they asked how soon we meant to breakfast over night! Today was ironing-day & being very hot the work was not so pleasant as usual. M^r Babbage came in the evening & talked about rain gauges & life in the bush. He said that during the storm last Sunday \week/ he was sleeping in a cot strung up to the ceiling of his hut at Port Wakefield & as the wind blew the cot began to move

[page 5]

gently at first but increasing in motion till it became a regular swing at last – A man had his house nearly blown away, so the next morning he moved it from the land where it stood, which he rented to a section of his own. A house was blown onto Cartwright's land at the port – so one circumstance in 'Aladdin' may be true – This morning Mamma saw a horse run away in our road, the driver was thrown & the cart went over him – he was sadly hurt poor fellow. The horse had been alarmed by two goats which were tethered in the road, a very common & most dangerous practice here – As we came from Mr Wright's Lancet would have caught his foot in the tether of a goat but for Cartwright's warning cry.

Oct 25th Baking & mending day – I finished my letter to Bertha in the evening – A fishmonger called in the morning & Mamma bought a very pretty fish for sixpence called a snapper. It served us for dinner & was very good – Howard & Sidney were down in time for breakfast! Wonderful, most wonderful!

Saturday Oct. 26th

The first really hot day that we have had. A hot wind came on about eleven o'clock which was very unpleasant we shut up doors & windows & I was glad to have been obliged to go out for a few minutes to enjoy the delightful coolness of the house. The wind went round to the opposite quarter, the south, before four o'clock & the fresh breeze was very refreshing. The thermometer went to 97° in the shade while the hot wind was blowing, as higher than we ever had it in the tropics, yet we did not feel the heat even so much as I have often felt it in England – It was oppressive but I did not feel that languor which is generally produced by heat. Howard was

[page 6]

at work in his laboratory all day – it is fortunately on the south side of the house. Mamma & I have been very busy making curtains to hang outside the verandah to keep the sun from the walls of those rooms which face the East & West. Henry came home in the evening from Mr Howard Blythe's bringing two opossum skins & all sorts of strange stories – M^r Turton came also & he & Howard are gossiping about Benevento Cellini in particular & artists in general & I cannot help listening a little. Papa puts in a word now & then, while writing letters & Sidney nods in blissful ignorance of all that is going on. I have not read a line all day but that is not very extraordinary – The only time I have had for reading since I came from M^r Wright's, except on Sunday has been while dressing in the morning & a few minutes before breakfast – I have resolved every night to be up early, but in the morning I am so sleepy that I am seldom up long before our fearfully early breakfast hour a quarter past & even nominally more frequently seven!

Sunday Oct 27th It is not pleasant to write the journal of a day in which one has done nothing & this is such a day to me. I am ashamed to say how long I was arranging a few flowers in the morning & when they were finished I could do nothing but look at them – they were so beautiful. We are fortunate in having just the right flowers for small bouquets – white & scarlet geraniums, lovely little monthly roses, & sweet peas, clove carnations & aescholtyias. These two last with a white rose or geranium form the loveliest combination of colours that can be imagined except that the addition of a little blue nemophylla or dark purple pansy would I think make it even more lovely. We have no blue flowers in the garden. A few nemophylla ~~plants~~ \seeds/ have shown some brown leaves & there are a few little dots

[page 7]

about them which they imagine to be flowers but which I regard merely as makers of seed.— I stayed at home to write to Julian & to Lewin but just as I had penned half a dozen lines in walked Cartwright & as my brothers were all gone to the Bay & Papa & mamma for a little walk up the hills – I had to entertain him till they came home two hours afterwards & to write my letters in the afternoon. The evening slipped away unaccountably fast & nothing occurred to record.

Monday Oct 27th Nothing whatever has happened to-day except that M^r Turton has left us & one delightful thing, the piano has come home. It was covered with carpet & yet the wood was hot. The thermometer has been at eighty-eight in the shade – yet we have felt the heat very little. We put away our winter clothes \today/ but my brothers have not taken to blouses even yet. The curtains to keep the sun off the wall answer delightfully, my room has been much cooler since they were put up – three vessels came in yesterday but they brought nothing but business letters with the exception of an amusing little letter from uncle Frederic Hill to me. Another vessel came in this evening & I hope she will be more prolific – The Constance brought a consignment of cocks and a kind letter from Mr Brooke Smith to Papa. Tuesday Oct 29th We have had a scorching day. The thermometer was at 60° when we got up at six & between two & three it had it had risen to 99° in the shade. We kept the house closely shut up for a hot wind was & is blowing – Even now (11 o'clock) the thermometer is at 76° & it is quite as warm

[page 8]

outside as inside the house. The sky looks like rain and I hope we may have rain. We have had a deluge of visitors lately – to-day M^r & M^{rs} Higginson & their little girl came over – Papa asked them some time ago while Henry was away but they would not come then & now it has required some contrivance to lodge them. Henry & Vincent have given up their room & are sleeping in the kitchen (the coolest place in the house now) Henry on the table & Vincent on some chairs. Symonds has Mary's bed & Mary is laid upon the top of the side-board much to her delight – I give you the details to show how colonial we have become – how all these arrangements involve much labour for we cannot say do as it is done as in England. Mamma & I did everything required & I made up a bushel of flour into bread & watered my flowers & seedlings & did everything that I usually do besides without any extra fatigue. Mamma looks better than usual so you see the heat tho' so great is much more endurable than any one might suppose. Old colonists tell us that it is the best way to be actively employed – that sedentary people suffer more from heat than those who are obliged to move about & \our/ experience confirms the assertion. We feel the heat most in the evening when sitting quiet. Wednesday Oct 30th Yesterday we could hardly imagine greater heat \than we endured/ for the wind felt like the breath of an oven but today it is really terrible – The night

[page 9]

was hot, the therm. 74 at four o'clock in the morning. We could not bear the closeness of the house so that the windows were opened for a little time early in the morning & the heat

became almost insufferable. In the afternoon however the wind changed & the therm. fell in a few minutes from 103° (in the shade of course) to 84°. The house was thrown open immediately but we felt little relief & the night appeared hotter than the last.

Oct 31st This morning ~~the~~ I was awakened \not/ by the twittering of birds, by the song of the early lark or the touch of the sun's first beam, but by the biting & buzzing of the flies our harbingers of day. Their bites are like those of infant mousquitoes & they are the greatest torments possible & will be worse. In the summer, I am told, that even gentlemen wear veils when they go out & ladies frequently sit, & sleep in them. I am not come to that yet, but I am rambling. I was awakened to a state of weariness more easily imagined \than/ described. My nerves seemed stretched to the uttermost, if I had pricked my finger I must have gone into hysterics – but I did not prick my finger & a few hours brought a cool refreshing breeze & with it clouds of dust – we did not have it much in the house but in the road it was as if the wind had picked up the great desert & was conveying it into the bush. But how delightful the wind was – The enjoyment did not seem dearly bought even at the expense of the suffering of the morning. In the midst of the heat I went down to assist in the ironing. It seemed like falling out of the frying-pan into the fire, but I found myself greatly relieved immediately – the exertion

[page 10]

seemed to do me good. Tonight we have a thunderstorm – & the lightening is like none that I have ever seen before. There is a sort of constant flickering continually hovering about the clouds with an occasional sheet flash, but now & then comes a most brilliant spectacle a line of light extending half accross the sky the sky one I have seen was in this shape [*a roughly drawn shape of an elongated triangle on its side*] The idea of trying to map out the lightening – forgive me ye poets!! In the afternoon the two eldest Miss Boucauts paid us a long call & they were speaking of a hot summer three years ago when the hills were on fire for three weeks & during that time a north wind blew for ten days – The heat must have been terrible. We have never seen the fires on the hills – it is very dangerous. M^{rs} Davenport, the sister of our clergyman, had her fences burnt down, by the spreading of the hill fire & it was with great difficulty that the house was saved. The servants beat off the fire with green boughs.

Friday Nov 1st When Sidney came home last evening he brought a packet from Julian containing his bill of lading long despaired of. The other bag had been fished up out of the Grecian, too late, for the sales are over now. I was very sorry to hear of Katherine's illness I had no idea of its serious nature – Three ships came in from England to-day & yesterday & brought only two letters for us one on business for Papa & the other to Sidney from Florry, which I hope I may be allowed to see. The Delta left Plymouth on the 4th August thus having made the passage in 88 days. We never have any letters by the quick ships. There has been a delightful, quiet, soaking rain

[page 11]

all day which prevented M^r and M^{rs} H from returning home. It will do a great deal of good in the garden. Our peas looked as if they were shrivelled up by the hot wind & the outer leaves

of the few roses left were quite brown. Some old colonists have been telling Sidney that they never felt the heat so oppressive as it was on Wednesday so I hope we shall not often have so much to endure. The rain is come just too late for the hay – much of it is cut & lying on the ground but some of our neighbours have been so fortunate as to have had theirs carried in time. They put salt between the layers of hay to keep it moist. It adds to the weight considerably & improves the hay also, I am told. We were puzzled before hearing this explanation to know why our neighbours refused to sell their hay before stacking it. I have worked very hard to-day & very late so I must wish you good.night tho' I have more to say. I have by dint of close application succeeded in getting all the clean clothes, including thirteen pairs of stockings all holy, mended in one day. Mamma mended one pair of drawers & that is all the assistance I have had. I begin to think of hiring myself out like a second Miss Marston but I do not equal her yet.

Sat^y Nov 2nd I received the long expected packet from Chalcotts. Thank you my dear Shore [?] for all the trouble you have taken for me. I think if you knew with how much interest your journal was read, you would not give it up.

[page 12]

perhaps you have already resumed it. I hope so. I hoped to have had letters also but there were none. Alfred writes so often to Papa that I sometimes feel annoyed & disappointed that there are no enclosures. But certainly this is not the time to complain & I am not ungrateful. I was too busy to read the journal in the evening, but I took it into my room & finished it before going to bed. It is delightful to have the family scenes brought before me so vividly but I will say no more, because I mean to write at once & I may repeat all this again – your journal makes me half regret that I have begun this – it derives so much interest from my power of imagining from recollections all that you describe & your little reviews are so interesting. My brothers brought home M^r Nevil Blythe, I like him very much but I do not like so many visitors. I wanted a Sunday for myself. The worst of visiting here is that people are obliged to stay – you must either not have them at all or have them for more time than you are perhaps willing to give up. We make no difference in our manner of living for any one so that it is not an expensive pleasure if it-pleasure it is. – but that it is not always to me. I was not sorry to lose M^r & M^{rs} H. tho' liking both.

Sunday Nov 3rd It was too wet to go to church but as M^{rs} Vale was out & Anne had too much to do I did not gain much leisure – I finished the Memoirs of Margaret Davidson & I must copy a few lines to show you and I must copy a few lines to show you what we have lost by her premature death. I have not chosen what

[page 13]

seems to me the best, critically speaking but some which I myself like
On the Departure of the Year 1837 & the commencement of 1838.
Hark to the house clock's measured chime,
As it cries to the startled ear,
A dirge for the soul of departing time
A requiem for the year."

Thou art passing away to the mighty past
Where thy countless brethren sleep'
Till the great Archangel's trumpet blast,
Shall waken loud & deep.

Oh the lovely & beautiful things that lie
On thy cold & motionless breast!
Oh the tears, the rejoicings the smiles the sighs,
Departing with thee to their rest.

Thou wert ushered to life amid darkness & gloom
But the icy cloud pass'd away
And spring in her verdure, & freshness & bloom,
Touched with glory thy mantle of gray.

The flow'rets burst forth in their beauty – the trees
In their exquisite robes were arrayed,
But thou glidest along, & the flower & the leaf
At the sound of thy footsteps, decay'd.

And fairer young blossoms were blooming above,
And they died at the glance of thine eye
But a life was within which should rise o'er thine own
And a spirit thou could'st not destroy.

[page 14]

Thou hast folded thy pinions, thy race is complete,
And fulfilled thy Creator's behest,
Then adieu to thee, year of our sorrows & joys,
And peaceful & long be thy rest.

Farewell! For thy truth-written record is full,
And the page weeps for sorrow & crime,
Farewell! For the leaf hath shut down on the past
And conceal'd the dark annals of time.

The bell! It hath ceased with its iron tongue
To ring on the startled year
The dirge o'er the grave of the lost one is rung –
All hail to the new-born year!

All hail to the new-born year!
To the child of hope & fear
He comes on his car of state
And measures our web of fate,

And he opens his robe to receive us all
And we live or die, & we rise or fall,
In the arms of the new-born year!

Hope! Spread thy soaring wings
Look forth on the boundless sea
And trace thy bright & beautiful things
On the veil of the great To Be.

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This is enough for a specimen, you perhaps may think it too much – In writing I perceive errors which had escaped me before, but I think that even critical Florry will allow that such verses ~~composed~~ \written/ at the age of fourteen

[page 15]

gave promise of a rich maturity.

Cartwright dropped in as we were finishing dinner & gave us a long tirade against saints, & more especially methodists. M^r B defended the methodists & tried to restrict Cartwright's sweeping assertions & to separate mock from genuine saints, Mamma & I sided with him & the dispute promised to be warm when Hood's⁵⁵ "Ode to Rae Wilson" being mentioned, Howard read it & silenced argument by admiration.

Nov 4th Mr Neville Blythe left us. He will take letters of introduction to some of our friends in England and lest you should see him & be prejudiced against him by his appearance which is anything but prepossessing I must tell you my own opinion of him. I think him one of nature's gentlemen. Here he has spent the greater part of his life in the roughest circumstances, struggling at one time even for bread, yet they seem to have affected him only outwardly. He has a tact derived from natural delicacy & consideration for others which all Lord Chesterfield's rules could never give. He has a taste for literature with little power of indulging it, & when I remember how early he left England, how slender must have been his school education I am surprised by the extent & variety of his knowledge compared with that of other Colonists who have \had/ such superior advantages. I hope you will see him & if you knew, you could not help liking him he has such a kind charitable disposition & so amiable a temper. Mamma walked over to Cartwright's to see little Rowland

[page 16]

who has been poorly but is now better. The weather is still showery & very cold, Rosa has returned to her merino frocks & there was a general petition for a fire & extra blankets. M^r Babbage came in this evening & told us that there had been an inch & three quarters of rain in three days – neither of them regular wet days – an inch & a half fell on Friday. The garden looks so green & pleasant – M^r B has been knocking about the world for years & now & then will touch upon scenes in his life which makes one long to know more. He was an engineer on one of the Italian railways & had often to dine on bread & garlic & to sleep rolled up in a great-coat among the Appenines – now he spends half his time in the bush. He was

⁵⁵ Thomas Hood (1799-1845), English poet, author and humourist.

speaking of the intelligence of the stock-keepers' horses – they know their business well & are generally allowed to go their own way in driving home the cattle. The rider is a mere puppet with a long whip – the horses dodge to cattle about, driving them just where wanted – & they get so excited that if a horse gets near a refractory bullock he will seize him by the tail & give him a sly bite as a punishment. Rosa is not well. She looks pale & poorly to-day. Nov^{er} 5th Papa took Rosa & Symonds onto the race-course as to-day was the first day of the Adelaide Races – Papa says they were admirably managed & he neither saw nor heard either gaming or quarrelling. There were fine horses & they were very fleet – Anne went also & instead of the partial holiday for which I had fondly hoped I was more busy than usual having a

[page 17]

grand baking of bread, biscuits & cakes & being obliged to manage the oven myself, besides all Rosa's house-work to do. I went to bed thoroughly tired.

Nov^{er} 6th I began a letter to Uncle Frederic & stole a little time to touch the piano which is still much out of tune I cannot sing to it. As Mary was boring a hole in a piece of wood, which she called her deck to put the mast into it – I asked her what the boat was – "Only a schooner" she said "there are only two masts" – she handed her work to Vinnie observing that the masts raked rather but that did not matter. She never makes a mistake in a nautical term tho' she uses so many. We finished "Eunice" which I have enjoyed as much as if it were quite new to me – perhaps more.

Sunday Nov 10th I have neglected my journal for several days but there has been little to record. Mary has been rejoiced by the present of a couple of rabbits from our neighbour, the farmer, M^r Manful. We saw more beautiful lightening on Thursday evening. On Friday I was very poorly & I do not feel well now. I have been trying the plan of getting up at half-past five to read without altering the time for retiring & it has quite knocked me up. I was in bed half Friday. M^r Babbage came in again to spend the evening & was very much pleased with some Calotypes⁵⁶ which gave us far more pleasure – being representations of places dear to us from association. It was a pleasant evening to us for we received a large packet of letters with the Calotypes – & before M^r B's arrival there was a great reading of scraps & sometimes of whole letters together with private enjoyment not to be communicated.

[page 18]

My most interesting letter was from Florry & I had two kind little notes from Bertha & Marcia – Howard had some very funny letters one especially so from his friend Meadows Martineau. I have been reading Calaynos⁵⁷ with which I am much pleased as also with a eulogium, for it contains little criticism, in the University College Magazine, upon it. I am inclined to criticise a little more. I do not like Calaynos to sit still & only send his secretary to seek his wife – I do not think it natural. I think the very agitation of his mind must have driven him out & that he must have found her – To be a whole month seeking her is terrible! How could so noble-minded a man be induced to believe in her guilt so easily. To me that seems impossible

⁵⁶ An early photographic process in which negatives were made using paper coated with silver iodide.

⁵⁷ Calaynos: A Tragedy, by George H Boker, published in the U.S.A. in 1848.

This afternoon Miss A Wright rode over with her brother Arthur & a M^r Hicks who called at their house just as they were setting off. I never thought Miss Amelia so pretty, her dark habit set off her slight figure & the little black hat became her so well. She gave us an account of a ball at Government house to which we were not invited. No notice whatever has been taken of our call & the only reason that I can imagine is that Sidney's sign sets him forth as a carpenter, as well as timber merchant. Papa saw Sir H Young when he presented his letter. It does not matter to us for I do not think we should go to the parties but yet it is disagreeable to be the only people left out. At the ball the other night an unfortunate mischance occurred – the musicians did not appear & after numerous enquiries & messages it was discovered that they were so tipsy that they were not able to come. Messengers were

[page 19]

despatched in all directions & after much hunting two violinists were discovered & secured. Meanwhile some obliging ladies played quadrilles & waltzes & people had a very pleasant evening in spite of the contretemps. Our visitors did not stay long. I have introduced Mr A.W. to you in my first journal but I like him better now – either he is much improved or he is much less of a coxcomb than I imagined. M^r Hicks is just the sort of person you would expect from his name if you had no floating remembrance of M^r Poseidon Hicks – I have no wish to see him again. I was writing letters in the evening –

Monday Nov^{er} 11th Mamma went to town in the cart to call on M^{rs} Torrens – she spent the greater part of the day with M^{rs} Blythe (who is staying with M^{rs} Arthur) & heard that Mr Neville leaves Adelaide in less than a month. M^r B intends to give a little party before he goes & we are already engaged for the unknown time. Sidney's arm was very painful when he came home & I bathed it for him. It is a long time since I saw him suffer so much but he bears it like an angel –

Tuesday Nov 12th I do not feel quite well even now. I wake early & cannot sleep tho' I religiously abstain from getting up – I cannot work – The clothes which for a long time have been always finished to put away on Saturday are still undone tho Mamma has helped me with them. There is a hot wind & that is an excuse for some laziness. The ther^m has

[page 20]

been up to eighty-five in the shade & the air smells as if it were burnt. The Misses Boucaut called yesterday afternoon to ask me to join a pic-nic party to the waterfall tomorrow supposing I could borrow Rebecca's horse & saddle but I do not feel fit for ride of fourteen miles. It is a great distance for so bad a horsewoman. They told me that Archdeacon Hailes⁵⁸ is gone to live at Port Lincoln to try a new plan for civilising the natives – he has taken with him sixteen men with their wives to form a colony, with a farmer to instruct them in agriculture, a shoemaker to teach them shoemaking &c. I like the idea but it seems to me that the plan is too large – they had better learn to want shoes before they are taught to make them – Port Lincoln has been chosen because it is thinly populated & the natives being hostile his colonists will be afraid to run away. I wish them success with all my heart but I fear – The Archdeacon must be an earnest energetic man to attempt such a thing & I think him

⁵⁸ Mathew Blagden Hale (1811-1895), Archdeacon of Adelaide, 1848, later Bishop of Brisbane.

quite right in his belief that it is best to begin with the useful arts rather than with reading & a parrot-like religion, but I would teach little at first & instead of giving them huts, as he means to do, I would show them first how to improve their whirly (I do not know how to spell it) & try to induce a little envy of English comfort. The Archdeacon takes with him his wife & her four sisters all brought up in the bush, six more little girls & their governess, so that

[page 21]

he will not be without female society. Poor Vinnie has hurt his knee with his plane, while planning off the bottom of the doors to enable the carpets to go under them. He has been obliged to keep it up all day & I hope the timely precaution will prevent its becoming serious. Papa & Sidney came home in a gig to our surprise. Two of the spokes had dropped out of one of the cart-wheels on the way to town & they had left it with the coach-maker. This will give Vinnie a holiday as the gig holds only two & he could not walk. Howard was at home all day & turned mason, building his furnace with bricks & mortar –

Wednesday Nov 13th We had a shower of rain this morning accompanied by a cold wind & we anxiously \& vainly/ hoped for a wet day forgetful of the riding party which passed on its way to the waterfall. In the evening Howard read to us the paper on the Post Office in “Household Word” which pleased us much. I have seen the sudden change from idleness & peace to bustle & noise at the Coventry railway station. There, before the train comes, no one is to be seen except perhaps two or three people sauntering up & down who look as if work were a thing undreamed of. A porter stands with a barrow in his hand, chattering \to/ the policeman or sits with his legs stretched across the pavement sleeping in blissful unconsciousness of what is coming – suddenly a bell rings, up he starts – porters come pouring in from every door, your legs are in danger from trucks & barrows

[page 22]

the engine comes panting up, & the people are turning out as if every one wished to stay at Coventry. No hope for a spectator, if you do not set your back against the wall, you will be tumbled down & walked over two or three times before you know which is the way to it. Five minutes & the platform is clear again, the train goes tearing on, the trucks & the porters have disappeared – the wave of passengers has subsided – Two lovers might choose it for their trysting place, it is so lonely & deserted.

Thursday Nov 14th We have had a terrible fright to-day – I was in the kitchen ironing when I heard Mary screaming terribly. I rushed upstairs & overtook Mamma running into the garden. Mary had been left with Vincent, Henry, Rosa Symonds & Anne having gone a pic-nic among the hills – we followed her voice to the back of the house & expected to find her in the well – but there we saw a ~~genegrab~~ blaze rising from a heap of rubbish in one corner of the garden against a little wooden shed which Vincent uses as a workshop – M^{rs} Vale was there & swinging a bucket she dashed water upon it at once – we took up whatever was at hand & speedily emptied the well. bucket – just as we began to let it down into the well, Mrs V called out “the cask the cask is full.” This is a cask sunk into the ground to catch rain-water – we were soon baling out water & then Joseph & three men appeared & with their help the fire was soon out, not however before the cask was empty & some

[page 23]

bucketsful \of water/ drawn from the well. It appeared that Anne is in the habit of throwing the ashes ~~there~~ \on to this heap/ & tho' those put there this morning, were taken from the oven yesterday & appeared quite extinguished, they must have smouldered on in the heap until meeting with something very combustible the wind fanned it into a flame & set fire to some branches dried by the heat of the sun – the fence was charred for some distance & the active men who had given such timely assistance said that had it caught fire we could not have saved it or the shed. They had seen the flames from the road as they passed with a dray & imagined that the house was on fire. About an hour after all was over, Mary came running in to say that it was on fire again – we found a plank of the shed charred & smoking – it was soon put out for fortunately Mamma had taken the precaution to have the cask refilled. A spark appeared to have fallen among the saw-dust – One of the men told us that last year, he & another man were walking on the hills when his companion threw down a match with which he had just lighted his pipe. It was not blazing but the grass caught fire immediately & notwithstanding their efforts to tread it out, the fire spread with frightful rapidity – they saw it reach a field

[page 24]

of corn & then terrified by the consequences of an act of carelessness they made their escape.

Friday Nov^{er} 15th Howard finished building his furnace. The two M^{rs} Fulfords called, the wife & mother of our clergyman. The elder lady was to have come with the Wrights, & her daughter also but there was not room – I like the mother very much & the daughter whom I have met at M^s Boucaut's can be agreeable, but she is so dreadfully good that I am afraid of her – she does not approve of balls, thinks they encourage vanity & when she called on M^s Wright "took the liberty of leaving a little tract." What she would say if she knew my opinion I know not – endless perdition must certainly be my fate. In the evening Howard received an immense packet of letters from Alfred Wills which had been only ninety-five days on the seas – they brought us news of the failure of M^r Ross. & a motion for reopening the post offices – I think the members for England are deranged & would recommend shutting them up in Provincial asylums – Papa came home on the mare, the gig has been reclaimed & the cart is not mended. I am glad the weather is cooler. I forgot to say that an immense centipede was caught yesterday on the fence. Rosa found one in Vinnie's room also but that was very small. We read Dickens's sketches of the amusements of the people – they are very good. It is indeed terrible to think how much mischief is being done by these low theatres when

[page 25]

they might be made the instruments of so much good if we only, knew how to use them. If the idea were taken up by a number of saints who should write educational plays, they would do no good – Whatever is to be effected must be done gradually. The rant & the sentiment & the claptraps must be left till Time sweep them away but surely more astringent measures are necessary The Chamberlain's office should not be a sinecure.

Saturday Nov^r 16th Anne & M^{rs} Vale have both been very poorly all day, & I have nothing agreeable to record. I think I will ignore such days & adopt Albert's favourite motto –

Horas non numero nisi serenas⁵⁹

Sunday Nov^r 17th Cartwright & Rebecca called while we were at dinner, on horseback – both are well– They went on Thursday to dine with their old Captain on board the William Hyde & called on M^{rs} Torrens who enquired how it was that they & we were not at the ball & expressed great astonishment that we had received no invitation. She says she shall ask Lady Young \the reason/ & I hope she will, being curious to know. I was writing letters during great part of the day to go by M^r Nevil Blyth. I wish I could send myself instead or entrust him with my eyes & ears like a skitrylander [?] & yet it would be tantalising to see & hear & not speak. Last night Sidney brought home a number of silk-worms. Dr Everard is trying to introduce the culture of them here & employs one of the shop-keepers

[page 26]

to give them away – we have three mulberry trees in the garden so that we shall not want food.

Monday Nov^r 18th We have \had/ a hot wind again from the north-east which is now in the East. This morning as I passed Henry who was trimming the vines I said “How hot it is.” “Oh no!” replied he “the thermometer is only 87°–!! I give you an account of every change of weather that you may understand the climate. Whenever I say nothing, you may be sure that we have had a clear bright day with a hot sun and a cool wind, that is true Adelaide weather. This evening I read the newspaper by moonlight.

Tuesday Nov^r 19th Still a hot wind. In the evening Sidney called me out just as he came home to look at a swarm of insects so large that they seemed to stretch as far as we could see. He thought they were mousquitoes but Henry knew them directly for ants, when closely examined they were beautiful creatures with long semitransparent white wings edged with a rich shade of brown. The moment they were touched the wings fell off & in the morning –
Wednesday Nov 20th the ground was strewn over with them – & they were blown up into little heaps like hailstones after a summer shower. It is a curious thing – this ephemeral liberty – I believe that ants lose their wings when they settle in their new home, like Love in marriage – The heat is really very great today – the ther^m was at 85 in the shade at seven o'clock this morning but it has not risen above 97° all day. The wind has changed many

[page 27]

times, coming occasionally in heavy gusts from all quarters of the heavens \but always hot/. About nine A M it veered round from N E to S W or W S W – & ther^m fell thirteen degrees in a few minutes. \The wind went back in ½ hour/ We were able to keep the house 25° below the temperature outside during the hottest part of the day – It was shut up soon after six – there has been much thunder & lightening & a slight shower – I should not like this weather at sea. Cartwright came in last night (I was too sleepy to write my journal & have omitted to say so). he & Rebecca feel the heat far more than we do & he was in wretched spirits. I long for a change of weather as much for their sake as my own. To-night I have a letter from Caroline

⁵⁹ I count only the hours that are serene.

Aaron whom I have not seen for nine or ten years nor in all that time have I had one letter from her tho' frequent messages – she lives in Sydney & writes as a woman. When I knew her she was a laughing little romp of fourteen. It is a kind friendly letter taking up our acquaintance just as it was left & recurring to scenes which had long slept in my memory. We are now rejoicing in a cooler atmosphere – the wind is in the south – I have been making ginger-beer among other occupations to-day.

Thursday Nov^r 21st I have done nothing new, seen nothing new, nor had a single new idea in \my/ mind – one of my bottles of ginger –beer has burst which proves it good. That is the event of the day. M^{rs} A Blyth has had a little boy, born yesterday –

Friday Nov^r 22nd Sidney heard an odd story in

[page 28]

town, told by a man who never jokes – He was in M^r Blyth's shop buying nails & having to give ten pence for what would have cost him two pence in England was remarking upon the extraordinary prices of things in the colony M^r Blyth's shopman said that he had seen Carpenters' tools carefully assorted, sold for half-a crown a cask – the solid man (M^r Scott) then said that Mr Bentham Neales⁶⁰ had received (in the early days of the colony) a large consignment of double-barreled Opera glasses. He put them up at a shilling a dozen but no one would give that for them & they were eventually sold by the bushell.

Mary asked me to-day whether Grandmamma was born before Julius Caesar – !

Saturday Nov^r 23rd ...I walked over to see Rebecca & found her looking poorly & the baby also. On my return I found M^r Neville Blyth. The little nephew is to be named after him. Poor Mary has never seemed well since the hot wind – she has lost her appetite & looks so pale.

Sunday Nov^r 24th As Rosa & I were walking to church – Rosa looked back & called my attention to a mirage – There seemed to be a pool of deep water opposite our gate of a beautiful blue colour – a man was walking thro' it & in a few minutes a cloud of dust arose which must have dispelled the illusion had I been really deceived which

[page 29]

I must have been, had we seen the appearance in any other place – we were not more than two hundred yards at most from the spot yet the illusion was perfect. As we came home Rosa mentioned M^r Fred Wright's having said that when we saw the hills clear & apparently near we might expect a hot wind & we decided that there should be one tomorrow – we shall see – In the afternoon as the boys were in the garden their hats were carried off by a sudden whirlwind which after whirling them & Henry's little melon-cover about twenty feet in to the air let them fall again almost upon their heads while it went blistering on, bearing off a layer of hay from our neighbour's unfinished rick & wheeling a column of dust which looked like the pillar of cloud which guided the Israelites. (Query – might that not have been a pillar of sand raised in this manner?) We had a pleasant evening talking about "Rejected Addresses"⁶¹ – Goldsmith Cobbett & Chatterton chiefly. Mamma uses Cobbett's grammer for the children &

⁶⁰ John Bentham Neales (1806-1873) was a business man and member of Parliament, known as the Father of Mining in South Australia.

⁶¹ *Rejected Addresses* is an 1812 book of parodies by James and Horace Smith.

it is amusing to find almost all his examples not only of a political nature but conveying his own peculiar opinions as for the definite & indefinite article he has The house of Commons, A den of thieves – – I think Florry is an admirer of Chatterton – do you know a sweet little song of which the burden

[page 30]

“My love is dead.’
Gone to his death-bed
Under the willow tree.”

It is the song of Ella & if you do not remember it you must look for it for my sake & I think you cannot help liking it. Howard found it in Chambers’s Encyclopedia & I was so glad to meet with it again for I thought it was in England only –

Monday Nov^r 25th There is a hot wind & the dust is terrible. When a heavy gust comes the view from our window is like that of a thick London fog – every object is invisible for a time & the room becomes so dark that I can scarcely see to write or draw. About half-past five, we saw to our surprise Cartwright & Rebecca ride up to the house – C came to take me a ride very kindly – & we had a very pleasant & very pretty ride, along stumpy roads & over shady grassy slopes. I really enjoyed it very much in spite of the heat – They brought me an invitation from Dr Taylor to a pic-nic among the hills on Wednesday. I do not feel much inclined to go but nous verrons⁶² – The heat has seemed greater today than ever. The wind made my eyes smart as if I were sitting before a kitchen fire it chaps my lips & face & makes me sneeze like an east wind in England. M^r N B left us today – we shall not see him again here before his return from England. I am curious to learn his impressions – he was twelve years of age when he

[page 31]

came here. His brothers say that he will be so delighted with English society that he will never come back – nous verrons – As we were going to bed we discovered to our delight that the wind had gone round to the west –

Tuesday Nov 26th Mary is still pale & poorly, she suffers sadly from the heat but she is better than she was after the last hot wind – It has been cloudy all day & tonight there was a fine sunset & a little welcome rain accompanied by thunder & lightening.

Wednesday Nov^r 27th The morning was too wet I suppose for the pic-nic for the party did not call for me I was ready & waiting for two hours – We are absolutely suffering from cold now – the them^r at 60 – A small scorpion was caught this evening as it was crossing the kitchen very leisurely. We are cautious about going in the long grass during the day because of snakes. I have seen none yet but I have heard of many & there is only one kind that is harmless we are told – I find on looking into Cobbett’s grammar that I have grievously misquoted him– the insinuation is more delicately conveyed – He says “Enemy is not a noun of multitude like gang or House of commons or den of thieves &c. I ought never to quote from memory for I am so apt to make mistakes –

⁶² ‘nous verrons’ – we will see

[page 32]

Thursday Nov^r 28th I was very busy ironing & baking & Mamma was equally so in pulling a mattress to pieces. The children pulled the wool & I helped in spare time. It brought to my recollection many a happy day spent at Hazelwood while the same operation was going on – Julian & I used to go up into the little Green-room where sat Cousin Emma & sometimes Mamma & Grandmamma – our enjoyment consisted in rolling in the wool or lolling among the mattresses. Then we used to find shiny curls [?] which we called flax & which we had vague ideas of appending to the head of my doll in place of her somewhat scanty locks.

Friday Nov 29th The wind was hot again. The air smelt burnt. Poor Sidney was at home for his arm was very painful & Howard was at work smelting copper – Cartwright & Rebecca came in toward evening & they actually had the pic-nic & enjoyed it very much – the faithless D^r Taylor had forgotten to tell M^{rs} Boucaut to call for me. He was very much annoyed & so was she – but as they were fourteen miles upon the road before they met, it was too late then to repair the mistake. D^r Taylor must be forgiven because he is in love – Miss Boucaut is his intended – We have no evening readings now every one is writing

[page 33]

letters except myself – I cannot write – in the evening I am too sleepy & in the morning \tho'/ I have the paper before me I am generally only half awake till about seven & then the breakfast bell rings so soon.– M^r Babbage came in \to tea/

Saturday. Mamma & I walked over to M^{rs} Fulford's (for the hot wind left us last night & there was a fresh sea-breeze blowing) M^{rs} & Miss Fulford live in a little cottage where an earthen floor is covered by a beautiful drawing-room carpet. They have six rooms & not one boarded – which is perhaps a reason why they are tormented by insects of which they have such a horror that their lives are rendered perfectly miserable. The other day when they saw a centipede not one of them dared to destroy it – Miss Fulford would not approach it – the servant sat down & cried & M^{rs} F was made so nervous by their terror that her hand trembled too much to do anything – eventually they went for a neighbour to come & kill the creature, & he of course enjoyed a good laugh at their expense – Miss F & I do not agree at all – I rather delight in shocking her, because I have little faith in her –When she said she

[page 34]

had never read a novel in her life, I told her that the most delightful amusement I could think \of/ should be to have a \new/ good novel & leisure to sit down & read it through. Miss F was talking of her brother's house at M^t Barker which is so delightfully cool – All the English fruits will grow there, while we in the plains may forget what gooseberry & currant bushes are – There are some things in the garden about the size of strawberry plants, with a little shabby-looking fruit which people call raspberries but from which a snail would turn in disgust at Hazelwood. We found Mr Bucknall here on our return.

Sunday Dec^r 1st Papa & William Bucknall \& Symonds/ walked to Brighton & Howard took the cart to meet them with Rosa & Maryæds in it to Mary's intense delight. Mary gets quite companionable now she listens to conversation & often surprises us by her questions. She learns much from looking at pictures with Symonds & has been very much interested by his

tales of the Esquimeaux. She talks familiarly of “Captain Franklin” & tonight after I had been speaking to Sidney of Mr Rae’s expedition⁶³ she enquired into it & would know all that I could tell her which was little enough for I have seen only the Spectator’s review. But I am forgetting that she is not

[page 35]

your sister & you cannot be interested in her progress as I am – Cartwright came in at dinner-time. William was going to dine with him later. He always says that Rowland has learned some “new tricks” – today it was to lie motionless & let his father throw him over his shoulder like a sack of flour. The water in Cartwright’s neighbour’s well has become salt and he has to depend upon our well – nearly two miles distant for water to drink – We looked at Venus thro’ the telescope this evening it was a beautiful crescent – The thermometer was at eighty in the shade little more than an hour before sunset yet it did not seem hot, there was such a delightful breeze –

Monday Dec^r 2nd Cartwright & Rebecca called towards evening & Rebecca staid with Mamma while I rode with Cartwright – The air was almost cold although there had been a hot wind from the time we got up till after noon – when it suddenly changed – These rapid changes make it difficult to adapt our costume to our comfort. I seldom wear the same under garments for three days together & often make changes during the day. Mamma does not attempt to suit the weather & does not appear to suffer from its variations but I prefer to do so – There was a difference of

[page 36]

more than thirty degrees between the mid-day & evening temperature of to-day. Rebecca brought little Rowland before her on horseback & he was so delighted.

Tuesday Dec^r 3rd Howard & Cartwright set off this morning on a journey, partly of business partly of pleasure, to Encounter Bay. They went on horseback carrying a change of clothes strapped to their saddles. I shall be glad to see them safe at home again. They had a beautiful day for setting off. Papa brought word that we might send anything that was ready to England by a M^r Robin, but I mean to wait for M^r Neville Blythe – Two of the Boucauts have been here today.

Wednesday Dec^r 4th I went this morning to try to bring Rebecca to stay with us while Cartwright is away, but she is taking the opportunity to have a thorough turn out to be followed by white-washing & cleaning. She & Nora, (the servant) mean to do the white-washing themselves, standing on huge barrels. This evening Mamma had a most kind letter from Sarah Lean, brought by a M^r Harris.

Thursday Dec^r 5th I went to town in the cart & Papa drove me over to M^r Blyth’s at Kensington. M^{rs} Blyth was out unfortunately – Then went also to call on M^{rs} Johns, the widow

⁶³ John Rae (1813-1893) was a Scottish surgeon who explored parts of Northern Canada, and reported the fate of the Franklin expedition.

of M^r Johns of Liverpool, who lost his life in consequence of his exertions among the poor during the famine; he caught the fever & died. Mrs Johns was left with a very small

[page 37]

income & in the belief that it would go further here than in England, she wrote to her brothers the M^r Berrells [?] to ask their opinion but in the mean time her eldest son came home from school in such a state of health as made her resolve to come at once – She left England with six children, the eldest only fifteen hardly expecting to see him reach the end of the voyage, now he is a ruddy healthy youth of sixteen & earns twenty pounds a year in the Treasury. M^{rs} Johns is an elegant lady-like woman & tho' she & her children do everything for themselves the house is in beautiful order, & the fine pictures & pretty ornaments reminded me of England – She teaches her children in the afternoons & they look so bright & intelligent – I was delighted with my visit & I only wish that we lived nearer to this interesting family. Then Papa drove me to see a pretty place called Burnside, where I should like to live & we returned to town very tired – for there was a hot wind blowing. I then went to see M^{rs} Arthur Blyth & the baby – M^{rs} Arthur looks delicate. I found M^{rs} Blyth there & had a long chat with her – then M^r Arthur came home & after taking his wife a drive he drove me back

[page 38]

into town where I did various errands – then dined with Sidney & wrote a letter to Florry – before dinner I was so tired that I absolutely fell asleep in Papa's office – Some of Sidney's cold tea of which he takes a bottle to town every hot day refreshed me exceedingly – On our return we found Rebecca & Rowland here. We all went out to look at a pretty sunset & M^r Babbage joined us in the garden where we spent the greater part of the evening, which passed very pleasantly –

Friday Dec^r 6th was a busy tiring day of which I remember but little, except that it was very hot & \that/ I did not write my journal –

Saturday Dec^{er} 7th Sidney's twenty-fourth birth.day – Rebecca & Rowland returned home in the cart – In the evening Sidney read to us, Dickens's paper pm "Pet Prisoners". I am very much pleased with it. How earnestly I wish that Capt Maconochie's system could be thoroughly tried. I long to know something of his doings in Birmingham, but even should the plan fail there I should not think it in fault because the state of the law & still more, a mistaken tenderness which seems to prevail there prevent its being really carried out. It is like the four penny post which preceded the thorough change – it would have been very unfair to judge of uncle Rowland's plan by the result of that change – & it

[page 39]

would be equally unfair to judge of the Mark system by the result of the \partial/ trials it has had. My dear Rosa when I think of all the efforts that are being made in England towards the improvement of her institutions, of the earnest comprehensive minds ever urgent to that end – I envy you your dwelling-place. I become more & more disgusted with the mercenary spirit pervading this place –

Sunday Dec^r 7th The day began with a thunderstorm & then a delightful rain set in & it poured all day making everything look beautifully fresh & green in the garden. Mr Merry came to dinner a young man just arrived from Birmingham who has been studying mining.

Monday Dec^r 8th Howard came home looking as brown as a gipsy & very well. Cartwright also looks very much better, he is quite fat – They have enjoyed their excursion very much & have been as far as Encounter Bay & ridden about 126 miles. Sidney brought home William Bucknall & Howard read to us his notes of the journey, in the evening, which I expect he will send home. He brought back two pretty sketches also destined for England – Our hay was cut to-day but it is a very poor crop, hardly worth gathering in –

[page 40]

Tuesday Dec^r 10th William Bucknall appears to have made up his mind to go to England. If he goes soon I must divide my letters. This afternoon I ~~finished~~ went with Rosa & Mary to call at M^{rs} Boucaut's & we enjoyed the walk the air was so invigorating. We found Cartwright here on our return & a new acquisition of Sidney's, a little black dog about whose name there are many conflicting opinions – Rosa wishes it to be Dash – Symonds proposes Caesar. Mary says Pompey & Sidney will have it Jerry. The weighty question is not yet decided.

Wednesday Dec 11th The dog's name is Jerry – Two of the Miss Boucauts called to ask me to go & stay with them till Saturday – which I declined doing of course & sub rosa I should rather prefer a three days sojourn at Hamwell, there I might see & hear something new – I must not give you any dislike of the Boucauts' for they are very kind people but to me my dear Rose it would be absolute purgatory to be turned among a number of school-girls. A visit to a girls' school would be like a visit to Bridewell⁶⁴ to mee –

Thursday Dec^r 12th Anne was very ill with an attack of indigestion all day & obliged to keep her bed – I am very tired & have nothing new to tell you so I must wish you good-night – I have not chronicled the making of a green veil for Papa – in which he drives to town!

[page 41]

Friday Dec^r 13th Our dear Arthur's birth-day – What a sweet little fellow he was as a child – I think there was never one capable of more intense enjoyment – the last years of his life were full of pain & suffering but even then his spirit & energy were unbroken – I am continually lighting upon the relics of some favorite scheme of his & the last unfinished drawing that he touched is in my folio – he would have been the best draughtsman in the family – Louisa used to call him the artisit. He never could have been happy here, he could not have endured the people, his gentle spirit would have shrunk from the vulgarity & worse than vulgarity which he must have encountered here & his refined taste would have revolted from the rough makeshift mode of life. Heaven has spared him the trial & it is selfish to long for him back yet I cannot help doing so.

Saturday Dec^r 14th Our hay was carried & made up into a neat little rick – it has been rather an unfortunate haymaking, for we have had rain every day since the \grass/ was cut – To-

⁶⁴ A prison in England.

day however there was a hot wind – we have very little hay, not three tons from ten acres but nothing was sown for the crop & hay is so dear now that it will pay well for cutting.

[page 42]

We had a bullock-dray to draw it & two men to assist. There is reaping going on all around us, chiefly by machines, which thrash the corn at the same time that they gather it. The noise they make is fearful – I thought it was thunder at first & Mamma took it for the warning of fire. Mr & Mrs Arthur Blyth & master Neville called this afternoon & sat half an hour with us –
Sunday Dec^r 15th Still a hot wind in the morning none of us stirred out – about three or four o'clock it changed & we had a beautiful evening.

Monday Dec^r 16th Joseph our man chose to leave this morning, much to the grief of his wife who would gladly stay without him if Mamma would keep her – We had another hot wind all the morning & a cold one this evening – I have used up all writing time for my letters – expecting our postman to go the day after tomorrow –.

Tuesday Dec^r 17th The day of Mrs Blyth's party & Mamma could not go much to Mrs Blyth's disappointment & ours. I went to town in the cart & began Hallam's "Constitutional History"⁶⁵. If I get thro' that instead of loitering away the time when kept waiting in Blyth St. my head will be two inches higher. Finding myself at the end of the book I have resolved that this shall go as it is by Mr N B tho' this is an abrupt ending – Farewell my dear Cousins till I meet you at the top of a new page 2 months hence.

Exercise Book 2 pages 1-49

Dec^r 24th 1850 Adelaide

I have been so occupied lately that my journal has never been recommenced since Mrs Blyth's party but as I gave you some account of that evening in my unfinished letter & that is the only event of the week I shall not attempt to go back except to tell you what a happy morning I spent with Mrs Blyth & Mrs Howard the day after the party. Mrs Howard comes from Scotland & sings Scotch ballads very sweetly – It was a treat to hear my old favorites "Annie Laurie" "Mary Morison" & "Dainty Davie". One of the prettiest she sang was "We're a haddin". We were talking much of the doctrines of Swedenbourg⁶⁶ of which I have read a little long ago & wish to read more for I think some of his ideas very beautiful. I am not sure that it is a good thing to study the wild theories of enthusiasts but that of Swedenbourg has the impress of a philosophical mind & a refined imagination which make it unspeakably fascinating to me. Mrs Howard has heard that Mr Dawson is a believer in Swedenbourg & certainly I have heard him speak of "that divine old mystic" but that he is a thorough believer appears to me very unlikely. This is Christmas & my thoughts go back to many merry hours in former days – more especially do they recur to a certain lively party at Mr Clarkson Oxlar's, the happy faces round that "festive board" are present to me. Now the laughter of familiar voices is ringing in my ears. Many a thought will be sent

⁶⁵ Henry Hallam (1777-1859) *The Constitutional History of England from the Accession of Henry VII to the death of George II*, first published 1827.

⁶⁶ Emanuel Swedenborg (1688-1772) was a Swedish scientist, inventor, philosopher, theologian and mystic.

[page 2]

over the seas tonight – many a kind wish will drop from the lips of those we love – There is a fond echo in our hearts – echo do I say! no their thoughts will echo ours for as yet the sun has not risen on dear England – May it waken you my dear cousins to happy thoughts – slightly tinged with melancholy for so they will be if you think of us & that you will think of us if not to-day tomorrow I am sure & yet I trust the recollections will not cloud over & spoil your pleasure tomorrow “for I love you so

That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot

If thinking on me then should make you not”

Dec^r 25th What a Christmas day – The thermometer above ninety – We took a walk in the morning resolved to do our best to enjoy the holiday in spite of the hot wind – William Bucknall was ~~was~~ with us – my brothers brought him home the night before. We clambered up one of the hills & looked down into a gully that was really beautiful – so thickly wooded that we saw only the tops of the trees & many of them were really green – beyond we saw the blue sea with long low rocks running into it – around & above us rose hills upon hills all dotted with trees. We were very thirsty & went to a house we found up there to ask for water but the people had none they offered us tea & directed us down to the gulleys but after long searching

[page 3]

in all directions causing a general losing of every body & repeated coo-ies, there was a second appeal to the master of the house (a bell-hanger by trade!) who very good-naturedly walked more than a mile to show my brothers the way & to bring us a can of water, & very refreshing it was tho’ decidedly warm & rather muddy having just been stirred up by the bullocks. We had taken a luncheon with us & very welcome it was at the top of the hill – I made a rough sketch of the gully & Howard took a portrait of a gum-tree. We reached home about three, having walked between six & seven miles thro’ the heat – Mamma, Mary & all – Even roast beef & plum-pudding could not make us believe we were eating our Christmas dinner, but we drank health & a merry Christmas to our absent friends & made the best of it. After dinner we took a siesta in our chambers & did not reunite till tea-time – then we took our chairs into the field at the front of the house & sat there in a little circle trying at first to play at games & then singing – Little Mary came out in public for the first

[page 4]

time – & there we sat till the stars shone brightly & the wind became cooler than was agreeable, when we adjourned to the house & retired to bed, all agreeing that considering the circumstances, we had had a very pleasant day – All of our conversation was of our friends in England we watched the time & guessed when your eyes first opened on the (possibly frosty) morning – when you would be setting off for Bruce Castle &c. We wondered whether Albert would dance another polka with Connie – how the room would be decorated &c &c – half-joyous, half-sad were our thoughts and as I lay on my bed I was balancing the pleasures & pains of memory, half uncertain which would turn the scale – a little reflection however

convinced me of the blessing it is to us & now I think I would almost as soon be deprived of Hope as of Memory – Hope is indeed the child of Memory

Dec^r 26th The heat was almost unbearable. We were surprised in the evening by a visit from M^r Prowse a gentleman we had known in England. We had ~~ve~~ seen him before since we came but he is now so altered externally & internally that I hardly knew him again. When we first saw him \here/ he was a pale

[page 5]

melancholy disappointed man with hardly energy enough to talk, falling into fits of absence. Now he appears in excellent health with a bright & happy countenance & full of conversation. He won Mary's heart at once by his chivalrous attention to her – He is very fond of children & indeed I believe one great cause of the change in his spirits is the promise of the appointment of school-master to Hope Valley a small settlement about ten miles east of Adelaide near M^r Howard Blythe's – the prospect of usefulness & an occupation congenial to his taste has resolved him to resign a far better appointment as surveyor of the roads. I like him for doing so. This M^r Prowse came out as an engineer & like other engineers he had to wait for months without earning anything till wearied by continual disappointment, he learned to detest this colony & is only beginning to like it now –

Dec^r 27th The thermometer has been up to 106° in the shade & you may imagine how wretched the day has been – still the heat is not so bad as I expected – it is quite endurable – especially in a good stone house like ours. Cartwright rode over in the evening & gave a very poor account of Rebecca, I was so full of our yesterday's visitor that I did not tell you that little Rowland was here all day, racing about after Mary & going into extacies of affection over her occasionally – he does not get on with his talking. I had a new drawing

[page 6]

pupil in Winifred Boucaut a young lady of fifteen or sixteen who admired [?] Rosa so much when she found her drawing that I offered to teach her also & she made her first essay yesterday. In the evening the wind changed & we were relieved by a pleasant breeze from the south. The fires on the hills are terrible tonight – the smoke blows down in such thick clouds that sometimes it is only that & the flames that are visible. We can see three distinct fires & one on ~~the~~ Brown hill extends over an immense tract of ground – it is a mass of smoke with little flames starting up here & there & has been admirably compared to a market town lighted up at night. Now & then however when, as we suppose, the fire attacks some large stump or tree, a magnificent blaze starts up & once when I looked out, it seemed as if a serpent of fire were winding its way up the hill.

Dec^r 28th This morning the smoke was still driving down the sides of the hills & tonight the fire is grand beyond description. The air was tainted \last night/ by the smell of the smoke – In one direction about fifteen miles from us there is a hill which I can only compare to an immense bonfire – the similie of the

[page 7]

market town will not do now. It is too far off to distinguish any flickering in the light it seems to shine with a steady glare, & far beyond hidden by the projecting hills is another fire, invisible to us but designated by a lurid cloud of smoke which casts a dim strange light upon every thing around & makes me think of witches & demons –

Sunday Dec^r 29th It was voted too hot to go to church so I spent the morning quietly in my own room reading. I am going straight through M^r Kentish's sermons & I am surprised to find how excellent & what polished pieces of composition they are. Many of them I can remember hearing but they never struck me then, tho' I think from the lips of another person they must have done so. How essential it is that manner & elocution should be attended to by a preacher–! My brothers went a walk with M^r Turton who was here – & were glad to take a rest on their beds in the afternoon. I took a chair under shelter of the house & sat reading in the garden, enjoying the cool south wind. The fire in the hills is more distant now we can see nothing but the glowing smoke. I went to bed at nine very tired – Cartwright called & brought a sad account

[page 8]

of Rebecca, she suffers terribly after the hot weather. I wanted to go off at once to see her but she did not wish me to come Cartwright said.

Dec^r 30th Mamma is very poorly today – I think from anxiety & want of sleep – she can never sleep after the flies are stirring & they are awake between four & five now – It has been raining all day & this afternoon we had almost a hurricane – the wind roared round the house & the fruit was blown down by baskets-ful – the wind when at the highest came from the north but it has now gone into the west & subsided very much. Mr Wilkins Blyth told my brother that the thermometer was at 120^o in the shade at Brighton on Thursday but I cannot believe it.

Dec^r 31st The last day of this eventful year – what will the coming time bring forth I wonder! it cannot change our lot more completely than this has done – Mamma is better again but still weak & poorly – she is getting very anxious for letters & the Competitor arriving yesterday & bringing none from any of our friends was a great disappointment. Our last letters from Tottenham arrived on the ninth of November - & bore the date of July 6th while the news goes up to the middle of September – more than two months

[page 9]

later – I only hope there is not a packet lost I cannot think we are forgotten. It has been too wet for me to get out to see Rebecca but she is much better now. I have been reading the Spectator's review pf "Notes from Nineveh" which I found very intertrusting (as Mary says) I am wondering whether you have not already read the book & whether I shall meet with it by any chance – we cannot compare notes now as we did in former days – but I like to know your ideas on new books now especially if I have met with a review – We find by the newspaper that the fire of Saturday was really very bad – A large number of fine timber-trees were burned down & the grass & fences of several fields reduced to ashes. It is supposed that it arose from the carelessness of the wood-cutters. It did not burn out till it reached the road which was fortunately between the fire & the dwelling of the owner of the property – In England the first question would be "Is it insured" but of that there is no hope here – When

Sidney first began to inquire about Insurance offices – there was not one that he would trust, tho' two have since been established. He thought it useless to insure in a Colonial office because whenever there is a fire he expects that the town will be burned down – The roofs & many of the houses are of wood & there is no supply of water so that the

[page 10]

only hope of safety would be in blowing up or tearing down all the houses near & so making the fire die of consumption –

January 1st 1851. A happy new year to you & to any other dear absent friends – a happy new year to us all & may we grow in grace as we grow in years. We have not heard the merry bells that usher in the New year in England with its train of hopes & fears. We gave the children a holiday & wished for one ourselves. The new servants who came only on Christmas-eve have not yet got up the arrears of work & I had a great deal to do to-day for Mamma tho' I hope better is not able to move about. I have been preserving some of our delicious apricots that were blown off by the high wind – You may not be aware of your misfortune Rose but unless you have eaten them elsewhere \than in England/ I can assure you you have not tasted an apricot. Our apricots are as large as peaches & have a melting lusciousness that almost transports one into poetry.

Jan 2nd Mamma spent the day with Rebecca going & returning in the cart – she found her very weak & ill. I feel as if it were quite unkind not to go to her but I am quite sure that

[page 11]

were I to do so Mamma would be laid up the next day – there is so much to do & she cannot keep quiet & leave things undone as I should wish – I had been looking forward all day yesterday to walking over when the work was done but it was half-past six before I had finished folding & sprinkling & then we were alarmed by Papa's not appearing – he had set off from town at twelve o'clock to walk home & we had seen nothing of him – It was cloudy & dark directly after the sun had set with bright flashes of lightening & we were very anxious for an hour or two not knowing where to go or what to do & anticipating all sorts of horrors for we felt sure he had been tempted into a walk & visions of broken limbs, snakes & all kinds of reptiles assailed Mamma's mind & mine also. When he did at last make his appearance, he was so knocked up that he could not say a word. He had as we supposed been tempted into a walk with M^r Higginson to the waterfall and trying a new way home he had been walking up & down hill without knowing where he was for three hours. Twice he laid himself down on the grass & was almost

[page 12]

ready to give up all hope of reaching home he was so tired – Even tonight he is not rested. He had left M^r Higginson seven or eight miles from here & he must have made that seven or eight, nine or ten of wearisome walking over rough ground. I wish any thing could induce him to give up these lonely walks – Had he sprained his ankle he might have lain for weeks without a human being coming near him – He expected to reach home before my brothers & therefore to cause no anxiety. As we were sitting quietly, after the children were gone to bed

the large picture suddenly fell down & broke the chair on which Symonds had been sitting. We were at a loss to know what had caused the downfall but examination showed that ~~that~~ the string inside the worsted cord had been joined together so that the picture had actually been supported by nothing but the worsted covering & that had at last given way. I wish I knew the name of the maker that I might warn you against his cord for it was a shameful thing to send it out in that state.

Jan^y 3rd I have been ironing all day – it has become so pleasant an occupation to me that I should find the house dreadfully

[page 13]

dull if the washing were “put out” – my mind is fast plebianising – my thoughts run upon starch & yeast, my ideas ~~ts~~ are sticky in more senses than one.

Jan^y 4th was a hard-working-day fit preparation for the quiet enjoyment of the delightful indolence of Sunday 5th There has been & is still a hot wind, & we have been at home all day – I spent the morning in my own room \reading/ & then enjoyed the pleasure of arranging my books on the shelves of Vinnie’s making & gloating over those treasures which I so seldom open – they are of about as much use to me as the miser’s gold locked up in his strong box is to him. In the afternoon I read the Spectator & sighed over the new books then I took up “The Life & Letters of Cowper”⁶⁷ which I have begun to read. How I wish that style were catching like fevers – This journal would be a perfect treasure then instead of what I dread – a dreadful bore. Really my dear Rose I have twenty times been inclined \to/ throw down my pen in disgust out of compassion for you, who out of cousinly politeness will feel obliged to read my lucubrations – the only thought which restrains me is the sorrow I should feel were you to commit a similar act of despair – one consolation you will have – your heroism will not be unadmired.

[page 14]

Jan 7 6th Should you like a little picture of the trio round this table – Time evening 10 o’clock. Sidney sits by me in shirt-sleeves & sans waistcoat, his elbow on the table – his eyes intent on “Cakes & Ale”⁶⁸ – Howard resembles Sidney in attire except that his collar is thrown open & wristbands turned back to the elbows. His blotting-paper & inkpot are before him but his mind is in the regions of Morpheus where there are “fairy dreams unfurled”⁶⁹ to his delighted fancy. I sit in my usual attire feeling as the barley-sugar in a confectioner’s window with the sun upon it may be supposed to feel. A light pattering is heard occasionally on the verandah outside – Every window & door in the house is wide open but not a breath of air is stirring – fancy what the day has been that brought such a night. There is just enough rain to fill the air with moisture – while the ground looks as if it had been untouched five minutes after the shower is over – Another vessel came in to-day & still there are no letters. I have a

⁶⁷ William Cowper (1731-1800) was an English nature poet and hymnodist, very popular in his day.

⁶⁸ This not the novel by W. Somerset Maugham which was not published until 1930.

⁶⁹ A quotation from ‘Serenade’, a poem by Thomas Hood (1799-1845) English poet and humorist.

faint hope that some parcel contains a precious little packet – Letters are not things to economise in – If they were three times the cost – the money would be paid by us thankfully even should we be reduced by it to dry bread – which trial is

[page 15]

not yet come. Now I believe that our friends are economising for our sakes & not their own so I would have them know this & I am quite sure that I speak the thoughts & wishes of us all. If letters do not arrive soon Mamma will be absolutely ill. I do not mean that we despise economy even in letters – It is delightful to get a large packet & turn them over to see which to read first – only when such packet is entrusted to a cask or box we ask only for one letter to be sent \by post/ to tell us of its where-about – to spare us this heart-sickening disappointment. Emigrant vessels lie in port a fortnight before the hold is opened & then some days may elapse before the cask is turned up & some more before it is opened in Adelaide.

Jan^y 7th It was so cold this morning that I was glad of extra clothing & Mary's nose looked quite blue, tho' she was wrapped up more warmly also. M^r Fulford paid a long call in the afternoon & was talking of the Murray. He says that almost invariably one side is deep clear water & the other a large swampy, rushy shallow, but the remarkable thing is that the swamp & clear parts of the river alternate on the two sides of the river. If the right bank is steep & the left a rushy flat – a little farther on the rushes are on the right & the steepness on the left, a little farther still & they change sides again & so on. The Murray is highest in the summer

[page 16]

so that there must be snowy mountains somewhere in Australia & perhaps a Southern Switzerland which I may some day describe to you –

Jan^y 8th I went to Cartwright's & found Rebecca pretty well recovered but suffering slightly from opthalmia⁷⁰ a common disorder here during the summer as we hear. Cartwright was hanging up the clock in a new place to Rowland's infinite delight. As Sidney drove me home we passed M^r Babbage outside his house in his shirt-sleeves nursing a cat! He looks like a German with his immense moustache & customary head-dress a scarlet cap or fez – & especially when there is a cigar or short pipe in his mouth.

Jan 9th Sidney read to us last night a review in the "Spectator" of "Alton Locke"⁷¹ which appears to me to be a very clever book, one that I hope to see mentioned in your journal.

Jan^y 10th Mamma & I went to a Sunday-school fête given by M^{rs} Boucaut, very nicely managed & very much enjoyed. We met more colonists & found ourselves in a nest of hot church people listening to a discussion on the orthodoxy of the church parsons – what would these people have thought had we appeared as unitarians! I could not help laughing to myself. We met an amusing old lady a M^{rs} Watts the wife of the postmaster general & she gave us

⁷⁰ Inflammation of the eye.

⁷¹ *Alton Locke* was an 1850 novel by Charles Kingsley (1819-1875) an English social reformer, historian and novelist.

[page 17]

an account of her first experience here in 1837. She and her husband were landed at Glenelg & being very bad walkers they dared not attempt six miles & got a man to promise to bring a cart to take them to Adelaide where a friend had already taken & pitched their tent. Meanwhile they had to wait at Glenelg, where there was nothing to eat. Afternoon, evening, came & no cart. By that time M^{rs} Watts was absolutely crying with hunger & they set off at last in despair & groped their way to Adelaide in the dark arriving in the middle of the night. M^{rs} Watts enjoyed the rough life in the tents – all the people were sociable & friendly & made fun of the little annoyances. The ladies went about in caps like those worn by their husbands made by themselves of carriass [?] or anything else & never took out their bonnets except to go to church. They found the tents very cold at night & were glad to sleep in the blankets. When their house was put up (of broad paling) M^r Watts had it thatched at great expense to keep out the heat & they went into it. That night \the rain/ poured down in torrents, thro' the new thatch onto them & their bed out of which they were soon driven. The thatch was mended again & again with no effect & then they put a canopy over the bed to throw off the rain – but one stormy night an end was put to their little miseries for the wind caught the thatch & tore it away leaving them looking up at the sky & a wooden roof was put up which protected them much better –

[page 18]

Jan^y 11th Howard is trying to obtain a secretaryship to a mining company & I hope he will succeed – as he will then have a nice little income without having his time fully occupied.

Sunday Jan^y 12th This afternoon Miss Amelia Wright came over with her brother & her fiancé to ask me to be her bridesmaid early in February – I felt some unwillingness on account of a certain pink bonnet which appears \necessary/ & as I was telling my brothers Howard said he would come down with the bonnet if he got the secretary-ship – I like M^r Hicks much better than at first & not the less because he praised ~~up~~ Cowper's letters tho' he borrowed the book just as I am wanting it.

Jan^y 13th I have spent with Rebecca, making some curtains for her bed – The Peterel came in this evening, bringing news of the arrival of the Pakenham which took our first letters and sailed less \than/ seven months ago. I am very glad that she should have gone so quickly for I feared that from the length of our voyage our friends would become very anxious before they heard anything of us. There are letters for us in one of the Blyth's casks & we may have to wait ten days or more for them, instead of sending answers by the ship sailing on Saturday but now we can have patience because we have hope.

Jan^y 14th This evening Symonds dashed into the room with the exciting news that there was

[page 19]

an opossum on the roof of the stable – there was a general rush in that direction & there the little creature was in the moonlight peeping from under the ridge at the top of the roof & looking more like a kitten than anything else except for its sharp nose – Henry put up the ladder & caught the poor thing in a net & it is now between two riddles to be examined tomorrow. I hope Henry will let it go then – It is grey & about ten inches long without the tail,

which is as long or longer. I think black & white. We cannot imagine how the little creature came here for there are no gum trees large enough for it to hide in nearer than half a mile away. The only probable suggestion is that it may have been chased by a dog – the children ran across the section to get some leaves for it to eat. There was a hot wind this morning but it changed before two o'clock. This evening we have had thunder & a little rain & the air is quite keen now. Mr Arthur Blyth received the answer to a letter written only six months & seventeen days before.

Jan^y 15th Howard's birthday – W Bucknell, Mr Turton & Cartwright dined with us. They came very late for the poor mare is lame she has sprained the right fetlock. I spent some hours with Rebecca finishing the bed-hangings in the morning. Poor Howard

[page 20]

has lost the secretaryship – there were thirty-four candidates & it has been obtained by a gentleman who is already secretary to two or three companies – Howard is of age today – you will join in the wish that he may have many happy years. The poor little opossum is dead.

Jan 16th Papa & my brothers brought home with them a Mr Fellow's just arrived by the Harpley – (the vessel said to be wrecked, you would very likely see a letter purporting to be written from a raft off the coast of Ireland really written by a passenger in this very ship as a jest – a most wicked one I think) a most welcome visitor for he brought us letters from Bruce Castle & from Louisa Paterson, The Ascendant brought a despatch from Mr^s James Russell containing letters from Switzerland bearing a later date than either those from Tottenham or one which I received from you the following evening containing an account of the Temperance meeting at Bruce Castle for which I thank you my dear Rose – Mr Fellows had been down to Lat 53° & had seen icebergs ninety or a hundred feet high. I envy him the sight tho' not the cold – he was 112 days on the voyage only six days less

[page 21]

than ourselves.

Jan^y 17th We lost our poor little Jerry – he had over-balanced a tub half-ful of scalding water over himself & suffered so much that it was necessary to destroy him much to our sorrow – Jan^y 18th & 19th I was in bed the greater part of the day tho' this Sunday evening I have been able to write up my journal – Miss Wright came this morning & we had a long tête a tête in my bed-room. There was a hot wind in the morning which has now veered round to the S.E contrary to custom for it generally goes with the sun – Our neighbour Mr Manful has kindly lent a horse to Papa & my brothers till the mare is well & he came in three times to dress her foot on Thursday. He is a farmer & a very good neighbour, always ready to give any assistance when it is wanted. And Mamma was very kind to his wife when she hurt her knee some time ago.

Jan^y 20th Monday I was better all day & able to go about a little but feeling very weak – the wind was hot again as I expected & continued so all through the wretched night.

Jan^y 21st The thermometer went up to 108° higher than we have ever seen it before in the shade. In the evening the hills were absolutely hidden by a thick smoke which appeared to extend

[page 22]

the whole length of the range – we watched it rushing along & feared for the cause –
Jan^y 22nd Mamma & Papa went to Kensington to pay the long promised visit to M^{rs} Blyth – Mamma is far from well – these continued disappointments prey upon her spirits – Two vessels have now come in which left England after the Pakenham had arrived & brought not a line for us except indeed that letter from you dated Sept^r 12th Another letter turned up for me in a cask of Mr Blyth's from my dear uncle Frederick's "In Memorium" which I so much wished to see – My uncle says that there is a rumour afloat in Birmingham of an appointment conferred upon Papa. I wish it were true –

Jan^y 23. I went to town to order the bonnet & found millinery little dearer here than in Birmingham – I spent a pleasant day with M^{rs} Arthur Blyth & enjoyed delicious peaches grown in Hindly St. Sidney & Vinnie dined with us & we were a merry little party. M^r Arthur is very amusing. Sidney & I went into M^r Manful's on our return on business & M^{rs} M took us into her garden & tried to feast us on peaches again – they lay under the trees in tempting profusion – every tree bending under the weight of rosy fruit & the plums reminded me of those

[page 23]

sticks wreathed with early cherries so tempting to children – they made the trees look blue – one tree which I could look over & the trunk of which I could encircle with my thumb & finger had borne twelve pounds of green gages this year –

Jan^y 24th The weather has become very cold & as is always the case after a sudden change from heat to cold we have ~~two~~ invalids Mary & Anne are the two unfortunates – I am very tired & dull having been running about all day when I was not ironing or baking [?] The boys have gathered forty dozen nectarines this evening & the trees were cleared of the ripe ones only yesterday. There are so many that even yet we have made no visible impression on the number in the garden.

Jan^y 25th I am getting lazy about my journal it gets shorter every day. I pity you my unfortunate reader but were you in my place you would acknowledge that I also should have pity.

Sunday Jan 26th Kind M^r Blyth would have us to dine at Kensington to-day & sent his own horse to convey us to that delectable place – called by his sons the "Beakery" he being a magistrate. I enjoyed the visit very much & it would be impossible to do otherwise among such kind & pleasant people. M^r & M^{rs} Arthur were there & the wonderful baby. Do you know

[page 24]

Rose I am absolutely becoming enamoured of babies – I envy M^{rs} Arthur the possession of that velvet-cheeked little thing. I cannot talk in babies' language or go into extacies but I should delight in nursing the little creature in a room by myself for a whole day or even a week. Now do not you despise me? What will Florry say to such a confession! You would have been amused had you been in the place of Howard or Vinnie at the back of our cart & felt the bumps they endured if you were not too frightened – The creeks here are often very

pretty & I delight in coming upon one suddenly when walking – but driving it is a different thing – How should you like to cross the sunk fence at Bruce Castle in the carriage – our creeks are deeper by far than that but then they are wider also – I have seen them deeper than kinswell brook. The worst we crossed today was not so bad as that, for the ground sloped down ~~more~~ gently & we wound our way down to the bed where the stream should be. It was rather unpleasant as we leant back & saw the horse struggle down with the cart almost on his back nor did I like much better to see him strain up the opposite bank or to feel the cart tipped all on one

[page 25]

side by the uneven ground & to have some difficulty to avoid sliding over the edge with the prospect of Sidneys coming down on the top of me – still I never thought of getting out. Our road is for some distance a succession of miniature creeks & holes & were we to be particular we should soon walk most of the way to town – Mamma looked better than when I saw her last & tho' her cough is very bad I cannot help hoping that she is really better. March 11th This is a terrible gap in my journal – slight affairs delayed my writing for a day or two, then Mamma came home ill – then came the wedding of which I sent Florry a full true & particular account – since then I have been very poorly myself & reduced to taking Port wine & quinine which have now set me up again. I have been to the christening of John James Neville Blyth & held him as proxy godmother for Miss Jane Forrest. To-day I have spent some hours with Rebecca who looks very pale & ill – Mary & Symonds went with me & loitered the time away in the garden. Papa & Sidney were to call for us in the evening but they were so long at an election meeting that we walked home. It was a clear moonlight night & there were three large fires visible. Papa arrived just as

[page 26]

we did. In the weather we have had but few changes – heavy rain on the thirteenth of February & two days since & except two or three slight showers that is all since the last day of the old year – no hot winds for several weeks. Wednesday March 12th Howard brought home a fearful number of circulars to fold & direct for the Newhaven Company for which he is secretary until its formation is completed, with the promise of shares to the value of £150, as payment should the plan be carried out. There were letters read aloud this evening – one from Lewin very characteristic with pleasant reference to old scenes in the Isle of Man which sent my memory happily back. A long letter from Herbert new to Sidney very interesting. He speaks of a new book of travels much ~~was~~ talked of but says not what is its name – which I am curious to know. Thursday – We have had heavy showers during the day & the strong smell from the ground when first wet was intolerable. Sidney says it is the ammonia released by the rain. I have often perceived the smell in England after a long drought but it was nothing compared with this. Howard read to us Lewin's journal of his visit to the isles of Man & very pleasant it was to have these happy days recalled to our minds. Lewin has registered neither his games of

chess nor his noisy conversations with Howard, nor his dashing out into the road one night when

[page 27]

the letters were late to shriek out “Leather head Leather-headed postman” which he did at the top of his voice to the scandal of our neighbours no doubt – Friday. Our unfortunate piano was tuned once more. The tuner (who is a funny stumpy little man, who says that he has been here twelve years yet has not made his fortune) said to Mamma, “Now M^{rs} Clark I’ll tell you what I should advise you to do with this piano” Mamma was all attention “Sell it”. Then he went on to say that a friend of his had sold a worse looking instrument suffering from the same “disorders” as ours for forty pounds & bought a little piccolo for thirty-five – If we have an opportunity I think we shall take his advice for a piccolo is much better suited to the climate than our upright piano which exposes so much wood to the heat. We keep it constantly enveloped in a blanket & table-cloth & have done so all the summer yet the veneering is continually coming off & the sounding-board is cracked – it will not keep in tune a week together. It is quite distressing to listen to the cracking of the furniture & sometimes I have picked up three or four pieces of veneering in a day. The microscope case has a crack from top to bottom gaping an eighth of an inch at least – The chairs are continually coming to pieces, my desk has warped so terribly that I could almost push a lead pencil under the lid without opening it & even the old tea

[page 28]

chest which Mamma has had ever since she was married is cracking & warping disgracefully. Last Sunday the bookcase threatened to come down & we were obliged to empty it as quickly as we could. Vinnie has now braced it up & it is quite safe again. I am sure that my brothers’ knowledge of carpentering has saved us many pounds – I should think ten at least more likely twenty – besides providing us with numberless little conveniences, which we should have done without, had they required paying for – Saturday – M^r Solly came over from the port to visit us for the first time – he is a very agreeable man – & will be quite an acquisition if we should see much of him. He came out on account of his health having entirely lost the use of one lung, & he has been here ten or eleven years, roughing it for much of the time in the bush. I met him at M^{rs} Torrens’s first. Papa brought home another batch of letters discovered by M^r Martin & we were delighted – among them was one from an old Sunday school pupil, the sixth I have received from my pupils, all very affectionate letters & very tollerably written & expressed. I may praise them for that because Miss Finch taught them writing & composition – I miss the Sunday-School sadly but more than all the excellent services of M^r Buche in the dear old chapel – We have left off going to church for our clergyman tho’ an excellent man, has such low & debased ideas of the Deity that his sermons were absolutely disgusting to us – so we now have a short service at home with reading every Sunday morning & it is far more agreeable – But how thankful

[page 29]

I should be for a Unitarian Chappel with an enlightened liberal minister – M^r Blyth is thinking seriously of it but he is determined to have none but a first rate man who would not be very easily found I fear.

Sunday 16th March was passed very pleasantly in reading & conversation. M^r Solly says that the scenery in the depth of the hills often reminds him of Madeira – tho' of course very inferior to what is found there which, he says, far surpasses that of Scotland in grandeur & wildness & will compare only with that of the Tyrol. His description of the deep mountain gorges & foaming waters, of the noble trees & beautiful flowers made me long to be there. Madeira was my first love. I remember even now my Uncle Edmund's letters which I must have heard when only nine years old & Aunt Edmund's pleasant recollections have kept my fondness for it alive ever since. Rain–

Monday I have been mending stockings all day long & have absolutely nothing to record. I forgot to say on Saturday that we \Symonds/ received a present from Cartwright of a white cockatoo with a yellow crest – a tame one escaped from its owner unknown caught in his kitchen. The children are delighted with the bird who makes the most extraordinary noises, very like those of Punch after enduring a scuffle – is continually shrieking out “pretty Cockie” – first in an enraged tone as if he was contradicting some vile asperser of his beauty – then sinking into meditative exultation he says the same words proudly & quietly – he certainly has the organ of self-esteem

[page 30]

He has already learned to imitate Jerry's bark so exactly that sometimes it is difficult to know which makes the noise the bird or the dog.

Tuesday – Rosa & I walked over to \see/ M^{rs} Arthur Blyth who is very poorly. Her poor baby is ill with dysentery a very common complaint here. It is nearly a five mile's walk there & back & being over rough & uneven ground it is very fatiguing – Brown-hill creek was running & we found grass springing up in the hollows, & \a/ bright yellow oxalis – which M^{rs} Blythe says is the first flower – for the flowers die in the summer here & winter & spring are their seasons.

We crossed a beautiful section belonging to Colonel Torrens & covered with fine trees (I can admire the gum trees now) Many are blackened by fire, some have their centres burnt out & one immense stump was in the form of a Gothic arch or rather \the/ top of a window. I have

not made a very
correct sketch for the
arch should have
been light as there
was day light
seen through it

[ink sketch of burnt stump]

indeed I might have
walked thro it my-
self – I saw many little
views that I should
like to sketch when I
can find time –

[base of stump]

Wednesday – Howard has been at home to-day & yesterday assaying – he has visions of a laboratory in town but I advise him to wait till he has earned something towards its cost by his work – Henry assists him generally, but to-day he went with Papa to see a large market garden, belonging to M^r Davis, a candidate for the legislative council – We should be rather astonished in England to see a member of

[page 31]

Parliament driving a market cart into town & selling fruit – M^r Davis does this & yet he is an educated man & a clever man. His garden consists of more than a hundred acres & his fruit is magnificent. He showed papa a quince weighing twenty-five ounces & the grapes were beautiful – He had carried two tons of cherries to market this year, he said. If he could have sold them all at their first price of 4/6 per lb he would have done well indeed –
Thursday. I walked over to Cartwrights with Rosa & Mary. Rebecca is still pale but better & the baby thrives excellently. Poor Mary is obliged to wear a shade & looks a sad fright. She has a slight attack of the very Colonial complaint ophthalmia. Cartwright says that a lotion made of sulphate of Gine & water is the best remedy $\frac{1}{4}$ grs to 1^{oz} of water. The sun was so hot & the wind so keen & pressing that I caught a little cold. We found green grass in all the hollows, a welcome sight. Sidney came to meet us with the cart – he also has a cold. In the evening Howard read part of Alfred Wills's⁷² journal & very interesting it was. Henry sent 13 couples of fowls to town this morning to M^r Williams, the Bruce Castle man, who is to provide a large dinner for the old colonists, who intend to meet on the 27th He said that he had bought 354 fowls for the occasion so you may imagine what a large affair it is to be. Henry's fowls sold for 2/6 the couple. Henry's poor melons are dying from the cold which is come too soon for them., he has gathered only three –

[page 32]

Friday & Saturday were dull uninteresting days on which I did little but iron & mend.
Sunday March 23rd Sidney & Howard went to dine with M^r Blyth at Kensington where they are to sleep. Miss Wright came in at tea-time with her brother Frederick to explain the fate of a note of mine which has been wandering about the country in Mr Hicks's pocket. She is coming on Wednesday to pay a long promised visit of two or three days when we meditate a sketching excursion among the hills –
Monday I had the pleasure of passing the day in bed. Mamma went to call upon M^{rs} Hicks & M^{rs} Goss & enjoyed herself very much. She called upon M^{rs} Martin also.
Tuesday I felt almost well this morning & was sewing nearly all day. In the evening as Mamma & I were walking round the garden we came to an immense ant's nest & while watching its busy occupants we observed that they were carrying large white things which we at first fancied to be grains of rice but on closer examination we discovered that they were in the form of ants but perfectly white, motionless and soft, we are very curious to know what they can be.
Wednesday Miss Wright came with Papa in the evening – & we enjoyed pleasant reminiscences of the good Fatima⁷³. My ocean mania is much less rabid than it was. Strange to say – the delights are fading from my memory & the disagreeable becoming more prominent. My conscience sometimes reproaches me for having represented the voyage in too favorable a light – but I gave my impressions of the moment

[page 33]

⁷² Sir Alfred Wills (1828-1912) was a well known mountaineer. He later became a judge of the High Court of England and Wales.

⁷³ The name of the ship on which they arrived in South Australia.

Thursday We had a hot wind till one or two o'clock & it was hot all day, so that we dared not stir out. In the evening we sat at the front of the house under the verandah till nine o'clock & enjoyed the cool air. In the morning we worked and read "King René's" daughter⁷⁴ aloud. There was a great dinner in Adelaide – where old & new colonists met to feast & talk – to the number of six or seven hundreds –

Friday – We were obliged to give up our expedition to the hills – the heat was too great – so we introduced Miss Wright to "Household Words" & passed our time very pleasantly. In the evening Papa showed us his engravings of the Cathedrals – I am glad that we have those – We want something beautiful here.

Friday Miss Wright left us – Papa brought home two letters, long letters, one from the Captain & one from "the Doctor" as we still call him. They were expecting to sail for England in December so that you will soon receive our packet & see one of our friends I hope – They complain of the dullness of the ship in a manner delightfully flattering – they have not been quite so harmonious as when we were on board. Both talk of returning here – Sidney had a long & funny letter from the Doctor describing East Indian men & manners. X [*referring to note at bottom of page*] & containing some reminiscence of M^r Smith who as he says has broken "short compasses" of which you have heard in Howard's journal. He says X He says the E I ladies "are like a bunch of tallow dips 24 to the lb & warns Sidney not to go to Calcutta to look for a handsome wife.

[page 34]

the harbour master of Calcutta knows no more "how to moor a vessel as his old boot" It is very pleasant to be reminded of his merry face. M^r Turton came home with the boys & shared our pleasure. Mary was remembered in the letters to her delight. The hot wind of Thursday has cruelly treated our piano – its complaints are piercing when touched & yet we had it wrapped up carefully in its blanket.

Sunday March 30th We have had a beautiful day & passed it very pleasantly. I have been writing letters during some hours. Henry feasted us upon melons at dinner-time – he has some very fine ones – Papa went to dine with Cartwright. Did you ever read Milton's "Areopagitica"? I have just read it by advice of my uncle Frederick, I think that in nothing I have ever seen, are eloquence & argument more finely combined – the metaphors, magnificent as they are, are always subordinate to the subject & the noble thoughts are nobly expressed. But it is above my praise. If the Parliament had adopted the liberal principles set forth in that paper it would have retained the respect of the nation far longer. –

Monday Dear little Mary has been very poorly today & is so now – She suffers great pain & tries to bear it patiently poor little thing – The wind was hot till evening but now the fresh air is delightful tho' the house is not yet cool.

Tuesday Again a hot wind, but today it changed soon after noon – Mary is pretty well again but tormented by tooth-ache. She brought me a rose this afternoon – It is the first I have seen for some

[page 35]

⁷⁴ 'King René's Daughter' is a Danish verse drama written in 1845 by Henrik Hertz

weeks I think. I was bitten by a mousquito last night for the first time at home. We have very few of those odious little creatures although we have a pond – I have been told that they are only found where people use Torrens-water, but I do not think this is literally true. We have very few here certainly but we do occasionally hear the shrill trumpet so amusingly described by Captⁿ Basil Hall. At the port mousquitoes swarm & Mrs Torrens told us when we first arrived that it was impossible to sleep without mousquito curtains. I should have been glad of them in the spring to protect my face from the flies but now either they have tired of me, or I am callous to their torments.

Wednesday Poor Mary had the toothache almost all day – This morning Mary called me to look at the kitten who seemed to be playing with a favorite plant of hers & we ran to put a stop to her amusement, when we found that she was really trying to catch a little Jew lizard \of/ about five inches in length \with the tail/ The bold little creature did not attempt to run away but kept her at bay with its mouth wide open threatening her. Whether the kitten was really alarmed by this very formidable antagonist I know not, but she shrunk back from its threatened attack. At last however she put out her paw to snatch it & then we thought it time to interfere – Mary seized the kitten while I attempted to catch the pœer lizard, too proud to run away – but it snatched at my finger & turning round rapidly as I tried to take hold of its tail kept the wide-gaping mouth with its array of tiny teeth ever presented to my hand & it was

[page 36]

not till Henry came up & adroitly seized it unexpectedly that the valorous little champion was secured & put into a forest of carnation leaves as a place of safety – This is about the size

[a 3¼ x 1¼ ink sketch of an open mouthed lizard in in the middle of the page]

but I cannot flatter

myself

that I have given a

characteristic

portrait of the

animal. It has

a row of hard

horny spikes round

its head & neck which resemble a beard, but not a beard made of hair – fancy one formed of icicles or rather stalactites & you will have a better idea of it. This evening a bat flew into the room & Henry caught it. We examined it under a tumbler & found it remarkably ugly. Sidney said it looked like a man in a tail coat as it crept upwards with its wings behind it – I think it was more like a frog in a tail coat for its head was as large in proportion to its size as that of a frog & not unlike it in shape its skin was like that of English bats except in being gray –

Thursday Mamma & papa have paid a pleasant visit with Cartwright & Rebecca to a M^r Campbell who possesses an excellent garden – as you may suppose when I tell you, that his gardener pays 100£ per year for permission to cultivate it – allowing Mr C to take as much fruit for himself & his friends as he likes. It contains no flowers but fruit of all kinds loquats & pommegranites in abundance. The pommegranite is a pretty shrub with a beautiful scarlet flower. The fruit resembles not at all the brown things we saw in England – it is rosy as as the rosiest apple & well deserves its name – the apple is flattered not the pomme-granite.

[page 37]

April 4th 1851 – A little poem appeared in a new paper. “The Austral Examiner” a distant little echo of “The Psalm of Life” – I am not sure that it is an Australian production but I think & hope it is.

“Life is Onward”
“Life is onward – use it
 With a forward aim;
Toil is heavenly, choose it
 And its warfare claim.
Look not to another
 To perform your will
Let not your own brother
 Keep your warm hand still.
Life is onward – – never
 Look upon the past,
It would hold you ever
 In its clutches fast.
Now is your dominion
 Weave it as you please
Bind not the soul’s pinion
 To a bed of ease.
Life is onward – try it
 Ere the day is lost;
It hath virtue, buy it
 At whatever cost.

[page 38]

If the world should offer
 Every precious gem
Look not at the scoffer,
 Change it not for them
Life is onward – heed it
 In each varied dress,
Your own act can speed it
 On to happiness –
His bright pinions o’er you
 Time waves not in vain,
If Hope chant before you
 Her prophetic strain.
Life is onward – prize it
 In sunshine & in storm;
Oh! do not despise it
 In its humblest form.
Hope & joy together.
 Standing at the goal,
Through life’s darkest weather,

Beacon on the soul.
Dial “

It has faults but it is written in a good spirit I think.

Saturday M^r Prowse walked in, in the evening & it passed away very pleasantly – Mamma has accepted an invitation to M^r Wright's, as I am supposed to require change of air –

Sunday \6th/ We were all scattered – Papa, Mamma, Henry & Vincent dined with M^r Blyth – Vinnie drove the cart home & Papa & Mamma staid. Howard & I dined with M^r & M^{rs} Arthur & spent

[page 39]

a very pleasant day. Sidney stayed at home to take care of the children & our visitor – M^r Arthur is one of the returning officers for the election & he asked Howard to be his deputy, an office worth double or treble that of polling clerk – We read or rather finished a fine sermon delivered by M^r Wickstead at the meeting of the “Unitarian Tract Society” in Birmingham. It is on the tendencies of the present age, either to return to the old superstitions of the Romish church, or to renounce altogether the authority of the Bible – I am reading “The Soul”, a most fascinating book, & this sermon has opened my eyes to some mistakes in that book. M^r Newman would have every one consult his own ideas of right & wrong & adopt as truth, only what agrees with them – This would be safe enough for a person who had been educated in high \Christian / principles, but applied by all indiscriminately would be a most dangerous thing –

Monday Papa & Mamma returned from Kensington. nothing particular happened –

Tuesday - I spent the day in town on my way to Lockleys – I paid a long & pleasant visit to M^{rs} & Miss Goss – the latter is a young lady of fourteen years who looks as if she “had seen twenty” – then I fixed myself in a comfortable place in Sidney's office & began a letter to you Rose – in the midst of which I was interrupted by the arrival of M^r Turton who came to escort me into Hindley St. where we found M^r Arthur Wright & the cart. The horse was rather restive indeed it had been alarming the passers

[page 40]

by taking a little diversion on the footpath. We walked as far as the parklands & then as the horse could not be persuaded to go on atall we walked a little farther & than got into the cart & proceeded a few yards in Pecksniffian style but then our steed began to wave his head about, in a very giddy & unaccountable manner, gradually slackened his speed & at last stopped entirely – Out jumped M^r A W & by dint of patting & condoling “Skylark” was persuaded to walk first & then to trot & his master jumped into the cart without stopping it. We had not gone much farther before the same ceremonies were gone through again & again & again & again before we had passed over the four miles between Adelaide & Lockleys. Poor Skylark had been a long journey two days & had not recovered from the effects of it. He is only two years old & unbroken. It is shocking to hear how early horses are made to work here, M^{rs} & Miss Wright received me very kindly – M^r Edward & “Old Flour

Bag” as the natives call him are in Van Dieman’s land. M^r Edward is gone to recover his health which he lost by working till two o’clock in the morning & his brother M^r Edmund seems likely to do the same tho’ he gets up at that time instead of sitting up to it. It is to do his brother’s work. We passed a pleasant evening talking & working & strolling in the garden Wednesday was very hot – I drew, Miss Wright worked & we read \aloud/ Lamartine’s⁷⁵ History of the last revolution by turns. In the evening there

[page 41]

was some singing & I had a pleasant day –

Thursday was just like Wednesday and

Friday like Thursday except in being very wet so that I could not go home as I had intended. I forgot to say that on Tuesday I went to look after a servant whom Mamma had engaged three days previously & who was to have appeared at the office that day to go to our house. She was gone. Some one else had offered her a place & she would not wait. I was very anxious to go home, but the rain came down in torrents & my hoarseness made me cautious. In the evening there was a beautiful & terrible thunder-storm.

Saturday I left my kind friends & expected to spend another day at the office but Howard came hurrying down from M^r Blyth’s to ask me to join M^{rs} Arthur which I gladly did – With her I paid a second visit to M^{rs} Goss & then we went all over the town in search of – caps – I dined with her & her brother. We took home the new servant, an Irish girl just arrived. I felt very sorry for her, she was so melancholy she wished herself back again with all her heart she said. It is indeed a dreary looking country now & especially for one from the ‘emerald Isle’. When we came I thought it looked barren & desolate enough & then the grass was green. One of the newcomer’s first questions was “what to the cattle eat”? She might well ask – an English stubble field would offer a feast to the poor bullocks. In England I never saw field common or road side so completely bare as the ground is here where these poor creatures feed or starve –

[page 42]

The milk from the cows is so poor that it cannot be made into butter. That is a luxury seldom enjoyed now – even salt butter is 1/6 ^{per}lb & very bad. But winter is coming & even now there are patches of green in the hollows on the Park lands. Mary carried me off to see what she calls her lawns – fine grass just springing under the cracking soil. It required close inspection even to see it – but it is a welcome sight.

Sunday 13th April We were alone – Symonds & I walked down to Cartwright’s in the afternoon & came home by moonlight. Cartwright escorted us till we met Howard & Henry – Howard with a thick stick. Cartwright does not come out at night without pistols. I think all such precautions needless. There are very few robberies. Many people sleep with doors & windows open in the hot weather. I felt much more afraid of the pistol than I should have been to walk home under the escort of Symonds alone. The colonists have a custom of not

⁷⁵ Alphonse Marie Louis de Prat de Lamartine (1790-1869) was a French writer, poet and politician. *History of the Revolution of 1848* was published in 1849.

carrying money about with them which disconcerts thieves. In the country all payments are made by orders on town agents. M^r Howard Blyth says he never keeps money in his house. Monday Anne left us, she has been with us so long & in such varied circumstances that it was like parting with one of the family & this day was a sad one for us all. Poor little Mary had looked forward to it with great dread & I feared she would feel it very much. There was a burst of grief when the time came but she was consoled shockingly soon by the promise

[page 43]

of a new doll. Mamma had a hard day's work in teaching, for Joanna had never even seen a joint of meat roasted & is proportionately ignorant of other culinary & household occupations & even of utensils – She calls saucepans, baking tins, every thing “cook-in-able” by the name of oven – so that directions are not sufficient, she must be shown everything –

Tuesday – I was washing my brothers' straw hats & making bread &c in the morning & busy all day. Howard read to us “The Old Lady in Threadneedle Street” in the evening with which we were very much amused.

Wednesday This afternoon I tried to sketch the hills that we see from our window but failed wofully. The children are reading “Elements of Morality”⁷⁶ & I enjoy it as much as they do from old associations. I did not know till lately that it was translated from the German – Howard did not come home, he has gone to spend the evening & night at M^r Arthur Blyth's.

Thursday. I made some cross-buns, tomorrow being Good Friday & ironed. I have not a single event to record. The moonlight is beautiful. Mary insisted upon showing me a beautiful rose-bud – faintly discernible certainly but visibly a pretty one when found. Sidney & I paced the Garden last night for a pleasant half-hour before going to bed & recalled delightful moonlight nights in England. We noticed the increased brilliancy of the stars many of which in England would be \almost/ invisible with a full moon to illuminate the sky – shone

[page 44]

brightly upon us then – Among others Spica was very brilliant – We could see the indistinct line of trees on M^t Lofty, eight miles away – we could also see the fourth star at the end of Orion's sword faintly –

Good Friday There was a pic-nic to Brighton resolved upon & all went except myself. The strong walked & the cart carried the provisions & the weaker members of the party, giving occasional help to the others. I stayed at home to superintend the cooking of the dinner, not that any grand feast was to be prepared, but even a piece of beef & a plum-pudding require some culinary intelligence. I could boast of no experience but I went every half hour to examine into the state of the fire, investigate the degree of brown-ness of the meat, to lift up the lid of the kettle to see that the pudding was boiling &c &c all which operations I performed with a very sagacious look & manner. Early in the morning I was ironing, & then this little domestic superintendance gave me no trouble but when that was done & I tried to make use of my holiday by making a sketch of our house I found it very annoying to have to walk all the way up the field into the house & the little time before the arrival of the pic-nic

⁷⁶ *Elements of Morality for the use of children with an introductory address to parents* by Christian Gotthilf Salzmann. Translator: Mary Wollstonecraft.

party was soon frittered away. They came in hot & tired – had we foreseen what the day would be we could have arranged for a pic-nic dinner, but we thought it would be too cold

[page 45]

& as even now, no one attempts to keep meat after the second day & eggs are too valuable to use there is no possibility of an impromptu dinner for such hungry people as we Australians are – no shops to buy even loaves at, near us. Sidney brought home two delicious water-melons larger than my head & sold to him for the sum of threepence each & very refreshing we found them – they are quite a staple article of food here. Dray-men munch at immense quarters or dig out the cool juicy pink from the convenient cup provided by nature – They appear to be quite harmless – I have heard of people eating even two or three in a day without suffering any ill effects from this indulgence. We spent the evening very quietly & it has left no record in my mind.

Saturday was excessively hot. The thermometer \was/ at 84° on Sunday \April 20th/ & then all suffered much from the heat, we have had cool weather for so long now that the few hot days lately have been felt as unpleasantly as you feel a cold East wind at the end of June – I had a bad headache & could not get up till late in the day could not or did not I will not say which. In the evening it was very pleasant. We sat under the verandah at the front & enjoyed the cool “gully breeze” which comes down from the hills after a north wind which we had

[page 46]

with short intermissions since Friday morning. M^r Prowse was with us. he \had/ brought a horse (besides his own) \on Saturday/ ten miles to Adelaide & then four & a half here for Howard to ride with him, & they went out with Cartwright on Sunday morning & rode to the top of Mount Lofty, whence they had a magnificent view. As we sat & saw the stars rise one after another over the hills some one asked how far Spica & Jupiter appeared to be apart – Papa said “eighteen inches”, M^r Prowse said “seven feet” – struck with the difference, we began to wonder what was the cause of it – Papa & M^r Prowse thought that it was caused by the difference in the focus of the eyes (we had all given a different length for the distance) but Sidney proved that that was impossible – He thinks we all place the plain of the heavens at some imaginary distance & that this fancy of ours influences our judgment without our being aware of it – A person whose mind was thoroughly imbued with the great truths of Astronomy would no doubt see millions of miles in our feet & inches – to him the actual has become the apparent. You may be among the number & then this discussion will seem very ridiculous, but I am not one of those favoured few. A little Colonial boy dined here, Leuwin Slater a visiter of Cartwright’s named

[page 47]

after the Cape opposite to which he was born. I was not up to dinner but came in afterwards just in time to hear this fat little fellow of eight years old on legs, ask Mamma in a grave & pompous manner to take wine with him – Mamma performed the operation as gravely as possible & I tried not to smile, but when I saw the chubby, sticky little fingers which took up

the glass I was obliged to pretend a sudden tooth ache to smooth my visible smistles with my handkerchief.

Monday We have had a “soft-falling rain” all day & every things looks so fresh & green it is quite delightful.

Tuesday I feel quite well – it is worth while thinking selfishly, to be poorly now & then to enjoy the return of health. I felt so vigorous this morning but I am not strong, I am taking quinine again & hope to get stronger. It is degrading to be a slave to stimulants, but it is miserable to be knocked up by every little extra exertion.

Wednesday The rain is all over but it has left us with very cold weather. we had a fire this evening & enjoyed it very much. Poor Sidney’s arm was painful & he went off to bed before eight. Seeds are coming up every where in the garden mostly self-sown but there are some few that neglected to appear in the spring showing their delicate leaves –

Thursday Sidney is better again. I have been ironing most of the day & have not acquired a

[page 48]

single new idea. I have however acquired a new umbrella – M^{rs} Arthur Blyth sent me a present of a very nice one in the place of that which was stolen from her house in Hindley St. for there are theives in Adelaide –

Friday – I finished the sketch of our house – it is very ugly because very correct. Our evenings have been very stupid lately – Papa has taken to play at cribbage with Symonds or Rosa – Howard generally plays a game of chess with Vinnie, then Sidney takes his place, & he becomes absorbed in a journal that he is compiling for Madgie – I wonder when I shall feel that I have a right to do what I please in the evening! not for some time yet I know by the array of work that a change of seasons always brings – And I am going on Sunday to pay a long-delayed visit to Mitcham so that weekly work will accumulate.

Saturday It is rather dull work writing a journal when one has no events to record (my case) what it is to read one I know not. My uncle T R used to keep a journal of pleasant days & that was a very good plan but that I cannot do because I am quite sure \that/ if I did not get out this book & write a few lines every night I should never write at all. I should forget it when I had really something worth recording – The robins are coming about again ~~b-drig~~ signs of winter – they are beautiful creatures, larger than the English robin – A stubble field was fired this evening very near our house but I was disappointed with its appearance – the flames were bright & large but we saw no sheet of fire – they were scattered over the ground –

[page 49]

Sunday April 27th I must now my dear cousins end this number of my journal as it is to be put into the hands of M^r White on Wednesday & I leave home tomorrow. It was too wet for Mary or me to go out today – so Sidney and Howard would go to take a message & they are remaining all night. I have nothing to record for today. I have been pleasantly employed in preparing for the packet for England. I wish I had more to send. It is however charged with love, invisible to the corporeal eye but apparent I trust to the mental vision of those dearest to me – The language of the affections is as old as the human race & it \is/ as needless to try to vary it from old as it is its accents are ever dear to us, they never pall upon the ear – but the heart pants after new expressions – old phrases seem conventional to the utterer – though

not to the listener I hope for I have none others wherewith to express my love for my country & the dear ones who made it so happy a home – That every blessing may rest upon it & them is my earnest prayer – that I may one day stand again upon its dear shores, my ever present wish.

Exercise Book 3 pages 1-68

Adelaide December 13th 1851

It is after ten o'clock but I am determined to lose no more time in recommencing my journal, feeling very much provoked with myself for having dropped it for so long. ~~a time~~ Your journal up to June 28th arrived last night dear Rose & I sat up till after twelve to finish it. I really feel very grateful to you for continuing it under such very disadvantageous circumstances. It must have been a great effort while you were so busy in removing. I am sure you would not grudge the time if you could know how very much pleasure you give me. I ought to have judged of your feelings by my own & continued to write but I felt that your life was so much more eventful & varied than mine & you had such superior stores of knowledge to illustrate the narratives from that I feared my uneventful history would only bore you & I altho' it is really a delightful recreation to me to take up my pen in the evening to relate to such dear friends the little ~~events~~ occurrences/ of my day – I thought that I ought not to give up the time to it to please myself alone – Imagine then with what pleasure & pride I return to the fascinating occupation now that I know I have given you some amusement. As we have changed houses since I last wrote I think I must first describe our new habitation that you may have a definite background to the future scenes here shown forth –

Fancy then a very long building one story in height standing at the top of a very long garden (so called by courtesy) & surrounded by a very long verandah partially enclosed by wooden trellis-work painted green. The eastern end of this very long place (familiarily entitled "Blyth's Long Range"

[page 2]

or "The Twins") belongs to M^r Blyth, the western end to ourselves. The garden is cut in two by a wire fence rather wavy in form & there are a few roses & snap-dragons in flower of which we are very proud. We brought the seed of the snap-dragon from England If you will take the trouble to walk up the drive with me & can avoid being thrown down by the stones I can take you into the house. We leave the wooden stable to our left where stands watching our old albatross very different now from the snowy plumed beauty of the sea. The wood for our fuel stands piled up there part of it so placed as to form a kennel for our black dog Hector an old favourite of William Bucknall's. There also is a little Sydney coal which although £3 per ton, we find cheaper than wood for our stove. Under the trellis is a large hutch for Mary's rabbits & they are well supplied with lettuces from M^{rs} Blyth's garden & sow thistles from ours – Entering by the hall. door, for we have a hall, we leave my room to the right & go straight into the sitting room which, with the old pictures round it & the old book-case in one corner & the old side-board (the centre taken out & replaced by one very much smaller made of cedar) at one end, the old clock on the chimney-piece & the old cloth on the table, looks so much like a miniature of our old dining-room that you may very well imagine it. The window is at the side instead of the end but that does not matter. we will pass thro' it & go into our drawing-

room (the verandah) separated from that of M^r Blyth by a trellis. There we sit on a warm evening with our work sometimes & there it is the children's delight to take their lessons on a cool day – M^r & M^{rs} Blyth sit on their side & we talk together or separately as we feel inclined. The garden looks

[page 3]

desolate enough now for M^r Blyth has just had a new channel cut for the creek so that it will now run straight thro' the garden like a canal – The change was necessary, for in the winter a great part of the garden was washed away together with the new bridge – The water has ceased to run now but there are still holes in which the frogs sit croaking – We have lost the noise of the bull-frogs which is very peculiar. you may have heard it in France. It is like the trying of a harp-strings & rather musical I thought at first but as the frogs increased in number & the noise became more frequent I found it very disagreeable for it was not continuous enough for our ears to become callous to it as they are to the croaking & coming at intervals of half a minute or more & varied in distance & tone it strikes upon the ears with a startling effect & distracts the attention unpleasantly. A beautiful king fisher haunts this little stream, very much like that of England but larger & bolder – Its nest is in a hole in the large gum-tree at the front of M^r Blyth's & Symonds saw it fly up with a tadpole in its beak a few days ago. We have a very pretty view of the hills at the back of our house & at the front also. But we must continue our walk returning thro' the sitting-room & turning into a long passage we may peep into Mamma's room on the right where hang the portraits of Grandpapa \Clark/ & uncle Rowland & into Sidney's & Howard's tiny domicile on the left – so small is it that M^r Blyth said we must sling up the chest of drawers to the ceiling to get it in but by dint of great contrivance and making a washing-stand to fit its place – Sidney managed to get not only the chest ` of drawers

[page 4]

but ~~have a corn~~ \Howard's/ book-shelves & a chair into the room which has a very comfortable look now – I shall not allow you to look into the boys' room or the store-room as they are never neat enough to be seen except for one half hour every Saturday – but I must take \you/ into the nice white kitchen, where we breakfast every morning from that long table, & the pretty little china-pantry which serves also for a servant's bedroom. I will spare you the cellar tho' I should have liked you to admire the rich milk & the store of pie-melons which we brought from our old garden & which is not exhausted yet. The washing is carried on under the verandah outside the kitchen & there stand two huge casks that my brothers fill every night before going to bed for the pump is at an inconvenient distance, on the other side of the creek, & here let me assure you that we congratulate ourselves greatly on possession of this pump – I have seen but one other in the colony – On the whole I like this house better than the last. it is far more conveniently arranged & the rooms are so high that altho' so small, they are better ventilated than those we have left. I have taken the opportunity of having nothing else to say to let you into these (dom²estic det¹ails of our) arrangements.

Sunday Dec^{er} 14th M^r J S Young a King's College acquaintance of Sidney's dined with us. He has studied mining deeply but for want of other occupation has turned schoolmaster & is now about to proceed overland to the diggings of Melbourne – He has nothing to lose, poor

fellow, and I hope he may succeed in making his fortune but he seems totally unprepared for life in the bush – knowing nothing whatever of cooking & taking a feather-bed

[page 5]

with him to sleep upon! We hear of nothing but gold gold gold now – people are leaving this place by hundreds ~~now~~ and houses & land are being sold for half their original value. I wish Papa had his money to invest. Out of four of Sidney's men he has lost two & another leaves him on Monday week – One of them has sent for his wife having saved eight pounds in a fortnight but he finds the work so hard & the place so wretched that he would be glad to come back if he were sure of work here. But this desertion makes trade very bad here. Shopkeepers are in despair & people stand talking in the streets instead of going about their business – Fifty people went from Kensington alone last week & there are no less than twelve vessels advertised for the diggings. I know not what will become of poor Sidney. One of his customers has run off who owes him 180£ and now with trade so bad there seems no hope for him. He bears it very well & hopes on still but he is obliged to give up his man & do the work himself. Fortunately he will not lose the man, who has been with him ever since he came out & whose wife cleans the offices, for he will take the place of one of the sawyers who is gone. That is a great comfort to us for otherwise Sidney would have to sleep in town. Monday - Sidney went this evening to look at some fencing that he has employed men to do & found them all in great haste to finish it that they might be off to the diggings or diggins as people say. He has had altogether ten men about that work & all but two are gone or going to the diggings – one of those two has a son there – Howard brought home a note for papa from a Birmingham young man

[page 6]

asking him to dispose of a valuable gold chain today as he is going tomorrow & wants the money. Last night the sister of our servant Clara came to say that ~~the~~ \second/ brother was gone another has been there two or three weeks. Every one anticipates the ruin of the Colony. There are rumours of gold being found here – The Government has offered £1000 for its discovery & today there have been several applications for the money – Some one offered to lay a heavy wager that he would ride off from the exchange at some fixed hour in the morning & bring back four ounces of gold before evening which he had washed with his own hands. If gold is found here I daresay it will produce an improvement in the trade of Adelaide & have a beneficial effect on property but on the other hand it will bring a set of people whom we should prefer to be without & I do not fear but that the colony will recover itself when this fever has passed away.

Tuesday – Mary & Symonds went out on a gold-hunting expedition with a tin can & a spade. When they returned & I asked Mary if she had found ~~how~~ nice any gold. “No” she said “but we have found some yellow ochre”. She is quite sure that she shall find gold & has already decided how she shall lay out the thousand pounds. Our cows did not come home this evening – the little herd-boy \who/ takes them out to graze for a shilling a week came at five in the evening to say that he had not seen them all day. Rosa & Symonds went off immediately to search the neighbourhood & make enquiries & as Sidney came home first, he took the mare & went faster & farther than they – just as he returned Henry came in from

town so he took Sidney's place & galloped about till it was dark. But though he heard of them from several people

[page 7]

he saw nothing of them – The postmans cows which generally feed with ours were missing also for many hours but he found them just at dusk & we are almost in despair.

Wednesday This morning Henry set off again in search of the missing animals & he has been out almost all day – He came home terribly sunburnt & not knowing what to do. He had just put the mare in the stable when Sidney & Vinnie came in from town with news of them. They are at our old house. They arrived at five o'clock yesterday evening & went straight thro' the stock-yard into the field where Polly gave birth to a calf. Our old servant Anne recognised them & milked them & came to town to tell Sidney where they were this morning. We are very glad to hear of their safety. Henry thought yesterday that they might have gone there but it is nine miles from here & he heard of their being seen in such a different direction that he thought it best to search this neighbourhood first – Our grocer came here to-day to ask advice of Papa. He was formerly a clerk of uncle Henry's & looks upon Papa therefore as an old friend. He told us that in Norwood, where he lives \& where/ there are three streets there are but five men left, he being one of the five – He wishes to go to the diggings himself leaving his business for his wife to manage for it is so small now that he is in despair.

Norwood is quite a village, there are rows of houses, & a few weeks ago it was a busy place – M^r Blyth says it is a pleasant thing to come home & look at his "rubbishy garden" after the dismal faces in town. How glad I am that Cartwright has employment now & all our anxiety about him

[page 8]

is over –

Thursday - M^r & M^{rs} Gliddon called & Sidney brought home a young man named Charles Taylor a friend of Tom Martineau's he is only just come out & has been a prey for mosquitoes. He speaks of them with horror. We have almost escaped their attacks. There were none near our old house & although they swarm about the creek we are not much bitten. They have attacked me more than any one else I think & I have not been bitten more than a dozen times. They bite M^{rs} Blyth – tho she is an old colonist but she does not suffer from their bites – M^r Taylor told us of a young lady living in the same house with himself whose arms are quite swelled up by mosquito bites – they seem made of bites – He thinks the flies far worse than the mosquitoes & sleeps with a great muslin bag tied over his head & two others over his hands. I am becoming tolerably callous to them & when they are very troublesome I turn the sheet over my face, I tried a veil but it was so uncomfortable that I soon gave it up. He has applied for a situation in the band of horse police (almost entirely composed of gentlemen \I am told/ in the hope of thus gaining the opportunity of acquiring an intimate knowledge of the country preparatory to settling down. They are fine set of men – very active and well disciplined & of course intelligent. There is the son of a baronet in the corps & one called at our house who possessed a great knowledge of pictures & had lived in one of those handsome houses one of which is or was inhabited by M^r Dillon in Regent's

park. M^{rs} Gliddon comes from the "Blue mountains" of New South Wales which she says are far more picturesque than these hills

[page 9]

looking like ruined castles sometimes – She used to live in a house at some distance from Adelaide but was driven away by her fear of the natives. They had a burying ground at the foot of M^r Gliddon's garden & the sick or dying were brought there attended sometimes by a retinue of two or three hundred blacks. They never came near the house if M^r Gliddon was at home but if he were out they would come into it in these large numbers to ask for bread or matches. One day when the house was surrounded M^{rs} Gliddon was so alarmed that she put on her bonnet & ran away to her husband in town. Henry & Symonds took the cart for the calf & brought it home safely with the cows having taken ~~it~~ turns in driving the cows & the mare. As the herds were all out & we did not know exactly what to do with the animals Symonds & Mary volunteered to watch them on the Park lands, so the long reins were attached to the mare & they set off provided with sticks. I went to call on Miss Worthington (a young lady known to M^{rs} Carpenter) whom I did not see as she was ill & on returning I perceived the children at some distance & apparently in a dilemma. Polly was trying to run home to her calf & Symonds attempting to drive her back while Mary was led by the mare down a steep gully till I lost sight of her. I hurried on as you may suppose & found her quite safe at the bottom scolding the mare which was quietly feeding for treading on the reins. Symonds came back before I had time to take them from her & she carried me off to see some beautiful holyhocks

[page 10]

They grow well here but there are not many in the Colony I think.
Friday – It has been very hot all day the therm^m at 90 in the shade. In the afternoon I walked to town to make some purchases not a very pleasant walk in such weather. As I crossed the Park lands the grasshoppers were springing about in all directions. They look like feathered seeds at a little distance for they seem to float on the air not merely jumping as English grasshoppers do. They will flutter for almost a minute sometimes & then drop \suddenly/ like a tired lark or a flying-fish. They are of all varieties of brown & yellow but I have not seen a green one yet. Few of them are more than an inch & a half long but I have seen some (with black & yellow wings & very like butterflies) double that length. The air was filled with the sound made by the yang yangs as they are called here – large flies, with black & crimson bodies, which live in the gum-trees & make a noise like that of a baby's rattle – not \lik/ one of those little boxes with peas or bells inside but an old fashioned wooden rattle such as we used to buy for a penny at the fair – a thing to swing round and round, a miniature watchman's rattle. As there are hundreds of these creatures in every tree all rattling away together you may imagine the noise. I found the town less deserted than I had imagined – There are a great many houses to \be/ let & the sidestreets have a very forlorn lazy look about them but I had to wait before I dared cross at the corner of King William Street & as it was fancied myself in some danger of being run over – Every one

[page 11]

talked about gold & I saw many shops where the people professed to be selling off “Going to the Diggings” & many notices to this effect.

“Gold purchased here to Any Amount” – But altogether I found the place more cheerful than I expected. There was beautiful fruit in the shops Strawberries, Cherries, gooseberries, & \even/ plums & apricots The three first are always very dear & this is I believe a bad year for stone fruit. I found Howard returned from Gawler town where he has been on business – It is only – twenty six miles from Adelaide but the coach is four hours on the road.

Saturday. A blank my Lady. I can think of nothing to record, still hot. One thing M^r Prowse is married.

Sunday Dec^r 21st Horribly hot, the thermometer above 100. M^r & M^{rs} Higginson actually walked here from North Adelaide, three miles, to dine with us. Papa was not so well & not able to enjoy their company as he would have done at another time. M^r H amused us very much by his account of his garden. It is not an uncommon thing for English flowers to become dwarfed here. Our nasturtion plants are not larger than my hand tho’ in full flower & last year a little major convolvulus not so tall as my thumb bore many full-sized flowers. M^r H has a sun flower six inches high that has had the impudence to hold up its head in full bloom – the head was broken off accidentally & then up sprung a number of little heads setting up for themselves like the rising generation here M^{rs} H said. This heat is really unpleasant – this is the third day of it & now at ten o’clock in the evening

[page 12]

the ther^m is \at/ 83° – We heard thunder this afternoon & hoped for a storm but none came & now the stars are shining clear & bright. Orion most beautiful. I fancied I could see the seventh pleiad –

Monday – Hotter still, terribly hot. Sidney asked Mary this morning if she knew what your meinheer meant (excuse the spelling) “No” said she “but I know what domineer means” – she is reading “Robert Wilmot”⁷⁷ and has just had the word explained to her.

Tuesday. We could scarcely bear the heat all day the ther^m has been above 100 – I cannot tell its exact height when highest because we have no good place for keeping it here. We are obliged to hang it either in the North East or South western aspect & when the verandah protects it from the direct rays of the sun there is so much reflected heat during the hot hours (for we have chosen the South western side) that we cannot depend upon it so I allow four degrees for reflected heat. M^{rs} Blyth came in to ask us all to spend the evening of Christmas –day at her house. She brought a fan with her & the breeze she made with it was so delightful that we immediately hunted up Mamma’s old-fashioned fans & they were in great request. There is news that the Sydney people are in a state of great alarm for the fate of an immense quantity of gold £73000 worth despatched in the “Phenician”⁷⁸ – An American built schooner very rakish & a fast sailer a “regular clipper” say the newspapers, came into

[page 13]

⁷⁷ Robert Wilmot(c. 1550-c. 1608) was the author of *The tragedy of Tancred and Gismund* (1592)

⁷⁸ Most likely “Phoenician”.

port with no cargo but with twelve guns well mounted & sailed out again the next day immediately after the departure of the "Phenician". It will be terrible should the golden cargoes now on the sea tempt people into piracy & the days of the Buccaneers come over again. I have not much fear English men of war will soon put down the Buccaneers.

Wednesday No change in the wind – no wind at all in fact during a great part of the day – I could do nothing that I was not obliged to do only fan myself, look at the ther^r & say "how hot it is". It is impossible to sleep ~~even with the window open~~ in a temperature of ninety. We have given up shutting up the house for the walls are so heated that there is not a difference of many degrees between the inside & the outside except for a few hours in the middle of the day & the closeness is intolerable. Our sitting-room has been at ninety-two almost all day.

Thursday Christmas day seemed the hottest day of all – We had no meat for dinner because the Christmas beef which was killed only the day before was quite uneatable – I think however we were rather rejoiced than otherwise at being obliged to make our dinner of pudding. It would have seemed a sort of duty to eat beef & it was quite too hot for us to think of that with anything but horror. I think the Christmas dinner ought to be eaten in June indeed if it were not that friends at home keep the old day & think of us then perhaps

[page 14]

I should be inclined to prefer the \true/ season to the true day. It is quite impossible to feel that this is Christmas except when my fancy takes me to your frost & bright fires & holly-wreathed churches. I have not seen a holly leaf since I left England nor (except carefully watched ivy plants) one of the bright evergreens that form your Christmas decorations. Our trees are all ever-green while growing, but the young green foliage that they now boast would wither in an hour if gathered – the flowers are all gone except indeed major convolvuluses which come out magnificently early in the morning but wither before breakfast is over. It was quite too hot to think of going out & we spent a dull dreamy sort of day in the "dolce far niente"⁷⁹ too hot even to talk or read. All of us adjourned to M^r Blyth's in the evening & there tried the wonder game but I remember no particularly bright wonder. George Blyth chose to be a red herring about which we thought there would be little to say but it proved a most fertile subject more especially as he is continually seen with a short pipe in his mouth. Of course it was wondered how he like smoking, whether he was not an odd fish – whether he was worth the fourth part of a penny &c &c – Mary entered into the game surprisingly but I can hardly believe she fully understood it – she is so young – We came away before eleven & Mamma seemed none the worse for the dissipation.

Friday was terribly hot till about six o'clock when the wind went round to the South west & blew so refreshingly \a little rain fell &/ it raised our drooping spirits & gave us quite a pleasant evening – I am glad to find that such \hot/ weather is very uncommon

[page 15]

M^{rs} Howard Blyth had never known any like it & M^r H had given up work for the first time in his life on account of the heat – Tho' gathering in the harvest, he & his men all "knocked off" as he expressed it – Five cases of death from sun-stroke have occurred during the week.

⁷⁹ 'sweet idleness'

three reapers in different places, all died suddenly One mate of a vessel, who had been at work without his hat died within half an hour of the exposure tho' medical aid was procured at once. M^{rs} Blyth remembered only one instance of such weather in 1846 the hot wind lasted ten days & fifty babies died in the colony during that ten days. Infants suffer terribly from the heat even those born in the colony but when three or four years old, I am told, they do not appear to regard it – Mary & M^{rs} H B's little girl scampered about together as happy & active as usual. Our bread was spoiled by the heat & I could get no yeast anywhere to make more. The people at the brewery said that they had sent all round Kensington & Adelaide to get some to brew with but none was to be had it was all spoiled – Our baker was gone to Adelaide to buy bread for his customers as he could get no yeast to make it with – We had great difficulty in procuring two little loaves & the price of those was raised a penny. Our milk we have contrived to keep sweet for twelve hours by scalding it, the process by which Devonshire cream is produced – We put it over the fire in a saucepan & take it off just before it

[page 16]

would boil when the first bubbles rise to the surface. It requires attention for if suffered to boil the cream will not rise & the flavour spoils the tea – We have almost lived upon tea this week – Saturday – The change in the weather, for the ther^m is now down to seventy-five in the middle of the day, has made us feel very weak – even I feel almost too weary to move & Mamma & papa are suffering sadly from the same cause. Papa has an irruption all over him which people here call the prickly heat. M^r & M^{rs} Blyth have it also & I had a band of it round my waist until today. It is very irritating though not painful, It rises above the skin & is colourless until it is rubbed when it looks like measles & is hardly endurable. It is almost worse than the nettle-rash for that does fade occasionally & give one intervals of ease. There are horrible little insects about too called harvest bugs which bite miserably they come in at the windows in great numbers and sand-flies which almost blind one for a time if they bite the eyes. Our laundresse's children are suffering from ophthalmia – yesterday one of them could not open her eyes all day but they are better now – I suppose you have heard this complaint described – it appears to be in the eye-lids rather than the eyes themselves & swells them like fit of crying – it comes on with terrible itching & a feeling of sleepiness & woe to you if you rub your eyes. I had experience enough last summer & shall leave off writing now from prudential motives

[page 17]

Sunday Dec^r 28th We had a hot wind again but not very hot – Mr Merry an old schoolfellow of the boys dined with us – He & Sidney & Henry & Symonds walked to the waterfall gully & brought home several curiosities among others two little round white eggs about the size of those little marbles so precious to young school boys which they call white allees (I spell it thus from an idea it comes from aller to go) They were hidden behind a stone & we suppose them to be snake's eggs – I tried to persuade Sidney to boil or scald them – for it would not be pleasant to have two little deaf adders make their home in this house & snake's eggs hatch of their own accord but Sidney was afraid of breaking them & the only precaution we could induce him to adopt was that of shutting them up in a tin box. He brought home a

gang-gang black & orange a handsome fellow with a very noisy rattle in his tail. Symonds went out before breakfast to look for manna & found some under a gum tree in our garden & he thinks this is produced by the gang-gangs. M^{rs} Meredith in her "New South Wales" attributes it to the locust, but we have seen no locusts upon trees. The true locust is very uncommon in the cultivated parts here I think. The only ones I have seen were brought from the hills. M^{rs} Blyth says that the locust which does so much mischief is merely the little brown or yellow grass hopper which abounds on the park lands – I am inclined to think that Symonds is right – The manna is found only under the gum trees – It is in little round wafer like cakes \each/ about the size of a shirt button & thin as silver paper & has a sweet flavour but very little taste. If it fell in no larger pieces in the desert it must have been

[page 18]

hard work for the Hebrews to collect enough for one day's food before sunrise. Howard gave up his bed to M^r Merry & slept on the sofa. There is that one inconvenience about this house we have no spare beds & on dark nights it is difficult for people to find their way over the unfenced ground by which we are surrounded – M^r Taylor went miles out of his way in trying to return home –

Monday There was a terrible fire in the waterfall gully the smoke rolled down in volumes – It was burning during the greater part of the day & flames were sometimes visible but towards evening the fire was stopped on our side by a road but we saw it creep over one hill till the smoke only remained visible – The hill nearest to us has now a blackened patch at least a mile in length & more than a mile in breadth. I hope no mischief is done. There is a beautiful garden in that gully containing such weeping willow as I never saw before except in pictures, & many cottages. The weeping willow is generally far more beautiful here than in England, there is no frost to destroy the ends of the branches – they are leafed down to their tips & as the wind waves them their rich foliage so brilliant in colour is lovely. That garden is the most luxuriant I ever saw – Roses & fuschias hung in rich canopies over the walks when I was there a month ago. A lemon tree three times my height was laden with fruit

[page 19]

& there was a beautiful pear-tree in full blossom besides apple trees numberless – at the edge of the creek were bushes of native myrtle dotted with their white flowers & over them was thrown like a piece of orange drapery a huge mass of nasturtiums such as I have not seen in Australia before – The house was burried in creepers & the owner must be a man of taste for he has planted on the barren hill which rises up behind it monthly rose-trees which shed a delicious perfume from their luxuriant blossoms. The garden has one peculiarity – everything is tall & thin, trying no doubt to reach the light, for the gully is narrow & dark. The pear tree looked like a poplar & the fuschias were far above the house –

Tuesday Dec^r 30th It has been almost cold to day too cold for Mamma to go out. I hope cool enough for people to brew – for we have never been able to procure yeast yet & have had some difficulty in getting bread – on Friday afternoon there was none to be had so that we eat it hot on Saturday – In the bush people use leaven when they are above damper but if fresh bread is not made every day the leaven turns sour & then the bread is very

disagreeable. Even when it is made fresh every day it some times becomes so. On board ship I could not eat the bread towards the end of the voyage it was so very sour.

Wednesday Every one ought to learn to say no, both for his own sake & for the sake of his fellow creatures – M^r Blyth cannot say no & (the kindest man

[page 20]

in the world.) he has committed an act of great unkindness, barbarous cruelty I could almost call it merely from the physical inability to pronounce this little monosyllable. You must know that on Friday M^r Blyth brought home “The Caxtons”⁸⁰ & as he had the right to keep it for a week, papa unfortunately asked him to let us have the volumes as he finished them. The first came to us on Saturday night, but M^{rs} Howard’s baby has been ill so that she could not get on with the second & it was after eight o’clock on Monday evening before we could have the second & it was sent for for M^r Arthur before eight the next morning to our horror. M^r Arthur kindly sent it back again for us to finish but the delay only made the pangs sharper for \this afternoon/ just as we had come to the interview between Rowland and his son, when the book had been in the house just two hours & a half, cruel M^{rs} Blyth sent for the third volume, it must go to town tonight because M^r Arthur was to stay at home tomorrow. Is it not disappointing. If M^r Blyth had said “no” at first we should not have cared at all but to have got into the middle of the story & then \to/ have it torn from us, is a great trial. I am afraid you will not properly sympathise with me or pity me half enough, but consider, this is the only novel I have had the opportunity of reading since “David Copperfield”. I believe it is the second only that I have read since I came into the Colony. I have read few of Bulwer’s. I am not fond of him as a writer & tho’ so intensely interested by this I am not altogether pleased with it. I delight in the character of Austin Caxton & I admire Rowland but I think he is caricatured & many of the scenes are far from natural. I am provoked too by the pedantry & show of learning in the book– it is

[page 21]

quite bearable in the scholar but disagreeable in the author. There is news of the discovery of gold \here/ & licenses are already granted & men at work one man is said to have earned £27 in five days. The amount of gold found at the Mt Alexander diggings is astonishing half a ton was brought into Melbourne by the government escort in one week – Surely there must be a change in the currency of England – What is to become of us! I cannot imagine what will be the effect of this discovery – To raise the price of labour first I suppose!

Thursday Jan^y 1st 1852. A happy new year to you & all absent friends. I wonder where you will spend this evening at aunt Rowland’s perhaps may it be a pleasant one. This must have been a melancholy Christmas without Grandpapa his welcome was so warm & joyous – his heart was always in Christmas order – M^r John Williams was to have dined with us but thro’ some mistake he came just two hours after our dinner time. There was no holiday so the boys went to town as usual & nothing marked the day in any way. M^r Williams threw light upon the manna question by telling us that in Sydney what we call gang-gangs are called

⁸⁰ *The Caxtons: A Family Picture* is an 1849 novel by Lord Edward Bulwer-Lytton (1803-1873).

locusts so that Symonds & M^{rs} Meredith are both right. M^r Goss came in to tea & we certainly had a pleasant evening. moreover there were letters to Papa & Mamma from Alfred Wills & M^r Foxall containing an account of the imposture & tragical fate of the Baroness von Beck⁸¹. What a painful thing it must have been to her victims the Peytons especially would feel it very much. Good

[page 22]

M^{rs} Tyndall has been duped so often that I think her feelings must be somewhat blunted by this time – It is strange that with so many of the Hungarian refugees in England the imposture should be so long undetected. It must be horrible indeed to find a person whom you have admired trusted perhaps even loved utterly wicked as this woman must have been to trade upon the misfortunes of her fellow countrymen! The “Competitor” came in today & we are in great anxiety about a certain box sent by aunt Beasley & containing among other treasures thirty letters. It has been sent without an invoice, I expect partly from aunt’s kind wish to surprise us & consequently we expect it to be opened by the custom-house officers – an unpleasant thing at any time but the thirty letters make our guilty consciences tremble. Friday Jan^y 2nd. We procured some yeast at last & I made some bread. All the morning I was ironing but in the afternoon I went to call upon Miss Worthington & found her looking very pale and ill. She is a clever girl & a great friend of Rebecca’s something like Rebecca in the face too. Her father & brother were at home. Her father a bald rather pleasant man & apparently as fond of Dickens as his daughter who quotes him continually. The brother is a tall thin but rather handsome silent (& Louisa would say spooney) young man. M^r Worthington told me of a certain M^{rs} Brown who keeps a bookseller’s shop. The gold mania has destroyed her business & her husband went to the diggings in the hope of earning enough gold to meet a bill which will come due in a

[page 23]

few days. He has sent the gold but his wife cannot sell it, the banks here having refused to advance money on Melbourne gold & there being more in the market than individuals can purchase. Papa wants to buy some but he cannot get paid for his goods. It is woful the utter loss of business here. In Sidney’s timberyard a great deal of wood used to be sold early in the morning, his man ~~M Chatsome~~ took £13 before breakfast, this week. Vinnie has been in town every day by six o’clock & has not received a penny. Sidney’s man sailed for Melbourne to-day. I think I told you the sawyer would not work with him –

Saturday Jan^y 3rd There are reports of more gold discoveries – a large lump was found in the township of Noarlunga to-day & exhibited in the Exchange. My brothers were this evening calculating the measurement of a ton of gold. Two cubic feet! M^{rs} Brown showed Howard ten ounces in a lucifer match-box –

Sunday Jan^y 4th We have had quite a party this evening – The M^r Hays and M^r Turton dined with us & in the afternoon Miss Wright & her brother Edward came in & remained to take tea with us. We were very glad to see them – It is many months since I saw Miss Wright. Howard

⁸¹ Baroness von Beck was the pseudonym of Hungarian spy Rauidula who hoodwinked British society for a considerable time.

& I walked over to Lockleys one day in June or July but Miss Wright was out. I gleaned nothing for the journal. They had a lovely moonlight night for driving home –
Monday Jan^y 5th A hot wind all day – Papa was too ill to go to town suffering excessively from pain

[page 24]

in his side. Mamma put on a mustard plaister & that relieved it very much but we are full of anxiety – I took tea at M^rs Blyth's.

Tuesday Jan^y 6th Papa is better he went to town & had the offer of a little work which will do him good if he is well enough to bear it & I hope he can, with Howard's help – The wind changed this afternoon & the cool western breeze was delightful. There is a long account of an expedition to the gold "diggings" "a wild goose chase" in the newspaper. The general opinion is that M^r Milner Stephen⁸² who professed to discover the gold & escorted the Government commissioners & showed them where to wash when they found the gold, hoaxed them completely in the hope that as this was a likely looking place & hundreds would come to search some one might find gold really & then he could claim the reward. On New years day M^r Waterhouse who had employed men in the search, left the place to procure a Government order for the despatch of the commissioners to ~~the place~~ \show the people / where to look. They went down on the following day with M^r M S & showing the people the very place & even the holes from which they took the earth in which the gold was found. Spadeful after spadeful was taken from these holes but no more gold appeared & the people talked of giving M^r M S a ducking but fortunately for him there was not water enough –
Wednesday Jan^y 7th There are more reports of gold discoveries. M^r Robert Kay has been over to examine Mr Bourd's section on the Torrens (formerly your father's) and he says that on the few yards by the river-side there is gold worth working – A man named Plunket son-in-law to

[page 25]

Sidney's carpenter is just come from the Ballarat gold diggings bringing home eighty pounds. Before water became scarce he was much richer. His party consisting of three men once found £150 worth of gold in three days – The wages paid for merely washing gold are £9 per week, but it is very hard & even dangerous work. The banks of the stream sometimes fall in – This man is come back merely to wait for rain – provisions are so dear that he can save \by making/ the two journeys to avoid living at such an expense. Bread is 1/- per pound! He was describing to Vinnie the way in which the diggers make their huts – They cut two circles round the top and bottom of a tree & then make a long slit in the bark from one to the other – They then push a stick under the bark & by working \it/ gently about contrive to loosen the bark entirely so that they can take ~~take~~ it off in one piece. They then burn the outside to soften it & laying it on the ground, flatten it by means of weights. The hut is made with four stakes with battens nailed at the top & bottom & at the sides also in the best huts. Between these the bark is slid into its place & fastened in no other way so that it can shrink or swell without injuring the building – something like the window of a cab I fancy – If the bark were

⁸² George Milner Stephen (1812-1894) was a South Australian and Victorian politician and faith healer.

nailed in its place it would be cracked or split with the heat and wrinkle up in wet weather. One man found seven ounces of gold while digging the holes for his posts.

Thursday Jan^y 8th M^r Milner Stephens has put a letter in the newspaper in which he says that he

[page 26]

had applied for the \gold/ sections to purchase & publishes the official reply but as the reply is dated after the examination & there is no date given for the application & it is well known that he has no money to pay for them, I think this is only a little ruse to regain his character. He throws all the responsibility on the shoulders of a M^r Freeman whose name never appeared till the failure of the scheme. M^r Greenway, our grocer called to tell Papa that he had made up his mind to go to “the diggins” or rather to Melbourne for he does not like the idea of digging & he cannot get enough to live upon here now that his customers are gone. (He lives in Norwood & is one of the four men left) Numbers of people are driven from the colony by the utter stagnation of trade, who do not wish to go but cannot stay.

Friday Jan^y 9th Papa seems really better. It has been terribly hot & the mousquitoes are really disagreeable I have been bitten five times to-day, one bite on my finger swelled to the size of a broad bean. Mamma had a drive in the evening. Sidney & I sat under the verandah for some time watching for the moon to rise. I wonder whether it would be possible for a pair of lovers to be sentimental with mousquitoes hovering about them & trying to settle on their hands & feet! George Blyth came in to play at chess and Howard perpetrated a new pun when George took one of his pieces he said “Pax vobiscum”⁸³ – I forgot to tell you yesterday of an alarm of fire that we had – We saw a thick column of smoke in the direction of Adelaide

[page 27]

with flames rising ten or twelve feet high & feared a terrible fire. Papa took Mr B’s gig which had just brought Mamma home from a drive & went to see what it could be – It was only the grass on the park lands which had caught fire & being very high burned furiously – Many people came from Adelaide to see what was the matter Sidney & Vinnie among the number. They thought it was the “Company’s Mill” – Vinnie said it was surprising to see how easily the fire was beaten out even with burning weeds –

Saturday Jan^y 10th It is so hot I can do nothing tonight yet the ther^r is not more than 81 or 82 in the house & lower outside – It is a perfectly still evening As Howard & I stood remarking the calm quiet of the air I repeated those lines from “Christabel” beginning “The night is chill the forest bare.”⁸⁴ Mary stood by listening & when I came in to put her to bed made me repeat them & as many more as I could remember, then she would not be satisfied till I had got the book to “read about the lovely lady” I tried to persuade her that she would not understand it but she was sure she should & so I read a few pages till she wisely stopped me “for fear anything was coming that would frighten her” –It can be but the pleasant ring of the metre that pleases her I think!

Sunday Jan^y 11th A terribly hot day. The ther^r at 92 when we went to bed.

⁸³ Peace be with you.

⁸⁴ The long narrative poem *Christabel* is by Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834)

[page 28]

Monday Feb^y 2nd My journal has been dropped for a long time because I have been ill but as I am now quite recovered (tho' not quite able yet to resume my household duties) I shall try to continue it. We have received hosts of letters & presents of books & all sorts of things since I last wrote – very welcome they were & most welcome of all some journals from Bertha Marcia and Joanna – I have not heard Joanna's yet. There were no letters from you or Florry but I know too good a reason for that. We Adelaide people are all very angry because the Governor⁸⁵ in his economical mania has dismissed all the post men so that every one must send for their letters. It was done on Saturday without any notice given. It is too bad we think because the Post office absolutely yields a proffit of more than £10-00 a quarter & it will be such a great inconvenience to every one more especially to poor people who have husbands or sons at the "diggins" & do not know when to expect their letters – The Labour office also is joined to the Immigration Office & so moved to the Port so that it will be almost useless –

Tuesday Feb^y 17th I began my journal rather too soon for I always found myself too tired after fomenting Papa's leg (which is now nearly well) to get out the book. If some one had fetched it for me every night & put the pen in my hand & the ink on the table I should have written a piece every night but no one did so I must wait upon myself – poor me! Several events have happened in this fortnight. Sidney has left the business to Vincent's care & engaged himself as clerk in the Bank of Australasia. Vincent has been making

[page 29]

cradles for gold-diggers & they have been sold as fast as he could make them. Sidney has had the energy to get up at five every morn & go off to town to help him. Sidney is working rather harder lately – He is engaged in the bank from half-past nine till four or five & then he goes down to his old office to see how things go on there, getting his dinner sometimes there, & sometimes at home. His man Jenkinson has returned from the diggins & George Blyth & Robert Kay & David Catcheside (friends of ours) are gone there – Jenkinson has been very successful at last after a struggle of three months. He & his companions took 17^{lb} weight of gold out of their hole in one day – They were afraid of thieves & watched the hole day & night ~~as long as the good fortune lasted.~~ When \it was/ nearly cleared out they were anxious to return home & so sold it for 2lb of gold which the buyer got that much out of it the same afternoon. Jenkinson sold his gold in Melbourne & having gone there with nothing he has returned with \about/ seven hundred pounds \he brought Sidney a nugget as a present a very pretty thing/ He means to go back in September. The cold is already very great he says – frosts almost every night & the water is very scarce & horribly bad – He was very ill with dysentery when he arrived – The Post-men were recalled six days after their dismissal for the clerks

[page 30]

⁸⁵ Sir Henry Fox Young KCMG, (1803-1870), Governor from 1848 to 1854.

could not get thro' their work as well as attend to so many applications. The crowd round the post-office every day was excessive – Howard was twice kept waiting three quarters of an hour & M^r Goss once waited two hours & after all there was nothing for him but a Colonial business note! Poor M^r Goss is gone to the diggins not to dig but to practice – I am very sorry both on our own account & on his – Every one says that he would have the best practice in Adelaide if he could only wait but he is poor & has a large family & a great many of his patients are gone without paying him – He told us that there were so many people at the diggins who owed him money that if he could only get the money from them it would more than pay his expenses. I hope he will come back, meanwhile he has recommended a M^r Moore as our surgeon a pleasant clever man but no substitute for M^r Goss. Papa & Mamma went to Mitcham on Wednesday to stay with M^r & M^{rs} Arthur Blyth from whom we received a beautiful present of grapes & water-melons on Saturday & another today – we have water-melons in our own garden & very refreshing they are this hot weather – Henry gathered one last week weighing fourteen pounds – Did you ever see one? They are something between the pumpkin & vegetable marrow in outward

[page 31]

appearance but they vary very much. When cut open they show a mingled mass (if anything can be massive which is so juicy) of red & white & purple with rich brown seeds. The first I saw reminded me so strongly of a surgical drawing I once made for my uncle Frederick that I hardly liked to taste it. On Sunday poor Rosa was taken ill with influenza & I have been fully occupied with nursing her ever since. I hope she will not be ill so long as I was! Papa has received a long letter from William Bucknall which gave us all great pleasure but as a copy of it has already gone to England I need not recapitulate its contents. Another letter has come from the Captain, a very long one containing a particular account of his voyage home & of his quarrel with the owner of the "Fatima". I am very sorry for him. He still clings to this place. He says he shall try to get the command of a trader between Adelaide & London & I hope he will succeed for I shall be glad to see him again & I am sure he cares for us. He still intends to settle here as soon as he can afford it. We have heard from "the Doctor" also – He has settled himself at Williamstown near Melbourne with the intention of going off to the diggins if he does not find a practice – It is so long now since we heard from him that

[page 32]

I think he must be gone. He brought letters for us which were nearly twice as long in coming as they would have been by post & cost us just double the postage –
Wednesday Feb^y 18th Rosa is better – This morning our former servant George set off with M^r Blyth's man & two others on his way to the Mt Alexander diggins. Henry took him & his tent a few miles on the way in our cart as he had to meet the dray with which the party travels – They expect to be five weeks on the way. Every one who can afford the time goes overland now. It is less expensive in money & very much more comfortable – the vessels are so over-filled. George Blyth who went by sea said in his letter that the nine nights he passed on board were the most miserable of his life – he did not take off his clothes all the time – there was no room for dressing or undressing. In some ships the berths for men & women are let indiscriminately & all the arrangements are wretched or rather there are none – The

captain only thinks how many people he can squeeze in & the people only think of getting to Melbourne.

Thursday Feb^y 19th I do not know of any event that has happened to-day except indeed that another box of grapes & water melons has arrived from M^r Arthur Blyth's. M^r Moore says that grapes are more wholesome if you eat the skins. He says that in the south of France every one eats the skins & he told me that

[page 33]

people with certain diseases are sent to the vineyards to eat grapes just as in England people are sent to a mineral spring to drink the waters. It is called the "cure de raisins" & the patients live almost entirely on grapes taking a cottage near a vineyard. The grapes here are not so large as hot house grapes but quite equal to them in flavour I think if carefully grown & gathered.

Friday I have resolved to send this off at once little as there is of it, having an opportunity as Papa is sending some deeds to England. Vinnie took it [to] town on this day but all is not ready yet so I shall have time for a few more days I hope tho' really they are so uneventful that I have hardly anything to say. This day has not been uneventful to me for it has brought me letters from England dated Nov^r & I have news of Kossuth's⁸⁶ visit to Birmingham and of Eliza Williams' engagement. I wonder how many of the thousands who filled the air with their shouts of welcome knew what their hero was and is. I confess until this enthusiasm made me seek for information I knew very little about him. How I should have liked to assist in the decoration of the dear old town hall. I am pleased that Birmingham gave him such a reception & I hope all the sympathy will not evaporate in cheers. I wish that England may "cry stop" if she can without a war. She must do something for this fine people. They must not be trampled down like the Italians.

[page 34]

I was astonished as the power possessed by this foreigner of speaking in English – his English is so good. The few peculiarities & mistakes that I have seen are really elegant & he is never incomprehensible.

Saturday Feb^y 21st was very hot & Sunday still hotter the thermometer 92 at bed-time. I am glad that Mamma & Papa are in a cooler house than this which has such thin walls that they are heated thro' directly. The candles are so soft that I am half afraid of using an extinguisher lest I should see my candle double down & fall a wreck into the candlestick. The night was wretched – the wind howled round the house but there was no freshness in it. The mosquitoes went trumpeting about my ears so that I could not sleep & Rosa, Mary and I continually finding each other awake continually took advantage of the discovery to say "how hot it is" –

Monday Feb^y 23rd Thank you dear Florry for a most delightful letter containing an account of your closing visit to the Exhibition & your stay at Bruce Castle. Your gentle complaint of

⁸⁶ Lajos Kossuth (1802-1894) was a Hungarian lawyer, journalist, politician and formerly Governor –President of the Kingdom of Hungary. He was visiting England.

our silence touched my conscience. I hope you would have letters from us within a few days of the despatch of your letters. I wrote in April & June letters which are yet unacknowledged. M^r Edward Wright came in to tea just as I had let Clara go out – so I had to bring in the kettle & candles &c in his presence. Still I cannot say I suffered much & we had quite a pleasant evening.

[page 35]

talking over the hopes of the colony for M^r Esto gives it hope – & the difficulty of finding one's way. My brothers & the Martineaus once went out for the sole purpose of losing their way & with some difficulty they accomplished it. Here it is done with the greatest ease. Many of the roads even near Adelaide lie thro' the fenced sections – There is a slip panel which admits you & if you happen to lose the tracks & are on horseback you may go half round the hundred & thirty-four acres before you can get out trying every rail. Three of the Wrights, the younger ones, are going to the diggings. M^r Edward remains in town as agent for them & other gold diggers. Poor Vinnie is very poorly – his finger has gathered & his eye brow is gathering⁸⁷ & there is a place on his arm that looks threatening. I fear he has over-exerted himself this hot weather. M^r Blyth is kept at home by illness. Rosa is well except that she is still weak.

Tuesday Feb^y 24th Papa & Mamma returned from Mitcham both looking better – Mamma very much better – with tales of such walking exploits as I had no idea of her power of enduring – I shall try to keep up the walking – I rejoice over small things. I do not think she has walked a mile at any time, but then here she has never ventured beyond the garden or walked for more than twenty minutes at the most – We had another large box of

[page 36]

fruit to thank M^{rs} Arthur for. We hardly miss out garden now, or rather its productions – Gardens generally are dreary places at this time of year. All the plants seem burnt up. Vines & melon plants are almost the only pleasing objects. Creepers there are still beautiful. The passion flower seems to be always in blossom and the convolvulus is beautiful. There were twenty-three flowers open upon one plant the other day & every flower seemed perfect. We have no dew to destroy the edge of the cup – Their beauty is very transient – it is seldom they last till twelve o'clock & on hot \wind/ days the flowers are all faded by \our/ breakfast time

–
The heat is still intense or rather has been so all day – Tonight the ther^r is below ninety but the change is not great enough for us to feel it much – six or eight degrees seem to make no difference unless we go directly from the hotter to the cooler atmosphere. After being out in the sun it is delightfully refreshing to enter a house from which some of the heat has been excluded – I have never mentioned \the fate of/ Aunt Beasley's box. It arrived quite safely letters & all \but we paid duty tho not postage./ It came with a box from J Wills while I was ill & the new

⁸⁷ A gathering may be a suppurated swelling, a boil or an abscess.

books made my slow convalescence perfectly delightful. I finished “Pendennis”⁸⁸ read “Lady Willoughby’s Diary”⁸⁹ six of Mrs C Clarke’s tales⁹⁰ & the second & the greater part of the third volume of Lamartine’s History of the Girondists⁹¹ during

[page 37]

that time besides all the lightest & most amusing papers in “Household Words”⁹² of which there were numbers extending over many ~~many~~ months. I always intended to attack Miss Carpenter’s⁹³ new book but put it off from day to day till I got well enough to work & then I found occupation enough prepared for me to take away all my week day reading time for months I fear. I am dissatisfied with Thackeray & with Pendennis. the book will do more harm than good I fear. I cannot think the world so bad as he represents it & Pendennis was not half good enough for Laura. She ought to have married ‘Bluebeard’ – Bluebeard was a man, while Pendennis was but a “child of larger growth” after all.

Wednesday The weather has changed at last & we are in a more seasonable temperature – Sidney had another letter from “the Doctor” tonight. he is doing very well indeed having earned nearly two hundred pounds in two months. He is very urgent for us all to go to Melbourne but I sincerely trust we shall not be obliged to leave this place. M^r Arthur Blyth thinks that we have seen the worst of this time of panic & having weathered the storm I do not see why we should desert the place when the time brightens – M^r & M^{rs} Arthur are come to stay with Mr & M^{rs} Blyth for a week with their little boy, whom Mary makes a plaything.

Thursday Feb^y 26th More invalids & therefore more nursing. This is I hope the winter of our year.

[page 38]

Clara is laid up now – Vinnie suffering from three boils – Papa’s leg troublesome enough to require dressing & Mamma’s cough rather increased by the change of weather. To-night I had first to doctor Clara then to make poultices then to rub Mamma’s chest & then to dress dear Vinnie’s tormentors. He does not suffer much pain & M^r Moore who was called in today, says he will be well in a week. Howard was at the Yatala Works & the Port today & yesterday sampling copper ore & came home very black in the face & very tired. You may imagine what dirty work it is when I tell you that all the bags of copper are emptied into one great heap, mixed up to-gether & quartered then this quarter is mixed up again & divided again & a quarter of that taken & treated in the same way & so they go on until the quantity becomes very small indeed when it is ‘bucked’ or crushed into powder & three samples are taken one for the seller one for the buyer & one sealed up with great ceremony remains with the seller

⁸⁸ William Makepeace Thackeray (1811-1863), English novelist published *The History of Pendennis* in 1850.

⁸⁹ Hannah Mary Rathbone (1798-1878) was the anonymous author of *The Diary of Lady Willoughby*, first published in 1844.

⁹⁰ Mary Cowden Clarke (1809-1898) English author, published in 1851 *The Girlhood of Shakespeare’s Heroines: a series of fifteen tales*.

⁹¹ Alphonse de Lamartine (1790-1869), French poet, historian and statesman. His famous historical work *Histoire des Girondins* was published in 1847.

⁹² *Household Words* was an English weekly magazine edited by Charles Dickens in the 1850s.

⁹³ Mary Carpenter (1807-1877) was an English educational and social reformer. *Reformatory Schools* was published in 1851.

to be sent to a referee if necessary. The buyer & seller employ different assayers & if their estimates agree they decide upon the price accordingly & no referee is wanted. Howard was sent down by M^r Beck (a merchant here) to see that all was fairly done & as there were twenty tons of ore in 400 bags & he has to see the ore weighed & replaced in the bags – it is a long business not ended yet – he will go again tomorrow.

[page 39]

Friday March 5th I have had no time to write since my last date or rather I have been too tired. Clara is gone home now to be nursed & her cousin has taken her place for a time. We are very glad to find that Clara wishes to stay with us. ~~So~~ Many servants are going to Melbourne & good ones are very scarce. We spent Sunday very pleasantly at M^r Blyth's. On Wednesday M^r Moore & his wife called & the wife or rather bride turns out to be a Miss Dutton whom I saw at M^r Boucaut's a year ago. I thought her then a hoydenish school girl now she is a quiet timid-looking wife – In the evening M^r Young came to tea. He is just come from the "diggings" & means to return there next week. He gave us an account of his overland journey which he enjoyed very much. He & his companions walked all the way with a bullock dray to carry their provisions & luggage & a tarpaulin to sleep under. They walked about twenty miles a day resting on Sundays. There is a distinct track all the way now – They were obliged to carry water sometimes & a great part of the road lay over sand into which they sank above the ankles – it is so in the Murray Scrub. Then they crossed a marsh some miles in extent which let them in up to their thighs. They were obliged to procure help to get the dray thro' & this

[page 40]

consisted in two more men to beat the bullocks! there were eight in the party but they had ten bullocks – Horrible is it not! M^r Young found two ounces & a half of gold on his first day of digging but he got tired of his party & resolved to come back here – On his return he found the schoolmaster whose assistant he had been, just ready to go & so joined him & his companions. He gives a very flourishing account of everything & says that any industrious man may save money but yesterday brought a very different account from poor George Blyth – He had been at work for six weeks & had found only an ounce & a half of gold in all that time. He says that as soon as he can get ten pounds in his pocket he shall come back to Adelaide & take care not to leave it again. He gives a shocking account of the misery & dirty look of the diggers. He was ill during the whole six weeks & very wretched – I forgot to say that on Monday M^r & M^{rs} A Blyth took tea with us & M^r Wright again dropped in, in a white jacket – Indian fashion – It was very hot & has been so ever since until to-day & now it is quite cold. Miss Catcheside came over to dine with us & she has taken Rosa back with her for a ten days visit. I am very glad of it for Rosa has so few enjoyments – so little change. It is the first

[page 41]

time she has left home for a night since we left England and an unvaried round of occupations must occasionally seem wearisome & oppressive & it narrows the mind I think

binds it up with the chain of habit – We all lose much by the loss of those pleasant stimulants mental & bodily which we enjoyed periodically in intercourse with our friends in England. Why did we not live a century or two later when Australia will be as near or nearer than America is now to you – & people will go to spend Christmas at home!

The invalids are better. Vinnie pretty well & going to town again. Poor Howard has had an accident, he was helping Mr A B to lift a heavy weight & tore of his nail by getting it crushed against a case of goods. He did not suffer much pain at the time (Tuesday evening) but the finger will be sometime in recovering – it is tied up in a sling now.

Saturday March 6th It is so cold this evening that we have a fire & Sidney sits shivering still. Papa, Vincent, Howard & Symonds are engaged in a game of whist & Howard who is particularly unlucky tonight keeps them laughing so at his jokes about his bad cards that they are a most noisy party. On Thursday they played under the verandah till after nine o'clock – now Sidney is sitting (who prompts Symonds, deals & sorts his

[page 42]

cards) is now sitting with his back to a blazing hearth! Mamma & I are \I mean have been/ mending stockings. No hope of getting them finished on Saturday night now! The walking instead of driving to town makes a considerable difference in our work as well as \in/ that of the washerwoman. Henry is gone to bed, he has had a hard day's work, rising at six to clean te stable & milk the cows then going to town & pounding or roasting copper-ore all day & coming home to milk again & carry water – all help in the water carrying.

Sunday March 7th Mr & Mrs Arthur returned home. I have been writing letters all day – We read Aunt Beasley's diary in the evening & very interesting it is, but what a gay life she leads compared with ours & yet she thinks it very quiet!

Monday March 8th I have been very busy all day turning all the things out of the pantry washing & replacing them, after Symonds had white washed the walls & Sarah had scrubbed the shelves, The pantry here has no ceiling & the dust comes thro' the roof in showers occasionally. I was just putting the finishing strokes to my work when I heard a great bounce behind. Master Frisk (the wallaby) had broken his box & got out. Symonds was soon after him & Papa & he stood at either end of the yard with Frisk between them. He came first towards one & then towards the other & seemed to have no desire to get away only a determination not to be caught. suddenly however he dashed past

[page 43]

Symonds & off he went towards the front of the house. Symonds ran round thro' the hall-door, but Frisk was too quick for him & was hopping across the melon-bed at the back. Papa & Mary after him, they soon gave up the chase & Symonds & I were left to follow him alone – It was so dark we could only distinguish him when he moved he led us thro' the fence across Mr Blyth's garden down into the dry bed of the creek & under the paling, across the road & more fences till we lost him in a little copse of wattles – still we went on taking every bush for maister Frisk. At last we saw him again hopping over a field at a great rate– we followed, almost hopelessly, out of breath & weary. He tantalized us then by sitting quite still till we were within a yard of him & then starting off & soon distancing us by his long leaps. He took us then through somebody's yard into the road, & there Symonds making a great effort,

overtook, stumbled over & seized him by the tail. He was caught at last poor fellow I was really quite sorry that he had not escaped – he seemed to enjoy his liberty so much but he would soon have been killed by the dogs if we had not caught him. Symonds lost his hat in the chase. I had no bonnet to lose – Sidney found M^{rs} Strapps very happy today. She has had news of her husband – A man called last night & brought her three pounds

[page 44]

& the assurance that William is very well & will return home in a month – The man who brought the money had forgotten William's name – He asked if a woman lived there whose husband was at the "diggins". There is no doubt about M^{rs} Strapps being the right person because the man knew the place – He brought a message that M^{rs} Strapps was to pay two pounds to "somebody" to whom it was owed – which is a corroborative circumstance because William owed two pounds to Howard.

Tuesday March 9th Howard & Henry made six assays & Howard earned thirty shillings by accountant's work besides. I wish they had as much paying work to do every day! Henry is very expert now. Howard merely has to superintend his work. Clara came home in the afternoon better but not well.

Wednesday March 10th I took Mary to town to buy some shoes for her. A pair was ordered some time ago for her but after she had waited two or three weeks, the shoemaker returned the money – he could not find any one in the colony who could make them. Shoes are one third dearer than they were because of the dearth of shoemakers. We went to call upon M^{rs} Goss, M^{rs} Martin & M^{rs} Moore. I found Rebecca & Cartwright at the office on my return. I have not seen Rebecca ^{before} for six months. She looks very well but she has had bad eyes She told me that Cartwright had made up his mind to go home & has even thought of a vessel. Vincent said one day that Cartwright

[page 45]

was always talking of returning to England but he had talked of it so often that I had not the slightest idea that he really meant to go I am very sorry tho' I think there is little chance for his doing anything here now. It will be months if not years before any building or engineering works will be begun here I think. The town presents a most dismal aspect, so many empty houses & neglected shops. It looks dingy & shabby – the pavement unmended & unswept, the shops empty or filled with shabby people. I never saw a place so changed in a short time.

Thursday March 11th Clara has been very poorly all day & I have had more housework than usual. Cartwright came to talk to Mamma about his plans and she has urged him to wait but I think uselessly – She thinks that the determination is Rebecca's rather than his. The cows were lost this evening & the boys had to go out to look for them after their walk from town & it is very hot tonight. The cows were found but it was quite dark first – Howard has gone ^{to town} with Vinnie for the last three days at six o'clock to finish some accounts. His finger is almost well – He is very thin – five pounds lighter than he was at Bruce Castle but very well.

Friday March 12th I did not write my journal & I cannot remember one event that happened or one thing that I did except make cakes & mend stockings – oh I ironed all the morning!

[page 46]

Saturday March 13th Today has been almost as blank as yesterday. There has been a thorough turning out & excessive cleansing of my room. I have had all my books down dusted & put up again. They are carefully covered with a curtain but yet they soon get dusty.

Sunday March 14th Sidney Howard & I went to dine at Benwell (M^r Catchside's) We brought Rosa back with us. She has had a very happy visit & I hope she is better & stronger but she still looks too pale & thin. We have had a very pleasant day walking about the garden & sitting under the verandah. We took Frisk with us as a present. he will be happier with them because he will have room to run about. The Miss Catchsides have been drying raisins & have made some excellent currants. They have tried figs but without success. They are fearless independent girls. They have killed many snakes & they entirely manage the gardens, horses, cows & poultry. The other day they wanted wood & Rosa says they harnessed the horse to the cart & collected it themselves in the sections. Then they mow the Lucerne for their rabbits & when their brother was gathering his corn they reaped for five hours every day.

Monday March 15th M^r De Putron, a client of Papa's dined here & Howard (who has been hard at work for him for many weeks) having received fifteen samples to assay to day, "stood" a couple of fowls for the occasion. M^r

[page 47]

Higginson dined here also & we had a pleasant afternoon – Mr De Putron is an amusing \young/ man, a Guernsey merchant who has been ~~terribly~~ robbed by his agent here to the extent of many thousand pounds – He made us laugh very much over his schemes of economy but they will not bear repeating – This evening brought us letters from England always welcome. One from my uncle to me the first I ever received & for which I feel very much obliged. It is an honour that I never expected – one from you dear Florry for which accept my thanks – I may as well explain here the fire question – We burn logs of wood on hearths. In the kitchen the hearth is white-washed every week it is in this form I-- __--I & the logs of wood are supported by the hobs – The hearth in this room & the bedroom are black-leaded & I do not like them so well. Some people have dogs to support the logs but we wait to grow rich for those luxuries a couple of bricks serve us very well in this room where the centre of the hearth is built up. I shall give up the writing of the Australian novel to you. Surely my journal will supply you with a sufficient insight into Australian life for the purpose! My time has not been spent in a very profitable manner to-day – Making the pudding & a tart & various little preparations which you can imagine occupied the greater part of the morning & as we dined at three the afternoon was lost for work. You would not think of one occupation. when the fowls came to be trussed I had first

[page 48]

to make the skewers. I should have set one of the boys to do it had either of them been at home for my hands were very awkward at the work. Howard came home to dinner leaving Henry at work at the assays. Sidney cannot of course take a holiday when he pleases now

he is a banker's clerk. Do you know he has taken to spectacles. He had been threatening to do so for a long time & I looked forward to a metamorphosis but when he really did so I was quite disappointed. He looks as if he had worn them all his life –

Tuesday March 16th More English letters night, none for me. Rumours have reached us of another revolution in Paris but no particulars. M^{rs} Harris called to-day – Mamma is not well – she could not sleep last night – letters from home always keep her awake, but the penalty of a bad night is cheerfully borne for such a pleasure. Sidney had a letter from Dr Kadé a very pleasant letter, bringing news of his appointment to a Professorship in the University of Dresden. He thinks himself rich – rich enough to marry with £120 a year. Do you remember his kind pleasant face? I suppose I shall never see him again – I hope he will have a nice wife.

Wednesday March 17th It is a long time since I gave you any account of my daily labours & as I have nothing else to tell you to-day I will begin the diary of a week. They are somewhat changed of late. Rosa & I do not make the beds every day now only on washing days & extraordinary

[page 49]

occasions. Our present servant can do them very well. I do not gain much time by the changes because I have more to do in the kitchen. I always make puddings & pies myself & any little thing for an invalid, besides doing any extra work which may be required – This morning I rose soon after six, went into the china-pantry to examine & wipe every thing (we have had an alarm about certain horrible insects lately which gives us hours additional work) then made breakfast – Sidney & Vincent still go to town early almost every day – one of them always. Then I dressed Mary, who had been rather lazy – we take tea so late ~~that~~ & breakfast so early 7¼ that she has not sleep enough if she is awakened in time for breakfast so we always let her sleep till she awakes herself, then she must get up. Next I went to make beds having to examine & brush the mattresses, as a precautionary measure merely., I am happy to say. Then I went into the kitchen & cellar to give directions about dinner &c put out the stores required to make papa's little rice pudding. Then I sat down to look over the children's lessons & had no sooner done so than a knock came at the door – the vegetable woman who calls once a week was come –She does not bring her cart to the door – oh dear no, she is far too independent – she stops at M^{rs} Blyth's yard-gate & the boy comes to tell me – I must go to her. She brings the vegetables

[page 50]

down from the hills in a cart drawn by two bullocks – Vegetables grown on the plains are not good for anything this time of the year – they are burnt up by the sun – I bought six turnips two cabbages & two vegetable marrows for nine pence & the boy was so remarkably polite as to assist me to bring them home. Then having corrected the lessons – I helped Mamma to mend the shirts a task we like to perform before they are starched – Mary read to us from "Parent's Cabinet"⁹⁴ she reads well enough now to enjoy reading. Then the cloth was laid for dinner at half-past one but as we waited half an hour for Papa & \as/ the shirts were finished,

⁹⁴ *The Parent's Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction* first published 1833.

Mamma & I planned to cut out a cover for my mattress which I spent the whole afternoon in making while Rosa & Symonds were reading writing & drawing. They set off for a walk with Mary & Jerry about five & soon after six I went in to take tea with M^{rs} Blyth, she being poorly & M^r Blyth at the farm. I took some sewing with me & had a pleasant evening coming home soon after ten to write my journal & it is time now for me to wish you good night & go to bed. Thursday March 18th I rose at my usual time, about a quarter past six & occupied myself as usual lately in the china-pantry till breakfast time. Then sewed the new cover on my mattress and assisted Mamma in searching &

[page 51]

brushing hers; then I went into the kitchen &c & sat down soon after eleven to sew & attend to lessons. I am making a cotton dress for myself – I have been sewing all the afternoon & evening except for a quarter of an hour that I allowed myself after dinner to read a chapter of a novel which Howard brought home the other day & which I find very interesting it is “Whitefriars”⁹⁵ but I know not the name of the author. M^{rs} Blyth took tea with us & Henry gave us two watermelons. As I was putting Mary to bed she asked me how it was that I could find \spare/ time to stop sewing & working on Sunday when I had so much to do every other day – I explained that I must have rest & she quite agreed with me that it is better to work harder every other day & have holiday on Sunday than to have no holiday & ended up by saying she is very glad she is not a woman. She always thinks so. It is not many children or grown people who are so contented with things as they are. When I was \a/ child I used to long to be a woman. I remember hearing one of the Miss Blakeways speak of the happenings of childhood – calling it the most delightful time of life and thinking that if it were so I did not care to live any longer. Now my recollections of my childish troubles are so vivid that I would not be a child again if I could – not even to have the child’s sense of enjoyment. A coach sets off to-day for M^r Alexander drawn by six bullocks.

[page 52]

Friday March 19th I rose at my usual time & performed my usual operations before breakfast. Afterwards I went into the kitchen, having made my bed, & kneaded the cakes which Rosa had prepared made some yeast dumplings & then ironed until nearly twelve o’clock when Rosa took my place & I sat down to sew. M^{rs} Blyth came in to bring a dress which she had promised to lend me, from which I took the patern of a sleeve & then went to take the dress back to her. I found her chasing two cows out of the garden assisted by her servant. She was about to set to work to mend the fence but I sent Symonds to her assistance, Henry being in town. Papa brought a M^r Knowles with him when he returned to dinner – a young man recommended by M^r Hodgson, who has been only a week in the colony. He expected to find a brother here but he had set off to the diggins just a week before. I did little in the afternoon besides sewing & hearing Mary read. In the evening I was writing a letter – Some one came to fetch Clara to see her father & brother as they leave for M^r Alexander tomorrow. And I had some of her work to do. I turned down the beds & filled the water jugs – the boys brought home a quantity of hay in the cart which had to be stacked or

⁹⁵ *Whitefriars; or, The days of Charles the Second* by Emma Robinson (1814-1890).

they would have done it for me. Howard carried out the tea-things. Mr Knowles went away early & I must really go to bed for it is after eleven. The boys told us of the return of the police escort from the diggins – they brought twenty-one thousand pounds worth of gold & made the overland journey in twelve days three weeks has been the shortest time before.

[page 53]

Sidney saw them. They looked very tired & dirty. There were ten men all fully armed. There was quite an excitement in the town, this being their first trip.

Saturday March 20th I got up at a quarter to six having to prepare breakfast. I lighted the fire for the first time in my life & felt that I had learned a new art. Henry has always done it for me before when we have been without a servant. I swept the kitchen & Rosa laid the cloth &c for breakfast while I was engaged in the unpleasant daily duty before mentioned. After breakfast I dressed Mary & potted some beef (we find here with spice so cheap that potting meat is very economical saving many pounds from the dogs for it will keep for a week or more when potted & it is a very nice way of using up cold meat. The flavour is quite equal to that of meat cooked for the purpose but it is not so good a colour) As Clara was away we had breakfast things to wash candle-sticks to clean dinner to cook &c. I daresay you will think this very disagreeable & perhaps I might if I had it to do frequently but as it is I feel so much satisfaction in finding that I can do such things that I like the opportunity of practising my newly acquired accomplishments & labour to excell in them. I feel a sense of independance which is very pleasant. I really believe that should we find it necessary to give up our servant we might make the house almost as comfortable as it is now with systematic arrangement. Our laundress

[page 54]

is very good-natured & will never give me the opportunity of trying any very heavy work but I am sure I could do it. We had the clean clothes to look over & put up but Rosa did most of that work – lessons were rather neglected to-day tho' they did work at them for an hour or two. Sidney comes home to \his/ dinner on Saturday & Rosa cooked it for him very nicely as she had ours before – We are both fond of cooking but mere novices at present – I have not got much beyond beef steaks & potatoes yet. This evening while Sidney was eating his dinner we discovered that the front \garden/ wanted sweeping so Rosa & I set to work “instantner” & Mamma swept the verandah with the hearth brush. Sidney soon joined us & we raised a considerable amount of dust. M^{rs} Blyth ~~soon~~ came over to look on & laugh. The boys brought home M^r Tuton to tea & took him out to assist in the water-carrying which always forms an excuse for a romp – They make a great noise over it every night & in the \heat of the/ summer when dry clothes were no object they sometimes came in dripping.

Sunday March 21st We expected Cartwright & Rebecca to dine with us. Cartwright drove the cart home last night in order to bring them over – but when dinner-time came we were disappointed to see him arrive alone & on foot. The mare is lame she has what the farrier calls a greased heel, it is a very common disorder here among horses. Cartwright said that Rowland was very much disappointed – he was dressed

[page 55]

ready to come before Cartwright found out that there was anything the matter. Mr Williams came over unexpectedly & dined with us – he is a very pleasant man – he has travelled so much & observed so much, that I always learn something from him. I will continue my diary properly. I should have begun with I rose about seven, only just in time for breakfast – performed my daily tasks as usual (Clara came home last night so there was no kitchen – sweeping for me) & made a pudding – by the time these things were done it was eleven o'clock, for we loiter over breakfast on Sunday – Then we had our little service & I went into my room & wrote letters till dinner-time when our two visitors arrived. We sat talking some time after dinner & then Sidney & Henry took M^r Williams out for a walk & I retired to enjoy my novel while Papa & Mamma had a long talk with Cartwright. I could not thoroughly enjoy myself because Mary (who is always rather at a loss for occupation on Sunday) was putting a puzzle to-gether in my room & continually begging my help which was accorded with an ill-grace or rather none at all. I find the story all the more interesting for being able to read so little at a time. One chapter while undressing is my usual allowance sometimes two but I dare not sit up for fear of unfitting myself for the work of the morrow – In the evening

[page 56]

Papa was very poorly indeed, & we could not enjoy ourselves I forgot to say that Cartwright left us early, before tea on his own horse which Papa had brought home the night before – Mr Williams also returned home directly after tea.

Monday I was up before six. Papa has been better all day but not well enough to go to town. We had made arrangements for our laundress's sister to come to assist us in the turning out of the store or rather box-room & we could not delay the work. Henry was at home to assist & there was enough for every one to do for we emptied & washed all the boxes & cupboards & casks & replaced the things which vary in kind from a great store of carpets, beds, pillows, curtains &c to great-coats, preserve jars & Mary's toys – Two of the boxes, containing table linen & baby clothes, were screwed up, with paper pasted over the edges & these had to be opened, screwed & pasted up again. We found everything in excellent condition no moths or other troublesome insects have invaded the place & we managed to almost everything into place again before night. The room is so small that the boxes nineteen or twenty in number & some of them great packing cases, have to be piled one upon another to get them all into it. Mamma was helping us all day & of course we were all very tired at night She went to bed directly after tea, but the rest of us stayed to hear the farce of "Animal Magnetism".

[page 57]

I saw it played by the amateurs the year before I left England & it was pleasant to \have/ the scenes brought before me again except that laughing is too violent an exercise for weary lungs.

Tuesday March 23rd I was rather late this morning having been so very tired last night. Mamma got up quite rested, which shows how very much stronger she is now. After my usual occupations were concluded & I had looked over the lessons \& helped Rosa to make the beds/ I went into the store-room, where Henry was rectifying the mistakes of last night &

improving the arrangement of the goods. There were sundry little things to be put in order & a box of my own peculiar property to be refilled. Into this box I have put my letters from time to time & I could not put them back without sorting & arranging them – A long business, for they extend over the whole time we have been here – it took me the whole afternoon, for I could not help reading a few. It touched my conscience when I put yours & Rosa's letters together to see how many they are compared with those I have returned for them. They make one of my largest heaps – The unanswered altogether amount to twenty-three, but the balance against me would be very great were that taken. There is one curious thing that I could not help remarking, so many letters are written on the same day, letters from people totally unconnected - for

[page 58

I can account for it sometimes – when the letters came by the same opportunity but it occurs too frequently to be accounted for in that way – Mesmerists would easily account for it! It was a pleasant occupation. – Howard read another play to us in the evening – or rather half of another – “The Road to Ruin”⁹⁶ which I never saw acted.

Wednesday March 24th It is very hot tonight – it was hot yesterday but hotter today. This evening a candle which Rosa was carrying fell down in the candlestick completely softened by the heat – Henry brought in an immense melon for tea which was very acceptable, we sent M^{rs} Blyth a piece. He finds us a melon every evening for his plants have proved very prolific. There was a beautiful fire among the hills tonight. It was half-hidden by large trees which looked beautiful against the white smoke. It lighted up the hills & threw a red glare upon the clouds richer than I ever saw from any fire – before – Ah! I do not envy your fire works when I can enjoy such a splendid sight as this without dread of harm to human being – There was another fire much nearer to us but very inferior in beauty tho of greater extent. It must have covered many acres. We saw one equally large on Saturday night which I forgot to mention. It was merely stubble but a large tree was in the midst of it & from this distance nearly six miles

[page 59]

it looked like an upright mass of molten iron – reminding me of the days at Dudley – I have ended my week & shall henceforth set down extraordinary occupations only as if you wish to know how the rest of my time was employed you have only to look for the name of the day of the week in the preceeding pages. We do not certainly turn out the store-room weekly but Monday is kept for extra work of that kind. The thermometer \was 85 when I went to bed after eleven./

Thursday March 25th I boasted too soon of my self-denial in not sitting up to continue my novel. Last night I was very much interested & I took a short candle to light me to bed that I might not be tempted, but this candle proved too short to take me through my one chapter. I could not give up that & I got me another & then alas for my resolution it was broken. There were three more chapters – I finished the book. If you have not read it pray get it. It seems to

⁹⁶ *The Road to Ruin*, the most successful play of English dramatist and translator Thomas Holcroft (1745-1809), was first produced in 1792.

me a very clever book tho' an improbable story & rather an unchristian one. The author seems to hold the Indian doctrine of revenge. The hero fights with a man who has wronged him & with a refinement of cruelty brands instead of killing him. But I read so little that my judgement is perfectly valueless & it may disappoint you. Mr Turton came in to tea & to enjoy our reading as he says. Howard chose a farce called "Miss in her teens"⁹⁷ which made us laugh very much. He has borrowed a book of

[page 60]

plays from Dr William Hay. I am rather disappointed in "The Road to Ruin", I have heard so much of it but I have no doubt it would act well. Goldfinch belongs to an age gone by. I never saw any body like him. Then Sophy is such a simpleton, there is nothing interesting about her, Sulky is the best character and very well kept up.

Friday March 26th I went into Mrs Blyth's for half an hour this afternoon to see Mrs Arthur who came over for the day, & we talked about housekeeping & she brought out a lemon-cheesecake of her own making for me to approve which I could do with honesty. The convolvulus is burst into flower again to-day after a week's rest. One plant produced by a single seed had thirty-three flowers upon it all open at once – they lasted till nearly dinner time, the day being cooler. The wind changed yesterday with a dust storm as usual, but it is still warmer than is pleasant. The flies are intollerably troublesome. They not only torment us & destroy the meat but they even get into the cream & we are obliged to give up keeping that now – we do not get enough in a week to make butter. The milk (we have it from one cow only) has dwindled down to about five pints a day in consequence of the withered state of the grass & indeed were you to see the ground upon which the poor animals have to find a living you would wonder that they had not died long ago – it looks so bare. Vincent has earned 11/6^d

[page 61]

In a day & a half by his own work. He is master & carpenter & every thing at the timber-yard now

Saturday March 27th I am too tired tonight to remember anything that has happened to-day except that Cartwright took the cart home that he may bring Rebecca & the children tomorrow.

Sunday March 28th Cartwright & Rebecca dined with us & Rowland renewed his acquaintance with Mary. She was very much pleased because he called her "pretty Polly". He was in very high spirits laughing & chattering all day – full of life & fun. He is a sweet intelligent affectionate boy. I wish you could see him. He is altered but not much grown, a very little boy, very much like Joanna or rather like what Joanna was as a little child but his eyes are larger, the most brilliant roguish-looking eyes you can imagine when he laughs – when he is in repose they have a thoughtful expression. We were all delighted with him. He was rather shy at first but soon recovered confidence & was willing to go anywhere with

⁹⁷ *Miss in Her Teens; or The Medley of Lovers* was a farce written in 1747 by English actor, playwright and theatre producer David Garrick (1717-1779).

Mary. When the cart was just about to set off he saw her standing by & turning to his mother with a most melancholy look he said “Kiss Polly” – so his father had to lift him out again for the purpose – Cartwright has taught him to say “Tipperty witchet” with a most graceful wave of his tiny hand. Then he makes such low bows that his \straw/ hat almost touches the ground – indeed he toppled over more than once from excessive politeness. The baby is a very fine

[page 62]

fellow, very nearly as tall & much larger than Rowland already. He is not so pretty. His face is full of contradictions. His eyes have a melancholy heavy expression while his mouth looks not only \happy but/ merry & his fine broad forehead give promises of intellect not warranted by his other features. His eyes are as blue as Julian’s used to be & he is very fair with hair almost as light & silky as Berkley’s. Rebecca thinks him like Cartwright but I can see no likeness to him or herself – except that his mouth is like hers.

Monday March 29th I have been reading “Pelham”⁹⁸ for the first time. It is a strange book. Clever but not pleasing. Lady Frances’s letters a fine satire on fine ladies. I cannot believe that there could be such a person as “Pelham” commencing his career with no principle at all & ending it by making so many sacrifices to a high sense of duty – Then Sir Reginald Glanville dies “with \a smile of ineffable/ peace” on his face because he did not kill Sir John Tyreel⁹⁹ – while I consider him as guilty as if he had done so, because it was only chance which prevented him.

Tuesday March 30th Papa drove Mamma & Mary & myself over to North Adelaide to call upon the Harrises they are very pleasant people Miss Hope is just what I like in an old maid I wish I may be like her when I am as old. They are going to live upon their new farm at Maccles field twenty eight miles from Adelaide so we shall soon lose all chance of seeing them & I am sorry for it – North Adelaide is quite a

[page 63]

little town but a very shabby-looking one – The houses are built in no sort of order some looking one way & some another – there are a few streets with rows of little houses all having a little enclosure I cannot say garden in front, in which clothes were hanging out to dry. There may be better streets which I have not seen but these are my impressions of those I have. There are many excellent houses scattered about with fruitful gardens & we passed by what was a “Botanical Garden” now gone to decay & overgrown with weeds. In it I saw a beautiful tree called the bead-tree something like the accacia but far more elegant in form & delicate in foliage. It bears a sort of berry I believe & on removing the skin a hard black seed is perceived which is used in making rosaries.

Wednesday March 30th M^r Edward Wright & his sister came in unexpectedly to tea & gave us a very pleasant evening – There is no visiting so agreeable I think as that which is impromptu. M^r Wright’s men-servants are just returned from the diggins with £50 each, the

⁹⁸ *Pelham or The Adventures of a Gentleman* (1828) was a novel by English novelist, poet, playwright and politician Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer-Lytton, first Baron Lytton (1803-1873).

⁹⁹ Tyrrell.

result of three week's work. M^r Edmund is going immediately – having nothing to do he thinks he may as well try his fortune & if I were in the same position & a man I would do the same.

Thursday April 1st M^r Turton came in to hear

[page 64]

“The Duenna”¹⁰⁰ which Howard chose for this evening reading & we enjoyed it very much. No one else has been here & I have not been beyond M^r Blyth's paddock where Mamma & I rambled for a short time just after sunset. There were two fine fires on the hills. Vincent came home to tea without Sidney & on enquiry we found that he was gone up to the village to carry a baby for a poor, tired German woman whom they had overtaken on the way home – just like him was it not? I could not help laughing to think of his carrying a great heavy baby, what he never did in his life before. The poor woman seemed half-fainting with fatigue & Sidney offered at first to carry her bundles but finding those very light he exchanged them for the child, which he looked upon merely as weight.

Friday April 2nd M^{rs} Harris's two eldest boys came to play with Symonds fine intelligent little fellows very full of their new farm & the churn which was not unpacked yet. Howard read “The Critic”¹⁰¹ in the evening. I have read & heard it so often that I did not enjoy it so much as I expected, & yet generally I think I can enjoy anything really funny more when I know it well. I remember the last time we read it was at Hazelwood when Bertha was with us – & how we laughed then!

Saturday April 3rd It has been horribly hot

[page 65]

& I do not like a hot Saturday, but it has ended with a most lovely evening. The moonlight beautiful. “On such a night as this” I always think of the moonlight scene in “The Merchant of Venice” but strange to say rather as an actor than a spectator I am Jessica for the time being.

Sunday April 4th The Miss Catchesides & Mr Kay dined with us & I discovered that the eldest is very fond of poetry & agrees with me in taste. We sat for an hour on Rosa's bed looking over my old collection & comparing notes on Coleridge Hood & Longfellow – I had the pleasure of showing her “The Irish Emigrant's Farewell”¹⁰² of which I am very fond & what I enjoyed more of reading the “Trip to the Tiled House”¹⁰³ “The Pig each” & some other pieces of Howard's – M^r Kay gives us hopeful news of the revival of Trade of a great increase in the demand for houses & land so that I hope there is a good time coming at last. They are gone now & Mary, not asleep yet, is very musical in bed singing in praise of Dinah. Rosa has just counted & carried off the sliver, her nightly duty, & all have retired save Sidney in spectacles & “White Friars” & Howard, his chin resting on his two fists one over the other, his eye-brows much elevated looking over Nicholas Nickleby¹⁰⁴.

Monday April 3th M^r Howard Blyth came to fetch me to Ladywood to pay my long

¹⁰⁰ *The Duenna* (1773) is a three-act comic opera, composed by Thomas Linley to an English libretto by Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751-1816).

¹⁰¹ *The Critic, or a Tragedy Rehearsed* (1779) is a burlesque by Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

¹⁰² *The Emigrants Farewell to Ireland* circa 1840

¹⁰³ Possibly a reference to *The House of Tiles*, an early bronze age building in Greece

¹⁰⁴ *The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby* 1839, by Charles John Huffam Dickens (1812-1870)

[page 66]

promised visit & I was delighted to be able to go. He drove me over in his tandem & as it was a beautiful afternoon I enjoyed the drive extremely with so pleasant a companion. His house is about twelve miles from here & equally distant from Adelaide it lies north of this place among the hills & the drive is very pretty but rather from the beauty of the views than of the road for that is dull & straight & bare – The house lies in a valley with the creek running before it in winter tho' now that is dry. It is a thatched cottage one story high with a verandah round it – a little garden, sloping down to the creek & a high hill rising behind on which stand two cottages belonging to the farm. The well is at the foot of it & generally the centre of a busy scene for all the animals come there to drink now & the mere drawing of the water for them takes a long time. The horses look very pretty as they come rushing down from the hills thirty or more in number, galloping up to the well & frisking back again when their thirst is satisfied. The bullocks are driven up twice a day & I saw the stock-whip used for the first time in driving them but it has been described often enough. M^{rs} Howard received me most kindly & I had a nice cheerful room prepared for me. The evening passed very pleasantly with conversation & music.

Tuesday I rambled all over the farm with little Barbara before breakfast & she gathered a basketful of figs – Then M^{rs} Howard allowed

[page 67]

me to assist her in her domestic occupations for a part of the morning & the remainder I spent in writing a letter. In the afternoon we sat working & reading till about four when M^r Howard took me a very pretty ride over his own farm & up onto a neighbouring hill from which we had a lovely view of the sea. As we came back I felt a little nervous descending those steep \grassey/ hills without a path but Janet is an obedient & sure footed little creature & I left the rein loose trusting to her. We tacked backwards & forwards down the steepest part & scrambling up on the other side was very pleasant. Wednesday we passed in domestic occupation & M^r Howard read to us in the evening.

I here confess that I left my journal at home & as I think I can tell you my adventures more pleasantly in a letter without the days being marked I will leave out the remainder of my visit & merely say here that I returned home on Friday April 16th after spending ten very happy days. I found all well at home. Howard looking thin & pale. Plenty of work to be done.

Saturday I went into town to make a few purchases & was pleased with the improved appearance of the shops & the people – I met many diggers known by their hairy faces – William Strapps came

[page 68]

back the Sunday before I left home with fifty pounds worth of gold. One of M^r Howard Blyth's men was less fortunate – he worked for three months without finding anything & then just as he came to the gold he fell ill & at last returned home very weak & twenty pounds poorer than he would have been had he never heard of the diggings. Papa drove me home to dinner &

there was sewing enough for the afternoon & evening. The boys were very merry over a game at whist – & Howard making horrid puns as usual – Poor Mary had the nettle-rash very badly & was very miserable. I bound my journal & did it very badly

Sunday April 18th Henry's birthday – Mr Turton came but I did not see much of him for having had a bad night with Mary I lay down in the afternoon & quite unintentionally slept till tea-time. Mary is much better again now & I must wish you good-night & good-bye for this is to go tomorrow – I am quite ashamed to send such an untidy blotted affair. We have some very pale ink & as it is also very thin I am continually filling my pen too full & dropping the ink about – I trust in your kindness however to excuse it. I hope the next will be better.

[*Conclusion of Journal 3*]

[*page 128*]

**RECOLLECTIONS OF SUSAN MARY CLARK (MRS. JOSEPH CROMPTON) IN
CONTINUATION OF THE REMINISCENCES OF MISS CAROLINE EMILY CLARK [*her
sister*].**

Written by Mrs. Crompton after Miss Clark's death.

[*page 129.*]

Adelaide and its suburbs were very badly supplied with water, wells were its chief source which generally gave good water but they were uncertain. Sometimes they went dry, sometimes good water would become brackish when the rainfall was scanty. Although unpleasant it is not unwholesome and some people become so accustomed to it they dislike sweet water, I have even seen them stir a spoonful of salt into a cup of tea to give it a flavour.

The city of Adelaide was also supplied by carts which carried water from the river Torrens. The carter baled it into his cart with a bucket and filled the household barrels with a small hose charging a shilling for about fifty gallons. You can guess how precious it was. In those days there were no proper baths, no carefully watered gardens, the small enclosures in front of the cottages were then simply dust bins, now they are often a blaze of flowers in Summer and the backyards sometimes contain a fig tree, a fine peach or a vine climbing over the kitchen, all loaded with fruit in season.

The first attempt at giving Adelaide a good supply of water was in 1857 when the reservoir at Thornton Park was constructed and filled from a weir built higher up the valley of the Torrens. This was followed by the larger lake at Hope Valley, supplied by the Onkaparinga River. This bountiful provision transformed Adelaide and its suburbs into a garden city, and minimised the terrible outbreaks of fire, I remember the burning of seven new stores in Grenfell Street where nothing was saved, besides other disasters.

From the time we landed in South Australia my Father wished to make a permanent home, whenever he had time and opportunity he drove round looking for the right spot. At last he found it near Burnside the beautiful, four miles from town. The house was poor, consisting of four small rooms and a good kitchen and cellar, with wide verandahs nearly surrounding the whole building. There was a well of excellent water and a large garden planted with vines

and fruit trees, but this was a wreck, the broken fences tempted the neighbours' cows and horses, and they had devoured everything eatable, not a leaf was left.

The paddock however was charming, covered with fine old gum trees and watered by, what was then a permanent creek which murmured between sloping banks and contained small cray-fish and tiny fish that we caught with nets or a bent pin and thought them unheard-of dainties.

Early in 1853 my Father bought this property of 45 acres and set about altering the house, naming it Hazelwood, after the dear English home, but alas! he never lived in it. For two years his health had failed, with alarming heart symptoms of which we young ones knew little or nothing. It was decided that a change might be beneficial and our eldest brother Sidney took his Father to Williamstown, near Melbourne to visit our old friend Dr. Wilkins, who had charge of the

[page 130.]

passengers on the "Fatima", the ship that brought us to Australia. My Father was taken ill shortly after he reached the house and died after twelve hours acute suffering. There were no steamers, no telegraph, no means of communicating except by letter, so my brother sadly laid our Father in his last resting place, and hurried home by the first boat.

How well I remember that Sunday afternoon in early March! We all, excepting Emily and my Mother, walked over to see the new home; carpenters had been busy enclosing parts of the wide verandahs to make four additional rooms. We merrily explored our future home and walked back, Emily met us in the garden crying bitterly, at last she sobbed out, "Papa, Papa is dead". We all began to weep; we went into the sitting room, there sat my Mother and Sidney holding each other's hands; no one spoke, but we all cried till Howard brought out the big Bible, and read till we grew calmer. It was a terrible shock to my Mother and her elder children, I was too young to feel the loss deeply. The next day I remember seeing my Mother hiding her pretty chestnut curls beneath an ugly white cap, I said "why do you do that Mamma?" She answered, "my dear, I am a widow now so I must put on a widow cap."

It must have been a cruel blow to her beginning at once to prepare for moving into the new home without her beloved mate, the head of the household; but she bravely faced her altered life and before the end of the month we were at Hazelwood.

At the age of 50 she had reluctantly given up home and friends, her native land, and all that made it dear, in the hope of prolonging her own life and the lives of her children and to lose my Father, and later two of her sons, must have tried her sorely but she rarely shewed her sorrow, she was always the same sweet gentle woman, with strong affections tempered by wisdom, using her own experience to help others to bear their burden. I never heard her say an unkind word though her judgment was keen and her expressions incisive. I can best describe her in my sister's words, written shortly after her Mother's death in September 1877.

A PORTRAIT

An all embracing thoughtfulness wide open to the light,
Strong sympathy with noble deeds, a passion for the right.
Impatience of injustice, contempt for useless laws,
Great dreams of human progress, devotion to the cause
Of righteousness and purity, yet never led astray
By hope's illusive promises, for safe beneath the sway

Of reason and of commonsense she kept her earnest way.
Swiftly the busy needle flew, like sunshine came the smile
To greet her children's joyous hours and many a tender wife
Could change hard tasks to pleasantness and weary hours beguile.

[page 131.]

A life of thought, of steadfast views and patient wise endeavour
Of earnest work, of loving care, and is it gone forever?
It has not perished utterly, it was not lived in vain,
A thousand seeds in thousand minds shall bid it spring again
In widened thought, in high resolve t'will blossom yet on earth,
And in that longed –for after life to which our death is birth.

Hazelwood - what happy memories centre in that name; we loved each other and all worked together to make it the home it was.

Vincent made the simple furniture that was needed and put bells all through the house, an unheard of luxury in those days. Sidney hurried home from town on summer evenings to build long arcades in the garden, which were soon covered with vines, Henry became general farm manager, and with the help of one or two men soon turned the garden into a fertile paradise. It was he who carried out a scheme of extensive irrigation and built a small swimming bath, also a laboratory and furnace for his assays, the sample of ore being sent regularly from the Kapunda mine. Nothing daunted him, whatever he touched was a success, and his happy nature was like sunshine in the house. It was a very sad day for us when in 1858 he left home to plant the vineyards (Stonyfell) and study winemaking, then in its infancy in South Australia. Henry's first experiments in winemaking were somewhat primitive. He gathered all the grapes that were unsuitable for the table, mixed the kinds together and crushed them in large wooden tub. The "must" fermented for days beneath our Mother's window.

Howard's tastes were literary, his reading aloud was a nightly treat, Dickens, Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold¹⁰⁵, Shakespere and many more, through him became household companions and lifelong friends.

He worked hard together with Judge, afterwards Sir Richard Hanson, and other leading men, to establish the Philosophical, now the Royal Society, the South Australian Institute, Art Gallery etc. and many a branch institute in far away country districts was helped by his interesting lectures on literary subjects, all given without payment.

The first Mechanic's Institute was a small wooden room built near the eastern corner of King William Street and North Terrace, it also housed the Public Library whose foundation was due to Mr. Robert Gouger's forethought. About the year 1838 he shipped out part of his private collection before leaving London for South Australia, but unfortunately the ship was partly wrecked and all the books were marked with sea water. When the South Australian Institute was established in its fine new building on North Terrace it was amalgamated

[page 132.]

¹⁰⁵ Douglas William Jerrold (1803-1857) was an English dramatist and writer.

with the original Mechanics Institute, it also contained the Art Gallery and Public Library. Long ere this removed to larger and more worthy buildings.

John Howard Clark was the first to establish a travelling library. The Institute in North Terrace sent out at regular intervals, boxes of books to its country branches which in turn passed them on.

In preparation for his marriage in 1858 Howard bought land from my Mother and on it built Hazelwood Cottage, then a doll's house in size.

It was pleasant having him so near to the old home, especially after the grandchildren arrived, but in 1863 death claimed his toll and took the bright little Mother when her third child was born. Emily who had recently returned from a long visit to England went to live with Howard, and tenderly cared for his children till 1865 when he married again.

About that time he became a partner in the "South Australian Register" soon taking the position of editor, when the newspaper became one of the best "dailys" in Australia, but the work was too hard, and resulted in repeated attacks of haemorrhage, which undermined, and in 1878 destroyed, his valuable life.

Consumption carried off Henry early in 1864, a grievous loss to his family. Vincent died of the same disease nearly ten years earlier. He was fond of making fireworks and when too feeble to do much he made a large quantity and asked my Mother to invite a number of children to see them let off, and also to have the party as soon as possible. It proved a very happy gathering, but that day fortnight he breathed his last.

Our first visit to Glenelg was in 1854. A two roomed cottage was the only house we could rent with the use of a tent; it stood about half way between the St. Leonards's and Millar's Corner roads, looking as if it had been dropped from the clouds, standing all alone without any fence or gate. A kitchen fireplace was built outside with a few stones, to boil a kettle, and fortunately there was a baker's shop near where our joints were roasted. The two rooms were each perhaps 9 feet square, without any ceiling; the dividing wall stopped when it attained the height of the outside walls so the roof was open and proved a great inducement to pillow fights. Though space was scanty especially on hot days, I only remember the fun, the sea bathing, the impromptu concerts by starlight, when visitors dropped in, and the long walks on the sea shore. There was no bridge over the Pattawalonga creek, only stepping stones, which were only available at low tide; we found numbers of beautiful shells beyond the creek but our search was always hurried for fear of being cut off by the rising tide, there were stories of quicksands which kept us from wading home.

At Hazelwood we often had a few friends to tea, when the

[page 133.]

amusements were games, of which we had a great variety, glee singing, a light supper, and often an impromptu charade in which Howard was wonderfully clever.

One I well remember, the word was "foreign"; "foe" was a Spanish love scene, the lady (Sidney) was elegantly dressed as far as the waist, in a pale blue silk bodice and white lace mantilla crowned by a large wreath of pink and white paper roses; in place of a balcony she stood on tip-toe upon the back of a chair and leaned over the top of the door, simpering behind a fan, while her troubadore sang love songs with great vigour, quite unaware of the

“foe” who crept up in a large black cloak and stabbed him. As he fell, in her excitement the lady lost her footing and the door swung open displaying the masculine legs amid roars of laughter.

In 1854 the family decide to give a dance, there were various difficulties, the first was the ball-room, which only measured 16 feet by 12, but it had two large windows, one opening into the wide verandah, the other into the tiny library. This was the supper room and as the table was laid before the guests arrived the connecting window was closed till supper time. The dancers occupied the floor, the spectators had chairs in the verandah and we had great fun.

Two of my brothers were invited to a dance at a country house and were asked to stay the night. The guests departed, the family retired, the various bachelors were left in the drawingroom wondering what to do next; the door opened two maids entered, their arms full of blankets which they placed in a heap on the floor and retired, the men divided the pile and slept how they could. One man preferring the cool night air lay down in the garden with his saddle for a pillow and all laughed at the accomodation provided.

Christmas was always kept at Hazelwood. New comers were asked, especially friendless young men, the more the merrier, was my Mother’s motto, limited only by the small dining room. In 1861 two dear friends arrived from England, after the Christmas party had been invited and space there was none, “dine in the verandah” was Henry’s brilliant suggestion. In a few days busy fingers prepared strong curtains to enclose half the verandah and a rough table to seat 26 people; on a cool day it made a charming diningroom, and happily the weather favoured us.

My Mother’s first grandchild sat at table, a bright little boy of two years, when the annual toast of “absent friends” was drunk in silence his eager voice was raised “more absent friends please Papa”, he had tasted champagne.

The swimming bath in the garden was always an attraction on a warm afternoon; one Christmas, water was wanting, only the bottom of the bath was covered. Various gentlemen sat and smoked joining in a heated argument, the Rev. J.C. Woods while holding forth edged his chair too near the bath and suddenly tipped in amid roars of laughter.

A game of cricket in the paddock was followed by tea

[page 134.]

in the verandah, and a merry evening. We began with two games of “musical chairs”, then dancing, singing, and often a clever charade was acted. Christmas at Hazelwood can never be forgotten.

Our family had been Unitarian since the days of Joseph Priestly, whom my two grandfathers had endeavoured to protect when the rioters of 1791 burned his house, his valuable scientific apparatus and writings. Here there was no church, till an effort was made to impart a minister from England. Twelve prominent citizens undertook to guarantee his salary for the first ear, with the happy result that the Rev. J.C. Woods arrived in September 1955. He and his handsome wife came to Hazelwood till a house was found for them, and the first Unitarian service held in South Australia was read in my Mother’s drawingroom, the second in that of Mr. E. Montgomery-Martin’s.

Till money could be raised to build a church, services were held twice a Sunday in Green’s auction mart, Gilbert Place and proved a great boon. The church in Wakefield St. was

opened on October 9, 1857 and a year afterwards Howard Clark and Lucy Martin were the first pair to be married in it. Mr. Woods was a gifted preacher and a valued friend, his congregation increased rapidly and formed a delightful circle of cultured people.

(NOTE. Joseph Priestly was the discoverer of oxygen.)

In 1860 Sidney visited England, on his return in 1861 he brought the first consignment of sewing machines landed in South Australia. He also brought my Uncle Follett Osler, and one of his daughters. We were delighted to meet some of our English relatives, but it required some ingenuity to find them comfortable accomodation, we could not have done it, had not three rooms been added to our house the previous year. At the end of three months they returned to England, taking my sister Emily with them. We felt rather dull after losing so many at once, so one night, when some of our intimate friends were gathered together, we made plans for the coming winter. The result was the establishment of a dancing club, a reading, and a glee club. Once a fortnight during the cool weather we met for a carpet dance, the hours were from 8 till 12, dress and supper of the simplest description. The evening was spent at Hazelwood, and the homes of three intimate friends in turn. The glee singing was arranged for the first Monday in each month. The reading club met every second month, this was a real treat. A play was chosen with not more than about 14 characters, the parts were carefully allotted and studied in readiness – I think there was always one rehearsal, there were many good readers in our circle, and the bad ones soon improved. We read “The Merchant of Venice” and several of Shakespere’s comedies, “Time works Wonders” by Douglas Jerrold and many others. My sister-in-law, Mrs. Howard Clark took the soubrette parts most cleverly and was a great acquisition in all our theatrical efforts, but

[page 135.]

all this fun came to an end with her sudden death in May 1863.

Changes were many in the next few years, several of us visited England and all of us married except Emily, who stayed with my Mother in the old home, where for a few years my brother Symonds and his wife lived also. It was during this time that Emily began her great work for pauper children, but this requires a separate chapter.

THE BOARDING OUT SYSTEM.

[The following section has two page numbers on every page. One relates to the page sequence in the bound book, the other to typed sections taken from other works. The page number shown here is the page number in the bound book.]

[page 136.]

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THE BOARDING OUT SYSTEM.

In the early days when South Australia was in its infancy, a \Government/ institution was established in Adelaide to aid the poor and needy of all ages, it was called the Destitute Asylum and closely resembled an English Workhouse. Old men and women were thus provided for when they became too feeble to work and many homeless orphans.

As time went on the numbers increased and the children and old people found it difficult to live together in peace. Miss Clark met with an article by Miss Cobbe¹⁰⁶ entitled "The Philosophy of the Poor Laws" which gave an interesting account of the plan adopted in Edinburgh for the disposal of pauper children; when the building in which they were lodged was burned down, something had to be done at once so cottagers were asked to take in the orphans temporarily and send them to school like other children. When returned their improvement was so marked that the plan of boarding out in private families has been continued in the neighbourhood of Edinburg ever since. Miss Cobbe stated that a similar plan had been practised in Iceland for centuries and in England it had been done but only under local authority, it remained for Miss Clark to be the first to give the system state authority and support in Australia as my story will tell. I give an account of the initial work in her own words, already printed in Miss Spence's¹⁰⁷ book "State Children in Australia"

Extract from a letter written by Miss Clark to the Hon. Arthur Blyth, Chief Secretary of South Australia¹⁰⁸.

Hazelwood

[page 137.]

Hazelwood

April 7th, 1866

Dear Sir,.

"I believe that as Chief Secretary the Destitute Asylum is under your control and I venture to urge upon you the advisability of adopting the Edinburgh plan of boarding out destitute and neglected children. A lady visitor to our asylum has been continually shocked by the evidence of a pauper tone among the children and the very fact of their learning to look upon it as a home must take away the feeling of shame in applying for relief in later life and lessen the chance of their growing up in those habits of independence and self reliance so important to their well being.

The expense will of course be urged as an objection but that I believe will be found to be less serious than it appears at first sight. I find that for the past year the average number of children in the asylum has been 90, costing exclusive of rent £1908 this makes the annual cost of each child £21.4.0. Now if 20 or 30 children could be place out upon the new plan there would be no necessity for an additional building and the interest on the £3,000 granted for that purpose would more than pay the difference between the cost of keeping the children in the asylum and out of it and the great advantage would be secured of giving the children a more natural and a better education.

I now come to my present object in writing to you. Last week there came into the Asylum a little boy of 8 years old, an orphan, by nam/ John McCulloch, and I want your permission to

¹⁰⁶ Frances Power Cobbe (1822-1904) was an Irish writer, social reformer, anti-vivisectionist, and leading women's suffrage campaigner.

¹⁰⁷ Catherin Helen Spence (1825-1910) was a Scottish-born South Australian author, teacher, journalist, politician and suffragist. She became known as 'The grand old woman of Australia'.

¹⁰⁸ Sir Arthur Blyth (1823-1891), ironmonger, land investor and politician, came from Birmingham to Adelaide. He became Premier in the 1870s.

try the new system on him as a beginning. Mrs Slape, whom I can answer for as a clean energetic, honest and kind woman, is willing to take him for 6/- per week. There is a good school near that he might attend at the cost of 1/- per week to be paid to the school mistress who would send a report of his attendance and progress direct to the Asylum. He will be then reared in habits of usefulness, cleanliness and economy. I do not see why a plan succeeding so well in Scotland should not succeed here also, the English barrack system, which ours most nearly resembles, is now universally condemned.

Signed (C.E.Clark)

To Miss Clark,
Hazelwood.
Chief Secretary's Office,
Adelaide, April 19th, 1866.

Dear Madam,

In reply to your letter of the 7th inst. urging upon the Chief Secretary the adoption of the Edinburgh system of managing the children of the destitute poor, I have the honour to convey to you the thanks of this Government for your philanthropic suggestions, and to inform you that they have decided upon giving that system a fair trial. The Superintendent of the Destitute Asylum has therefore been instructed to hand over to your charge the boy McCulloch, whose name you particularly mentioned, and also one of the girls to be selected by yourself, for whose maintenance, clothing and education the Government will make an annual allowance of

[page 139]

£23.4.0 each, the sum estimated by yourself as suitable for that purpose.

I have the honour to be
Your obedient servant
O.K.Richardson
Under Secretary.

Extract from letter by Miss Clark to Miss F.D.Hill.¹⁰⁹
April 1868

“My dear Florry is not this delightful? Is it not easier to stir up a new Government than an old one? Within a month from my first proposal of a plan, for which Miss Cobbe has been agitating so long in England, I get permission to try it, that as you see not grudgingly granted, but with kindest encouragement. Who would not be a colonist:

The boy is to be with our old servant Eliza and I could not have imagined a more suitable home for him. She and her husband are steady and industrious and some of the kindest people I ever knew, very fond of children, with none of their own. They are just

¹⁰⁹ Florence Davenport Hill (1829-1919) was a member of an English family with an impressive record in aspects of social reform. She was Emily Clark's cousin.?

building a new house for themselves close to us so that he will be literally under my own eye and the girl will be with a mile of Hazelwood, she will also be in a good home.”

[page 140]

THE BOARDING-OUT SOCIETY

BY Miss C.E.Clark

In the month of March, 1866, I wrote a letter to the Adelaide “Register”, headed “The Destitute Asylum”, from which some extracts will show what gave rise to the Boarding-out Society.

“It is painful to think that pauperism should be on the increase among us, but the necessity for again enlarging the Destitute Asylum appears to be sure proof that this is the case. Is there nothing we can do to strike at the root of the evil, and get rid of it while its proportions are comparatively insignificant?

If pauperism is hereditary, surely it is the greatest mistake to bring up young children in the midst of it. It is said that the authorities propose to spend two or three thousand pounds in additional buildings for the Destitute Asylum. Would it not be possible to spend this in a better way? It would surely be less expensive as well as more healthful, to bring up the children in the country.

In Scotland this principle has been acknowledged and from most of the large towns the children, instead of being brought up in pauper nurseries, are sent out first to be nursed, and then boarded out with some family in the country. As they reach the age for school the person who has charge of them is obliged to send them to one in the neighbourhood certified by an inspector, and to produce certificates from the teacher of the child’s attendance. Thus the desired end of education is attained, with the immense

[page 141]

advantage of its being an education in common with non-Pauper children.”

“Cannot we do the same with the young inmates of the Destitute Asylum? The plan has been used successfully in Edinburgh for eighteen years, and it is well worth trying here. Cannot we scatter and lose these unfortunate children among our healthy and industrious population instead of fostering them in the hotbed of their own moral disease? Let us at least take them out of the town. In the country they would be removed from sight and sound of evil among their elders. It is not training of the mind half so much as training of the habits that is needed, and habits are more easily trained during manual labors than in the schoolroom. Nothing is more elevating to the feelings and conscience of a child than to be employed in really useful work. It is to be hoped that the advisability of adopting some such scheme as that here suggested will be carefully considered before a further sum of money is expended simply to continue and extend the evils of the present system.” –

The necessity for a change from the Destitute Asylum for the children was forcibly brought to my mind by a dear friend, since well known in educational circles,

Miss A.M. Martin¹¹⁰. This lady used to visit at what was called the Destitute School from pure kindness and her desire to make the children's life happier. On one occasion when she arrived there she found the schoolroom empty. The children had been invited to attend some exhibition – I think it was the Bellringers – and were all being dressed for the occasion. Miss Martin followed them into the bedroom.

[page 142]

To her great surprise she found that the children were all being dressed by the nurses. One \was/ armed with a brush, and the boys were all being passed under it, one after the other.

“Cannot these boys brush their own hair? She asked in astonishment.

“No,” was the reply, “they cannot do anything for themselves.”

“How about the girls?”

“It is just the same,” said the nurse, “we have to do everything for them.”

Surprised and shocked beyond measure, Miss Martin went down to the girls, who, ready dressed, were waiting to be taken to the exhibition. Wishing to test the assertion of the nurses, ~~Miss Martin~~ She held up a penny, and said she would give it to any girl who \had/ put on her own hat and cloak. There was not one who could claim it: and when we remember that these children were to be sent out as little servants to help others when they could not help themselves, it may be imagined how useless they would be.

Shortly after this experience Miss Martin told me of a little boy, who had recently come into the school, and who seemed very unhappy. He was an orphan – a delicate boy, and quite unable to stand the rough usage of his companions. Sir Arthur Blyth, a personal friend of mine, was then at the head of the Government. Then I thought there might be an opportunity for trying the new plan. I wrote to the “Register” the letter from which the extracts have already been given, and it was printed. Then I went to see Sir Arthur, asking if I might have

[page 143]

the boy, and the money he would cost if he remained at the Asylum.

My request was granted and the suggestion made that I should take a little girl also. I placed them with respectable people well known to me, but I was very unfortunate with both these children. The little girl caught a violent cold the day she left the Asylum, probably from being dressed in the thin and scanty clothes she had brought into it. Although she was tenderly nursed and attended by Dr. Benson, she died within a fortnight. The little boy did very well at school, and was quite happy till he reached the age of thirteen, when he developed the disease of which his father and brother had both died, and he died also.

I took out another little girl in the place of the one that died, and placed her with some people I knew well and she seemed quite happy, but, unfortunately, her mother found out where she was and went to the house at 11 o'clock at night, when she was drunk, clamouring to see her. The good people put up with this several times, but at last they could

¹¹⁰ Anna (Annie) Montgomerie Martin (1841-1918) was born in Birmingham, England, and became a leading teacher at progressive schools in South Australia.

bear it no longer, and I was obliged to take her away. I then placed her with some people living near me. The child was an engaging little creature, and the husband and wife became very fond of her, so fond that each grew jealous of the other, and the woman came to ask me to take her away, as she herself was going to leave the colony. There was no time to lose, and finding that the people that had the boy were willing to have the girl also, I put her under their care, and there she stayed for six

[page 144]

years, learning to sweep and to wash and to cook. She is married and living still, and writes most grateful letters to me. Her one idea now seem so be to return to others the kindness she has herself received. This wish led her when she had a home of her own to take charge of a little boy, whose parents were dead. This boy is with her still, and has lately, to his great delight, discovered some of his relatives.

The difficulties and anxieties about these early experiences were very real, because anything like a failure injured the cause which I had so much at heart.

At the time when I took out these children those at the Destitute Asylum were said to cost 9/- per week.

I thought this was too much, so I paid the guardians 6/- per week for each, and provided all the clothes besides. It was well I did so, for soon the allowance was reduced to 6/- without clothes. When boarding-out was fairly inaugurated, the subsidy came down to 5/-, which included clothing the child. I feared that my foster parents would give up the children, but they did not do so. They loved the children, and also, when the money was paid quarterly instead of weekly, it came in a good lump sum. They could lay in a stock of groceries and get the needed clothes for the children.

The premises rented at the Grace Darling, Brighton, became too small for the number of children, and the Government, instead of expending money on adding to the Destitute Asylum, determined on building a large Industrial School near Magill, five miles from Town. There was sixty acres of land and an imposing building of

[page 145]

of four floors, with large dormitories and schoolroom, was projected.

I thought this was my opportunity, and asked ¹¹¹Mrs Davenport, Mrs Colton¹¹², and Miss Spence, with Mr Neville Blyth¹¹³, Mr C.B.Young¹¹⁴, and my brother, John Howard Clark, to go with me as a deputation to request that instead of building a big institution, the Government would try the experiment of boarding out the children in family homes. We

¹¹¹ Margaret Davenport (died 1902) was the wife of Samuel, later Sir Samuel, Davenport, landowner and parliamentarian.

¹¹² Mrs John Colton, later Lady Mary, (1822-1898) was a leading philanthropist and suffragist.

¹¹³ Neville Blyth (1825-1890) was an ironmonger, land investor and politician.

¹¹⁴ Charles Burney Young (1824-1904) was a landholder, winemaker and politician.

would undertake to find such homes, and to visit the children regularly and report on their condition and education.

We met with no encouragement. There was a profound distrust in such a disposal of the children among ordinary people, and a confidence in the methods adopted in England where the Unions were directly responsible for the training and teaching of pauper children.

The specious reply was given to us that as we did not propose to bear any share in the cost of the children the Government could not trust us with the disposal or management of them.

The big school at Magill was built for 230 children, and 130 went into it, with ample space for all. In two years the school was so full that an addition was needed if they were to be retained. I heard that to make room Mr Reed, Chairman of the Destitute Board, was placing out children very rapidly, the younger for so-called adoption and others as licensed to service, and still the school was crowded.

I felt that these children needed visiting as much as if they were on subsidy, and again called on my friends to accompany me on a second deputation, which was more successful than the first. Our modest petition for no addition to the building, but for the overflow to be boarded out in country homes, was granted, and the boarding-out system was inaugurated in 1872.

[page 57.]

[page 146.]

Various little difficulties cropped up. It was necessary to find a room to meet in, and to find the right persons to take the work. Miss Spence was, I believe, the first person I asked, and Mrs Davenport and Mrs Colton, with whom I had been associated on the committee of the Servant's Home, were also pleased to join us.

As that committee did not meet very often, I thought they might allow us to meet in their room, so I called on the President (Mrs Short), wife of the first Bishop of Adelaide, and explained the plan to her. Fortunately, she approved of it, and several other members of that committee joined in, as well as my brother, John Howard Clark, Mr Neville Blyth, and Mr C.B.Young. These last two gentlemen had taken children out in 1868, when I did."

[page 147]

NEGLECTED CHILDRENS' ACT.

In 1866 Act No. 12 was passed and this is the first one that provided for the establishing of Industrial and Reformatory Schools for the reception and detention of children.

The Act provided for the establishment of a Destitute Board and also for the committal of Neglected children by a court. to be constituted by a special magistrate or two Justices of the Peace, to an Industrial School for any term not less than six months, nor more than seven years provided no child should be detained after 16 years of age.

[Handwritten note] Afterwards raised to 18 years

[page 148.]

In 1872 “The Destitute Persons Relief Industrial and Reformatory Schools Act” was passed and thereafter the children were defined as “Neglected Destitute or Convicted”. This Act provided for the committal of either neglected destitute or convicted children by a Court constituted by a Special Magistrate or two Justices of the Peace, until 16 years of age. The Boarding out Society of the Destitute Board was given the power to receive into any Industrial School, children whose parents might surrender them upon the necessary form being signed before a Justice of the Peace. and this Act was the Act providing for the Boarding out of children to Foster parents, of which the late Miss Spence in her book “State Children in Australia” says, “In other English speaking countries boarding out in families is permitted, but here under the Southern Cross it is the law of the land that children shall not be brought up in institutions but in homes. That the child whose parent is the State shall have as good schooling as the child who has parents and guardians, that every child shall have, not the discipline of routine and red tape, but the free and cheerful environment of ordinary life, generally in the country, going to church with the family in which he or she is placed, having the ordinary duties, the ordinary difficulties, the ordinary pleasures of common life, but guarded from injustice, neglect, and cruelty by effective and kindly supervision.” “This movement originated in South Australia and with all its far reaching developments and expansion, it is due to the initiative

[page 149]

of one woman, of whom the State is justly proud, Miss Caroline Emily Clark.”

The first meeting of the Boarding Out Society was held at The Servants’ Home, ~~Hanson~~ Flinders/ Street on July 11th 1872. Present –¹¹⁵

Mrs Short

Miss Fergusson

Mrs Ayers

Mrs Price

Mrs Colton

Miss Spence

Miss Clark

Mr C.B.Young

“It was resolved that, An association be formed for the superintendence of destitute children, adopted, boarded out, or in service. That the primary object of the association shall be to assist the Government by lady members visiting such destitute children, their authority being received from the Destitute Board.

“The affairs of the Society shall be managed by a committee who shall appoint their secretary and treasurer.

¹¹⁵ Mrs Melicent Clara Short, died 1900, wife of Augustus Short, first Anglican Bishop of Adelaide.

Miss Fergusson ,daughter of Sir James Fergusson , Governor of South Australia 1869-1873.

Mrs Ayers, wife of Sir Henry Ayers, a member of the South Australian Parliament for over 36 years.

“That in no instance shall a child be placed out by the Society unless some individual member will undertake the duty of supervision.

“The Committee shall meet monthly on the first Tuesday of the month.”

[page 150]

Extract from Miss Clark:— narrative [*handwritten in ink*]

“I believe that boarding out is better than adoption because it is more elastic. If the child does not suit the home or the home does not suit the child it can be removed more easily. I am sure that if I were the visitor I should be very unwilling to find fault with the foster parents who were doing so much for the child for nothing.

Looking back over fourteen years of the existence of the Boarding-out Society, there is ~~se~~ much that is interesting and instructive to recall.

The children generally keep up a connection with their foster homes, and affectionate letters pass between them and their old guardians. In many instances girls have given up good places to go and nurse their foster mothers in times of trouble.

One of our foster parents, when asked why she, who had brought up a large grown up family of her own, could think of taking more children replied, “well Ma’am you see me and my husband have done well in the world ourselves, and we thought we ought to do something by way of good works, so I said what could we do better than take two of the destitute children and bring them up as our own”.

“In the opinion of our visitor, no two children could have had a happier home.

During my absence in England in 1878 Miss Spence was acting Secretary. She had such a large round of children to visit for fourteen years that her acquaintance with them personally was better than my own.

[page 151]

We have worked side by side in the Boarding-out Society and afterwards in the State Childrens’ Council, though one after another so many have dropped out.

Lady Davenport with her sympathetic spirit and Lady Colton with her splendid philanthropy, and common sense, who were with us from the first, have been dead many years. This little record of our beginnings owes a special tribute to them.”

C.E. Clark.

[page 152]

The Boarding out Society began in 1872 and during the first year had reported on 103 children, 14 years afterwards there were 632 out in the world. One paid inspector had been engaged to aid the voluntary work of the ladies so that the homes had been more thoroughly examined and were steadily improving.

It showed how greatly the work of the Boarding out Society was appreciated that it so easily became a Government Department.

Till 1886 it was allied to the Destitute Asylum but the State Childrens’ Council undertook the care of all State children and since that date it has been a separate Government institution. A most unusual distinction to bestow on private people. In that year

the Boarding out Society gave place to the State childrens' Council which was mainly composed of the ex-members, and the honorary visitors continued their services to the new organization. Now they are spread over all the country, on them the success or failure of the scheme mainly depends. No child is placed out unless it can be regularly visited and reported upon, at least once every 6 months. We have now 4 paid inspectors spending all their time in visiting the children, one man and three ladies, but we still have the help of 126 visitors, chiefly ladies, who continue to give their kindly advice to the children scattered far and wide over South Australia.

No consideration of cost or convenience prevents the removal of a child from a home where there is any well grounded cause of complaint. Every child in a family home

[page 153]

under the various conditions of adoption, subsidy, or service, must be visited and reported upon thoroughly and regularly, and no child is sent to a home till it has been inspected and reported on favourably. We can pick and choose, we always have more homes offered than we can fill. The children, as a rule stay with the foster parents until they reach the age of 14 years when they go to service. Should the child be under sized or delicate the Council has the power to extend the period of subsidy until he or she has a fair chance to be fit for self support. Medical treatment is free for all the State children, their teeth are looked after carefully without charge, till they are at service and can afford to pay for themselves when they are charged cost only. If any State children need treatment, when there is no Government Doctor at hand, they are brought to town, lodged at the Industrial school at Edwardstown and then attended till they are well enough to return to their foster homes, girls always travelling in the care of a female officer.

The love is often great that springs up between foster parent and child, gifts are frequently exchanged on birthdays and at Christmas. One boy who was out of his time obtained permission for a younger brother to accompany him on a visit to their foster mother for which he had been saving up his money for many months.

A foster mother in one of the suburbs treasures the first shoes worn by her dear boy. He is a young man now, working in the country, but he always spends his holidays with his mother.

[page 154]

Three girls in good situations meet regularly at their foster mother's home, and she says they are girls of whom any mother might be proud.

To quote Miss Penny, our able lady inspector, she says, "My work for the first two months brought me into touch chiefly with the subsidy children, and it was a revelation to me in many ways. I feel that I cannot speak too enthusiastically of the great majority of the subsidy homes; even now it fills me with wonder to see the bond of affection which exists between the foster parents and the children under their care. The work in many cases is a labor of love. In such homes the foster mothers take a pride in the children and their ambition is to make them look as little as possible like State children. We find that often the boys and girls are provided with white summer suits and frocks for Sunday, and a great variety of school clothes in addition to the ordinary out fit, while the babies are ~~dressed~~ dressed in

dainty frocks and pinafores with outdoor coats and caps of the very best quality, while \and/ thye are frequently the proud possessors of a new perambulator or go-cart. The babies and younger children seem to call forth special affection. The mother points out with pride the improvement that has taken place in the little one's looks and health since it came into her care.

The menfolk seem to vie with the women in their kindness and affection for the younger children. I remember visiting a little boy about three years of age, he had been placed with a family consisting of a father and mother and a sweet looking girl of sixteen in a small but comfortable home. I found him very rosy and happy

[page 155]

with an abundance of good clothes. He had had a birthday party a few days before, and was in the midst of showing me some of his toys when a man's step was heard on the verandah. The child's facelighted up with pleasure, he instantly threw down his toys and ran to meet him. I can still hear his joyful cry of "Daddy Daddy" as he was caught up in the man's arms."

The wages of the service girl advance 1/- per week at the beginning of each year. When she is 19 she earns 10/- but she only receives 9/-, 1/- is sent to the Secretary weekly throughout the term of service to be put in the Savings Bank so that on leaving the State control she has a nice little sum of her own. The boys also save from \the/ time they enter service, if they escape, the expenses of recapture are deducted from their capital.

The latest yearly report 1914, shows that the large sum of £11,889.11.4 is lodged in the Bank to the children's credit, no wonder the neglectful parents evince a surprising affection for their offspring as the time of their release draws near.

[page 156]

You will, I think, be interested to learn the mode of procedure when a child is arrested.

A policeman brings a child in a cab to the Children's Court, as a rule no one is allowed to be present during the trial excepting the Magistrate, the policeman, an officer to represent the State Children's Council, the parents of the child, if they can be found and necessary witnesses. Visitors may attend if they obtained written permission.

If the child is deemed criminal, and it is a first offence, he is generally allowed to go home with his parents subject to the inspection of the Council. Sometimes a whipping is ordered which is administered in a separate room by either our officer or by the father. A child having its home under supervision is said to be on probation and this supervision may last till the child is over age or it may terminate at any time if the home and the conduct of the child become satisfactory. The officer frequently visits the child's home, tactfully endeavouring to befriend both parents and child. Usually the home improves and the child is saved from becoming a criminal.

But we need more than mere injunctions and warnings and threats to build up character. We need tact and much patience, we need to discover the good that is in the child and try to develop it as \so/ as to redeem the evil past.

Miss Cocks¹¹⁶, one of our probation officers tells a story of a boy in her charge; his guardian complained that he was everything that was bad, she says – “As the woman was relating the boy’s mis-

[page 68] [page 157.]

doings in a high pitched complaining tone, I noticed that the house dog crept near him, and seemed to give him a friendly rub of sympathy. When leaving I invited the boy to come to my house for an hour telling him to bring the dog, as I was fond of dogs and horses. The boy came; and we talked of little else; but as he was going away he looked up into my face and said, with tears in his eyes, I’ll try and be as good as I can. I thought the dog was the only one who cared for me.”

The following pathetic story I heard from the lips of the principle baby visitor.

A girl respectably connected in the country had been cast off in disgrace, and came to town to take a place, committing her boy to the care of a good foster mother. When he was old enough to run about and was trying to talk, the mother became seriously ill, and was lying dangerously sick in the hospital. The foster mother thought that the patient’s father should be sent for and wrote to him giving her own address but not disclosing her connection with the patient. He came, and while the woman got ready to go out the little fellow was running about the room, the old man took him on his knee, “A fine little chap, your youngest, I fancy, I can see he is a great pet.” No”, said the woman, “he is not my son, he is your grandson.” “Good God, my grandson!” Then clasping the boy to his heart, he said “I’ll never part with him.”

The mother recovered, she was taken home and forgiven.”

(Note. Quoted from “The State Children in Australia” by C.H.Spence.)

[page 158]

PROCEDURE IN COURT.

If a child brought before the court has been convicted previously he is sent to the Boys’ Reformatory at Magill to be under the care of the State till he is 18 years of age, if a girl she is sent to Redruth till she is 18, although the sentence may in the case of a girl, be extended until she is 21 years old. Our admirable matron, Miss Price, does all in her power to upraise her and help her to begin life anew. The culprit begins in the third class, good conduct enables him or her, in time to reach the second class and the first, then he is recommended for promotion and as soon as a suitable home is found he is sent to service, generally on a farm to keep him away from his old companions.

If the boy has not broken the law but is a truant, or uncontrollable, he may be sent to the Probation school near Mount Barker. if a girl, she may go to the one at Fullarton, both institutions are under the care of the Salvation Army, whose kindly officers exert a good influence over the children. The State pays them 7/6 a head per week. Father Healy takes

¹¹⁶ Fanny Kate Boadicea Cocks (1875-1954) influenced by C.H.Spence became the State’s first probation officer for juvenile first offenders, and later South Australia’s first female police officer.

the Catholic boys to train:, the Catholic school for girls is closed. Neglected waifs are boarded out after spending a fortnight, or more in the Industrial school to be sure they have no infectious disorder. Just lately a family of nine was handed over. Whenever possible the father is ordered to pay as much as he can each week. towards the maintenance of his children

On June 30th 1912 there were 1530 children under our

[page 159]

control and taking the average for the last 12 years the figures show that 3 out of 4 of all that pass through the hand of the State Childrens' Council are merged in the general population of respectable people.

In an article published in the "Contemporary Review" for October 1912, the authoress, Miss Edith Sellers¹¹⁷, describes the management of State children in South Australia, she says, after previous commendation, "Cheapness it must be noted is a marked characteristic of the whole South Australian childrens' system, the cheapness that results, however, not from any stinting, but from obtaining good value for the money spent.

During the year 1910-11 the full expenditure of the council was £23,169 and as over £2,000 was refunded by some of the relatives of the children its net expenditure was only £21,065. Of this only 14 per cent went in administration. Thus, of every shilling the Council handled over 10d was spent directly upon the children. The full average cost of all the State children, per head, is under £14 a year, hardly one-third of the cost of our State children (in England). Yet these children are better cared for than most of ours, are better fitted for their work in life, are given a much better chance of making their way in the world and securing themselves a fair share of the good things of this life. Nay, they are given a better chance of living at all than our children, for the death rate among them last year was only 1.9 per cent. Our Poor Laws reformers would do well, therefore to study the working of the South Australian childrens'

[page 160]

relief system before framing a new one for England."

So far Miss Sellers.

Each year the work extends, in 1910 the Department undertook under Legislative authority, to hunt up and supervise all illegitimate children. The Registrar sends weekly lists of those births he has registered and our visitors hunt for those who may have escaped him. The babies are visited once a fortnight till they reach the age of two years, and the visits are continued less frequently till they are seven. The result is a greatly decreased death rate. Before the Council undertook the care of these infants the mortality was great, that of the unsupervised was 45 per cent; the supervised was much less, legitimate 5.83% Now the rate for supervised illegitimate children under one year is a little over 4%. The number supervised is 618 at the present date, 1914. That of the unsupervised is much higher as the rate for the whole State of South Australia of illegitimate children under one year is 16.34%.

¹¹⁷ An English writer on feminist issues.

The most recent effort of the Council is the charge of half caste children. If they are living with their parents and are properly cared for we do not interfere, but too often the white father is not to be found and the black mother lives in camp bringing up her child under very undesirable surroundings. They are greatly attached to their children and the parting is so painful it is exceedingly difficult to carry out the law; so far only ten have been taken, these are all doing well in foster homes.

A black girl of 15 who came from Nullabor Plains, dull,

[page 161]

hopeless and sullen, is now a bright happy girl, taking the keenest interest in school work and household duties and promises to become a useful woman.

An ex-State girl, now happily married but childless, adopted a State child, a boy. She sent a photograph of herself and the child with this note,

"I thought you would like to see the two of us, myself being one of your children from the age of seven years to nineteen, of which I am not ashamed. I have always been grateful for all the State Childrens' Council has done for me and I am proud of the fact that I never brought disgrace to its name. I am very pleased you thought so much of the photo : and will be only too glad for you to use it in your report."

The seed sown by Miss Clark and her friends has grown into a goodly tree and bears abundant fruit:, in the coming years we hope, with God's blessing, it will continue to flourish and be a lasting memorial to its gentle planter.

[page 162]

~~How the guests all sprung to their feet and cheered and cheered again, at last the link was complete between the old world and the new.~~

In September 1877 our dear Mother died after a weary winter of increasing weakness. Emily nursed her most devotedly and when the end came failing health showed how severely the strain had told upon her. A visit to England was projected and in early march 1878 she sailed in the company of kind friends. Within a week our brother Howard was struck down and after a terrible illness of ten weeks in a remote seaside cottage he too passed on, beloved and regretted by all who knew him. As editor of the "Register" his pen was a power in the land, and had he lived would, I think have prevented many abuses, but he died at the age of 48 and no one has ever successfully taken his place. His death was a cruel blow to Emily all the harder for her absence in England, and she returned in 1879 almost an invalid and several years passed before she regained even moderate health. By degrees her interest in the Boarding out Society returned and long before 1886, when it was merged in the State Childrens' Council, she was hard at work and continually thinking out practicable solutions of difficult problems.

In 1892 a severe blow befell her, her eyes were dim and

[page 163]

troublesome and when she sought advice she learned that both were attacked by cataract. She was living alone with a faithful maid in the old home which now seemed peopled with ghosts, especially when the great trees rocked in a storm, the wind howled round the empty house and the melancholy cry of the great watch dog sounded like an imprisoned soul she was very brave, she learned to knit to employ her fingers and save her eyesight and all the scattered family dropped in when they could and helped to brighten her life. Sometimes on a dark wintery day she would sit alone by the fire almost till bed time, heavy rain having kept away all visitors.

One morning when I went to see her I said "I am afraid you had a very dreary time yesterday," "Oh no", she answered briskly, "My mind is full of pictures and pleasant memories, I had a very happy day and we needed the rain."

For a year she could not see our faces and the following poem tells its own tale.

Poems by C.E.Clark.

Lines written during partial blindness
Hazelwood.

As I walked in my garden this morning
 In sunshine warm and bright
I knew that the flowers around me
 Were basking in the light

[page 164]

I could see the flickering shadows
 As I passed beneath the trees,
And I heard aloft in the branches
 The hum of a thousand bees.

The fallen almond blossom
 In long white ridges lay
And sparkled like frost-bound snow-drifts
 On either side of the way

The daisy bushes were gleaming
 Like dazzling masses of snow
And I saw ~~bye~~ by/ the flash of colour
 Where scarlet anemonies grow.

My pathway was bordered with jonquils
 I'd planted in days of old,
And there in the tranquil sunshine
 They seemed like a frame of gold.

And tho' their delicate beauty

My eyes might no longer see
Yet clear to the inward vision
It brought a great joy to me.

Thrice blessed are memories treasures
For time cannot take them away

[page 165]

They shine fresh and fair as in childhood
Untarnished by age or decay.

When it was ready one eye was operated upon, severe inflammation attacked it but after many months of anxiety the sight was restored and she was again able to read and write. It was during the long time of darkness Miss Clark began to dictate her early reminiscences which made the foundation of this book.

It was such happiness to her to see once more, to pick up a favourite book, to gaze on the faces of those she loved, and to wander at will among her flowers. Her poems "My Spectacles" she wrote and sent to the clever oculist to whose skill and care she owed so much

[page 166]

Written after recovered sight.

A Transcendent Treasure

What gave me joy and hope once more
All nature's beauty to restore
With glimpse of things unknown before?
My spectacles!

What brought the stars within my sight
Long locked away in darksome night,
And opened worlds of calm delight?
My spectacles!

What colours changed to grass and flowers
And shadows dim to leafy bowers
and brightened all the passing hours?
My spectacles!

What opened anew the magic page
Small daily troubles to assuage
With pleasant thoughts or council sage?
My spectacles!

[page 167]

To voices gave both form and face
 And showed me childhood' tender grace
The promise of the coming race?
 My spectacles!

Yet all is not so bright and gay
 I see the brown hair turned to grey
Ah! Why time's ravages display?
 My spectacles!

My glass the lapse of years betrays
 Alas! what wrinkles meet my gaze
Where is the face of former days?
 My spectacles!

Yet far the good outweighs the ill
 And I must ever thank the skill
That gave me power to use at will,
 My spectacles!

October 27th 1896

[page 168]

She again took up her absorbing work for the children and in a few months she was rewarded by the establishment of the Childrens' court, the crowning success of the Boarding out system.

 The account of its rise and fall deserves a chapter to itself.

[page 169]

CHILDRENS' COURTS'

Much of this chapter is quoted from "State Children in Australia" by C.H.Spence. The earliest establishment of Children's Courts we owe, I believe, to Massachusetts where the system was adopted in 1863. A well known quaker, M^r Joseph Sturge of Birmingham, went purposely to Boston, in 1880 to see the court in operation. He was well pleased and on his return published an account of his visit. A copy was sent to Miss Clark which reached her during the sitting of a commission at Adelaide presided over by the Chief Justice, now Sir

Samuel Way. She at once forwarded it to him and recognizing the great value of the scheme he included it in his report thereby greatly aiding the \the/ cause.

[page 170]

Mr Sturge noted that the court was cleared after the adult cases had been dealt with and reopened for the trial of juvenile offenders, he says.

“If the case is trivial the child is at once discharged with a caution to its parents, the State Visitor exercising some supervision for a time. If it seems better to remove it from parental control, or if it is under unsatisfactory guardianship, it is committed to the care of the State, and an institution or a home or situation found ~~for it~~, where it is under proper influence, and where strict supervision can be kept up.

The city of Boston employs a probation officer to watch these cases and even some adult cases of first offenders as well, with the assistance of a good many volunteers, ladies preferred for the girls, and this has the most beneficial effect both morally and economically.”

This was published in the report of the Commission and recommended for adoption.

It took a strong hold of Mr Charles Goode, a member of the Commission, as well as of Miss Clark and her fellow workers, and the State Childrens’ Council agitated for legislation for many years before it was obtained, but as in the case of many other reforms, its advocates started work on permissive lines.

At Mr Goode’s suggestion, in April 1890, a room on the premises already occupied by the State Childrens’ Council was allotted as a Children’s Court, and another used as a place of detention.

[page 171]

As a favour the Police Magistrate or two Justices of the Peace came to try the cases and the room was closed to all but the parents, the witnesses and the necessary officers. In 1896 we had it put on the Statute Book “That all persons under eighteen, of both sexes, must be tried at the State Childrens’ central office,” so keeping them away from the evil surroundings of a police court. It stands to reason that if we can keep our young offenders out of the Police Court as well as out of the police cell and Gaol, we may check in the bud an enormous amount of adult crime.

All juvenile committals are made there but we have not yet attained to a recent provision in the New South Wales Bill, that all affiliation cases should be heard there; a most valuable safeguard in the interests of justice and decency.”

Early in 1900 the Childrens’ Court was opened in Adelaide after years of patient effort on Miss Clark’s part, who never allowed the question to rest. In the report of the State Childrens’ Council for that year we read,

“The State Childrens’ Council is pleased to record that its representatives \ons/ [*pencil underlining*] respecting the undesireableness of trying children charged with stealing at the Police Court have been successful and now South Australia may claim to be the only country where a separate and distinct lockup

[page 172]

and Court are provided for the detention and trial of all children under 18 years of age.”

In the year 1900 the number of uncontrollable, neglected and destitute children in South Australia was

1248	Of these
135	were brought before the Court
28	sent to reformatories
42	whipped in Court
32	finned for minor offences

For the year ending June 30th 1913 the numbers had increased partly owing to our larger population.

1575	under State control
127	brought before the Court
4	sent to reformatories
4	whipped
101	finned

These figures show a smaller percentage of young offenders and a great decrease of major offences, probably largely due to the Childrens’ Court and also to compulsory attendance at school having been increased from 35 to 48 days in each four terms. Another of Miss Clark’s successful reforms.

[page 173]

Truancy in its elementary stages does not come before the Childrens’ Court of South Australia, it is dealt with by the Education Department, and the parent is fined, but in a great number of the cases that come before the Court truancy has led to delinquency of a more or less serious type.

Our police annual report tells of a great deal of larrikinism but the body of adult criminals diminishes. During the last 60 years two Gaols have been closed and none have been built, one of the two is now used as a reformatory for girls. To try the larrikin in our quiet room with no old friends to look on and sympathize, and only the parents and witnesses present takes away the spirit of bravado that lends a glamour to the beginning of a criminal career. To show something of the spirit in which the culprit should be treated take this of Judge Lindsay of Denver, Colorado.

“The last case called a boy of 15, charged with robbing a saloon, he had inveigled 4 younger boys into the robbery. A past record of many offences stood against him. After frankly talking to him about the seriousness of his conduct the lad was sentenced to the State Reform School. The Superintendent of the Detention School was instructed to take care of him for the night, to secure the commitment papers for the following morning and start him off to the School. The boy dropped his head on the table and sobbed. “My boy’ said the judge, as he laid a friendly hand on his shoulder, ‘you may not get away from this

[page 174]

school for years. It might be better if you were able to live as a citizen here at home, but you have shown you are too weak to do this, therefore I feel that I am doing you the very greatest kindness in my power by sending you where you will be cared for and trained. It is not necessary for me to send an officer with you, even though I am told you will never go alone. I know you will. Goodbye.'

And he went, he arrived promptly and delivered his own commitment, and this lad completed a two years record of unviolated trust."

Nothing could be more economical in its administration than our Childrens; Court. It fits in with the State Childrens' Department and is greatly helped by its probation officers to whom the children, if placed on probation, generally with their own parents, have to report themselves once a week, with excellent results.

[page 175]

To learn another lesson from the United States, Mr Justice Hurley in a speech reported in the "Juvenile Court Record" said

"The St. Charles school for boys is the outgrowth of the Juvenile or Childrens' Court, the modern method by which the State cares for boys.

Children brought before that Court are divided into three classes

1st the truant, who has a proper home and is supplied with the necessaries of life, but who will not attend school. 2nd the neglected child, who has not proper parental care, whose parents are ~~and~~ \dead/ or if alive fail to provide the necessary maintenance. The 3rd class is the delinquent child. Previous to the enactment of the Juvenile Court Law, the State applied the criminal law to his case, on the principal that no citizen, be he man or boy should be deprived of his liberty without due process of law. If the act committed amounted to a felony in an adult he had to await an indictment by a grand jury, he was allowed to ~~se~~ \go/ home occasionally but between those time the boy was confined in a cell, permitted to associate with adult criminals and boy-like he naturally looked up to the elder person and wanted to imitate him. Such has been the system, not only in our State, but throughout the country.

This system instead of saving boys has been instrumental in necessitating the building up of more lockups, more police stations; more gaols and more reform schools .All these institutions are filled, not by the elder men and women, but by boys. The average age of the

[page 176]

"inmates of the county ~~Gael~~ \gaol/ was under 19 years. The number of inmates averaged over 400, with a changing population every 60 day 90 per cent of all boys that were committed through the Criminal Court were lost, whereas Nathaniel Walker, chief probation officer in Eastern New York, says "of the children placed on probation less than 5 per cent yearly, have had to be subsequently committed to institutions and in most of these cases, home conditions that could not be corrected, were responsible for the commitment.'

(Note. Here in South Australia the law permits the State childrens' Council to take all such unfortunate children from their undeserving parents, so giving them an entirely fresh start in life.)

"Most of the boys who commit crimes are in my opinion, quite natural the crime is not the result of physical defect nor lack of mental faculties, although we find a sprinkling of such, but the natural out-come of waywardness unchecked, self will and self indulgence unrestrained and also of long standing parental neglect, there can be no doubt that environment, for good or ill, is much stronger than heredity. We find most of our boys have all the emotions and ambitions of children reared in homes of purity and love, they are undeveloped and may appear to be deficient and in a class by themselves but how intensely human we find them after we know them. If the mental or moral faculties are undeveloped it is their misfortune, not their fault. Conscience may seem

[page 177]

to be lacking, but usually it is only dormant or hardened by knocks received from infancy. By all means let us treat our probationer in a natural manner. Teach him kindness to every living thing, there can be no question but that teaching kindness to dumb animals has a most beneficial effect upon even the most hardened boy. Keep your probationer at school or at work. Idleness begets crime. Boys over school age who are arrested are usually idlers. Work is a habit and idleness is as much a habit. (See "Juvenile Court Record" January 1907.)

Let us take this motto to heart "It is wiser and less expensive to save children than to punish criminals.

[page 178]

For many years John Whiting was the able Secretary of the State Childrens' Council, when he received an appointment in the Agent General's office in London Mr James Grey took his place. He conceived the happy idea of inviting all the country visitors to meet those of the town and suburbs and the gathering took place on November 19th 1907 in the University buildings. A capital luncheon and tea were provided, cooked and served by the State children to which all attending the meeting were invited 12 boys and 12 girls waited upon the guests.

The President, M^r Thomas Rhodes, presided and delivered the inaugural address followed by one on "The work of Committees" by Miss Spence "Our work compared with that elsewhere" by Sir Charles Goode and "Some misconceptions" by Mr James Grey. At the evening meeting the Governor, Sir George Le Hunte presided and made an excellent speech from which I take the following extracts. He said:-

It was a wise thought of Miss Clark when she first asked Miss Spence to help her take the children from within the wall of the Destitute Asylum. That little grain of mustard seed has developed into the great institution of today.

It was entirely inappropriate for a child to be sent into prison with real criminals. The child should have nothing in its mind to connect it with punishment, for the key-note of reformatory work is to get the child to respect itself. They should never allow it to think of itself as being

[page 179]

in the Reformatory for punishment. They were there to be saved from their surroundings and to be made into good and happy boys and girls.

The only punishment they need suffer in the institutions was for a breach of the rules or for misconduct while they were there, and for which they had only themselves to thank. They bore as good a name as the freest boy or girl in the State. I know the officers of the State institutions and more splendid workers I have never come across. The verdict I unhesitatingly give is that I have seen nothing in any of these institutions but what was good.

I do not know where I shall be sent when I leave South Australia, but wherever I go I will endeavour to do something towards establishing a State Childrens' system on the same lines as it exists here."

[page 180]

THE END

After 40 years of faithful work Miss Clark retired from the State Childrens' Council in August 1906 a few days before she attained her 80th birthday. Her colleagues regretted the step but her hearing was not good and she was always afraid of voting the wrong way.

She continued her work longer than was wise because she was most desirous of getting various reforms passed. One she had greatly at heart was enforced attendance at school. Education was free a heavy and annually increasing charge upon the community, but the law permitted the children to attend only on 35 days in the quarterly term of eleven weeks, therefore they might pay truant half the time without the risk of punishment.

After years of persistent work Miss Clark aided by the State Childrens' Council instituted this reform and now all children above the age of seven are obliged by law to attend school on 48 days in each term unless a Doctor gives them a certificate of ill health.

When at last she retired she missed the work greatly and its varying interests. I took her seat and told her about the meetings and the work that was being done, but the evening of life was closing in, too soon to be followed by the darkness of night. Six \Five/ years later, on November 18th, 1911 the end came. It was the first hot day of Summer, towards evening her sister-in-law wheeled the invalid into the garden, she soon noticed Miss

[page 181]

Clark was strangely quiet, [*in pencil*] \the end had come/ she had fallen into her last sleep among her flowers.

The Night is gone
And with the morn, those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.
John Henry Newman.

[page 182.]

APPENDIX

Printed form used by all the visitors in South Australia for the State Childrens' Department.

Report of Inspector or Visitor on

Recorded withof.....

Child's age and religion

Is the child kindly treated

(Please make the enquiry of the child apart from foster parent.)

Was the child clean?

Was the child healthy?

Was the child well clothed?

Was the child well behaved?

What sleeping accommodation had the child and did the visitor think it sufficient?

Were any, and what, complaints made to the visitor by or against the child?

Does the child regularly attend church?

“ Sunday school?

“ Day school?

Did the visitor examine

[page 183]

the child's outfit, and was it complete (see list) and in good condition?

Is there anything in this house which might be improved?

Is the child receiving training likely to fit him for useful work?

Remarks

Signature of visitor.

Out fit in a box	
supplied to each boy	for each girl.
2 pairs boots	2 pair boots
2 caps or hats	2 hats
2 suits of clothes	2 dresses
3 shirts	2 petticoats
2 nightshirses	2 flannel ditto
3 pairs socks	2 chemises
3 handkerchiefs	2 pair drawers
1 pair braces	2 flannel vests
Hairbrush small	2 aprons or pinafores'
and large comb	3 handkerchiefs

[page 184]

Outfit in a box continued.

supplied for each boy

for each girl

1 Bible or prayerbook

2 nightdresses

1 over coat

1 jacket or ulster

1 toothbrush

3 pair stockings

Hairbrush small and large comb

1 toothbrush

1 Bible or prayer book