

# **“Louisa Clifton Diaries”**

*“The Clifton Family”*

*Marshall Waller CLIFTON born 1787 Alverstoke Hampshire England*

*married 1811 Putney England*

*Elinor Katherine BELL born 1792 Wandsworth England*

*Children:*

*Francis Clifton born 1812*

*Waller Clifton born 1813*

**“Louisa Clifton born 1814”**

*William Pearce Clifton born 1816*

*Robert Williams Clifton born 1817*

*Joseph Bingham Clifton born 1819*

*Elinor Katherine Clifton born 1820*

*Mary Clifton born 1822*

*George Clifton born 1823*

*Gervase Clifton born 1825*

*Charles Hippuff Clifton born 1827*

*Lucy Clifton born 1829*

*Leonard Worsley Clifton born 1830*

*Rachel Catherine Clifton born 1833*

*Caroline Clifton born 1835*

Louisa Clifton was born in London in 1814 to Marshall Waller Clifton and his wife Elinor (Bell); she was the third of their fifteen children. Her father was descended from an aristocratic Nottingham family, and her mother Elinor was a Quaker. Louisa grew up in London, then Boulogne (France). In 1841 she travelled with her parents and several siblings to help found Australind, a new colony in the south-west corner of Western Australia. Marshall Waller Clifton was part of a company that had been formed in order to buy a tract of land on the West Australian coast subdivided into allotments, and establish a new town, of which he would be the Chief Commissioner. Louisa Clifton kept a diary (1840-41) in which she described the family's departure from Capecure, France, the voyage on the "Parkfield", and the settlement in Western Australia.



As Lucy Frost noted, 'to read the Australian section of the journal is to watch an orderly English gentlewoman learn to live with confusion.' Louisa Clifton also sketched and painted, and the few works of hers that survive are a valuable historical record of the early colonial settlement in Western Australia. Her sisters Mary and Elinor also painted, and their brother William was a photographer. On 1 June, 1842, Louisa Clifton married George Eliot, who was Government Resident for the district of Bunbury, where the couple then lived at Bury Hill. The Western Australian Company that Louisa's father was so heavily involved in ceased operations in 1843. Its assets were liquidated, and Australind became a ghost town. The Eliots moved to Geraldton in 1870, where George took up a post as Registered Magistrate. Louisa died there in 1880.

“Extract from the Australian Women's Register”

The following was retyped by the volunteers at Australind Family History Society from a copy of a typed manuscript by P. Henn in 1941, obtained from the National Library of Australia.

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*This is a Diary written by Louisa Clifton, eldest daughter of Marshall Waller Clifton, of Australind, Western Australia, and afterwards wife of George Eliot.*

*It is contained in one small exercise book, and a larger book and six loose pages.*

*It begins 19 April, 1840, at Capecure, France, which she left on 31 May, 1840, and continues in London from, 1 June to 1 August. The second book begins 14 November, 1840, at St. James St., London, and continues till 3 December, when the family embarked on the "Parkfield", sailing for Western Australia on 6 December, 1840.*

*They reached Leschenault Bay 18 March 1841, lived on the ship till 5 April, when they landed and lived in tents till 16 June, and after that in cottages on shore.*

*The Diary ends on 12 July, 1841.*

*There is a duplicate MS in a folio, of entries from 14 November, 1840 to 5 April, 1841. It is not a quite complete copy of all the entries. The last entry in it reads :*

*"left the Parkfield and with Mary came up to the wild spot called "Australind", which does not occur in the former MS."*

**Rue du Parc, Capecure, 19th April, 1840.**

We left our house at Capecure, which we had had for 5 years the 18th Feby. 1840, proceeded to Breeching's Hotel where we remained till the 31st March, when we entered our present abode, Rue du Parc, and are here most comfortably located. Our sojourn at the Hotel was a season of mixed feelings. We had much sickness there, and at times great annoyance about the Martins, and much torment and harass about Australia and many other subjects, and there were moments there in which I felt completely tempest-tossed, but on the other hand we were surrounded by many of nearly 7 months, the night after we came in here. We settled down to our various occupations directly after, with industry and satisfaction, forgetting as much as we could the sad break in our acquaintance with the Martins ..... After an interregnum in my journal writing for two or three years, and that during the most interesting portion of my life, in some particulars, I scarcely know how to recommence a diary, but I am led to do so by the reflection that if our destiny should be eventually to settle the other side of the world, it will be a sweet enjoyment to be able to recall with clearness the events and incidents of the time that remains to us in Europe. Dear Robert's position with regard to the Martins and Christina has given us much pain and worry; how it will end time must determine. The affairs of the Company must soon be fixed and then he will act. Notwithstanding the Major's ungenerous and unhandsome conduct, he is resolved on his part to continue the engagement; but what happiness can there be in a union where such angry feelings exist towards the members of a wife's family. My mind sadly misgives about it at times, although I love her and feel that she has many most engaging qualities. And now for another subject, one that has given me true sorrow. The long cherished hope I have for years indulged that dear Waller's faithful and affectionate constancy would ultimately meet with its reward in gaining the object of his affections has been suddenly annihilated. After 8 years of separation and silence he met her, renewed his acquaintance and his feelings: 1839 opened brightly for him, 1840 has seen the web of hope rent asunder. Mrs R. has been friendly; he has been at parties at her home, visited them at the Lakes. On their return to town some weeks since he again called, was invited to accept and did avail of her hospitality. All went on flourishingly. He sent an album containing some of his best productions with a note - it was prematurely and unwisely imagined - it was returned. Last Sunday was to decide his fate as he intended to ask an interview of Mrs R. and tell her all his sentiments. Yesterday I had a heart-broken note from him, entering into no details of what he did or what has passed but breaking to me, in the language of an aching heart that all hope is past, the dream of life is over and he is the victim of an undying but unfortunate affection. I felt most depressed and Pearce who sympathises deeply and feelingly. I dread the consequence of this blow on W's character. I cannot account for the present state of things and I am inclined to favour the hope that Providence will still work for him as it hitherto has done. There is a strange spell over the annals of our affections. All are crossed in them as if we were especially required to be broken off from worldly idols. Dearest Frank has been extremely ill of late, and we have been very unhappy about him. He went down to Brighton last Tuesday, 14th April, to recruit and then hope he will come over to us. I received last night an affectionate letter from Edward Bell written some time since.

**Monday, 20th April, 1840. Capecure.**

The weather lovely and brilliant; went out with Ellen at 11, in hopes of meeting with Christina so as to deliver a note from Bob to her. We strolled about for some time and then came home. A little before 1 we again started in order to meet them on their return from church. We espied the Major watching near the bridge, so we walked up and down the entrance of the pier, straining our eyes to catch a glimpse of C. but it was all in vain, and after an hour's waiting about we only saw Isabella and Emily Pilkington; so we bent our steps homeward. But an idea struck me that we might get the Pilk's servant Therese to give the note. Knowing they were all out I knocked at the door, told her what I wanted and obtained from her an assurance that she would deliver it safely and that the secret should

not be discovered. E was extremely tired before this, but success took away my fatigue and I returned quite brisk and light hearted. Ere this time she will have had the joy of reading a note from R.

**Thursday, 23rd April.**

Beading and accounts and studies occupied me all the morning. Went out at ½ past 1 with Mama and Papa. Just as we were turning on to the pier, we saw the children who were on the bridge running back with a gentleman whom I soon discovered to be dear Frank. We returned home as he was tired after his voyage and journey up from Brighton the day before. His thin and haggard (features) bespeak his late serious illness. and I despair of his getting better here as long as he will not treat himself as an invalid. The day was passed in conversation and music, and ended by applying the extraordinary new sort of horse-hair gloves which he brought with him. Just before dinner Papa came into the room with a letter which has just come by post for me. I am quite frightened, and more annoyed when I saw that it was from Edward Bell. It was sealed with black, and I was obliged to open it, but there was nothing in it but a request that I would write to him. I felt most awkward, all being present and wondering why he should write to me. My looks must have betrayed my embarrassment. I got out of it as well as I could, and nothing more has been said about it. I do not know what to do about writing to him: it was most foolish in me sending a message to him to beg he would to me. I cannot begin a correspondence even if I wished it, for I do not think it right.

**Sunday, 3rd May 1840.**

An exquisite day; writing letters. I am sorry to say in the afternoon dispatched at last my first letter to Edward Bell, a long but stupid one. I do not want to begin a correspondence with him, for I have neither nor do I think it quite suitable. A day of confusion rather .... Papa left us at 11 for London by the Emerald. Dear Frank decidedly improved.

**May 4th, Monday.**

Rose early and began painting; the morning and weather exquisite; became interested in it. It is most cheering to see dear Frank looking and appearing better; his spirits are more light and convalescence begins to appear. Ellen and I walked into town and were shopping about till dinner time; a very hot beautiful day. Mary Pilk. called in the morning and put a letter from C, into my hand, requesting solemn secrecy; it was most private. Immediately transcribed it and sent it by post to Robert in town: it gratified me much.

**May 5th, Tuesday.**

Painted and studied as usual. Enjoyed my occupation of painting. After dinner Frank and I strolled out over the hilly green knoll within our home view, along the top of the hills, commanding a sweet view of the sea, town and the pretty village of Capecure and the valley of the Leane; with the river full and glittering among the emerald meadows. Our walk was very pleasant and our conversation though fitful was never the less agreeable. How I enjoy these evening rambles, going just where fancy leads.

**May 6th, Wednesday. 1840 Rue du Parc.**

Painted before breakfast. After luncheon went on the fort with Mama. I sat on the bank and read Heber's Journal. Frank joined us. The day was sweet and the sea calm and lovely but it has lost all charm for me, there is no longer music in its waves nor witchery in its beaming face. Our letters this afternoon contained more decided reports of the Association from Papa that we have had at all. It is a (?grave) prospect indeed if all is likely to take place so soon as is now thought; this intelligence has cast a solemn gravity over my feelings, and I know not which way to think or turn. We passed nevertheless a pleasant evening; music.

**May 7th, Thursday.**

*I rose sobered by the feelings of the evening and night, but I am resolved to throw off melancholy musings as much as I can, for really they overwhelm me if I allow them place in my thoughts. Painted as usual, and that draws my thoughts off from triste subjects. After luncheon went into the town with Ellen. Frank read out loud to us "Keith on the Prophecies". Mama was not very well and retired earlier than usual. I called on the Pilks. while out today; while sitting there in walked Major Martin. The Pilks. were quite agitated and must have betrayed to him that they know of the quarrel. I and Ellen however bowed. The poor Pilks. were quite upset by this mal a propos rencontre.*

**Thursday, 14th May, Capecure 1840.**

*I must go back a few days. Dearest Priscy arrived here on Thursday, today, May 14th. She came alone. Frank and I walked down on the pier and watched the boat come in with the Bedingfelds. The sunset was most lovely. We returned; the boys went down to the post, and about ½ past 8 brought dear P. back. This was a true pleasure indeed and I anticipate her short and hurried visit; had a nice sea breeze.*

**Friday, 15th May 1840.**

*Papa returned from town via Dover in high spirits: everything prosperous beyond expectation. He had been down to Putnam met with kindness from all; arranged everything, and enabled him (wonderful to say) to accede to the desire of the Association that we should all go to England. He has taken a house and we are really going, on Tuesday or Wednesday next. How clear is the hand of Providence in all this. I can scarcely realise that our prospects are so really changed and that the intricacy of his affairs should be thus seen through and cleared away. When Heaven proposes and disposes how easily are the most difficult things accomplished: a day of great excitement, of course.*

**Saturday, 16<sup>th</sup> May, 1840.**

*Day of labour and excitement. Dearest P. accompanied us in our shopping and business: walked all day nearly, and diminished many pounds I am sure by excitement and bustle. Went out and paid our farewell visits everywhere. The Maingys on their way from Naples called; they spend tomorrow here. Heard of Mr Sep. Turner's death.*

**Sunday, 17th May.**

*A lovely day. Not much like Sunday. The Maingys came about ½ past 5, we having dined earlier, and remained the rest of the day. We were much pleased with them, particularly the children who are very pleasing. They start for England at 12 to-night. Felt worn by fatigue.*

**Monday, 18th May.**

*More full of occupation, packing and shopping, than can be described. Mama, unknown to Papa wrote to the Major to request an interview; (having written to Eleanor and she refusing to take leave by her father's order) he came: was polite and was pleased at the opportunity of explaining his conduct. All went off amicably. Papa wrote to him afterwards to withdraw his former violent letter. The quarrel was made up; he shook hands with the Major and was pleased to say his say out; this delighted us altogether... After dinner Ellen and I went and called on the Martins, met the Major and William, were thrown back by their conduct; proceeded however and saw Mr Coffin and the girls. The former behaved very unfeelingly, and I cannot bear him. Eleanor was quite overcome and dear Christina showed much feeling. The Major returned and was more polite: a painful meeting altogether. The little Thames yacht arrived from Sheerness. The Pilks. drank tea: not a pleasant evening.*

**Tuesday, 19th May 1840.**

*A memorable and never to be forgotten day. The whole Martin family called early to take leave. It was last night fixed that Frank, Pris. and I should remain to the end of the month to give dear Frank more time and sea air; this was a great relief and pleasant too. ? all the packing and sending off being completed, the Doctor came and took Mama and C down in his carriage. He was much affected and shed tears, as did many others. The children went in Jennequin's voiture, and we walked to this side of the harbour where the little yacht lay. The Martins, Pilks and many were there, Many sorrowful faces. Dear Christina and Eleanor were very triste. I went on board with Mama and Papa: a nice little vessel enough; the Doctor sat with us. After an hour or two delay we took leave. The Martins & C had left before; and we walked down to follow them out, but it blew hard, very cold and very rough. They did not leave the harbour till nearly two. We watched them out, petrified as we were. I was alarmed for them, the sea being so rough, but I felt the arm of Providence to be near. We returned worn and fatigued: dined at 4 and could we have forgotten the voyagers, should have been snug and pleasant at our early cosy tea and bright fire-side.*

**Wednesday, 20th May.**

*A very anxious day, the weather was so rough and boisterous; we were flat and bored; changed our room to Mama's and got very comfortably to rights.*

**Thursday, 21st May.**

*Again a very anxious day; blowing a gale of wind; went on the sea shore: cold and damp. Began a very interesting missionary book by the Revd. C. Stewart to the Sandwich Islands.*

**Saturday 23rd May.**

*Had the delight of hearing that the voyagers arrived after a most suffering voyage, at 24 James St., at 8 o'clock on Wednesday evening. We all felt completely happy after this and began thoroughly to enjoy ourselves. The gale today was heavy. Pris. had a face ache and did not go out. Frank and I went on the shore with Vic. and made her plunge through the foaming surf. The mist was thick and made the weather dull and disagreeable; played and amused ourselves delightfully.*

**Sunday, 24th May 1840.**

*A misty morning which we passed at home. After lunch Pris. and I took the only country walk we have had and truly enjoyed it; finding our way through Capecure, up the side of the hill, to Dr. Dunand's lane, and there we sat on a ledge cut in the bank and conversed most delightfully on the state of our religious feelings and views, and wandered home over the hills. I look back with great pleasure to that two hours sweet ramble. Read, dined early, and Pris. and I went to Mr Poulin's Chapel in the evening and were truly pleased; the being all French charmed me, and we returned delighted with all we had seen and heard.*

**Thursday, 28th May 1840.**

*Priscy was so poorly that we were obliged to put off going to the Pilks. Read, played &c instead. The last few days have passed most pleasantly. We are extremely interested in Mr Stewart's narrative of his mission to the Sandwich Islands: and our readings, conversations and occupations render our days very enjoyable and happily.*

**Friday, 29th May. Capecure.**

*Pris. could not accompany us to the Pilks. so Frank and I drank tea with them and met Miss Bedingfeld and her brother; a pretty tolerable evening. I should much have preferred spending the hours with Pris. whose society I have so much enjoyed.*

**Saturday, 30th May, 1840. Capecure.**

*A day of extreme fatigue and labour, packing up for Australia &c and I was too much knocked up. Priscy could not walk out with me, which was very disappointing, and I was*

obliged to walk about the town by myself. I went yesterday with Mary Pilk. and called upon Mr Poulin. It was at a very early hour and we therefore found him in his "sweeping" robe de chambre, but he is an excellent and pleasing young man. Had an agreeable chat with Mary. After her I called on Mrs Dwyer and heard her play some sweet German airs. We are so sorry our time is so fast waning, though dear Frank seems to long for London, but Pris. and I are so happy in the enjoyment of each other's society, and the quiet and independence is so pleasant that we do not like the idea of breaking up. I forgot to mention that William, Isabella, Cecile and dear Christina called yesterday, or today, to take leave; they were kind and some very affectionate. Eleanor and Christina are coming tomorrow.

**Sunday, 31st May, 1840, Capecure.**

The last day of our residence in France. A lovely summer day. Pris. and I went to Mr Poulin's Chapel and afterwards called on Mrs Allatt whom we found in her bedroom, looking most delicate. We returned, and about 2 Eleanor and Christina came. We were left alone and I had a very satisfactory conversation with Eleanor upon the past, and our feelings towards her. She opened the subject and all was explained. Dr. Allatt came in in the middle; the girls left and I walked with them as far as the Pilks. where they called, while I walked about and waited for them, joining them and walking about with them and they accompanying me home. We parted the best of friends, and I feel a real weight off my mind for I have been pleased with Eleanor. Now all uneasy and annoyed feelings are altogether cleared away. The worthy washerwoman walked all the way from Lancer to say adieu and would even stay to accompany us down to the steamer. At ½ past 11 Pris. and I left our short-lived but agreeable home and proceeded with our train of attendants to the Pilks where we remained some little time and saw Eleanor again. The night was lovely and we walked on the Bureau where Frank and our kind friend Dr. Allatt joined us, and we got on board soon after, the Doctor coming down to take leave. Pris. was so tired, she went into her berth immediately while I remained on deck to watch Boulogne out of sight; and what a crowd of recollections forced themselves upon my mind as we left the harbour and the fading coast of La belle France receded from my gaze. Strange and conflicting thoughts rushed through my mind, and I felt a thankfulness I cannot describe for all the past great mercies granted us, and an ardent desire that my life henceforth might be more devoted to the service of Him whose I felt peculiarly we are and whose I desire to be in the fullest sense. The night was rather damp and dark and I very soon retired to my cell, and being very tired quickly lost myself in sleep.

**Monday 1st June 1840 on board the Emerald.**

The morning was most lovely. Pris. and I were amused by all we saw. Got up comfortably, breakfasted by ½ past 7, sat on deck and enjoyed the lovely weather and the sweet view of the banks of the river. Arrived at the Tower a little past 11; were met by Pearce and Bob. Frank remained to clear the luggage while Bob, Prisc. and I took steamer to Hungerford. Found the heat more scorching than I ever felt it; walked through the market, stepped into a coach and drove quickly to James St. after a prosperous and very pleasant voyage. Found dear Mama looking but poorly; delighted with the house; began unpacking as soon as the things came, when Elizabeth and Mrs Drake called and stayed some time. They went away, returned and took dear Priscy back, much to my regret. I parted with her with the greatest unwillingness. The girls went to a party at the Bedfords. Mr Giffard came in in the evening.

**Thursday, 4th June.**

The intermediate time has been passed in an unsettled way; having no room of my own. We have seen several visitors, Mr Woolley, Mr Barrow, Mr Giffard &c. Mama, I and the little girls went down to Wandsworth, intending to go to meeting, but the delay in getting a fly caused us to get to Wandle House too late. Aunts Lucy and Cathe having gone. We really enjoyed the drive, the day being very fine. Found dear P. looking pale and poorly. Enjoyed a morning with them, walked about the garden which, with the country, is delightful, and



started (leaving the girls and taking the boys) at ½ past 3. I could fain have remained all day there. Called on Mrs Drake; she was out. Called on Mrs Bingham and saw her.

**Sunday 7th June, London 1840.**

A lovely day but a wretched one to me. Mama went to meeting; we to Duke St. Chapel. Met the Bedfords. Disappointed with them. John Barrow called, Edward Bell and Horace, looking very well, The Parrs called. I was suffering with so bad a headache, I could not go out. Left Edward to E. He dined with us, and walked with E. and M. in Hyde Park. Frank and Mr E.W. Wakefield came in to tea, and all my brothers. I went early to rest, being very poorly. Edward, I am happy to see, is quite indifferent now.

**Monday, 8th June, London 1840.**

A lovely day. I was very poorly; a stupid day. Mr Barrow, Mr Wooley dined with us and all the Ebury St. party, and Louisa and Janey Parr came in the evening. A stupid day rather, or I suppose I felt stupid. Mr Giffard is most engaging and Mr Barrow most gentlemanly, but shy, particularly with ladies. I sat next to Mr Wooley which I did not wish.

**Tuesday 9th June 1840.**

A truly lovely day. E., M., I and Charlie went out directly after breakfast as far as the Horse Guards to hear the band expecting to meet Waller by appointment. Did not find him, nor heard of him through Mr Wolley whom we met. Followed the soldiers up to St. James Palace and stood in the court enjoying the beautiful music of the band. On our return found Waller here quite disappointed at our being out, having intended to take me a trip on the Southampton railroad, having made a holiday. After some deliberation it was agreed that he should go have for a few hours and then return to walk or read, but saw no more of him for the rest of the day. Bob spent part the afternoon which we passed together in the study, chatting &c. Papa and I called on the Bedfords, saw the renowned Mrs Hore in whom I could not discover so much beauty as melancholy. Pearce and Bob passed part of the evening with us; dear Frank in much better spirits. He and Papa went into the City after dinner to see Mr Goss, whom they found out. Dr. Carpenter called, and Mama fully consulted him.

**Wednesday 10th June 1840. James St.**

A most lovely day. Studied with the boys in the morning; after luncheon prepared to take a walk with Bob, when Aunt Lucy and Pris. to our astonishment arrived to pass an hour here previous to going to the Drakes. They left us at 5, and we met again at 6, for Papa, Mama, Robert and I dined at the Drakes. Horace, Mr Davids, Mr R. Ashton and Mr Dighton were the only strangers. I was taken into dinner by Mr Davids, and had a very pleasant conversational opportunity. Dr. Dighton came in after we had sat down and took place by me, and I was amused by him. He was so disappointed at not being near Aunt Lucy. Mary was looking very well and was extremely agreeable. Horace and she played a duet. We broke up early which we regretted, the party being very sociable and chatty.

On our return from the Drake's we found all here in great excitement, the Queen having most narrowly escaped assassination by the hand of a young man who, as she drove up Constitution Hill in her open phaeton with Prince Albert, fired a pistol at her, which missing, he discharged another which passed very near and lodged in the wall of the Palace garden. She behaved most courageously, immediately gave orders to proceed and went to the house of her mother to inform her of it. She was enthusiastically cheered by the populace and crowds of gentlemen on horseback and carriages &c accompanied her on her road to the Palace.

**Thursday 11th June 1840. James St.**

Had meeting, which I now doubly prize since I am separated from dearest Mama on Sunday mornings. Walked with Papa and Ellen up Constitution Hill. A lovely afternoon. A

passing shower sent us in however speedily. Mr Gibbon Wakefield dined with us, and dear Pris. and Susan, who came up in the afternoon. went out shopping and returned to dinner. We had a pleasant day, notwithstanding I did not feel very well. We conversed a great deal on the subject of animal magnetism, and in the evening saw it displayed. Frank and Charlie came under Mr Wakefield's extraordinary magnetic power. Charlie was completely stupefied and as suddenly roused by Mr W's method. Susan was quite frightened and would not see it. They left early, dear Pris. looking a little better. I was disappointed at her not remaining. Mr Wakefield is decidedly very agreeable, but there is a wickedness about his eye and the expression of his face which almost alarms me.

#### **Friday 12th June 1840.**

Ger. poorly; did not study; worked in the morning; walked after dinner with Ellen, Frank and Charlie having given us the go by. We strolled in the Park and watched the crowd of nobility and commons going to present an address to the Queen on her late escape. The scene was gay. Walked and shopped a little on our side of the Town. Wrote in the afternoon to Miss Pil, Mr Davids, Horace and Col. Lautour dined with us. Ellen of course in full force. Waller and Frank Bell came in the evening. Mr Davids very talkative, and I must say agreeable, though I do not admire him in the way Ellen does. Horace appears to me subdued; Waller is sadly out of spirit, worn and poorly; he proposes going out of town for some days, which will I trust be serviceable. I feel depressed about him, for I so well can understand all his feelings at the present moment. Today all has been settled about the Company. I do not allow myself to think or speak of it, or rather I cannot; but an indescribable sadness comes over my mind at times; it is the shadow of the future coming before to cloud my thoughts and feelings. Had a note from Mary Pilk. in which she scarcely mentions the Martins which I think is in considerate.

#### **Saturday 13th June 1840.**

An exquisite day. Dr. Carpenter came in the morning and I consulted him. Aunt Lucy came up and lunched with us, leaving Aunt Catherine at Ebury St. whither Mama joined her by our fly and spent the whole afternoon till ½ past 7 with her. Papa took Ellen, Mary and myself at ½ past 2 to the Horticultural Fete. The afternoon was most exquisite. We got into the gardens without difficulty and walked about till ½ past 6. 13000 of the elite of London and country were there and a gayer and more beautiful scene I never saw. The flowers were lovely and we enjoyed ourselves very much, though we were so unfortunate as to be with Priscy but for one moment and did not see her again; the same with Catherine Turner, and we returned without difficulty by ½ past 7 after a most pleasant expedition. Mr Wakefield came into tea.

#### **Sunday 14th June.**

Felt very poorly; went to Church. Uncle Jonathan and Edward Bell came before church and accompanied us thither. Afterwards walked towards the Palace to see the Queen. Robert joined us. I did not wait; returned home with him. Mr Wakefield dined with us and my brothers came in the evening.

#### **Monday 15th June 1840, James St.**

Was poorly and did not study. Priscy did not come as I expected. Mama, Ellen and I went out in a fly and paid visits, to Lady Burnet, the Hays, Molles, Lautours, Davies &c. Found most of them at home. An exquisite day. Dr. Carpenter came in the evening and Edward. Was poorly and not up to conversation or anything.

#### **Tuesday 16th June.**

Priscy came up in the morning to stay a day or two. The Molles came by appointment at 3 to pass an hour or two here which they did while Mr Brown took Mama a drive. The weather was as lovely as usual.

**Monday 22nd June 1840. James St.**

Dearest Pris. has been staying with us from Tuesday till today. She has been very poorly for a day or two but has notwithstanding enjoyed herself and I have truly enjoyed her. She determined to leave us by the 12 o'clock omnibus; so I and Gervase accompanied her to Sloan Square, from thence Ger and I walked home. Elizabeth came up in the chair, and took Carry and Cameron down. Read out loud the trial of Courvoisier in the evening, Aunt Kate arrived at 9 from Liverpool.

**Tuesday 23rd June.**

Was not very well, dull; felt genee by having no room to myself. A busy day preparing for the evening. Papa, Frank, Ellen, I, Ger and Charles went to the Neilson's dance and passed an agreeable (evening). Catherine Turner was there and I found pleasure in her society and was with her a good deal. Danced &c till 1 and got back a little after two. Dr. Carpenter spent the evening here; came before we started.

**Wednesday 24th June 1840. James St.**

This long anticipated haymaking day came in we thought and feared gloomily and unfortunately too, for the Wandsworth omnibus which was to have come at ½ past 10 did not arrive till ½ past 11 or later. In the meantime Bob went to fetch another and the loss of time in finding him, then the boys who sought him, made us still later. Edward Bell came at breakfast and Dr. Carpenter soon after. At last we all got off, leaving Frank and Aunt Kate to join us later. We had a very nice drive down; the weather fine, but the wind rather cold. Priscy was a little better, but unequal for the day. Frank Bell soon arrived. Miss Phillips and Miss Bevan, then Uncle Dan, Susan, Elinor, the Mackies, Waller about 5 and the 4 Parrs. At ½ past 2 we had an elegant dejeuner. Pris, I, Frank Bell went in after all had left. We had passed some hours sitting on the hay and enjoyed ourselves. Mama, Papa, Aunt Kate, Dr. Carpenter at different times; saw Aunt Cath. at the Mackies; she was delighted with the doctor who made himself very agreeable to everybody, but particularly chatty to Fanny Bell, who was most agreeable. The day was altogether delightful. I so enjoyed Elinor's society, in fact everybody's except Edward Bell's, and he behaved so personally rude to me that I intend henceforth to treat him with utter indifference. Ellen and he flirted all day sans cesse. She scarcely spoke to one other individual but was all smiles and fascination to him to the utter exclusion of poor dear Frank, who was completely wretched by Edward's unfair and unbrotherly determination to cut him out and triumph over him. I took him aside and talked to him upon it, and we agreed as to Edward's and Ellen's imprudent conduct. I was astonished at his treatment of me and surprised also that one sister could allow another to be cut out by an old friend. However, I was utterly indifferent as far as jealousy went, but did certainly feel pained by his extreme rudeness to me all day, scarcely speaking a word, avoiding me in every way, and treating me with more personal rudeness than ever gentleman showed me before. Dinner at 6. Pris., I, Dr. Carpenter and Fanny stayed the last in the hayfield. In the evening after tea we had music and fire-balloons sent off. All walked in the garden a short time. Waller came down; Pearce the only absent one. I had hoped to stay the night, but it would not do. Brought back Lucy and Rachel. My spirits completely forsook me before the evening was out, and when the paintings by George were brought in, I felt altogether unstrung, as was dearest P. Mrs Paris fetched the girls; the omnibus conveyed all our party home; an immense one it was; we were all thoroughly tired. I made a point of not speaking to him, and scarcely shook hands when he left. I long for him to come again that I may show him what I feel. I will note what I think that I may remember it. In three months he will detest me. Dr. Carpenter extremely enjoyed himself.

**25th June 1840.**

Felt extremely fatigued after our two days' fatigue. Dr. Carpenter called in the morning to enquire for us all. He spoke in the highest terms of Aunt's sweetness &c, and seemed

pleased extremely with them all. In the afternoon Mama, Aunt Kate, Ellen and I went in the fly and called at Mrs Bingham's, the Rivay's and Mrs Graham. Dear Rachel was so low spirited, I devoted much of my time to her; took her and Lucy into the Park and down Pimlico and was amused by them much. Aunt Elizth went this morning to Bromley to Mr Stranger. I wrote a long letter to Prisc. for my mind was full of yesterday and Edward. Whitney left us yesterday and Whiting came today.

### **26th June, Friday.**

Both the girls were very ill, having taken cold on Wednesday. Ellen did not get up and Mary went to bed. Dr. Carpenter spent the evening here. Mama took Papa and me to the Burnett's in her fly. I felt rather nervous when we entered the drawing room, already many strangers in it. We sat down 18 to dinner. I was engaged in conversation with an old gentleman on my left and Maria Burnett on my right hand incessantly; it was an elegant and agreeable dinner. Afterwards the Molles came and many young men and 2 or 3 ladies. Singing followed and then dancing. I danced with one most agreeable young man, a Mr Rogers; we became quite sociable and I was much pleased with him; we danced twice and talked a great deal also. A Mr Secker not a very young man was also very agreeable: in fact I enjoyed the evening much and we did not leave till 1 o'clock.

### **Saturday 27th June 1840.**

Felt completely tired out, but the girls being still very poorly the arrangements for the day devolved on me. Mary Drake called at ½ past 5. All 3 Aunts and Fanny Bell arrived. Mr Wakefield in little appendage and all my brothers but Pearce who would not dine. An immense party, but it went off well. The evening was passed in magnetism. Worsley was completely stupefied. The Bells did not come and we had no music; enjoyed the evening pretty well. There was no reason for my not being extremely bright except fatigue. They left at 11. I am glad this very bustling week is over.

### **Sunday 28th June. James St.**

Aunt Kate, Frank and all went to church but the girls, I with F. the little girls sat with Miss Bedford in the gallery. A lovely day. Read in the afternoon, partly out loud partly by myself. Dr. Carpenter called and John Barrow p.p.c. He goes on the Continent on Thursday. Accompanied Aunt Kate to Eaton Chapel after dinner; was not pleased; found Edward and Frank here on our return to tea and shook hands of course with E. and never addressed him all the evening; very different to Frank. The whole evening was passed in religious arguments which were calm and therefore not disagreeable. Talked with Aunt Kate very late in bed. I wonder what Edward feels.

### **Tuesday 30th June 1840.**

Mama and I and Ellen and Aunt Kate after long waiting and expecting to be altogether disappointed by the delay of the fly, left for the city a little before 10. It began to rain and so changed my plans. We put Aunt Kate down at Petermaster Row and then proceeded to the Quarterly Meeting. We were rather late but got seats without difficulty. It was a day, a most interesting and delightful meeting. The spirit and love of Christ truly appeared to reign through the whole assembly. It was a season of sweet instruction and rest and one I prized much. How increasingly and experimentally do I feel that it is amongst friends that true spirituality is more felt and known than anywhere else. It is impossible to doubt this meeting being owned by the great head of the church, and I feel while sitting amongst them to be among a company of saints, with those who are living in accordance with the dictates of the blessed spirit....Mama was too tired to attend the 2nd meeting so we went shopping, Ellen and I ran to Birchin Lane for a moment, We only saw Edward an instant, who looked extremely surprised to see us. We got home about 2. Aunt Kate went down to the Lockers at Greenwich. Ellen slept with me; we went to bed very early for I was very much knocked up. Dear Pearce poorly.

**Wednesday 1st July. James St.**

*I was very poorly. Dr. Carpenter came early kindly to teach the boys; he breakfasted with us, but I felt too unwell to hear him read French, the equivalent for his studying with the boys. I heard the boys' lessons. Before lunch Mrs Henry Smith and her husband, Harriette and Christine Molle called; a stupid visit, I do not like any of the set particularly. Aunt Lucy came in as soon as they left with Carry; Aunt Catharine being with Mary Drake. She went out with us for our drive. All the Rivays came as we were going off, but I feeling poorly determined still to go. The little children unfortunately all went to the Bedfords....Edward and Frank came in the evening.*

**Sunday 5th July 1840.**

*Aunt Kate and one of the boys went to Mr Sabine's church, while we heard Mr Barlow, whose sermon I entirely disapproved of. I returned and lay down on the bed being poorly with a severe headache until sent for to see the Parrs for whom I very unwillingly got up and went down. Dr. Carpenter called; in the course of conversation allusion was made to the meeting at Gracechurch St. this evening called by Mr Mageddis. Dr. Carpenter said he should like to go never having entered a friends' meeting. Frank joined in the wish, and so it was fixed that a fly laden with as many as could be should set out directly after dinner. Our hour was changed and dinner hurried through. Aunt Kate on her return from afternoon church was surprised to find us at dinner. Mama, Dr. C., Frank, Ellen, I and Charles were the party; we were rather late, but had a most interesting and delightful meeting; got back about 9. All the boys were there. I was so poorly I was obliged to go to bed directly after tea; the evening was passed in very agreeable conversation, excepting occasional jarring chords; but that must always be amongst us.*

**Monday 6th July.**

*Ellen and I called on the Burnetts. Aunts Lucy and Cathe came up for an hour; brought Cameron back. Pearce was with us all the afternoon, being still poorly. Parker dined unexpectedly with us; it turned out so pouring an evening that we had almost given up going to the Parrs; but after many doubts and changes of mind a little before 9 we resolved to go. Aunt Ellen, I and Charlie went. They (the P's) had given us up. I at last met Tom whom I had not seen for many years. I think him much more agreeable than I had expected. Papa and Edward who came just as we started, came up late to fetch us and the Dr. came in too. We had a pleasant evening, considering all things, and got back long after 12. Edward accompanied us en voiture.*

**Tuesday 7th July.**

*Some of the party walked to Leicester Sq.; Mary and I, being tired, came back after walking through the Park. Wrote to Mary Pilk and Prisc. Waller spent part of the afternoon here, reading aloud to Mama. Mr Knight and Mr Smith and Col. Lautour dined here. Mr Groom was ill and could not come. I had a stupid day but it went off better than usual. None of the parties were agreeable to my taste.*

**Wednesday 8th July.**

*Went out with Mama; left her at Mr Davis' while Aunt Kate, Ell. and the two children went to the Pantheon. I was much pleased with the collection of paintings there are there; but we did not stay long enough to examine them as I could have wished. Westall's pictures particularly pleased me. We took Aunt Kate up to the Adult Orphan Asylum in the Regent's Park and were overtaken by an immensely violent shower of rain. Called for Mama and Papa and then for Aunt and returned. Pearce dined with us. Frank and Edward came in in the evening; arguments on the catholic religion again, but I do not enter into them for I do not feel free to express all my opinions, and those that are broached are sometimes so untenable I might almost say unreasonable....*

**Thursday 9th July 1840.**

Having passed a very wretched night I was too poorly to get up. I did not therefore rise till late in the afternoon. Amy Latour came at 1 to pass the day here. Mama and some of the party went to sit in Mr Davis' while Amy and Mary went in the Park. Edward dined here. Waller, Frank and Pearce started at 12 by railroad for the country where, they had not decided on: the day was fair for them. Robert still at Wandsworth. I felt too poorly to make any effort to amuse Amy. In the evening I felt a little more bright; she went directly after tea, apparently cheered by her day. Edward was amused by my large old journals which I had unfastened, and wanted me very much to let him read them: he was more himself than I have seen him for some time.

**Friday 10th July.**

Soon after 11 Mama, Aunt Kate and the girls started for Clapton Newington Newgate to see Mrs Fry. I being very poorly remained at home reading Herschel's Lecture on Physical Science. Enjoyed the day in some respects, the quiet being acceptable. Aunt Kate was left at Clapton. Frank arrived from Weybridge taking us completely by surprise; one of his objects was to take me down, and so being very anxious to accept Aunt's invitation to stay a day or two at Wandle House, we arranged our plans for the next morning. I feel that change of air will be beneficial to me, for not only am I not well, but I have been in wretched spirits of late, and it is only excitement that keeps me up.

**Saturday 11th July 1840.**

A beautiful morning. Frank and I started a little after 10 for the railroad station, and proceeded by the 11 o'clock train to Weybridge, 18 miles from London. I was delighted with the rapid and even travelling and had no sensation of fear. We reached Weybridge in an hour and went up to the strange red-brick inn, situated on a very pretty common, through which the railroad runs. The sitting room being high up, the singularly constructed square tower commands a sweet view from each of the three windows. Pearce and Waller were out, and so after arranging ourselves a little Frank and I strolled into the country and rambled through.

**Sunday 12th July 1840.**

Papa and Worsley came down while we were at breakfast; they and the boys all went out for a walk while I remained at home, and after an hour's quiet strolled out by myself into the pretty little village of Weybridge. I really enjoyed a country solitary stroll. The morning was lovely and there was a summer breathing influence all around, though not very warm. The 1 o'clock train did not come up till ½ past two so that we were long detained at the station. Frank and I stopped at Wandsworth, proceeded to Wandle House and remained there.

**Monday July 13th 1840.**

Priscy went up with the Skinner's barge expedition. I called on Elinor and Mrs Michael and spent an hour with them. Elizth and I drove up here to dinner to meet Dr. Allatt who dined here; directly after dinner we drove down.

**Tuesday July 14th.**

A lovely morning, I do not know when I have so much enjoyed a stroll as that which Pris and I took on the Common and in the garden for some hours this morning. I felt the delightful influence of summer upon my senses and feelings, sensations I have not experienced for a long time, and I was truly sorry to postpone my visit here, but thought it best for Eliz. to pay her promised visit with us. Mrs Stanger kindly brought us up, and E. went with her to the Exhibition. I found no one at home. Dr. Carpenter came and I had a tete a tete with him. Michael Turner called.

**Thursday July 16th 1840.**

Mr Hutt, Sir James Stirling, W. Stirling, Edward Wakefield, Capt.. Fitzroy and my brothers dined here. The day went off very well; all delightful people. I sat between Sir James and his nephew; the latter of whom is just going to our settlement and has promised to present me with a watermelon on landing there.

**Monday 20th July.**

Aunt Kate returned from Clapton. Elizth. went up into the girls' room. Frank went down to Wandle House.

**Tuesday 21st July.**

Aunt May arrived from Reading. Mama fetched her at 1 from the railroad station. They called on Aunt Joe who is better. Mama very poorly unable to get up, with swelled face. Aunt Lucy brought E. up and spent an hour or two. A day of exertion and bustle.

**Thursday 23rd July.**

Mama very poorly and confined to her bed. Mr and Mrs Wickey (?) Mr Briggs, Col. Lautour dined here. Frank and Edward in the evening. Went off pretty well. Mary Drake who was confined on Sunday evening, is very ill. Dr. Allatt could not leave her to dine here. Eliz. went there directly after dinner and brought a very poor account of her. After the party went, we went to music, and Edward was well paid off for all his delinquencies of late.

**Friday 24th July.**

Dear Mama still in bed; a day of wonderful bustle and business to me in the morning. Mr Bedford and Miss Hore called and stayed an age. Mrs Fry came while they were here. She took lunch with us and was very pleasant. That amiable creature. Dr. Carpenter came here 5 times this day about taking us to the German Opera, and after a great deal of difficulty obtained places for Frank, Ellen and myself. Willie dined here and some of the boys. We left in the middle of dinner and got back after 12. I was charmed with the Opera - *Der Freischutz* - and followed every word of the German in the book. There is a richness of expression and perfection of harmony to be found nowhere but in German music and German singers, and I returned from this entertainment more than ever enamoured of all that is German. Found Edward here on our return; Dr. Carpenter joined us again and supped with us. All the Rivays had come in to tea, and such an evening of bustle seldom happens; 22 drinking tea here.

**Saturday 25th July 1840.**

Frederic Bell called and told me that he had sent Woman's Mission on the part of Anna and that Priscy was in the joke. We laughed over the mysterious curiosity that had been excited about it. Dear Mama much better and downstairs. Parker called and Dr. Car. who accompanied E. and us and Edward (who passed most of the day with us) to see the Queen's stud, and we were very much interested in the sight. We saw nearly 200 horses and ponies, and carriages &c without number. Dear Elinor Turner came up and spent the day here, and she accompanied us also. On our return Frank, Elinor, May and I walked to Cockspur St. to see the water colour exhibition, but not finding it we adjourned to Farience's for ices; returned to dinner and Edward dined with us. We had a most amusing evening, for Dr. Carpenter came in and brought a little fortune telling book, from which he told some of our fates. We all sat round the second drawing table, while the elders surrounded the great one. Edward's and mine were wonderfully suitable, and caused us much merriment; in fact Pearce and then Frank Bell and Bob with us laughed till 12 o'clock. Frank took Elinor down by the last omnibus.

**Sunday 26th July.**

Aunts went to Mr Sherman's chapel. I being poorly with cold remained at home, and the girls, and sat with Mama. E. and I lay on the bed till dinner. Aunts went to evening church and we had a little reading out loud: a pleasant evening.

**Monday 27th July.**

A bustling morning. We left in a fly a little after 12 and proceeded to Mrs James Clifton where I saw Aunt Betsy; left E. and Ellen in the fly. We then drove to the railroad station, put Aunt May onto the Reading train and saw her off. E. and I got out at Swan and Edgar's, and stopped till 5. Walked home. Dan Hankin was to have dined here; he did not come. Dr. Allatt, Edward and Col. Lautour however did. Directly after dinner all we ladies and Edward walked up to Madame Tussaud's. The evening was lovely but the walk very long; we were rewarded by seeing the exhibition to great advantage - by brilliant gas light - music played all the time; but the crowd and heat were intense. We remained till 10, and Aunts and I returned per fly while the others walked. Eliz. was tired out, for she had walked in the morning to Mr Drake's, who, I am happy to say, is out of danger. Yesterday she was not the least expected to survive. Found the gentlemen still here on our return.

**Tuesday 28th July.**

Aunt Kate went down to Wandsworth in the morning. Mama and all set out in the fly after lunch. She and I called on Mrs Hudson Gurney; a most wretched visit for me who was left un-introduced to some ladies who were in the drawing room, while Mama and she went into another room. We all then proceeded to Sir John Soane's Museum, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where we met Carp. Having detained him an hour, we were charmed with the splendid works of art and antiquities we saw there. The girls, I and Charles walked part of the way back; a sultry grey afternoon. Found E. still here, she had returned with Mama, but not being sent for, she dined with us and went down by the last omnibus. Dear Frank left us this morning to accompany the Wisbeys (?) for 2 or 3 weeks to Spa. They go down to Herne Bay today; from thence to Dover, to Ostend and Spa. Soon after Eliz. went we had a strange visit from Dr. Elliotson who came expecting to find Edward Wakefield, Frank Bell and E. by Ed. Wakefield's appointment. We knew nothing about it. He did not know how to behave; would not sit down and went. He is the most disagreeable ungentle-manly man I ever saw and makes me dislike magnetism more than ever. Dr. Carp. and Frank Bell came in for half an hour. Dear Pearce dined here and Bob came in; retired early and I thoroughly enjoyed having my room to myself again.

**Wednesday 29th July 1840.**

A day of active occupation. Breakfasted at 8. Pearce joined us; he and Papa went down to Putney on business; an exquisite summer day. I sighed to be in the country. Mama and the party went out; Mary and I remained at home, and after all my business was finished I lay down and read a most interesting paper in a quarterly review on the "Red Indians", a critique on Mr Catlin's delightful and interesting exhibition. Aunts Lucy and Eliz. called for a minute. They had been to Mary Drake's and found her worse so that there is no hope for her life. This throws a sad gloom around. Pearce and Bob dined here. Played a little after dinner. My mind much engaged with the Martins and scenes left behind.

**Thursday 30th July.**

Again an active day, though I did not feel in the same force I did yesterday. Matilda came in for a moment; left Frank and Johnnie to pass the day here. After lunch Mama and we went to the Soho Bazaar, to Swan and Edgar's and then to poor dear Mary Drake, where I was truly affected by the sad and hopeless account we obtained from the servant. Dr. Allatt and Mr Drake were with her and we did not of course see them. They had moved her on to the sofa for a change, but to no avail for her breathing was short and life fast ebbing away, I know not any event that has come before my knowledge so deeply touching as this and I felt overcome and weighed down by the solemn conviction that she cannot



recover. The baby is well. We received a note from the doctor in the evening to say that she was much worse and that he had lost all hope of saving her. A Mr Crawford the engineer probably going with us dined here, as did my three brothers. I felt too flat depressed to be able to make any effort and therefore conversed but little with him and was very glad when he went. I do not much like him

**Friday 31st July 1840.**

A day of real unfeigned sorrow and melancholy. we went at 11 o'clock in the fly to enquire after dear Mary Drake, but found to our distress the house closely shut up. She had breathed her last at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 6 the evening before, calmly and peacefully. Dr. Allatt was almost frantic. Mr Drake's feelings - what can they be? We of course only saw the servant. I cannot describe how deeply I am affected by this sad and mournful event. The commemoration of her wedding day was by her departure from this world. I trust to a happier and a better one. We were obliged to go shopping, a painful task with such oppressed feelings, and did not get home till three. Mrs Gurney called. I did not see her. Mrs Fry, Aunt Lucy and Aunt Kate and the boys dined here. We were all in very low spirits and I was beyond even the power of making an effort. Aunt Kate slept here. Dr. Carpenter came in the evening. Mama returned to Wandsworth with Aunt Lucy to spend a day or two.

**Saturday 1st Aug.**

A lovely day. We were engaged from breakfast till dinnertime cutting out and marking. Papa and we 3 dined alone; afterwards went into the park. Dr. Carpenter and Edward came and spent the evening. I was tired and dull and worn out in mind and body. Pearce and Bob went down to Stanstead.

**Sunday 2nd Aug.**

(no entry)

**Here ends the first notebook: begun 19th April 1840.**

**Diary of Louisa Clifton, afterwards Mrs George Eliot.**

**Saturday 14th November 1840. James Street.**

It is all over and Frank is married. I can scarcely as I write believe that I am not dreaming rather than detailing events of reality. A morning, all brightness and sunshine after the dismal pouring day of yesterday, harmonized with the joyousness of his features on this memorable day. Dearest Aunts, Willie, Dr. C., Frank, and Edward Martin of course, were all beyond our own large circle. The ceremony was performed at St. George's, Hanover Square, in the church, not in the little snug corner of it in which we assembled on the 20th Oct. nor was it performed by the same clergyman. Dearest Frank was very nervous but quite calm, and Eleanor composed and unmoved. I never can forget the mingled feelings of that morning; joy at seeing him united to one whom he considers so well calculated to make him happy; remembrances of another whose mournful spirit haunted me, bringing sorrow; dear Waller's countenance expressive of all those feelings which I saw and knew to be passing in his mind; our own approaching departure from them all. I cannot go on, for I never wish to recall the feelings of that day, the happiest, in one sense, the most miserable of my life in others. The vestry room after the service presented an interesting scene indeed and one which I am sure struck the clergyman. Dear Eleanor looked most lovely and as a pair they could scarcely be matched. Rob. and his bride who but three weeks before pledged their vows at the same altar, and the rest of the family circle, forming not an uninteresting or commonplace group. Though joy was felt by all and affectionate feelings called forth, there hung a breathless silence over all; none could speak, or if they did, without a tear, We returned to a quiet breakfast, soon after which Eleanor completed her packing which had

been very hurried, and about 2 they left for Hastings in the same carriage in which R & C had taken their journey. We soon after started for Richmond to see Aunt Kate, in two carriages. Mama, dearest Aunt Lucy and Priscy and myself in one; the girls, Cecile, Christina and Willie in the other. Dearest E went down to Wandle House with the children. We first called on Mary Ann who was very pleasing and affectionate, and on taking leave of her proceeded to Hope House where we passed an hour. A cloud of such indescribable weight came over me that I could not utter one word. I knew it would be the last time we should see Aunt Kate and I shrank from parting. I feel as if the partings we have to go through would kill me. Now has ended all excitement; from this day preparations for our coming departure alone must occupy my time; this, and a crowd of other thoughts almost overpowered me and a breath would have been too much for me to withstand was the sensation all this day. I accompanied dearest Aunts to Wandle House. the rest of the party returning to dinner at James St.

It was quite dark before either party arrived at their destination. We went the upper Putney Road and passed by the field by Mr Fletcher's corner and as I looked at it for the last time remembrances of earliest childhood returned with vividness to my recollection, when Waller and I as little children played upon that bank under the shade of those fir trees, gathering violets, the scent of which and the ecstasy with which we, then friends and playfellows loitered among those sweet wild flowers which grew in profusion there; how little did we imagine with what tone of feeling and under what circumstances should we recall the memory of those joyous hours in silence and tears. Edward and Frank and Henry passed the evening at James St. I, charmed to be again among my beloved aunts and at Wandle House.

#### **Tuesday 17th Nov. 1830. Wandle House.**

I have indescribably enjoyed the society and repose of this dear circle, and have at times almost forgotten my sorrow (may I say) amongst them. But then at others I have found it impossible to face the future with calmness. I fear I am not resigned enough and am often grieved to think how utterly I am unable to fulfil those words "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver". My time has been exceedingly occupied in painting for E.K. I promised however to give him a drawing, but have more than once repented of it. Nevertheless I have had much pleasure in doing it, though it is not to my satisfaction. This day I finished it. Would that I could linger out the hours of this last day here. The weather has been dull and wet, but Priscy and I have been out together many times and have occupied the same room. Dearest E. not very well or bright. Aunt C. dear creature at Brighton and we shall not see her. The dear children are good and an amusement. Miss Ballingale very silent and looks the picture of despair.

#### **Wednesday 18th Nov. 1840. James St.**

Both dearest P and I arose sad, and yet anticipating the evening. A pouring day prevented our going by the ½ past 12 omnibus. I walked through the rain round the garden to take a last farewell of every favourite spot and tree and flower, rendered most dear by every association of childhood and riper years. "There is a grief that cannot feel", or more correctly, benumbs: so I experienced it. I then went into Aunt C's room and opened the portraits of those that are gone; with what feelings I looked upon and closed them the heart alone can tell. Pris. and I left by the 2 o'clock omnibus. Dear E. in bed, looking worn and too poorly to be with us tonight, to my extreme regret. I could not bear to leave her so lonely and dull. Aunt C at James St. The last view of Wandle House a triste one indeed, calculated by the weather to leave sad remembrances, a day of all others to make one feel utterly wretched. On arriving at Charing Cross stepped into a cab and reached James St. between 3 and 4. P. and I greatly anticipated this last party and though my spirits were more quivering than I can describe, would not for anything have forgone the pleasure of it. It is a never-to-be-forgotten evening. E.K. all feeling (apparent) devotion and kindness. He told me that "the destiny of his future life had been changed by his trip to Spa since it had

been the means of introducing him to me". We met constantly, but in silence instead of earnest conversation, and he would often sit for minutes by my side without uttering a word. I can never forget the sadness that reigned around; all caught the influence, and though a crowded party and earnest conversation everywhere, it was carried on in low and subdued tones, instead of loud and cheerful ones. Mrs Innes was with us and talked to me about E.K. and his feelings. She was most affectionate. The Burnetts, the lovely Miss Hore were of the party. Thus has ended our delightful soirees; seasons of great enjoyment they have been, and long shall I look back to them as periods of especial pleasure. Dear Priscy looked most sweet and engaging; her pale expressive features showed all too clearly all that was passing within, tho' she made an effort to be bright. Christina sang when almost all were gone but E.K. He seemed quite affected; they were suited to the occasion and many felt the music. I could not hear "the merry days when we were young". We greatly missed dear Cecile's pretty sweet face, and the Major too. They both returned to Capeure the day before I returned from Wandsworth: this day week we sail. Aunt Lucy stayed with us. Priscy slept with me; we talked till very, very late. Aunt L. looked especially interesting; both she and Mama were ornaments to the room.

**Thursday 19th Nov. 1840. James St.**

Our pleasure all being over, business and packing must take its place. I felt worn and miserable and began to dismantle my dear room with a heavy heart. Dear Mama came into my room as I was turning over my things with a wreckless hand, and bursting into tears expressed her wretchedness regarding E.K.'s conduct and the whole affair; putting it before me that I ought to make up my mind how to act and to choose Australia. I feel that for my own sake my own feelings should and must be made up, and yet, though his conduct is incomprehensibly devoted (I mean absorbing and kind) yet I know what men are and I cannot think I shall ever be required to come to a decision. I am altogether wretched, and certainly regret that we ever met. I have been thankful to have kept clear of all fresh interests during our residence in London. I had hoped to have done so to the end, and yet, unsought for by myself, I find myself in the saddest position I ever yet stood: it must end either way in sorrow. We packed all morning. Henry Bell sat in the study writing lists of things as we packed them and we got through a great deal, though so worn in spirits and body. Mama and Ellen called on Aunt John Hanbury.

**Sunday 22nd November 1840. James St.**

My heart is so overflowing with solemn and engrossing feelings that I cannot go to rest without taking some slight note of them before the stirring scenes of our last week in this beloved land either obliterate them for all time or prevent me from recalling them afterwards to commit to paper. I cannot break off from the heart-stirring thoughts and remembrances of this evening all now crowding in quick succession before my mental vision. We have indeed been engaged in a solemn touching service. All our family group, with the except. of dear George, Frank and Eleanor have been assembled; all my aunts, L., E., P., with about 70 others; Mrs Fry, Lucy Gurney, the C. Hanburys, Mrs J. Barclay and Mary Phillips. Mrs Gurney opened the meeting by reading 5th, First of Thessalonians; then silence which was broke by Mrs J. Barclay. Mrs Fry then spoke at length, and very impressively, bringing tears to many eyes. Mrs C. Hanbury and Cornelius also spoke; and Mrs Fry prayed at least for half an hour in the most touching and solemn way. The divine presence of the Lord appeared to me to be very near and to own the earnest supplication offered up for dear Papa and Mama and all of us. Oh how impressive, how affecting, how solemn a time it has been. Dear ? was there, but I saw her not. Alas how many we have seen for the last time, but my trust is in him who has promised to be our guide, our guard, our friend. Dear Pris contrived that I should sit by E.K. and she behind me. Our hearts have been softened together and I humbly trust the influence of this solemn meeting may ever be permanent in each of our hearts. Oh that I may be rightly guided in the sad and sorrowful entanglement which now. alas, occupies my thoughts, and, can I add, my feelings. Whichever way it terminates, sorrow awaits us both. I wish I had not

given my painting; but it is too late: my part is chosen. I chose Australia; dearest Mama's bitter tears have decided my wishes. I would rather break my heart than add one drop to her cup of sorrow and of care. I must summon up all the philosophy I possess and much more to the combat; but to rest, to dreams I must resign my weary spirit, which seems nevertheless to be stayed upon my God. Dear Mary Phillips has been most affectionate and I have suffered severely in taking leave of her and many others. E.K. has insisted on my having my portrait taken. The scene about it was very amusing. He tried to induce Pris and Aunt L. but could not succeed, so I was the victim. I go up on Tuesday.

**Monday 23rd Nov. 1840. James St.**

Packing and confusion; heaviness of heart and solemnised feelings the characteristics of this day. Papa, Mama, Waller and I dined at the Bedfords. Christina, Bob, Aunt Lucy and the girls came in the evening; there were very few besides ourselves. I was charmed with Miss Hore; her beauty as well as her mind fascinates me. I was so truly thoughtful and melancholy that I had not much to say. We were in our voyaging costume and already began to realise our future destiny. When the party joined us at tea they brought us the intelligence of Frank and Eleanor's arrival from Hastings, unexpectedly and sooner than they wished. Pris and I had to give up our room; joined E and M. I never felt more unstrung; talked over my prospects with her; went to bed and slept scarcely at all; my thoughts are so torn, so distracted.

**Tuesday 24th Nov. 1840. James St.**

Rose so ill I could scarcely stand; this harass of my feelings has unstrung me completely. Poor dear Mama looks wretched for me and has shed many bitter tears. Pris and I started a little before 1 per fly for Nottingham St., New Road to Mrs Tickell. I felt in high spirits and we laughed almost all the time. Found a letter from E.K. awaiting me there, containing the list of German books and that of the flowers he has had picked for me and stating his intention of placing them in my cabin the next day. I had not told Mama of all this, but in the evening when I talked with her and were amused by her being so outwitted, she too was diverted, tho' she pretended to be angry. Had a fire in my dear room, and talked over all this with Aunt L and dear P both of whom take so much interest in it. Returned home about 4, had an amusing expedition. (Aunt L, P and I had a consultation after dinner about the plants and what I should do about telling Mama.) I did tell her.

**Wednesday 25th Nov. 1840, James St.**

Again proceeded, P and I, directly after breakfast and again sat for many hours. Walked home from Hyde Park; a cold wretched day. E.K. dined with us, and dear Elizabeth who came up early, so I missed much of her company. Mrs Smith called. He and I as usual sat together in our own places. We had a delightful evening. Eleanor and Frank dined with us, and spend the day but sleep in their house. Edward Bell came in during dinner; we had expected others but no one came. Waller sat on my left hand and he on my right. He mentioned his having put forget-me-nots in the box. There was a great deal of constraint in my manner which I could not overcome. I sang "Du Du" and "Reposons nous" with Pris. He sang "Give no my Heart" without music. I never saw Pris look so well or in better spirits. We had the old family picture and he laughed over it with us and was very amusing. I sat by my fire a long time when we retired, blaming myself for my coldness. Pris blamed me too till I was almost mad with self reproach and did not sleep much. I ought to have expressed more personal feeling for all his kindness than I did. E returned to Wandsworth

**Thursday 26th Nov. 1840. James St.**

Rose more than ever tormented. P and I again went to Mr Tickell's. I could not sit, I felt so worried till I resolved that he should be invited to dinner once more and I would say all I wished. Aunt Lucy arrived with Pearce who left her about 1, after which P and I went out to get a bun. We talked over the subject and I then decided I would write him a note to thank him for the drawing and lines I found waiting there for me. So after a long walk we found a

stationer and we went in and wrote off a very suitable little billet which I begged Mr J to forward to him. My mind was thus entirely relieved, and I returned home quite happy and satisfied. We rode down to Hyde Park and walked through the Green Park home. Fanny and Jasper Bell called; we kept them to dinner. Pleasant but melancholy.

**Friday 27th Nov. 1840. James St.**

A quiet day; foggy and could not go out, though all the rest did. Edward Kater called as Mama, Mary and I were at work. He instantly placed his chair close by mine and thanked me for my note. We were just drawing a picture of our first land at Australind as he entered the room and we told him our various views; he passed an hour with us. Mama and Aunt Lucy left the room, and Mary and I were alone. There was constraint and silence mingled with ease and conversation. On her return Mama asked him to dine with us tomorrow; an engagement prevents him, to my regret. His principal object in coming was to tell us of his having heard from his brother the day before and that he was going to be married in a fortnight to Eliza Darvall; he knew we had met them and was most interested in hearing about them. Emily was to be married the same day to a Mr Barton; this is a droll coincidence.

**Saturday 28th Nov. 1840. James St.**

An intense fog. Ger and I walked through the Park for the last time up to Swan and Edgar's; a hurried cold foggy walk; the lake iced. Pearce and Bob did not dine at home; an evening of bustle and confusion; in better spirits, our sailing being delayed at any rate till Monday. P quite bright. Papa has invited him (E.K.) for tomorrow; had no answer.

**Sunday 29th Nov. 1840.**

Our last Sunday in England; all were late, Charles and I walked in the morning to Aunt Betsey and took leave of her and the Grahams; returned at ½ past 2, Many people called; a wretched day; had a fire. Dear Pris was quite ill and lay in bed till after dinner. I lay down in the afternoon and Aunt Lucy read aloud "Griffith Spiritual Life". Before I was dressed at ½ past 4 E.K. arrived, being desirous to see as much as possible of us, being obliged to go down to Yorkshire on Monday. I hastened down; found Dr. Allatt here going to dine with us. E.K. was sitting in the arm-chair; he left it and sat by me. I was resolved today to say all I wished on every subject. We conversed on religion friends and various things till dinner was announced. He took me; we sat as usual, I between him and Eleanor, Capt. Sweny in his usual place on Mama's right hand and then Aunt Lucy, Mr Ogilvy and Dr Allatt sat opposite and watched us closely. He scarcely ever addressed anyone but myself all dinner time. I was determined to find out whether he ever intended to visit Australind. He said now that his brother was married he had less inducement to do so; that he could not speak for the future, but that if he married, which he thought he might do before very long, it would not be a pleasant wedding tour. This took me back indeed, and I did not know what to say, particularly as he had before pressed me to send him a sketch of our cottage, immediately on arriving, and which I had promised to do. Thus I felt convinced he was engaged to Miss Seton; and yet his conduct was not like it when they were here one Wednesday evening. Strange thoughts came over me and I do deeply blame his conduct. The devotion of his manner this day must have excited the remark of all present, and yet he is engaged. I cannot understand him; he was deeply melancholy; so was I. We had a great deal of interesting conversation and I tried to talk as if there were no change. After dinner he immediately joined me and I then told him that I must withdraw my promise of drawing as when he was a married man absorbed in new and other interests a sketch of an out of the way corner of the globe which he would never see could be of no interest. He entreated me still to promise, adding that as for marriage Heaven only knew when that would ever be. This seemed partly to undo his former words, and I am left wholly in the dark as to the meaning of his conduct. He stayed till late; regretted extremely not being able to see us off at Gravesend; he had already put off going to his estates in Yorkshire for a week and could do so no longer; he had that day put off an engagement to come to us. When the time came

for bidding us adieu, he turned deadly pale, then I felt I did the same; he shook hands with me most warmly, the last, and with "God bless you" hurried out of the room. Pris who had been down in the evening left before this; the sadness of the evening overpowered her. Thus has ended an acquaintance of \_ what shall I say? intense interest; would that it had never arisen, and yet I would not give up the pleasure and happiness it has given me. At one time it appeared as if intended to follow us out to Australind: but now all hope is gone, and I feel I have taken leave of him forever. I am always to be crossed in all my interests; this has been a final stroke; it will certainly preserve me from ever forming another. My brothers are very unhappy and indignant about it. Waller cannot believe he is a dishonourable man, and yet cannot understand it. Perhaps it is all for the best, for I never could have left Mama and return to England; and then there is always an impenetrable barrier, disagreement in religious sentiments. There is a humiliation also, my pride is wounded and indignant feelings aroused; but I have not believed there was anything serious until made to believe so by others, for I have learnt not to reckon on any man's affections nor to trust them; but in this case I was justified in thinking that he could not go so far without having his feelings at any rate engaged. How miserable I retired to my room and sat up till 1. I can never forget the agony of those hours. He mentioned his intention of going down to Wandle House the day after.

**Monday 30th Nov. 1840.**

I got up so wretched I could not speak for all the horrible separation and future came before me with appalling truth. The bustle, dispatching all the luggage cannot be described. I could not breakfast downstairs and only took a hurried morsel with dear Pris who was in bed. I could do nothing all day. In the afternoon Aunt Lucy read aloud to me and Pris Griffiths: how sad a day this was. Pris, Ellen and I had a tiny tea in the drawing room, for I could not appear at dinner. Mama and Ellen took leave of the Paris (?). I could not go. A rather brighter evening. Priscy brightened me up.

**Tuesday 1st December.**

All our last arrangements making. Edward came in the evening. Elizabeth came up and took leave and dined; a dreadful day. Miss Ballingale and Miss Spencer went down to Wandle House with her. An evening of bustle and confusion. I could say little to dearest E; my heart was too full.

**Wednesday 2nd December 1840.**

The last morning at James St. Aunt Lucy, Christina, fiery and Bob went off about 12 to join the ship at the Docks, not knowing where she was. Mama, Pris, Ellen and I went to Deptford at 3. Took a farewell of old Alderslade with real pain - of my room; the dear.

**Thursday 3rd December 1840.**

Went on board the Parkfield.

**Saturday 5th December 1840.**

Dearest Aunt L and P left us. Frank, Waller and Eleanor came. All took leave at 10.

**Sunday 6th Dec. 1840. Parkfield.**

Left Gravesend about 11 o'clock.

**Wednesday 9th Dec.**

Reached the Downs.

**Thursday 10th Dec.**

Lay in the Downs.

**Friday 11th Dec. 1840.**

*Left the Downs with fair wind and not very rough sea.*

**Saturday 12th Dec. 1840.**

*Passed the last beacon of England, the Lizard Point, between 8 and 9 in the evening. Christina singing; I how differently employed.*

**Sunday 20th Dec. 1840, Parkfield.**

*Passed Madeira; climate lovely.*

**Tuesday 22nd Dec. 1840. Parkfield.**

*Rose in sight of Teneriffe; went on deck before breakfast and saw the Peak towering in majestic grandeur from behind a bank of summer clouds. ½ past 9; we are now anchored within ¾ mile of Santa Cruz having enjoyed a display of the beauties of nature this day unequalled by anything I have yet seen. The lofty torn lava.*

**Wednesday 23rd Dec. 1840. Teneriffe, Parkfield.**

*Rose before breakfast and went on deck to attempt to make a sketch of the lovely scene before us, but my poor pencil failed to give any idea of the soft mellow glowing tints of the lofty torn craggy hills on either side of the town and the distant coast stretching out into the blue calm ocean. I felt in high spirits at the prospect of going ashore. We went off in boats about ½ past 10 and with feelings of delight I again found myself on terra firma. At every step I found something to astonish and amuse me; the costumes of the lower classes, those at least who can afford anything more than a single garment, is strangely fantastic; the women universally wearing flannel or other shawls over their heads without caps and a man's hat at the top. There is nothing pretty or neat in their dress and to an eye accustomed to the peculiar tastefulness of the French, there is little to admire, The dromedaries with their awkward wooden panniers, the pack horses with their burdens, mules and donkeys and their drivers in slashed trousers and cloaks made of blankets over their shoulders stamp the place immediately as foreign and Spanish. We walked up the principal street to Mrs Davidson, the bankers, and there Mama and I and Ellen remained some time, going into the shops near and trying to make ourselves understood. One of the partners' sons very kindly accompanied us to several shops, and we had an amazingly amusing hour or two in making purchases. We then proceeded to the Church followed by the tribes of ragged dark-eyed pretty boys who had attached themselves to us directly on our landing. The interior of the Church, tho' possessing no architectural beauties is lightly and richly ornamented, and all the wealth of this apparently poor place appears to have been lavished upon the walls. We separated parties afterwards, and Pearce, Bob and C, Mrs Gaudin, Mary and I strolled up into the higher part of the town among the cottages and gardens in the suburbs; saw the orange trees in bearing, bananas palms &c, but the country is entirely without foliage and very sterile and uncultivated. Mr Bartlett, the consul, having been invited to dinner, and Capt. and Mrs Whiteside, we repaired to Richardson's Hotel; children &c, Pearce and Bob, having been detained in getting the emigrants off, did not join us till the middle of dinner; which was served up, I suppose, a l'espagnole, without order or rule. In the course of our walk we met Mr Bartlett, his wife and daughter, the former a Spanish lady, the latter tho' English, quite a foreigner; both were dressed in black silk, a favourite dress with the Spanish ladies; Mrs B wearing the Mantil a hood of lace over the head joined on to a piece of silk hanging like a large tippet over the shoulders bordered with broad lace. Miss B had on a low dress, a light gauze shawl and a black veil thrown over her head and falling upon her shoulders. I thought the costume very becoming and pretty, and the graceful way in which they threw open and closed their fans all the time they were speaking at once proved them to be Spanish senoras.*

The most disagreeable part of the day was returning to the ship, and Capt.. W's boat with Papa and Mama and children was very nearly swamped. We were all however favoured by a safe return after a day of great enjoyment, the weather being exquisite, the temperature most delightful and the novelty and variety truly gratifying. I only wanted some most dear to have shared it with me. How dearest P and my brothers would have enjoyed it. My thoughts often turned towards them and others with a longing heart. Finished all our letters. Pearce had his pocket picked and Aunt Lucy's elegant purse taken. There is however some hope of his recovering it and it will be forwarded to Frank. He and the young men slept ashore.

**Thursday 24th Dec. 1840. Parkfield ½ past 9.**

We are now sailing on a calm sea at the rate of 10 knots an hour, having got out of the Bay of Santa Cruz an hour or two ago. We again have made a delightful excursion on these welcome shores. Christina and Bob went ashore to breakfast, the children and Miss S remained on board, and we, Papa, Mama, E, M and I, landed about 11, finished our purchases at a French shop, reassembled all our own party, mounted donkeys and set off for Laguna, the ancient Capital of the Island, lying in the mountains about 4 miles off. Our arrival has caused quite a commotion in the town, and we are surrounded and followed by tribes of men and women and children, all poor mendicants or beggars, many of whom accompanied us on our expedition. We ascended the hill behind the town, most agreeably opening new views at every step, and in changing them bringing fresh colouring before us of surpassing loveliness. On arriving at the top of the mountain we found the road end in uneven rock and stones, and Mama and some of the party flagged and it was determined not to encounter so difficult an undertaking as a heavy shower was veiling the summits of the mountains. We therefore began to descend and I was more gratified by the view of the distant peaks enveloped in rain with a rainbow lying on the mountain side than by the clear laky glowing tints of sunshine. We then finished our shopping, of figs and fruit, and got off about ½ past 3; the sea rather rough. All our party assembled about that time on board; the sails being then unfurled and the anchor, 70 fathoms out of cable, started. When all that labour was finished, we dined, recounted to each other the adventures of the day, and now we are all almost dispersed, the young men being tired, and a great deal to do among us. This short men being tired, and a great deal to do among us. This short sojourn here has been an oasis to me which I can never forget and must always recur to with great pleasure. Christmas Eve and what are our absent friends about We are fast sailing still further from them. I dare not rest my thoughts upon Home, nor think of the future; for though a blight has passed over me, I must change all my ways and thoughts.

**Friday 25th Dec. 1840. Parkfield Christmas Day.**

I was extremely poorly and seasick, and tho' I did not remain in my berth all day, I was unable to be much on deck or with the party. I left the dinner table, not to appear again the rest of the evening. My spirits too were altogether gone, and the hours of this day hung heavily in their course, only bringing me sadness of heart and gloomy thoughts. The weather was very fine and the wind fair as if we were to be wafted across the mighty deep to our future destination under the peculiar favour of the genius of the winds. I feel a gratitude I cannot express for the manifest blessing showered down upon us amidst our trials; for such we have and must always expect.

**Saturday 26th Dec. 1840. Parkfield.**

We are in the Tropics, but the heat is not the least oppressive. I sat on deck in a state of stupefaction feeling very flat and poorly. The day was soft and clear, bland and brilliant, but I had no power to enjoy it, and long before dinner retired to my berth not to leave it again. One of my heaviest clouds rested on my spirits this evening. The past haunted my memory, and the painful past especially; the present seemed a blank void, the future a dark chaos. I could not endure my own thoughts for long and am come to that point when I find it absolutely necessary to call up other thoughts to drown the wearying dreams of my too



sombre imagination; but yet with all I never felt so calm, so filial a dependence upon Providence as now; I do not lose the sense of being upon the trackless fathomless ocean upheld and preserved by him alone whose grand and mighty workmanship it is. *L'immense sur nos tetes, L'immense sous nos pieds.* My mind is solemnized into deep and profound humility and dependence before the mighty creator, and there is a charm in these sentiments which these vast objects create which afford me moments of true satisfaction and mental enjoyment. The bitterness is that I have no one who can thoroughly share with me these thoughts, for E and M are not companions, and I am sadly disappointed that they have not drawn more closely to me, now that we are mutually separated from friends, and I cannot unreservedly meet with sympathy but with dear Pris who alone can understand me in all things. Singing all the evening. Miss Spencer sat in my cabin and drew me a little out of myself.

**Sunday 27th Dec. 1840. Parkfield.**

A morning of trial in consequence of a petition being brought by Dr. Carpenter from the young men to say that the sitting before reading was conscientiously distasteful to them and that they could not join the service if it were continued. This gave rise to a great deal of discussion between my brothers, Papa and Mama, which ended by the service being read without a sitting; Mama retiring from it, and a regular meeting to be held in the afternoon. I felt in a great strait, my inclination leading me instantly to join Mama; but I thought it best to continue the morning service and always to join her in the afternoon. It was a suffering time and I cannot too strongly reprehend the conduct of the young men; it appears to me to have been most ungentle-manly and improper in every way, and Dr. Carpenter weak and foolish. The day was exquisite and I sat on deck most of the day. There was no meeting; Pearce read Griffiths to me. In the evening Mama read to the emigrants. Pearce joined us. I for the first time conversed with Charles Bedingfeld. He had not known of the occurrence of Saturday night till this evening, and was distressed at it, as he would not have dissented. We had a very pleasant conversation. I felt better and rather brighter.

**Monday 28th Dec. 1840.**

A very beautiful day and so perfectly calm that even I was able to sit on deck and play and occupy myself with entire comfort. Pearce read to us the sketch of the history of Poland from Alison. I practised a few minutes; all seemed stirred up to industry and occupation, and the dinner was more cheerful. Reading out loud in the evening. Papa began Alison; there was music also. Poor Ellen was poorly after the severe attack she has had of tic. We saw numbers of large fish leaping in the water around all day, and nautilus sailed by in quantities; a fish of varied exquisite colours swam for some time under the stern in full view; it must have been a dolphin from its variegated hues.

**Tuesday 29th Dec. 1840. Parkfield.**

Again an exquisite day; calm, bright and soft. I passed an industrious day, but not so much as yesterday. Read and am amused by Theodore Hook's "Gaieties and Gravities"; it is just the light easy reading which suits me at the present moment. We read Alison on deck for an hour or two before dinner and again for a short time in the evening. The conduct of the young towards us young ladies cannot be considered too polite. Mr Plowes is absolutely rude and ungentlemanly. He never addresses us in any way. Mr Gibson has united himself more to our party the last day or two, and I think seems to wish to make up for Sunday's affair. Saw vivid lightning in the evening.

**Wednesday 30th Dec. 1840.**

I practised in the morning, for tho' I feel no interest in any of my former pursuits for their own sake, yet I do intend to follow them out more than I have ever done to drown other thoughts, to indulge which would both ruin my happiness and render me a useless branch to the family tree, and I find in occupation a sweet relief to my mind; for, unstrung as it has been of late, it still possesses some elasticity or capability of action. I went on deck after

lunch and we read Alison till dinner time. Today all appeared dressed at dinner in compliance with the hints which Capt. and Mrs Whiteside made yesterday to the Dr and young men; but his attire at breakfast this morning was disgusting in the extreme, and his want of cleanliness disgusting; in fact I am entirely out of patience with him, for he proves himself to be wholly deficient of every gentlemanlike feeling. To see him eat his meals cannot fail to take away one's appetite. Mr W complains sadly of him and the Williams. Sat on deck with Mrs W after dinner till the exquisite glow of sunset melted into the softened hues of twilight and moonlight, My impressions of a sea voyage have been all correct hitherto, with this exception that I did not imagine we could ever see this part of the ocean so smooth as we have found it for the last two or three days. Read in the evening; no music. Ellen and I for a wonder talked till 1 over the days that are past. We are in about 18 degrees of latitude.

**Thursday 31st Dec. 1840. Parkfield.**

Rather less charming as to weather than yesterday, greyer, but still beautiful and lovely. I sat on deck and watched the last sun of 1840 set behind the horizon of the blue waters of this calm and silent ocean. Its unclouded disc sank in majestic fullness and brilliancy. With it has set - how many of the enjoyments of my life. This year has been the most eventful one of our lives - how rife with pain and enjoyment. "Strange thoughts come o'er me" as I contemplate all that has passed since the last sunset of '39. What a subsiding after the excitement of the last 3 months is our present existence. I have begun a new existence, given up much that made life dear to me. I feel an altered being. I can never express what Priscy's loss is to me: and not hers only but dearest Aunts C, L, E's; my brothers; alas their loss is indeed a blank, but then I have a hope of seeing them ere long while others whom I have left behind I can never expect to see again; but I must not go dreaming on thus; I shall be utterly wretched if I do not dispel thoughts like these by active occupation. Already I have begun it, studying French with the children &c. My spirits are wholly gone and beyond recall, but I am happy for I have an internal peace producing contentment and calmness of feeling and my philosophy will keep me in constant activity. Sat on deck till late, for me; went to bed triste. The young men announced the new year to us by calling out "A happy new year" at the cuddy door, and woke many out of their sleep. Wrote to dearest Pris; No.1 from Teneriffe.

**Friday 1st Jan. 1841. Parkfield.**

Most beautiful day; a very busy morning with everybody. Read Alison on deck. Walked after dinner at dusk with George Smith up and down the poop, the first gentleman who has ventured to do so. Night lovely; stars bedimmed by the lustre of the moon.

**8th Jan. Parkfield.**

Begun a letter to dearest Waller. A ship hove in sight just as I begun it. I scribbled it off in a hurry, and we found on nearing that it was a foreigner and the swell too heavy to speak her. My first letter, No.1.

**Monday 1st Feb. 1841. Parkfield 33.6 degr. lat yesterday.**

All the party with the exception of the Capt.. and Mrs Whiteside are at this moment assembled round the cuddy table, some reading, others writing, I suppose for the "Parkfield Gazette", and working &c. Biscuit and wine, the ½ past 8 employment, has broken up in a degree the silence that has prevailed since that time. I have been deeply interested in Muston on "Future recognition", a book I have particularly enjoyed for some days past. Its subject and tone of feeling have peculiarly struck in with my own sentiments and feelings, and I have been lost in views, and consoling views too, of the future and of the relations of our moral existence. This has been a thorough wet day. The night was a very rough one and the rolling sadly disturbed us all. The morning was rough and made me and Charley very uncomfortable: the grey sky and damp atmosphere recalled my own dear English sky, and carried me more clearly back to the homes with whom I should at any rate peculiarly

*dwell today, the 1st of the month, upon which day we have agreed to recall each other with especial vividness of recollection. It has been a sad day to me, tho' I love to think upon our beloved absent friends. We passed the morning here working, the gentlemen in some reading and writing. We have been unable to go on deck at all; the first time the weather has prevented our passing many hours in the open air. The afternoon till tea I spent with Christina and Bob. I find the whole month of January has elapsed without my opening my journal. Until the last week I have been suffering much with nervous strengthlessness, and was in consequence obliged to give up hearing reading, or reading myself. I was much tried by the incapacity of occupying myself without subsequent intense languor, and tho' the weather was, and has been all along exquisitely fine, yet I felt the time hang heavily; nothing to interest no much in the present, not knowing how to think of the past and what to realize for the future. But the month has flown rapidly by. We passed the line the 15th, and the shaving, dipping and follies of the day made a variety in the monotony of the day. We thought of Mr White and how little he would be inclined to tolerate the rough handling of Neptune and the unceremonious dippings inflicted by his mermaids. The weather has been summerlike yet not oppressive all the time, and I have passed almost all my time on deck. The starlight nights, brilliant and sometimes cloudless, have given us ample scope for admiring and studying the wonders of the heavens, we have seen the Magellanic cloud and looked upon worlds unknown to our northern hemisphere. At times I have been almost impatient to see land, to commence our new existence and enter upon our duties and labours; but we have and must expect 7 more weeks of tossing upon the mighty surges of this great deep; tho' I hitherto must confess we have only seen it in its mildest gentlest mood; but this we cannot always expect. Our compagnons de voyage have given us some little amusement and subject for conversation; a desagrément with the Williams has ended by our being more sociable with them and treating them with more respect. But they are entirely distasteful to us, Mrs W especially and I cannot be friendly with her. Miss Spencer and Mrs Gaudin are all sociability and friendliness with them. The young men now change places in rotation every day at table and we find it more agreeable, and the change has promoted conversation and enabled us to know more of each other. They are extremely polite now, tho' very proper in keeping a marked distance. Dr. C is rather more tolerable. Mrs Plowes less silent and more agreeable, but she makes herself very amiable and good-natured.*

**Parkfield 7th Feb. 1841.**

*A blue brilliant calm but swelling sea, a sky radiant and soft as evening of splendid moonlight. I have peculiarly enjoyed the meeting this morning and the religious services of the day and have felt drawn very closely in spirit towards dearest Frank and Waller. I seemed to meet them with dearest Aunts and Priscy at the throne of grace, and my heart has been expanded into earnest aspirations for them each and all together with many other beloved absent friends many too with whom I have long ceased to hold personal communication but for whose welfare hereafter I feel deep desires. Dearest Mary de H. and James Turner (?) have been particularly with me. Although we have taken leave of each other on our earthly pilgrimage, and our friendship has been of comparatively short duration, I cannot but feel warm and heartfelt desires for E.K's best interests, and I have been led fervently to entreat for him the guidance of our heavenly father through all the intricacies of this life that he may so walk in the light of his truth, so act in accordance with the divine spirit that leadeth into all truth, that he may (be) found at the last day among the blessed of our holy redeemer and (have) the peace which the world knoweth not of in communion with God. Unworthy tho' I am and frailer than the frailest, yet an I permitted at times to sip at that stream which maketh glad the city of God, and then discouragements cease, sorrow fleeth away and a sweet calm and silent contentment seem to creep over my spirits. This amply compensates for the loss of earthly enjoyments, and I trust I am willing to give them up if it be the will of him whose I desire to be. We spent an hour or two after lunch in watching the flight of the magnificent albatrosses which today glided round and round the ship coming quite close under the stern of the ship and dipping their large brown moth-like wings in the sparkling heads of the rolling billows, and in planning for our future*

arrangements if we are permitted to arrive safely at our destination. My flowers have been fading so sadly the last few days that I consented to open the box and found them looking withered and almost dead. I hope I shall save three or 4 of them. I opened them with much interest. I wish I did not prize them so much, but they are links which connect me with the past and which I cannot voluntarily relinquish. Had reading on deck after dinner. Mama spoke at length.

**Sunday 14th February 1841. Parkfield.**

The past week has been one of continued favours. We are now very nearly in the longitude of the Cape and in latitude about 41. We have hitherto encountered no gales. Thursday and Friday strong fair breezes which carried us 200 miles each day; but we have found it extremely cold and wretchedly damp. Thursday and Friday were wet days and we were all kept very much below, in fact the whole week has been one of disagreeable weather, contrasting strongly with this day which has been sunny and calm, very little wind and not much progress. We met as usual in Mama's room for meeting and then on the poop for reading which plan we have carried into execution every Sunday since the first. Papa now "Christian Retirement" to Mrs Gaudin and Miss Spencer and children, and in the morning a chapter of Mustion on "Future Recognition" to Mama, a book I have had extreme enjoyment in reading. This evening we have read with the emigrants below, and Mama spoke on the last verse of 13 1 Corinthians. My flowers have been an object of real interest all the week. I have been on the whole very industrious, painting, reading, working, I find occupation the best thing for me if I am pretty well, for it draws off my thoughts from dwelling on subjects that only sadden and unstring me. I never was a philosopher before, tho' I have philosophized all my life. Poor Ellen has had an attack of the sea and has gone to bed very poorly. Mary poorly with a sad cold and cough.

**Monday 15th February 1841.**

Rose pretty well. Found a heavy swell occasioning a great deal of motion. Nevertheless after breakfast I sat down in my rook (Ellen being poorly in bed) and began Coombe's "Physiology", and passed a most pleasant two hours in gaining, I trust, instruction from its pages. I then went on deck where a magnificent scene awaited me. The sky grey and lowering, the sea majestic in the grandest, most frowning mood we have yet viewed it. The towering waves just curling at their summits and displaying an exquisite tint of lucent green, tossed and foamed and roared in every direction, and as they rolled towards the stern and upheaved our gallant bark, they appeared like mountains of water ready to overwhelm it, and presented a spectacle partaking at once of the sublime and beautiful, the which I most thoroughly enjoyed. We had passed the meridian of the Cape of Good Hope about noon, and there we were in the great southern ocean more than 300 miles from land, on one side with none for 100's near us, on the other three, under reefed topsail dashing over the billows at the rate of 10 knots an hour and every prospect of this wind increasing to a gale. There is a delicious enjoyment in the excitement of danger, and tho' there was not any as yet, I felt it near enough to be under its influence. I never felt my mind more calm, peaceful, free from fear and dependently trusting in our heavenly guardian and protector. Our dinner presented a droll scene; the rolling was so great that we had the utmost difficulty in keeping our seats or preventing all the dishes and plates from going from one end to the other, notwithstanding the fiddles. The Dr rolled off his chair or rather the chair departed from him. I thought how dearest Pris would have entered into this part of the scene. The afternoon was passed in getting all to rights for the night. Pearce, Bob and the Carpenters were employed all the evening in cleting (?) 7c, and watching Papa on deck and below. After tea the rolling became most violent and we could do nothing but hold on with all our force to the tables &c. We could not resist laughter as chair after chair was thrown down, turned over, backwards and forwards; sometimes the young men hurled from their seats or standing places; completely fatigued and worn out with the exertions of the evening. We went to bed at the usual hour and passed an unquiet and sleepless night, the

motion was so tremendous. Dear P as usual all attention, kindness and anxiety for Papa and Mama.

**16th March. Barque Parkfield 1841.**  
**Longitude 110 1/2 Latitude about 35.**

This day has been one of the loveliest calmest days we have seen for a long time. Within 4 degrees of the Australian shores we seem to feel and realise the presence of near land. What strange emotions are called up as I picture ourselves within a day or two actually surveying with our eyes instead of the imagination the scenes we have so long looked forward to as those of our future destiny, our future home and country. What a dream is the past, when forgetting the voyage with all its attendant thoughts and feelings, I recall all the fears, sorrow and gloom which invested the departure from our own beloved land and then directly turn to this moment and find the reality here; it appears like a waking vision. I never can describe the intensity of my longings for land. I have read of what is felt by those who first see land after a long voyage but I never could imagine the feelings would be so powerful as I have experienced. About three weeks ago I had a very sharp attack of fever and excessive headache. It happened to be very rough weather; the first day I suffered much from the notion; for two or 3 days I kept my bed and then inhabited Mama's room for several more; in fact for a week I was a complete invalid and went through the ordeal of wretched low spirits attendant on great weakness of frame. Never can I forget the sighing panting of my heart for land for excitement to be delivered from want of rest and repose. Mary fully sympathised with me in these points, tho' Ellen cannot for she has enjoyed the voyage and dreads leaving the ship. For a fortnight I breakfasted in bed and took every possible care of myself so as to get strong before landing. Read or did nothing, but this idleness only made me think more and the interest I have felt in the future has made me lose many hours of my nightly repose during this period. Nothing new to mention as to incidents. On Saturday 13 March it blew very hard and the sea was heavier I think than we have seen, splendid in its mighty heaving; under the usual providential prosperity the wind was fair and waited us onwards. We had expected and hoped to have discovered the outline of Cape Naturaliste today but the wind abated on Saturday night. Sunday was almost as calm with very heavy swell; yesterday the same, and today we glide on at the rate of only 2½ knots per hour. Today I and all passed a very busy morning at work in the cuddy making ballerinas for the children, where Mary and I continued till turned out, while Papa, the Capt. and all the Australind corps held a court martial on Penny who is accused of stealing several bottles of porter; it has occupied the attention of all the gentlemen the greatest part of the day and there is no doubt of his guilt. Went on deck after dinner.

**17th March 1841. Wednesday. Barque Parkfield.**

Under feelings of the most intense interest and excitement I take up my pen to write the account of this day; we are laying to within sight of the Australian shores. How can I describe the emotions of this moment. My heart bounds with the deepest gratitude, and my spirits respond in feelings of delight and joy, The wind has blown very hard all day and under easy sail since at 10 we have been running at the rate of 9½ knots an hour. At noon today we were 115 miles from Cape Naturaliste and 96 from nearest land. About ½ past 5 the soul-reviving sound "land in sight" rang from the mast-head; and then how every heart leapt for joy. I soon after went and joined all the party on deck, and there in the far horizon, in the grey colouring of coming twilight, loomed the faint outline of our adopted land. At a distance of 30 or 40 miles it rose high. The moment any eyes first rested on that "dim discovered scene" was one the remembrance of which the longest life can never obliterate; none who have not known what it is to sigh, to long with sickening longing for land after a voyage of more than 3 months can fully understand with what ecstasy of feeling the first view and scent of land greets the weary senses. We are all in a state of excitement, softened excitement, I feel, for a review of the striking favours we have

experienced as we have tracked our solitary way across these pathless oceans cannot fail to create sentiments of solemn thankfulness and joy. A native fire has been distinguished on the shore tho' we are still distant, and we are almost laying to and standing off the land till daylight dawns. The notion has been very distressful all day and I have done very little and felt wretchedly uncomfortable. Mrs Gaudin went into hysterics on first seeing the coast; it is time she should display some feeling for she has not hitherto manifested much. I lie down to rest this night with a thankful heart and with prostrate soul. I desire to return unto thee our gracious and merciful God the sincere offering of gratitude and praise and, oh, may I never lose an abiding sense of thy loving kindness to us, thy most unworthy servants. I feel humbled before thee. Oh may I be enabled by thy holy spirit to walk henceforth as thou shalt guide me and offer up to thee the willing sacrifice of heart and life.

#### **18th March 1841. Parkfield Thursday.**

By 5 o'clock in the morning all the party were stirring and I got out of my berth to see the land which rose rather high (but lower than it appeared last evening; a few miles from us. Mama went up on deck about 7. I followed and all the party were soon assembled. We were just going round Cape Naturaliste, the wind blowing extremely fresh and the sea bouyant. Mr Plowes, Bob and I attempted to take some outlines of the coast, but we passed too rapidly to succeed well. Breakfast was very acceptable at 9, for we all felt weary with our early rising. After breakfast I unpacked and repacked for a couple of hours and then I went on deck where I found Mama working hard at a bonnet she had just begun and wished to finish before arriving; We were then in sight of Leschenault and not very far off. I felt mortified at the procrastination which could put off such a tiresome occupation until so exciting and absorbing a moment as that of arriving at our distant goal. A boat was soon descried coming off from the shore, and between 2 and 3 o'clock it reached us. It proved to be Capt.. Coffin, an American settler, who acts as pilot to ships coming in. The moment, I felt, was an anxious one to hear of the surveyors. Mrs Gaudin said not a word. Papa enquired after them and heard of their safety, but that poor Mr Gaudin was out of his mind, and had been so from first sailing. Papa immediately broke it to poor Mrs Gaudin whose distress was of course extreme. This sad intelligence produced a general feeling of gloom and sympathy. I had always dreaded and expected it, but the shock upset me, for the more we heard of him the more affecting appears the whole case. About 6 in the evening we found ourselves in Leschenault Bay, within ½ mile of the shore, the sea perfectly smooth, the temperature more warm and balmy than can be described. We were all struck by the pretty aspect of the country at the mouth of the inlet and in parts along the shore. Masses of beautiful foliage grow down to the water's edge and in an opening of it we descried Mr Eliot's and Mr Stirling's little dwelling. The immediate coast rises in sand-hills, but there is vegetation upon them, trees everywhere seen beyond the hills in the distance, high and reminding us forcibly of the Paris (?) hill at Saucer (?), The colouring as the sun began to decline became exquisitely soft and radiant, the hills robed in the brightest lakes and blues, the sky reflecting every colour in the rainbow, and yet so softly that every tint completely melted into one another. I cannot easily cease to remember the first Australian sunset, nor the feelings with which I viewed its promising coasts, and the native fires burning along the country, the smoke of which however we only saw. Papa, Bob and two of the young men went ashore and found Mr Austen; then called upon Mr Stirling and Mr Eliot; heard that Australind is beautifully laid out. Everything here promises prosperity, and all excessively cut up at the change of site, which, as neither the Stirling nor the Henry have arrived was before unknown to them. The excitement of this evening may be imagined.

#### **19th March 1841. Parkfield Friday.**

Papa with Pearce, Mrs Gaudin, George Smith and Charles Bedingfeld went up to Australind at 7 in the morning and returned about ½ past 7; Mr G too, and Mr Austen and his son, both of whom stayed on board. The description of Mr Gaudin's state is the most heartrending and affecting I ever heard. He was lying nearly naked, dirty beyond

everything, on a mattress in the corner of his tent. After some persuasion they induced him to wash and dress and see his wife. He appeared pleased to see her and talked, but a strange apathy and indifference seems to mark his aberration of mind. He said it was not fit for her to remain, so she came back, overcome with the awfulness of her position. The evening was passed in hearing a glowing description of this lovely Australind and its vicinity. The meeting and disgraceful conduct of the surveying party under Mr Austen, his and his wife's sufferings on the voyage, poor Mr G's pitiable condition, and then summed up in regret on all sides that this is not to be our resting place. Miss Spencer, the Williams and children went on shore early and kept us waiting for dinner till 5. All the young men went ashore all day, and all returned delighted with everything. Mr Stirling, Lieutenant Nory, Mr Eliot, Mr Ommaney, Mr Onslow called in the morning and expatiated on the advantages of this colony, the impossibility of settling at Port Grey; they have all speculated on our arrival, and there is a general gloom at the disappointment in their expectations. Papa decides to go tomorrow to Perth to the Governor.

**Saturday March 20th 1841. Parkfield Port Leschenault.**

A grey day; till these two days not a cloud has been seen for 6 months. An unsettled morning, tho' busy. Papa and Mr Austen &c at business. Mr Ommaney came and spent the morning and dined: we find his an agreeable man. His wife (a Miss Bustle) is at the Vasse. Directly after dinner Papa, Pearce, Mr Ommaney, Mr Austen left in the boat for Australind where they remained the night, and with a native start at daylight tomorrow on horseback for Perth. They took a blanket each and provisions for their journey which will occupy 3 days. It is an adventurous expedition. A heavy rain drove us down from the poop very early and the weather looks threatening and windy. It is lightning vividly. Gervase, Charles, Mr Plowes remain at Australind tonight; others of the young men also remain on land. How exquisite is the being at rest. I feel intuitively in high spirits.

2 of the natives dressed up for the occasion, visited the ship this morning. They were both covered, but I was more shocked than I can express at their appearance. I never witnessed so affecting a sight as this display, of the degradation of humanity. They do not look like human beings, so thin, so hideous, so filthy, oiled and painted red faces and hair, and pieces of rush passed through their hair. They danced and distressed us still more; in fact I feel distressed at the idea of living among such a people, so low, so degraded a race.

**Sunday 21st March 1841. Parkfield. Leschenault.**

It blew too hard to enable the Capt. to read the service on deck and we all therefore separated. The morning till ½ past 11 was very much interrupted by a visit from Dr Car. and one of the young surveyors, a Mr Harrison, the former I like, or at any rate feel disposed to like for dearest Priscy's sake, who met him on one of our Wednesday's parties and had a great deal of conversation and was pleased with him. Christina was not prepossessed in his favour. How clearly was the past brought to my recollection by seeing one whom I had met in our dear English home. Mr H is not pleasing nor gentlemanly. We assembled for meeting in Mama's room at ½ past 11, and enjoyed the retirement from bustle. Dr Car. dined and remained here the night. We walked on deck before and after dinner, and found him very agreeable. The evening was passed in conversation on the natives and local interests; nevertheless I felt in a serious frame of mind and my spirit seemed to yearn for a corresponding disposition in circumstances around. Dr Carpenter and some of the young men went up to Australind with Mrs Gaudin who remained there with Ger and Charles and Mr Plowes &c. Dr C returned. We feared a gale, for such it appeared to be from the N.W., the worst wind for this anchorage, and the Capt. was very anxious, but the wind changing and blowing off the land seemed again like an especial

*favour towards us. It was hot and seemed like a thunder storm, but heavy lightning was all we experienced of it.*

**Monday 22nd March 1841. Parkfield.**

*I rose earlier than usual expecting we should go early to Australind. No boat could take us, and the weather looked so cloudy that we determined to delay the expedition till tomorrow. I passed great part of the morning in making my novitiate in washing, an employment I expect often to be engaged in. I feel no desire to spare myself - indulgent nature, on the contrary I am only eager to humble it and to come down to the occupation most repugnant to it. There is too much selfishness, I fear, in my desire for refinement of every kind; it is a web that must be broken, for it partakes perhaps too largely of that which is only worldly, and producing dissatisfaction and vanity. Oh how completely is everything vanity and vexation of spirit.*

*Mr Stirling, Mr Eliot, Capt. Coffin, Mr Northey, Mr Onslow dined here. I sat between the two former and had a sociable dinner, Mr Eliot has a fund of conversation and amused me by his anecdotes of the Indians &c. They are all sadly disappointed at the removal of Australind to Port Grey. Since dinner we have been walking on deck. They left before tea. How curious it is that my spirits soon become worn by any effort to be chatty with strangers; that sort of excitement with me is so false that as soon as it is over I go down and feel the vanity of it. My mind has run spontaneously today upon Stanstead and its inmates; Anwell and Cat's Hill and those past days of pleasure, I believe; but they come up with heavy tread upon my memory and leave too deep a trace behind. A desolation of feeling has crept over me as I walked the deck this evening and surveyed the land before us. Dearest Priscy's society would at this moment have been of exquisite solace, for to her alone can I pour out all the weak, the foolish, perhaps the morbid feelings of the moment. But I will not encourage melancholy, for all is right and best. It is Providence who has brought us here, and for our happiness too, I do not doubt, and I therefore submit. My spirit is willing but my flesh is weak; the influences of the past, and thoughts of absent beloved ones will at times occasion a sadness which I know I ought not to feel, but how difficult to repress. Dearest Waller occupies my thoughts very often; in fact who does not of those whose friendship was very dear.*

**Tuesday 23rd March 1841. Barque Parkfield.**

*We breakfasted at 8 to start at 9 for Australind. Mr Stirling did not arrive till 10. There was some little difficulty in planning who and how to go. The Capt. and his wife, Bob and his had gone off previously to Capt. Coffin's, so we determined all to go in Mr Eliot's boat. Lucy and Rachel were too frightened, so our party consisted of Mr Stirling, Mr Eliot, Mr Onslow, Mr Northey, Mama, E.M., Miss Spencer and Carry. The weather was most lovely and a fair Irish breeze carried us up quickly to the encampment. The scenery of the estuary gratified us extremely; the banks on each side beautifully wooded down to the water's edge, with foliage of varied tints even at this season of the year. Mama was charmed. On arriving at the tents we were most warmly received by Mrs Austen and were astonished at the comfort and neatness of her tent. Fruit, wine, home-made bread and cakes were laid for us, and most refreshing and delicious we found that which we had so long desired to taste - good bread. The appearance of the camp struck us much; the tents distributed under large*



spreading trees, a hill covered with wood and bush rising behind. I never saw a more picturesque scene. Mr Gaudin came into the tent and I thought him better than I expected. The young men left us for a time and then rejoined and we all walked up to the top of the hill and explored the bush. The view of the inlet through the trees rewarded us for the toil in the sun tho' such I did not find it so delightful to walk after 3 months exactly of confinement to the ship. We left Australind about ½ past 3; the wind was contrary and poor. Mr S had to row the whole way down with the other men, Mr Eliot steering. We arrived here just as dinner was finished at ½ past 5, and were thankful to get on board, for we found the sea rough and had a very disagreeable sail from the mouth of the inlet. We with the gentlemen, some of our own young men who had not dined partook of some remains of dinner, and they left us about 7. I like Mr Stirling much. Both he and Mr E made themselves exceedingly agreeable and kind, and said we must make another trip today, and tho' we refused insisted upon coming out to see. We enjoyed our excursion excessively, and Mama was so delighted that she seems inclined to think that we must and shall remain. Mr Plowes very pleasant.

#### **24th March Wednesday 1841.**

An exquisite morning, and I went on deck soon after breakfast. E read and worked, but not for long, for Mr Stirling and Eliot came on board. We refused to go off, which they expected. They spent an hour or two and Mama dressed his wounded hand from yesterday's row, and they went, taking Dr Carpenter for a walk. Mr Gibson, children &c fished all the morning and had capital sport. I had an industrious day, working &c. Read a chapter in "Chapter of Flowers" in the evening. Several of the young men went off to Australind in the morning.

#### **Thursday 25th March 1841. Parkfield.**

According to appointment Mr Eliot and Mr Stirling came off to take us on shore about ½ past 10. Nothing could induce Mama to go ashore so we three, E, M, and myself were obliged to go under Mr Gibson's escort, for he accompanied us. We landed at Bunbury, walked to the Giants' Causeway, a basalt formation at the point over which the sea was breaking, but is not above 6 feet high so that there is nothing majestic or striking. Mr Northey and Onslow accompanied us. We walked over the site for the town of Bunbury, a pretty situation for such a purpose. He then mounted the hills to the left of Mr Eliot's house, and were charmed with the exquisite view of the estuary, the hills beyond, dips and dells and knolls beautifully studded with large and picturesque trees forming the nearest landscape. At length we arrived at Government House, situated on the summit of one of these high round knolls, commanding a lovely prospect, and tho' rude and rough in its construction, gave an idea of cheerfulness. A sofa, table, chairs, a small bookcase with books and writing materials in one corner, was all the furniture. A chimney-piece and fire-place for burning wood astonished us; the sides of the room whitewashed, the roof of thatch and high, the ceiling not having been built. Mr Northey showed me his collection of dried plants, and very kindly gave me a specimen of each kind. After resting for some time we again set out. I again walked with Mr Eliot, E with Mr Gibson, and Mr Stirling with M. We wandered through some sweet woods and were pleased with all we saw. We again returned to Mr E's and had some delicious bread and butter, which I did indeed enjoy and then came off to dinner; all four gentlemen; the Capt. and his wife, Bob and his had not returned from Australind. We sat down to a dinner so scanty and so bad that we were all made really uncomfortable, and did not conceal our indignation. The gentlemen were very agreeable and did not go off till after tea; their attention and kindness to us was most gentlemanlike and considerate. I am destined to collect seeds and flowers. Mr E gave me 62

packets of native seeds, collected by some famous botanist, a valuable present. I really enjoyed the excursion and felt quite at home with our new male friends, though I did not quite like our going alone.

**Friday 26th March 1841. Parkfield.**

Mr E and Stirling having insisted on again coming off to take us a walk, we could not resist the temptation of another agreeable excursion. Again Mama would not leave the ship so we again were obliged to go sans chaperone. Mr Gibson was of our party, which was the same as the day before. The weather was still more lovely than yesterday and I cannot forget the exquisite beauty of the colony. We gently sailed up to the landing place, walked, (I with Mr Eliot) to Scott's farm, then to Capt. Coffin's where we rested a few minutes and then wandered on along the banks of the picturesque Preston into the bush. We sat down by the edge of the ford while the gentlemen gathered the tea tree bark and then made calabashes from which we drank, as the water poured out from the bottoms. Having had a charming ramble we returned to Capt. Coffin's where found a delicious cold dinner laid out. He himself was piloting a ship and could not be there to entertain us, but which Mr Eliot did most kindly. Bob having brought out the key of the cellar from him in our first visit to the cottage, Dr Carp, and E, Bedingfeld made their appearance, but did not dine with us. We had a cheerful pleasant repast. I wished dear Priscy could have seen us and been with us; we three dining in an American settler cottage, with 4 comparatively strange friends. We returned by water, took Dr Car. in at the point and had a most disagreeable sail out and getting on board owing to the cross quick sea that was running.

**27th March Saturday 1841.**

Many of our young men went ashore at 3 in the morning, to join Mr Stirling in a kangaroo hunt. Mr Eliot however true to his appointment came off about 11, and Mama, Christina, E, M and myself went off. We landed up the creek and walked to his house. The heat was too intense to walk out so we made Mr Eliot give us some work, pocket-handkerchiefs to hem. Mary and I attempted to sketch the lovely view from the verandah. We enjoyed the repose of the day; had a delicious bread and butter luncheon. Mama then mounted Mr Eliot's horse and rode down to the point from whence, with Mr Eliot and Mr Onslow remaining behind, we went off, an hour after time. Mr E would not come in, which was fortunate in as much as dinner was over, and one was soon prepared very unnecessarily for us. An exquisite even. Walked on deck after tea; the night most lovely. The hunting party arrived in detachments all evening. Mr Stirling and Mr Onslow have just left us, having brought the fruits of their labour in the shape of a small kangaroo, as a present to Mama. He looks like one of the huntsmen in *Der Freischutz* in his scarlet vest. The fatigue of all is unbounded, the heat was so intense. Bob out all day cutting grass for our cows.

**Sunday 28th March 1841. Barque Parkfield.**

We had no reading; the sun being too hot to have it on deck. Meeting and reading with Mama as usual. Speculations all day as to Papa's return. A day of annoyance (a petty one) about the kangaroo and Mr Stirling not being invited to partake of it. About 5 o'clock a sail came in sight from the north, which proved to be a cutter. We of course immediately concluded that it was a government vessel, conveying Mr Hutt and Papa hitherto. Soon after, Bob with Mr Spence and many of the young men sailed off to meet her. Sunset came

on, a glorious one it was, the sky painted with every tint and hue of the most radiant rainbow; dark followed; a boat was heard alongside and in a moment Papa, Pearce and Mr Ommaney stepped on board. Our desire to remain here instead of going on to Port Grey become irresistible. After the first feelings of joy at the safe termination of their hazardous Irish expedition had subsided, our anxiety to know the result of it became intense; all assembled in the cuddy, and tried to read in their countenances the decision. In half an hour hopes were crowned by hearing that the Governor so entirely disapproved of the settlement being made on the inhospitable, barren, unknown coast contemplated that Papa had taken upon himself the responsibility of remaining. I cannot describe the joy I, in common with all our circle, felt. Two hours passed quickly in hearing the adventures of the travellers, the intercourse with the Governor, Perth, and the only drawback was Bob's absence and the anxiety about him. I retired to rest with a grateful heart, I trust, for this great favour. This place offers a home we never could have felt on an uncivilized uninhabited territory. Robert returned safely at 2 in the morning, having received despatches from the Champion, and rowed 4 and a ½ hours and almost failed in finding the Parkfield.

#### **Monday 29th March 1841. Parkfield.**

I passed an excited night without much rest; how did my spirit sink within me when at 6 this morning I heard Papa and Capt. Whiteside in conversation, the latter expressing his opinion as to the safety of the anchorage at Port Grey and Papa's reply that (he) should proceed thither in accordance with his instructions. I felt calm, but discouraged indeed. After breakfast a thorough consultation held with the Capt. and all; charts examined; Mr Hutt's letter read &c; and then it was decided by almost universal consent that Papa would take upon himself greater responsibility by going than by remaining, and that we are to remain here. What a renewal of hope and comfort to our tried and harassed feelings. Poor Papa has suffered sadly in the difficult position in which he has been placed by Capt. Grey's abominable misrepresentations. A very busy day, washing and ironing. Mr Eliot, Stirling, Mr Northey and Major Irwin who came down in the Champion called. Papa and Pearce were at Australind; they of course delighted at the decision. Mr Eliot trembled too much to be able to come off last night. Mama explained the matter of the kangaroo and told them that the butcher had thrown it overboard today without anyone's knowledge. The Australind party arrived in the middle of dinner. Mr Ommaney remained the night. A busy evening dividing my seeds. Pearce, the girls, M, O and I remained talking in the cuddy till late.

#### **Tuesday 30th March 1841. Barque Parkfield.**

I have passed a day of considerable industry, activity and fatigue, having been engaged from 10 till our dinner at 4 in unpacking and repacking all my chests in preparation for our disembarkation and camping in a day or two; with the occupation of the muscular frame, how much the mind partakes in the energy of action; and to one who watches the process of the mind and feelings, it is singular to observe the variations, the totally different phases which characterize them at different times. The morning I felt buoyant; this evening thoughtful, associating myself with nothing round me. On opening my desk today I met with a note of dearest Waller's, written in the April of last year, the outpouring of a broken heart, and as I read it what a host of sad thoughts and recollections clouded my spirit. The faded flowers I gathered the last time I saw Wandle House, wore on that ever to be

remembered Wednesday evening, the latter fell also into my hands; how strange that such apparently trifling relics of the past should possess so magical a power as to give a tone, a colouring to every idea and thought during a succession of hours. From these two incidents my present mood may be traced. I met also with a note (which I had not before read) from dear Aunt M. Turner to dear Frank congratulating him on his marriage and requesting his choice of a present, and then added that "a similar event to prevent Dear Louisa from quitting England would gladden my old heart". Dear creature, the grave by this time has made her his prey and that probably was her last written note. I was affected by it and a train of thoughts I cannot express arose. I believe that was a wish entertained by many, but heaven decreed otherwise; my feelings have been strangely buffeted the last two years; who can tell how deeply? I would not have had it otherwise, for with it all I possess a crowd of interesting and sweet associations and recollections that I would not part with for anything. As for marriage, I have always clearly seen there is a fatality which is insurmountable as to myself. In early life I had a strong prejudice against it, being persuaded that it is an unhappy state for a woman; as years have rolled on and I have increasingly needed a prop and support, a kindred heart, I have at times thought that it is a state in which I might have found the dependent happiness I have longed for. Now I am, I think, content with what is my apparent lot, and in drawing all my enjoyment from my own dear family circle I am resolved (for I have no inclination or power) to make no new friendship or interest. I am so often happy in the knowledge that I cannot again suffer as I have done in the severing of the ties of the affections. I have once parted from dearest Frank, W, Priscy & ? It cannot come again and I should be a fool indeed did I ever again place myself in a position of enduring what I have done.

Papa, Pearce and some of the young men went up to Australind this morning to place some of the tents, and the wind is blowing so hard that they have not yet returned and I trust will not attempt it tonight. Mr Ommaney went off with them; he is going to the Vasse to bring his wife up to our new town. The Napoleon, laden with stock, the speculation of Mr Stirling and Mr Eliot, has arrived here this afternoon, and another whaler so that there are 4 vessels in company with us. Walked on deck after dinner. Charles Bedingfeld's party had some difficulty in getting on board on account of the swell.

### **Wednesday 31st March 1841. Parkfield.**

Passed the morning in setting to rights, work &c. Papa, Ellen and Capt. Whiteside went ashore and called on Mr Eliot. We were in hopes that they would have dined here today, but were not I believe invited. A very cold day and a swell which has caused an unpleasant roll. Pearce, Bob and a party went after breakfast to Australind. Bob and some of them returned in the evening; Pearce, Plowes &c remaining there. A stupid day. I very stupid, not very well. It was not the Napoleon which came in yesterday, the Helen with horses and stock from the Cape. The Champion sailed for the Vasse, but put back with contrary wind.

### **1st April 1841, Parkfield. Leschenault, Thursday.**

Papa, Bob and several young men started after breakfast for Australind. 9 o'clock, they are just entering the cuddy. Mr Stirling called early. Mr Eliot came off with the Capt. and spent half an hour; left without taking leave just as we sat down to dinner. Mama not very well, did not get up till dinner. I was occupied all day till tea time unpacking and had a most fatiguing day and too much engaged to go on deck. Capt. Barker, the Captain of the

*Jefferson Whale ship, Capt. Garrett, Captain of the colonial schooner came in to tea, the former a very pleasing amiable American, and, tho' not gentlemanly, agreeable. The tents are in process of erection. We do not yet think of going into them.*

**Friday, 2nd April 1841. Parkfield.**

*An unsettling morning early. After finishing packing I went on to the poop and read History of Ireland. Mrs Austen and Mrs Gaudin came down from Australind at 3 and dined with us. Mrs Austen returned in the evening, leaving Mrs G to sleep here. Mrs A attired in the same dress as she wore at one of our soirees, and at the dejeuner, and white bonnet of flowers looked more than usually unladylike. The scenes in which she appeared in town were brought vividly before my mind. Major Irwin, Mr Eliot and Mr Northey dined here; the two latter were my neighbours at the dinner table and made themselves very agreeable. with the former I had a great deal of conversation. There is something about him which amuses me excessively. From laughter however we came down to gravity and almost melancholy, as we talked of England, friends, separation, colonial life &c. He expressed many feelings which reminded me much of dear Waller, and the more I see of young men, the greater similarity I find in their sentiments, on one point that of sighing for an object, ties of affection, home interests &c. His two little native boys came off in the evening; they were brought into the cuddy and tho' rather frightened at the large motley company, behaved extremely well. Guanga hung round Mr Eliot with a sweet confiding manner and then read the English alphabet clearly and boldly. Christina sang: they looked astonished beyond measure, and listened most attentively but said little. It appeared too much for them. Dr Carpenter in the midst of all this confusion and bustle began to write his home letters; one of which to his brother at Trinidad contained about 5 lines; he is the most heartless, conceited man I have ever met with. We had a very agreeable day. Mr Northey accompanies Major Irwin to Perth in the Helen.*

*Although I have not been at all well, this day has been a pleasant one. We breakfasted at 8, Capt. Barker with us. Papa, he, Mrs Gaudin and some of the young men went to Australind. The day has been most lovely. I enjoyed a quiet reading in my own room for an hour or two; the more delightful in proportion to the rarity of such an employment. I then went on deck, alone to try and sketch the coast, but failed. A very small party at dinner. Robert, Papa, Capt. Whiteside and Dr Carpenter are dining at Government House. We have been sitting on deck watching the fires on shore near Shenton's store. The scene has been most beautiful, worthy the pencil of a Claude Lorraine; the moon and sky dazzlingly bright; the sea glistening and perfectly smooth; the outline of the shore dark and clear; the lurid flash and the curling grey and vermilion smoke of the fires throwing a bright redness over the scene, investing with a wildness congenial to the spot and exciting to the imagination. The Helen left the port this morning; the colonial schooner yesterday. Poor Mrs Gaudin's cup of sorrow is almost overflowing. Her maid Maria turns out to be thoroughly worthless, and she is obliged to discharge her; thus depriving her of the last comfort she could look to, that of having a confidential, comfortable attendant. She left us in very low spirits.*

**Sunday 4th April 1841.**

*A day of exquisite warmth and beauty. A very small party at the reading on deck; being the last day on board, I wished to take a sketch of the coast and attempted, but had no pleasure or success in it, feeling it to be an undesirable occupation for the day. Decided not to go to*

*Australind till Tuesday; walked the deck after tea and watched the last sunset at sea; the scene was lovely and heightened by vivid lightning. I am strangely altered when I think how seldom now I feel the thrill of enjoyment in the view of bright skies and sunny shores.*

**Monday 5th April 1841.**

*Papa was so discomposed at our decision not to accompany him to the encampment this morning, that at the expense of a great deal of exertion we resolved to go up at 1 o'clock under the charge of Dr Carpenter and C. Bedingfeld. A very bustling morning; just as we had completed our packing, Mr Eliot and Mr Stirling came on board and hearing with whom we were going, immediately offered and insisted on taking us up in their boat. Mama unhesitatingly accepted their kind escort for us, and about ½ past we took leave of our kind friends the Whitesides and the barque Parkfield; although exulting in the joy of getting ashore, my spirits forsook me at last; the remembrance of the first time I saw the ship, with when and with what feelings, with the train of thoughts accompanying a review of the past ran through my mind. I felt an oppression of spirit which I could not throw off, during our calm and scorching row and sail up the estuary. I made an effort to be chatty, but was silent; the last view of the Parkfield awakened too much thought and feeling. I here transcribe a letter I wrote to dear Waller this night. "Tent, Australind. 5th April 1841. I must attempt before I lie down for the first time in the bush, to give you some description of the picturesque romantic scenes in which we are now engaged. We have just made our beds on the ground, arranged our tent for the night, and with the moon shining brightly through the canvas over head, solemn stillness reigning around, except when broken by the merry laugh of gentlemen encamped round a log fire, the chirling of the grasshoppers and now and then the breaking of a wave upon the distant shore. You may fancy Mary and myself kneeling at a table we have rigged up in the centre of our abode, alternately writing and talking over this strange page in our history. Papa with a party of young men came hither this morning and left Mary and me to follow with a boat load of goods &c later in the day. Mr Eliot and Mr Stirling went on board the Parkfield just as we were going and insisted upon taking us up in their boat, a proposition we readily agreed to rather than commit ourselves to the care of Dr Carpenter. We sailed almost all the way up this beautiful estuary, under a sky of surpassing beauty, the heat intense and scarcely a breath of wind. On arriving, we found our tent erected and two or 3 others scattered about, on the slope of a deep declivity a few hundred yards from the waterside, commanding a lovely view, surrounded by beautiful trees, but in a state of charming confusion, the sand, ankle deep, almost the only floor. Our kind friend Mr E and S insisted upon getting everything to rights. We all went to work under a scorching sun to cut rushes for the carpet, turned everything out; they then spread them, arranged this table which with a nice English cover gives an air of comfort to the apartment, put up books; in fact, in the course of an hour or two we found ourselves in order. Mrs Austen then kindly came from her settlement with a loaf of bread and cold meat, a most acceptable present after the labours of the day. An immense fire of branches was soon lighted on the level ground, a little distance below our tent, water boiled and tea made and having fortunately got up our plate chest containing knives and forks, tea cups &c, we sat down to a welcome repast, and with more comfort than we could have imagined possible. I wish you could have seen the interior of our new abode, some sitting on the ground, others on our mattresses rolled up; I making tea upon a gun case seated on a hassock in the midst. By degrees all the young men collected to this centre of comfort and sociability. I forgot to describe in due order a scene which amused us vastly. While we were engaged within, we found the Government*

*Resident, the magistrate of the district, Mr Eliot and Mr Gibson, hard at work without kneading dough to make damper, in other words, unleavened bread, which has since been baked in wood ashes, and promises to do justice to the skill of the manufacturers. I cannot describe half of the amusing and curious incidents of the day nor convey to your mind an adequate idea of the picturesque appearance of a bush encampment, in such a climate and with such scenery on all sides. Papa and Mr Plowes have a tent; Mr Eliot and S and many others are by this time reposing on the bare ground, wrapped in blankets by the side of a large fire. We have just made our beds and are so completely tired that we are longing to lie down in them. The nights are extremely cold and we are beginning to feel very chilly, and the sand underneath strikes damp and cold. Mama, Ellen and all the party are to come up on Wednesday. I find myself involuntarily providing against the motion of the sea, altho' we have been almost entirely at rest for the last fortnight. The delight of feeling still, relieved of the burden of preparation against pitching and rolling and a thousand other charms in being on terra firma again compensates most fully for the personal exertions which will be required for some months to come; and then the indescribable blessing of not going to Port Grey. I feel a sensation of "home" in this place; civilization is partly known. There are only 3 or 4 settlers. but there is the truest hospitality and kindness, and instead of being out of the reach of any human beings, we here at once meet with a hearty welcome and with ready assistance and co-operation. I cannot tell you how truly kind Mr E and S have been. The former is a very agreeable gentlemanly man, and the latter is most pleasing, and tho' a colonist not less the gentleman. All is hushed and still and I must to my rest as we are to be up at 5 in the morning. Yours, L.C."*

**Sunday 16th April 1841, Australind.**

*A grey day. Till 10 walked about the lawn (as I call it) feeding and watching my fowls. Had a nice meeting at 10 in Mama's tent. Cap. and Mrs Whiteside arrived before we had finished. The surveyors came to join the service, but Papa did not hold it but walked with Capt. Whiteside to the Brunswick. We were introduced to a few of the young men; Mr Thomson, George Smith and Mr Brown accompanied Mrs W, Ellen, Mary and myself and children some distance into the woods having left Mama to descend the hill behind our tents by herself. The children dined first, but with Mr Earham, Brown, Hennessy and our party, our dinner scene was a strange one. About 5 of our visitors left, and we took leave with great regret; some of the party dined on board; a parting dinner on Thursday - I shall not go. I have suffered far too bitterly imparting to make a take leave of even a friend who is comparatively newly made. Dear Pearce remains here; all have dispersed very early. Mama read a chapter or two amongst ourselves while Papa writes; a day of no real quiet as I had looked forward to. Not such as I should have liked for our first Sunday here.*

.....(Some pages apparently missing here)

**Monday 17th May 1841. Australind.**

*I began the week with a determination to be more than ever active and industrious, and having on Saturday night packed away all my extra possessions in my chest, I felt at liberty to begin washing Mama's and the children's things; what then was my dismay when going to my chest I discovered that the milk pan which had stood on it all night leaked, and a stream of milk had found its way into the chest and penetrated down to the very bottom, soaking a great portion of the clean linen I myself had laboured to make so,*

besides pieces, patterns, books &c. I felt quite in despair as I took one thing after another wet through, and was at last compelled to turn the whole contents on to the ground. Mr Eliot had made an engagement to come up to breakfast to accompany Papa and Mr Littel to the Collie. We expected them at 9 and had everything nicely arranged, the children and boys having breakfasted early; they did not however come and at 10 Mr Eliot made his appearance alone. He would not take any refreshment, stayed but a few minutes, seemed out of sorts and dull, and then started. Papa returned in the afternoon; none of them came back to dinner. I was occupied till dinner in drying and arranging my things, many of which were washed again, and a more fatiguing day I have seldom had, nor a more vexatious occupation; too tired to do anything in the evening.

### **Tuesday 18th May 1841.**

A very beautiful day gladdens the spirits of uninteresting and hard occupation, so I sometimes experience, although from my various engagements I seldom have time to think of the weather with a view to enjoying it. The heat was very oppressive, tho' the early morning extremely cold. I was again occupied with the linen. I laid it all out; dried that which was damp, packed all the children's into a flour cask, and all the table linen &c into another large empty tub and thus secured it all from further harm. This is the most satisfactory end accomplished and I have nothing more to think or do on that most worrying subject. Mr Eliot and Mr Stirling had promised to dine here today and remain the night to accompany us on an excursion up the Collie the following day. We waited dinner some time, but they did not arrive, and then we received a note informing us that they were too much occupied with the newly arrived stock to come up for some days to come. We all were pleased to give up the boating trip; for myself I was delighted. I have no inclination to explore. It is attended with so much fatigue, and the country is so similar everywhere, I think there is nothing to tempt one beyond the precincts of our own picturesque encampment; besides after so long a voyage and so much unsettlement I do sigh for rest and quiet enjoyment. I have had dear Elinor much in my thoughts of late and with sentiments of affection and interest warmer than I have ever felt them. Chrissy and I talked of her together. I love to converse of absent friends, and yet I rarely do so. Those I love most I most rarely speak of.

### **Wednesday 19th May 1841.**

The yearly meeting being assembled at this time in London my thoughts have been much there and with friends, and I feel that we are not forgotten by many who are enjoying privileges denied to dear Mama and myself. It is a season fraught with interesting associations to me, the time of year the sweet budding blooming month of May harmonizes with the reunion of distant friends and connexions, and the whole is rendered solemn and imposing by the object for which they meet. Were I not necessarily obliged to give all my energies to the details of our present life, memory would wander at large amongst the many recollections with which this month is amply laden: and yet I am become so changed a being in many ways that there is pain attendant on a survey of the Past; regret and disappointment those evil genius attendant on youth, how deeply do they cast a bitter into the sweetest streams of life. The month of May is now nearly over, an emblem of the fleeting joys of youth. *Les fleurs de la vie sont pour toujours jeties derriere moi:* but the fruit is to come; happy anticipation, bright hope for the future.



#### **Thursday 20th May 1841.**

Chrissy washed in my tent while I repaired a dress &c. I forgot to mention my own feats in that way yesterday. I washed in the course of the morning all my last week's consumption of clothes besides other things, which I starched, made butter and did vast other things and the girls laugh at me as doing everything by magic. Mama and Ellen accompanied in the flat across the estuary to fetch the flock of sheep which Papa has bought of Capt. Coffin. Miss Spencer and some of the children had preceded them some hours before. They landed upon the sand patch opposite this and enjoyed the view of this coast from that side of the water. A party of gentlemen arrived about 4, the time our party relanded and we were glad to find it was not the government resident party; a Capt. Symers, Mr Tapson, Mr Onslow - the two former on their way to Perth. Mr Tapson, a sheep driver in fact having brought up this late importation of sheep to Bunbury. Colonial Society! How little captivating or refined it is! Capt. Symers is a rough but rather pleasing elderly man; Mr Tapson vulgar and unpre-possessing, young, rough, and of course in dress, to English eyes anything but a gentleman. The want of gentlemanly dress is an additional friction to "taste". Capt. Coffin who came up last evening is still with us; having sold his all here he is about to go to Perth, from thence to Sydney, round Cape Horn to Brazil, and from thence to Nantucket in the United States, his home, to join his wife. He certainly must be a distant cousin of Christina's. 365 carriages contained the guests of Sir Isaac Coffin, of the name of Coffin and allied by blood. A very stupid dinner. I felt low-spirited and requiring to be drawn out rather than to exert myself in conversation. Felt silent. They went soon after dinner. I forgot to mention a conversation Papa and I had with Dr Carpenter one night some days since. I was resolved to express what I thought of his indiscretion in telling Ellen her chest was affected and his unreasonableness in not taking any notice of her indisposition after the fuss he made about her one day; since which time he has never felt her pulse. The conversation was highly dissatisfactory. Papa had been on the subject of medicine with him and had told him some home truths. I could not but join in when the opportunity offered for expressing my feelings. Papa expressed his opinion (as I did mine) but was very sharp and stirred up the Dr's ire. Such conceit, self esteem, unreasonableness I could not imagine any sane person would display. The next morning he was very cold and distant. Mama had a conversation in which he repeated again the same folly as the night before; but Mama would not let it come to a quarrel, and since we have gone on smoothly. Ellen is now active and getting strong, tho' he says he never before had so intensely anxious a case or devoted more thought to it. We had a very nice little meeting this morning. My spirits were softened much.

#### **Friday 21st May 1841.**

A different morning to that which I had planned; instead of letter writing and journal scribbling, I was engaged in collecting provisions &c for Papa's bush expedition. He accompanied by Gordon Hamilton started at two for Waringerup; Papa on the old horse, the baggage on one of poor Mr Plowes little ponies; it is so thin and out of condition that I thought it never could walk under the comparative light weight of the saddle bags. The girls, Chrissy and I worked with Mama in the afternoon, a pleasant comfortable hour's quiet. I called on Mrs Gaudin and Mrs Williams, not having seen them since Sunday. Mr Plowes dined with us. Capt. Coffin left us finally this morning. The conversation this evening was energetic in defence of Capt. and Mrs Whiteside, on our part, against Mr Plowes and Bob, who believe Capt. Coffin's account of the insincerity of Capt. Whiteside in

*speaking slightly and ungenerously of us to him, in fact convicting him of the most wanton tittle tattle. I and those who know him are convinced of his innocence. He is not the man to condescend to do so. Mr Plowes always ungentlemanly to him and his wife give credence willingly to all the untruths told of them. We know the source. Mrs Whiteside knew how it would be and cautioned us against believing anything that was attributed to them. Miss Spencer is a second Mrs Greatham, a deep mischief maker, and we little know now to what an extent. The more I see of her the more do I distrust and recoil from her character.*

**Saturday 22nd May 1841.**

*A rather less busy morning than customary, as I was waiting about for Mama who was to away some part of the children's clean linen. So when my tent was slightly put in order I sat down to my desk to seal up and put away the bouquet of now withered flowers which I gathered the last time I was at Wandle House, the 18th Nov. and wore that evening, our last party at James St. Sweet relics of the past, they only brought a sadness over my spirits which remained with me all day and which was not diminished by reading a sweet letter from dearest Priscilla, written from Brighton to me at Ebury St, this time two years, just when Australia came closely in view as our future home. I remember it well, the combination of sound and gentle advice united to the warmest expression of feelings impressed permanently on mind a season of mental conflict I passed through at that time. We dined earlier than customarily and occupied ourselves afterwards in packing a case with the children's clean linen, till ½ past 7 when Mr Plowes, Pearce and Bob returned from the Preston and Mr Wollaston wither they had gone early by water, and took tea while they dined. Worked altogether after tea, an event to be noticed in these confused times. Slept with Mama again. Pearce and Robert are very energetic in erecting their store; it already assumes an appearance of strength, tho' the main posts are at present only fixed, We see very little of the former; in fact each and all have their own engagements and are consequently unable to enjoy much social intercourse. The West Hill party has been very constantly in my thoughts this day and talked of them to Chrissy.*

**Sunday 23rd May 1841.**

*Another Sunday has almost mingled with the past. The weather promised to be wet and stormy this morning till it cleared off about the time of our meeting, which was held in the marquee and joined by Mr Williams, Pearce and Bob; no one was willing to attend reading the service; a longer meeting, and chapters were substituted for it. Mama, Christina, Ellen and I went down to the now almost sunken pier and sat on the rafters there talking over the delight of seeing dear Frank and Eleanor and speculating whether dearest aunts and others would ever be persuaded to come out. The sun flung a flood of light over the unruffled waters of the estuary and the splash of oars and the voices of the children, boys and Mary who paddled over to the other side were heard distinctly from their farthest distance. The thought of being joined by these we love lights up glowing hope and eager anticipation, but at present I seem not to be able to realise it. On returning, I called on Mrs Gaudin and accompanied her and her husband to Mama's room. We afterwards all walked together to the site of our house and strolled about for an hour or two in the vicinity, sitting down here and there on the burnt or cut down stems of trees, which rather thickly bestrew the ground. Mrs Gaudin seemed quite to enjoy a walk for the first time and expressed herself as being happy in being with us; she looks better though her legs are not cured. Dr*

Carpenter has not yet returned from the Eliot's wither he went this morning. Mama read to me many of the little papers she has at times written, and Christina and Bob came and sat with us in her room. The day has been a pleasant one. I have not felt my usual heaviness and stupor after dinner and have been reading and writing and hearing the children read. I wish to write many letters and have much to express to many, and yet I cannot bring sufficient resolution to the point of sitting down to begin. I never before experienced such an entire incapability of mental exertion; the sense of distance imposes a barrier to communication not as far as feelings are concerned only in the verbal expression of them. My heart is just as warm as ever, but my pen is frigid and powerless. Waves are falling and breaking on the shore with a sound of proximity intimating the restless state of the ocean on the sea coast. It is a splendid but a mournful sound and that in more ways than one, by reminding one of the time passed upon it and by this heavy surging of its waters being a certain harbinger of approaching bad weather. Before a gale of wind this is generally or always announced to us in this way. Gervase has been grievously offended by Miss Spencer's unkind treatment of him lately (without any cause) and her "unladylike conduct" to his today. Mama has spoken to her about it, she requesting her to prevent her being insulted by his using such an expression. It has (this topic) elicited a great deal of information regarding her conduct and character, and it is sad to find how lightly it is esteemed by the boys and young men. She is wholly deficient in female delicacy of conduct or feeling and her influence upon the children and Lucy especially I do deeply deplore; but she.....

**Monday 24th May 1841.**

A day of unrivalled beauty. Washed in the morning. Papa returned from his excursion, Mr Durlacher and Gordon with him. He has had a most satisfactory and pleasant expedition, and ascended to the summit of Mount Clifton, a mountain of 800 to 1000 feet high. Pearce returned from his wreck between 7 and 8 and dined while we took tea. I felt brighter and more buoyant than usual, and have under the spur of this new energy determined to make drawing and collecting flowers the object and pursuit of my leisure hours. I am very eager to send home some sketches, but this I cannot do until I have acquired some progress in the art. Passed an hour with Mrs Gaudin in her tent. Head a few chapters of the "Abbots" in the afternoon.

**Tuesday 25th May 1841.**

Papa, Ellen, Mary, Chrissie and Bob went for a walk to the Collie and started soon after breakfast and were out some hours, bringing home a quantity of very pretty flowers, many of which I pressed. I have not seen yet many which strike me as surpassingly pretty; all nature is, and must be, lovely and I love it wherever I meet with it, but I do not think it rivals her charms as displayed in England. Papa thinks everything here superior. That opinion seems the result of a sanguine temperament to my judgment. I had a quieter day than usual. Mrs Gaudin and Mama joined Mary and me at Pearce's store on which he and Mr Plowes and Robert were hard at work. They are making a good substantial tenement on the flat, a little lower than the farm yard. The afternoon was bright and we strolled about for an hour or so.

**Wednesday 26th May 1841.**

A busy morning looking over all household things in use. Chrissy and I accompanied Papa, Mama and some of the children down Coombanah Road which Papa had set some Indians

to clear. It runs along the border of the estuary on the flat between our tents and the water. It is astonishing how much the hand of man improves nature (unless particularly picturesque) throwing an air of interest upon a scene otherwise tame and unstriking. A distance of half a mile I should think has been cleared of bushes and trees which are left in lines on each side of the road which is very wide, and being still green with vegetation looks tempting for a ride on horseback. It is wooded down to the water's edge, but not with many pretty trees; the banksia prevailing, which is particularly ugly. We sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree while Papa used his hatchet in opening in parts a peep of the waters of the inlet looking now rather angry, now bright and blue, as the squalls which we have had frequently today play upon or pass over its surface. We returned upon the higher bank or crescent, calling Mrs Clarke whose tent is placed some distance beyond the surveyors'. Her baby is still sadly delicate and she suffering much with sore legs and weak eyes, of which she is gradually losing the sight. She is so patient and contented that I felt we might learn a lesson from her. Clarke, who is a surveyor (of a lower kind) is now employed under the Company. Met Mr Gibson and Gordon and chatted with them. The young men rarely ever see us. I must confess they do not contribute to our pleasure, for when we do meet it is quite an arduous task to make them converse. Mr Treene, Mr Durlacher and Mr Greenside dined with us. The Dr who had been sent for yesterday to Scott's to see a poor woman dangerously ill after her confinement, returned, but having dined drank tea with the children. I had a very bad headache which obliged me to go to bed directly after dinner. Mr Durlacher, a very short but exceedingly handsome young man, made himself very agreeable and pleased Mama by telling his history, wherefore here, and for how long; everyone I find to whom I have hitherto conversed on their prospects have unanimously the same wish to return to England as soon as their circumstances permit, and even a tear stood in Mr Durlacher's bright blue eyes when he spoke of a return to his own country. He told his age which I was astonished to learn is only 28. Mr Greenside is wonderfully like Edward Bell, but less good looking. So is very pleasing and there is an air of melancholy about him which excites interest; he too is quite a youth. Mr Thomson is rather better but has suffered much with rheumatic gout for some days. Two of the young surveyors have never even had a tent to sleep under, their only covering at night being a rick-cloth covering some of their goods open at each end and presenting an air of discomfort no one can imagine but those initiated into the scenes of settling life. Would that dearest Priscy could look in upon us; as we sat on that broken down tree in Coombanah Road we tried to realize the possibility of her and dearest Aunts coming out and I thought of one wish in childhood of being "old maids" and living together in some pretty little retired cottage in the country. Our youthful dreams might be realised here in some measure, but I dare not give myself up to the delusive hope of ever seeing those beloved friends of my childhood in this land. I have been too often cheated by hope's syren smiles to listen to her winning suggestions here. Papa took Miss Spencer and Lucy with him to the Point, such we call Shenton's, at the entrance of the inlet, close by Mr Eliot's. He called upon Mr E who wished to come up but declined doing so. It is an age since we saw him. We quite long for a visit. I wonder how dear Priscy would have liked him. I think she must have liked, though she would not probably admire him.

**Thursday 27th May 1841.**

A showery disconsolate day. I did not get up till near 11, having woke with a headache. I read in bed for an hour, a treat I enjoyed much. Meeting as usual; worked a little, wrote

and wandered about. I felt unstrung and stupefied. Heavy showers of rain and squall of wind from time to time all day; nothing of interest occurred save another proof of the Austen's unprincipled and unjustifiable conduct. Mr Gaudin sent for his paint-box which was left safely in the store when they came up to this encampment. Part of the tray and a few broken paints were all that was returned of it; they having been found under a tree, the box broken open and to pieces and a bottle of liquid carmine, valued at £10 taken. Mrs Austen found it, and it is not uncharitable to say considering what a woman she is that it was wantonly destroyed by her; her malice and evil temper would not be credited did we not live on the spot and know the truth of her infamous conduct. Altogether I have never heard of a more hateful woman than she. Poor Mr Austen may be mean-spirited and weak, but she who rules over with iron hand is chargeable with all the vice of their proceedings. I am still amusing myself with the "Abbott", but do not lose myself in absorbing interest as in younger days.

**Friday 28th May 1841. Australind Tents.**

The first birth in Australind took place today, one of the workmen's wife, Stallard, has a boy. Passed the morning in writing a long letter to Aunt Kate, the first since my departure from England; a relief having broken the ice as regards letter writing. My powers of writing seen completely frozen. Ellen has become more active and early than I ever knew her, leaving Mary rather in the background on this point. Began "Memoirs of Mary Stewart", by A. Cunningham.

**Saturday 29th May 1841.**

After the unsettled day of yesterday the bright beaming still weather of this day has been particularly acceptable and I availed of it by attempting in earnest to make a sketch of Mama's tent. So I took a chair and all the paraphernalia of drawing to a suitable spot between her hut and the inlet and there I enjoyed repose till the heat of the sun drove me to take shelter under her roof, and I arranged my painting concerns snugly by the door and took a view of the estuary before me, and succeeded, tho' wretchedly, better than I had expected. I am so anxious to send to dearest Frank and Waller and Priscy a few sketches of our present encampment here thatched sheds take the place of tents and the marquees. The store house was expected to be entirely completed, the roof was not however wholly thatched. Nevertheless the dinner Papa had promised to all the workmen on the occasion of the first building being erected in Australind took place at 3 o'clock, and we all went in when they, their wives and children were assembled round the long and capital table erected for the purpose. They sat down about 40, I think. Morgan the head carpenter at top, Hough the thatcher at bottom. Kangaroo soup, kangaroo pies and steaks, pork, beef, peas pudding and suet puddings composed the fare, and most excellent it proved to be, doing justice to Usher and Whitely's exertions. Papa allowed no spirits: beer, colonial and Barclay's porter only. Everything was conducted with great decorum, and to the universal satisfaction of the parties assembled. The men sat till 10 o'clock, and sang solos, choruses &c displaying considerable talk and knowledge. Absalon sings beautifully, as do several others. I am much interested in Alan Cunningham's life of Mary of Scots, and I sat up late and then unwillingly laid it aside. Mrs Gaudin has got into a large tent and is so comfortable and happy in comparison to the past that it is quite a pleasure to see her in it. Mrs Williams was with us in the afternoon and we saw several of the young men. She was looking quite pretty and was wonderfully improved in every way. I never saw a person so changed for the better since the voyage ended. I like her better now than others I could name and regret I spoke so sharply of her tho' at that time it was hardly to be avoided.

**Sunday 30th May 1841.**

*A very long and quiet meeting which I much enjoyed; short and dead service. All the party except Mama and I walked, talked and read together: she on their return went up Coombanah Road. I walked alone to meet them. Miss Spencer overtook me; unacceptable, as I felt more disposed to be alone. Had a long chat with Gordon and Eldred. Met Mama and Ellen and returned together, Felt wretchedly triste, a feeling principally induced by the remembrance of this day year, the last Sunday we passed Cape Cure, the night on which dearest Frank and Priscy and myself crossed to James St. Read to the children in the evening, but was prevented writing my journal as Gordon and Mr Gibson drank tea with us, neither very chatty.*

**Monday 31st May 1841.**

*A day of extreme fatigue and bustle, unpacking china, glass, lamps &c for tomorrow. Did not feel at all well, and the labours of the day and arrangement of the dinner party felt very burdensome. I recollect doing nothing but unpack this day, and have therefore no more to mention. Very stormy weather and promising ill for tomorrow.*

**Tuesday 1st June 1841**

*A fine calm morning led us to hope and expect that the weather was settling and fine. The morning was accordingly passed in extreme activity; making tarts and custards, bills of fare and other arrangements for the fete this being the Anniversary of the founding of the Colony. The scene in our room was truly ludicrous and I think I must name a few of the contents of our comely apartment. Before it was in any way arranged, we had the satisfaction of being requested to admit Mr Greenside &c to get out some more surveying concerns from the box under our bed. This discomposed me considerably, but I was obliged to submit to the painful ordeal, and they took out the box and we are now happily quit of it altogether. All the paraphernalia of pastry and custard making, grinding coffee, ironing, making fromage and cheese, casks of peas, brandy, sugar and other stores, barometers, wearing apparel, books, boxes and loose books, milk pans, sieves, and dairy apparatus in every direction. Having no other table than the top of my drawers, baskets of dirty linen, music books I had opened for fear of wet, flowers, medicines, starch; in fact there is hardly a thing that can be thought of that is not to be found in my room, mine, especially, being at the entrance. After a day of extreme exertion, we dressed and were ready to receive Mr and Mrs Ommaney, Mr Eliot, Little and Onslow who arrived about ½ past 4. The weather began to look threatening. The Gaudins and the Williams arrived about 6, and by degrees all the gentlemen in the colony. We had no sooner assembled than a shower of rain commenced, more violent and fierce than we have seen since the first storm. It continued so long that we gave up all hopes of either getting down to the store house or when there of having any dinner. A stove in the open air and no shelter presented a formidable obstacle to the serving up of a handsome dinner for 38 people. At length it began a little to subside, and clogs and cloaks and shawls having been obtained, the ladies were handed through the rain and water to the dinner room. Mr Eliot took me and I sat between him and Mr Ommaney. As the whole roof had not been thatched the rain dripped through the canvas thrown over the aperture and the table and plates wetted and it obliged all the ladies to sit high up the table at the top, so that poor Robert was left at the bottom with the children, Miss S and our stupid young men, while Pearce had a delightful place at the end, Papa and Mama sitting opposite in the centre of the table. I shall give the names of all for the information of dearest P whose eyes per-chance may one day peruse these pages. Mr Greenside, Mr Thomson, Mr Durlacher, Mr Treene, Mr Humphry, Mr Smith, of the*

surveying department, Mr Gibson, Plowes, Hamilton, 2 Smiths, 2 Bedingfelds, Dr C. The dinner was capitally arranged notwithstanding the unpropitious weather, offering luxuries to our colonial friends hitherto certainly not known here. we had a very agreeable day. Mr Eliot as usual very agreeable, rather more exclusive in his conversation with me than I wished. But I was in hopes I had obtained the first contribution to our Australind Museum in the form of some skins of beautiful birds that he begged me to accept, but on my proposing so to appropriate them, he declined giving them; only wishing them to be a personal gift. He is a very droll person and I cannot quite understand him; truly and thoroughly amiable in the best and highest sense, and gentlemanly in every feeling: very melancholy, making himself out to be selfish and indolent, but in reality far removed from either. I should think a strange mixture of the grave and gay. He said he has become quite a fatalist since we came, as he always brings rain and disasters with him, almost doubted whether to come today. He goes however by his own account frequently to his favourite resort on the top of a hill near his house to catch a view of Australind and its tents, the possibility of which he has only lately discovered and which he eagerly avails of. Miss Spencer was in a regular passion at having the children by her side, which Mama had particularly told her was not to be the case. The consequence was she was little noticed, the gentlemen opposite being too much engaged among themselves to make an effort to amuse her. Mr Plowes was completely tipsy when he came and became so madly so that after leaving the table he threw logs of wood at the pantry tent and was so violent that many were alarmed till he was taken to his own tent. All the others joined us in the marquee at tea and we had a very sociable evening in conversation and looking at Henry and F. Bell's drawings and my scrap book. My thoughts were so much in the past; this day year the first of my residence in James St, and so much with dear P and others who were with us the last party we had that I was obliged to exert myself to perform the civilities of the occasion. Mrs Ommaney was very poorly all the evening, having caught a chill in the long water expedition hither. Mrs Williams in her wedding dress looked unusually well, and Christina very sweet; Mrs Gaudin most disagreeable and irrational, I think. Mrs G comme cela. Mr Humphry and Smith far too shy to speak to us ladies, and having no opportunity of getting hold of either I could not do much towards amusing them. Mr Harrison also, one of the surveyors, showed us some of his sketches. Mr Durlacher very droll and funny. We did not leave and separate till ½ past 12; rain falling in torrents all the evening; our tent in a sad state of wet; thunder and lightning soon came on; rain such as no one can imagine who has not lived in this climate; the night has been a truly awful one; the whole artillery of the heavens concentrated apparently high in the air overhead; lightning streaming like fire through the thin canvas over us; rain descending in sheets of water; wind at times sweeping with uncontrollable force against and around us, we did not undress entirely, but putting on our flannel gowns, lay down; Ellen's bed so completely drenched that she placed one tolerably dry mattress on the ground by my bed and covering herself over with damp blankets and shawls prepared for a sleepless night. My bed was wet and damp, but I found it acceptable nevertheless, being dead tired. Gervase and Pearce stayed with us till 3. Papa slept in his tent and Mrs Ommaney with Mama. About that time, the violence of the storm appearing to have passed off, joined his comrades in Mr Gibson's tent, while Ger sat up in one room, the marquee where he was to sleep affording no protection against the inclement weather. A few intervals of death-like awe-full dark silence only increased the sublimity and tangible idea of their agitation and power. I felt nervous, but trustful and calm, calling to mind our deliverance on the sea and the present proximity of the same merciful arm. I had once almost dozed when an explosion, as of an hundred cannons, roused me with a

*speed which precluded the possibility of my getting any sleep again, so that I did not for one moment lose myself all night and rose soon after 7. The worst storm took place at ½ past 5. I never heard wind or rain equalled, or heavier thunder and lightning; the darkness too was so thick that we hailed the dawn of day with delight. Mama after the first half hours wetting, tho' entirely disturbed, did not materially suffer.*

*The 1st of June this year, as compared with that day of 1840, affords a strange contrast in every way. The retrospect brought sadness to my spirits, and dear Mary Drake's affecting story was constantly present with me. No future settlers can suffer what we do; for when others come they will find things made for them and our experience available. Friends in England should be made acquainted with the dangers of this Australian coast in this season. A fatal grievance prevails on the point and I feel horrified to think of people blindly coming out at any time of year, to be exposed to such awful weather as this. Had we come one month later, I know not what we could have done, and as for Port Grey we should not have been alive had we been there now.*

### **Wednesday morning 2nd June.**

*Breakfasted in the store house being a pouring cold day. The Ommaneys left us a few hours ago and I fear have been exposed to the heavy squall of wind and rain we have experienced. Mary is quite poorly from the effects of a chill and damp. Lucy is in bed in Mama's room from the same; everybody and everything looks indescribably wretched; all work stopped; the first beam in our tent placed and standing alone: so much for tent life.*

### **Sunday 6th June 1841.**

*We have not long finished the service of the day through which I have gone with heaviness of spirit. The religious condition of the settlement grieves me much, in as much as the people seem to be a flock without a shepherd. None of the workmen attend and but few of the settlers, and it has become a dead letter and form without sermon, without even the communion service as formerly; under these circumstances is there not something for us to do? This is a question which very frequently forces itself upon my mind, and a heavy burden it brings upon my spirit; and yet what can we do? or I individually? Could Mama's meeting house be erected an afternoon meeting might be the means of drawing a few together for the purpose of public worship and instruction, and Mama has this morning been expressing her wish to engage some of the carpenters to work at its erection during their leisure hours which they now devote to those of the settlers who require their assistance in building. Were we free from all opposition in all matters of this kind, how feasible a plan would this be; but to propose it is difficult, and alas, I as much as ever shrink from the opposing spirit with which all efforts will be met with on the subject. How often have I to mourn over my total want of efficiency in actively coming forward in matters of religious usefulness. I cannot; altho' my desire, my deepest desire is to see truth prevail in myself and around me. I often think of Mrs Fry's exhortation "to be fervent in spirit serving the Lord"; labouring in the ample fields spread before us, with great zeal according to his will and requirements; and yet - I sit down and do nothing. The way has not hitherto opened but I feel a sense of such entire falling short of what I ought to be and to do in all things, that perhaps the way is open did I know how and when and in what manner to go forward. Since reading, Mama has been reading to me her journal of the last week which led to a few remarks on her part on the beauty of this climate, country &c and her conviction that did people come with intention and wish, as she did, to make it her*



"home", there would be found happiness and enjoyment in it. I agreed in many of her opinions, but she would not hear them, knowing, she said, how and why we differed, and it was therefore useless to say a word on the subject. I have been distressed, for differing in opinion never need destroy sympathy, and if I meet not with it in her, where now can I look for or find it? The rain is descending in torrents on my rick cloth where I am writing; heavy thunder rolls on in the distance; the ocean breaking on the sea shore makes the very ground tremble. This is the heaviest settled rain we have had and it is very cold and damp and discomforting to a degree. The marquee was so wet during reading that soon after they adjourned to the store, which tho' crowded with stores is a shelter, and there they have kindled a fire of banksia cones which burn beautifully and as bright as coal. Usher tells me there is not the slightest prospect of our getting any dinner, the rain, as long as it continues so heavy, almost extinguishing the fire. The storm increasing in violence, I here broke off the thread of my narrative and accompanied Ellen into the store, where I found the whole party and George and Valentine Smith sitting on the casks and packages around a vacant place in the centre in which a bright fire was blazing and imparting an air of comfort which nothing but a fire can do in such weather as this. I wish I could give any conception of the scene this afternoon and evening; the former I passed in reading Richmond's "Annals of the Poor" a work I always peruse and reperuse with pleasure; Christina and Ellen perched upon the top of some packages at some distance from the centre of attraction read also: the rain still falling in floods; a pot of pork was placed over our fire, the only thing that could be cooked under existing circumstances, but which we found with the addition of rice a very acceptable break in the day's monotony. A plank was laid across some boxes, and Pearce carved, while all the rest of the party scattered about on the piled up luggage and on a chair or two near the fire, broke their fast with considerable industry and gratification; Usher in attendance with his frying pan, supplied us with excellent fritters. Our meal being at an end, Mama and Mary occupied themselves in frying pancakes for the servants and we thought of the amusement it would afford our beloved absentees could they see Mama dexterously throwing the fritters on Sunday in such a place and in such circumstances, I think this has been the strangest of the strange scenes we have witnessed; every day seems to bring with it new and droll combinations: they pass before us like stage scenes or the varying pictures of a magic lantern. All very sleepy and tired all the evening. Chrissy and I and some others suffer much from the wood smoke, our eyes are quite dissolved. Pearce slept in the store, his own tent being deluged. We had the pleasure of getting into thoroughly damp and wet beds. I slept in my flannel gown, and passed a disturbed night in consequence of the rushing noise of the water running on and in and through our tent, and the violent irritation on my ankles from mosquito bites. The inflammation extends over a surface as large as a crown piece, and a large blister often rises in the centre. Of Thursday, Friday and Saturday, 3rd, 4th and 5th June I have omitted to say anything; the marquee having been torn in the preceding gale it was lowered and we were obliged to make the store our place of resort during those three days. The large space, long table (boards placed on casks) and the sense of security it afforded, combined to make the change rather agreeable. We always had a banksia cone fire burning at one end on the ground, which we found a ?deep table at all times. Thursday was a day of almost incessant rain, attended by awful squalls of wind, which increasing towards night, we removed all our mattresses in: Ellen's and mine placed on the table, Miss Spencer's on chairs, the children's and Mary's on boxes and the ground, and Robert and Christina's at the farther corner of the room. We could not prevail on Papa and Mama to take shelter with us, and I passed anxious intervals lest the trees close to their room would give way,

the wind was so tremendous. Friday night we also slept there, returning to our tent on Saturday, the weather having then moderated. The Smiths were with us one evening, Mr Gibson another. The greatest drawback to living in the store is the dirt, the sand being very loose, and without either rushes or boards a constant source of discomfort. Finished "Mary Queen of Scots" on Thursday. I am much pleased with it; justice has been done her, at least by Alan Cunningham. Poor Charles Bedingfeld met with a sad accident on Saturday; while using an axe in clearing Coombanah Road, the tool slipped and cut the side and ball of the foot in a frightful manner. The loss of blood was considerable before the Dr effected the dressing. He was conveyed to Mr Gibson's cottage on a shutter, and I fear will be laid up there for some weeks. We saw the shoe through which the instrument had passed; a sole as hard as wood was completely out thro'.

#### **Monday 7th June 1841.**

A calm fine morning revived my spirits after the depressing weather of the last week, and I set busily to work, to washing and various household occupations; unpacked and repacked my teak chest to get out something from the bottom, a long and fatiguing operation. Worked a little with Mama in the afternoon. Mr Greenside's cottage is just completed. He met Ellen and me today and requested as a favour to him that we would occupy it till our own huts were completed and pressed it so much that I scarcely knew how to refuse so kind and tempting an offer. Laying aside all other considerations however, I am so tired of moving from place to place that I had rather enjoy a few less comforts here than have the trouble of making another change. The interval between dinner and tea I was idle enough to pass on my bed with Ellen talking over the past &c. Dr Carpenter more cheerful than of late. All went out at 10 to see an old tree burn, which being in the line of road and too near Pearce's store, was given over to the flames. The sight was a very interesting and picturesque one and reminded of Cooper's description of the backwoods on fire in the "Prairie" or "Last of the Mohicans"; I forget which. We did not see it fall, tho' apparently only supported by a shell work of charred wood, and it is even now standing, though a breath of wind would one would imagine lay it low. Lightning at a distance made us fear a storm, but we have passed a quiet night, distant thunder this morning being all that we have heard of the anticipated thunderstorm. I forgot to mention in due order that all public and private stores were completely stowed away in the store on Saturday. We had a very laborious day's work in assisting in packing crockery which was too heavy to remove without risk, and pack it away in one corner on the ground and on a shelf which we keep for the purpose. The young Wollastons were up here yesterday, but did not call on us; a rudeness, I think.

#### **Thursday 10th June 1841.**

Since Monday my time has been occupied much by writing, copying parts of my journal, in order that I might send the original to Pris. Mr Greenside completed his house on Tuesday; it is a neat little dwelling consisting of two rooms, roof and sides, thatched, and two windows on each side. It is the neatest hut yet built. He most kindly came down and pressed us girls to take possession of it till our building is completed and was very urgent in his request. I of course could not think of keeping him out of it. Dr Carpenter returned today from Bunbury having been sent for yesterday to see Mr Stirling, who is very poorly. A showery damp day today. We had the joy of hearing yesterday from the Governor, despatches from whom were brought down by Morsom, that the Trusty has arrived at Perth. I was returned from a stroll in the bush with Rachel, having separated from others who were taking a walk, when Mary and Pearce met me with a packet of letters in

his hand. It was a moment of delight and fear, mingled feelings. On Papa's return found that the Trusty's letters had not been sent ashore when the despatches from Mr Hutt were sent off. He proposes coming to Australind as soon as the winter is over.

**Tuesday 15th June 1841, Australind.**

Like yesterday I feel totally unsettled, indolent and dull. The weather is so depressing to the spirits. The influence of rain, when dwelling in tents without internal order and domestic comfort and arrangement is particularly disqualifying and depressing. My room in the 'hut' being nearly completed, I feel all the unsettlement of an approaching move, and am waiting most anxiously for the completing of the brick floor to begin moving in all my things. Shall as it is for 3 large people (being 15 feet by 11 only) yet I anticipate the change with considerable satisfaction. The wretched wet and dirt of our rush ground, the damp and wet of the rick cloth, more or less everything under it makes me long to get out of it. I have been reading Alison for an hour or two this morning, and that is the extent of my occupation. At other times I have been wandering about and standing at the edge of the estuary watching the heavy showers of rain sweep in heavy mist across its waters. Every sound, whether of breeze or of wave only seemed to touch some triste chord, so I returned resolved to dispel melancholy thoughts (a difficult task at times). I am thankful and contented in the present and my hopes lie in the future. Yesterday I spoke with Charles Bedingfeld who was enjoying sunshine and air for the first time since the accident. His foot is going well, but he looks thin and pale. There has been again a disturbance with Miss S, the old story, falsifying, mischief making &c. Papa had a serious talk with her to leave to go to Perth, but said he should send her back to her uncle. She was in dismay at that suggestion and apologised and implored so hard to remain that it has been overlooked and made up. I do trust there will be no more difficulty. On Friday 11th. I began Alison and hope to read one hour at least a day. I must read and occupy my mind, or, like Waller, I always become dull and wretchedly stiff.

**Wednesday 16th June 1841.**

A notable day and one that will be long remembered, that of getting into a house again, and a termination put to living in tents. Slight as this cottage is, being only formed of thin planks with a rush thatching as roof and ceiling, a floor composed of a layer of bricks packed close and tight together upon the sand, the sense of comfort and enjoyment I feel in taking possession of it can only be imagined by those who have lived as we have for 3 months. Papa obtained from Mr Thomson some windows for each of the rooms; they are large for the size of them, and open down the centre in the true cottage style. This is a luxury I especially enjoy, and I can scarcely do anything but gratify the childish gratification I feel in looking through glass again. The view of the estuary from this cheerful sash is always a pretty scene. I sent up my bed yesterday hoping to have go in last night, and had the pleasure consequently of making my bed on some chairs in the tent. The night was very boisterous, and I rejoiced to think it would be the last of exposure to wet and fear that we should be unhoused. By the assistance of Papa, Pearce &c we had all our things removed in and arranged by 3, when Pearce lighted a cone fire on the floor, to dry the wet sand on the bricks and the rushes which make the room feel very damp and cold. I had several visitors, much to my annoyance. Mrs Gaudin came up which discomposed me. I cannot fancy a person intruding at such times. Mr Gaudin and she dined with us; he is far more idiotic than I imagined. Some people still say that his peculiarities are faults of the heart and disposition, not head. I am not of that opinion, but I do agree with Christina in thinking him truly disagreeable. A very windy, wet evening. The cold in the store is

considerable when the wind is high. It blows through the open chinks of the boarding and the open space under the roof. The blinding smoke from the cone fire on the sand in the centre of the little space we have to sit in, is almost more disagreeable than the evil it is intended to obviate. I have been anticipating retiring early to enjoy my new room, but in consequence of the bad weather we did not break up till 12, and then I gave up my bed to Chrissie, placing my mattress upon my teak chest with boxes at the end to make it long enough. Pearce stuffed the open space under the roof all along with dirty clothes which served to keep out a portion of the wind. Pearce and Robert slept in the store. I could not help comparing this night with the first Mary and I passed on our landing here. I cared not for the cry of the wild dog which woke me this night, except as being distressed to lose the poor goose which he carried off, a sense of security lulling my heretofore watchful senses. I never can forget those first nights of tent life. This spot was then a wild untrodden wilderness; bushes, zamia, brushwood and small trees thickly covering the soil which is now quite cleared; the dining marquee then just being erected seemed to me a most lovely spot, and I felt it too much so to like to leave the immediate vicinity of our own tent, and then when night came and we were left to ourselves; Papa and the two boys at some distance from us; all hushed; no one stirring, and then to hear in the dead stillness of night a wild cry like a wild beast, and presently pat, pat, round the tent, then the canvas shake as the creature sniffed against it and scratched in the hay which filled an open packing case. My heart beat when I tried to allay Mary's terror, lest it was a native coming in; for I was just as frightened, tho' I pretended to be quite calm. But after some demur as to what could be done we resolved to peep out and call Papa; that was an alarming moment. I feared to espy either man or dog. The latter it clearly was, for it yelped again and ran down to the shore where we fancied we heard him jump and catch the fish which rise to the surface of the water by the bright moonlight. The frequency of the nocturnal visits of these dogs wild since then proves beyond doubt that there was that night but the canvas between one of them and our faces, as we lay on the ground close to it; and when I think how lonely we were, how easily he might have come in at the entrance of the tent, what our personal feelings were in the security of our abode, I wonder we were not more intensely frightened than we were. All this, and we have suffered much from nervousness since, is, I am thankful to say, past. Tent life, that strange scene in our history is over. It will always be a singular episode to look back upon. I wish I could more minutely have portrayed some of its peculiarities, drolleries, discomforts. My journal does no justice to it in any way, during that period the necessities of life occupied so much time, thought and fatigue, rendering unavailable any leisure hours, that I could not enter into every detail, and when I did write I only hastily expressed what I felt at the moment, instead of narrating events as they occurred.

#### **Thursday 17th June 1841.**

While getting up a report was brought me that my beautiful yellow Wandle House hen had been eaten by a wild dog, and it was soon to my extreme vexation and pain verified by Mary Ann's bringing me the wings and feathers, which too truly proved its fate. She perched on the same tree as usual to which our rick cloth had been attached and I can only suppose that the tree which reclined very much was accessible to the footsteps of the detestable dog. So all things that are valued come to an end, and alone of my fowls remain 2 fowls only and 1 rabbit out of the 4. A very depressing day in other respects was rendered the more so by this loss. I so prized that hen, especially living remembrances of

dear Wandle House and ? Sarel. A short meeting in my room; the children removed into their room yesterday also; today they have been made quite comfortable.

**Friday 18th June 1841.**

Again a depressing day; nothing but domestic disarrangements. Chrissy and I accompanied Papa and Mama down the village end of Coombanah road. She and I got into conversation about Eleanor and Frank, former times, desagreements &c, and we talked for an hour or two and continued this pleasant chat in my room while we worked.

**Saturday 19th June.**

A very busy day; moving again, glass, china and hundreds of things off the shelf in the store, to give the trestles of it to the surveying department. At other times hard at work at Pearce's shepherd's plaid colonial shirt. I sat up till 1 to complete it. Papa and Mama retired and we sat round the fire talking, drowning the sound of the wind and rain till 12. Chrissy slept with Ellen, not well, with face ache. An excitement prevailed throughout the encampment in consequence of Louisa Lamb (Clark's servant, who came out with them) having been missed since yesterday in the middle of the day. She left the washtub suddenly and has not since been found. Natives and other people have been in quest of her but have been unsuccessful.

**Sunday 20th June 1841.**

Pearce attended our meeting; reading afterwards, no sermon. Mrs Stallard returned thanks after her confinement. A very lovely hot June day indeed. We strolled about with Mrs Gaudin till she went on the water with some of the young men. After wandering with Mama and all down Coombanah road, Chrissy, Bob, Pearce and I accompanied Papa, Mr Treene, Valentine Smith to Aylesbury Hill, Mount Cameron, down to the swamp home. The former is a sweet spot commanding a view which, if not intercepted by foliage, would be almost panoramic; tho distant country and even the nearer valleys clothed with trees always reminds me of French views. Robert killed a small yellow, very venomous snake. He cut off its head and it continued to move and the mouth to open for a long time afterwards. In the tea tree swamp we found the tree I have heard described. It is 42 feet in circumference at the base and is a venerable monument of antiquity affording a fine subject for a sketch. Parties have been out all day in search of poor Louisa Lamb. Our shepherd Thomas who led his sheep down to the Brunswick in search was led by the barking of his dog to the spot where she was sitting too exhausted to move. He led her home in a state of dreadful thirst and exhaustion, having tasted no water or food since Friday. Mama went down to Clark's to see her, but she covered her hands with her face (sic) and cried bitterly and did not wish to be seen. She wandered into the wood accidentally, she says and lost her way. She could not have lived another night; the two last sh: passed in the hollow trunk of a burnt tree. There is no doubt, I think, of her being a little deranged; she has been so before and her conduct has been so strange at times that it would appear to me more than probable that she intended to destroy herself. She has said more than once she intended to do so to her friend Mrs Barclay. A sad event has just taken place to our poultry. Robert by mistake for swans has shot Ellen's beautiful goose, ?Fulham? and one other goose.

**Monday 21st June 1841 .**

*A quiet morning reading, writing and arranging various things. After lunch I walked with Papa and Chrissie down Coombanah road. Worked in the afternoon. Pearce and a large body of gentlemen were sent to the sand patch opposite to proceed to the store which a native informs Papa has been broken up by some Indians, and 3 casks of flour stolen. The night was very rainy and they did not come home to supper at 10. Some of the men who had been separated from them while chasing the delinquents, Houblehouse, Chapman and Wemar, returned knowing nothing of them. They crossed again to the sand-patch. Later Papa having fancied he heard the gun fired as a signal to send a boat. Not finding them, tho' dark as Erebus and raining hard, they proceeded down to Bunbury for them. Dr Carpenter was sent for at 10 to see Mrs Macashen, Mr Eliot's shepherd's wife whom he has several times seen. It was quite a dangerous undertaking to cross the Collie such a night as this without a native or companion. The ford is nearly a mile across the 2 mouths of the river, halfway out into the estuary and at this time of the year the water reaches to the top of the saddle. Dr Carpenter is accustomed to these expeditions now. I pitied the poor creature whose pulse was to be felt by such a pair of hands as his are now; they are entirely black and covered with tar and sore and disgusting to the last degree. It is no matter of joke now; were I the lady of the house never should he sit down at my table in such a state.*

**Tuesday 22nd June 1841.**

*Began with the little girls French lessons and Worsley Latin as Dr Carpenter seems entirely to have discontinued any thought whatever of him. We began at ½ past 9 for an hour ½. Chrissy and I called on Mrs Williams and Mrs Gaudin. A lovely breezy day, reminding us of Boulogne weather in summer, when the breeze is refreshing without being cold. Our conversation turned towards that spot and we spent a pleasant and quiet flying hour in talking over friends there. Mr Greenside, Thomson and Durlacher dined with us. The wooden parlour being completed we moved a table and chairs in and dined there; it is a long room, bricked, 3 windows in it; the width of course the same as our bedroom. The night was inclement, and we felt it delightful to be under shelter and out of the uncomfortable store. A rather sleepy party; the guests come times caught the general somniferous influence.*

**Wednesday 23rd June 1841.**

*Washed all the morning after having attended to the children. Took a turn after lunch. Rain coming on, we sat in the parlour, working, reading aloud the life of Archbishop Usher. My fingers being sore I read the stories out of our annual all the evening. Neither felt well nor bright.*

**Thursday 24th June 1841.**

*Were much disturbed by voices in the dining room till 2 or 3 o'clock in the night, and recognising Pearce and Bob's I only imagined they were sitting up on account of the wind and rain. I was roused however early this morning by hearing Mr Plowes go into the dining room and ask Pearce if he had heard the news. This we soon found was the cheering intelligence received by a boat sent up on purpose by Mr Shenton and which arrived late in the night, that the Vixen with letters from the Governor and our packet of letters had arrived in the bay. Papa and Pearce immediately went down, altho' a strong gale was blowing. They did not expect to return tonight, but being unable to get the mails in consequence of the wind and sea, they returned to dinner at 5, having sailed up in an incredibly short space of time. We are destined to be tried about our letters. The ship - the*

*Trusty - has been unable to land her mails for 3 weeks, and now the letters are in the bay, we still are unable to get them. A quantity of Times newspapers came with the Governor's despatches, and we have had great pleasure in perusing them. We have reason to be truly thankful for the extraordinary escape dear George has had on board the Bellerophon which in common with other ships of the fleet experienced a dreadful gale on the coast of Syria in which she was very nearly lost. I cannot describe the interest I feel in seeing what passed in England during the few succeeding weeks after our departure. In one paper I observed the marriages of the Miss Darvells at Sydney on the 30th July last; Eliza to Mr H. Kater and Emily to a Mr Barton. A fatiguing morning, rearranging our packages in the store. Worked and read a little in the afternoon all together. Midsummer day in England; a squally midwinter's day with us. This day last year the hay-making party at Wandle House has occupied my thoughts much and has led me to dwell necessarily on those who shared in and those who contrived the enjoyment of that delightful day. Usher left us to go to Pearce.*

**Friday 25th June 1841.**

*Again a very unsettled squally day, so much so that it was deemed inadvisable for Pearce to go down for the packets, and for the same reason we conclude Mr Plowes has not made his appearance with them. This is truly tantalising and unsettling. I have not felt very well, cold and comfortless. Read a little, strolled to the saw pit with Papa, Mama and Chrissy; talked over Christiana Curphey with the latter. Dr C returned from Mrs Machashen's; better. Papa read newspapers after dinner.*

**Saturday 26th June 1841. Australind.**

*The winds have at length subsided after weeks of more or less boisterous restlessness, and the calm morning enabled Pearce to go down to Bunbury in his boat immediately after breakfast to bring back our long expected long wished for despatches. I exerted myself industriously all the morning to get through all the necessary occupations of the day that I might be free to give myself up wholly to the anticipated most delightful but saddening enjoyment. At ½ past 4 he arrived. As I watched the plash of his oars upon the surface of the sleeping estuary, while yet a long distance off, the excitement of hope, fear and joy alternately occupied my feelings, producing sensations which a 6 months absence from, and now communication with the beloved ones far off can alone produce. We met him at the water's edge, and accompanied him with his prodigious parcel to the parlour with eager and trembling steps. Many of the young men stood around and received the scanty supply of letters for them, while many had the bitter disappointment of finding none for them. Amongst these were the Gaudins, Mr Greensill and others. How I felt for them. We all opened and read ours to ourselves. Dearest Aunt Lucy's was the first I opened and soon discovered what I was most anxious to learn, the result of affairs with E.K. But of that more hereafter. Dearest Elizabeth's next and then dearest Priscy's. When I could compose from my first excitement of feeling, and calmly read all she had to express. From Edward Bell I have had a long affectionate and sweet letter, and from Uncle Dan a few lines of most affectionate remembrance together with a sonnet on my departure. My heart is filled with thankfulness in hearing of dearest Frank's happiness and comparative health, and that all most near and dear are pretty well considering the severities of the winter in Decr. and Jany, both which months I have letters. I was truly disappointed in not hearing from dearest Waller, more especially as from his letters to Papa I gather that his new position brings with it much harass of mind and but little to fill up the void of his seared heart. Mr George Smith and Mr Plowes came in while Papa was reading dear Frank's feeling affectionate letter, and being interrupted we only heard his and Waller's letter, and*

exchanged but few letters. I was so intensely chilled and cold all the evening that I was obliged to go to bed without expressing the crowd of feelings which pressed upon me last night.

**This morning, 27th June 1841,**

I awoke to a new era in my mental existence. I lay many hours awake last night in thinking over the contents of my letters as well as of those mentioned in them, and then upon the past as connected with one individual whose unsought for appearance upon the stage of our existence has been fraught with pain and keen annoyance. I now for the first time am truly and completely and sincerely disenchanted of that most delusive of all expectations, that of meeting with consistency, sincerity and what I must denominate real probity of feeling and conduct among men. It is a sorrowful truth to learn, the lessons of which are tedious in their process, long to be acquired and always dearly bought. This has been my experience and most especially in the trying circumstances of E.K's acquaintance. I was compelled to believe that his winning, uncommon and tender kindness and interest was sincere and indicative of more. I found it was compatible with other views; but yet there was a vagueness and mystery hanging over our last intercourse, his gifts &c that I confess I could not unravel, and tho' I have not been so foolishly blinded as to connect him with the future, there has been sufficient uncertainty to make imagination call up possible (but not probable) occurrences after our departure, and in these speculations and surmises upon what the truth may be, there is always infallibly mixed with them much of the mind's own coining. It was but a few days ago that Ellen and I were talking over this subject, and she expressed her expectation that we should probably hear from him. I could not accede to that belief, but I said I felt confident he would go down to Wandsworth, would long to talk over and know something of us and that at any rate he would have received my books, which I never intended or wished as a remembrance of me, only a gift which I thought appropriate to his feelings, and trusted might be beneficial to him. My only and last desire for him, but not one of these expectations have been realized, he has not called on my aunts, not apparently expressed any interest, and not received my books. I freely confess I have been deeply hurt and astonished at the 2 former derelictions of promises and professions: but such is the world. My confidence is painfully and lastingly gone in men and now I have done with them. I most sincerely believe there is no such being to be found on earth as a truly sincere and faithful man. Love is all a selfish gratification of amour propre; friendship exists but in name; a froth, a flutter of the feelings, it may be, but extinguished by the same breath that fanned; profession against spectre of unreal sentiments and expressions; in fact all centres in self, in vanity, in emptiness. How many years of life have I not lived in the last year's experience? I seem now waked from a dear dream, for I once had confiding feelings and insincerity and heartless profession were the last things I dreamt of looking for in the world around me; too confident in others or rather too much confiding in them. My sad mistake has been that I have manifested too much of the confidence I felt myself, the sentiment of all others the strongest in my own bosom. I am undeceived now; the illusions of early confiding youth are past. I am roused to a different set of thoughts, appreciations, expectations and hopes. Here I am, the other side of the world from home, severed from my dearest companions, my freshest feelings withered, the sweet mists of life torn from my eyes, with nought to look upon in the world but coldness, dissimulation, selfishness; and yet tho' the surface is sore tossed and troubled, I trust the undercurrent is less ruffled, and calmly dependent upon our heavenly father, in whom only I desire to centre all my affections, I feel and have since I left England sat more loose to the



world than ever before. The present occupies my powers, the future (not as concerns this world) all my hopes. The day has been a particularly lovely one, tho' rather too sharp out of the sun to please me. After our morning duties, Papa, Mama, Chrissy, Pearce, Bob, Ellen and children went on the water. The lake was as placid as an infant's sleep, and reflected the bright rays of a brilliant sun. The stillness of the scene harmonized with my spirits which being subdued made me prefer strolling about the enclosure opposite our cot, which is being appropriated for a garden. There I sat down on the stump of an old tree and reperused all my letters. Mary remained here also and occupied herself in the same way. On Mama's return she and I went down to Hough's. He is a very serious worthy man, and his wife an honest specimen of an English peasant. They placed a bench and boxes outside of their cottage and Mama read 18 and 19th John and a chapter or two of "The Way to True Peace". I enjoyed the calm repose of the scene. None of the other people seemed inclined to visit us. Mr Plowes was engaged to dine here but has not made his appearance. It is quite extraordinary to trace in dearest Priscilla's letter the transcript of my own sentiments. We seem to have passed through the same discipline under a similar state of mind; I think when she reads some parts of my journal she will mark the resemblance, altho' my journal has been but a scanty mirror of my mind. Dearest E: her letter has been truly interesting, and dearest Aunt L's most sweet and instructive. With regard to the (non) gift of the book, I have felt some regret, but at the same time I think their judgment was wisely decided on the point; if it were possible I would still feel much more easy if he possessed the book or books. I wish I knew some-one through it might be sent without suspicion. What will dear P argue from the fact that this day I have not had the courage to look at my flowers, my ?convinilina almost in blossom. Every other day I have visited them many times and passed many a 10 minutes in watching and tending them. Were it not that English plants are rarities here, and I wish an English garden, I would never see them again. They only touch a chord striking painful recollections, injured pride, public exposure, trifled feelings; these one would never willingly summon to the memory, and I court oblivion as I once courted reminiscences of the past. Mr Thomson, Greenside and Smith have been passing the evening here, rather to my regret, as it prevents both reading letters and writing. We have just returned from warming ourselves at a wood fire - the Bedingfeld's and I am more comfortable than I have been all the evening. It is so chilly.

**1st July 1841. The Cottage, Australind.**

After determining to send my journal up to the day of despatching our letters, I am inclined to change my intention after reading the foregoing entry, for it may give an erroneous impression of my conclusions on the subject therein discussed. It is the ebullition of surprise and disappointment on being deceived in a person's professions of interest, as manifested by E.K's conduct after leaving. There is no personal feeling. I have enjoyed the last few days writing and doing little beside. The evenings are so beautifully moonlight that Ellen and Chrissy have walked with me after dinner up and down the flat, separately, and I have enjoyed talking. The letters have given rise to so much conversation on people and things that interest me. My thoughts rest much in England today; but I am stupid in writing.

**2nd July 1841. The Cottage.**

A soft grey day; after my usual walk after breakfast, feeding my chicks do I again sat down to writing, finished my letters to Eleanor, aunt Kate &c. Houblehouse and another Indian were brought up here, Chapman having turned King's evidence and given up his accomplices in stealing flour out of the store. William Hooper brought the poor creatures to Papa. Their distress and terror appeared great. After trying to elicit as much as possible

from them, Papa determined to send them down to Mr Eliot, and he to proceed thither himself tomorrow to be present at their examination. Some of them will be sent, I fear, to Rottnest; a dreadful punishment it is; their heads are shaved and they become convicts in fact; but being deprived of liberty and independence so dear to wild man, they soon die of broken hearts. If this be true, what an affecting thought. Tho' punishment for all crime is necessary, yet how much mercy should be shown to this poor race to whom but one talent seems to have been given. When will justice appear upon earth? Not I fear while white man who professes Christianity falls so far short of acting up to its first principles. I cannot help liking these poor people, especially the children. A squall of wind and rain is so awful at this moment that as I write alone in my room I could almost feel nervous. The roar of the wind is quite stunning and the estuary is entirely concealed by the floods of rain. How thankful I feel that we are under the roof. The rain streams through the children's room from under the door; an awful flash of lightning, and a peal of thunder roars overhead. This is the worst storm I think we have seen. It is now a little subsided for an instant, and the white waves of the estuary are seen again. Thunder, and how the wind sweeps thro' the trees. I shall prepare to make my exit to the sitting room. It has been blowing tremendously all the morning.

### **3rd July.**

This heavy squall has only lasted 5 or 10 minutes. Papa is of course unable to go down to Bunbury but I must go on with yesterday. After dinner I walked in the calm moonlight with dear Pearce, talking of Wandle House, and their plans and projects for the future. Had a nice chat which ended by my reading to him all my letters; he in return parts of his. This took up the whole interval till tea, after which Chrissy read me her letters from Eleanor and the Pilkingtons. Before retiring I accompanies Pearce down to a fire; Ellen joined us and we enjoyed a thorough warming. A wild dog was shot by Hoskin the night before last, the same no doubt which has committed so many depredations upon our live stock. He was not such benefited by his good cheer, for a miserable, half-starved wretch I never saw; of a large size (if fat) with but very little hair, having we conclude the mange. The tail is bushy at the end; it is a very unpleasant looking animal, and would imagine it to be savage; in packs they say will attack, but not singly.

### **Saturday 10th July 1841.**

I am surprised to find it so long a time since I wrote my journal. Since that I have been much engaged and interested in taking sketches, when the weather has permitted, and filling them up in the evening. Papa and Pearce went down to Bunbury on Tuesday 6th, to superintend the disembarkation of the Henry's goods. That night was a tremendous one. The wind appeared to us to be heavier than we have heard it: it may be that the sound is increased by the proximity of trees, but to our ears it appears unusually heavy, .....? the rain, lightning and thunder. On Wednesday morning to prove how good an anchorage is Leschenault Bay, the Henry and the whaler have ridden the gale out quite safely and the Capt. of the former says he is perfectly satisfied with it, and he is capable of judging, for since he has been there the other has at times been very heavy and the sea tremendous. Its goods have hitherto been safely landed on Point, so we call Shenton's .....? Pearce took down a tent, and there they have lived. Papa sometimes sleeping at Shenton's. At intervals we have had lovely sunshine and warmth. Thursday was particularly soft, grey and delicious. We have passed our time very pleasantly between drawing and reading Nichol's "Solar System" out loud of a evening. Mrs Williams, in her husband's absence, passed one

evening here. She is an active, cheerful and amiable that I am quite grieved I ever said anything unkind of her. Poor Mrs Gaudin is in dreadful spirits. Her husband's state is so distressing; he repeats to everyone in the settlement everything that passes between them, or whatever he hears from anyone, so that the young men are as intimately acquainted with her wardrobe and other people's affairs as with their own, and his language is so bad that we have been cautioned not to let the children go where they could meet with him. He is highly objectionable and disgusting to everyone. Mrs Williams on hearing that he had said something false and most objectionable of her habits to the young men and to us, told Mrs Gaudin of it before him, and said she never would admit him to her hut again; and then afterwards informed her of his conduct and proceedings she never before could open her eyes to the truth, but now is sadly upset. She ought not to live with him. He is not fit to take care of himself or her, and I think he ought to be sent back to his friends. He makes himself useful in plan drawing however, tho' so deficient in general sense. I have had book shelves put up in my room and am made so comfortable by it. Everything becomes very mouldy tho' in my room, as much as in a tent. Shoes, books everything under my bed immediately show signs of it. Papa and Pearce and Mr Plowes came up this evening between 7 and 8. We had quite given them up as they did not arrive to dinner. I forget to mention that poor Mrs Machashen died, I think on Monday last. The next day she was buried at Bunbury, the ground being the burial ground of the future church there. Dr Carpenter went down to it. I have been much distressed at this event for she has left 3 young children and apparently might have recovered; he says first one thing, then another; in fact, but I will not say more on a subject so trying and distressing as that connected with him. How could we get another medical man? If Mr Davids would but come out. I cannot mention several proofs of Dr C's more than inefficiency. I would as soon employ one of our own settlers in cases of illness. I confess his living with us is becoming more and more trying.

#### **Sunday 11th July 1841.**

A sweet day. After the morning services, the latter of which was not well attended, many being absent &c, we all walked some way down Coombanah road, Gordon with us, and some of the party accompanied Papa and Mama to Aylesbury Hill. She has taken a really long walk without injury. I accompanied Mama at 3 to Whiley's cottage, where we propose holding the scripture reading every Sunday afternoon. Not many attended, but those that did appeared interested and could not fail to be so. She began the Bible, and as several present were reading men she explained her views of the account (Mosaic) of the Creation, and the present system of geology so as to make them entirely agree. For many minds have been thrown into doubt by the apparent discrepancy between the facts evolved by the progress of science and the written word of God. Her remarks were highly interesting and clear, and I like her plan of endeavouring to show that the God of grace is the God of nature also. Gordon dined with us. I finished writing a letter in the evening.

....The diary ends here. A few pages further on are the entries

"Pearce says the Parkfield Gazettes are not worth sending."

*"Dearest P & W - these journals are like my letters, too stupid to be worth their carriage, particularly as we find we have mistaken the post regulations and ought to have written on thin paper. I should not therefore now send did I not fear you would be vexed if I were to withhold the first voluminous details of us. All well (16th July) and going on excellently, only wanting our beloved friends to be with us."*



*Louisa Clifton married George Eliot on the 1<sup>st</sup> June, 1842 at Australind.*

*Children of their marriage were:*

*Elinor Maude Catherine Eliot 1844*

*Laurence Stirling Eliot 1845*

*Anna Louise Eliot 1847*

*Mary Gertrude Eliot 1848*

*Geoffrey Francis Eliot 1850*

*John Raymond George Eliot 1853*

*William Pearce Clifton Eliot 1855*

*Priscilla Richenda Eliot 1856*

*Louisa died 12<sup>th</sup> October, 1880 Geraldton.*