

Emily Hutchison in Queanbeyan



Edward, Emily and Alexander Hutchison
Queanbeyan, New South Wales, 1855

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The Wilson family given names:

Thomas Burder Wilson born March 13th 1803

Ann Wood Wilson, née Slade, born 1807

--- married March 14th 1826 ---

Emily Ann born April 27th 1827

Jessie Susanna, born June 22nd 1830

Martha Simpson (twin), born October 27th 1833

Jane Ayton (twin), born October 27th 1833

Philip Campbell, born May 25th 1835

Thomas Burder, born March 29th 1837

William Bowdler, born Quarter 3 of 1838

Harrington Slade, born Quarter 3 of 1840. August 16th given by Emily. Nicknamed "Dante".

Edward Timothy Dwight, born Quarter 2 of 1842. May 13th given by Emily.

Spencer Miall, born Quarter 1 of 1844. February 29th given by Emily. Nicknamed "Peppy".

Eliza Palmer (but always called Lily), born October 25th 1845.

Anne Mary Jefferson, born Quarter 3 of 1848

Deaths:

Mr Wilson died November 29th 1868 aged sixty-five years.

Mrs Wilson died May 4th 1885 aged seventy-eight years.

Emily was their only daughter to marry.

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Introduction

From the census of England and Wales on the night of March 30th 1851:

<i>Thomas B Wilson</i>	<i>Head</i>	<i>Mar</i>	<i>48</i>	<i>Clerk at the Stamp Office</i>
<i>Ann W Wood</i>	<i>Wife</i>		<i>44</i>	
<i>Emily Ann Wood</i>	<i>Daughter</i>	<i>U</i>	<i>23</i>	<i>Teacher of Music</i>

Thomas Burder Wilson	Head	Married	Age 48	Clerk at the Stamp Office
Ann Wood Wilson	Wife		Age 44	
Emily Ann Wilson	daughter	Unmarried	Age 23	Teacher of music

There were ten younger children and Lily, who had died on December 11th 1849 aged four years.

Emily Wilson left London in 1852 at the age of twenty-four to travel to New South Wales on the ship Euphrates. Her family circumstances are partly indicated by the Voyage entry of April 13th 1852 and by the last two stanzas of the meditation in Letter 56.

Her father was a deeply religious Independent (Congregationalist). He knew David Jones and John Fairfax. They were the most prominent members of the denomination in Sydney and became outstanding figures in Australian history. Upon her arrival in Sydney in May 1852, Emily was taken by David Jones to his home.

She accepted an offer of employment as nursery governess to the children of Stephen Nutter and his wife. The family lived in Queanbeyan, where he operated a store. Mr Nutter continued with the store only until March 1853 and returned to Sydney. Emily accompanied the family and was courted by Edward Hutchison of Queanbeyan. They were married in Sydney on August 12th 1853.

Emily's letters home were copied into a book by family members in London. The book was given to her eldest son, Rev Alexander Hutchison, while he was visiting England in 1927.

The copied letters were handwritten. They were typewritten by Errol Lea-Scarlett in 1972. The Queanbeyan Age newspaper published half of them as serialised Articles from 1972 to 1974. The Queanbeyan History Bulletin published the remainder as serialised Letters from 1975 to 1978.

Mr Wilson's letters to Emily were also copied into a book. Errol Lea-Scarlett read the letters but he did not type them out and they will not be published.

The journal of Emily's voyage to the colony was not published in the 1970s.

In 2012 an internet search engine, online newspapers and a genealogy website provided information not available to Errol in the 1970s.

Journal of a voyage in the ship Euphrates
to Sydney, New South Wales,
in the year 1852 by Emily Anne Wilson
Copied from her own manuscripts
by her eldest brother Philip Campbell Wilson

Sent per ship Ganges
Received October 1852

January 14th 1852. Off Gravesend. What changes! I am on board the Euphrates bound for Sydney, hopes long indulged are now realized. My desire to emigrate is yielded to by my beloved parents. They have kindly consented, tho with painful reluctance, particularly my father. I owe it all to my beloved mother's exertions. Thro the influence of Mrs Sidney Herbert to whom dear Mother wrote, I have obtained a cheap passage out with all the comfort I could desire, under the protection and guidance of a clergyman, his lady and sister, and a Miss Hall, lately keeping a large boarding school in London.

I am told I shall have to rough it as the same vessel takes out about sixty female emigrants, some from Ireland (to whom Miss Hall is appointed matron) and that I must enter one of the classes or "messes". This I do not mind and I am resolved not to murmur. I feel quiet and subdued on leaving my home. I parted from my brothers and sisters on Saturday afternoon, from my dear father on Sabbath afternoon, from my beloved mother on Monday afternoon, and yesterday morning from my brother Philip, who came to see me off. There was a good deal of weeping about us, but I struggled to be quiet and tho my spirits are saddened, the sky clouded and the rain falling in abundance, I will not droop. I am full of hope.

January 22nd. Off Portsmouth. The weather has been, and still is, so very rough that Captain Munro is afraid to go to Plymouth. He has just now gone on shore to make arrangements for the passengers that were to come on board at Plymouth to come here. I have been very ill ever since Sunday and I am so weak now I can hardly hold this pen.

I have a very nice companion. Her name is Teresa Hynes. She is going for the benefit of her health. She was born in India. Her father was in the Army and since his death (seven years ago) she has supported her mother. She was well educated in a convent in Ireland but is now an Independent and has attended for the last five years Mr A. Fletcher's. She has a letter from him to a Baptist minister in Sydney. She says she is quite sure she knows Father from my description.

The food has hitherto been very good. Fresh meat almost every day and Mrs Herbert has had put on board for her party pickled salmon, preserved meats of several kinds, preserved milk and several other things. There is also a box full of stationery for their use. The cabin we occupy is very large and fitted up on purpose for us with every convenience. The berths are very roomy and have very nice mattresses and blankets, all new. There are seats and tables made to slide up and down before our beds, imitation venetian blinds all around, and hoops to each berth to contain a chamber and a bason to every two persons. I am also very glad to say I have all my boxes with me without any inconvenience to anyone. It is so very dark I do not think I shall do much work and if I am as ill as I have been, I cannot write every day.

For the first week we had bread and since then, biscuit. We shall not have butter till we do not have fresh meat. Those that have been ill have had things sent from the best cabin. I have had some sago, port wine and arrowroot with Miss Hall and her niece. She is a very nice girl, only sixteen, but she intends to be a governess when in Australia. Her brother, who is fourteen, is a passenger in this vessel as well. They have not any father and have been brought up by their aunt. Miss Hall never asks me to do anything but she is evidently pleased when I offer. As she cannot sing herself she has asked me to set the tunes morning and evening.

I have been, and still am, rather low spirited. I have never felt the loss of a mother's care and attention so much as I have done the last few days. I never felt so helpless. I could not move hand or foot. I have several times regretted coming but as I feel it is all for the best I have prayed (and I hope, fervently) to God to help me and strengthen me for the voyage. I was very low spirited on Sunday evening and cried very much. Miss Hall came and talked to me very kindly, and so did Teresa.

Poor girl! She has left her mother and only brother to the care of her aunts. She has never left her mother before for a day, for seven years. She feels it so much, for she promised her father on his deathbed that she should never want. Now her health is so precarious that a lady has sent her out to restore it and she will send for her mother as soon as she can.

.... LINE MISSING FROM TYPESCRIPT?

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received with delight letters from home. I have not been able to resume my pen before because of the confusion in the vessel. They have been waiting for the government inspector. I have replied to my parcel of letters with hopes, promises and affections. I am still very weak and my head is very bad, but everyone says I shall be better when we get into the open sea.

I like my immediate companions very well. Mrs Bevan, a young widow of twenty-two, married within the last four years, had one child who lived two years and a half. She lost her husband and child within a few days of each other. After an illness of seventeen months she has seen better days. I help her all I can for she has very bad health. Then there are the Misses Prebble who kept a stationer's shop in Wood Street, Upper Clapton, opposite Boulton's. I remember them very well and they remember me since I have mentioned several little things.

I have taken a Seidlitz powder. It has made me feel much lighter, altho I still feel low spirited. How beautiful are Bonchurch, Shanklin Chine and the entrance to Plymouth Sound. The people on the coast at Bonchurch asked a great many questions of the captain by signs and he answered them. The last sign they made was they wish us a safe and pleasant voyage. The captain answered "Thank you."

February 2nd. Monday. Contrary to our expectations we are still stationary and shall not be able to go till the wind changes. Having a few minutes to spare I thought I could not employ it better than by writing.

The other night I was dreaming that I was with Grandmother at Belgrove Cottage, helping her feed the chickens, pigs and geese. I awoke and I heard a cock crow, some geese cackle and a cow lowing. I had not heard them before and it quite puzzled me. I said aloud: "Oh! Where am I? Oh! Tell me somebody." Above us is the place for the pigs, and they make such a dreadful noise that sometimes they drown the talking and singing of sixty. Fixed on the top of their sty is a very large boat which is divided into two, for two cows and a flock of sheep. On the top of those two is a large cage for geese. Then we have the chain belonging to the anchor quite thro the middle of our cabin, so you may guess we have noise enough.

We had the church prayers read yesterday morning by Mr Procter. In the afternoon a Mr Childs of Plymouth came with Mrs Herbert's brother and young Haly, giving a very beautiful address and some tracts to all. I like Mr Procter, his wife and sister, as much as I have seen of them and they are very kind.

The scenery around the sound is very grand. There are very high rocks all around covered with trees and lovely green fields, and several castle-like houses, but Plymouth is quite in a valley and partly surrounded by a citadel. The breakwater is well worth seeing.

February 9th. A most wretched day. The Irish girls were quarrelling and disputing, which made me very unhappy and I wished much for the quiet of home. I could not help crying. It has been very stormy all day but we went upon deck to bid farewell to England's shores, perhaps forever. I do not seem to think so.

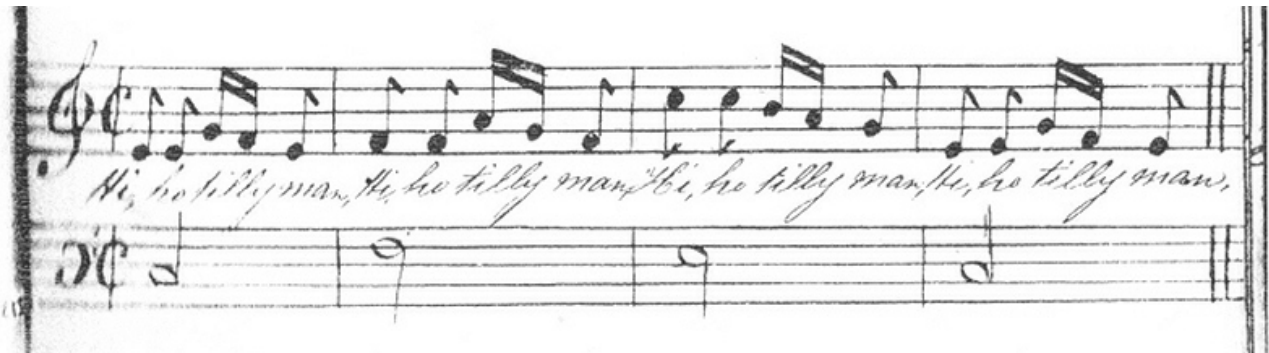
We are going to start tomorrow morning, but we could not stop on deck more than a few

minutes for a heavy hailstorm came on and some got hurt.

February 10th. Awoken at four by the anchor being brought up and the sailors singing the following air. It sounded very dull and monotonous for I could not distinguish any words.



They sang the following while they were spreading the sails:



You must excuse the imperfections of the music as I have not any means to make it perfect.

I got up and so did they all, but most of us were obliged to go to bed again. I managed to keep up all day and assisted those who were ill. Poor Margaret Leatham was insensible for an hour and we were obliged to fetch Mr Brown (the doctor), but when he came he was so ill that he could not stop.

The weather is very fine but very cold. At teatime everyone was ill and in bed but Mary Ann Stone and I, and we were up till twelve attending upon the others. I thought very much of home for I knew Father had a holiday and if I had been ill I should have been low spirited. Miss Hall suffers very much.

Much amusement was caused by some waves coming over the side of the vessel and soaking many. It made the deck so slippery that many of the cuddy gentlemen fell down. Only Amy Hall and I were upon deck.

February 11th. Up at seven and prepared breakfast for our mess for Mrs Bevan has been, and still is, very ill. Our girls are all quiet and well behaved, and like me to act as sub matron.

Altho we have had fine weather it has not been so calm and warm as it is today. All of them are much better and upon deck. I wrote my account of yesterday on deck (for I must not stop downstairs) and while doing so the captain saw something floating on the water. He had the boat let down and several sailors went after it, for he (the captain) thought it was a bottle. It proved to be a fowl, half dead as you may suppose, but upon being taken out of the water it revived.

After dinner I made cakes for tea and helped to wash up, and then came upstairs to work. In the course of the afternoon there was a shout and several sailors came running up the quarterdeck. I looked up and there were two of the young men of the cuddy running up the rope ladder, and the sailors after them. When they caught them they tied them to the ladders and would not release them till they had each given five shillings. Then they were at liberty to go where they pleased.

February 12th. Awoken at four by the tin pannikin plates, the little pepper boxes that Dickens speaks of and all moveable things jumping all over the floor, for the ship was rolling about very much. It

was fine all day but nothing occurred worth mentioning.

February 13th. In bed all day and so were nearly all, for we were unable to keep on our feet. Indeed, we could not keep in bed without a rope being tied across. The captain was kind enough to permit some of the sailors to wait upon us at meals (we were all dressed).

The scene was most amusing in many respects altho there was a great deal of contention. One girl was in bed and had a little sister about twelve, who was up. The elder was told just after some boxes had fallen that her sister was underneath them, so she jumped out. Instead of being beneath them, her sister was on the boxes, singing at the top of her voice an old song. Altho I had a very bad headache I could not refrain from laughing and there were several other very amusing scenes which kept up our spirits.

After tea I went up to ask someone to lash the boxes and the sight was truly beautiful. The stars were shining brightly and so was the moon. The waves were rolling mountains high, the vessel first on the top and then at the bottom of these mountains.

We generally have a light all night, but as it had been so rough we had been shut down and lit the lamps. Of course they burnt out sooner and the moment they went out a great many began to scream and create confusion.

February 14th. I am so ill from last night's confusion that I am unable to get up, for which I was sorry because it is very fine. I learnt this morning that we were in the Bay of Biscay yesterday.

February 15th. Ill all day but went on deck after dinner and was glad I did for the scene was beautiful. We were near Spain and we could see a dim line in the distance, which was land. The sky was magnificent, the colour of the clouds was beyond description and there were several seagulls flying about. As they passed the sun their wings shone brightly. I was very low spirited and as I stood gazing across the mighty deep I saw a speck, and watched it till it became larger. It proved to be a Norwegian vessel. We spoke to her by signs.

February 16th. I feel much better this morning than I have done lately, but Miss Hall says I look very pale and ill, and gave me some arrowroot with port wine. On deck all day working and saw a great quantity of porpoises. In the evening one of the girls amused us by dancing and singing comic songs.

Mr Coulson, the first mate, has just come up to me and told me to give his love to whoever I was writing to, and say that he is a fine boy of his age, but that I must not say his name because his mother did not know he was out. He is a very nice old man and full of anecdotes. He has been nearly all over the world. Besides the captain, doctor and cook, he is the only person we are allowed to speak to.

February 17th. Up at six and on deck at seven, the first time we have been on deck before breakfast, and in the morning we had some singing.

February 18th. Saw a small schooner loaded with fruit from Madeira.

February 20th. Saw Palma, one of the Canary islands, but with the naked eye it only looked like a cloud.

February 21st. Saw the masts of a vessel towards the west. Everything is interesting at sea.

February 22nd. A very lovely day, but I had a most dreadful headache.

Had service on deck and it was very impressive. Mr Procter, the captain, the three mates and all the cuddy deck on one side of the capstan, aft of it sat the intermediate passengers and on the other side Miss Hall and the ladies. On the forepart of the forecastle were the sailors, so beautifully clean with blue shirts, white trousers and their hair smoothly done. An awning was over all.

It was a very warm day so we had tea on deck for the first time and stayed upstairs till eight, singing.

February 24th. A very calm morning. The ocean looks like a sheet of glass and it is so hot that the doctor says we must soon live entirely on deck.

Mary Ann Stone made every one of us a small cottage loaf for tea (instead of pancakes) by Miss Hall's orders.

After tea we went upstairs again and Miss Hall asked me if I would teach some of them the multiplication tables. I said yes and a great many came around me.

Another party danced on deck and Mr Procter said he liked to see it, at which I was much surprised.

February 25th. We are all obliged to be up by five now and roll our beds up to go on deck, for the morning air is so cool.

After breakfast Mr Procter told Teresa he wished to speak to her and he had a long conversation with her upon religious subjects. He said that as she had been a Roman Catholic he thought he ought to win her to the Church of England, but had she been brought up a Dissenter he would not have taken the trouble and he also doubted that Dissenters are saved.

Teresa, who is usually calm, is very much put out about it. He is civil to me and that is all.

Miss Hall sends me where she does not allow the others to go. It has done, and still does, require the greatest care. There are many gentlemen and they will speak even when Miss Hall is near, but I think I have silenced them now.

I have had a large class today.

Those who try to get up early have had a plain cake made of pounded biscuit.

February 26th. This morning the captain brought a large tub and let a pipe of seawater into it for us to bathe. I was first and enjoyed it much. Miss Hall said I was like a fish. All must have it once and as many as like every morning. Some say they will not have it at all.

Mr Brown came and said he should give all who needed it some porter. I was one, for he said I looked pale and was very low.

If it were not for some of the company I should be in every way comfortable, for everything is provided for our comfort by captain and doctor. The other day the captain said to some of the gentlemen when he was removing something that he wished to make those young ladies comfortable and happy if they would let him.

February 27th. Just after we came upstairs this morning there was a cry, "A shark, a shark!" All ran to the side of the ship and an immense one was seen about twenty yards off.

We had tea on deck and just as we had finished there was a noise behind, as tho the cow had got loose. When on looking, there was a queer looking thing like a donkey, with a man on its back and another walking after. It was some time e'er we saw what it was and when we did, we found it was a man dressed up. The deck was like a fair. There was singing, laughing, jumping, screaming, music and noises of all kinds, but it soon passed off.

February 28th. Mr Coulson said this morning that perhaps we shall go around by South America and stop at Rio de Janeiro.

February 29th. Dear Spencer's birthday! Thought much of home.

The hottest day we have had yet.

We can hardly move and it is not anything to what we shall have.

Service on deck. Text Micah 6:7. All had porter. I had the headache so badly I could not remain upstairs long after dinner, but while I did Mr Procter came and asked me if I would join a class he intended to form to instruct in the catechism previous to confirmation on our arrival at Sydney. I told him I was not a candidate for confirmation, nor did I intend to be confirmed or wish to learn the catechism. He said that arose from my ignorance concerning those things but that when I knew, I should be anxious to be confirmed, because I should see what a great means of grace it was. I denied that it was and so it ended.

Tea at four, service at five and from seven to nine we sang on deck and Mr Sumner played the violin. He is in the intermediate cabin but is more of a gentleman than many in the cuddy. He keeps himself very secluded and does not associate with anyone. I do not know anything about him. He

knows all the hymn tunes. The captain as well as others were much pleased to hear us.

March 1st. Much the same as usual all the day. In the evening we came on deck and as we walked along some of the gentlemen of the cuddy said, "Here comes the quiet mess."

March 2nd. Same as usual. In the evening we stopped on deck till ten and sang separately. By the captain's request Maria Walker and I sang "All's Well" and we were encored.

March 3rd. Pouring with rain, but some of us went up after dinner and when I saw the captain I thanked him for his kindness the previous evening. He spoke very kindly to me and gave me a chair to sit on.

I am quite ill with the heat and cannot move.

We expect to get into the tropical rains very shortly and then we shall be hatched down.

March 4th. This morning I was obliged to be lifted upstairs. I have not strength to walk on account of the heat.

There was a vessel in sight but as I had missed my keys I could not get my letter; they sent letters to her. She was the Prosperities from Finland and going to London. I am very sorry, but they say now we shall call at the Cape.

I sang and my voice was much admired only I sang so low, but when Mr Sumner played they said I sang better.

March 5th. So warm that we can hardly bear our frocks on. We stay up every night now. I feel very weak and ill this weather, and am very thin.

A great many of them danced in the evening and while they were doing so I was talking to Mr Gammie (one of the cabin passengers). In the course of conversation I found out that he knows Mr Jones quite well and everybody else in Sydney, for he has lived there a great many years.

March 6th. A very calm day. The captain and some of the gentlemen went out in a boat. There were three different parties and the captain has promised us a row the next calm day. The captain is very kind and often talks to me.

March 7th. Very stormy and rainy all day, but very hot between showers. Wet in the evening and could not have prayers. Three vessels passed today but afar off.

March 8th. Another vessel in sight. A very fine day.

Crossed the line about twelve in the day and the sailors had some fun in the evening. About eight the afterdeck was enveloped in a blue flame and a few minutes after there was a tub of pitch on fire on the water. All the sailors came up the side of the ship and sang songs. They were most comically dressed as Neptune and his court. We were much amused. I did not go down till eleven.

March 10th. Fine day and rather cooler. The day passed much in the same manner as hitherto, but in the evening Mr Wood dressed himself up and personated a showman, and considered the passengers as animals. He mimicked their ignorant ways of talking admirably and named the people according to their actions. He gave some good hits (two specially as follows):

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, among my collection you see a great number of monkeys, who for the want of better amusements play all manner of antics such as running up the rigging, turning somersets on the awning and suchlike rational things." Meaning the cabin passengers, who are certainly up to all manner of tricks.

Then he said, "I have also a great number of parrots who talk all night as well as day and greatly disturb the other animals, so much so that I have been obliged to make a cage for the unruly ones." Meaning the girls who had behaved unseemly. When this was said there was a loud shout.

March 11th. As I was sitting writing my journal the captain came and sat down against me, and asked me if I was writing a log. I told him I was and he replied, "I suppose I must mind what I say, or you will be putting me in." I told him he was in already. He came to me several times after and told me several things which he said I must put down.

After tea I sat on the side of the vessel till ten o'clock. The moon and stars were shining bright, and so was the phosphorus on the sea.

March 12th. Someone has stolen my bag of wools.

The two Miss Prebble, Teresa and I always sit together on deck, so this morning the captain came and asked us if we would go on to the quarterdeck to pick some potatoes that began to grow. While we were doing them the captain came and talked to us, and so did Mr Procter. Just as he came up he nearly fell overboard and said, "I do not want to be drowned just yet, altho there are a great many who would be glad to get rid of me." He is not at all liked. In the evening we had a glass of wine and cake for our help.

After dinner when we came up there was a vessel so near us that we could speak to them. Our captain spoke and asked them to report our ship as they were going to Hamburgh. They did not answer and as there were only three persons visible he thought it was a pirate schooner, for she steered away as fast as she could. It was a Swedish vessel.

March 13th. Dearest Father's birthday! I wrote to him. I could not help thinking of the scene that most likely took place and wished to be a part TEXT MISSING FROM TYPESCRIP? vessel passed near too but she had no colours.

March 14th. TEXT MISSING FROM TYPESCRIP? very strong wind and we are going on rapidly. We should soon be at Sydney if we continued so fast. One of the intermediate passengers asked the carpenter the other day if the ship was made of bricks and mortar below the water.

March 15th. A fine warm day but very rough. We are now about a thousand miles from the Cape, but they do not intend calling, for if they do, it may be three weeks before they could get to sea again. We went down directly it was dark today, which was between six and seven.

March 16th. Rather calmer but the things still jump about very much. I wish they would not for I am put in a fright every minute. I am getting quite nervous. I suppose it is noise and anxiety. Mr Gammie has given me a puzzle which he says I shall not find out before we reach Sydney. I am determined to find it out. Went down at the same time as we did last evening.

March 19th. A very squally day. Had tea very early and had it downstairs, the first day for a long time. Had some talk with Mr Thompson, one of the passengers, who from the first I thought I knew and he said he remembered me. He lived for a long time at Mr Archer's in Witham, Essex and he knows everybody at Chelmsford. He knows Uncle Henry and Mr Choat of Moulsham quite well, and Belgrove Cottage. He says he quite remembers seeing me with Uncle Henry and he also remembers Grandmother.

Poor Teresa has an abscess on her finger and Mr Brown says it may terminate badly.

March 21st. Today has been the quietest Sunday we have yet passed. Nothing particular has occurred.

March 22nd. Ironed nine coloured shirts, two white shirts, two white jackets and two pairs of trowsers for Mr Kemp, one of the passengers.

March 23rd. Nothing particular occurred today.

March 24th. Very windy indeed. There is one of the passengers dying. I have been cooking, cleaning and washing this morning, and was quite knocked up. I did not like washing on deck at all, but we are forbidden to wash the slightest downstairs.

This afternoon when Mr Procter went down to speak to the man who was dying, at the foot of his bed there were three others playing cards and I heard afterwards that he had been playing just before; how shocking it is, for he little knows how near his death may be. He is a very bad man and will not listen to anyone.

March 25th. It is quite cold this morning. We are going a long way out of our course to avoid bad weather.

March 26th. Very stormy, for we are near Juan Fernandez. That poor man died this evening and is to be committed to the deep tomorrow morning early, before we are up.

March 27th. This morning about eleven the captain and two men went out in a boat to pick up an albatross that one of the gentlemen had shot. It was ten feet nine inches from wing to wing and three feet ten inches from head to tail. Altho it seems enormous, there are some larger.

March 28th. It has been very fine today but I have been very low spirited and so I feel every time anyone's birthday comes around (I mean those at home). Dearest Grandmother, perhaps she may not be alive now, but if she should not be, I know she is better off.

I talked to little Tilly Smith about dear Lily till I made myself miserable.

Mr Brown came to fetch me in the cuddy to set the tunes. It made me very nervous. I wish they would not call me but I do not like to refuse.

March 29th. My dearest Burder's birthday. Wrote a letter to him.

I heard today that many of the gentlemen had said that I was the best temper on board and the most industrious. Amongst so many I felt much flattered.

March 30th. The days are really so much alike it seems hardly worthwhile writing. There are some days that do not vary in the least.

I made my first attempt at making bread today but it was not very good, for I had only some baking powder and that is not like yeast. Several in my mess have saved their flour on purpose to make it. Mr Thompson says the next time we save our flour he will get the black cook to bake it for us. We have not tasted bread since we left Plymouth. Mr Thompson brought a sack of flour with him.

March 31st. The ship is laying completely on its side and the waves are tremendous. One came over me and soaked me thro everything.

April 1st. A bright spring morning, the temperature much like England at this time of the year.

April 2nd. Quite ill this morning with the Tic Douloureux.

April 3rd. Still ill and that stupid doctor will not give me anything to relieve me.

April 4th. I was so bad last night Mr Brown was obliged to give me a ginger and laudanum poultice, and some opium to take. I had just got to sleep when the noise of the Irish girls awoke me and frightened me very much. The opium did me more harm than good.

When the doctor came down this morning he said I had better have a tooth out as it would lessen the pain, to which I consented. It was a nasty tooth. I was determined not to call out and succeeded. It was rather better but I did not go upstairs.

April 6th. Went upstairs today for a short time. I did not go up after tea. The others came down about seven.

April 7th. Very stormy and wet. Could not go upstairs all day. Quiet all day.

April 8th. I feel very much better today and am quite free from pain. When I had made our pudding I came upstairs to work, it being very warm.

April 9th. Mr Procter intended to have had service today but there was some confusion with the men.

April 10th. A warm calm day and the cabin passengers are fishing for albatross. They caught twenty-eight and after tying a piece of ribbon around their necks they let them go again.

April 11th. I took out my black satinet this morning and found it is quite spoilt with damp. Just after dinner today one of Mother Carey's chickens flew on board, a pretty little white bird.

I was very much amused this afternoon by hearing the captain give orders about the sails as a storm was coming on:

- "Let go the royal spanker."
- "Down with the flying jib."

- "Up with the mainsail."
- "Brace the topsail."

All these orders were given with great rapidity and were obeyed with (if possible) greater.

A very heavy storm of rain followed.

April 12th. A very wet day. Only a few were able to go upstairs, as but few can be sheltered from the rain.

April 13th. This day twelve months I was at my own dear home. I can call it dear now and think it so, too. Had sweet thoughts about it all day and the dear inmates. How thankful I ought to be I am only an alien, not an outcast from it.

April 14th. Many of the girls have been behaving roughly and unseemly for the last three days. Their noise is shameful. Byron says "Sweet as the voice of birds the voice of girls". I am sure if he had gone this voyage he would have thought differently.

In the evening a great many of the intermediate passengers dressed up and performed "Macbeth", which was very amusing, but just as they had finished the wind blew so hard that all were obliged to go down and nearly all the sails were taken down.

April 15th. We passed a rough night and it is very rough this morning. We are going twelve knots an hour.

A fearful storm this evening. Oh, it is truly solemn to think that perhaps in one moment we may sink, never to rise again till the last great day.

April 16th. A very fine morning after the storm. After getting dinner ready and attending to Mrs Bevan, who is not at all well, I went upstairs. Having nothing better to record today, I will describe our diet and give a list of the inhabitants of our little world.

Diet

Sunday	preserved beef and potatoes. Plum pudding
Monday	boiled pork, potatoes and suet pudding
Tuesday	bouille soup, potatoes and plum pudding
Wednesday	boiled pork, peas and suet pudding
Thursday	bouille soup, rice and plum pudding
Friday	preserved beef, potatoes and suet pudding
Saturday	boiled beef, rice and suet pudding

Ship's company

Captain	James Munro Esqr.
First Mate	William John Coulson
Second Mate	Frederick Parsons
Third Mate	James B. Long
Carpenter	John Hobel
Stewards	Henry Hards, Thomas Brock, George Taylor
Cooks	William Riley and Charles Bennett
Butcher	William Shaw
Seamen	Saml Alexander, Frans Pugh, James Moore, Frederic Bales, William Rose, James Mitchell, John Nichols, John Boney, David Mark, Donald McIntyre, James Shea, William Weiss, Isaac Robinson.
Apprentices	Isaac Harbage, John Finley, William Merrells, William Stone, George Harcourt, Frederic Green.

Cuddy or Best Cabin

Mr and Mrs Brown and their three children Myra Eliza, Augustus Frederic and Gertrude Mary.

Mr and Mrs Howell and two children Willoughby and Annie.

Messrs Gammie, McPherson, Apence, Scott, Humber, Horser, Stokes, Bowden, Cuff, Clarke.

Mr Brittle, Mr J. Brittle

Mr Hoskins, Master Hoskins

Mr E. Spence

Mr A. Cooke

Intermediate or Second Cabin Passengers

Mrs Smith and family, Dora aged twenty, Charles eighteen, Henry sixteen, Ada fourteen, Edward twelve, Matilda eight.

Mr and Mrs Bushy and children Caroline aged ten, Maria five, John three.

Misses Emma and Eliza Taylor, their brother Henry.

Mr and Mrs Litchfield.

Messrs Richardson, Leggatt, Birchmore, Dunning, Hynes, Ritchie, Wood, Kemp, Thompson, Sumner, Rashleigh, Barnet, Buckingham, Freeman.

Miss Bailey

Mrs Cross

Steerage

Rev Mr and Mrs Procter. Miss Newshaw. Miss Hall, her niece and nephew Amy and Edward. Emily Ann Wilson. Mrs Bevan and Miss Hynes. Miss Leatham and the Misses Prebble. Between fifty and sixty female emigrants from fifteen to forty-five years of age.

April 27th. My birthday! Mrs Bevan gave me a very pretty card this morning and Mr Thompson kindly sent me a glass of wine, and drank my health.

Mrs Bevan has been so ill since I last wrote that I have had no time to resume my pen. She has had a fever often taken at sea. I volunteered my services to attend upon her for no one else seemed inclined to do it and she was pleased, for I am her favourite. Miss Hall and the captain say I am a very good nurse. I am glad to say she is much better altho still unable to leave her bed.

Last night I slipped off a form and sprained my ankle. This morning I cannot set my foot to the ground. It is very much swollen but I hope it will be better before long.

Nothing in particular has occurred lately, but I will just tell you a few circumstances.

- On Sunday, Dora Smith, daughter of a clergyman in Sydney, was asked into the cuddy by the captain. She drank so much that she was obliged to be carried downstairs. She was quite insensible. The gentlemen have not spoken to her since. As they have slighted her she now wants to get into the good books of the intermediate passengers again (for when she was taken notice of by the gentlemen she slighted us), but they will take no notice of her. Thus "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall".
- On Monday, the ship sprang a leak and it took four days to repair. Many of us were much frightened.
- On Tuesday, the wind was very high and the wrong way, so they took all the sails down. As the ship was very much on one side and it was raining fast, it looked almost like a wreck. In the evening it was so rough that everybody and everything was tossed about. One of the girls was thrown out of a top berth to the other side and much bruised.
- On Thursday, I saw a porpoise caught. I tasted it cooked several ways. It was delicious. It belonged to one of the sailors.
- On Friday, Mr Rashleigh said to me, "Miss Wilson, do you know the Wallers of Kingsland, for I hear you lived there?" Of course, I said I did and I afterwards learnt that he went to school at Mr Atkins's in Dalston with John Minter (and the steward here, George Taylor). Mr Rashleigh knows

George Scrutton also and many others at Kingsland well. I felt so pleased you cannot tell, to think there was someone in the vessel who knew Kingsland and its inmates.

April 28th. Awoken this morning at five by Mr Thompson calling out: "Land, land, Miss Emily. Come and see land." I answered him, dressed as quickly as possible and awoke the others. Many would not get up for they thought it was only a ruse to get them upstairs, but when I got upstairs the island of St Paul was just visible. It was about seventeen miles off and as we were going very fast we soon reached it. We were very near, not more than three miles off, so we could see it very plainly. The preceding is a sketch of it and also an account of it. The sketch is not done so well as I could wish, for we were going fast at the time. There were a great many taking sketches of it.

Sketch	coloured one, of no great merit - is pasted into the manuscript (from 1972 typescript)
Account	Emily partially copied a July 5th 1851 article from Chambers's Edinburgh Journal

While looking at the above island we were startled by a shout from the other side of the vessel and when we turned there was indeed a very pretty sight. Swimming on the water around some seaweed were about a couple of hundred of a kind of fowl. I could not learn the name. They were between geese and fowl, very tame, for when we threw some biscuits they came towards the ship and took it up. There being such a number at a time and being so tame there must be now, or has been a very short time since, people residing on the island, altho there was not the slightest sign of any living creature and we could see everything so plainly that even a rabbit would have been seen had it moved.

There was one thing amused several (how unbelieving some are). When Maria Walker (a splendid singer) came upstairs she said to me, "Where is the land, Miss Wilson?" I pointed to it and she being nearsighted could not see it so she began tapping on to me, thinking I had joined with others to deceive her. The captain stopped her and made her look more particularly.

There is a girl here about fifteen who has, I firmly believe (and so do many), been connected with some low theatre. She is one of the lowest here, but with a little education. She is naturally clever and witty. When reciting, which she often does, she suits the action to the word well, to the great amusement of all on board. She was upstairs first and then she ran down again, full of what she said she had seen. She has a canting twangy voice and she spoke to me as follows: "Oh, my Emily dear, you will be delighted when you come up. It is such a beautiful island, covered with beautiful green grass and you can see the cows, and a girl milking them. There are such pretty little houses." She went on in the same strain all around the ship and some believed her. If it had been nearer the main land I think I should have believed her, so earnest did she seem.

April 29th. I was on deck this morning at the same time as yesterday, for the sun was rising beautifully, but some clouds obscured the scene we came to see.

The smoothness of the water is very unpleasant, not a ripple, so the captain has had the boat lowered and many of the passengers went out for a row before breakfast. When they returned, several of the girls reminded the captain of his promise, when they went out before. He said: "Very well, you shall go. I will have the other boat lowered." So he did, and there were four full boats one after the other.

I did not go for several reasons and I am very glad I did not, for I heard they did not behave well. Of course I had to put up with some disagreeable remarks from many, such as: "Oh dear me, you thought too much of yourself to go with us" and "I suppose you wanted to go with the ladies". I did not answer anything and as it happened I was asked with one or two others to go with the ladies, but the wind rose and they did not go.

I will now relate a very comical anecdote I heard today. It will please the children. An old lady was very fond of cockles and used to keep them in a jar on the dresser. She was continually missing them and of course laid it on the servant, who declared her innocence. Being hurt to think her mistress should blame her for what she did not do, she thought she would watch. One day as she was basting the meat before the fire she caught her mistress's favourite magpie eating them, so she flung

a ladle full of hot fat at him. It burnt the feathers off his head and made it bald. One day when the magpie had regained its plumage the lady had a party and, amongst others, was an old gentleman with a bald head. Immediately the magpie saw him it came and perched on his shoulder, and whispered in his ear, "So you have been stealing cockles, have you?"

April 30th. Awoken this morning by one of the sailors calling out about six o'clock that there was a steamer in sight. Several thought it was true and rushed upstairs. To their disappointment they found it was only a ruse of the captain's to get all up early, as they had a great deal to do in our cabin.

May 5th. Oh how I love the sea! I am not tired of the voyage in the slightest. If I had better company I should not mind if we were on the water as long again as we shall be, for I do not (as many others) find the time hang heavy. Altho I have finished all my needlework I can always find something to do - painting, drawing, writing, reading and many other things. I have you, my dear parents, to thank for the real dislike I have of being idle and hope I shall ever retain the same dislike.

I little thought I should ever feel as real a reluctance to sing. There is so much low and vulgar singing all day that if I attempt there are very, very few that will listen. Of course (as Spencer says) I hold my tongue, which I feel very much. I make up for it by singing in the night. I long so much for a piano that the thoughts of it intrude upon my sleep. I amuse some and displease others by singing in my sleep. Last night I sang "Wigan".

The other evening I was talking to Mr McPherson and I found that he lived with Mr Bond of Stoke Newington as assistant surgeon and knows a great many there. Mr Arthur Cooke's estate (at least the family's) is close to Halstead and he knows Grandfather's name in connexion with Chelmsford. It is very pleasing to talk about places we know.

We have had very fine weather since I last wrote and are approaching fast to Sydney. I amused the captain and some others very much the other day by being able to point out the sails (at least the greater part of them). Mr Coulson was giving orders to the sailors and I was telling Teresa what he meant. Several were watching me and listening.

I am very happy to say that Mrs Bevan is much better and will, I hope, in a few days be able to come upstairs. Miss Hall says she is very much pleased with me for the gentle kindness I have shown towards Mrs Bevan. She has given me several things such as an extra quantity of rice and flour, and she gave me some bread also, which was very acceptable. I had several glasses of port to keep up my spirits, for being so much downstairs, I began to feel low.

On Sunday afternoon a beautiful grey and white pigeon was caught which came from the Cape, they said. So far as we are from the Cape of Good Hope I think it could not have been from there, but before I write again I will find out. The captain tied some blue ribbon to its neck with the name of the vessel and the date it was caught.

I have just heard that it is quite likely we shall be at Sydney in fourteen days, unless there should be a dead calm and that they do not expect.

A large shark was seen this morning by the side of the ship. There are many here who are very superstitious. They believe it is a sign that some persons or person will die and they have been crying all day.

I have just asked and the pigeon did come from the Cape. They continually fly to and from Sydney to the Cape of Good Hope.

Evening. I have just been talking to McPherson. He says he should like to see and know dear Father, who must be very clever to have such a clever daughter. He has been telling me about Switzerland. He was there for a long time last year and when the earthquake happened in August. He says I should like Switzerland much for he thinks I am romantic. I asked him why he thought so. He said because I was fond of music, drawing, the moon, the sea, writing and several other things he could mention. He told me many things about the monks of St Bernard, the morgue and the following anecdote. A Quaker gentleman was sitting by the side of a pretty young Quakeress and in the course of conversation he said, "I have sworn to give thee one kiss." "Well," said she, "as thou hast sworn

thou may take one, but thou must never do it again."

May 13th. Mr Richardson, a very old (conceited) gentleman who plays the flute very beautifully, lent me two pieces of music to copy, ("Thou Art Gone)? From My Gaze" and "The Happy Dream of Youth", last Thursday. Today he has promised me two more.

Last Friday as Rose (one of the sailors) and one of the Irish girls were playing together, they both fell down the main hatch. The girl was not hurt, but he being an old man was hurt very much. They are afraid he will not get over it and if he does he will not be any use. The captain was in a great rage.

I am very glad to say Mrs Bevan has at last been able to come upstairs, altho very weak.

Mr Kemp told me the other day that he had caused the present prosperous gale to blow by throwing two pieces of iron to the windward, three to leeward and keeping one in his pocket. I laughed at him and he then said if he were to lose that piece of iron we should have a foul wind. A day or two after, he left his coat hanging on deck so I took it out and a few hours afterwards we had a foul wind. He was in such a stew about his piece of iron and said if he could but find it we should have a fair wind directly. The next day I put the piece back again. Strange as it may seem, not half an hour after, we had a fair wind and he said he believed it was caused by finding the iron.

Yesterday, Moore (a sailor), fell down in a fit at the helm but is better now. It frightened many, he looked so bad.

Last evening the roof of the cuddy caught fire, but the captain soon pulled it down and burnt his hand very much.

Mr Thompson gave me a loaf of bread yesterday.

I was talking to Mr Coulson today. He knows Kingsland and Newington quite well. His sister lives in Brooks Street. Her name is Lucas.

Mr Leggatt knows Mr Jones at Sydney, Mr Fairfax and all about them.

I was weighed today. I weigh eight [six?] stone thirteen pounds.

Evening. My best love to Eddy and wish him many happy returns of the day.

May 15th. The wind is against us so the captain expects we must go around Van Diemen's Land.

May 18th. We are going around by Van Diemen's Land but we expect to be in Sydney about next Wednesday. Saw a vessel in the distance going the same way as ourselves.

May 19th. Stormy and wet all day. We are not more than seven hundred miles from Sydney.

May 20th. We have passed the most southern point and are now going towards Sydney.

May 21st. Wet all day. The variableness of the weather shows we are getting near the end of our journey. I have been very dull and low spirited the last few days, for Mrs Bevan, so kind and friendly as she has been during all the voyage, has been very cool. As I like her very much, I feel it. It is not right of her to refuse me doing the slightest thing for her now and instead ask the assistance of some who have been really unkind to her. When she was ill they refused to go near her for fear they should catch the fever. I was with her night and day for a week at a time, and attending upon her for nearly a month. I have done more for her than I ever did for any person living. I have asked her what is the matter and in what way I have offended her. She says she is not offended, but I am determined to find out before we part what it is that has made her scowl. I am quite sure there has been some unfair dealing.

May 22nd. A very beautiful day and we saw the new moon in the evening. To my great surprise it appeared on the right hand side of the west nearest the north, instead of the south, as it appears in England. I did not think the position of the heavenly bodies would have been altered.

May 23rd. The last Sunday we shall spend on the ship. We expect to see land by twelve tomorrow. Many of them are enraptured at the thought, but really I have not any desire about it. Not that I have any anxiety as to where I shall go, as some have. I have tried to imagine a great many disagreeable things (when I have seen many low spirited with regard to the future), but a doubt will not take

possession of my mind. I certainly have prayed to be contented with everything and I am sure God has given me a thoroughly contented spirit ever since. Indeed, there has been very little I have been inclined to murmur at. I am sure if you, dearest Father and Mother, had seen all I have had to combat against, you would have been full of sympathy for me. I have been surprised at myself. I have much more than many to be thankful for in that one respect and much more in all other things.

About four this afternoon a vessel was seen in the west going in an opposite direction to us. As the wind was for us and against them, she had to lay to. She only had two sails up, the foresail and the foretop sail, but was too far off to see what she was.

Mr Procter gave a parting address this evening, but his appearance and manner are not such as will command respect from the generality so they were, as usual, inattentive. The words must have touched the heart of the hardest had they come from the mouth of dear Mr Jefferson, but little as I know of elocution, I have vanity enough to say I could have read the sermon better and with greater emphasis than he did. I dare say you will smile, but I think you would have said a child could have done better.

The captain said today it was the most remarkable passage he had ever known and so said many. We have not had really bad weather all the while, nor has the violence of the sea and the tossing of the vessel been anything like what I expected.

May 24th. On one side of us we can see a vessel and on the other the shore of Sydney, the long wished for land. Altho I was neither glad nor sorry that we were so near, my heart beat as I gazed on the land of my adoption.

May 25th. Called before six to see our destined home and as we are in harbour altho not at anchor, the scenery is splendid. Some here who have been to Italy and Switzerland say they never saw a more beautiful scene. The rocks are covered with trees and houses, a lighthouse and several churches. Oh, that I had a ready hand to sketch the harbour, for it would make a beautiful drawing. The pilot came on board at ten and shortly afterwards a great number of the gentlemen passengers went on shore.

A few minutes after, the government agent came and we were told to get ready to go by three, so we were all bustle. When I was ready I went upstairs. I felt (I cannot say dull exactly), but quiet. I could not speak. When one of the girls asked the second mate (a very nice intelligent young man) if he should not be glad to get rid of us, he said with tears in his eyes, "No indeed, I shall lay down when you are gone and cry like a child." At this I could not help from crying but I felt better afterwards. I prayed earnestly that I might continue to be contented and that I might be able to say "Thy Will be done", whatever happened.

We left in a steamer at the time appointed, with regret in the countenance of all. Altho many had given much trouble they gave us three cheers.

We were soon landed and we walked to the temporary home of the emigrants, preceded by a gentleman and Miss Hall.

Evening. My best love to Philip and wish him many happy returns of the day. There is hardly a day pass but I fancy what you are all doing, only I have to look twelve hours back and you twelve hours forward.

May 26th. I wrote to Mrs Jones yesterday and she kindly came to fetch me, for she told the lady she did not choose I should stay there, but as she had not a man to send to fetch my boxes I am to be sent for tomorrow at ten.

May 27th. Mr Jones's house, Sydney. As the morning was very wet Mr Jones came in a coach to fetch me at two. The captain, Mr Brown and Mr Gammie were there. I was ready to go except for my bonnet, so I did not keep him.

I was most affectionately received by all at this most beautiful house - Mrs Jones, Jane, Mrs Jones's sister and her daughter Emily (who acts as governess to the younger children), George, a fine handsome boy of fifteen, Sarah, a delicate girl of nine and Edward, seven, a boy exactly like our

Edward. The day passed very pleasantly and Mr Jones prayed for me in the evening in the most affecting manner. I sleep with Jane who is altered in nothing. Her manner is most pleasing.

Margaret Leatham has found her brother and gone to live with him. Mr Jones knows him and says he belongs to Dr Ross's church.

Young David Jones is at Melbourne. Philip and Annie are gone to England with Mr and Mrs Fairfax. Anne for advice, for her back is growing out, Philip to the London university.

May 29th. As a ship is expected to sail this afternoon I must finish writing to you, my beloved parents, brothers and sisters, for as soon as I have done I am going out with Jane to Mrs Fairfax's and to see Sydney.

I think it is likely I shall go to Mr Nutter's as nursery governess. The only objection I have is that it is one hundred miles up the country and I wish to stay in or near Sydney.

I must now say goodbye and can only add I hope you will be pleased with the enclosed. I intended it to have been better and it would have been, had I been in quieter circumstances and order.

Before leaving the ship I gave the captain a handsome pen wiper and wrote a note expressing my gratitude to him for having taken such care to keep illness from all on board (he used every caution). He seemed very pleased and thanked me for the wishes I had expressed. He asked me to come and see the vessel again before it left Sydney.

With best love to Father, Mother, Grandmother, Jessie, Martha, Jane, Philip, Burder, William, Harrington, Edward, Spencer, dear little Anne, all other relations and friends, and all who enquire after me.

I remain, my beloved relatives, your affectionate daughter, granddaughter and sister,

Emily Anne

Mr and Mrs Jones, and Jane, desire to be kindly remembered.

Overleaf is an outline of Mr Jones's house. I only saw it as I got out of the coach but will send a better copy if I am spared.

Article 01 (of 57 that were published in the Queanbeyan Age newspaper 1972-74)

Per Cleopatra
February 1854

Parramatta
August 13th 1853

My very dear parents,

I take the first opportunity to inform you that yesterday at the Congregational Church, Pitt Street, I resigned the name of "Wilson" for that of "Hutchison", a change I think and hope I shall never regret.

I am most happy to tell you that my dear husband is liked by all who have seen him at present.

We are now staying at an inn at the above place and shall not return to Pymont till Monday the 15th instant, after which we shall call upon Mr Jones and other friends who have invited us to come and see them ere we return to Queanbeyan. It is very pleasing to me - and I am sure it will be so to you - to know that all have treated us with the greatest kindness and have expressed their concern that I should go so far away. But I feel (altho not that it is as I wish) that it is best at present to return to Queanbeyan and it is the path of duty.

I was very much impressed by the marriage service. The Doctor spoke so impressively that several times the tears started into my eyes. He spoke to us of the duty of having family prayer

morning and evening. The substance of the service was very different to that of the Episcopal Church. He spoke with much feeling and I hope with God's help to follow all the instruction he gave us. As I gave the twins an account of all concerning my wedding day in my last, and as everything happened as I there said, I will not repeat it.

Last Saturday I received by post from Melbourne the packet of letters the children sent by Frank Blythman. Why they were not sent before I cannot tell.

Edward and I have just written to Melbourne to Mrs Considine. I do not know her but from Mrs Nutter's account of her I know I shall like her.

August 14th 1853. Sunday. We have just returned from the Baptist Chapel. The text was taken from Luke 11:35. It was a very poor sermon. The Baptists are now without a minister, he having died a short time since. They are not a very large body - the Wesleyans are the largest here. There are not any Independents as yet but it is expected that Mr Slatyer, who has lately arrived, will have a chapel soon. He is a very clever man and likely to draw a large congregation. He is much liked in Sydney, but I prefer the Doctor.

I really must close, for I cannot tell what to say and I do not feel in a humour to write. We will write more when we return to Queanbeyan. With best love to Mother, Grandmother, brothers, sisters and all enquirers, and accept the same yourself.

From your devoted daughter,
Emily Anne Hutchison

Parramatta
August 14th 1853

My dear Sir,

I have much pleasure to inform you of my union with your very amiable daughter, Emily Anne, which took place on the 12th instant. I trust by the help of our heavenly Father we shall forever lead a most happy life together, whether it be in prosperity or otherwise. But so long as I am blessed with health I can say we shall be in very comfortable circumstances.

I intend in a few days to start with my very dear companion for our happy home in the far interior. With my kindest regards to all my new relatives and friends, including yourself. I hope ever to be worthy of your esteem as a son.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours truly,
Ed. B. Wesley Hutchison

Article 02 of 57

Per Harbinger and Indian mail
March 29th 1854

Queanbeyan
September 26th 1853

My very dear parents,

I said in the letter I wrote from Parramatta that I would write again when I arrived here and relate everything likely to interest you, from the time of my marriage till the present. We stopped at Parramatta two days and went, on returning, to Mrs Vardy's, two miles from Pymont, where we stayed two days more, and then again to Mr Nutter's. We called at the Fairfaxes' and only saw Mrs Fairfax.

In the afternoon of Thursday we visited unexpectedly the Joneses and, to our momentary disappointment, we found a large party there (wishing to spend a quiet evening with them alone). But, notwithstanding, we were welcomed and enjoyed ourselves very much. What pleased me most was the encomiums passed by all upon my dear husband's performance at the piano. Most of the pieces he played were his own composition. Mrs Edwards (Mr Scott's sister) was there - one of the best pianists in the colony - and she said she could not think of playing after Edward. He certainly has a most remarkable talent for music. It often surprises me. Only three days since, after being all day in the midst of hammers, chisels, saws, cedar and French polish, he sat down and, without a moment's notice, there flowed from his fingers the sweetest of melodies. In that way does he compose all his pieces. He has put some of them to paper and has some thoughts of publishing. Whether he does or not I will send you a copy for the "Harmonist". I suppose you will not decline his contribution, he being now one of the family.

A day or two afterwards we went by invitation to Mr Fairfax and saw all but Emily. Mr Fairfax paid me great attention and talked much to me. I do indeed admire him very much. We were quite at home together in five minutes. He admires you all, Father especially. He says he never saw a more earnest man in his life, and spoke quite enthusiastically on all dear Father's sayings and doings. And he said - what surprised him most was how I could summon up resolution enough to leave such a home, such parents! I told him I had often wondered how I could do it and had frequently made myself unhappy thinking about it, but I felt now it was all for the best. Mr Fairfax told me he wrote you from Melbourne, and the purport of his letter, and added I need not be surprised to see you all out here after a few years as the Prerogative Office was breaking up. I told him I could never believe it till I saw it, and scarcely then. They too admired Edward's playing and advised him to publish his waltzes. I love Mrs Reading senior. She seemed pleased to see me! What a quiet, gentle creature Mrs Fairfax is. I like her much. We had Jane Nutter with us, so did not stay late, having a distance to walk.

We made various other calls. On Sabbath, the twenty-first, we heard the Doctor and at five in the afternoon of the following day we started by mail for Queanbeyan. I was very low spirited. I felt much, very much, parting with Mr and Mrs Nutter and the children. There is much to endear them to me. I cried several times and so did they all. It was like leaving home, for theirs was the kindness and affection of home.

I must now relate our journeying mercies, for here the wonder is not in meeting with accidents, but in arriving safely at the desired habitation. We started at five from George Street by the gold escort in which we were stuffed almost to suffocation. There were four troopers and their sergeant (the same man who came with me on my first journey) and he remembered me again. Our fellow passengers were of all classes and sizes, and we were crowded together without the slightest regard to comfort. There were sailors, diggers, publicans and gentlemen. One of the name of Philips I knew (tho he did not know me), the manager of Bradley's Mill, Goulburn. He was annoyed in finding himself so surrounded and did not vouchsafe a word to anyone but myself for some time. After passing Ashfield and Liverpool we arrived at Campbells Town about eleven at night and a beautiful supper was prepared, everything hot - roast beef, fowl, ham, potatoes and greens. Of course we all sat down together, having only a short time allowed, and enjoyed it much.

We started again between twelve and one, the moon just rising, which made it very pleasant. We passed on very nicely during the night, and had just approached Bargo Brush - having passed since starting Stonequarry, Razorback, Picton and Redbank. We had changed horses and were again proceeding when the coachman saw on before him a very boggy place. All had to get out but myself, and then the coachman attempted to run over it but the vehicle stuck fast in the middle and sunk over the axletree. He lashed the horses and another pulled them, but they would not move an inch. The men then went into the mud up to their thighs to lift up the wheels but the horses would not stir. At last they withdrew the horses and pulled out the vehicle by their united strength. Three times after this we were bogged and had the same trouble each time. On reaching the Ploughed Ground after

proceeding comfortably for some miles, the pole broke in two. Having bungled it up somehow, we passed slowly to Berrima, where it was mended more completely.

While waiting at the inn Edward and I were at a piano and violin when in came Mr Philips. On finding we both played he was entirely thawed and became very chatty all the way to Goulburn. Stopped there (Berrima) about one hour and had proceeded a mile when crash went the main spring. All had to get out while this was mended with a piece of the wattle tree or mimosa. Four times over were we stopped by this breaking being repeated, till they got a piece of iron rail which mended it effectually, altho we were sadly jolted. Stopped to breakfast about twelve on Tuesday morning and, after an hour, started for Goulburn where we arrived between ten and eleven at night, tired and hungry, having passed Paddy's Town, Wingello, Marulan and Shellys Flat.

We put up at Mandelson's Hotel, soon had supper, went to bed and did not rise till eleven the next day. After breakfast we spent the remainder of the day with some friends of Edward's at Goulburn. We started for home by a different mail at one o'clock on Thursday morning and arrived at three in the afternoon. All the inhabitants were expecting us each mail day - nothing is secret here. Our engagement was known and talked of far and wide, and I was often annoyed. We determined not to come into the town on the mail, and so got down half a mile before and came to our house by a back path and cheated everybody.

There are none here I can visit or associate with. I rarely leave the house except for a walk or church. As I have mentioned before, the squatters (who are the aristocracy of bush life) will not visit the tradespeople, so that for female society I am almost alone. Mr Hutchison and his sons contemplate building a large steam mill on their ground and becoming millers, when they would be considered worthy of a visit from the squatters. But if such should be the case I could feel no esteem for such heartless worshippers of caste.

I often feel dull, but as I know it is all for the best I pray to be thankful for the many mercies I have instead of repining at my situation. I am never disappointed when I pray in a right spirit. In a little while I feel different and say how wrong I am to complain of my heavenly Father's Will when He has given me such a kind and affectionate husband who does all in his power to make me happy. Certainly I have every reason to believe I am loved by his family as if I were really a relation by blood. I had a letter from Edward's sister at Melbourne (the only member I have not seen) in which she says she hopes one day to claim me as a sister and love me as one too.

So that you see, my beloved parents, how much I have to be thankful for. After these thoughts I am soon able to say "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight!" I shall be very thankful when it pleaseth Him who doeth all things well to remove us from this inhospitable place to one of a more congenial sphere. But till then I hope to be able to say "Thy Will be done"!

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I must now, for the sake of the children, say something of my occupations. The house in which we now live has ten rooms and we have no servant (for none can be obtained here, good or bad). You can judge as we are at present under one roof there is enough to do - remembering we make our own bread, butter, candles and many other things easily bought in England but not here, except at enormous cost, and we like to be careful. Things are dear in Sydney, but the price of carriage from there here makes the addition frightful, so we do without rather than give the price. Bread is 1s 2d a two pound loaf, bacon, cheese, butter and treacle 1s 6d per pound and everything else is in proportion.

Besides cooking, bedmaking, sweeping, etc., (which is everyday work), I arrange as follows:

Monday	soaking clothes and washing coloureds and flannels
Tuesday	washing white things
Wednesday	starching and ironing
Thursday	ironing dresses, fancy things, etc., etc.

Friday cleaning my own bedroom
 Saturday assisting to clean the whole house
 Sunday of course I never do more than I can help

Every Sunday evening I have the three children with me, talk to them, hear them read, and sing and play to them. They are nice, bright, tractable children and very willing to adopt anything I suggest. I am teaching Robert music and he gets on very well, but he is clever at anything. He has commenced reading "Uncle Tom" to me and likes it very much.

I would send you a drawing of this house but we shall leave as soon as our own is finished. I will send a drawing of the new house and mill when done.

Mr Hutchison and Edward have bought a great deal of town property as the value of it is fast increasing. At any time, when they wish it, they can sell at a large profit. The average price of allotments of half an acre is from £4 to £10. It was the same in Goulburn a few years back, and now land is sold there from £30 to £40 a foot. I only wish this place would march on as quickly.

I correspond with Mrs Nutter and the children. Edward wrote a short time back to Mr B. Coates of Buckingham, a friend of his, and agent to some property Edward has there. He told him you were his father-in-law and sent him your town address.

I enclose a set of Edward's waltzes and wish to tell you - which I had almost forgotten - while he was playing at Sydney Jane said to me, "It is very nice to have a husband that plays as well as yourself, is it not?" and "Would not your father like him?"

November 11th 1853. Since I wrote the foregoing the scheme of the mill has been decided upon. It will cost £3,000. Mr Hutchison is gone to Sydney to obtain the engine. It is to be fourteen horsepower and will cost £1,250 besides the carriage, which will be £25 to £30 a ton. When finished, they hope to realize £2,000 a year grinding and selling flour. It seemed at first incredible to me.

Mr Nutter often said if he had been prosperous in his mill for five years he should have been independent for life.

Mr Nutter is very fond of machinery. Robert Ross and him have five ships - Albatross, Hannah, Jane Williams, Harp and Ariel. They will soon get more.

November 27th 1853. I am anxiously looking for letters from you, my precious parents, brothers and sisters. I suppose my packets by the Harbinger (which sailed May 14th), Argo (August 14th) and Cleopatra (September 11th) have all reached you.

Mr Hutchison has returned. He has been staying at Mr Nutter's. The morning he started, little Fanny put her things into a carpetbag and her new boots on and, when asked where she was going said, "To Queanbeyan with Mr Hutchison, to be Emily's little girl." I wish she was here. I love all that family next to you. If it was not so far off I should often have a visitor.

Edward has sent you a plan of the town and says that if you have any papers to spare they will be a great treat out here as it is not a very literary part of the globe.

December 11th!! 1853. This day four years my precious adopted Lily exchanged earth for heaven, suffering for happiness. It is suffering at the best of times. How often have I wished myself with her, singing praises to the Lamb, but I know I am not holy enough to enter the realms of the blest. I am full of hope and I feel my heart has undergone a great change. At five o'clock this afternoon we had just finished tea, and sat in silence. I was thinking of you all, and all that had occurred during the last four years. How vividly I remember each anniversary of that dear child's death and all the incidents of each day!

How little we think one year what may happen before its close. How little I dreamt this day two years of being so far from home and kindred. How little I thought this day twelvemonth of being a wife on this day! I did not even know him whose name I now bear! How little I know what may occur before the next anniversary of my darling's flight. If all is well I shall no doubt be a mother, but I may be numbered with the dead before another year passes, should it please God to take me. I feel I can willingly go, and I trust I should enter a far brighter and happier world. I thought also that

you were just getting up and recalling these things to your memory. I know you think of me as I think of you. You must give my best love to all uncles, aunts, cousins and friends, and tell them of my increasing duties. I will answer their kind letters the first opportunity. The inmates of the home of my childhood must have the first claim upon my spare time.

January 6th 1854. The first time I take a pen into my hand this year is to address you, my precious parents. I heard from Mrs Nutter yesterday and she tells me the Harbinger has arrived but brought no letters for her or me. I fully expected letters and am disappointed, but must hope on. It is said no news is good news, but really I cannot bring my mind to believe this, so far away. I hope I shall hear soon. It seems like talking to you all when I read your precious epistles.

The crochet edging is for Jessie, the collar for dear Mother. If I have time I will make something for the twins, but if I cannot they must take the will for the deed. My duties will increase, not decrease. The patterns of silk are pieces of two dresses Edward bought me in Sydney, £1 for ten yards full three-quarters wide. I have made the blue and it looks very rich.

With much love, my dear relatives, I now conclude, and believe me, dear Grandmother, Father, Mother, Jessie, Martha, Jane, Philip, Burder, Willy, Harrington, Edward, Peppy and Anne,

Yours forever,
Emily Anne Hutchison

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Queanbeyan
December 11th 1853

My dearest Mother,

I am pleased for some reasons to inform you that an interesting and new tie awaits me. I have been very well, except an occasional headache and giddiness. Sometimes I feel so well that I think it cannot be so. At all events I have made preparations, looking forward about the middle of June. I have seen the evil of putting things off, so I am determined to be in time, as you always were, if God gives me health and strength.

The emotions that steal over my frame when I think ere many months have passed I may become a mother can be better imagined by you, my dear mother, than I can describe them to you. You have felt the same. I have often wished for some child to replace my darling Lily, but although I have seen and loved many children since, never have I loved one as I did her. When I become a mother I know I shall love my children well, but I hope God will help me to hold all the blessings of this life with a loosened grasp so that if it pleases Him to take any from me, I might not repine but be able to think it all for my good.

I hope I shall not have many. They require so much more care and attention here than in England. It is so difficult to obtain here anyone in whom you can confide. We cannot, however, do as we like in such matters. One thing I will do if I have any to live - nurse them as long as I am able.

December 28th 1853. I will now try, my beloved Mother, to finish this epistle to you. The Harbinger is daily expected and I intend sending this by her. I should have sent long ago, but the great heat here for the last six weeks has taken all my energy away and made me very weak, and consequently very low spirited. I always think then how foolish and wrong I was to leave my dear home, and earnestly wish myself back again, but in happier moments I think it is the best thing that has happened to me.

I cannot help the regret. I have not one female friend, but again I think, if I had one to impart all my troubles and thoughts to, I might not go to my Saviour so often as I now do, nor read my Bible and other dear books. So, tho I may have some ground for complaint, I have far more cause to rejoice. I see in everything that happens some good in it, and the good can only come from God.

I have read several times that sweet little book dear Mr Jefferson gave me - "Christian Discretion" - and have received much comfort from it. Oh how I wish I could hear his dear voice again! Oh how I need some spiritual guide and instructor!

But even in this deprivation, tho hard to bear, I see mercy. All those hymns under the heading "Times of Affliction and Conflict" in the Congregational Hymn Book suit me, but the 587th is exactly my case and feeling. Oh my precious Mother, pray for me and ask dear Mr Jefferson to pray for me. I feel I need many prayers, and the prayers of the righteous availeth much. It requires indeed the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove to act up to our profession - and especially here - but I know my Saviour will help.

"The clouds I so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on my head!"

January 1st 1854. Another year has passed and I am still in a state of suspense! Oh that I had an opportunity to show to the world how much I love my Saviour! I hope I should be permitted to join God's "family below". I feel I require something, and that something is union with God's people.

Another year has passed. Still I hear nothing of home and its beloved inmates! How little do I know what has happened. I hope I am prepared for any trial it pleaseth my heavenly Father to send me.

January 9th 1854. This day two years I left my home, perhaps never to return to it, but I never feel as if I should end my days in Australia. I often think I shall see your dear faces again.

Yesterday I was much rejoiced to receive a letter from you, my beloved Mother. It was just in time to prevent me purchasing anything but calico, and that is always useful. I have made shirts and caps, but from materials I had by me. I shall be very pleased to receive the things, especially as you and dear Grandmother got them up. I did not expect them. I thought you would say they are not worth sending. Yours and dear Father's portraits will be a great treasure to me; and Edward says he will take ours as soon as he can get the materials but they are very scarce even in Sydney.

I will remember your request and write oftener. Edward says I write sufficient to fill a newspaper and, in a letter to Mr Considine, calls me his "Morning Herald". When the box arrives I will write again. I shall get it easily, for the engine for the mill is made and drays are gone down to fetch it up. Many, many thanks, my dear Mother, for the Bible and also for your entreaty that we should establish family prayer. We began it on the first evening of our union. How could we expect God to bless us if we did not ask Him!

I feel more than ever the need not only of family prayer but of private devotion, the lifting up of the heart momentarily to God. I believe also with you, my dear Mother, that my precious adopted child has been permitted to watch over my path. Sometimes when I am low spirited her fairy form glides before me, and after that brighter thoughts arise!

You need not be very anxious about me. I know sufficient about children not to fall into any great error. I often wish to ask many a question. I am thankful to say I am in very good health - I may say without a pain. I am weak but I attribute much of that to the great heat.

I hear that the cholera has made inroads into England. I am glad, very glad, to learn that you are all well.

I must now conclude. Think of me, my dear Mother, about the middle of June (but I know you will!).

With best love I am, my dearest Mother,

Your truly affectionate daughter,
Emily Anne Hutchison

Edward desires his love to all.

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Per Indian mail
May 30th 1854

Queanbeyan
March 5th 1854

My beloved parents,

I have received your letters enclosed to Mr John Fairfax. They came last week, but not yet the box (number two). I heard about it a short time back - it was not then out of the ship, altho she has been in the harbour a month. As soon as it is out I shall have it forwarded to me, for we have many drays coming to us with the machinery for the mill, which is hastening fast to completion. When I write again Edward will send a sketch - he designed it in the first instance. When finished, Edward will commence our house. I told you the position in my last. I am very glad you are all pleased with my letters. Your praises, my dearest Father, far exceed my expectations. I am at a loss to think what I could have written to call forth such expressions.

I have read and re-read all the New Testament and have found much comfort, for altho I have read it before I never saw the beauties of it as I have done of late. True is it I have found there a balm for every wound and a solace for every trial. I can truly say I love the Bible, but my heart seems rather to incline to the New Testament than to the Old. I hope this is not wrong.

We should be most happy, dear Father, to adopt all you say respecting the building of a chapel, but for the present it seems impossible. I do not believe you could raise an interest, and I am quite sure you could if anyone could. I never saw people so destitute of religious feeling, and the few who have any emotion have been choked by the treatment they have received from the Wesleyans. Before the gold mania broke out there were a goodly number of religious people in the district. At the solicitation of some a Wesleyan minister was sent up, Mr Nutter consenting to keep him for a year till he could establish himself. During that time £200 was raised to build a chapel, which then would have built a good one. Mr Nutter had ordered the bricks and made other arrangements when the gold fever carried away half of the townspeople. The Sydney Wesleyans withdrew the minister and grabbed hold of the money under the pretence of taking care of it. But no one has seen a farthing of the money, or the minister, since, and the few contributors that are left feel themselves much aggrieved.

The township has been much changed for the worse by the gold fever. Although for a month or two there are plenty here, directly the rainy season is over everybody is off to the diggings and no more is seen of them till the rain returns again.

I really could not help smiling, dear Father, at your proposal to come here and take the chair and address the people. In the first place, I think the chair would have to be placed in the bush and, in the next, your congregation would be little else than gum trees! But we hope for better times - and not without cause, I think, for the gold fields are not half so prosperous as they were, so that people will be settling down in a quieter state for these things.

If we could but have a few nice families to know and associate with, interchanging visits, it would make life pleasanter up here. We might then form a service among ourselves, but, as I said before, there is not one in the town or district around.

Your request, dearest Mother, with regard to the robe shall be complied with. If you had not mentioned it I should have done so. Many thanks to dear Grandmother and Jessie for their assistance in preparing for the newcomer, and I do not despair of one day seeing you all again if we are spared and are prosperous. I can then thank you all "in propria persona". I expect this will reach you about Jessie's birthday. Tell her I shall not forget her, nor those birthdays which occur between now and then. (Edward says he thinks I am mad upon this point. I tell him I dare say he is mad upon some other, so we are equal).

I heard from Mrs Nutter the other day. She tells me she has met Mrs H. Fairfax who spoke highly of you all and said she was going to write to you by the first mail, and was pleased she had seen Mrs Nutter before she did so.

Enclosed is a description of the mansion Mr Jones has just purchased for himself. He gave £12,000 for it. Clara and Jane will occupy their present residence, Hyde Park.

I am glad dear Martha is better. I do all I can for the three children, but as they are not entirely under my care I cannot do all I would. I must now close. I am suffering from spasms and therefore unfit to write more. I wish to post this tomorrow - dear Father's birthday. Another birthday!!!

Edward desires his love to all. We are very happy one with the other and I think we shall be able to demand the flitch of bacon if we ever come home.

With best love to all and everyone, I am and ever shall be

Your devoted daughter,
Emily Anne Hutchison

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Queanbeyan
April 16th 1854

My own dear parents,

As I am now daily expecting the box I thought I would commence writing. I should like to send this to Sydney as soon as possible for the wet season is fast approaching. Indeed, we have had a week's wet already and such rain as can only be fancied in England. It truly comes by buckets full and in a few minutes rises the river to its banks, and for some days prevents all communication with the other side of the town. If the mail arrives we cannot get it, so that in wet weather this place is doubly dull. But when the mill is finished and at work, and we reside near it, we shall see much more life. At least, I shall, for our house is to be on the highest part of the town, called Flagstaff Hill. It overlooks the entire mill, indeed the whole town, and we shall have an upstairs room.

I am glad to inform you that our piano has arrived in Sydney and would have been here but Mr Nutter is getting it tuned for us.

I am glad and thankful to tell you that I am quite well in health and I hope I shall continue so for two months longer, when I hope to be relieved of my burden. For I do find it so, although I suffer scarcely any pain, at least not what I call pain.

I have engaged my nurse. Her name is Macdonald. She is a Scotch woman and well-known to us. She has never been to anyone before, but as her husband is working for Mr Hutchison, and Edward has her eldest son apprenticed, she was very willing to come to me. They are pious people, too, which is much better. Mrs Macdonald was brought up in the Highlands of Scotland and was never taught needlework, so that she can scarcely do a hand's turn. She has one daughter aged fourteen and wishes her to learn needlework, cooking and cleaning, and has hinted to me she would like me to teach her, so I think of having her in a few months as she will be an assistance to me and I to her.

If I have a boy (which I believe I shall) we think of the following for a name - Edward Wesley Wilson Hutchison, and call him Wesley.

April 24th 1854

My dearest Mother,

As the long looked for box has arrived at last, I will finish this letter to you and commence another to Father.

In the first place I must say that I shall have both doctor and nurse. The latter I have spoken about, the former is a Scotchman, and very experienced. Ann was engaged to him at one time, and altho broken off I have not a doubt but she will have him. His name is Andrew Morton and his age is upwards of forty.

There is another doctor besides, a native of the colony, but altho a married man with six children, Edward said he would rather I had Doctor Morton because he studied at home.

Nurses there are in plenty. Mrs Nutter had three children born up here. To the two first she had no nurse, but Miss Crook (daughter of the missionary) who lived with her, acted as one. When Charley, the last, was born, Mrs Vardy was here. I hope before I have any more she will be here again, for she is what you would call "a nice old dear" and she knows the "pints" in all manner of cooking, as Aunt Chloe said.

Well, now for my bedroom. It is very comfortably furnished with a four post bedstead, washstand and dressing table. My dressing table is a large old fashioned mahogany one more like a washstand with a hole, so the shelf underneath does nicely to put my baby's basket on (which, by the way, is not one). Baskets you must know cannot be obtained any nearer than Sydney and, thinking it unnecessary to send for one, I set my wits to work to contrive something in lieu thereof. I cut a tea chest down to the height of one and papered it outside and in. I then made a cover and decorated it with frills, etc. I have clay colour chintz bed hangings with white fringe and the same for the window, for if we had white they would become dust colour in less than a week in the summer. The muslin curtains in our parlour have to come down every fortnight in dusty weather.

I have made myself a number of new articles with my calico after the fashion of your industry. I had made also six night caps, four shirts and five frocks (two out of the flounces of my white dress, one from my old light print and two new ones like the enclosed piece of print). Had I not received your letter I should have made two long white frocks from my white frock. As the body is worn out I should have put about twenty tiny tucks in each skirt. I had made three out of the six gowns, three petticoats and two flannels, so I shall now have a good stock, shall I not, dear Mother?

Thanks, many thanks, to you for all the box contained. Everything was as nice and as stiff as if they had just been done, instead of being done seven months. The box was a month before it left the ship and by then all the drays had started. After waiting some time we thought it had better come by mail, so Mr Nutter sent it. It had got within thirty miles of us when the rain descended in such torrents and for such a time that it was stopped another fortnight. They charged ten shillings from Sydney to Goulburn (which is 125 miles), ten shillings from Goulburn to Boro (40 miles) and five shillings from there here (30 miles).

Your likeness is splendid, and when we looked thro a magnifying glass it seemed as if it were flesh and blood. If we had a little stronger glass we could see Father's features in your brooch. What a very pretty cap you had on! Everyone who has seen them says I am the very image of you. I do not see it myself, with the exception of my mouth and chin.

May 25th 1854. I really must try and finish my letters, my beloved Mother, but it tires me to sit long at one time. It is two years since I arrived in the colony. I wonder how long it will be before I leave it again. Perhaps never, but I must hope for the best. Today, too, I do not forget that Philip is nineteen. How quickly that nineteen years has passed. I expect I shall scarcely know him when I see him again. I must now close, my dearest Mother. I am anxiously looking out for letters from you. The last time I heard was the one sent enclosed in Mr Fairfax's.

With best, very best love, believe me to be my beloved Mother,

Your ever devoted daughter,
Emily

Queanbeyan
April 29th 1854

My dear Martha,

I am much pleased with your letter, the contents and writing. You certainly write much better than either Jessie, Jane, or myself - I think something like Aunt Martha. I am glad to know that the fits are slighter each time and hope they will have disappeared by the time I receive an answer to this. The only thing against it is Buchan says "it is rather an unfavourable symptom when the fits attack the patient while sleeping" and your letter seems to imply that they come upon you thus stealthily.

But we must hope for the best and amongst the things I hope for is to come home, which is not at all an unlikely thing. Most people in this country look forward to an independent life if they do not wish to return home. But Edward wishes to make enough to return and live in a comfortable way, and then please himself about doing anything or not. I think the English have a greater desire to return to their native country than either the Scotch or Irish, for most of the Scotch and Irish live from hand to mouth and care not for anything else.

I am very much obliged to you and dear Jane for the music. I like it very much and so does everyone who has heard it. Mr Weaver (the Queanbeyan surveyor) said he never heard a more exquisite piece and says there is something superior about it.

I think I must now close, my dear Martha, so goodbye, my dear sister. Should I never see you again on this earth may we meet in the realms above, where we shall never part again. With sincere love, in which Edward joins,

I am your very affectionate sister,
Emily Anne Wilson Hutchison
(I quite forgot)

Queanbeyan
April 29th 1854

My dear Peppy,

I suppose you expect a note from me if it is ever so tiny a one and it really will be a tiny one for I have not much to say to you.

I am very glad to perceive you are advancing so well at your new school and that you like the master. Never mind about the boys calling you "Bodshoe", for I have a good many nicknames. Edward calls me "Judy O'Flinn", "Bridget McCree", "My Damsel" and "Your Ladyship", so you need not mind, for I think nicknames (in general) are terms of endearment.

That is all I can say, dear Peppy, so goodbye till I see you.

I am your affectionate sister,
Emily Anne Hutchison

Queanbeyan
April 29th 1854

My dearest Burder,

I should not think that you had forgotten me if you never wrote for I know what a trouble it is for you to do so. Edward told me to tell you that if you wrote backwards thus your writing would look better. Now, my dear brother, you must not think I forget you if I do not write so often as you would wish for. As you know, I am now married. My duties are not likely to decrease (till we get a little more independent) but, on the contrary, for many reasons they will increase.

Edward has just taken two apprentices and as soon as we remove, James Kinsela will live entirely with us. He is a very nice boy of sixteen and, although a native, is very short for his age. His

father-in-law (Mr W. Hunt) is the most respectable publican in the town and comes from Yorkshire. He is very kind to his stepchildren.

I am pleased to hear that you like your business, also that there are so many improvements in the office. You will hear about our mill by other letters - you do not say what power your engines are. The engine of ours is fourteen horsepower and is able to drive four pair of stones and work the dressing and smut machine besides other things all at the same time.

I have sent you a tiny sketch in case Edward should not have time to make a drawing of it this time, for he is very, very busy making the sashes for it and in the evening he is often too tired to do anything of that kind. But when the mill is finished and in operation I hope he will have a little leisure, for although he will keep on his business he will only take those jobs that pay best and in a short time he hopes his two apprentices will be able to help him.

I think you would like turning. There is something fascinating when you can with a gouge or chisel make anything you wish - likewise carving which my Edward does beautifully, but he taught himself.

With best love I am your affectionate sister. E.A.H.

Queanbeyan
April 29th 1854

My dear Willy,

I am glad to hear that you have made a beginning in the way of doing something for yourself but I am sorry you could not stop. It certainly was an excellent beginning for one so young and I hope ere you receive this you will have made a second entrance into the world. I should like to have been with you very well at Greenwich and Rosherville, but perhaps I shall some day. Who knows!

Remember me to Mrs Marten and to everybody who enquires after me. I would write to a great many, but they must remember that housekeeping in Australia is not so light a duty as in England, where we can send to a shop for anything we want. But here we make bread, butter, cheese, yeast, candles, soap, bacon, oil from bullocks' hocks and various other things. Besides all this, I make some of Edward's coats, trousers and waistcoats.

Accept my best love and wishes for your happiness and believe me to be your affectionate sister,

Emily Anne Hutchison

Queanbeyan
April 29th 1854

My dear Dante,

Thanks, many thanks, for your beautiful drawing. It has been much admired by all who have seen it and some day I should like one of dear Lily's tomb. Edward is going to frame them when we go to our new house (which I should like to be called Belgrove Cottage).

You certainly are much improved in writing and drawing, and I hope in other things.

I suppose you mean the picture at the back of your note to represent me when I return to dear England.

Goodbye, dear Dante. With much love I am your affectionate sister - E.A.H.

My dear Eddy,

I am very pleased to see that you are improving in your writing and I hope that you are in other things as well (and also your temper).

I am very thankful to God for taking such care of me and hope I shall never forget Him.

I have not sown my laburnum seeds yet but shall do so when we move into our new house.

With much love I am your affectionate sister,
Emily Anne Hutchison

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Queanbeyan
April 29th 1854

My dear Annie,

I hope I shall see you again and by that time I hope you will be able to read, write, work, play the piano very nicely and do a great many other things besides.

I am glad to hear you go to chapel. I have not any chapel to go to in Queanbeyan.
Accept my love, dear Annie.

Your affectionate sister,
Emily Anne Hutchison

Queanbeyan
May 8th 1854

My dear Philip (alias Mr Editor),

I think you spent your holiday at Sheerness in a very pleasant way and I should very well like the trip myself. I was much surprised to hear of John Tyler's marriage. I think I know the family he has married into. While I was at Sheerness in 1848 I saw a detachment of soldiers leave there for India and they played amongst other things "The Girl I Left Behind Me". I was glad to hear that you made so good a beginning in your duties as editor. With regard to the poetry I sent that could not be put in your last number, I quite forgot what it was but I suppose you mean "He Doeth All Things Well". For insertion this time I send the words I have of "Pestal". You can do as you like about putting it in, so that the twins may have both.

I hope the same as you do that we may see each other again altho I do not as yet see any prospect of coming home, but I do not despair of so doing. What a happy meeting it will be! How much to talk of on both sides, for so much more can be said by word of mouth than by letter (that is, on many points).

I am sure you would like Robert Hutchison. Clever as you are, you would find him your match in many things, altho only thirteen last January and with very little good schoolings here. If he had had the advantages you have he would have made a very clever man, altho as it is he will be very far from a dull one. Lampitt and Danny are children but Robert, tho young, I can converse with on any subject. He is fond of reading, not light reading either. For instance, I lent him "Sturm's Reflections" and he calls it a "first-rate book".

I gave them each a Bible when I came back to Queanbeyan. Robert keeps his under his pillow and reads every night, for I mentioned one day that all my brothers and sisters did so, and he took the hint. They all three count on the letters from some of you. Danny said a short time since, "Well, I suppose we shall have to write letters as soon as your box comes" - thinking their letters were there.

With best love, I am

Your ever affectionate sister,
Emily Anne Hutchison

Queanbeyan

May 13th 1854

My dearest Jane,

I commence my epistle to you on Eddy's birthday and it is likewise Mrs Considine's (formerly Maria Hutchison). She is twenty-nine. If I were near tell Eddy I would send him something, but you must all take the will for the deed. When I get an opportunity I will send all in a lump or bring them with me. Let it suffice in the interim that I never forget anyone's birthday which I have ever known. Although Mr Neddy (my better half, I mean) often says I am cranky on that point, I tell him I mean to remain so with all deference to his better judgement.

I am much pleased with your letter, dear Jane, for it contains such a multiplicity of news. I should much like to see the panorama of the gold fields. Edward says the account of them is very exact for he has been to all except Bathurst. Mr Hutchison, John and James have been there also.

It was a very sad thing about dear Mary Livesey. If she is alive when this reaches you give my love to her and tell her of my prospects, etc. I saw the decease of Dr Cox in the papers. I should think Martha Smith will find Cairo in rather a troubled state just now. Not one of you say a word about our Paul Street relations so I suppose they are the same as ever. Is it still Miss Maynard too? I have commenced "Prince Albert's March" for you but do not think I can send it this time.

Now, my dear Jane, what must I say to you respecting your wish to come here? Do you really mean to come? I can hardly think you do, but should you, Edward told me to tell you we shall be very happy to have you as an inmate of our house. As soon as we are living alone we will write and let you know so that you might come direct to us. I hope by this time next year to be comfortably ensconced in our own dwelling.

Why do you harp upon 1860 to be here? Is it because Father mentioned that year in your pictorial letter? Or is it because Burder's time will be over and you think of coming with him? Edward says if you are five feet two inches in height by all means come, for in case of an emergency you could join the militia. Edward's height is five feet four inches, mine five feet and half an inch.

With our best love, my dear Jane, hoping I shall see some of you in this country before I leave it, so that should we do so I may have someone else belonging to me that has seen some of the wonders of Australia.

I am

Your affectionate sister,
Emily Anne Hutchison

Article 09 of 57

Queanbeyan
May 1854

My very dear Jessie,

Many thanks for the kind wishes you have expressed with regard to myself and my dear husband, for such he was when you wrote your letter, as you know ere this. I hope and trust I shall be a helpmeet to him, sorrowing when he does and rejoicing when he rejoices. I will, with the help of my Saviour without whom I can do nothing nor bear anything, but with whom I can do and bear anything that may come upon me.

It was sad about Percy Everett, but I am sure I do not remember him by name - one or two I do by sight but I forget which was a member of the church.

What a delightful trip you had with dear Father to the dear old places and saw so many dear old faces. I quite fancied I saw you walking about the several paths as I read your letter, for it revived old times with me and as I read on I wished I had been with you.

I tell my Edward that if we do return to dear England that what I help him to save now I'll help him to spend then in taking him about to different parts. He often says if he could afford it he would travel about for a time before settling down, and then he would write his life.

I am much obliged to you my dear Jessie, for the part you took in preparing the things for "little Newcome". I can assure you I am much pleased with everything and so is Edward.

I will answer Father's first and second questions to you, viz., how do I dress, and how do the ladies of Sydney and Queanbeyan dress?

My dresses are three silks (pieces of which you have seen), snuff coloured embroidered cashmere, one sage green Orleans, one bluish grey alpaca, one blue muslin, one lilac muslin that Father sent (not yet made up), two whites, two light blue cottons with jackets, one drab gingham and one dark derry. I have four mantles (two black silk, one light silk and one spotted muslin), two shawls and two bonnets. The other day I sold my velvet (the one I brought with me) for 10s 6d. It was getting so small, and two bonnets are quite sufficient. When I shall wear them out I know not, for I go out so very little with a bonnet. I put a hood on sometimes, and sometimes nothing at all. That is when I go back way into the bush, which I do occasionally, just putting on a shawl.

Now for the second question. Everybody, both here and at Sydney, dress as well and splendidly as they can afford (that is, where they do not care to save). There are very few up here that are termed ladies who are so in pocket. Those who dress smartest are the wives of cobblers, bricklayers, publicans and all the Irish.

Enclosed are a few seeds of a sunflower that I set in our garden this last summer. It grew to the height of eight feet six inches and the flower that these seeds came from was fourteen inches across and forty-two inches around. Set them in the garden and see if it will grow so high and large with you. But I dare say not, for I think the climate has the same effect on flowers, etc., as on the natives.

Accept my kind love, my dear sister, and best wishes with which I must close, hoping we may meet again this side of the grave. If it be the Will of our heavenly Father that we should not, that we may meet in the Happy, Happy Land is the sincere hope of your affectionate sister. E.A.H.

Queanbeyan
May 31st 1854

My beloved Father,

As I am pretty well this evening I thought I would answer your letters by the case and send off as soon as possible, having finished all the rest.

If I had told you my thoughts and meditations you could not have been more correct in your suppositions of what they were. Often, oh how often, have I stood on the wharf in front of Mr Nutter's house at Pyrmont and mused over my past life! And often now when low or dull I find it a wonderful relief to review my life, especially the last year or two.

Of course, dear Father, I am pleased to know that I was successful in interesting you in my dear husband - and you to excuse his smoking, of all things! My mind, like yours, was struck by his three first names, but the last I really did not think about. He is not a branch of Colonel Hutchison's family, to his knowledge. His father is a descendant of the noted Maxwells of the south of Scotland and he is related to the Grearson family (Sir Robert lately dead) and to Sir Richardson, of the Royal Navy. On the mother's side he is related to the Lampitt family at Hook Norton and Lady Dorothy Louisa Couser.

He would have inherited a large property had it not been for the villainy of a lawyer in Buckingham of the name of Davis Porter King (perhaps you might know him by name). His dark deeds will come to light when he little expects it. If ever there was a case of forgery of a will, that was one - and worse, I believe, from what little I have seen of law, for at the time of the disputing of Mr Purcell's will (Mrs Hutchison's stepfather), the old nurse died and the doctor, after he had sworn falsely, left the neighbourhood. Edward has commenced writing to you and no doubt will give you a

better account for I have told him I wish him to do so. He would have finished his letter ere this but at present he is so pressed.

We are much pleased with the Bible. I have covered them, so that we may use them without hurt. Your likenesses too I value much and they are daily looked at by me. I did not smile when I looked at you but I saw you were altered somehow and could not tell how till I read your letter. I showed them to Mrs Macdonald and she said in broad Scotch that you were a fine handsome couple and anyone might tell you were gentlefolk. Edward will send our likenesses in one as you wish as soon as he can get the materials, and no doubt by that time there will be a third to introduce.

You may be sure, my dearest Father, I am pleased to think that you are so satisfied with my epistles. I am afraid you will not be so with this packet. In truth I can say that I have not been really well the whole time and have written by fits and starts. I will now answer your questions.

Everybody that can afford it have their houses furnished as well as they can, for many things cannot be got up here for any money, and many will not go to the expense of sending purposely. I think the middle class here are more than equal to those in England where they do not care to return home, but where they do they put up with comfort without luxury. The rooms are papered when it can be procured, otherwise they are painted or stuccoed. There are carpets and hangings in parlours and bedrooms, but seldom anything but a valance and hearthrug in a living room. If people have floorcloth by them of course they put it down but it is not sold here! No stair carpets, because there are not any stairs, for where there are any rooms above they are in the roof. We get to them by a kind of ladder with a back which is often hooked up to the wall when not required.

The population of Queanbeyan and the district around is about three thousand but the state of society is wretched. As I have told you before we have not one friend and scarcely an acquaintance - neither had the Nutters - but I am in hopes that as the place advances people of a different class will come here. I am glad to say that within the last month Government has stationed a surveyor here. He has recently come from England and his name is Weber, brother to a great musician of that name. As soon as he can procure a house he is going to send for his wife, sons and daughters from Sydney. They are all musical and we are upon intimate terms with father and son.

Everybody has meat of some kind, at all meals if they wish. Beef is the general meat. Now and then we can get mutton, but not often. We like bacon (which we cure ourselves) with an egg. Sometimes we have a tin of salmon for breakfast or a box of sardines - or, as I called them when I first saw them, "sprats pickled in oil". Mrs Jones said, "I can assure you the Germans would not feel much flattered to hear their delicacies called by the common name of 'sprats'." You should try and get some. I suppose they are gettable in London. Vegetables everybody grows for themselves. We have every kind except spinach.

My health has not been any better but nor do I think it has been worse. I think I am a trifle taller if anything. I am not darker, but I should have been had I been in the sun much. I am very much weaker. I have not a tith of my former strength and I am very much thinner - both of which I attribute to the great heat.

I have never been without a piano since I arrived in the colony and I shall have one of my own. If I were to open a school here no doubt I should have more to do than I was able without assistance, for there is not one of any kind (with the exception of the Catholic school) in the neighbourhood. I could not attend to a school and to my domestic duties as well but I intend shortly to take a few pupils for music, if Edward likes, for I can charge what I please.

My intimacy with the Joneses has not been broken, except by being so far away. Edward applied a short time since to be postmaster here and wrote to Major Christie (the Postmaster-General) and to Mr Nutter. Mr Nutter spoke to Mr Jones and he wrote a very nice letter to Major Christie, speaking of Edward in the highest terms. Edward would have got the appointment but the mill business occurred just at the time so he gave it up, but wrote a letter of thanks to Mr Jones. I have never asked Mr Jones to send any letter and he has not offered.

The amusements of the colony are confined to Sydney and they are much the same as London,

only on a smaller scale.

Enclosed is an exact picture of one of the inns in Goulburn, but not the principal.

I will now show that this place is advancing. This time last year Mr Hutchison and his sons bought a farm at Michelago thirty miles from here and gave £120 for it. He is now offered £350 cash down but will not take a fraction less than £400. At the same time they purchased half an acre of ground the other side of the river with a good stone house of six rooms, a weatherboard cottage of two rooms, outbuildings and two gardens laid out for £300. He is now offered £500 cash down but he wants £600.

With regard, my beloved Father, to putting down anything I want I do not know that I can specify but a few trifles. I should be exceedingly obliged for a few crochet nets as I do not wear caps. Nets are five shillings and very thin things they are. I should like a black silk or satin mantle, both in shape and material like the one I brought with me. Nothing but the shawl shape seems to come to Australia and they are from five to ten guineas. Edward says I look better in something fitting close for he like you takes great notice of dress. He says also that any expense you may be at he will pay you again and would send it now, but building to such an extent and paying ready money for everything, every pound is in requisition.

I do not think money is seen so much here in Queanbeyan as in some places for what we require we send for at the stores and the storekeepers have work done in return. As soon as all our building is finished we intend sending you £20 or £30 to lay out for us in drapery, bonnets, boots and shoes, etc., for the latter especially are very dear and very bad. Mr Jones told me one day that if we wanted anything sent from England, if you spoke to Mr Mander, he would ship them with his (Mr Jones's) goods and they would cost scarcely anything.

Now there is another thing I must write about and that is dear Jane's coming out. Does she really mean what she says? It seems to me as if it could not be true. I would I could believe it. Edward as well as myself will be most happy to have her with us. Indeed she would prove a great acquisition to me and I to her, for I could undertake many a thing then that I cannot now, not even with a servant. Edward sends his kindest love to all and told me to say that he shall be most happy to do anything that lays in his power for any one of them who may come out here.

We heard from Melbourne (Mr Considine) last week. He says he hopes to retire from business in about a twelvemonth and they will then come here. He only went into business when Mr Hutchison and family left there.

I have not heard from Uncle Henry but shall be very glad to do so.

I am very anxious to hear from you again as it seems a long time. Of course we have heard of the dreadful winter you have had and also all about the war, etc.

With best, very best love

My dear, dear Father

I remain your devoted daughter

Emily Anne Hutchison

Queanbeyan

June 4th 1854

My dearest Mother,

As I send this packet from here tomorrow I thought I would write a few lines to you by way of finish to let you know how I am. I have not been at all well for the last week, nor am I now. I can scarcely sit, my back is so very bad, but it has not been at all so till a week ago. One day I was obliged to go to bed, I was in such agony. Still, I have not suffered so much as I expected and I am very thankful I have been so well. Of course I cannot expect to be very well now for I am so very near. Indeed, I cannot be sure of a day. We will write directly it is over and perhaps you might get the news before this reaches you, for not being in Sydney we do not know what vessels are best so we do not put on

any name but let our letters go by the first that leaves.

When you write again after receiving this will you send me (as small as you please) a pattern of your pinafores? It is so long since I made any of them I quite forget how the shoulders are done so as to make them set off the shoulder. Any patterns of anything I shall be glad of, for really sometimes I am at a loss how to make things a "wee bit" different.

Oh, how often have I wished for you to be by my side, my precious Mother, most especially lately. Although I am not at all ignorant concerning such things, still there are many questions I should like to have asked that I could not by letter, or I should have written to Mrs Nutter. But I am thought very clever by Mrs Macdonald, for one day I was showing her everything and she said, "Sure, ye know more than many an old woman." Sure enough, I know more than she does on some points.

I must now say a word respecting Mr Nutter, for there never was his equal. The trouble and care he has been to for us respecting the machinery is beyond all you can think of and he will not make any charge. We have sent him some hams, and shall shortly send him a side of bacon and a keg of butter, but repay him we never can for his disinterested kindness. Oh how you would like him, and Mrs Nutter too - but he is beyond all praise. With best love, my dear Mother,

I am your affectionate daughter,
Emily Anne Hutchison

Article 10 of 57

Per Queen of the South
October 14th 1854

Queanbeyan
July 2nd 1854

My beloved Mother,

We have just received the newspaper sent by dear Father (number one) and, on turning to the first page, my eye soon caught the "scrap" different from all the rest. I was very thankful to read "all well", for I was getting nervous, fearing I should near bad news and knowing you have had a severe winter. Our severe winter preceded yours for we have had delightful weather this winter as far as it is gone and there is every appearance of its continuance. It is cold, clear and frosty.

I heard from Mrs Nutter last week. She told me that you and dear Father had written to them to thank them on my behalf - what for, she says, she cannot tell for they had only done their duty towards the daughter of such old and dear friends. She mentioned also a public meeting at Pitt Street Chapel on behalf of the Building Chapel Movement. Such was the enthusiasm that £20,400 was collected that evening for the purpose of raising Congregational chapels in every township of New South Wales. So now, Mrs Nutter says, we may hope for one at Queanbeyan.

I will now write of myself. No doubt you will have heard ere you get this that you and dear Father are grandparents! We put it in the Sydney Morning Herald and asked Mr Nutter to send you one.

Article 11 of 57

July 4th 1854. I was quite well on the 12th of June, never felt better, and was about and busy all day. I was not well on the morning of the 13th and was taken decidedly ill between one and two on that day. I sent for the nurse, went upstairs and very shortly afterwards sent for the doctor. I was in dreadful pain from that time till five the next morning, during which period I was sitting up and

laying down, getting in and out of bed.

I took four spoonfuls of laudanum but could not sleep a wink for pain. All were in a state of great excitement and none thought I should survive it, though I had much strength. Even the doctor thought it would end badly and sent for the other medical man in the town, but he was engaged miles away. About five o'clock my sufferings were severer and my strength failing me. I said to Dr Morton, "How will this end?" He said, "I see no other way but by instruments, for I fear the child is dead." I have always had a dread of this and was impressed with the thought I should not survive it if they were used. My spirits, however, did not sink when he told me but seemed to rise. I then prayed that God would give me strength to go through my trial and my dear husband prayed for me as well.

I continued in great agony for three hours when Morton said Dr Murray (brother to the Member for the County) must be sent for and other means tried, or I should sink under it (but I did not think so). Just as John Hutchison had saddled the horse the little stranger came to town about a quarter before nine on the morning of the 14th, so that I told pretty well with regard to the time, did I not, dear Mother? The moment he was born I felt perfectly well, so much so that I turned around to assist the doctor and with one hand felt the heat of the water he was about to put baby into, and poured brandy into his hands to bathe baby's chest for he seemed dead. Morton said he would not live, but he is alive and quite well.

He is a very large, fat child and when born was much bruised and disfigured. His head was a fearful size, so much so that the night caps you sent had to be let out to the fullest extent. In a day or two the swelling went down and he improved fast. His head now is not disproportionate. He is so big a child and I am glad he is so, having suffered so much. He is more like me than Edward. He is very like Lampitt, who might easily pass for my own brother. His eyes are deep blue, his hair the colour of Mary's. He reminds me very much of your babies, but I think I never saw an infant with such large hands and feet.

His hands are this length -

1972 typescript. Here occurs a rough drawing of a hand, 6 cm long with long taper fingers just fit for music (of which he seems fond already). He never closes his hands but is continually hoisting them over his head as if he were preaching. I forgot to say one hand was born with the head.

Now for the foot. It is this length -

1972 typescript. Here occurs a crude drawing of a foot, 7.5 cm long
You may think I have exaggerated but I really have not. I have measured them this moment.

He is very good at present, sometimes sleeping from eight in the evening till five the next morning. I hope he may continue so. His name is to be Considine Alexander Edward Hutchison and called Alexander. It is after an uncle of Edward's living at New Mills near Dumfries. He is a very good man and, altho not an ordained minister, preaches generally at the Baptist Chapel in Dumfries. From what I have heard of him - and Edward of Father - we think they would like each other.

Our child is to be baptized as soon as Mr Ritchie comes from Yass, which he does every two months. Mr Ritchie is a good old man and speaks broad Scotch, responding to all talkers with a long-drawn "Aye! Aye!" We expect him on the twelfth of August. After the service (which will be held in the Court House) he will come here and in the evening we shall have our baptismal service. The clergyman will be sadly annoyed - he is so already at our attendance upon Mr Ritchie's service - but we could not take our child to an Episcopalian church.

Article 12 of 57

Like me, he is the first of a new generation. Edward was not the first married in his family, but Mrs Considine has had no children. Our child is therefore the first born in both families. I dare say, dear Mother, you will think I have said a good deal respecting "little Snooks" as Edward sometimes calls him, but I know I am writing to his Grandmama and I hope he has a Great-Grandmama. I have

often wished to make dear Grandmother so, and I hope such is the case. It is perhaps too much to expect I may present her great-grandson to her, but it might happen.

Altho I have said so much about my little son it does not seem so new a thing to me as it does to most young mothers. Everything comes quite natural to me. It is like old times come back again - nothing is new but giving suck. You know I am not at all nervous or fidgety with children and I have Buchan should any question arise. I think, as my Edward says, I shall know the book through. I have read all the parts respecting children over and over again. Dr Morton laughed when, in reply to his entreaty not to distress myself in my labour by crying, I said, "Buchan says it is better to cry out and bad to keep too quiet when in great pain."

I am, I hope, truly thankful to my heavenly Father for His mercy in restoring me again. I am now quite well, though not strong. Indeed, I really have not been ill - only weakness and exhaustion. I kept my bed nine days and came downstairs on the tenth. I intend going for a walk in a day or two. I have abundance of milk. I was obliged to draw it off - it is very rich. Nurses are scarce and only stay a short time, except in dangerous cases.

During the absence of Mrs Macdonald (my nurse), my dear Edward attended upon me day and night. No nurse, however good, could be better than he was in getting breakfast, dinner, tea, gruel, sago, arrowroot and such niceties - indeed in everything - and none could be more kind and attentive. If I had not loved him before, my heart would have been wholly won now.

He is very busy now, frequently working till ten at night. The mill is nearly completed. It is a splendid building and all are amazed at the rapidity of its rise. The house on the hill, which is for Mr Hutchison senior and his family, will cost £700. Edward and I are going in January to live in a dear little cottage (Armstrong's) belonging to us. It has two parlours, two bedrooms, detached kitchen and servant's room, a verandah and long front garden.

Edward was asked a short time back what he would build a court house for. He said £2,000 and if one is built he will have the order. People are coming from all parts of the district wanting to build. Being so many in family and working together, the Hutchisons can do it to the advantage of themselves and others. We shall probably move to Mr Nutter's old house till our cottage is ready about 1855.

I am so very thankful to our heavenly Father that He has spared you all to me thus far in the year. I did get anxious and, remembering the severity of English winters, I thought I might lose some dear one. But no, not one - all are well. I am sure it is more than I have deserved. It seems my Saviour is determined I should love Him. How truly can I say with the sweet singer of Israel - "Surely goodness and mercy has followed me all the days of my life and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever".

Mrs Nutter writes she trusts our dear little son will prove a blessing and comfort to his parents, and walk in the good and wise footsteps of his Grandfather Wilson.

While confined to my chamber I got very thin but since I have been up I have picked up flesh and my complexion is clearer.

Edward says I ought to have told you that my wedding ring was made of Australian gold and cost fifteen shillings. My keeper, which has the word "Regard" worked around it, cost 7s 6d.

I must now close. It is getting late, my paper is full, my news are spent and I want to send this off tomorrow morning. Many, many thanks for your next case promised. I suppose it will be here about the time you receive this, the twins' birthday.x I hope they will have a happy day. I shall be sure to remember them, for I remember everyone's birthday!

With best love to dear Grandmother, Father, Jessie, Martha, Jane, Philip, Burder, Willy, Dante, Eddy, Peppy and little Anne, not forgetting your dear self, believe me ever to be your affectionate and devoted daughter,

Emily Anne Hutchison

xEdward read this. Birthdays are never forgotten by my Emily. EH

Article 13 of 57

Per Tamar

December 5th 1854

Queanbeyan

August 5th 1854

My beloved parents,

About one month since we heard from Mr Nutter that he had sent a parcel for me by Mr Wright, a storekeeper. When Mr Wright came he said he had lost his carpetbag with £40 worth of goods in it and my packet as well. You may guess I was in a terrible stew and fretted and fumed and at last gave it up for lost entirely, when one day last week it came and much pleased were we with the nice parcel of epistles.

Yours to myself, dear Father, I will answer first as I shall make my better half answer for himself, altho he says he cannot pretend to compete with you in the art of letter writing. I need scarcely say that the contents of your letter pleased me much, but they always do whether written in a plaintive or lively strain. When I see Mr Jones I will tell him you would be pleased with a line from him.

I am sorry you are stopped in Mr Waller's life, for I should much liked to have seen it completed. I know it would have given you much pleasure to write for he was a dear good man with so much energy. Oh how I do love to see energy in anyone, but in a man especially, when in a good cause.

I am surprised and grieved at the treatment you have received from so-called friends, those whom you have acted so fatherly towards - especially Elizabeth Anderton and Jessie Smith. How few really merit the title of friend.

Edward wrote the following in my album, which I think very good: "A true friend unbosoms freely, advises justly, assists readily, adventures boldly, takes all patiently, defends courageously and continues a friend unchangeably."

August 13th 1854. It was twelve months yesterday since my dear Edward and I were made one, and happy I am that I am able to say that we have lived in perfect harmony the whole time. I read the other day that some minister had said if a new-married couple got over the first year without dispute or bickerings, there was not much fear afterwards of anything serious.

You say, my dear Father, on the 25th December perhaps I am entering upon the Sabbath with delight. Now I am sorry to say that it is the only day I feel unhappy. I often do then, for I cannot but reflect on the privileges I once had. The time seems far distant when I shall again take those Sabbatic pleasures I once enjoyed. I must not repine, for no doubt even this is for my good.

I am much pleased with all you say about the dear children, also to hear they are all improving. When I read of the changes that have been and still are being made in and out of the house I long to come and see them all - but perhaps I shall some day.

We have lately become acquainted with a gentleman who is clerk to a storekeeper here. His name is William Bilson, a widower of thirty-five, from Leamington. Three years since he knew Mr Fairfax when there. He knows Mr Miall well, is an Independent and I think is very pious. He associates with no family but ours. He is passionately fond of sacred music and it is very pleasant to talk to him because he has heard most of the Independent ministers in London. When you see Mr Miall mention him. What an excellent likeness of Mr Miall in the picture of the Members of Parliament (in the Illustrated News)! Mr Bilson takes it and lends it to us. If there were some half-dozen such men as Mr Bilson up here I think we might hope for a chapel.

We expect to have a bridge here shortly, which will be a great benefit to the town. Building is going on rapidly here.

Edward is going to draw the mill and house that they have just built. The house which Edward

and I were to have had is still occupied, and will be for some time yet, for the tenants prefer paying more rent rather than go out, so that we shall still reside together till we can have one built. Our house is the highest, the pleasantest, the best built, the most convenient in or near Queanbeyan and it is with an envious eye the bushocracy look upon it. It is fifty feet above the river and we have ranges of mountains at the back. Even should the water rise high we are safe, but we may not have another flood for twenty years to come (for until the last two years there have not been any for upwards of twenty years). We hope before then, if it should please God to prosper us, to be able to leave this place if we should not come to England.

Our piano has come from Sydney and is like the enclosed.

Edward is thinking of insuring his life as soon as he can be spared to go to Sydney to effect the insurance.

I shall answer the dear children all together when we get settled in Mr Nutter's old house. We expect to go there in a fortnight.

I will now draw to a close. With best love and many hopes that our Father in heaven will permit us to meet again on this earth, but should it not be so I hope I shall be able to say, "Thy Will be done."

I remain

Your devoted daughter

Emily

Article 14 of 57

Queanbeyan

August 28th 1854

My dearest Mother,

I will now answer your nice letter to me, but I dare say I shall stop a good many times in the course of writing, for I have only the evenings that I can call my own. Your little grandson is very wakeful in the day, but the very reverse from six in the evening till six the next morning, and that is a great comfort. I short-coated him a fortnight since and let his caps off as well, for he is such a big fellow that long clothes seemed out of place. He is quite as big as the children about here six months old. Perhaps you may have some idea of his size when you know that those white frocks of dear Lily's and the yellow print one fit him, and are not too big. He is so lively, never still a minute and never will lay on his back as a baby ought to do, but laughs, crows and kicks all day long. I find I am gradually regaining my proficiency in the babies' vocabulary.

I was in hopes I should have been able to send you word that he was baptized but am unable at present, for the Presbyterian minister at Yass has been ill. He has not been here and will not come till October.

Home is indeed a sweet word. I have frequently wondered how you could stop at home so much, but I do not now, for really I do not care to go out at all.

I wish I could say when we shall have a chapel. Oh that we had such a minister as Mr Jefferson! It would indeed be a blessing.

What you say respecting the house pleases me (and about the frame and mattress for the drawing room amused me much) but I am thinking you will have to wait a long time ere it is put into use for us. I wish I might be mistaken.

Without regard to dress, I have worn my wedding bonnet ever since we were married and now it is scarcely soiled. But I am quite tired of it now so Ann and I are going to make ourselves some drawn nets for they will be most uncommon. I have had a drab vicuna cloth mantle trimmed with dark blue braid. This summer I mean, if spared, to make up the muslin you sent me, but I shall

certainly not wear anything but cottons whilst suckling, and really they are the most genteel.

I do not know whether I told you before that baby is marked in the forehead like Shakespeare was, but not with a star. What it is we cannot tell - it is very faint. We are very vexed about it for he really is a nice baby, but Edward has made up his mind that it is a crown (I dare say you will laugh) and that he is to be President of the Australian Republic!

September 4th 1854. Your description of the dear children pleased me. How much I should like to see them all! I am pleased to hear that Aunt Annie's health is improving, as also her mind.

I do not know, my dear Mother, whether you felt as I do when suckling, but since I was confined I feel so confused when I write and scarcely know how to proceed, and I forget things so very much. I am thankful to say we all enjoy excellent health and really I think I never saw a more healthy or hardy child. Being so young, he seems to enjoy being washed in cold water but does not like warm and he is cutting his teeth already.

I forgot to say I feel pleased so many people remember me. When I get to the new house - which will not be till after Christmas - I will write a full description of house and furniture.

With best love to dear Grandmother, children and your dearer self, I am and ever shall be your devoted daughter,

Emily Hutchison

Article 15 of 57

Per Calcutta

January 30th 1855

Queanbeyan

August 1854

My beloved brothers and sisters,

I will now commence my promised letter to you all. This is to be a joint letter.

I will begin with dear Jessie. You say, dear Jessie, it must be a trial to have everything so dear here, but it is not so much so as you might think, for money comes very easy. I can assure you that everything we want we have (that is, in reason) and as we make everything ourselves we can have more. I have not had much new this winter for I have not been out much. I like your dresses very much, likewise your bonnet and mantle. I am much obliged to you for the laburnum seeds, but shall not set them till our own house is finished. As I cannot send you any of your little nephew's hair I have sent you some of his finger nails! I dare say Mother will say, "That's just like her."

I am glad, my dear Martha, to hear that the fits are slighter and hope to hear ere long that you are quite well. If I were to tell all my dreams respecting home I might fill a book.

I hope, dear Jane, your dream will come true, only I would rather stop when I did come. I am much obliged to you for all information. I like your dresses much. I have had several new cotton dresses.

I will when I can send something for the "Harmonist", dear Philip, but I have not much time now. I do indeed feel the responsibilities of a married life, more especially since I have become a mother, and need to be constant in prayer.

I hope, dear Burder, you will not wear moustaches for I very much dislike them. Edward often says he will wear them but I tell him if he does I will cut them off. I should think the kitchen must have looked very well if only I could have dropped in.

I am glad, dear Willy, you have at last got something to suit you and that you like the people, and hope you will prosper.

You write a very nice letter, dear Dante. I have a little boy but I cannot come to England just yet. You do mean to be a traveller?

I am glad to see, dear Eddy, that you are improving in writing and composition, and also that you are learning music. Nearly everything is dear here. Bread is one shilling a two pound loaf but of course we never buy it. Many thanks for your kind wishes dear, and I hope some day to thank you personally.

You are getting very clever, dear Spencer. You might as well have written Dutch to me as about Mercury.

How do you like being an uncle, Peppy dear? Your nephew grows a beautiful boy. Give my love and many kisses to Annie and tell her perhaps some day she might have a little niece named Annie. Ask her if she remembers me.

October 1854. Since I last wrote there has been many changes.

First, we are now living in Mr Nutter's old house, a drawing of which I sent some time since.

Second, we have an engineer from Sydney to put the machinery together, likewise a boilermaker to rivet the boiler together. The length of the boiler is twenty-six feet and it is fourteen feet around. It looks enormous now it is together. We do not expect it to start for nearly two months.

Third, I have received a packet from home, dear home, sent by Mr Nott, likewise three newspapers numbered two, three and four.

Fourth, the measles are up here so that it is most likely Robert, Lampitt, Danny and baby will have them. They have them very slight up here altho many cases have proved fatal in Sydney. Esther Lloyd (that was) has had them since she was married.

We have all been so busy, or else the children would have written to some of you.

On the first of last month Mrs Nutter had another little boy and is very well.

Article 16 of 57

I must now say a few words about our darling Alex (for that is to be his name, but he is not yet baptized as old Mr Ritchie is very ill). In the first place he grows very fast, and is very healthy and hardy. He is very fat and big for his age. A good many people are surprised that such a "wee couple" should have such a "bonny bairn". He is very much like dear Father but his hair seems inclined to be auburn. He is full of fun and frolic. Altho not four months old, he peeps into everybody's face, inviting them to play, and then laughs so hearty.

Tell dear Father he would not be afraid of holding him for he is no "batter pudding" baby but a true boy. He always looks out for a bit of play when he is undressed, after which he goes to bed very good and is no more trouble till half past five the next morning, at which time we rise now. He has already commenced to cut his teeth. He eats bread and milk three times a day. He will also eat bread and butter, and drink out of a cup without spilling it. When he is danced up and down he moves his legs as if he were jumping for a wager. I dare say he will walk and talk early as he is among children.

Of course we are very fond of him, but I hope not too fond. We pray that we may be spared to bring him up in the way that leadeth to life eternal and also that we may have a chapel here before he grows to years of thought, or else we hope we may so prosper in this world's riches that we may move to a more genial sphere.

My dear brothers and sisters, I know that you love your dear parents and value your Sabbatic privileges, but you cannot love and value them as I do, never having lost them. What should I feel if I had not an affectionate husband? My feelings would be unbearable. I do not wish to repine in any way for I think, as dear Mr Jefferson says in his kind note, it was necessary all these things should be taken from me so that I might draw nearer to God. I hope it has had that effect upon me but it is very hard to think aright and I continually have to pray against wicked thoughts. I hope I shall be pardoned for I try to act aright.

I will write to dear Father and Mother shortly, and I will then send you some seeds of a flower called yellow cistus. It is a very pretty tree and bears flowers something like a laburnum.

With best love and many kisses to all,

I am your very affectionate sister,
Emily Anne Hutchison

Article 17 of 57

Per Tamar
December 5th 1854

Queanbeyan Steam Mills
Trincula Place

Dear Sir,

The house contains one parlour (twenty feet by sixteen feet), five bedrooms, kitchen, pantry and cellar. The present value of such a house in Queanbeyan is about £1,000. Mr Armstrong's house is built in the same style as the front of this facing Mowatt Street, and contains one parlour, one sitting room, three bedrooms and kitchen, and is worth at this time £600.

We are now building two other cottages and as soon as time can be spared we shall build more. Wages now are very high. We have to pay £2 per week to labourers, and £3 to £4 per week to bricklayers, which makes building very expensive. But we have land enough to build twenty houses on and if God continues to prosper us we intend to get more.

Before our son is seven years old I hope we shall see you all in Old England for there is no place like it that I can find. I shall write a long letter to you as soon as I can spare time and explain the nature of things in detail in this part of the world, for I am sure you would much like to know. Should we ever be spared to meet together, I assure you I shall (as the seamen say) have some long yarns to spin and describe a little of what I have myself gone thro in this country previous to my first meeting with my dear Emily - things which you can form little idea of in the Old Country when sitting by a cheerful fire in a nicely decorated and carpeted room.

I think all that is past and we are quite domesticated now. Were you sitting by our fireside you would not know but you were at home, except we do not use register grates, etc.

With kindest love to Mrs Wilson, yourself and all my new sisters and brothers, I remain,

Yours affectionately,
E.B.W. Hutchison

P.S. You will please to excuse this hurried scrawl as I have only snatched a few minutes' time and I do not intend this as an answer to your kind letter, but more anon. E.H.

Article 18 of 57

Per Argo
March 16th 1855

Mr Nutter's old house
Queanbeyan
October 21st 1854

My dearest Father and Mother,

I will now commence answering your beautiful letters of the 27th of April. They caused me to shed many tears for they brought to my mind the way you would speak the contents and I thought of many bygone scenes. Yes, my beloved Father, with all my present comforts and prospects my heart still

longs for a sight of the dear faces in Kingsland. Altho I am not in such low spirits as I was when I wrote the mournful letter, still my wish is the same and I often feel that I would give worlds to see you all. I write not thus in the way of complaint for I see the hand of our heavenly Father in all things. Certainly, if I had never left, I should not have been so refreshed by your sweet letters.

November 27th 1854. It is now some time since I put pen to paper to address you, my beloved parents, for we have had sickness in the house. The three boys have had the measles rather severely, but our Alex would not take them, do all I could. The children have recovered nicely but without a doctor. The native doctors do not know much about the measles for the complaint only came into the colony little more than six months since.

I am happy to say that we have some prospect of having a minister stationed here. About one month since Mr Ritchie died. I have mentioned him before. A letter was sent to Mr Ross, the Scotch minister in Goulburn, to come in his place. He answered by coming last Sunday, 19th instant. He came here to tea and baptized our darling by the name of Alexander Considine James Hutchison. He told us that in a few weeks he was going to Edinburgh to get ten more ministers sent out and one of them will be for Queanbeyan, so that we may look for one in about a twelvemonth if we are spared till then.

I can assure you, my dear Father, I feel quite flattered with the eulogiums you pass on my letters. Nor can I see how I deserve such praise, for I write just what comes first without studying. Many thanks for the contents of case number three, although not yet received. I have heard of its arrival in Sydney and expect to receive it by Christmas.

When you speak of our darling you may well say "jumping out of one frock into another" for I never saw any baby so young jump so much. He jumps as if he were jumping for a wager and stamps his feet to music. I think it quite likely he will walk by nine or ten months. For a month past he has been able to pull himself up by anything and stand alone. I think also that he will be a singer for whenever I play and sing he hums, and so he does if the clock strikes.

We received a letter from Mr and Mrs Considine. They say as soon as they can dispose of their business to advantage, they will return to Queanbeyan for a short time, previous to a visit to England. Unless they change their minds you will have an opportunity of seeing them and we will try to send our likenesses then.

The mill has not started yet for the engineer they sent from Sydney to put the machinery together is a horrid crawler, but we hope it will soon. We are rather anxious concerning it. The weather is so fearfully hot and dry that it has prevented two-thirds of the wheat that was sown from coming up. Consequently it is eighteen shillings a bushel and likely to be twenty-five shillings. Flour is £2 8s a hundredweight.

There has scarcely been any rain since last April so that everything is scorched. The ranges all around the town are in flames and sometimes we can scarcely breathe for smoke, but we hope and trust it will please our heavenly Father to change the weather.

We shall go into our new house the end of January. We shall live together at present till we see how things go on for it is most likely Ann Hutchison will be married shortly to Dr Morton. If Edward and I were away we should have to come back again when she went, so it is best to stay, altho we would prefer living alone.

But we must not study ourselves altogether and - another thing - labour is so dreadfully scarce and wages high (£9 a week for plasterers) so that at present it would cost a great deal to build another house.

Article 19 of 57

December 23rd 1854. As I see by the papers that the Argo leaves Sydney tomorrow week, I will finish this letter to dear Mother exclusively. I will now tell you, my dearest Mother, about our darling. He is very fat and healthy, eating anything. I am sure you would be surprised to see him eat

bread and butter and eggs. He is bigger than several children here that are as old again - and he is so sensible. When I give him my little brush (with the glass at the back) he brushes his hair. I sometimes set him on the floor against a chair. He pulls it backwards and forwards so that it makes a squeaking noise, then hums to it. It is no matter where I lay him - he turns over onto his hands and sits up in a minute.

He is very fond of pictures. When he sees a face in the picture book I made him, he puts his head on one side and laughs at it. Oh how I wish you could see him! He is such a darling. I send a piece of his hair and will send more when it grows. He has a beautiful full-blue eye, very long lashes a nice colour, and such a pair of cheeks! He is two feet high, 6½ inches around his arm, 7¼ inches around his calf, 9¼ inches just above his knee and weighs twenty pounds.

I will write to some of the children next and tell them how I dress him. He was baptized in my robe.

Edward sent Father two papers a short time since. He says he is sorry he cannot reply to yours and dear Father's letter at present but he is so very busy, frequently working till twelve at night paperhanging, painting, graining, etc. Lately he has had a great number of coffins to make for there is a good deal of sickness, but through God's kindness we are all well.

I must now close and will write again when the box comes. This letter will start from here on Christmas morning and reach you, I think, about your wedding day (or dear Father's birthday). I wish I could send you both a present to show my love for you, but as I cannot you must take the will for the deed. I will do so when I can get an opportunity.

I am much obliged to dear Mr Jefferson for his note and book, and will answer him by the next packet.

Give my love and many kisses to all, including dear Father and yourself, in which Edward joins me, trusting we shall meet again in this world but if not, in another and better.

I remain, my dearest parents, your affectionate daughter,

Emily

Article 20 of 57

From E.B.W. Hutchison Esq.

Per G.P.O. April 6th 1855

Queanbeyan

New South Wales

December 30th 1854

My dear Mother,

As you call me your son, I shall answer to that name and call you mother!

Now for a commencement. In the first place you must not think because I did not write you before that I had not done so from coolness or negligence for (as my Emily can assure you) I really do not know what hour to call mine own. I assure you, dear Mother, that for the last thirteen months the time has not been spent in vain, altho I often think we all work too hard and are trying to do more than nature intended the frame of mankind to endure, especially in such a climate as the one in which we live. I hope, should things prove prosperous with us now, in the course of two months to be enabled to take things a little more easy for the rest of our stay in Queanbeyan (or New South Wales).

I have often promised Emily I would write to you all and have on several occasions commenced to do so, but from the wearied state of my mind and body after a long day's work and two or three hours' writing in the evening, I have been obliged to defer it from time to time. But it shall not be the case this time.

You complain, dear Mother, of my not writing to you and of your not feeling quite at home with me, but I am quite at home with you all, although 16,000 miles apart. With all our prospects in this country I often sigh for home and the comforts of an English home can never be met with at the Antipodes. Altho the country is as well as can be expected, yet the great want of society is so much felt here by the middle classes of inhabitants that are located in the interior. Such a thing as a dear friend is not known to us in Queanbeyan out of our own family circle, yet as it has pleased the Giver of all things to cause us to settle here (which I can see will be for our good ultimately) we try to bear the solitude as well as can be expected.

I have no doubt you will say: "Why don't you go to Sydney and live? There you can have plenty of friends." Etc. But I could not see my way to independence so clear in a city as in the interior. The greater portion of the middle classes who come to the colony cannot bear the idea of going so far into the interior, and generally as a matter of course continue as dependent and indigent as regards their worldly condition as when they first landed. But (as the Scotch say) when we came to the colony we came with the determination of making a spoon or spoiling a horn.

I have great hopes that we shall all be enabled to return to our native home in the course of six or seven years. Oh don't I long to see you all and hear the kind voices of a kindred family!

I can safely say, with the exception of Mr and Mrs Nutter and family, I have not yet met with any one family that seem like true English people. Mr Nutter has on all occasions acted the most friendly part towards me and mine. Was he living here I should feel more comfortable and more at home.

Article 21 of 57

January 1st 1855. I must beg of you all to accept my sincere thanks for the many things you have kindly sent us. Our young Alexander is of no small dimensions and the nice cap you sent will not cover his head. He is indeed a bouncing boy and many of the newly-married ladies envy my dear Emily of her boy. All the other articles I believe will fit him nicely.

Accept also my thanks for the shirt front and studs of which I am very conceited, as it was not made in the colony but by my mother-in-law. I am sure I don't know when I shall be able to repay you for all your kindness towards me and mine, but I hope the time will arrive when I can settle these matters in person. I suppose by that time, should we be spared, we shall present you with some four or five new faces, although Emily says she wants no more for four years.

In your letter to Emily you spoke about the difference of the time, etc., between Sydney and London, in answer to which (as I am a sort of sailor) I beg to say that a ship sailing to the eastward south-east from London and Sydney gains just about 10¼ hours. For example, it is now eleven o'clock at night on the first of January 1855 and with you it is a quarter till one in day. By the time it is the same hour with you as 'tis now with us 'twill be quarter till nine in the morning of the second of January at Queanbeyan.

At the time I came to the colony (which was July 22nd 1848 when we sailed from Deptford on board the ship General Hewitt), after leaving the coast of Spain and Portugal we were compelled to sail a long way to the westward before we could cross the line. From my calculations we were within four hundred miles of the South American coast and by five o'clock in the afternoon (by the ship's time) we were all as sleepy as kittens. We could not keep awake as that would then be about half past eight at night in London.

Then again, on coming eastward one feels a disinclination to sleep at the usual hour at night and this kind of feeling continues until after the arrival in the country. In fact, I feel it now as I always can sit up late and not feel any inconvenience, but I want to sleep late in the morning. I must now say good night and I wish you all a "Happy New Year".

Article 22 of 57

January 5th 1855. Now, as regards my domestic happiness, I need not fill my letter with the particulars of that. Suffice it to say that with my dear Emily I am as happy as the days are long and so I shall continue to be so long as we both shall live, of this I am convinced.

I am only sorry I am not yet able to return home where we could see more of the pleasures of this world than is to be found in Australia, but we will endeavour to wait patiently until that time arrives.

As to my own relations, I have very few if any now living in England and but a few in Dumfriesshire in the south of Scotland. Of my native town, Buckingham, I feel but little interest in after the crosses I have met with in it. When I come to England I should never visit it except business should call me there, or through curiosity. We have yet some property remaining there and which may cause me or some of our family to revisit it, but for it I care but little now. What ought to have been ours there, and of which we were most shamefully wronged, is now, as I am informed, still in the Court of Chancery where I have no doubt it will remain until very little of it will be left for anyone. As my disposition will not allow me to bear malice towards anyone I hope whoever may get what may remain after the suit is ended that they may enjoy it.

Our steam mill will commence to work about the 12th instant and should it answer our expectation will produce an annual income of from £1,800 to £2,000, clear of all expenses, but it has cost us an immense deal of money, anxiety and trouble to get it completed. We have now weathered the storm and hope soon to be snugly anchored in the port of independence. But rest assured we have had some great trouble to do so.

I must now draw to a close as my time just now will not permit me to say much more but I shall, if I am spared, send you half a quire of paper full next time. Mr Wilson (or my father) and my brothers I must of necessity defer answering this time but the next shall be to them. At the same time I beg you to present them with my kindest regards for the many kind presents, etc., I have received from their hands and only pray that I shall be spared to thank them all "in propria persona".

In conclusion, I have only to add at this time for the reason I have already assigned that the hand of the Almighty God did in a most remarkable manner bring my Emily and I together and Him only have I to ascribe the praise.

Now, dear Mother, Father, sisters and brothers, for the present adieu. Wishing you every earthly blessing, comfort and happiness, and should we not be permitted to meet on earth, oh that we may meet in heaven where our joy will be eternal.

I remain, dear Mother,
Yours affectionately,
E.B.W. Hutchison

P.S. Excuse all "bush blunders".

My dearest parents,

I sent a letter by the Argo, which I suppose you have received, but forgot to say that our Alex has cut two teeth! I will write again in a week or two - love to all -

From your devoted daughter,
Emily

Article 23 of 57

Per Pacific
July 16th 1855

Queanbeyan
January 18th 1855

My beloved Mother,

I have this day received letters from you and dearest Father written October 15th, and as I received case number three about a fortnight since, I will write again.

In the first place I will tell you your hope that I was recovering, and that Edward was now and then peeping in was quite true, for he would come in from the shop a dozen times a day unless he was working at the mill.

Previously to my confinement I used frequently to think how I should get on without anyone near me (excepting my Edward) to care for me, and the thought often made me dull. But God in His mercy carried me through and from thence until now I am thankful to say I have not had an hour's illness. I often feel very weak this hot weather, but the last fortnight we have had frequent rain and I feel much better. Edward also enjoys very good health in general, but he is delicate in the throat like Father. I think he has something of bronchitis for he never can lay with his head low and sometimes is nearly choked with hard phlegm.

As to the health of our Alex I never saw such a hardy child, nor so sensible a one for his age. I often think he is too much so to live. Everybody here is surprised at him and I am sure you would be. If he is not pulled down by illness I think he will quite walk alone by nine months, for he walks by chairs now, and can raise himself up and down to pick up his playthings. I do not let him stand much for fear his legs might get crooked. I think if he lives he certainly will be a singer and player for it matters not what sound he heard, he imitates it, and every sound differing - cow, cat, dog, magpie. When we play the flutina he squeaks to the high notes and lows like a cow to the low notes. He continues singing the whole time the piano is played and if we knock sound crockery with a spoon he will hum, but does not take any notice if we knock cracked ones!!!

I am sorry to say he is very passionate, but I hope with God's help to be able to alter that. In time I hope I shall be able to send you word that he is teachable and mild, and obeys his parents as our Saviour did. He does not mind a slap in the slightest, but if I say, "Naughty boy!" his eyes fill with tears. Sometimes he is quite broken-hearted and will not be appeased till I kiss him.

I have tried to bring him up hitherto as you would have done, getting out in the night with him as well as other things. I am laughed at by several for doing so, but I can afford to be laughed at. It saves me a good bit of trouble that otherwise I should have, were I not to attend to his movements besides making him clean.

We are delighted with everything the case contains, especially those ducky frocks and shoes. I can assure you that all the mothers hereabouts that I speak to look with a longing eye towards them. The frocks fit him beautifully - a little too big in the waist, but that is remedied by a slide. Indeed, everything fits very nicely but that lovely cap, and that is not any use to him but I must keep it for the next. I hope that will not be yet awhile. The flannels are too long, but as he has others I shall not let him wear them till next winter.

If I bought a habit shirt like the one you sent me it would cost from eight shillings to ten shillings and the sleeves would be six shillings. I like the pattern of the sleeve and have made a dress like the enclosed, having the sleeve tied with the plaid on the skirt in imitation of flounces.

Article 24 of 57

We are both much pleased with the music book but at present have scarcely any time to play, except on Sundays. We hope to have more time soon.

As to your coming to Queanbeyan I should be more surprised to see you than I should Queen Victoria, but as to ourselves coming to England - that's quite another thing. We hope to come in seven or eight years.

The spinach seed also I am very much obliged for, not having tasted any since I left home. I shall sow it when the rain sets in.

The quilt is exceedingly pretty but I think for the present I shall make a toilet cover of it for high day and holidays. I was pleased to see an old friend again in the shape of candle snuffers and tray. The shirt front and studs are very pretty, and as I am just making shirts I shall put in one.

Alex has not gained any flesh lately but that, I think, is owing to his teething - having just cut three more - and likewise this fearful hot weather. For many days the last fortnight the glass has been up to 145 in the sun, 100 in the house in the daytime and 90 in the night time. Our hair was wringing with perspiration and it ran down our cheeks, ears, neck and arms. All over our bodies we were wet - it was no use to take a pocket handkerchief to wipe your face. I took a diaper and I used two or three of those in a day for myself and Alex. He has worn nothing but his shirt and one of the white petticoats you sent. It has been bitter to bear, made me much thinner and weaker, and my back has been very bad. I have scarcely known how to turn in bed. When it is so I put my hand on and take ten drops of the oil of juniper which soon sets me to rights. The heat has killed a great many persons in Sydney.

We will do what we can, my dear Mother, with regard to practising the "Messiah" but there is so much more to do here than at home. In the first place, every room must be swept and dusted every day on account of the quantity of dust that flies about. Then there is the making of bread, butter, candles, neatsfoot oil for our hands, washing, ironing (for we cannot get either a servant or washerwoman at present), dressmaking, bonnet making and other needlework.

Ann and I cut a bullock up the other day. I dare say you will smile, but if you do not think it true you had better come and see. I will tell you how it is. James has taken out a licence for selling meat (which is 2s 6d a quarter) for he often gets ten or twelve head of cattle very cheap. He then kills them and sells them in halves and quarters, sending us half. When it comes perhaps no one is in the way to cut it up so we do it, for if we were to leave it, it would be all alive in a few minutes. The flies blow alive here so that in a few hours they become maggots half an inch long.

Perhaps you will say, "Well, those Hutchisons monopolize all trades." If you do not say so, others have and also they say they never saw such a family, for right down to the youngest every one does what they can to make a penny. Robert, Lampitt and Daniel turn bungs for the brewer (on the lathe) out of any old pieces of wood, for which he gives them one shilling a dozen for as many as they like to turn.

Article 25 of 57

February 26th 1855. Monday afternoon. I must snatch a few moments from my numerous duties to tell you of two important starts.

First, our darling child got up on his feet by himself and walked five steps. I can assure you he seemed not a little pleased at the feat. I was quite surprised for altho he continued strong on his feet all along, still I did not expect him to make a start just yet.

Now for the second, namely the mill. It is quite done and commenced grinding today. We have been over to see it and it works as regular as the works of a watch.

We have been in our new house since February 8th, but more of that another day.

March 3rd 1855. Love to dear Peppy and tell him if I come home before he is twelve he shall have a large party.

I must now give you a description of our new house. The outside you have seen ere this. Enclosed is a plan.x There are seven rooms besides kitchen, pantry, two cellars, hall, anteroom, staircase and lobby. Everybody that has seen it admires it and I am sure you would. Of course it will be some time before we get the outside in order, such as fencing, garden, verandahs and stuccoing, but the inside is pretty well finished altho there are a great many things we intend having as soon as

we can get cedar, etc.

The parlour furniture is the same as I before described, but we shall shortly have crimson velvet curtains in addition to the muslin.

I will now speak of our room. I have some crimson and drab furniture on my bed, and crimson merino curtains to the window. The chairs are new with light oak frames and cane bottoms. The floor is covered with Chinese matting for no carpeting can be got up here at present.

March 14th 1855. Thought much of you and dear Father this day, also yesterday, wishing that I could send you some substantial proof of my love for you. I must be content, altho sometimes I do not feel so when I think how many things we receive and send nothing in return.

Our darling walked half across the room yesterday and very firmly too. He rejoices our hearts daily.

He is so forward. He is almost mad for music. For instance, the other evening just after tea he was with the children looking at some pictures in their room when Edward began to play in the parlour. The moment he heard the sound he was down on his hands and knees in an instant and along the hall in the dark. He did not stop till he got to Edward and stood up to his knees. He is beginning to talk. He calls Bob and says Faver whenever he sees Edward. He will amuse himself for half an hour with his picture book and a slate on which he scribbles. He then looks at me as much to say, "Am I not very clever?" I do not think he is watery, but still I often think he is too clever to live, for all I have said respecting him is not exaggerated in the slightest.

x1972 typescript. Plan of the house, one floor on either side.

An accompanying note reads: "You will perceive I have put these apartments exactly under those above they being situated so I think that if you compare this with the outside of the House (which you have) you will understand it When we stand at our Window the Mill is about 150 yds to our left. the House is on a hill and the Mill is rather in a Valley Our land reaches to the waters edge a distance of 200 yds"

Article 26 of 57

March 26th 1855. Really when I think of it, that in a few days dear Burder will be eighteen, it seems scarcely possible. It seems only like the other day that I parted from him as a child, but I suppose he is getting quite a man. I send him for his museum a flying ant. When they come into the house it is a sign of wet weather. I wish I could send him a moth we caught this morning, called the goat moth, but it is so bulky I cannot. Its length is $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, around the body $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

We have received seventeen newspapers. They have not come regular but I suppose that is owing to the different speeds of the vessels. The thirteenth, with those beautiful verses written by dear Father upon dear Lily, my tears flowed fast upon reading them, for they brought to my remembrance the dear little creature's life and death.

The letter to "dear little Snooks" too was fully understood, but "Ma" would have "Grandpa" to know that it is to be Mother and Father, for we see so much of Ma and Pa amongst the lowest of the low that we are sick of it.

In my next I will give you a short account of a Jewess who was married a few months before we were and has one child. Altho she is fifteen months she is not so forward in anything as our darling is. He has now six teeth and two eye teeth on the road. His teeth are very large and he shows his four top teeth when he laughs. Really, the dear child surprizes me more and more. This evening he was sitting on the ground in his shirt playing at ball with me with as much sense as if he were two years. Again - the kitchen is not yet ceiled, for no lath could be got, so that when the matting is up in our room we can see through the boards into the kitchen. Alex no sooner gets sight of the cracks he lays himself flat on the ground and puts his eyes to the crack. If anyone is there he will stop in that way five minutes.

I have just bought him a broad-brim leghorn hat and have trimmed it with yellow waist ribbon that Mrs Ellis gave me. I have made him a scarlet merino (French) jacket out of some odd pieces Ann gave me. These, with a white frock, look very nice as he walks between Ann and I.

Article 27 of 57

Ann and I have had white drawn aerophane bonnets this summer which we made ourselves. They look very delicate and far beyond those at the store that we should have had to pay fifty shillings for.

If you should have an opportunity of sending again I should be thankful for shoes and socks for Alex, for they ask an enormous price. Another thing - sometimes when the roads are bad so that drays cannot come from Sydney, respectable children have to go without shoes for they cannot be got. I have seen the clergyman's children without several times and Clara Nutter was without two or three weeks. The little patent shoes that you gave elevenpence, one shilling and 1s 2d for are five shillings here. White socks like those you sent me are one shilling and 1s 3d a pair.

The mill goes on swimmingly at present, but still it makes us all anxious for fear it should not answer our expectations after an outlay of nearly £4,000. Times are rather bad all over the colony. We must not be cast down but leave everything in the hands of an all-wise Providence. They have got the character of making the best flour in the colony.

I think this will reach you about the middle of June. I shall make a cake, for Aunt Mary's, Alex's, Edward's and Jessie's birthday all come close together, and Eddy's and Philip's in between now and then. So I wish them all happy returns at once.

I must close, hoping and trusting you are all well. With best love to all and a promise to write again shortly,

I am and ever shall be,
Yours devotedly,
Emily

Article 28 of 57

Per Boomerang
September 20th 1855

Queanbeyan Steam Mills
Friday evening
May 25th 1855

My dearest Father,

I received the letter from you yesterday which contains the sad news of your illness during last winter. I hasten to reply to it as the Boomerang goes from Sydney on the 2nd of June.

For several hours after I had read the intelligence I felt nearly mad, inwardly reproaching myself for leaving you and feeling I must come over and help you. My brain was all on fire and if I had not had my Saviour to fly to I believe I should have gone out of my senses. I prayed most earnestly that you might all be restored to your usual health and strength long ere this, and my mind is now relieved.

I wish I could send you a check, my dear Father, but I really cannot at present. We are obliged to be very careful till the large expenditure for the mill is settled, but I cannot help the thought how closely you must sit and write to pay your extra bills. Edward often says it is too bad that we should send nothing in return for the many things you have sent to me. I hope you will not think us selfish.

Edward would gladly have enclosed a check on this occasion, but for extensive claims upon him. Now, if gold was but found near here in large quantities, I would go and dig for it myself that you might have some.

I am pleased to learn you are proceeding with your "Memorials". I perfectly agree with all your remarks about Jane. Altho I should much like her here, I would not have her come till we are in a house by ourselves and of that there is no prospect at present. It is surprising to see how quickly the houses are taken. With regard to the money for Jane - that we will send when it is required. Tell her from me to wait patiently. But, my dear Father, whatever Queanbeyan may become, my longing for home will never be abated and, of all places in the colony, I shall not want to stop here.

Mr Bilson left here last November, intending to go to England via India. He was taken ill at Sydney with black jaundice and never rose again. I have no doubt it will be a great blow to his parents as he was an only child. They will have the consolation of knowing he died with the hope of a Christian.

Article 29 of 57

I will now pen a line of ourselves. In the first place, I hope and believe by the time this reaches you we shall have a minister stationed here. One of our houses is taken for him and a certain sum of money is promised yearly. Mr Hutchison and Edward engage to pay £10 towards it. For the last month or two we have had a young Wesleyan from an adjoining district to preach one evening a month (he sleeps here). He seceded from the Church six years since and is much liked.

I am thankful to say we all are and have been well - very well. Our beauty is as hardy as an aboriginal and has walked very firmly for the last six weeks. It is quite amusing to see him try to chop wood with a tomahawk (a small axe), run after the fowls and two little puppies we have. Our boundary fence is on the top of a steep hill. He frequently mounts to this eminence - walking, not crawling - sits down and commences singing in his way, and plays with the grass. At other times he will go to the piano and begin playing, singing and dancing all together. I have begun to wean him in the day. Being so strong, I thought he did not require it.

It is three years today since I landed on Australian shores. What changes have come upon me in that time - and what changes may come in three years more. I am now a wife and mother. I might then, if alive, be a widow and childless! God grant it may be otherwise, but still we ought to hold the things of this world with a loosened grasp, knowing that death must come.

Dear Philip C., too, I remember, is twenty today. May he grow in favour as he advances in years with God and man.

Edward had a letter from his Uncle Alexander in Dumfries which he answers by this ship. Mr Hutchison sends his love to me, expresses his hope we shall live happily together, do good to those around us, and, after death, join the hosts above. I am sure he would like a line from you should you feel inclined. I shall write a note to him with Edward's. His address is "Mr A Hutchison New Mills near Dumfries N.B."

I hope and pray that my angel Mother has regained her health and strength, and will long be spared, a blessing to all around her.

With best love to yourself, dearest Mother, Grandmother, brothers, sisters and all enquirers. I am and ever shall be,

Your devoted daughter,
Emily Anne Hutchison

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Per Donald McKay

December 29th 1855

Queanbeyan

July 20th 1855

My very dear brothers and sisters,

I think it is high time I addressed a letter to you. I must do so collectively as I have neither time nor matter to write to each, but do not think I love you less for so doing. I can assure you home and its inmates are continually in my thoughts. When I have answered your letters (per third tin case) I will write about your nephew, his sayings and doings.

To Jessie. It is so like human nature, dear Jessie, to sigh for what we have not. Of course, your wishes respecting a partner for life are natural and right but, being afflicted, you ought to indulge such wishes very cautiously. There are many little things in the married life which would frequently cloud your brow and make you miserable unless you are altered since I left. I have a husband who is one of a hundred, even in trifles. I do as I like, but then I try to do as he likes, and when contrary to my own views, I do them. I like dark blue for a dress - he does not, so I give in. I like suet pudding - he does not, even in fruit puddings, so I forbear. I like fat meat, he likes lean - there we balance very well and waste nothing.

One other of his likes I much disapprove of - spitting in the fireplace. True, we have no brither stoves, but he makes a mistake - tea kettle, frying pan, etc. I suppose it cannot be wrong, for dear Father, that "pink of perfection", does it. I must bid adieu to this trifling or you will think I am a shingle short in the upper storey (to use a colonial phrase).

I am afraid, dear Jessie, I shall never reach your growth in the divine life. I am continually murmuring that I am not at home to get more comforts. I know it is wrong. I read the other day that discontent is a positive sin against God. It is finding fault with what He has done, and murmuring at His decrees.

Edward certainly reads your letters. He takes it as his prerogative to read all mine and I take it as mine to read his. When he is absent from home I have to answer all his and write to the bank, editors of newspapers, committees and other parties.

Those dear little frocks are often worn by your nephew and he is very fond of the spotted ones. The cap is a beauty. Its pure whiteness delighted me. I was sorry my Alex could not wear it, but never mind. Perhaps before the fourth month of another year is half out there will be another little head to wear it!

Article 31 of 57

To Martha. I am much obliged to you, dearest Martha, for your kind thoughts of me during June 1854 and for your prayers. The thought that so many dear ones were praying for me often caused my heart to sing for joy! At times when sadness comes upon me a low soft voice whispers: "Cheer up, sad one. There are many prayers being wafted to heaven for thee and thine, and they will not be unattended to."

I have no doubt you were all pleased with dear Aunt Mary's visit. I should have been.

I am pleased you are improving so much with your music. I suppose you play better than I do now. I do not think I shall lose what I know if I do not advance, even if I had no piano. I often play but it is to my son, to keep up his inclination and attune his ear. I shall teach him notes as soon as practicable. Some months back he could sound the notes after me from high to low and from low to high (when in the humour), so that I have hopes if he is spared to us he may be an eminent musician.

To Jane. I am sure, my dearest Jane, it would not give you more pleasure than it would me for you to come here but you must see, as well as myself, it is not the path of duty yet.

If the beach at Sheerness you refer to is that part between the Dockyard Church and the

commencement of Mile Town I remember it well, for I frequently sat there and can enter into your thoughts. Now, tho no longer a romantic young lady, I often wish for a sight of the beautiful sea, the rolling billows and the dashing spray.

"The Days of Bruce" I never saw but I have lately read "The Scottish Chiefs", which I much liked.

To Philip. Now, my dear Philip, I hope your will pardon me but I cannot find your last favour nor can I remember its contents, but I know there was something good in it because there is always good in your letters. Therefore I will thank you heartily and wish for you all the happiness you wish for me.

Last May a friend of Edward's came from Buckingham in the same line of business and, requiring help, Edward hired him from the ship for a year. He is now therefore increasing his business and adding to it. He tunes all the pianos in the district and has been absent for a fortnight building an organ at a place called Canbery Church. It is just finished and gives great satisfaction.

He is again trying for the office of postmaster. I think he will get it and then we shall go up town to live. He is likely to succeed because he has a wife who can attend to it in his absence - which very few wives here could do - so you may guess the state of the people here.

Article 32 of 57

To Burder. I was pleased with the description of your museum, dear Burder. I should think it is very pretty. I will now and then add a little to it. I have the skin of a native cat which Lampitt caught the other day. I will send it, not exclusively for you, but share and share alike as tenants in common.

To Willy. When I saw the outside of your letter, dear Willy, I wondered what new gentleman correspondent I had, and was surprised to find it was my merry brother. Your improvement in writing is remarkable.

To Harrington. Really, my dear H, you improve very much in writing and inditing. If I come to England again I shall not know what to make of myself when six clever young men surround me.

You would be fond of your little nephew if you were to see him, and kiss his rosy cheeks over and over again. Strangers cannot help admiring him - of course relatives would. The Scotch people say, "He is such a pleasant looking child." The Irish say, "An' sure, he is such a friendly child."

He specially showed himself so the other evening. We attended a Wizard's Exhibition and I took Alex with me. He was in good spirits, shaking hands with everybody within his reach and nodding to all beyond it.

Afterwards he got my handkerchief and commenced blowing his nose. He invited others to do so, screwing up his nose and snuffling as he handed the handkerchief. I can assure you he was "The observed of all observers".

To Edward. I hope you profited, dear Edward, by the lectures at your school. I have kissed your dear little nephew for you and sincerely hope you will do it yourself some day in dear England.

How do you like your new master, dear Spencer - and would dear Anne like to have her nephew for a playfellow?

August 17th 1855. I have weaned my dear boy about two months and without any trouble. I undressed him between six and seven, giving him some milk and water, and laid him down awake. He was asleep in two minutes and slept till eleven or twelve. I gave him more milk and water and he slept till seven.

Sometimes in the night he gets out of his own bed into mine, kisses me (which he does very prettily), lies down by my side and goes to sleep again. When we rise he kisses his father and me by turns, then points to his shoes and socks for Edward to put them on. When he is out of bed he goes to a little shelf to look for his bread and butter which I cut for him the night before. He is very clean and I haven't had to wrap him up since his fifth or sixth month.

The dear child is no trouble. He is running about from morning to night, exploring the grounds. The other day I missed him for a moment. Looking out I saw him up at the stockyard, attempting to feed the cows with some straw he had picked up. The way is hilly and stony. You would be amazed to see the sweet boy come down a steep descent, stooping as if sitting, to prevent himself from falling. He is never quite at ease unless outside, digging with a trowel or chopping wood with a tomahawk. From early morn till after dinner he is routing about the grounds.

Article 33 of 57

When I dress and clean him (as he sometimes gets very dirty) I then go for a walk or keep him indoors with books and playthings.

I declare he often surprises me. There is not an article in common use but what he knows the name of and where it is kept - he is like a child of two years. I said the other evening when in the bedroom, "Let's get your nightgown and put you to bed." He directly turned to the foot of the bed, pulled up the quilt and got it, laying it on a chair to the fire.

I thought I would begin to teach him to pray and in the telling I mentioned his uncles - Robert, Lampitt and Daniel - thinking to fix his attention. He never forgets it. As soon as I put his nightgown on he looks at me, folds his hands and says, "Bob, Dan and Blanket (Lampitt)." He is quite still while I repeat his prayer, except his lips - they move the whole time without sound.

It is a delightful thing "To teach the young idea" and especially so bright a child. He is very fond of books and for hours is amused with my old scrapbook. If he gets a book, newspaper or letter he jabbars away as earnestly as if he was reading, but if I give him music he puts his finger on every note and sings. Of course, I have taught him this, but is it not young to remember so well?

Yesterday Edward received a letter from dear Mother, relative to tin case number four by Miss Wilson. I see the ship has arrived. I have written to Mrs Nutter.

Edward will write again soon but this cold weather he suffers the same as dear Father. Edward has asthma. He has all the symptoms Buchan describes. He frequently gets up in the night, opens the window, lights a candle and reads for two or three hours. He dare not sleep for fear of suffocation. Smoking only relieves him.

You must not look for us in England yet awhile, unless something we cannot foresee should turn up. The mill does not answer our expectations. The nasty set about here would sooner patronize Captain Faunce than us (tho his flour is abominable) because we are not of their cloth. We have, however, this consolation: go where we may, we are sure of a living, and of a good one too, but we want to do more than that! We must leave it to Divine Providence. Our heavenly Father will do whatever is best for us.

Mr Nutter is now in Sydney. He has taken a steam mill. The children often write to me, Clara especially. She is a remarkable child. I could fill two or three sheets with Clara's and Fanny's sayings respecting Edward and myself while we were courting. Some day I will put them onto paper.

My own darling is much thinner since he began to walk, which he did at eight months. He is not bigger now than the ordinary size. He is taller, but his sensible intellectual look makes him appear fully two years old. He is hearty and healthy, never ailing. He has ten teeth - four of them double ones - and three or four more coming but no appearance of eye teeth, which is rather strange.

Article 34 of 57

August 23rd 1855. We have this day received the tin case number four per mail, the contents of which we are pleased with and grateful for. The mantle I like - many thanks and kisses to the dearest donor. Alex is in raptures with his Bible, showing it to everybody in the house, and it was greatly to his annoyance when I took it from him. My most earnest prayer is that the precious child may value

the contents in his riper years as much as he does the binding now. Love and thanks to all who wrote, but I cannot answer now.

I must however, say another word to Jane. Altho I would much like to have you with me, still I say do not come in case you repent it. You know how much I wished to leave home and altho I have an affectionate husband, a sweet child and we are well-to-do in the world, still I long to come home. If you knew how much, I am sure you would not leave. But if you still wish to come, wait a bit till we know if we stop here. We may leave - the place is more hateful than ever to us. How much better for you if we were in Sydney, or even in Goulburn.

I wish we could send our likenesses. I hope we shall be able this summer. If we can possibly get to Sydney we will, but it is no easy matter. It will cost us £30 there and back, and that's not a small sum. There was a man taking likenesses here but he took them so very badly that we would not have him touch ours, but wait.

September 2nd 1855. This day, dearest Mother, we have received your letter respecting dear Grandmother's death. I cannot say I felt surprised for ever since I knew of her illness I have expected it. It is a happy release to herself as well as you, but happier still is the thought of her peaceful end and that she is now with the Redeemer forever.

I must now close for I am very tired and Edward has gone to bed. He is not at all well. With best love and plenty of kisses, in which my "Punch" joins his "Judy" (that's my private name) and remembrances to all kind enquirers, believe me to be ever and ever,

Your affectionate daughter and sister,
Emily Anne Hutchison

September 3rd 1855

My beloved Mother,

I send this from Queanbeyan tomorrow morning. I thought I would write a line to you respecting myself. For the last six months I never felt better, but the last fortnight I have felt very poorly. My Edward is getting corpulent. I tell him I do not know what he will look like at fifty. I think I am about my home standard. My white frock fits just as well now - it may be a little too large. My spirits are much the same. I never was very merry and rompish, but "My word!" (as they say here), I think I should be if I were to get amongst you all again, and so I should if we lived near the Nutters. Oh! If I could but be once more in the warm atmosphere of home I think I should never more be dull.

I must now say goodbye, my precious Mother, as it is getting late. That every blessing, temporal and spiritual, may attend you and dear Father, as also the dear children, is the sincere wish of your truly devoted daughter,

Emily

Article 35 of 57

Per Shalimar
February 4th 1856

Queanbeyan
November 1st 1855

My beloved parents,

I have just received your welcome letters of July 29th and thought I would answer them - tired. I shall only pen a few lines as we are in the midst of a removal to the cottage I have referred to before (called "Armstrong's") for the prospect of a minister coming is far off and the want of a tenant was

destroying the house. I have no doubt we shall enjoy the change and when we are moved I will write again.

Having written so lately (one month since), I am thankful to say we are a little better off for spiritual food. We have a Wesleyan minister once a fortnight and a Presbyterian once a month, but they come in the week and not on the Sabbath. This is a drawback and hinders those who have to work. I always go. There have been some day services and I have taken Alex with me, as I have done to church. He does not utter a sound, but nods to the preacher every time he catches a sight of him and will play at bo-peep with a handkerchief if anyone looks at him.

I have made him lately a scarlet frock and jacket and a crimson frock, cape and sleeves, with crimped knickers and a dark blue velvet Scotch bonnet. He really looks lovely - of course we think so - and so does everybody else, high and low. The dear boy is music mad, for lately he is never at rest except at the piano with a book before him and playing with both hands. But I shall leave this strain or I shall have you at me again, my dear Father. When I began your letter I could not think what misdemeanour I had been committing.

I am glad to hear that Jane has something to do. It will calm and settle her mind.

I must now close. It is nearly one in the morning. With kindest love to all and every one, not forgetting your dearer selves, I am and ever shall be,

Your devoted and affectionate daughter,
Emily

Edward is not at all well, altho he keeps about.

Article 36 of 57

Per mail

July 21st 1856

Queanbeyan

January 14th 1856

My ever-dear parents,

Today my Alex is nineteen months and yesterday it was four years since I stepped on board the Euphrates - the day on which my eyes last rested upon a member of home! How very different my feelings are now to what they were then. How glad I was then to think I was coming abroad and leaving my native land. Now, oh how thankful I should be to return once more! Then I felt careless about leaving you all (tho I know I loved you, but not with the intensity I do now). How little I thought then that on that day four years I should be a wife, the mother of one lovely child and nearly a second if all goes on well.

I could carry these thoughts further but altho it is months since I wrote I cannot write very much now - it is fearfully hot and wet. After the rain, the sun gleams out powerfully. Hot mists which are very unhealthy arise from the earth and render many powerless. It affects the legs and arms principally, but the body altogether, more or less. I hope it will be cooler in a month, and then I shall be able to write more and better.

We send you by this mail our likenesses.x They are very inferior but we have done the best we could, for Edward has not been able to procure all the material. When he does, he must send mine and Aleck's again, for they are very bad. I am quite satisfied with Edward's. It is very exact, but badly colored. Mine is not unlike, but there is something very peculiar. Certainly it was a very hot day and I was far from well, which doubtless gave the likeness a gloomy appearance. The artist makes all his blue-eyed faces alike. I had on my silver-grey silk with full laced sleeves but you see nothing of this.

I am most vexed about the dear boy's. He looks like a little fat pudg of three or four months

without sense or understanding. I am quite sure many children of four years have much less in looks and action. One or two remarks may partly account for it. He was very sleepy and I took him from his Uncle Dan (which displeased him) and I had to hold his head to keep him steady. He had on a bright crimson merino which I have made very nicely - fluted body and sleeves to match, chain stitched with cord silk between each flute - crimped cambric trickers around neck and sleeves.

The dear child has had the English cholera which is not quite gone. He has not been laid up, but looks pale and is weak at times. He has not cut his eye teeth yet, nor are there the slightest signs of them.

xNothing came T.B.W.

February 1st 1856

My dearest Mother,

This is a private note. * * * * *

Article 37 of 57

March 6th 1856

My dearly beloved parents,

You will no doubt be greatly surprised at my long silence. I must explain it as well as I can. I wrote in December, to send by the January mail, but we missed it so I destroyed the letter and commenced this, but was prevented finishing by the hot weather and many other things.

Before I could go on again I was taken ill. It was Monday, February 18th, and at half past three on Tuesday morning, the 19th, I gave birth to a daughter. At twenty minutes to four the same morning I gave birth to a second daughter, which lived only a few minutes. The first lived two days and a half, then died in my arms without a struggle. Dr Hayley said it was too weak to receive nourishment. Poor little dear, she sucked well. We are sorry to lose the little creature, tho her existence was so brief, and I felt very dull for several days. Had she lived we must have named her Jane, for she was the very image of Jane in all respects.

Each time Alex was brought to see me it was a difficult matter to get him away on account of the baby. He was so fond of her and would lie down by her side and gaze intently on her. When he came in after her death he wanted to turn down the clothes to find her and was much disappointed he could not.

I often think of dear baby and almost wish she was here, but I know it is not right to wish her back into this world of sin. She is better off and we know it is for some wise purpose that God took them from us.

Dear little Alex will get more of our attention now. The dear boy grows in height but he is thin to what he was, tho well in health. He has now all his teeth and perhaps will pick up a bit. I never saw so hardy a child in constitution and in bearing pain. He knocks himself with the hammer, gets splinters and thorns in his fingers, drops stones and large pieces of wood on his toes, hurts himself in a hundred different ways, but all he says is: "Oh! Hurty!", for he chatters away now (rather too fast at five in the morning). There is scarcely a word but what he can say now, and several sentences such as: "I see a cat", "A drop of tea".

He knows everyone about the place, men and all, and where they live too. He often makes people laugh when we are out. The other day while we were at a neighbouring house, the back of a chair was broken off. He was much concerned and wanted to go home for "Faver - hammer - nail". He knows the use of everything. As soon as he receives a splinter in his hand he does not stop to grumble but goes to my workbox, magging to himself: "Oh! Hurty! Neenee Mummer bock" and brings a needle to me to take out the splinter.

He is very fond of looking at your likenesses and calls them "Er Papa" and "Er Mama" - and seems quite to understand that Er Papa sent him the Bible.

Article 38 of 57

March 26th 1856

My dearest Mother,

I will now tell you. * * * * *

I am thankful to say I am quite restored in health and strength to my dear husband and child. I was up at the end of a week and out for a walk before the fortnight, it being very hot. Dr Hayley says he never knew any female with nerves so strong. The doctor was educated about twenty-five or thirty years ago at Kingsland Grammar School, then kept by a doctor of laws. His father lived at Newington - the house now known as the Invalid Asylum. He was sent here by the government. We had a long talk one day about Kingsland, Newington, Stamford Hill and London. It was most pleasant to talk to one who knew all those places so well.

The bridge here is to be commenced by government next month. Next year there is to be a Wesleyan chapel and no doubt a minister stationed here. We have one once a fortnight. He intends forming a Sabbath school and has asked us to assist him, which of course we shall do. We have much to be grateful for, altho some things to fret about.

We always take Alex with us to church and chapel. He is very good at both, but most so at chapel. I think the rising up and down and responses make him fidgety.

I forgot to say before I feel younger and more sprightly than ever I did. I am very thin - only twenty-four inches around my waist.

With best love,

I am affectionately yours,

Emily

P.S. I have received nothing since letter and paper September 22nd 1855.

March 29th 1856. Burder's birthday! Altho I do not always mention the birthdays in my letters now, I never forget them, as Edward can testify. Really, when I look at the date of this and think that this is the first epistle I have sent this year, I am quite ashamed of myself. I must make up in the next few months my neglect of the last.

My dear Edward would have written in my stead, but they have had so much night work at the mill that he is quite knocked up. He is very anxious about it. It does not pay at all well on account of the bad feeling of the aristocracy here that a tradesman should have raised such a mill and put himself on an equality with them. They are so bitter that they would rather send their wheat fifty miles further. I wish we were well out of it.

I must close now and will write again soon. With best love to all (including your dear selves), in which dear Edward joins,

I am affectionately yours,

Emily Anne Hutchison

We will send the likenesses by the first mail packet.

May 29th 1856. (with group)

My beloved parents,

We are all quite well. I will write again soon.

Article 39 of 57

Star Of Peace

October 15th 1856

Queanbeyan

April 29th 1856

My dearest Jessie,

I write now to you. I am most anxiously looking for a letter, having had nothing since January 2nd. I fancy something is coming in a vessel not yet arrived. Impatience will do no good, so patient I must strive to be.

April 29th. By the bye, dear, how old I am getting. I am now in my thirtieth year. Well, age is honorable. Miss Ann Hutchison is twenty-nine tomorrow but I tell her she looks five years younger. She returns the compliment and I really think sometimes I do look younger than I am.

Now, dear Jessie, for another theme - your nephew, his sayings and doings. He has all his teeth now, which is a great comfort. He is thin to what he was, but he has good health. He grows tall, there is scarcely a word he cannot say and he speaks very plain. He is very intelligent. He calls himself "Haddick" and "Toby", but if you ask him his name he will name everybody about the premises in fun.

The other evening he was out after dark playing with his dog Dash when he came running to me with his mouth open and said, "Oh my!!" I said, "What is the matter, dear?" He replied, "Moon's boke." and wanted "Arva" to mend it with "hammer, nails" in the shop. Everything must be mended with hammer and nails. A few days back I had a narrow escape. He was trying to mend a hole in my stocking with his hammer and nails on my foot.

I have collected for him about two hundred pieces of cedar and have taught him to build so that now he makes "ouse", shop, and mill with chimney. While I am busy, his chief delight is with a saw, hammer, nails and an old knife with a pot of water, with all which he makes what he calls a "gully hole". He knows well what it is.

He knows also a mushroom from the champillions and toadstools.

May 20th 1856. I have been very busy lately - needlework and candlemaking - because it is best to make candles in the winter. Edward has had a sharp attack of dysentery to which he is very subject. Indeed, many are so here, more or less.

Our dear boy improves daily in his tongue and intellect. He knows "A" wherever he sees it and calls "D" "broken O". He is very fond of pictures and will sit for a couple of hours if I will tell him about them. He would tell you all about the pictures in any little story book. He knows how to ask for any book - for "Uncle Tom" he says "Tommy". I bought him the other day a dark drab beaver hat trimmed with drab satin ribbon and a rose-pink feather. Directly he saw it he said, with a look of amazement: "Oh my! Pallot boke in Aleck's hat."

When he sees more than one of anything he says, "I see two two forty six eals."

If I say: "I must get a light. I can't see" he adds, "It's so dark." If I say, "I must fry" he says, "Get the lan." He just now came in and said, "Mummer, get canny cake." Seed cake? No - a candlestick with a candle is a "canny stick". With the light it is only a stick. Piano is a "panner", corneopan is an "oepen", fiddle is a "fiddleum".

When Edward was getting better of his illness I took a fowl from the yard and, as Dan held it, I chopped off the head. The next morning at peep of day he was singing out: "Oh my! Dan holdy chicky - Mummer choppy in pet - body arter done eaty." In a moment, as if he had forgotten, he added, "Oh, parsley runny bread sot" referring to the stuffing. A day or two afterwards I found him with parsley, onion, bread and salt, chopping it on the doorstep.

Article 40 of 57

Royal Oak Hotel

Yass

June 16th 1856

You will be surprised, my dear Jessie, to see where we are. I must explain. Ever since I commenced this letter Edward has been unwell, principally with bile - waking early with cold sweats and vomiting all the morning, when he is too weak to rise. Sometimes it attacks him in the day and he is obliged to come home. The doctor has done him no good, so he thought he would try a change of air and scene for a short time. Before coming, Edward advertized his visit, engaging to tune pianos and organs. He drove us over in a chaise. We shall call upon Mr and Mrs Rees Jones.

Now a word or two about our boy. He has improved wonderfully, to the surprise of all who see him. He calls himself "Alex Tutchison". He never forgets what he sees or hears. I asked him where he saw the baby. He said, "Mrs Angdon osh baby in kitchen." Upon asking him where the baby is now, he said: "Heben, ky, yard, people (here). Aleck go some day see moon, stars. Me read God's book." I ask him, "What does sugar make the tea?" He says, "Sweet." "What does milk do?" "Cool it." "What does salt do?" "Sotty." "Does vinegar make things sweet, dear?" "Oh no!" and he makes a sour face.

June 18th 1856. Yass. We are still here but as we may return tomorrow I will finish and post this. We have taken three guineas each day. It is not improbable we may come here. It is a larger town and contains a more respectable class of people. Alex just ran in from the balcony and said: "Mummer, look! Lot of people walking."

A word or two on dresses. I have had three this winter, independent of cottons - one crimson merino, one dark blue, one watered brown alpaca, one nice straw bonnet lined and trimmed with dark blue. There was a Kamade [?] bonnet in the town that I liked. Alex has had a light blue velvet prince cape and sleeves, dark blue merino pelisse and cape, scarlet merino frock, puce ditto, black velvet cape and sleeves.

I must close. I am so cold I can scarcely write. It is a very bleak town. It is built on a high plain - no hills or trees.

With best love and kisses to all,

I am your affectionate sister,

Emily Anne Hutchison

I had a letter a week or two back which left England in January.

I expect again about February or March. It will be a girl!

Article 41 of 57

Centurion

February 10th 1857

Queanbeyan

October 6th 1856

My dearly beloved parents,

I have really been very remiss in not writing to you before, but I never seem to have a moment of my own. I wrote from Yass the beginning of June. As soon as we returned Miss Hutchison left for Melbourne, John and James Hutchison for the Ovens diggings. The three younger ones came to us entirely and Mr Hutchison partially. So you may think, my dear Mother, what there is for one pair of hands to do - washing, mending, making, cooking, baking, cleaning.

I have also three music pupils at fifty shillings per quarter each. They came and entreated and as times just now are bad I could not refuse. I would gladly keep a servant if I could get one with any character. I dread having anything to do with the creatures here, altho if it pleases God to spare me over next February and the child lives, I must have a girl of some sort as Miss Hutchison is not coming back.

We are not prospering just now with the mill - indeed the reverse, and the sooner we have done with it the better it will be for us. My Edward has not been well for nearly two years. For the last six months he has been really ill tho he has not kept his bed. He suffers much from bile caused by deep anxiety and care, but I have every hope if we get rid of the mill and leave Queanbeyan, he will soon be in every way better.

Our darling Alex has been very poorly with sore throat and mumps. He is now better, but thin. I am thankful to say of myself I have been quite well in general health except an occasional headache, low spirits and lassitude - no doubt caused by anxious thought and fretting. I know this is wrong. It is mistrusting God's Providence. I know I ought to put more faith in Him who is doing all things well. Still, my spirits will give way at times, but after lifting up my heart to God to implore His help and frequently reading some of your letters, my dear Father, I feel better.

I received last week, my dear parents, your letters dated June 1st and you refer to letters dated March. I have not received these - perhaps I may do so. I received one in May sent January.

Edward's own business is falling off. He has had no order for this two months, so that we must leave this place. I think it is his full intention to do so. He has not been idle, having with the assistance of his brothers raised another cottage at the cost of about £30, which in prosperous times he may sell for £200 to £250. Edward also has a cottage of two rooms which he lets for £10 per year.

Article 42 of 57

Our dear boy grows taller and, being slight, I have left off low-necked short-sleeved frocks. I have made him holland pinafores for home wear, pleated from neck to waist - a belt of some material and frilled sleeves to go about in - dresses made the same way of crimson merino and brown alpaca. He looks very pretty in them all.

You will be pleased to hear how fast he is learning, with very slight effort on my part. He knows accurately -

A Little Bird Built, etc.
 'Twas God that made the little fly
 I Love Little Pussy, etc.
 Twinkle Twinkle, etc.
 Suffer Little Children

He is learning the 23rd Psalm and "How Doth the Little", etc. He knows half his letters wherever he sees them and the whole story of Jesus from His birth to His death. When he wants to hear it he says, "Mudder, tell me bout dat good little boy got asty picky things on His head." After I have repeated to him several times a little prose or poetical piece he says, "I can say dat now - you see!" And he does, too.

He is so sensible in his remarks and nothing escapes his eye. A day or two since he was sitting on the doorstep playing when he ran in and said: "Oh Mudder, des look here. I never see where dis came from such a forsty sky." The sky was peculiarly curdled.

October 14th 1856. He has learned this past week -

God is in heaven.
 God made the sky.

Several of my acquaintance have had babies lately. Alex has been with me to see them. On returning on one of these occasions he wanted me to go back and fetch the baby. I told him perhaps

the poor mother might cry - that I must buy one. He put on a long face and said, "Don't go up in de sky to buy one cos you mightn't get down again."

He has often asked for my new pen, saying, "I must yite to Gammer Ma and Gammer Pa!" I could fill sheets respecting him but this must suffice.

I hope to tell you in my next letter the time of our removal. I wish it was to London. I think our destination will be Albury, but more of this anon.

With best and dearest love to all from Edward, Alex and myself,

I am affectionately yours,
Emily Anne Hutchison

Edward desired me to ask you the price of a saxhorn - if not expensive, to purchase and send him one. He would not mind £5.

Article 43 of 57

Jura mail packet

Queanbeyan

January 13th 1857

My beloved parents,

I promised in my last epistle I would shortly write again, but really the weather has been, and still is, so very hot I have felt in no humour to write. Indeed I do not now, but I thought if I did not try and commence I should not finish by my confinement, now drawing very near - I think about Spencer's birthday, perhaps a week before.

I am very thankful to our heavenly Father as I am now, and have been all along, quite well - troubled at times with great weariness and weakness. Sometimes I am so light of limb and body I could skip, jump or run, and at others I scarcely know how to move from one room to another - "the grasshopper is a burden". Health, we know, is a great blessing at any time, but with me at this time it seems invaluable, so many depending on me for their comfort.

Miss Hutchison has not returned from Melbourne, nor do I think she will. The boys are with me.

I do not think my Edward has had a week's health for the last year. First he had a severe attack of dysentery, second a bilious attack, third a very bad knee from the bite of a wood scorpion. Lastly, for the last three months he has had the gout in hands, feet and body. He has suffered much but has not been regularly laid up.

I am glad to add he is getting better, but I am afraid he will never lose either gout or bile. His mother before him suffered much from both.

I must not complain. The mercies I receive are far more than I deserve in every way.

A short time after I posted my last letter, my beloved parents, I received one from dear Mother dated August 3rd 1856. If my memory serves me, I do not think there was much to answer. I have mislaid it.

Last week I received dear Father's dated September 28th 1856 which I must now notice. It would indeed, dear Father, be a great pleasure to both of us to live near you. Edward could do as well in England, for lately he has done but little. We were determined to leave, but are still here. The mill is not yet sold or let and every part of the country just now is in a bad state. It would be wrong to leave at this time. The state of dear Edward's health and of the colony makes me very anxious respecting the future.

We are as far off as ever from having a minister. The reason why I cannot tell unless, as Mr Nutter has observed, "The place is cursed." My heart seems like to break at this thought that I cannot get away. I never saw or heard of a place so decidedly irreligious, so apathetic about eternal things. I

feel very discontented at times. I have not one kindred spirit away from home, not one who would respond to any remark about the soul or the future. We cannot go to church above once in two or three months, for since the floods every shower swells the river.

I am doing nothing but complain. I know it is wrong and I try to avoid it, but the heart gets full sometimes. When the body is weak it will overflow!

Article 44 of 57

February 1st 1857. Sabbath afternoon. I am going to complain as I did a fortnight since. Edward is no better. He cannot keep on his feet for an hour, arising from pain and weakness caused, I think, by frequently bathing his feet in warm water to keep the gout from his stomach and also from the distressing perspiration he is subject to. I am very unwell, principally from anxiety.

I have received a letter from Philip and Emma, with their likenesses. I fancied the intimacy was off, but I never understood why you objected to Emma. She is wonderfully altered to what I remember of her. Philip is not much changed. I think my Alex very much resembles his uncle when he is solid.

With regard to the books you enquire about, my dear Father, I have neither seen nor heard of them. Nothing new comes here but the most trashy novels. About a week since I read an extract from a review of "Dred", stating it was too powerful for a woman's pen.

April 8th 1857. I am ashamed, dear Father and Mother, when I think how long it is since I began this letter, but I know the reasons I have to give will be quite excuse enough in themselves.

On the 15th of February after twenty-two hours' violent pain without one moment's ease or rest, I was delivered of a very fine boy and then felt quite well. I was about a fortnight before my time which, when you know all, you will with me think a mercy it was so.

About seven days afterwards my dear husband became worse and for a week was delirious, with pain in his legs and toes. Feeling pretty well, I could not be in bed. I had a great deal to do for him. My nurse came for a fortnight.

Edward was rather better for a few days, but about the twenty-second day after my confinement, as we had finished dinner and while he was taking, as usual with him, a cup of tea, he fell off his chair in a most fearful fit of apoplexy. His throat was quite black and I could not get a creature near me till he was out of it. Of course I was frightened but the fright seemed to give me nerve. I got Dr Morton as soon as possible. There was an effort to vomit, but he could not, nor swallow a drop of anything. His legs, arms, throat, mouth, face and neck were deathlike and a cold perspiration covered him. He was in this state for two hours.

Morton gave up all hopes and sent for the other doctor, but while waiting he forced a glass of hot brandy and water down Edward's throat, which brought him to. He slept and awoke somewhat better. His brain, eyes and memory were much affected. At times he was quite out of his mind and so helpless he could not walk a step without help.

After two days he had two more fits within an hour of each other, and two days after that, another. At each time I was alone and no one saw him in the fits but myself. He was so very low they could not bleed him. He had blisters and a seton in the neck, which may have to remain there all his lifetime.

He remained in this state a fortnight, looking and acting like a lunatic, when one morning he felt something slide from his eyes across the brain and for three hours he was as mad as possible, walking about stamping his feet, kneeling down and thanking God his senses were restored! He knew no one and every now and then he was speechless. Once or twice he took up a stick to me, and would have struck me if I had not caught it. He thought I was Dr Hayley. When he recovered from this paroxysm, he seemed to wake out of a deep sleep and knew nothing of what had passed except the slide across his brain.

I am truly thankful to say his senses, memory and sight returned and he has been mending since. He is still very, very weak in the knees and eyes. I think the bile and gout are entirely gone. Doctors will not say, but I think it was gout ascending to the stomach which caused the fits. He is of an apoplectic make and was told years ago he would have them.

I have been very weak and low and at times ready to give up. Before I was confined, Mr Hutchison took the three boys, so that since my nurse has left I have had no one to do me a hand's turn. I do all as before, with the addition of another child and Edward ill. The attention he requires I could not describe.

It is the amazement of the township how I have passed thro it all, and when I look back I wonder at myself. But, my parents, I have had help that the people here know not of. I should not have borne the trial without drooping in body and mind if I had not received help from above.

I have suffered much from weakness, never having recovered my strength, and I look ill.

Article 45 of 57

Dear Alex was getting on nicely with his book but of course lately I have been unable to attend to him as I wish. He is very affectionate but has a most determined spirit, at times very obstinate and don't care like. He reminds me of Burder when a child. It is useless to whip him. He cares nothing for pain (if he feels any) for he will cut and splinter himself, tumble down and bruise himself, then jump up and run off without care. Oh it would surprise you all to see him run. My punishment is putting him to bed, shutting him in a room, or not telling him something pretty at bedtime.

He is very shrewd and very odd in his sayings. I said to him one day: "Do not make a noise! Poor Father might have another fit and die. You would not like that, would you?" "Yes, I should," he said. In surprise I said, "Why?" He answered, "Because he'd go to heaven and live along of little Jesus and never be bad any more."

The dear baby is getting very fat. No wonder! I never knew so good a child. He will sleep seven or eight hours at a stretch and when awake will lie and laugh and crow at anything that attracts his attention. If he cries and the piano is touched he stops directly. Everybody says he is the very image of you, my dear Father. He is certainly like you, and Edward as well - so much like both that we have registered him Edward Thomas Burder Hutchison. We shall call him Edward or Burder - I do not know which. He has dark hair and eyes. He is so big and lively I shall short-coat him in a few days. I have left off his caps since he was fourteen days old, night as well as day.

We have not received the cases yet. They got among the government stores.

I received your letter, dear Mother, last week and will endeavour to write oftener. I do not know if I told you that for the last nine months I have had four pupils to teach music to, at two guineas each per quarter. Latterly I have been asked to open a school and take a few boarders. I have the promise of four boarders and ten day scholars. I may do so if Edward is restored for I could make a good thing of it.

The old clergyman is gone and another is coming shortly.

Gold is found in payable quantities about six miles from here but it is on private ground so we can say nothing about it at present.

The bridge is commenced.

I must now close. Love to all from Edward and myself. Believe me ever to be,

Your affectionate daughter,
Emily Anne Hutchison

Article 46 of 57

Per mail

September 25th 1857

<p>FINALE OF MARITAL LIFE DEAREST EMILY'S WIDOWHOOD</p>

Harp Hotel
Queanbeyan
June 20th 1857

My beloved parents,

I am in great sorrow! and I know no greater relief to my mind than to write to you. The cause of my trouble perhaps you have already learnt, as I asked Mr Nutter to write. In case you should not know I must tell you the death of my beloved Edward on the 17th instant.

Certainly, I have almost daily expected it for the last three months, but it was so very sudden at last that I am quite cast down. I can scarcely shed a tear but every now and then my head whirls around, and my heart seems to sink within me! I ought to think it a mercy. My dear husband never quite recovered his senses since the first fit and his sight was dreadful. I do not think if he had lived he would ever have been able to earn his living. This being so, I was in a state of continual care and anxiety respecting him.

We sold all off on the first of this month, intending to leave here for Sydney or Melbourne in a few weeks.

We had taken apartments at the above place for a fortnight while we collected in accounts. On Tuesday June 16th we removed up here with our boxes, etc., and my poor dear Edward busied himself very much in removing them. I think he exerted himself too much.

Just after he got out of bed on the morning of the 17th he fell down in a fit. He soon recovered, had breakfast and went across the street to the lawyer's, respecting the transfers to purchasers. Soon after this he had three fits in succession, not out of one before another came on. I felt he would die and sent for the doctor.

When he came my dear Edward was getting better. Morton and I took him into the bedroom, which seemed to revive him. He looked earnestly at me and I went close to him, when he put his arms around my neck and kissed me very fervently. He was very sick and pointed to the bath for me to put his feet in. Immediately they were put in he went into fits for two hours and then died! Between each fit he lay quite insensible, breathing very hard and grinding his teeth. His countenance was very much distorted when he expired.

For the last six months he has looked very old and haggard, so that when I looked at the corpse about an hour after death I was surprised to see it look so young and happy. I hope and trust he is happy. That is all I can do. It is very painful for me to think that he did not know his last hour was come or, if he did, he had not the power to speak. He was buried today, his birthday, just completing his 28th year.

Article 47 of 57

He was a member of a Masonic lodge, having joined it about a year and a half, and was a past Second Officer (that is, past Vice Grand). His regalia was attached to the pall and all the brothers followed (about eighty in number) besides a great number of others. I shall receive £14 from the funeral fund, £15 from the widows' and orphans' fund, and I believe an annuity of £15 as long as I am a widow.

With regard to Edward's property, I cannot tell yet how it will be settled. Altho he had sold

everything, no transfer has been effected. There is a mortgage to pay off so of course we do not get what they realized.

June 26th 1857. I am in great perplexity of mind, my beloved parents, but I am full of hope I shall get thro all, for in so many ways can I see the hand of God in all things, even in the death of my dear husband. My prospects are not by any means bright at the present but still I have hope.

I find I must administer so as to complete the transfers. When all debts are paid I shall not have above £120 in hand (if so much), independent of the lodge money. Mr Hutchison has offered me a house but I have declined it. Neither he or his son has done right with us.

I cannot tell you what I shall do yet. For the present I hope and expect to get a situation as governess for about three months till my affairs are settled, when I think of taking a small house and opening a school which is much wanted here. I think I shall have plenty of support. It was fortunate for me that the piano was not sold at the sale - not one bid for it. So I have it and I know I shall get several pupils at £2 a quarter, and I am requested to play the seraphine at the church.

There is a new clergyman and he is a truly good man. Whenever the Wesleyans or any others come here to preach he goes to hear them.

I had the baby baptized the evening before last by a Wesleyan minister. Mr Soares, the clergyman, was present and after the service he came out with me and spoke very kindly to me.

I can say no more now except that I shall come home as soon as I can. I will write again directly I can say I am in any way settled. I need not ask you, my dear parents, to pray for me because I know you always do.

I have received greater kindness from comparative strangers than from friends.

With best, very best love I am

Your devoted daughter

Emily Anne Hutchison

The children and myself are in good health.

Article 48 of 57

Per post

December 9th 1857

Queanbeyan

September 14th 1857

My beloved brother and sister

Philip and Emma Wilson,

I have just received your letter to me telling me of your wedding which I knew of three weeks previous. I ought to have written to you some time since but really, I never seem to have a moment to call my own.

In the last letter I sent home I mentioned I had taken a cottage in Walsh's yard, a family who bought the house Mr Nutter lived in here. They are Catholics and related to the priest, but they are very kind friends to me and the Catholics here do not seem so bigoted as in England. It is rather a singular circumstance that I have lived on these premises three separate times, and each time have been differently situated. First - single. Second - a wife. Third - a widow.

I am thankful to say my school is increasing fast and in addition to that I play the harmonium at the church for £15 a year. I have nine scholars at two shillings a week and I expect to have about eighteen as soon as the weather is settled.

So you see I have much to be thankful for, altho I often fret for I feel so much alone in the world. I know I have my children, but they are not like a husband, and latterly I seem to feel my loss

more than I did at first. I have been very unwell, tho not laid up. I was excessively weak - without appetite and very, very thin - but I am thankful to say I am getting stronger for I have been taking quinine.

The children are very well. Alex is strong and hearty, but very thin. I am afraid he thinks too much, for some of the remarks he makes are truly surprising. I divert his mind as much as I can, for I sometimes think he will not live. The baby is very fat and stout, the best child I ever knew (and so everybody says). He will lie down anywhere without a whimper. He has such beautiful black eyes, dark hair and five teeth. He is the very image of my dear Edward and such a sweet affectionate little dear. There is not the slightest resemblance between the two boys.

A family named Hayes have taken the mill and premises. They are wealthy and very respectable people. They all seem very fond of me. Two of their children come to my school. They have twelve children and I enclose their names.

I am frequently there and I have a few other friends. If I had no relatives at home I could make myself happy here, but as it is otherwise I cannot feel settled.

Ann Hutchison has returned from Melbourne and Mrs Considine wishes to take Alexander altogether. They are very rich and have no children tho they have been married ten years. I should not think of letting him go unless I lived on the spot.

I cannot write more, for lately I feel as if it were a burden to me to write.

I hope, my dear brother and sister, you will live as happy together as my beloved Edward and myself did. I am glad to learn you have everything so comfortable.

With best love,

I am affectionately yours,

Emily Anne Hutchison

P.S. We have just received the cases from Buckingham.

Hayesx family - five sons I know not, Jane 22, Charles 20, Mary 14, Horace 12, Emily 10, George 7, Isabel 3

Article 49 of 57

Per overland mail
February 6th 1858

Queanbeyan
November 14th 1857

My beloved parents,

It is now nearly five months since my beloved husband quitted this earth. Really, my spirits are worse than ever and I think more than ever about him. I often worry over my circumstances, not that they are bad, but because I cannot get home. I know I do very wrong to repine as sometimes I do, for God hath been very merciful towards me and raised up many kind friends for me.

I have now fourteen scholars and two of them learn music. I can make a very good living, but save I cannot. I could if they were to come regular.

Miss Hutchison has returned and I believe they are all going to Melbourne as soon as something is settled about the mill. They want me to go with them, for Mr and Mrs Considine are very anxious to see the children. They were very fond of my poor dear Edward. They also wish to take Alex entirely as they have no children of their own, but that I cannot consent to. They all want me to go there but I do not know yet if I shall go.

John and James Hutchison are still at the diggings.

November 15th 1857. My beautiful little Edward is nine months today. He can very nearly walk

alone and has seven teeth. He is the very image of his dear father. Dark hair, splendid dark eyes, rosy cheeks, and the best tempered and most affectionate child I ever saw of his age. He is very fat and weighs within two pounds as much as Alex. Dear Alex is like a skeleton - he is very thin and very fretful. I sometimes fancy he thinks too much, for he has some peculiar sayings respecting his father.

I should so like my Edward's likeness back again, as I see no prospect of coming home yet.

I am giving great satisfaction at the church, but the duties are rather arduous, for I am very weak and suffer dreadfully with my back from daylight till about ten o'clock. If I were not obliged to keep about I should be in bed many a day.

December 3rd 1857. A collodion likeness taker is expected here. If he is any good I shall have the two children and myself taken and send them home via Melbourne.

Since my beloved husband died, I have had one kind note from Mr Nutter and none from anyone else.

Christmas is very near, so I may as well wish you a merry and happy one, but I do not in any way anticipate it for myself. I now close. I may have more news in my next.

With best love to all, and the same to yourselves, from

Your affectionate daughter,
Emily Anne Wilson

Article 50 of 57

Per mail

June 21st 1858

Queanbeyan

January 15th 1858

My beloved parents,

It is now just upon seven months since my beloved husband died and I have not had a line from you respecting it. The only letter I have had from you since his death was written a day or two before that event.

Before you receive this you will have likenesses of myself and the two children. I had them done some time since and sent them to Mrs Considine, that after she had seen them she might forward them to you. They cost me fifteen shillings, which I thought cheap. They are very good, only Alex and myself have not in reality one particle of colour. My little Edward looks very healthy.

I am quite well, with the exception of my back, and that I suffer fearfully from. Some days I am obliged to walk with a stick. I am now trying cold water to it.

Tho I cannot account for it, I feel the loss of my beloved husband more than ever. Night and day I think of him.

I am doing very well in my school, but everything is at such a price I cannot save.

How and when my affairs will be settled I cannot tell. I will state how they stand. Edward sold the houses but died before the transfers could be made and signed. Half the purchase money was paid at the time, and the other half was to be paid on the completion of the transfer. Mr Freestone, the lawyer, told me to administer that I might sign. When I did so, he told me the court at Sydney would not allow me and that it must be a guardian in Chancery. What will be done I know not.

February 1858. Alex is beginning to read and write, and would have been forwarder if I had had time to teach him well. My little Edward runs nicely but is backward with his teeth. Alex seems a very cold child - he only loves the baby.

I hear of a parcel for me at Sydney.

February 28th 1858. Dear Spencer's birthday. I went to hear the Scotch minister this morning, dined

and drank tea with the Hutchisons. On coming from church this evening I received two letters, which you may guess pleased me much, for really my heart was sinking for want of one.

Oh! Altho I am respected, none seem to love me and at times I feel very miserable. I have to work very hard. It would not do to depend entirely on the school - the children come so irregularly. I do a great deal of needlework, but I must not complain. It is a great mercy I am able to do so well. I am sure God has been very merciful towards me. Altho my circumstances are very different to what they were, and were I so inclined I have plenty to fret about, still a thought about mere circumstances never troubles me.

While I can pay my way, I cannot save money enough to come home. I wish it were possible.

Article 51 of 57

March 9th 1858. I will try and finish this letter this evening but baby has been, and still is, very unwell. He has cut six more teeth, making twelve, and he has the native or chicken pox which is very severe. He amused me greatly the other day. While walking, he turned and caught sight of his shadow which he tried hard to drive away. He is getting very quick and sharp.

I cannot understand what you mean by what Mr Jones says in his letter. My beloved husband was indeed the best of his family, but I have always heard Mrs Considine highly spoken of by everybody, and also that her husband is a gentleman by birth and education. I have no doubt they will do a great deal for my children and myself if I get there.

We cannot go yet, for Mr Hutchison has taken a contract job for £850. He hopes it will be profitable and we hope also the mill affair will be finally settled. They are all very kind to me and more friendly than ever.

March 13th 1858. Today you, my dear Father, are fifty-five! Tomorrow you and dear Mother have been married thirty-two years! No doubt the time seems short enough to look back upon.

Time passes very quickly with me, altho there is a great sameness of duties and nothing to divert you. I do sometimes get weary and low spirited with this work, work, work but a little thought, reflection and prayer soon sets me all to rights. Oh, how very grieved I am at times to think there is not one person, much less a family, that I can talk to of another world. There are many who, I have no doubt, think they are all they should be, but I cannot think them so. Sinful as I am, I must not find fault.

There is a family named Hayes whom I have mentioned before as the party taking the mill, a nice family. I like them much. They are all attached to the Wesleyans to whom they give time, money and other advantages to induce them to come to Queanbeyan. But there are many things in them I cannot reconcile with their profession, nor can I speak to one of them on the best of subjects.

No tongue can tell how I long to come home, but still it is impossible yet.

I will endeavour to write once a month, but a month is gone before you know it.

I have just received the parcel with "Ministering Children" and the likenesses - they are very nice.

I must now close with love, best love, to all. Believe me to be your ever affectionate and devoted daughter,

Emily Anne Hutchison

Article 52 of 57

March 16th 1858. I intended to have posted this last Sunday, but have received your letter of January 15th. I kept it back to alter the address.

Oh, how thankful I am to hear the news scrap!

If you should not have sent me dear Edward's likeness, Mr and Mrs Considine would be glad to have it taken in oil. They would not mind what it cost. I hope you have received ere this mine from Melbourne.

Alex is very ill. Eddy is quite well, and so am I, except my back.

March 17th 1858. This day my beloved husband has been dead nine months. It seems but yesterday that we were clasping each other's hands, talking of the future, when and where we would go. But "Man proposes and God disposes."

March 22nd 1858. I am very low spirited. I have lost four scholars, which is eight shillings per week. They have left the town and I am afraid I shall lose several more. My house is situated badly and I cannot get any other at present. Complain I must not - "It is the Lord. Let Him do what seemeth Him good."

March 31st 1858. I walked over the new bridge today for the first time. It is not finished. It is a beautiful walk across and seems like an immense ship.

"Troubles never come alone." Now I am short of scholars, I have time for needlework (and I have plenty on hand), but I cannot do it for I have a bad thumb caused by pricking it with a needle. It gathered water between the first and second skin, and is now peeling off. It is very tender. I hope it will soon get well.

Article 53 of 57

April 1st 1858. I have broken up school till next Monday week. On Monday I intend, if nothing prevents, to go about five miles out of town and stop for the week to wean baby. It is a farm house occupied by a nice family of the name of Gibbs. I think it will do us all good.

April 3rd 1858. Today I had my piano tuned by a travelling German. He charged me ten shillings, which was very reasonable. When he finished I suppose he thought it dirty. He took his pocket handkerchief and flacked it over the instrument. I was quite amused. It seems all men are alike in the mode of dusting.

April 12th 1858. I have returned from the farm and recommenced school this morning. I feel a great deal better. Eddy was very troublesome and is not to say weaned yet. Being so much with me he still remembered.

April 25th 1858. I have been very ill for nearly a fortnight with influenza. It has left me very weak, for I have not the strength I once had to resist an illness. I hope, if it is God's Will, I shall now get stronger. I am taking wine every day, given me by a kind little friend, Mrs George Hunt.

She left England soon after I did, has been married three years, is about my age and in many things we are alike. She is very kind to me. They keep an inn. I often go there and if they are alone she makes me stop. If anyone is there she will make me take home part of a fowl, turkey, or a few slices of ham.

I sometimes do needlework for her, which without any question she pays me for most liberally. She bought baby a beautiful crimson merino frock the other day, lining, trimming and all. I was with her at the time and thought she was purchasing it for her little boy.

I have a few dear friends, and I need them and all their kindness. Everything is dreadfully expensive and if this dry weather continues it will produce famine prices. With the exception of two slight showers we have had no rain since Christmas. I hope it may please God to send rain ere long.

Article 54 of 57

I have no increase in my daily scholars, but I have two new music pupils - Mrs Hayes's two

eldest daughters, eighteen and twenty. I told them I thought they knew as much as I did and they knew I was not a brilliant player. They rejoined they did not seek brilliant playing - they wished to get my style.

I quite forget if I have written in answer to dear Father's letter referring to the change in the office. If I have not, I need scarcely say how rejoiced I was to learn it. Often when I have thought of dear Father

Paper, pen and ink

Ink, paper and pen

Dots and crosses, loops

Write - write - write

I have reproached myself, thinking I ought to have been at home to assist and soothe him.

No one but myself could possibly tell how much I long to return to my native land! It cannot be just yet. I am in hopes my affairs will be settled about January 1859 and I shall be at Melbourne. When there I think I shall get an opportunity of returning home without cost of passage. There are frequent advertizements for persons to return with families as assistants, and I think also the Considines will do something for me if I go to them.

They are very much disappointed I will not let them have Alex. My children are the only ones in the family as yet.

The day after tomorrow is my birthday. I shall be thirty-one. I do not feel so old at times.

I do not always mention, but I do not forget all our birthdays.

I ought to have sent this before, but my illness delayed it.

With best love to all, I remain,

Yours affectionately,
Emily Anne Hutchison

I will write quicker next time.

Article 55 of 57

August 14th 1858

Queanbeyan

May 7th 1858

My beloved parents,

Yesterday I received letters from you, dear Willie and Uncle Alexander.

Yes, oh yes, I would make immediate arrangements to come home but I cannot at present see how to do it. My affairs are still unsettled and if all was balanced I should not have enough to take me to England. I must wait patiently till baby is two years old, when we hope to be on our way to Melbourne, and when there I shall have opportunities of getting a passage for service rendered. I also think the Considines will do something for the children.

Mine are the only two on all sides. Mr Considine himself was an only child and has no descendant. All the Hutchisons are unmarried.

Did I tell you of Mr Hutchison's altered manner to me? For the last four months he has been very kind. He was always an odd man. Many a night I have spent in tears with my poor Edward over his father's unkind treatment, yet I cannot help pitying the old man. Not one of his children exhibit any love or care for him, either by words or deeds. My Edward worked and sacrificed all for him, and he must feel it now.

He is very fond of the children and I think of me too, though he has an odd way of showing it. He has repeatedly said I was a great deal too good for his son, that there was not my equal for energy and good temper in the three kingdoms. My only fault was in spoiling Edward with kindness and

indulgence, and letting him rule me too much.

Article 56 of 57

May 24th 1858. There is racing and cricketing a short distance from the town, so I have given a half-holiday and have resolved to finish this letter.

Last Thursday I had letters from dear Father and Jessie.

Yesterday I had one from Mr Jones in reply to one I wrote a week ago, telling him how I was situated. He says he enquired of Mr Nutter some time back. Mr Nutter told him I was going to Melbourne and would be well provided for by the Considines, or he (Mr Jones) would have written before. Mr Jones thinks I have only one child. He says if I wish to return home when things are settled, he will get me a passage as low as possible and assist me with the means, if necessary.

I must try and be patient, but really, at times I feel if I do not get home I shall sink. I am so very, very weak, but at other times I feel very well.

Mr Jones writes very kindly and tells me to write occasionally to him. I will do so this week.

After all I have said about the Considines I must not count upon their assistance. I have never received for children or myself the smallest present, altho so well off. I should, however, like to go to Melbourne that they might know me themselves and see the dear boys.

I must now close. I am suffering from a large stye on one eye and side of my face. I have had several lately. I think it is poorness of blood.

My school is much the same. I can only just make a living.

I am thankful to say the dear children are well, the baby especially. He is a lovely child - such beautiful black eyes and rosy cheeks, and so loving. Everybody loves him. Alex is by no means a taking child now, but very intelligent and very anxious to come to England.

I am quite ashamed of my letters when I read them over, but I am not able to fix my mind enough to write better.

I just remembered tomorrow Philip will be twenty-three and it is six years since I arrived here.

With kindest, best love and plenty of kisses to all,

I am affectionately yours,
Emily Anne Hutchison

Article 57 of 57

September 10th 1858

Queanbeyan

May 28th 1858

My beloved sister,

I will address myself to you, not having done so for a long time - not from want of love, but I could not address any but our beloved parents. When I have been forced to address others it has been a heavy task and required a great effort.

You write if I come home I shall receive so much love and attention that I shall be quite overcome. No doubt I shall, for it's very little kindness, love or attention I have received here, so little that I feel sometimes to have grown careless, hardened and unfeeling. I cannot weep - let what will, happen. I talk of home and many other things as dear, but not a tear will come. I go to the grave of my dear husband and still my eyes are dry. I would give anything at times for a few tears. I feel so depressed.

It is now nearly a year since my Edward died and yet I see no prospect of a settlement of my

affairs. When they are settled I shall not have enough to bring me home, so I must wait patiently and perhaps a favourable turn will come. I think I said in my last that I wrote in reply to a note from Mr Jones. I have not heard from him again.

June 20th 1858. This day twelvemonth my beloved husband's remains were committed to the grave. It does not seem so long, but I have been so absorbed with numerous duties I have had no time left for thought.

During the last fortnight Alex and Eddy have been very ill with the influenza. They were so bad that the doctor doubted their recovery. The fever was so in Alexander that he was quite delirious, but I am thankful to state they are both recovering nicely.

I am doing pretty well with my school. I have fifteen day scholars and expect three more tomorrow. I have also six music scholars.

Two cousins of dear Edward's, Joseph and Janet Kerr, are in Sydney and we expect them up here. Janet was stopping at Ollerton, Nottinghamshire, with an uncle and aunt before she came out. She knows Elizabeth very well.

I wish I could say anything about my return to dear England, but I have not the slightest notion when that will be. I get quite low spirited about it sometimes, but I must have patience.

So goodbye - excuse more.

With best, best love to everybody,

I am ever affectionately yours,
Emily Anne Hutchison

I will write again soon but I do not feel inclined to write more today.

Letter 45 (numbered to 89 by Errol and published in the Queanbeyan History Bulletin 1975-78)

Per Teviot steamer
November 13th 1858

Queanbeyan
August 8th 1858

My beloved Father,

I have just received yours and the twins' epistles, as also a letter you sent me thro Mr Jones's packages in September 1857, it having been overlooked. The letter with the twins' notes came by the Victoria which has been delayed thirty times on her voyage. The June mail has not yet arrived.

You still urge me to write oftener. I cannot think how it is. I have written every month this year, except last, and then I was too ill with styes and abscesses. I am thankful to say I am quite recovered. For the last few days I feel younger than I have done for some time. Indeed, several people tell me I look like a girl of sixteen. I have nothing of the matron about me, but when closely observed the marks of care are soon seen, as you will perceive when you get the photographs I sent to Melbourne.

You mention, my dear Father, in one of your letters my possible second marriage. I say, certainly not in this country, whatever I might at home. It is my most ardent desire to return, tho I am willing to leave everything in the hands of my heavenly Father who I know will do all for the best. I am often very low in spirits when I muse over my circumstances, yet when I look back I see the hand of God so plainly in everything that I am obliged to restrain my murmurs. At other times I wonder at my own spirits and ability to keep up when I work so hard, bodily and mentally.

I am compelled to keep closely to my needle, my school falling off very much. Some have left the town. Two or three only came to finish and two have sweethearts, tho very young - so of course they could not continue. Girls here are engaged at a very early age (but I must not reflect). I

sometimes weary of my needles, for tho a good hand I cannot work quickly.

Mr Jones requests in a note to me to let him know when my affairs are settled. He says he will obtain a reasonable passage and provide the means if necessary for me. So I must cease complaining. I will write to him as soon as I can.

I am pleased you have returned to Maberly, for I never felt really at home at Abney. I quite long for my first Sabbath in the old place.

Now for a few words respecting my dear boys. Alex is exceedingly thin and fretful, Eddy fat, rosy and good tempered. Alex is a pale, golden haired intellectual child and fast gaining knowledge. He is very anxious to come to England. Everything I tell him to do, he wishes to know if they do it in England.

I dress them on Sundays in puce velvet dresses with swansdown bodies, a drab straw hat trimmed the same colour for Alex, leghorn trimmed with white and a rose-pink feather for Eddy. They look lovely and are admired by all beholders. I shall go out of mourning for I cannot afford to continue it.

With best, very best love and many kisses to all, yourself included, I am

Your affectionate daughter,
Emily Anne Hutchison

August 16th 1858. Dear Harrington's birthday. It scarcely seems possible that it is eighteen years since he was born, tho so much has passed since then. In many ways my life in the colony seems ten years at least.

On Thursday the new bridge is to be opened by Terence Aubrey Murray, the Member for Murray, and his daughter. It is expected to be quite a grand affair. The Oddfellows will walk in procession. There is to be a fancy bazaar for the benefit of the church, with a public dinner and a ball in the evening.

August 20th 1858. The bridge was named yesterday "The Queen's Bridge", partly from the name of the township and partly from loyalty. It is somewhat curious it should be opened on Prince Albert's birthday, as no one seemed to know but myself. Tho a cold damp day, it passed off very well and cleared up in the evening for dancing. I was requested to preside at the piano, for which I was offered £2. My will was good to refuse, but I could not afford it and people here would have been spiteful against me as they could get no one else. I am afraid you will think I was very wrong, but perhaps not if you were here and knew all the circumstances.

September 1st 1858. I am exceedingly low in spirits. I had hoped soon to prepare to come home. That hope has kept me up and enabled me to go about my duties cheerfully. Now that hope is dashed to the winds by a lawyer's letter telling me my affairs cannot be settled till Alex is twenty-one, thus leaving me really penniless.

The case is this - the property was sold while Edward was living, but he died before the transfers were signed. What do you think of it, my dear Father? I wrote to you some time since respecting it, but I think you could not have received it. I have written to Mr Jones about it.

September 6th 1858. Yesterday I received the enclosed from Mr Jones. I will reply direct so that I may know what I am to do, whether to continue here or leave this curst place (for I believe, with Mr Nutter, that it is so). I am sick and weary of everything and find no pleasure. I am never well, altho not laid up, and I never enjoy one mouthful of food. I know it is because of close application to teaching all day and to needlework till twelve at night.

This is a short note, but my spirits will not permit me to write more.

Alex is still very delicate and very cross, but Eddy is very hearty.

With best love to all, all, all, with hardly a hope that I shall see you again

Emily

As I do not see any prospect of coming home for a year or two at least, I should be greatly obliged for a few copy books and easy lesson books. They are not easily procured here. The children are remarkably dull with respect to learning.

I write to Mr Jones by this post and as soon as he sends I will write to you again.

Letter 46 of 89

Per Emeu

January 13th 1859

Queanbeyan

September 1858

My beloved parents,

It is now the end of the month, no mail in nor any tidings, so I must begin my epistle to you. I have scarcely anything to tell, so little do things advance here.

Everything is fearfully high in price. I can only just manage to live and I strive hard to pay my way. I ought to be thankful (and I hope I am) to my heavenly Father for enabling me hitherto to do so. Altho I am often exceedingly low spirited when I think of my desolate condition, and feel ill at times, neither myself or the children were ever laid up, which in itself is a great mercy. God fits the back for the burden. I have seen this in many ways, especially with regard to my dear little Eddy.

Never was there a more quiet, contented child born, asleep or awake. He will go to anybody and eat anything. Never since he was weaned will he move, from the time he goes to bed (about six o'clock) till daybreak. I often think it is the good nights I have that keep me in tolerable health, for eat I cannot (nor dear Alex), tempt our appetites how we may. When I do go to bed it is not much that will rouse me.

I have been much fretted by an occurrence lately. I have told you before that a Mr Wright, storekeeper here, was exceedingly jealous when we had the mill. We are sure it was mainly thro him we did not succeed. He rejoiced in a most unseemly manner when we were obliged to give it up to Mr Hayes, who rented it of Mr E. Severne's agent. Some little time since, Wright rented Mrs Faunce's mill of her - a broken tumbledown old thing.

A fortnight ago two of Mr Hayes's sons found an immense quartz reef studded with gold which it is said is worth £100,000. They sent to their father to shut up the mill and come to them. Wright heard of this and offered to Mr Hayes to rent of him the remainder of his term, which was agreed to. On the first of November our bitterest enemy takes possession of what was once our house and grounds.

But I am wrong in this feeling, for in the end it may be all for the best. It will bring all the custom to that mill, as the old one will be abolished, and if finally sold will be worth more. We need these rebukes to our pride. I know I do, or I should not have felt it so. None of the rest cared so much about it.

Mr and Mrs Considine talk of visiting England about February 1859 - they have not decided. If they go, they will pay us a visit. Now, I have thought perhaps when they see and know me, they may be generous enough to take the children and myself with them. If they do come I shall certainly ask their assistance for the children and then with Mr Jones's help I shall be able to see my way.

October 11th 1858. At sundown, between the evening star and the new moon, a beautiful comet was seen. It is said to be the same that appeared three hundred years since, in 1556, and it will appear shortly in England.

October 14th 1858. I was intending to finish this night, but I see by the papers a mail was in, so I will wait in hope of a letter. In the meantime I will say a few words about the children.

Alex is getting on very well with his book. He can read any word of four or five letters and is

beginning to write on the slate for the last three months. I have given him lessons. He is very fond of poetry and I think he knows nearly as many hymns as I do.

He is very shrewd. The other day, after I had repeated "A Story of Heaven" he said, "But there was three children." I said: "No! Only two and the mother." He added, "Oh there must have been, because two were talking and one was watching." I was amused and rejoined, "Perhaps it was the mother watching." He said directly, "No, it was not her, because she could not say when she was dead,

The mother and her two sweet babes,
Were all of them in heaven."

On another occasion I was washing and wiping Eddy's head. While thus occupied I sang "Rub-a-dub-dub, Three men in a tub, etc." whereupon Alex looked very indignant. I asked him what was the matter and he said passionately: "Because it is vewy stupid. How could three men be in a rotten potato at once? I don't like to hear it, if Eddy does." I could not speak for laughing - he was so earnest.

He is exceedingly fond of Eddy and if anyone says a wry word to the child Alex looks daggers (he is a bad temper). I was rather amused the other day, tho I scolded him for his rudeness to Aunt Ann. We were at the house of Mr Hutchison and Eddy took an old broom and drew it around the yard. When the aunt snatched it from him and called him "a nasty little plague", Alex ran to Eddy and, putting his arm around his neck said: "Never mind, dear. Come with me." Then, turning to his aunt added: "How dare you speak so to my brother! He didn't hurt your old broom!" He looked such a little bounce, altho at times he looks so sweetly meek.

October 21st 1858. I have this day received two letters - one of Father's dated June 24th and one from Willie written on the fifth anniversary of my wedding day. In reply to dear Willie's few questions -

1. I am not stronger. I wish I was.
2. I wish I had the slightest idea when I shall behold you all, or when I go to Melbourne. If the Considines visit England, the Hutchisons will remain here till they come back.
3. the children are quite well!

In the first letter I received from Mr Jones he said he would obtain a cheap passage for me and if necessary find the means when I could get things settled, but in one I received the other day Mr Jones does not mention the matter at all. I had a letter today from Mrs Considine, in which she says she is not sure they will come to Queanbeyan. She does not say a word about the likenesses but I shall write again next post. I will answer dear Father's letter alone.

With best love to all, hoping (but still afraid to hope) that I shall see you all soon,

I am lovingly yours,
Emily Anne Hutchison

October 25th 1858. Queanbeyan. Ten at night. It really seems but the other day dear Lily was born and yet it is thirteen years. How much has passed since that time.

You are still complaining, my dear Father, of my silence. It is not my fault - it is the mail. The long letter you speak of I received and answered, I am sure. The one dated September 1857 I did not receive till lately, as you will see by my last letter.

None of the Hutchisons but Mrs Considine can help me as you suggest, and I am afraid their minds have been influenced against me. My dear Edward used to think this and lived in the hope of meeting to remove false impressions. I am still indulging this hope.

Just as I had finished this line the clock struck eleven and the church bell immediately tolled - a rare occurrence here. I was alarmed, thinking of fire. I stepped out and soon learned it was for old Jarrett, the oldest inhabitant and father of Mrs Bradbury, the brewer's wife. Thus, in the midst of life we are in death. We know not who may be next. How carefully we should watch, and spend every

moment in prayer and preparation if we knew. How much more we ought to do so as we are uncertain of our time.

I feel greatly sorry at times when I find myself grumbling and murmuring at my troubles and trials. I think how sinful I am and how justly God might cut me off for my ingratitude. I lift up my heart in prayer to my Father in heaven, to enable me to trust in Him and His dear Son. Then these sweet lines come to my mind -

"And can He have taught me
To trust in His Name,
And bring me thus far
To put me to shame?"

Then I am calm and happy, and feel I may apply to myself the text "whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth".

You say, my dear Father, you do not like me going to Melbourne as it may prevent my return home. Now, I rather imagine you think if I go there I shall get married again, but I think I have as many opportunities here as I am likely to have there. I have received two offers and the friends of two others have sounded me on their behalf. The names of the candidates are Michael Duff, Andrew McIntosh, Thomas Walsh and James O'Neill. Now, I can tell you truly there is not one in the district I could love and respect, and trust my children to. You cannot wish me to come home more than I wish to come, but anxious as we are, we must leave it all to our heavenly Father.

Mrs Palmer. Letter after letter brings me word that some kind friend has exchanged mortal life for immortality, earth for heaven, and yet how few of my own dear relations have been taken hence. May God, in His infinite mercy, spare you all till we meet again on this earth. Such is the earnest prayer of

Your devoted daughter,
Emily Anne Hutchison

Letter 47 of 89

Per mail
February 12th 1859

Queanbeyan
November 1st 1858

You told me, dear Father, to set down thoughts and occurrences at once, and a letter would soon grow. Three events somewhat moving me happen today. First, I have lost two of my scholars - the parents are leaving the town. I am rather depressed about it as I expect more to leave at Christmas. Second, Mr Wright takes possession of the mill, and will take the house in December. Third, John Hutchison was married to Janet Kerr this evening by the Presbyterian minister.

December 1st 1858. It is just one month today since I posted my last to you, my beloved parents, and really I have not seemed to have time to write a line since. Now I do not think I can write much, having a great deal of needlework. I should not have written now, but I have received letters from dear Father and Martha at Harwich. I have not much to tell about myself. I am going on much as usual, as also the children. Eddy is beginning to talk and he pleased me very much the other morning. Alex had just said his prayers. Eddy thought he must do so too, so he kneeled down and said, "G'way chicky, g'way puppy, g'way dan bough (cow) bitey."

December 6th 1858. The day after I wrote the above my darling Eddy had a narrow escape of having his foot smashed. How he escaped, I do not know. A half hundredweight fell from the height of four feet onto his instep. When I took him up I thought his ankle was broken as it hung loose, but I am

thankful to say it was not. There was a slight wound and it was very much swollen. I put it directly into warm water and sent for the doctor. He was absent and before he came the swelling went down, so I did without him. He was unable to walk for four days and then I had to put a pair of his brother's boots on him. I hope he will do now.

The Hayeses have left our house and the Wrights enter tomorrow. I think it likely in about six months all the property will be sold. Of course, whatever there is above the mortgage will come to us, but we must not be sanguine. My affairs are nowise settled. The Solicitor-General says they ought to pay me as I administered, but nothing is done.

I heard that Mr Stephen Nutter had become a bankrupt, but I know no particulars - they do not write now. I have only had one letter from each since dear Edward's death. Mr Nutter was cordial as ever, but not so his wife. I think she has been afraid I should come to Sydney.

I love Janet Kerr - rather, Mrs John Hutchison - very much. She always calls me Emily and so now the others do, but previously (except Maria) they spoke of me as Edward's wife.

None can rejoice, my beloved Father, more than myself at your prosperity. How happy indeed should I be to step into the midst of you all, but as to making you giggle, I should be more likely to make you weep.

Both Ann and myself have written to Maria about the likenesses. She has not yet sent them.

I am sorry to learn dear Jessie has been so ill, but trust she is now recovered. I will write to her next.

I have much to be thankful for in the matter of my health, for altho I have had much trouble, yet through all I have had very good health - never laid up beyond a day. I have often murmured, but how much worse should I have been with bad health.

What a flying visit to Warwick you had, my dear Father. I should indeed feel like a child again if I were at home and at Maberly once more. I can well imagine all you would say and do with respect to reviving the old interest, or rather the new one, there. How often have I wished for such a one as yourself out here, my dear Father.

There is a Mr O'Neill, a churchman similar in some respects, active, and foremost in providing lodging and stabling for all our ministers of any sect. In all good works he has a hand and his suggestions are generally the best, tho he is much grumbled at. But all his good doings are counteracted by his equal earnestness in balls, concerts, circuses and races. I ought not to reflect against him. He has taken much trouble for me in getting me scholars and obtaining the situation of organist for me.

Alex is delighted at the idea of being your secretary. He says he expects he shall have to put all your letters in the post and go to the shops and buy everything you want. When he is with my pupils he is exceedingly tiresome, bouncing at them very much - as: "You shan't sit there", "How dare you take my seat?" and "It's like your imperdence to touch my slate" - accompanying each sentence with a blow. I am punishing him all day, but when school is over he is a most companionable child. From his words and actions many would suppose him ten years old, and he is so fond of music and poetry. I really do not know where he has gained all his knowledge. He can repeat nearly all "John Gilpin".

With regard to the Buckingham property, there is one house that belonged exclusively to my Edward, but I hardly imagine it would sell for £150. The rest was left to Mrs Hutchison's children and was not to be sold till the youngest is of age - seven years hence - and then my children will take their father's share. I think Edward's own house can be sold at once.

I must close with best, very best love to all from myself and the dear children. Believe me to remain now and ever,

Your affectionate daughter,
Emily Anne Hutchison

Enclosed is a piece of mignonette out of my window in a box I put up myself.

Letter 48 of 89

Per mail

March 31st 1859

Queanbeyan

December 10th 1858

My dearest sister, Jessie,

I feel rather low in spirits this evening, so I will write a few lines to you. I cannot tell when I shall finish them. Tomorrow dear Lily has been dead nine years. I shall never forget the day, shall you dear Jessie? How I did love that child. I love my own children well, but not with the intensity of feeling I had for that child-sister. I am very sure it was not right to love anybody in the way I did her. We ought to love all related to us. I hope I love my children so, but I could not tell unless they were taken from me.

January 2nd 1859. I take up my pen the first time this year to address you. It seems useless, dear Jessie, to wish you a happy new year, and yet it is well to let you know I wished it to every one dear to me. Perhaps this will come in time to wish dearest Father and Mother on their wedding day every happiness this world can afford while they are on it and, when they quit it, to go to the mansions above - and that when the Great Trumpet shall sound not one of their children may be missing.

This note would have been posted before, but dear Eddy has been very ill for a fortnight with dysentery. I think he is better tonight altho he has lost a great deal of flesh.

Mr and Mrs Considine are not coming to England now for some time, so that they will be glad to have dear Edward's likeness as soon as possible. Mrs Considine wrote me last week that she would forward the money immediately, as also our likenesses sent her a year ago. She waited with some expectation of bringing them herself. I enclose their address - Mr Considine, Medical Hall, Peel Street, Collingwood, Melbourne.

Mrs Considine is exceedingly anxious to have one of the children but it is no use. I cannot part with either. She says she should like one young as she could then gain the affection. That is the very reason why I cannot yield one. No doubt she would gain and I should lose their attachment.

In a letter from Uncle Alexander he says I have done quite right in refusing to give one up, for who so fit to bring them up as myself? He must be a very nice man. I like his letters. In those to Janet he writes very kindly and seems to think very highly of me. I hope I deserve his good opinion.

What a delightful change in Maberly, dear Father and his family so active and so prominent. How I long to be there, and indeed so does dear Alexander. I think my eyes would fill to overflow to sit down once more in the old place!

With regard to returning home, I am sorry, very sorry, to say I do not see any prospect at present. If we go to Melbourne in the course of the year I shall have a better opportunity, but we must, as dear Mother says, "wait God's time".

Give my love to all the dear boys and tell them I must write to some of them next time. Likewise to dear Mother and Father. I hope Mother's face is well. Forget not the twins, Annie and yourself. I am glad you are better.

I ought to write more but I cannot this time. I must post tomorrow and it is now past twelve.

Tell Father I believe that the house in Buckingham belonging to Edward exclusively can be sold. I should be glad if it could. The houses left to the children of Mrs Hutchison are shortly to be sold and the money directed. The portion of the minors will be kept in trust till they are twenty-one. Mr Hutchison senior has nothing whatever to do with it.

I must now close for I am nearly asleep.

Ever affectionately yours,
Emily Anne Hutchison

Letter 49 of 89

Per mail

April 11th 1859

Queanbeyan

January 24th 1859

My very dear brothers

Harrington, Edward and Spencer,

I have some time been in debt to you a letter which I will now endeavour to repay, but whether it will be worth your reading I must leave you to decide.

I commence with our health. Alex is, and has been, very well. He is very thin and at times sadly peevish. I am sure he thinks too much but I cannot prevent that. I do not press him to learn - he will. His play is only a romp and a little digging in the garden. Indoors he will take book or slate. He longs to come to England with almost as much joy as I do. He talks of it continually and sometimes when he is displeased he says with a sigh: "Oh dear. I wish I was in England."

You know from my letter to Jessie that Eddy has been ill. He has been worse and in a few weeks wasted very much, but I am thankful to say he is quite recovered and is fast gaining flesh. He is a good humoured child, but hot. It takes a great deal to put him out, but when out, a great deal to pacify him. When I ask him if he is good he says, "No!oh!oh!oh!" and will not kiss me till he has recovered his temper. Then before he resumes his play he comes to me and says: "Good. Kiss." He begins to talk nicely.

I am glad to say both are musical. Eddy can hum a simple tune. Alex is singing from morning to night, sometimes quite tiring me. Eddy has learned his little prayer from hearing his brother. If Alex gets instruction in music he will be clever. He can play part of "Nelly Bligh", finding it out entirely himself. He is now reading words of two syllables.

I am not well myself, nor have I been since the year opened, and yet I must not say I have been ill. I have had the nettle rash rather badly about a fortnight. Something bit me on the joint of my right thumb which gathered, and the inflammation ascended to the shoulder. It is getting better, but last Monday at a pic-nic in the bush a mosquito bit the elbow of my bad arm. It is now very bad. I can scarcely move it.

What I have suffered the last twelve months from boils, abscesses, etc., none can think but those who have likewise suffered. I am thankful to add I have been greatly sustained all thro. I often thought if I suffered so much from one boil at a time, what was the agony of poor Job who had them all over him? The pain was so great one day that I had the greatest difficulty to restrain screaming out. They have made me very thin, but perhaps if I had not them I might have been worse. It is not right to murmur.

I must tell you of our pic-nic which I gave to my scholars last Monday - about fifteen altogether. We had currant cake, soda cake, tarts, buns, biscuits, raisins, ale, ginger beer, raspberry vinegar, cloves, sherry and peppermint. We started at two in the afternoon, walked two miles up a gully and then ascended a tolerable high range of mountains. Glad enough we were to sit down under a wide spreading gum tree. We spread our cloth and commenced our feast. The view was splendid. We could distinctly see a settlement five miles distant and other ranges fifteen miles off.

My school is sadly reduced, which makes me anxious. I am afraid my faith is low. I know I am wrong and pray earnestly for a submissive spirit. I am never well, and then we see everything thro a cloud.

The likenesses and money for dear Edward are posted from Melbourne by now. Maria is anxious for her brothers.

With best love to all, including your dear selves, I am

Affectionately yours,

Emily Anne Hutchison

Letter 50 of 89

Same time

Queanbeyan

February 7th 1859

My dear Father,

I was just posting a letter to Spencer when I received yours of November 14th which I think must have been delayed. The Oneida came in three weeks back and Mrs John Hutchison and myself only got our letters yesterday. You say my September note must have been written in a fit of low spirits. I have not the slightest remembrance of what I wrote, but from the time I must have been suffering from an abscess. I have had several and they affect my spirits dreadfully. I endeavour to write at a time when I am cheerful. My circumstances never were at a lower state than now from loss of scholars, etc., and yet I do not think I ever felt more cheerful or hopeful.

Alex made me laugh just now by saying he hopes we shall be in England before all the girls grow up to women and be married, because if we are not, he says, we shall have no girls to teach. He has a great dislike to the idea of growing old himself and wishes always to remain a child.

Now a word about the vexed question of my property. It solely belonged to dear Edward - he sold it by public auction on June 1st 1857. Half the money was paid him on that day and the other half was to be paid when the conveyance deeds were signed. The lawyer was absent and the deeds were not ready. We removed from the house and gave all up. Dear Edward was taken ill and died the day after!

Mr Freestone, the lawyer, told me to administer and I should be able to sign the deeds as well as my husband. I did so, anxious to do right by the purchasers of the houses, and paid Freestone £15 19s 4d. I was soon told I could not do anything to get the other half of the purchase money and I had to pay all my husband's debts. A few here claimed most unjust amounts tho I had contrary entries. They disputed them and so deprived me nearly of all my money. If I get the remainder of the purchase money I will be well in the end.

I heard the other day the deeds had been placed in the hands of the Civil Crown Solicitor till he should determine who was the legal representative. I wrote to Mr Jones today, requesting him to see the Civil Crown Solicitor and enquire for me. In a letter from the Attorney-General to the auctioneer he says the purchaser must pay the administratrix whether they receive the deeds or not. They need not fear to do so. When the heir at law is of age he can be compelled to sign the conveyance deed. The auctioneer should hold the writings till the legal representative is determined.

I have done all I could, and so has Mr Hutchison senior, to get what is right done, but we cannot succeed. There is much injustice in these small townships. In my next I will send you a piece of poetry descriptive of Queanbeyan justice, written by a shepherd and sent to a paper, but refused insertion.

Mr Hutchison has been very kind latterly and wishes me to live entirely with them, but we cannot get a house large enough.

Do not send any packet to me till you hear again. I may be better able to tell you our movements then. The Considines are very pressing for Alex, or which I please. Altho it might be for good many ways, they will not succeed. Maria says she wishes him young, that she may have his entire affection. That sentence shows her to be destitute of maternal love. I suppose the childless woman thinks I should be satisfied to know he was my son if he was educated, rich and respected. All that would be as nothing if his affections were not mine.

When I read, my dear Father, of your remarkable escape I am sure I felt as frightened as if I had been there. My breath seemed to stop. I was afraid to go on, till I lifted up a prayer to God to

prepare me for what was to follow. When I read on how mercifully you were preserved, I felt ready to sink with thankfulness at God's mercy. The thought has filled my heart with hope. As God has so long spared my nearest and dearest friends, He will spare them yet a little longer, and permit me to meet them once more on earth.

With regard to sending Alex to England, I would without a moment's hesitation if I could find anyone going whom I could trust with him.

I think my next letter is due to dear Mother, tho every line written is to all. Dear Alex is anxious to write - he really desires to learn. If he has anything to do he cannot do easy, he has a cry over the difficulty, then he gets up and says, "I will do it" and does it accordingly.

I must close, it is half past one on Tuesday morning, the 8th of February. With best love, wishes and prayers for all I remain, my dearest Father,

Your
Emily Anne Hutchison

Letter 51 of 89

Per mails
August 6th 1859x

Queanbeyan
April 1859

Dear Grandpapa,

I was very glad to have a letter from you.

I do help Mother as much as I can and always let Eddy have all he wants.

I am getting on with reading and writing so that I can help you when I come to England. I shall be very glad to come, for I do not like this country.

Perhaps we are going to Maneroo next spring.

I forgot to say that I was able to read your letter.

Love to all, and the same to yourself, from

Your loving grandson,
Considine Alexander James Hutchison
xdelayed a month

Letter 52 of 89

Queanbeyan
March 14th 1859

My beloved parents,

It is nearly two months since I last addressed any of you. I was quite unable to write a letter last mail. The children have had what is called the "sandy blight" in their eyes and were totally blind nearly three weeks. It is a very painful complaint. The eyes run with blood and matter, and are exceedingly weak, but if constantly cleansed no harm occurs. This blight is always about in dry, hot seasons. We have had no rain for four months, with the exception of a few thunderstorms. I am thankful to say the children are much better, but even now they are blind for a time when they wake in the morning.

Perhaps, dear Father and Mother, while I am writing this you are preparing for a few friends this evening, it being the thirty-third anniversary of your wedding. May you have many occasions to do so yet.

Everything is much the same with me. I am often low spirited about the mill affair and not hearing from Mr Jones, but on the whole I am in good spirits. Really, often when things seem most gloomy, my faith rises and I feel more contented. Now this must come from God. I am sure, humanly speaking, I have enough to complain of, but I am not unhappy in any way.

I often think and ask how the dear boys are to be educated. They bid fair to be extremely clever, Alex especially, but they may not live. I pray earnestly and daily for contentment and submission to the Divine Will, and I am sure my prayers are answered.

March 28th 1859. My dear Father, I have this day received yours of January 9th. You still complain of the length of time between my letters, but I cannot understand it. I have written every month for a long time, except on two occasions.

The weather is exceedingly hot, dry and unhealthy here, scarce a blade of grass to be seen and fires all around the ranges. Everything is dear now, but if we have not rain soon we shall have famine prices. Now we have a bridge, we fear a drought, not a flood.

Mr Hutchison is likely to have a mill to build a hundred miles up the country. If so, we shall all go to Maneroo where I hope to do better.

April 18th 1859. My dear parents, I am very slow in finishing this letter. I ought, and hoped, to have sent it by the March mail. Since I wrote last I have been suffering from the sandy blight. My eyes are a little better now if they do not come on worse. I cannot write much more - the sight is so weak.

I had much to tell you about the children. Alex is a very clever child in everything, but he has a very bad temper and requires a firm strong hand to rule him - firmer far than mine. He is very fond of me and will not stay ten minutes anywhere without me. He can go on any errand the length or breadth of the town without a mistake. He is very thoughtful. I will mention one instance. I sent him to the other end of the township for a pound of steak. They had only mutton, which he bought, saying on his return that he thought he had better bring that, so that he might not have to go back again. I could tell you many other like instances. He wrote the note to you entirely himself, not even sitting by me. He reads very nicely.

Eddy continues fat and rosy. He is a general favourite, but Alex makes no friends. Ann Hutchison is exceedingly fond of Eddy and will do everything he asks her to do.

You said, my dear Father, if I stopt here you would send me a box of books. May I ask for shoes, socks, warm clothing and a few books? If we go to Maneroo it is very cold - four hundred feet higher than Queanbeyan.

I must now close, with love, best love, to all and every one, including your dear selves.

I am affectionately yours,
Emily Anne Hutchison

Letter 53 of 89

Received same time

Queanbeyan
April 27th 1859

My beloved Mother,

I can scarcely see to do anything, so I will try and write a few lines to you. My eyes have been, and still are, very bad. I have been all but blind for some days, and quite so after dark. It is a horrid complaint. The eyes appear like a mass of red currant jelly. Observers cannot see the sight or the colour of the eye and it is continually discharging. As it passes the lids it feels like boiling hot gravel stones. Nothing can be done to cure them while the hot dry weather lasts. Even when they are apparently restored they will be bad morning and evening till a better air prevails. I can only bathe

them in cold water and put cold bread poultices at night, except the inflammation be very high, and then leeches and blisters are used.

We have entered May, and no news of the April mail. My eyes are scarcely any better and I am still unable to do anything. This is my birthday and by way of a treat I have been washing.

Alex wishes me to tell you he has washed the socks. He is in general a good and thoughtful child for his age, and very kind to Eddy. He does not like play as do others. He digs occasionally with a knife, but he would sooner read, write or do needlework than play. He will often rule lines and copy a slate full of music very nicely. He can join in everything I play.

Eddy now talks very plain. He can say "Alex", but he mostly calls him "Hacket". If you ask him his name he says, "Mine name Eddy." When I say, "What else?" he replies, "Eddy Tommis Burder Hutchison." When I sit low he comes behind me, puts his arm around my neck and says, "Oh, mine pet Mupper." The moment he wakes in the morning he says, "Mupper kiss me" then "Mupper get up and get me some bed a butter. Put honey on it." I then ask, "What do you say?" He replies, "Peas-eease Mupper."

He is very fond of almonds. Mrs Walsh gave him some today. When he had eaten them he marched off to the back of her store and knocked. When it was opened they asked what he wanted. He said, "I want Mrs Wesh." When she came he said, "I want nuts." Of course, he got some.

May 7th 1859. Saturday evening. My dearest sisters, Jessie, Martha and Jane. I have just received dear Father's and Mother's letters written February 9th and 17th, and I am going to do as Father requests - write to one of you every month. It is Jane's turn, but as I have not written this year I write to you three jointly. Should I be here next year, and we are all living and well, you shall have one apiece.

Tell dear Mother I received the box per Mr Coates about September 1857. All the boots and shoes are worn out and gone, except a pair Alex wears for best. I wish they were to come now. I suppose the delay at the docks made me forget to acknowledge it when it did come.

I am so tired and my eyes are so weak that I can scarcely see, but I must finish as tomorrow is the last post day for England. It is very likely Alex and Eddy will have a cousin John or Janet in September. I suppose I must do as Alex said: "Mother, you ought to give all the things too small for Eddy to Aunt Janet. She's got a father. Perhaps God might send her a baby." I once told him, in reply to his questioning, that God only sent children to ladies who had husbands and fathers.

I received the letters from Harwich and liked them very much. "Oh, how I longed with you to be".

Eddy's foot is better but he will have a scar. I was indeed frightened.

Ann Hutchison has quite made up for all former unkindness. In every way she can, she helps me. No, they are not well off. I am there Sundays and Wednesdays. She is very fond of Eddy and as attentive to him as I am.

Dear Willy! You speak of him as a young man. He must excuse me, but I really cannot think him so. I only think of him as I left him, a pale-faced delicate boy in the black silk velvet dress Alex now wears. What does a few years do. Give my especial love to him and tell him I should like some of his poetry.

I will write to Philip and Emma next, but they did not answer my last.

You must take great care of dear Father and Mother till I return, and then I will help you!

Love, best love, to all and the same to yourselves.

I am affectionately yours,
Emily Anne Hutchison

Letter 54 of 89

Per mail

Sydney June 8th
London August 9th

Queanbeyan
June 4th 1859

My dear brother and sister
Philip and Emma,

I write to you in answer to dear Jessie's letter of March, received only a few days since. I thought I should have heard from you before now, to tell me of the arrival of a little stranger and make me an aunt. It is certainly time. I expect the title here in a lesser degree before the year is out.

I have but little to say. Will you tell dear Father (or shew him this letter) that Mrs Considine wrote the other day to say she would send our likenesses by the next mail without fail. The reason of her keeping them so long was because of her expectation to visit England, and her wish to bring them herself. They cannot come till 1860 and they will visit us first. It occurred to me that dear Father might write them a nice letter - such a one as he alone can write - asking them to bring me with them, not as if I had written anything but entirely suggestive on his part.

Maria is very delicate. She has suffered so many mishaps at three months. When she came from England she scarcely got up the whole voyage, so she might want a nurse going back. Anyway, I should like them to know you all.

I am sure if I were at Sydney or Melbourne I could get a situation with someone coming to England.

I wrote to the Member for the County, Terence Aubrey Murray Esq., who is coming in the spring with two daughters and a son (fourteen, twelve and two), his wife dying on giving birth to the last. He has had seven or eight daughters. I wrote to offer myself as nurse to the son, but I have heard he will take out the nurse he has, so I expect no answer.

I am sometimes very low spirited because I can neither get on here nor get away, but with all trial and care I have much to be thankful for. I have a few very kind friends. Among the kindest is Mrs Levy, a Jewess. I have scarcely bought an article of clothing since I have been out of mourning. She has given me many things. After several girls she gave birth to her first boy five weeks since. I was with her and was up two nights. After she got about, she gave me a very good dark puce merino (French), twelve yards of new royal blue French twilled trimming to match, and a black silk velvet bonnet, trimmed with blue chenille and scarlet, with white daisies in front. She gives me milk, bread and many things.

Let me tell you how I and the children are dressed. Myself in the bonnet and dress referred to, and the mantle dear Father sent me nearly five years ago. Sometimes in a black watered silk dress (also given me by Mrs Levy), puce velvet mantle, and drab hat trimmed with drab and blue strings. Alex - grey alpaca dress with slashed jacket and steel buttons, an underwaistcoat of blue merino with crocheted collar or white boa, and a white horsehair cap of silk velvet with a band and peak. Eddy - puce velvet dress (made like Alex's), small leghorn hat or pale blue barege turban with strings to match collars, etc. We look like gentlefolks the people say, but it costs me little or nothing.

I have often thought with dear Jessie (and, I hope, gratefully so) what a mercy it is that our dear, dear parents have been spared to us, and I so far from them. How few of our relations and friends have been taken away during the last seven years.

I must close - the post starts tomorrow. I must write more next time, I am hurried now.

With best and increasing love to all and every one, I am

Affectionately yours,
Emily Anne Hutchison

Letter 55 of 89

Per Salsette
October 15th 1859

Queanbeyan
July 8th 1859

My dear Burder,

I do not know if this will find you again located at home. If not, no doubt you will get it. My children have been very ill with the yellow jaundice and consequently very cross, but I think they are mending and fondly I hope. I am almost worn out thro these hindrances and I have had to sit up late to work.

I am sometimes cast down, but I have no cause to complain for altho latterly I have been much perplexed about the future - business is so slack - work has come from new and unexpected quarters. Last week I was full of anxiety when a knock came at my door and a message was delivered for my musical services, which was a most seasonable relief. So you see I ought not to doubt. Sometimes my faith is strong and my spirits good. I have to pray without ceasing to keep myself contented.

I hope, my dear Burder, if you are away from home you do not neglect to pray. If you are at home you will have so many "reminds" that you will not be able to forget, even should you neglect. Away from instruction and example, and in the world's midst, you may forget, tho you need to pray the more. I know if I did not pray continually I should degenerate fast. If I had any great and heavy trial I know not a human being, a pious person rich or poor, to whom I could address myself. I feel at times I am no better than they, only I do feel I am not indifferent to those things, while many of these people think themselves very good.

I received an answer from Terence Murray Esq., the Member, very kindly written, stating that as he did not intend visiting Europe till March at the earliest, it was not in his power at present to engage me, but should he require anyone he would remember me.

If Mr and Mrs Considine come here before they visit England, I shall certainly send Alex with them to dear Father - if Alex will leave me and the Considines will take the charge. I am sure every way it would be best for the dear boy.

I should be pleased to play the harmonium at the school.

I had not heard of the death of Edwin Fairfax.

Alex will write next time. He reads to me every evening from Todd's lectures or the Bible.

With best love to all from the children and myself, I am

Your affectionate sister,
Emily Hutchison

Letter 56 of 89

Same time and boat

Queanbeyan
July 31st 1859

My dearest Willy,

I now address you, as you come next in order. Whether it will ever reach you I cannot tell. "Why?", you perhaps ask. Everyone here and in Victoria are much alarmed, expecting the French and Russians will come and take this country. I am not able to form an opinion. I have seen nothing from home to make me think so.

I am sometimes nervous and fearful, but I am more afraid of the seventy thousand Chinese in

this country. They pass thro this town sometimes five hundred strong. They have done no harm, but in the gold diggings they have caused much misery.

It seems evident that the end of the world is approaching, and yet how inattentive we are to the interests of "another and a better". Some of the commentators in my Cottage Bible say Popery will fall in 1866, others in 1940. We may perhaps see much of the "beginning of the end". I am sometimes uneasy about the aspect of the times and wish most earnestly I was at home. I do feel God has given me faith to believe all is for the best and that He will not withhold any good thing from those who walk uprightly, so tho uneasy I do not fret.

Yesterday I was busy cleaning when the thought occurred "Oh, I am afraid I shall never see my home again." I took up "Morning's Repast", a little book given me many years ago by Mrs Godden. I turned to the meditation of the day, read it and was comforted. I enclose a copy of it - that you may read it and rejoice with me. I have not touched the book for months.

This morning (Sabbath) I read Spurgeon's sermon "The Sin of Unbelief". It is powerfully written and must have been exciting to hear. I heard this afternoon a very interesting discourse by a Wesleyan, from Hebrews 11:23-27. In the evening I was at the church. The sermon was scarcely tolerable, from Hebrews 11:1.

I cannot write more tonight. I am very sleepy, so must say good night, Willy dear.

August 1st 1859. Evening. Nine o'clock. I have just returned from the Court House. Mr Dowson, the Wesleyan, gave us a beautiful address on the Day of Pentecost. I led the singing.

I had a merciful escape this afternoon. A heavy log of wood fell and struck my back. If it had hit my head it would certainly have killed me.

August 7th 1859. I have been unwell all the week from the blow. I cannot speak plain. I am nearly choked with phlegm.

I thought of dear Mother and Anne last week.

I am an aunt. I was at tea with Ann, Janet and John, and left there for the service. Five minutes after my return John came for me, telling me Janet had given birth to a pretty little roundfaced daughter. Ask Father to send word to Scotland.

August 10th 1859. Self and children quite well. Janet doing nicely. Love to all -

Your affectionate sister,
Emily Anne Hutchison

Meditation [not published in 1976]

Psalm 107:7. He led them by a right way that they might go to a city of habitation.

Our blessed Lord says to every exercised [worried] child, "I am the Lord thy God which teacheth thee to profit, which leadeth thee in the way thou shouldest go." Yet how ready are we in a season of perplexity and distress to doubt the faithfulness of the Lord. It is often the Will of the blessed king of Zion to lead his people as he did the Israelites in the wilderness, by a wearisome and indirect path which they had not contemplated, ere he brings them to the rest where they would be.

Wayworn pilgrim! Remember that thy Lord is leading thee. He that walketh in darkness and hath no light - let him trust in the Lord and stay upon his God. Tho the visits of peace and joy have long been withheld, tho there appears neither light, life, nor love in thy soul and thou art disposed to doubt, whether thou hadst ever tasted the consolations of grace or not, tho the way be rugged and long, and thou seest no favour in Providence or yet trust in the hidden Lord, stay upon thy God for He hath said, "I will never leave thee, never, never forsake thee."

Sweetly the Spirit of the Lord
Met my affected case
When sad and sorrowing where to dwell
Alas I had no place

He brought the gracious Word with power
 That He who led me forth
 Would guide me in my dubious way
 And fix my lot on earth

Sad was my soul, I scarce could pray
 Nor had I light to see
 Yet I was taught by grace to trust
 And leave my way to Thee

And now with joy I sing Thy praise
 With transports tell Thy love
 My habitation Thou hast fixed
 And brought me rest to prove

Yet more than this I still believe
 That I again shall see
 My native land and in her find
 A lot reserved for me

And from my exile when restored
 Thy goodness better praise
 Instructed deeper in Thy truth
 And further in Thy ways.

Letter 57 of 89

Per Delta
 November 11th 1859

Queanbeyan
 September 1st 1859

My dear Harrington,

Receiving no letter last month, I have but little to say. Our church is all down and a new one commenced. We had a nice meeting a week back, on laying the corner stone. You will see the particulars in the paper I send. I led the singing and my voice was heard over all there, which will convince you of my improvement in voice and health.

In regard to circumstances I am the same. I am rather anxious about my pay for playing the harmonium in the church. Services are to be held in the Court House and the Police Magistrate will not have music there. Two of the church wardens say I shall be paid whether I play or not - this remains to be seen. I have commenced dressmaking.

I went to a large party at Mr W. O'Neill's on account of his brother's marriage. Seventy or eighty were present and I took the children with me. Alex had on his black velvet dress with striped white muslin sash and blue belt, drawers with eight inch work, low shoes and white socks. Eddy wore a sky blue merino frock made with three crossway folds on body and skirt, trimmed with black ribbon velvet, sleeves to match and black girdle. Everybody seemed ready to eat them, Eddy for his beauty and Alex for singing. He sings "My Pretty Page" and "Polly Hopkins" with me very nicely. He will soon know "All's Well".

They are both fond of their new cousin, Anna Maria. Alex said to Janet: "I mean to marry her when she grows, but I shall take her to church. Not, like Uncle John, to be married in a house" -

which he said with a sneer. His thoughts are deep and beyond his years. I sent him for a loaf. He was asked, "Stale or new?" He said, "I had better take stale." "Why," said the baker, "don't you like new?" "Oh yes, but the other day we had a new loaf and ate it all up. That spends her money so fast."

Eddy is admired by rich and poor. He is such a beauty and is very loving. In the morning before I am quite awake he comes up to me and kisses me saying, "Vell, mine ducky mupper, open zure bue eyes, zure sweet eyes." About three weeks since I was going to give Alex a slap and he put up his hand to save himself. He had a pair of scissors and I hit onto them. They went thro my finger, thro the first and second joints. Dear Eddy would ask to see it a dozen times a day and say, "Hacket did it." I said, "Yes." He then went to Alex and said: "Bad Hacket, to cut Mupper's finger. You kill Mupper some day."

Whether here or at his aunt's, he often says to her or me, "You goot, mine goot - you love me." When he saw baby undressed he said, "Oh, what a little dumpy sing."

Uncle Alexander's son, daughter and daughter-in-law are at Melbourne. On account of the smallpox the ship suffered quarantine. They are gone to the Beechworth diggings.

This town is improving. They will soon have a new court house, hospital and bank.

Mr Hutchison will visit Melbourne this summer to see how things are there and take Dan to school. Maria writes to Ann and hopes she shall see one of the children. When Alex heard he said, "If you send me I will just run away as soon as I can, and if you send Eddy, I shall be miserable and just die." He has no objection to come to you when I talk of that.

With best and increasing love to all, from all, I am and ever shall be,

Your affectionate daughter and sister,
Emily Anne Hutchison

Letter 58 of 89

Per mail

December 14th 1859

Queanbeyan still!

October 2nd 1859

My dear Edward,

Another month is gone and as far as I can see I am no nearer home, at least my earthly home, but nearer to an eternal home by so long a time. I hope I am becoming fitted for my final home, but I often feel myself a backslider for I know, if my actions are in a measure blameless, I repine very much and very often at my lot - that I must work hard; and can scarcely keep clear, and my position maintained. I am very wrong, I know, and strive against it all I can. When I think and pause, I am sure I have but little cause to complain. I may emphatically say hitherto hath the Lord helped me. My extremity has been my heavenly Father's opportunity, and that often.

I have five scholars from the Catholic school, four from one family, orphans. Their father died the day after my Edward had his first fit and their mother keeps the inn here. I have had the eldest for fancy work and music ever since I opened. Previous to this I was full of the most anxious thoughts.

Mr Hutchison has nearly finished the house and he may soon go to Melbourne or Maneroo, but I must not depend upon his movements for they are so changeable.

You have not heard, perhaps, that Janet's father, Mr Kerr of Ollerton, is dead (June 26th last). I have often thought I have been wonderfully blest to have been away so long and to have lost so few of my friends. The thought often strengthens my hope that I may once more behold you all in this life.

I have no more to say. I don't know how it is, but I cannot write long letters now.

With best love to all, all - including yourself.

I am very affectionately yours,
Emily Anne Hutchison

Letter 59 of 89

Per mail
January 12th 1860

Queanbeyan
November 6th 1859

My dear Spencer,

I am at home today, for a wonder, for I always dine and tea at Mr Hutchison's on Sunday. Mr Hutchison having finished his buildings, they are all gone, and Alex with them, to see them. They went yesterday and may not return till tomorrow so I will write to you, my dear brother.

I received dear Father's and Mother's letters last month and I am truly grateful to them for their promises of aid and assistance if I can get home. I shall be very thankful for the case when it comes.

The property is still unsettled, but I believe something will be done about next month for the five years is then up. Mr Severne, the mortgagee is in England, at Derby. He is brother, I believe, to the County Member. When all is sold I ought to have a fourth. The father and sons put the same amount in the concern. I should be glad if the little house in Buckingham could be sold. Mr Hearn, of the firm Hearn & Nelson, has the deeds and is conversant with all the Hutchison affairs.

It is all doubtful again about the visit of the Considines to England, but if they do come I will most certainly ask them to take Alex. He seems quite willing, for I have told him how much better I should be able to get home, which he understands. I would send him directly I thought I was coming.

He has been so much with me that he wearies me. If I step into the yard he must go, and indeed wherever else. If I say no, he cries, so that at times it presses me. He is getting on nicely with his learning. He bought a copy book last week with a shilling he had given him and he has commenced writing. Everybody is surprised at him.

Last week there was a Wesleyan missionary meeting and from the interest taken in it I think if a minister was settled here Episcopacy would suffer. After the Conference in December it may be so. I should be glad, tho I could not give up my playing at the church.

I have heard nothing from Sydney for seven or eight months. Should we have left Queanbeyan when the case comes (which is not likely), everybody will know where to send it. I shall know something final, I hope, next time I write.

I am thankful to say we are all very well, but since I wrote to Edward I have had a sharp attack of quinsy (or diphtheria, as it is called here). I did not send for the doctor, but gargled my throat with cayenne pepper and water, took a strong emetic and put a mustard poultice to my throat and feet. With God's blessing, I soon got relief. The English cholera has taken off one or two very suddenly, but it does not spread.

I must tell an anecdote of Eddy. I told him one day not to say "tater" but "potato". He did say "tater" again, but upon my reproof he said, "Oh no, taterpo."

I must now draw to a close. My circumstances are much the same. I get plenty of work but I am sometimes very tired of it and with it. Still, I have many blessings. I trust we shall all meet again on earth and sometimes I feel sure we shall. Whether we do or not, I trust not one of us will be found at the left hand when God shall judge the world.

With love to every one of you and all enquirers, and wishing you all a happy new year, and that I may meet you all before it closes. I remain, as ever,

Your affectionate sister,
Emily Anne Hutchison

Letter 60 of 89

Per mail

February 9th 1860

Queanbeyan

December 5th 1859

My dear Anne,

It is your turn to receive a note, having written to all before you. The children and myself, I am thankful to say, are quite well in health and in somewhat improving circumstances. I have removed from Queanbeyan into a smaller house and two of the landlord's children as pupils to me pay the rent. At the other place I had £20 per annum to pay for rent, wood and water. All this is saved and the boys can get me all the wood I want. I expect more scholars after Christmas and I have plenty of needlework. I am thankful for this prosperity.

Janet is expecting money from England which she is entitled to. She tells me she will purchase a house and ground adjoining theirs, and let me live in it free while I am here. I believe they would all do more for me if in their power, but they have only what they earn.

James and a younger brother are trying for a farm. If they succeed I am to live with them, keep their house and manage the dairy. Tho I should then give up school I shall be able to do plenty of needlework. We should be a few miles from here. James says if things prospered he should be able to do something handsome for the children and myself. No doubt we should have something. He would have cattle and horses. Part of the increase he would allot to us and have them branded in our name. I hope he may succeed. It will be more comfortable for me and far more healthy.

James is more like what Edward was - kind and affectionate, but not so clever. They are all first-rate businessmen. Robert is a mechanical genius. He is always making model mills, machines, etc., etc. I thought I should have been able to tell Mr Hutchison's mind and movements, but all is undecided yet. Daniel goes to Melbourne for a year's schooling. The Considines say nothing now about England.

I am very happy to tell you a Wesleyan chapel is commenced. The salary for the minister is promised and all the materials are on the ground. Messrs Wright and O'Neill have brought this about almost alone. They have left the Church entirely, but strange to say, so far from being Christians, they are both bad men. But they have given their time, their money, their energy to the Wesleyans in this matter.

Tell dear Father and Mother that I am very, very thankful to them for all their kindness to me and my children. I hope I am still more grateful to that faithful "unchangeable friend" whose mercies have indeed followed me all my life and are always about my path.

I live now in a place called Garry Owen, a few miles from Queanbeyan, but my address may continue the same. It is on the outskirts of the town. I think you will see where it is by the map. Garry Owen is occupied by small farmers, with farms from ten to twenty acres each, keeping a few cows. My house belongs to one of them who is also a shoemaker. He is a Scotchman of the name of Graham.

After Christmas Mrs Graham is coming to me of an evening to improve herself. I really could have a large adult school, but evening is the only time I can get air and walk out. The heat is so intense in the daytime and I fear I should suffer if I gave up.

I must close. My paper is full and my news gone.

Love, very best love to all, in which Alex especially joins, and wishing you all a happy new year, I am

Your affectionate sister,
Emily Anne Hutchison

P.S. Mrs Wright has given the children new dresses. I have bought them new brown straw hats and

trimmed them with royal blue. It is only what everybody says, that my children are the best dressed in the district and that they look like young noblemen. Really, they certainly are very superior looking children.

I have a white straw bonnet with white silk ruches outside, but no new dress!

Letter 61 of 89

Per mail

March 11th 1860

Queanbeyan

January 30th 1860

My beloved Father,

I have great news to tell you, but whether or not good we shall see hereafter. For me at present the good is very doubtful. There is gold found in part of Maneroo fifty miles from here, only three feet sinking - nuggety gold and easy to obtain. The township has been emptied of its males and everything has risen fearfully.

I can assure you I am anxious about the future - at times overpowered - but I adjourn to another room and soon feel calm, and able to think that tho things look bad now, they will brighten by and by. John and James (who are gone) will share with me if successful. When we hear from them Mr Hutchison and his younger sons are going.

I am glad to tell you the Walter Hood has arrived in safety and I have sent the bill of lading to Mr Nutter, but I have heard nothing further. I hope to receive it in about a fortnight.

The wreck of the Royal Charter was indeed a fearful one. Oh how distressing to the voyagers to die in sight of home. I might certainly have been in her - all that you supposed was probable. I am thankful I am spared. I know I am not fit to be called hence. I trust if it should please God to permit me to return home He will permit me to land and embrace my relatives, but if prepared and it is the Will of God, it will only be the separation of a few years at most.

You say, my dear Father, your hope of seeing me this year strengthens. I see no brighter prospect. Mrs Considine has not said a word in her letters about hearing from you. I have not seen her letters but I know Janet would tell me everything, altho Ann might not. Perhaps these gold fields may be the means of my return. Do not let me raise your hopes for I am not at all sanguine, but still I believe the Hutchisons will do what they can for me. John and James have often expressed themselves very kindly on my behalf, but up to the present time they have been working for their father and his remuneration is low and irregular.

The Wesleyan Chapel is nearly finished and will shortly be opened. A new church is also commenced. I will send sketches of both.

Enclosed is a note for Anne from Alex. I do not think he has improved since he wrote last. I have not pressed him - he is full of thought and is thin and fretful. I thought it best not to let him do much. He has finished one copy book and it is better than many boys at ten or twelve. He can do addition sums of ten figures in height and count thousands. Perhaps you will smile, but Eddy can make strokes a sight better than one scholar I have, six years old. Alex is a favourite with all the male portion of Queanbeyan for his cleverness and manliness. He does not care for fondling, but Eddy could not do without it, so he is a pet with the females.

Alex continues to improve at his singing. He amused me the other evening. We had just reached home and were within the garden when a young man whistled "Willie, We Have Missed You". "Now hark at Mr Jarrold," he said, "I dare say he learnt that hearing me sing it" - as if no one could know it but himself. I was cutting his hair the other day when I found a bare spot. For a moment I forgot he had some time before cut his head, and was wondering what it was, when he said

quite gravely: "Ah, I know what it is. I must be getting old. I shall be bald like Dr Morton." I laughed heartily.

February 7th 1860. Last Wednesday we heard from John and James, who sent a specimen of the gold, a small portion of which I enclose. They urge all to come up who can as they believe that there are miles upon miles of it and only three feet deep. Robert and Lampitt are gone and indeed nearly all the men in the town. Many have done well already. It was found only a month ago and now there are twenty-five miles of tents, averaging five and six in a tent. Every visitor says there never was such a gold field. John writes to Janet that some are digging up two and three pounds at a time.

There is, however, a great drawback, which most extra good things have, proving the truth of the proverb "It is not all gold that glitters" - the cold and snow, frost and flood prevail. None can stop after April and go no more till November. It is summer now, says John, and the ice is two inches thick (the paper says three inches). The snow in winter is twenty or thirty feet deep and when it melts the Snowy River rises forty-five feet high. The skeletons of a bullock and man were found in the branches of a tree fifty feet high.

I think I have told you all my news. We are all as well as the weather will allow us to be. Dysentery and diphtheria are much about and have taken many away, but I am truly thankful to say neither of us has had them, nor any sickness.

It is indeed a great mercy, which I am sure is more than I deserve, but then I sometimes repine. I hope I am not really ungrateful in heart to my heavenly Father for my mercies, especially for His first and greatest gift - His Beloved Son.

Love to all, dear Father,
with you from yours
Emily Anne Hutchison

Letter 62 of 89

Per mail
April 1860

Convolvulus Lodge
Queanbeyan
March 7th 1860

My dearest Mother,

I have had a washing today and my hands are unfitted for needlework. I will write a few lines to you, as the time for posting draws near.

I have not received the box yet. It has been some time in Goulburn, but do all I can, there it stays. All the drays are engaged for the diggings so I had it booked to come by mail a fortnight back. There is a mail every day, and sometimes two, but there my box stops on account of this gold fever. Many are now returning. The weather there is bad, the excitement will abate and I shall have my package.

We have had several days of very heavy rain all over the country. It commenced the same hour and day everywhere, causing some severe floods and great loss of life and property, especially in Braidwood. Queanbeyan only has escaped. The river was very high and made the bridge tremble, but it passed away without damage.

On Sunday morning I heard a beautiful sermon at the church from Mr Soares on Genesis 27. I like him very much better than I did. If he were not so at one with the squatters or aristocrats he would be generally liked. Mrs Soares is a very pleasant lady. They have had much trouble since their marriage about three years ago. They have lost twelve relatives since, including their eldest babe, a lovely little girl of fourteen months. Mrs Soares has lately given birth to a boy, but his palate is split

into three and he has no roof to his mouth. She has no milk and the child is a most pitiable object. The affliction has benefited Mr Soares.

In the evening, at half past seven, we were crossing the bridge when we heard a low rumbling sound, which increased louder every second, and the bridge swayed from side to side. We were obliged to stand still to keep our balance. We thought it the shock of an earthquake. It quite upset me. I felt sick and I am not yet right. It was felt all over the town but I have not heard of the shock from any other place. How true it is that in the midst of life we are in death. I trust such a death will not be mine, but what does it signify, if we are fit to be called hence?

Myself and the children have been very well. Alexander continues thin but he is growing. Eddy is nearly as tall and a great deal stouter. I am glad to say I get plenty of needlework. My scholars are reduced to four.

I see or hear nothing like a movement towards home. Mrs Considine makes no sign.

With love, very best love to all, everyone - Father, Mother, brothers, sisters, relatives, friends and enquirers. Believe me

Ever affectionately yours,
Emily Anne Hutchison

Alex has sent Melbourne Punches by this mail to all but Jessie, to whom he will send next time.

Letter 63 of 89

Per mail

June 16th 1860

Queanbeyan

March 27th 1860

To Jessie,

It is now your turn, my dear sister, to receive a letter from me and as the month is hastening to its close I must commence writing.

I have just received the box. It has cost me as much from Sydney as Father from England - fifty shillings.

The dress, shawl and coat were spotted with mildew, the coat very much. I am going to wear the skirt of the dress next Sunday - the body I must turn and alter. Eddy's dress and shoes are too small, but I can sell the dress and Janet has bought the shoes. Alex's shoes just fit Eddy.

Tell dear Father I should have been much obliged for the £5 if I had received it, but when I opened the packet I found only five shillings carefully rolled up. I dare say you will all scarcely believe it. I almost doubted my own eyes and thought they must have changed colour!! So I looked again, but no, they were bona fide shillings! The only thing I can think of is that dear Father went to the cash box in the dark, but certainly I never was more amazed in my life.

There is a family in this district going home very soon. I have written to them but have received no answer yet. All the Hutchisons say if I can sell Edward's house in Buckingham they will make up the rest to take me to England and find me clothes. Will dear Father enquire? Uncle Alex Hutchison is going to Buckingham about the other property, so perhaps Father will write to him or Mr Coates.

Mr Hutchison, John and James have returned from Kiandra without doing much good. Robert and Lampitt are still there and doing, it is said, pretty well. I believe they will all go again in the spring.

If so, I hope for their success, for sometimes I feel as if all my strength and spirit were leaving me. Lately I have been very low spirited and not well in health. Dear Father said in his last he hoped my soul was resting calmly on Jesus. Sometimes it is so and then I am without a care, but at other

times I am full of trouble and much bowed down. I am truly thankful for our health and mercies, while all around me many are ill and dying.

Eddy continues fat and rosy and Alex, tho pale and thin, is very well. His aptitude for learning is remarkable, his power of calculation wonderful. He knows his tables well and can read the Roman figures as well as others. I cannot keep him from his books.

It must indeed have been a happy moment for dear Father when Spencer laid his first cheque before him. My eyes filled at the thought.

It is very painful about dear Philip and his wife, but I cannot understand the matter. Her letters are all I could wish and Philip never but once referred to the separation when he said he could not visit home because his wife was not welcome.

The energy, warmth of heart and heightened piety Father seems to miss in Mr Davis we have in the Wesleyan ministers here. Several I like very much, Mr Dowson and Mr Kelynack especially. They have visited here for three years and are now removed. We are to have a Mr Caldwell in May when the chapel is to be opened.

My heart responds to all dear Father says about coming home but my spirits just now will not permit me to think about it.

Mr Soares has lost his second child. Mrs Soares is at Sydney and, being alone, the good man has fretted himself ill. I copied "A Father's Dream" and sent it to him. He is very fond of children and notices mine very much, but no wonder - everybody says mine are such superior children. A woman here some time since, when she saw them said, "How strange it is your children look like a gentleman's children." I asked (somewhat scornfully, I fear), "What are they, then?"

I am now tired. Love, best love to all - everyone, of course including yourself, from

Your affectionate sister,
Emily Anne Hutchison

[Enclosure]
Queanbeyan

My dear Aunt,

You must think I am very lazy not to write to you before now, so I will write in case we should come to England, which I will be very glad if we do, for I am tired of this country and would like to see another one.

You will be very glad to know I am getting on with my lessons. I can read any book and all sorts of figures. I learn my tables and do an addition sum every day, besides reading, writing and spelling.

Yesterday was Good Friday, so Eddy and I had new pink check frocks, loose white jackets and blue turbans.

I must now leave off. I am very tired, so goodbye. I hope I shall see you soon. I am

Your affectionate nephew,
Considine Alexander Jas. Hutchison

Letter 64 of 89

August 10th 1860

Rutledge Street
Queanbeyan
June 7th 1860

My dear sisters,

I must write to you together this time as I missed addressing Martha last month. The reason I did so was illness. I have had a very sharp attack of influenza. I was ill for a fortnight, but I am now nearly recovered, except for pains in my back and limbs. I am sure it was a blessing I had a kind neighbour, for I was almost helpless, suffering terribly also with ear ache. I had not moved as now, or I should have thought the new house had done it.

I am now living in Rutledge Street, in the middle of the twenty-third section, as you will see by the map. The Wesleyan Chapel is opposite, in the middle of the twenty-second section. My house is very pleasantly situated. Lying high, it overlooks the whole town from the back. There are only two other houses in the street. One is untenanted and the other is the residence of the surveyor. I pay five shillings per week.

The Wesleyan Chapel was opened five weeks back and is free from debt.

Do you remember my mention of a Mr Gale, a Wesleyan preacher who used to come here about three years and a half back? He married and consequently he was dismissed as a minister. He has been keeping a school since, but he is returning here to open a printing office and establish a paper. He was brought up a compositor. He is a clever man and will sometimes preach here.

My own school is improving. I have now fifteen scholars and expect five or six more next week. You might like to know their names. If so, they are -

- 1 Mary Ann, 2 Kate, 3 Ellen and 4 Bridget Doyle
- 5 Willy and 6 Edward Graham
- 7 Isabella O'Neill
- 8 Augusta, 9 Willy and 10 John Hunt
- 11 Jane Evans
- 12 Sarah and 13 Adelaide Jacobs
- 14 Phoebe Hannah Kaye
- 15 Lawrence Malone

My expectants are Mary Noonan, Nancy Taylor, Louisa Wisbey, Willy George Hunt, Sarah Ann Dickinson and Margaret Beatty, so you see I have cause to be thankful.

I have done needlework this week to the amount of thirty shillings. I get plenty because I work neatly and quickly. Pardon my egotism. As there are so few to praise me to you, I must do it myself. I can assure you people are willing to wait any time so long as I will do it.

Now for a little about our own dress. I have a linsey dress with four military stripes of blue Norwich crepe. I gave for it 12s 6d in Goulburn. I have a brown hat with brown ribbon and black feather. I have trimmed my straw hat I had all summer with black velvet and blue ribbon. Alex has also a linsey coat, with blue stripes in front and thickly padded, Eddy a puce velvet made alike - hats as before.

I am thankful to say they are quite well. Alex helps me well now. He sets eight copies a day besides teaching two their letters.

I ought to have written to Philip this month but I am so busy I cannot.

I must not lose this post. It is now three o'clock on Friday morning and I must send it by nine, so must say good night and go to bed.

With best, best, very best love to all, all, every one of you, believe me

Ever yours affectionately,
Emily Anne Hutchison

Letter 65 of 89

Rutledge Street
Queanbeyan
July 2nd 1860

My beloved parents,

It is quite time I wrote again to you, but really the months fly away so quickly I sometimes can scarcely credit they are gone. It is now five weeks tomorrow since I moved here. I am very well pleased as it is warm and comfortable.

Mr Considine sent the photograph last mail.

The other evening I had a visitor from Sydney - Mr North, the husband of Clara Hack. He is a very nice young man and a Christian. He told me of the sad reverses of Mr Jones. They have literally nothing and he has gone back to the shop in his old age to see what he can do with the business. What a change after occupying such a mansion as Barncleuth, Woolloomooloo! Mr North says Mr Jones bears it like a Christian but Mrs Jones is in a terrible way. Mr Nutter and Mr North both also failed but they paid everybody and are doing well again. Mr North thinks of coming here when he commences business again. He is travelling now and making money fast.

You said in last month's letter, my dear Father, that you hoped no second marriage was in the way as I did not refer so much to coming home. There is no thought of a second marriage at present for I have seen no one that would suit me. Altho I would much sooner be married than single, still I almost think I should refuse anyone I did like as I should think it would prevent me from coming home. My desire to come home is just as strong as ever, but I also feel quite contented to stop here if it is the Lord's Will, and feeling so I have said less about it.

I have had another attack of influenza but I am thankful I am again better. It has attacked everybody in the township.

I have written to Mr Coates to sell the house and forward you the money, and also any arrears of rent, etc. No doubt you will hear from him.

I must now close, with best love to all, in which the children join. Believe me ever to be

Your affectionate daughter,
Emily Anne Hutchison

Letter 66 of 89

October 22nd 1860

Rutledge Street
Queanbeyan
August 7th 1860

My dear William,

It scarcely seems possible that a month should have elapsed since I last wrote, so rapidly does time pass with me. The days and weeks are not half long enough, my time is so fully employed. I have now seventeen scholars. I believe I shall have several more soon and much needlework. I would give up all the latter but tuition is too fluctuating and irregular. Therefore I must ply the needle and taking work I must finish it. Hence I am driven to late hours.

To give dear Mother an idea of my labour in a week I will tell you last week's work. Besides my teaching, I made two shirts for a boy of twelve, three cloth caps corded and bound with plaid moire, remodelled frocks for Alex and Eddy, and washing, ironing, baking, cooking, digging one large bed in the garden and planting lettuces - so you see I have not much time to spare.

My garden has never been dug before so it is rather troublesome. I manage to do one bed a week, so I shall one day have it done. One of the boys (Hutchisons) will help me a little before he starts for Kiandra, but they have so much roofing just now they are obliged to do that in the day and doors, sashes, etc., at night. James and Robert are building a mill at Cooma. They are supplying me with a few loads of dry wood and they cut down a few trees for me so that I shall not have to buy

wood. When my garden is finished I shall have white turnips, swedes, onions, lettuces, radishes, peas, broad beans, scarlet runners, cabbages, celery, parsley, thyme, mint, carrots, parsnips, rhubarb, melons, pumpkins and numerous flowers.

August 9th 1860. I must finish to you, dear Willy, as tomorrow will be the last day for posting. I am not very well myself, but I am thankful to say the children are. Alex has been down to his aunt's every day this week to play with his little cousin who is not well and is very fond of him. He returns every evening, for nothing can induce him to stop from me at night. He has a large barrow, big enough for two children. Before he goes, he collects me chips and wood for next morning for fear it should be wet. He will then do his copy and spell, get himself ready and go - all this without telling, tho at times he is as thoughtless as others.

They are very different. You would think Alex cares nothing for me - he never comes to kiss me. Eddy constantly does, but Eddy will stay with his aunt (or anyone else who fondles him!) all night and many nights.

I must close. Love to all, including yourself, I am

Affectionately yours,
Emily Anne Hutchison

Letter 67 of 89

Same time

Queanbeyan
August 10th 1860

My dearest Mother,

While I was ill Alex was a dear boy, doing all little duties in the morning without telling. I am pleased to tell you he is much improved in temper. I have rarely touched him. I have put him to bed when he has been very naughty, and pray with him so that he can understand me and wish God's blessing. I think it will do him good.

He is anxious to learn everything. He can hem and sew very well, and wants to learn crochet. I do not see why he should not, should I stop here. It will give him something to do and he will not wish to go out. He has sent you his name to let you see he is not going back in writing. He reads beautifully, rarely failing in a word. He is now reading "Ministering Children" and he so thoroughly understands it that when he comes to a word beyond his knowledge he puts in another to connect the ideas.

Eddy cares not for books - he is all play, but he is a quick boy. The other day he wanted to go with Alex. I said: "No, no. Don't go, Noonan's dog may fly out at you." He said promptly, "Dogs have not got wings, Mother!"

Did I tell you the Considines had sent the likenesses?

With best love to all, all, all, and a double portion to yourself and dear Father, I am and ever shall be,

Your affectionate daughter,
Emily Anne Hutchison

Letter 68 of 89

Same time

November 19th 1860

Rutledge Street
Queanbeyan
September 4th 1860

My dearest Dante,

You are now past twenty years of age - it seems impossible it should be twenty years since you were born. I thought myself almost a woman then. I am sure I do not feel more so now in many ways, and scarcely think I am my age. When I look back upon all that has passed during that period, the time seems its length. Alex, Eddy and myself drank your health in orange juice, as also dear Mother's and Anne's. Altho I do not always mention birthdays now, I always remember them as they come. Sometimes I have to think how old each of you are.

I am quite satisfied to wait God's time to return home. No doubt it is for some good purpose towards me that He has not ere this opened up the pathway thither.

I was sorry to hear you had all left Maberly, for I have often thought with what pleasure I should sit in the old chapel again. It is indeed a world of change.

I should very much like dear Edward's likeness, but it would be as well to wait and see if I shall be able to come home in 1863.

With love, best love to all
Emily Anne Hutchison

Next mail I will send Father the first number of a paper published here by Mr John Gale.

Letter 69 of 89

Queanbeyan
September 1860

My dear Mother,

I have just had my own and the children's likenesses taken separate. As they would cost a great deal to send by post I shall wait a little while, for I expect Mr North up here again shortly. I will get him to take them to Sydney and send them to you by the company's vessel.

You will be delighted with the children, for everyone is, but my own looks as haggard as ever. Some say I look better. I was not trimmed out, as I had no intention of being taken when I took the dear boys, but you will see me there as I generally am.

I must close, as I am writing to Dante. With kind love, I am devotedly,

Your
Emily

I hope you will receive the three likenesses in January - perhaps before Christmas.
(wish I may TBW)

Letter 70 of 89

Same time
Per mail
January 1861

Rutledge Street
Queanbeyan
October 9th 1860

It is time, my dear Edward, I wrote. I have been so very, very, very busy I had forgotten time was running on so fast.

The new church was opened last Sunday and for a fortnight I was there practising for the musical service. I will describe it. It began with a short voluntary while the minister was walking in, then "I Will Arise" which all sang, then chanted "O Come, Let Us Sing", "We Praise Thee, O God" and "O, Be Joyful". Afterwards, the 100th Psalm (tune "Old Hundredth"), then "All Hail The Power" (tune "Miles Lane") and as the people left I played "Vesper". Evening service - similar order. The church looks very nice. I will sketch it when I can.

I send by same post number one of the Queanbeyan paper published by Mr J. Gale, once Wesleyan minister, with whom we are intimate. They are near and nice neighbours.

I will send a number now and then.

I should have sent the photographs, but find the post expensive at eight shillings. I must send by parcel delivery company - fourpence an ounce.

I have a bad headache today but I am generally tolerably well. My school is slack again but I am fully employed. One week makes up another.

The children are quite well, Alex still thin, Eddy still fat. Dear Eddy said the other night, "Mother, God is a long while taking me to heaven." I told him he would not go till he died. "Well then," said he, "I shall not go at all for I am never going to die."

A short time back Annie Gale, a little girl of four, and Eddy were talking about heaven. Eddy said, "If we are all good we shall go there when we die." Annie replied: "Oh no! You will not be there because there are no boys in heaven." Eddy was not pleased at that and looked inclined to knock little Annie down. Mr Gale has no boys and I expect her thought arose from her father saying, "All good girls go there."

I have only time left to say love to all, every one, and committing you all to the care of that God who has cared so much for me, and is still caring for me. Goodbye, and believe me

Affectionately yours,
Emily Anne Hutchison

Letter 71 of 89

Per mail
March 20th 1861

Rutledge Street
Queanbeyan
January 9th 1861

My beloved Father,

This is the first time I take up my pen to write this year. I thought I would begin early in the month for in December all the rivers were up and I could not send my letter. I hope Christmas has not been dull to you, and that the new year will be a happy one.

My prospects are not bright, but I must hope on - they will change. I am sure He who ruleth over all will do all for my good. I am favoured now more than ever before with a few private friends, Mr and Mrs Frank and John Gale, living near. I frequently spend my evening with them. I opened school today, but with only a few scholars.

Mr Nutter has sent the children's photographs. He says everyone in Sydney is pleased with them, especially Alex looking so thoughtful and intelligent - he is much improving. Eddy is a little bounce when he can get the opportunity. I did not like mine and would not send it. Mr F. Gale takes likenesses. I will be taken again and send it as soon as I can.

Mr Hutchison is gone to Melbourne to see Mrs Considine before she goes to England. If I

could have seen them I certainly would have sent Alex to you, but as they have shown me no kindness I could not ask them. I requested Mr Hutchison to try and touch their sympathies on my behalf. He said he would do what he could.

When Mr North was here I gave him a few commissions to purchase a few things for me in Sydney. I received the packet yesterday. The difference in price is amazing. Boots here for myself cost fifteen shillings, in Sydney five shillings. Alpaca here two shillings per yard, in Sydney tenpence, and the same rate in hundreds of things. No wonder everybody is poor here but shopkeepers.

I have been very poorly, suffering from indigestion. I sit too closely, I know. The weather is hot and dry, and this tires my frame. The children have been very well, but today Eddy had an accident which might have cost him his life. He slipped and fell in the fire, burnt his arms against the logs, and upset a saucepan of bacon and beans over his hands and arms. They are in a shocking state and he has had them in cold water all the afternoon. I hope the fire is out - they are now bound up in treacle. I was not in the room when it happened and when I picked my darling up I was much frightened, as I did not know where he was hurt.

After next month a Wesleyan minister will preach here every Sunday and a Sabbath school be commenced.

I had no letter from home last month.

About a month since I received an offer of marriage from a young man of the name of Samuel Pindar. He is thirty-seven and a builder, but he is keeping a store for one of the squatters. He is a Baptist and, I believe, a Christian. He referred me to the Baptist minister, Mr Voller, in Sydney about himself and to Mr Fairfax as knowing his parents in Leamington - and he knows the Readings. I have not accepted him, but I think I should if I did not wish so intensely to come home.

I received another offer only a few days since, from a West Indian, a very nice young man, a compositor. As to personal appearance, I prefer the latter gentleman, but I told him he was too young - he was only twenty-two or twenty-three. He reminds me very much of Mr Tyndall, of Tottenham.

I must close, with love, very best love, a double allowance to you and dear Mother, from

Your ever affectionate daughter,
Emily Anne Hutchison

Letter 72 of 89

Per mail

May 6th 1861

Rutledge Street

Queanbeyan

March 15th 1861

Happier days have arisen for Queanbeyan, dear Jessie. I know you will rejoice with me. Mr J. Gale, formerly a Wesleyan minister, now editor and proprietor of the Golden Age, has been appointed local preacher here and he has opened a Sabbath school. Alex and Eddy attend. Alex is very desirous of going, to learn all he can. A young lady named Walker, from Braidwood, is his teacher.

I think Mr Gale will do a great deal of good. He is very much liked and I think him a first-rate preacher. He is too plain spoken for some, of course.

Mr Soares preaches good sermons but is very inconsistent. I know it is not right to find fault, but when those who set up as guides are so faulty, one cannot help a notice. Mr Gale preaches every Sunday, but I can only hear him once a fortnight, being engaged in the church.

I am improving in my voice and singing. However full the church is, my voice, they say, is heard above them all. How egotistical (do you say) - but remember, I have no one to write for me

now. I must speak for myself.

I am thankful to say the children are very well, but I cannot say so of myself. I am not seriously ill and I do not wish to complain. God has been very merciful to me. Many children are dying here with diphtheria, but mine have not had it. If it should please the Lord to take them, I feel quite willing to give them up - I should feel so sure of their salvation. I hope whatever is the Lord's Will concerning me and mine, I shall be able to say "Not mine, but Thy Will be done".

I must say goodbye, for I have to write to dear Mother and I have only today.
Love to all, including yourself.

Yours affectionately,
Emily

P.S. I received letters last month and sent word to Mr Nutter about his sister's illness.
I did not write last month. I was not well. E.H.

Letter 73 of 89

May 20th 1861

Rutledge Street
Queanbeyan
April 13th 1861

My dear Martha,

As I have an hour to spare, I write to you, but it seems so shortly I did write that I am at a loss for something to tell. I am pleased you are better - may you continue so - but if it should be the Divine Will to remove you early, I hope you can say "Father, not my will but Thine be done". It is hard at times to feel this fully. I have been very unwell for some time and troubled with much care. I have been deeply anxious as to ways and means, but as before, friends have appeared and a door has been opened. I have felt it good to be afflicted and I hope I think my faith in my Saviour has not abated.

I am better now in every way. For the present I am daily governess to Mrs Levy's five children. I take a glass of port wine every day. My Sundays tire me - there is so much chaunting and working the pedals. For the last five Sundays I have had to sing alone, but lately a few have been practising. I have to lead all.

April 14th 1861. About the time you will receive this several birthdays will occur - Anne and my Alex, dear Edward, Jessie and Janet.

April 28th 1861. Mr Gale preached a beautiful sermon this morning "Be thou faithful, etc." and Mr Soares a touching one this evening from "Suffer little children, etc."

The weather has been very wet lately and this may not reach Sydney in time.

The children are quite well. Alex is shedding his teeth.

Love, best love, to all from

Yours affectionately,
Emily Anne Hutchison

I often think I should forget all my music if it were not for my church engagement.

I am glad Spencer is a good musician. I hope to sing to him if I return.

Give my love to Willy and tell him to give my love to his intended bride. I should like to be home by the time they are united, but I have left off wishing to come home, in a sense being willing to leave it in the hands of my heavenly Father.

I suppose by this time you have the children's likenesses.

I am thankful to learn dear Father and Mother are so well, tho delicate. It might have pleased

God to take them.

Letter 74 of 89

Rutledge Street
Queanbeyan
May 7th 1861

My dear Jane,

I have been trying since I received the February packet to write, but I am so driven I have only now obtained a little time. As the roads are in a dreadful state I must post soon in case the mail is delayed. I am thankful to say my health is better, but I am subject to hysterical affections. Crying relieves me. I dare say Father will say I yield to it, but I really do not, for when I am merry they come on. I am sure they proceed from weakness and exhaustion of the nervous system.

Now I must not dwell on this, but I may say sometimes I feel so sick of teaching and needlework that I scarce know how to give proper attention. Mrs Levy would take me entirely, but she is not to be depended on. While you are in favor all is well and generous, but when otherwise your character is not safe.

I do not indeed take recreation. I wish I could go out but no one invites me. Only those who can well afford to pay are asked.

I have written to Melbourne and given indirect hints of my desire to be sent home. Mr Hutchison returned the other day, bringing from Maria challis plaids, embroidery for trousers and a gold waist band. I wrote and thanked her for the things.

Mrs Nutter said they would have assisted me if able and I do not believe Mr Jones is at all in possession of surplus just now, so I see no prospect at present. I suppose Father has heard nothing more from Mr Coates about seeing the house?

Father mentions the death of Mr Watson and Mrs Wood, but I cannot remember who they were. I remember going with Father to a gentleman's house, one of a large row, where all was in grand style. Was that Mr Watson's? Who was that stout old lady in Holloway? Was that Mrs Wood?

The children are quite well. Alex is shedding his teeth. Eddy is beginning to read and write.

Alex is the best reader in the Sabbath school, and there are English children twelve and thirteen. Alex does not improve fast. He is delicate and I do not keep him close. He is never ill, but eats scarcely anything. I must not complain. If it is the Lord's Will to take him, it would be far best for him.

Love, best love, to all, including yourself. I am

Affectionately yours,
Emily Anne Hutchison

I am glad to hear of the Coombs's prosperity.

Letter 75 of 89

June 14th 1861

My beloved parents,

The mail has arrived but I have received no letter, only a paper.

My health is much the same, but I am not so troubled with hysterics. My circulation is bad, I think. If I put my hands in cold water or take any exertion, my hands, arms, legs and feet seem paralyzed and lose their power. I am always weary but I do not mind while my spirits are good.

About three weeks back I had diphtheria, tho not severely. I used bag salt and vinegar outside and inside my throat, and found great relief.

The children have been and are well, a little humour only breaking out upon them, but this is a common case in the town just now.

Many deaths have occurred lately, nearly all thro drunkenness. It is frightful here. I fear there are not more than about ten really sober men in the place. Women also drink sadly.

I hope Mr Gale will do good with his preaching and publishing. He is fearlessly faithful. It is a pleasure to hear him. He is not good looking, but when animated I see as it were a heavenly light upon his countenance. Alex says he wishes we never went to church - he feels sleepy there, but never at chapel.

Next Monday week we shall have a tea meeting and I will send you a paper about it. I send now a Ballarat paper.

Mrs Considine - a hussy! Her conduct has fretted me. I know it is wrong. I have been enabled hitherto to live and maintain my position, and I know God will help me in the time to come as He has helped me in time past.

Daniel Hutchison is gone to Melbourne. He is going to the college to study for a doctor.

I shall be alone here soon, for Mr Hutchison has taken a farm out in the bush and they are all going away. If all is well and I am here, the children and myself are to go for a fortnight at Christmas.

With best love to all, all, all from

Yours,
Emily Anne Hutchison

Letter 76 of 89

Rutledge Street
Queanbeyan
July 16th 1861

My dear Burder,

I fully intended to write as long a letter to you as I did last month to Philip, but Eddy has been very bad with the canker thrush and I too have been ill. Necessity alone keeps me about. I have the influenza and my prospects are not bright. I have but few scholars and no other work.

I have left Mrs Levy. I could not put up with her insults any longer but still, dear Burder, with all I am not so depressed as you would think. I did think of drawing on Mr Jones for a few pounds as Father said I might, but I certainly shall not if I can do without, for I am sure dear Father has plenty to take his money. Ann and Janet are very kind.

Uncle Alexander Hutchison has sent Alex some beautiful plaid from Scotland, but I shall keep it for him at present. The dear boy is a great help to me now. I often leave him at home, and he will get everything ready for tea, the table set, a good fire, the water boiled, candle lit, wood cut up and brought in for the morning, but Eddy will not do anything.

Emily Anne Hutchison

Letter 77 of 89

Queanbeyan
August 17th 1861

My dear William,

My note to you will be short for two reasons. First, the mail goes out tomorrow. Second, I wish to send the children's portraits (taken June) to Uncle Alex thro you and if I take more paper it will be overweight. Father may keep which he likes.

(Mr Jones a Note of hand with Miss Sarahs Wedding Cards)

The children are well. Alex is a beautiful singer. His voice can be heard above all in chaunting or singing. He keeps good time and is the admiration of all who hear him.

Mr Hutchison and all the family are going to their farm in the bush. Alex goes with them for a fortnight to take care of his cousins, Annie and Florence. If spared till next Christmas the children and myself will go for three weeks. The farm is ten miles distant but they will come to chapel every Sunday. When the harvest is in they will supply me with flour, and send me every week eggs, butter and all kind of garden produce. They have a fine orchard. The produce of it they will bring to town and I shall dispose of the same after supplying myself for the trouble. Thus, if all is well, I shall be all the better off for their leaving, altho I shall feel lonely at first.

I have a large piece of garden ground which by degrees Alex and myself are getting under cultivation. When it is all planted I will send you word of what I have in it.

Love, love to all, all including yourself and Leila. Believe me

Your affectionate sister,
Emily Anne Hutchison

Letter 78 of 89

Received November 20th 1861

Rutledge Street
Queanbeyan
September 17th 1861

This day, my beloved Harry, Willy has entered his twenty-fourth year. It seems scarcely possible that ten years can have passed, so great is the difference, for in many ways I do not feel older than when I left home. My hair is just as dark as ever it was - not one grey hair! My step is quick and sprightly, and persons walking behind me oft take me for a mere girl. In my face I look something older than I own. I am still very thin (only twenty-two inches around the waist) but I am thankful to say I have felt better the last month than I have done for some time.

I have been staying the last fortnight with Janet and Ann (having neither scholars nor needlework) and they were alone. The change has done me good.

As they all soon go to the bush farm I have removed about twenty fruit trees from their ground to mine so that soon I shall have a very nice garden. I have peas eighteen inches high and flowers of every description. I have plums, cherries, currants, gooseberries, turnips, carrots, parsnips, beetroot, mangel-wurzel, all kinds of onions and green stuff, beans (broad, French and scarlet), tomatoes, cucumber, melons, pumpkins and corn (Indian, I mean). I have this day put in eight rows of early potatoes.

So much for my garden - now for my livestock. I have ten fowls and two turkeys. I intend setting two hens shortly so that I expect, if fortunate, I shall have some eggs for sale beyond my own consumption.

The captain and crew of a French man-of-war came into Sydney the other day and bought £400 worth of cattle. After delivery, when the farmer went to the vessel to have his account settled, they refused to pay him and nearly sank his boat. He went for a warrant and bailiff. When they approached the ship the crew fired on them, threatened cannon and then put off to sea. The French consul said he could not do anything in it. It is expected here that it will cause war between England

and France. What do you all think at home about it?

None of you mention Aunt Sarah Slade. Where is she? I do not remember.

The children are quite well, which is a great blessing situated as I am. Doctors' charges are terrible, fifteen shillings a visit.

The town increases in importance. Many new buildings are going up now. It will, however, never be much as it is the high road nowhere.

It is just spring time now and all herbage looks splendid. The bush is yellow with the mimosa, or wattle, which smells so sweet. Mr Gale has preached several beautiful sermons on the spring.

With love to all, including yourself, I am

Yours affectionately,
Emily Anne Hutchison

Letter 79 of 89

Received December 20th 1861

Rutledge Street
Queanbeyan
October 12th 1861

My dear Edward,

Before I put Willy's letter off the table, we have news of another mail. It is time to address you. Our spring has just commenced and the weather is delightful. With us it is the most beautiful time of the year, for both summer and autumn are too hot and dusty to enjoy. My garden is looking very nicely, the flowers in particular, but the vegetables require a little more moisture. If there are no more severe frosts it will be a productive year for fruit.

I was at the farm a day or two since. In the orchard there are about a hundred pear and plum trees of the best sort, with a few each of all sorts of fruit. "Tugeranong" (the name of the farm) is a very pretty, healthy place. Mr Hutchison and family are not there yet, the house undergoing repair. If spared till Christmas we are going for a stay. I will then take a sketch.

October 13th 1861. Sunday afternoon. Being at home alone, the children at Sabbath school, I thought of writing a line or two more to you. This morning I heard a beautiful sermon at the Wesleyan Chapel (Mr J. Gale), text Mark 2 and 27. He administered a pointed and faithful rebuke for breaking the Sabbath. It is fearfully the case here and by many who would be highly offended to have their sincerity reflected upon. Mr Gale is an earnest man and is very much liked. He is doing good. I have often wished it had been my lot to have had such a partner. I must not murmur, all is for the best.

"However concealed from us the kind intent,
The ways of God are all in mercy meant"

I intend joining the Wesleyans as soon as there is a resident minister. I quite incline to the Baptists, but as I see no prospect of coming home I think I ought to unite myself to some church. I do not think it matters much what sect if the Bible is their guide and they trust alone in the Blood of Jesus for salvation. Mr Gale preached a very nice discourse on the subject a Sabbath or two back and said he believed different sects of religion was ordered by God. There were difference in colour, height, features and temper among the peoples, and in everything in the world things were different. Notice the vast difference in earth's scenery, the difference among Christians in the same church. He did not believe God purposed uniformity in religion, any more than many thing else.

October 14th 1861. Monday. This day week we are to have a tea meeting at the chapel. I will send a paper about it. If you go to the Exhibition of 1862 you will see photographs of the aborigines of Queanbeyan taken by Frank Gale. I had that case in my hands several times and gave him the velvet

to line it. I was at the office when one of the men was taken.

The children are well and growing fast. Many tell Alex I shall soon be able to take his arm. He keeps thin, and now and then has very bad headaches. They last two or three hours and then cease without leaving any effect. Eddy grows in breadth as well as height. He is not a robust child and by no means quick. He does not learn, tho I have taken more pains than with Alex, but for all this he may be bright enough by and by. He amuses me by his simplicity. When hiding from Alex, he pokes his face anywhere and thinks he is hidden! Alex is quite angry with him for it. They are both hot and hasty.

I am very weak in my own health and strength. I scarcely ever have a bad headache, but shocking backaches. I think my nervous system is better, for I am not often depressed and not now hysterical. I often think of some of Father's complaints in my girlhood, when looking at me making dolls' clothes. If he could see my children, he would find I did not sew the frocks on them and put the sleeves on afterwards. I think he would say, as everybody here does, that they are dressed as well and their clothes as well made, as any in the township. It may be their superiority of looks sets off the dress.

Give my special love to Willie and his Lily, and tell him I rejoice at their happiness. My greatest wish would be to be at home at the time of their union. I see no possibility whatever, altho it might be, for "with God all things are possible".

I have just received dear Harry's letter and am rejoiced to hear you are all so well. So much love is breathed in all your letters that it always upsets me. I have thought mine are not so sweet, but if not I know I feel as much towards you all, and it only wants the atmosphere of home to develop all my heart. Once at home, I should have so many to love. Here, I have so few. Janet is one and our love is mutual. I am sure you would all love her. She has added greatly to my comfort since she came here.

As soon as I can I will have my portrait taken again and with Alex's intended wife, my little niece Annie. She calls me "Aunty Emmy", Alex "my suteheart" and Eddy "Flance's suteheart" (Florence is her sister).

I would like to send Alex home, but see no prospect.

With love to all, believe me

Yours most sisterly,
Emily Anne Hutchison

Letter 80 of 89

Received January 21st 1862

Rutledge Street
Queanbeyan
November 9th 1861

My dear Spencer,

I think I will commence my letter to you, tho I am ill and not in a fit state to write. Sometimes our spirits revive as we proceed. I have been very unwell for some days - violent headache, hysterics, etc., which unfit me for everything.

November 10th 1861. Sunday evening. I have been to chapel all day for the clergyman did not preach, so I was not wanted. I told Mr Gale, who does not officiate when the morning service is at the church. Mr Gale preached two good sermons from 2 Corinthians 4:17 and Acts 11:18.

I spoke some time since to Mr Gale about the Baptists. He gave me a little book by Mr W. Hurst on the subject which has quite removed all my thoughts in their favour. I really think it would shake every Baptist's faith. Janet's remarks had inclined me to them, but she is reading the little book

and will, I think, be shaken.

This Mr Hurst I have thought might be Mr Browne's friend whose daughter, Mary, I played with in childhood. Mr Hurst was the superintendent of this district and is dead. I have not spoken to his widow.

Alex and Eddy are in good health. I am thankful for this. It is one of the numerous blessings showered upon me. They join me in love to all, yourself included.

I am ever yours,
Emily Anne Hutchison

Letter 81 of 89

Received February 18th 1862

Rutledge Street
Queanbeyan
December 11th 1861

My dear Anne,

This day twelve years our precious sister, Lily, passed from earth to heaven to join those bright spirits assembled around the throne of our Redeemer. Oh, that our walk may so be that we also may join them when called hence. The day of her death will never be forgotten by me. I never felt so deeply as then, nor do I think I ever shall again. Altho I love my children as well as any mother can, a mother's love is so mixed with anxiety for their future in this life and safety for another, that I sometimes feel as if I could willingly give up mine now, and regard it as a mercy for them to be taken from the evil. Perhaps they will come to want, but then I remember the assurance "I have been young and now am old, yet I have not seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread". Then, I think that the children and descendants of our father and grandfather will not, cannot, want. I am digressing. The love I bore for sweet Lily was, I fear, idolatrous. I thought only of the present, nothing as to the future, so she was taken away. For the time I felt it, love without alloy.

December 16th 1861. Monday evening. I snatch a moment, dear Annie, to finish my note. I am busy and know not which way to turn. I will tell you what I have to do by Christmas - two dresses (one a lined skirt, the other with flounces), one child's frock and three jackets, three pairs of tweed trousers (one adult, two boys'). These, with daily household duties, must be done. I want to make also something for the boys and a new dress for myself, but I expect they will have to wait.

Mr Gale thinks of buying a sewing machine if not too costly and let me have the benefit of it.

I was thinking if my cottage in Buckinghamshire was sold, I could have one sent out to me. I could soon make the money again. I will say more about this next time.

I have had peas, beans and new potatoes of my own planting - they eat sweet. I have hatched thirty chickens this summer, so that if all is well I shall have plenty of eggs and fowls in the winter. I shall have fifty fowls. It does not cost me much to feed them.

Dear Alex was very bad last week with English cholera, but I am thankful to state he is better, tho he looks very sadly.

I must close. It is late.

With love to all, including yourself, I am, with increased desire to return home,

Your affectionate sister,
Emily Anne Hutchison

Letter 82 of 89

Received April 20th 1862

Rutledge Street
Queanbeyan
February 15th 1862

My beloved Mother,

I must do what I can towards filling a sheet or two to you, but really the heat is so oppressive that it quite upsets me and compels me to take a siesta every day. The thermometer is nearly up to 125, and you will remember the town is in a vale and surrounded by mountains, which just now are a mass of flames. While sitting in the house I feel as if in a furnace. There is not a cloud to be seen. There have been some terrific hurricanes and all have passed away, leaving the sky as cloudless as ever.

In consequence of this heat we have had much sickness. Brain fever has been prevalent. I am thankful to say myself and the children have been free from any serious effect. Eddy and I have had a species of boil over the body. I have now some about my head which, altho unpleasant, do not make me ill, except a headache now and then. On the leg I had a large boil, which became an open sore. I was afraid it would continue, but it is quite gone. I only poulticed it with bread and water.

Eddy has the erysipelas in the face. It is no trouble, but I do not like the look of it. I bathe it frequently with marshmallows and flower it afterwards. I think it is better. Eddy is one of those children who catch everything. He takes it from his father who was in a bad state of health before the dear boy was born.

Alex has been well throughout, but he has been seven weeks at the farm. He came in once to the town to see me and would willingly have stopped, but he had a sweet filial object in returning - to glean a bushel of wheat for me. He will return next week, which I am glad of, having missed him much, as they do also at the church.

Eddy is five years old today and he cannot make a letter on the slate. He does not know all the large and none of the small letters. He has had double the attention I ever paid to Alex. He is not inattentive, but seems to remember nothing. I do not know what to make of him. Sometimes I think he will be a musical composer as he sits for hours nursing the cat or chickens, singing to them notes of his own. Really, if they were taken down, they would be thought very sweet. Sometimes he sits at the piano, playing and singing. He does not play the notes he sings, but he plays in exact time with what he sings.

I received the likenesses all right a fortnight since and am much pleased with them. What a beautiful jacket you had on, dear Mother, and I see you have taken to flounces. Everybody says I am the image of you, only not so good looking.

I must close, for I can scarcely keep my eyes open. I hope and think I shall meet you all again in this world, but it matters not if we are all travelling heavenward, to meet and part no more. I believe I have had that peace given me which passeth understanding, and which has enabled me to bear much lately with patience.

"There is a light which gilds the darkest hour
When dangers thicken and when tempests lower
That calm to faith and hope and love is given
That peace remains when all besides is riven
That light shines down on earth direct from heaven"

I am your devoted daughter,
Emily Anne Hutchison

Letter 83 of 89

Received May 19th 1862

Queanbeyan
Half past ten at night
March 13th 1862

My beloved Jessie,

I have just returned from practising at the organ. While there you were all present to my mind's eye, as just entering upon the day that is closing with me. I pictured you all, having just presented or about presenting gifts to our beloved Father on his entering his sixtieth year. Words but faintly express the desire, the longing amounting almost to pining, to be with you at home. At one time I feel worn out with work, sitting up late and I long to be at home to rest. At other times I feel exhausted with anxiety and care, and long to be at home to gain a little strength, but I can say in a general way I feel a calm within me that keeps up my spirits. I feel quite easy with regard to the future.

I think of opening school again. Several have asked me to do so. A lady who has kept one is leaving the town at Easter.

I expect this week to go to the farm. I am not very well and I think the change will do me good. Eddy is there now.

Mr Gale is an earnest good man. He is by no means well looking, but when he is preaching and exhorting sinners, a holy energy and joyousness covers his features.

- Mr Gs Kindness

Your affectionate sister,
Emily Anne Hutchison

Letter 84 of 89

Received July 19th 1862

Rutledge Street
Queanbeyan
March 31st 1862

Philip Campbell Wilson and consort
My beloved brother and sister,

I had fully intended answering your kind letter by the last mail, but the day I posted Jessie's I went to the farm and that evening I was seized with an attack of English cholera. I was very bad for three days but I soon got better and was benefited by my trip.

"Tugeranong", or "Wanniassa", as the farm is called, is a pretty spot situated on a slight rise. In front lies a large plain divided into paddocks, viz., grazing, wheat, corn and potatoes. The house is very large, but all on the ground floor, with a large flower garden in front, kitchen garden on one side, outhouses, stockyard, etc., on the other side and a very large orchard at the back with every kind of fruit. A creek of beautiful water which always flows runs thro the paddocks. I enjoyed myself very much.

May 3rd 1862. Something occurred last month to prevent me finishing this or writing to anyone else, dearest Philip, which something you will see by home letters.

In reply to your questions, my precious brother, I am indeed comforted by God's Holy Spirit in times of sorrow and by the gracious permission to cast my burden of care at the foot of the Cross. Then I feel lighthearted.

Some have said to me, "How can you be so cheerful when you have had so much suffering?" Some others have said I could never have known any comfort or I could not bear privation so well, but they know not the joy of believing. I am sure it is very wrong for Christians to have any care or

anxiety about anything, if they feel the soul is safe. It is mistrusting God's power or Will.

In reply to your note, dear Emma, I must neither deceive you nor myself. I have not the very slightest prospect of returning home. God alone must open a pathway for me to do so. I have not the slightest doubt He will do so in His own time if it is good for me.

I think my Alexander is very much like Philip. He is considered handsome and I think so of my brother.

I have partially joined the Wesleyans.

With best love to both, I remain

Your affectionate sister,
Emily Anne Hutchison

Letter 85 of 89

Rd same time to Twins & self

Rutledge Street

May 3rd 1862

My beloved sisters,

I could not write to anyone last month. I suppose your next letters will acquaint me of all matters pertaining to the wedding, so this of mine shall tell.

May 16th 1862. This day I received, dear Martha, letters from yourself, dear Father, Philip and Emma relative to the dresses of the bridal party. I think you must all have looked well.

A short time since, I moved next door. The garden is better and larger, and there is a back door. I have a large quantity of pumpkins and melons, and I intend making some jam. I think I shall have a few pots to bring home, unless that event is too far off. I have made a great deal of jam this year. It has not cost me anything. Some of Edward's brothers get me honey from the bush.

Accept plenty of love and kisses from us three to our new relatives, as well as to the old.

Emily Anne Hutchison

Letter 86 of 89

Received November 20th 1862

Queanbeyan

September 12th 1862

My beloved Willie and Lily,

How much I long to see you and your comfortable home you can only imagine. I can only repeat again and again. I dare not dwell on the subject. It makes me feel sick at heart when I think how improbable it is I shall ever come home.

My circumstances are better and are likely to improve. I have no right to complain. Indeed, I have every cause to be thankful and sing for joy.

(Mr Gale)

lonely & sighing for friendship & sympathy.

Presbeterian Minister a Mr W.F. Reid ("a nice young man")

"I should like to have your likenesses"

3d Anny of Chapel Tea Mg 25 Sept 62

Alex is growing fast & tall" I am going to send him to School

I close with best love to yourselves, and wishes that you may continue to the end of your days in peace and harmony.

Your affectionate sister,
Emily Anne Hutchison

Letter 87 of 89

Received November 20th 1862

Queanbeyan
September 17th 1862

My beloved Burder,

I have received dear Father's and Edward's letters. Tell dear Father I hope I shall not require to draw upon Mr Jones again. I am doing very well and likely to do better. Certainly, I must attribute my change of circumstances to dear Father's prayers on my behalf that I might obtain something more permanent. It was about the time that Mr Gale made me the offer to help him. "They that watch God's Providence shall never want a Providence to watch."

(Mr Good & Mr Bandler)
well off for the Gospel now
abt 12 attend the Episcopal C in Evg
Tea Meeting Sept 19

Herself & Alex with others to sing & play several sacred pieces

We had a meeting for practice last night. It was beautiful. I wished much that Father could hear us. I have introduced to the church and chapel several of Kelly's tunes. They are great favourites.

I must close.

Alex and Eddy join me in love to all, all, all.

Your affectionate sister,
Emily Anne Hutchison

Letter 88 of 89

Golden Age newspaper October 30th 1862 [page 2 column 1]

On the 23rd instant, at Rutledge-street, Queanbeyan, by the Rev. W. F. Reid, Mr. John Walker, to Emily Ann relict of the late E. B. W. Hutchison, and eldest daughter of T. Burder Wilson, Esq., of Doctors' Commons, London.

Queanbeyan
November 18th 1862

My dear Sir,

Owing to pressure of business my first note to you will be rather short.

My beloved Emily will have told you in a long epistle that she had again changed her condition. I do hope that under Divine guidance it will be for the mutual advantage of both of us.

This much I will say, that she is all in all to me. I admire her for her womanly virtues, for her great perseverance under her numerous trials and for her great dependence on Almighty Grace.

My next note, my dear sir, I promise you shall be filled up with such details of our future

prospects in life as will delight you.

Ad interim, with kindest love to all, believe me to be,

Faithfully yours,
John Walker

Letter 89 of 89

Rutledge Street
Queanbeyan
November 17th 1862

My beloved parents,

You will expect from the tenor of my last month's epistle that I have by this time again changed my name. You are quite right if you have surmised such to be the case. I know dear Father will not be exactly pleased because he will think it will prevent my return home. Let me tell you it is our united wish and intention, if God spare us and gives us health and strength to work, to come home shortly.

I am sure you will like my dear husband. I have certainly stepped back once more into my sphere. He is inclined to literary studies, altho his duties as bookkeeper to Mr Wright prevents his doing anything in that way. He is precentor to the Scotch Church, secretary to the Presbyterian Association and a member of the Mutual Improvement Society, taking part in the debates. He is a good singer, as I have told you, and thoroughly understands music tho he does not play.

He is very fond of the children and very kind to them. They are both fond of him, Eddy particularly so, but Alex is not so warm. Alex's affections must be sought and very much so, but Eddy will fondle anybody who will kiss him. Alex likes fondling but will not ask for it, but he does all he can to please those he likes.

I have known my husband nearly five years and have been pretty well acquainted with him all that time. Being both musical, we were often together. My intimacy has increased this year, for in January last he joined our choir and on the twenty-third of last month I became his wife. Well, my dear parents, I have told you something of my husband. Of course, he has some faults, but those I shall leave you to find out as you can.

Now a word or two of myself. I am truly thankful I have been in very good health lately, and am earning at the Printing Office upon an average about twenty-five shillings per week. I attend to all my household duties and I have my house once more comfortably furnished.

Next Sabbath my husband and myself will be taken in as members of the Scotch. His is a renewal, for he joined the Church before he left Glasgow. That I may be a Christian in reality is my daily prayer. Pray for us, my beloved parents, that we may not disgrace the cause of Christ and that we may bring up our children to know and love the Saviour.

The ceremony of my marriage was at my own house at four in the afternoon by Mr Reid who I have spoken of before. I had three bridesmaids. Two of them had been my pupils, and another young girl. Mr Gale was also present.

In the evening we had a few friends and with music and conversation we spent a very pleasant evening. I made the cake myself and got a baker to ice it. The supper consisted of a very nice ham, leg of mutton, tarts, etc., etc. Everything was plain and simple, but I had neither time nor inclination to make a higher effort.

My dress was a silk made up which I have had by me nine years (I sent a piece of it some time since) and a stone plaid, small, with green stripes.

The Sunday after, I had a striped mauve and white silk, barege bournouse, a black felt hat trimmed with mauve silk relict and feather, and a white veil. The hat I have had for three months. The next Sunday I had a beautiful black lace shawl. It was a present from my dear husband.

