'There goes the nicest woman we have ever had in Melbourne!'

The subject of this overheard tribute was Audrey Lady Tennyson, leaving Australia at the end of 1903 after five years of vice-regal life as wife of a Governor of South Australia, Hallam Lord Tennyson, who in 1902 had become acting Governor-General. That the Tennysons were well liked is evident from contemporary reports. The reasons why become clear to us now from a series of Audrey Tennyson's letters to her mother in London, which vividly recall what Australia was like at the turn of the century, as seen from a privileged position by a lively, sympathetic, not uncritical observer.

Audrey wrote 262 letters to her mother from Australia: intimate, spontaneous, full of description and even of reported dialogue. They are a headlong mixture of public and private concerns. The patriotic fervours of the Boer War, the events of Federation, the death of beloved Queen Victoria and the visit of the staff-stealing Duke and Duchess of York are mingled with crises of the household, the writer's determination to build a maternity home in Adelaide despite the hostility of local doctors, her anxiety over an affair between her sons' tutor and their French governess.

The milieu is that of Government House, but the letters have a wide range of travel and description, from North Queensland to southern Tasmania, with many glimpses in passing of the political and artistic notabilities of the day—Deakin, Forrest, Nellie Melba, Tom Roberts, and others. Underlying the letters is the theme of conflict between love and duty, for Audrey Tennyson was torn between the interests of her husband's career in Australia and the plaintive demands of her ageing mother, constantly alluded to in the replies of this loving daughter, that the family should give it all up and return to England.

_Audrey Tennyson's Vice-Regal Days_ has been edited by Alexandra Hasluck from the extensive collection of Tennyson papers in the National Library of Australia. The book is fortunate in its editor, for Lady Hasluck, besides being a skilled historian, has brought to the task the experience and insights of one who is herself the wife of a former Governor-General of Australia.
AUDREY TENNYSON'S
VICE-REGAL
DAYS

The Australian letters
of Audrey Lady Tennyson to her mother
Zacyntha Boyle, 1899-1903

EDITED BY ALEXANDRA HASLUCK

Canberra
NATIONAL LIBRARY OF AUSTRALIA
1978
Tennyson, Audrey Georgiana Florence, Lady, 1854-1916.

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Preface

The papers of Hallam, 2nd Baron Tennyson, Governor of South Australia 1899-1902, and Governor-General of Australia 1902-4, and also of his wife, Audrey Lady Tennyson, form one of the most important research collections in the Manuscript Section of the National Library of Australia. As recounted in the Editor's Note that follows, these papers were placed in the collection on permanent loan in 1956 by the 4th Baron Tennyson, to whose generosity the Library is greatly indebted.

It is an expressed policy of the National Library Council to share the Library's collections as widely as possible through publication and other means. In 1972 when the historian Alexandra Hasluck began to edit a selection of the extensive correspondence of Audrey Lady Tennyson to her mother, written from Australia to London between 1899 and 1903, the possibility arose of the Library itself becoming the publisher of the work. By negotiation, this happily has come about. The Library believes that the work is fortunate in its editor, for Lady Hasluck, besides being an historian of note and the author of a number of distinguished books, has been able to bring to this task the experience and insights of one who is herself the wife of a former Governor-General of Australia.

Audrey Tennyson's Vice-Regal Days is a book that the Library believes will be of absorbing interest to many readers. More than that, it is indicative of a wide variety of original material held by the National Library that is available for scholarly research. It is the earnest wish of the Council and staff of the Library to promote and assist such research, so that even more of the riches of the collections may be revealed to the people of Australia and the world.

G. Chandler
Director-General
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Editor's Note

The letters which form this book are a part of the Tennyson papers held by the National Library of Australia. They were written from Australia by Audrey Lady Tennyson to her mother in England between the years 1899 and 1903. During that period her husband, Hallam Lord Tennyson, elder son and biographer of the poet, Alfred Lord Tennyson, was Governor of South Australia from 1899 to 1902 and Governor-General of the Commonwealth from 1902 to 1904.

Lady Tennyson asked for her letters to be preserved for her sons to read later in their lives, and fortunately this was done, for they give a unique picture of Australia and Australian society as seen from Government House by a charming, tolerant, and interested Englishwoman, concerned not to analyse but to report. In the rich collections of papers in the National Library dealing with the early years of the Commonwealth of Australia, her letters are among the most interesting.

I am informed by the present Lord Tennyson that all Tennyson papers were kept at Farringford, the Tennyson home on the Isle of Wight, in a maze of cupboards in the library, the passage to the library, and in the breakfast room, and remained there for forty years. Farringford was sold in 1945. Everything was moved to Shoolbred's, a warehouse in north London. An expert recommended by Sotheby's was employed to catalogue the library, and found the papers. In 1956 the National Library of Australia wrote to Lord Tennyson asking whether he possessed any Australian papers, and one of their representatives inspected those in store at Shoolbred's. Lord Tennyson was advised that much of value had been found, including the letters of Lady Tennyson, and he then very generously gave all the Tennyson papers on permanent loan to the National Library.

I wish to record my gratitude to Professor J. A. La Nauze of the Australian National University for introducing me to Lady Tennyson's letters, and encouraging me to begin the work of editing them. The encouragement was needed, for there are 262 letters, some of them of sixty-two or more foolscap pages. Thanks are due, also, to the present Lord Tennyson for his permission to use the letters, and for talking over the plan of the book with me when I met him in Paris.

I am greatly indebted to Sir Charles Tennyson, son of Alfred Lord Tennyson's younger brother Lionel, for his reminiscences of the fascinating aunt he
Editor’s Note

remembered as a young man, for his interesting correspondence over some years, and for giving me much useful family information. Through him I visited the Tennyson Research Centre at the City Library, Lincoln, where the honorary secretary of the Tennyson Society, Mr Raymond Smith, and the Keeper of the Local Collection, Mr L. Eldon, gave me the utmost assistance. Sir Charles died while this book was in the press.

Grateful acknowledgment is made to the staffs of the National Library, Canberra; the Mitchell Library, Sydney; the La Trobe Library, Melbourne; the Archives Department of the State Library of South Australia; and the Battye Library, Perth.
Note on the Text

A few remarks must be made about the letters. Lady Tennyson used certain abbreviations repeatedly, such as the ampersand for 'and', 'cd' & 'wd' for 'could' and 'would', and 'thro' for 'through'; and she invariably used figures for numbers. She was wont very often, though not always, to refer to people by the capital letters of their names. All these idiosyncrasies have been retained, except where several names with the same initial would cause confusion, in which case the full name has been used. As the letters are full of family news, and financial arrangements, and a great deal about her children, much of this has been omitted as of little importance now. Three stops indicate where a short excision of a sentence or two has been made, and five stops a longer omission. As she was a good speller few changes have been made other than to correct misspelt names. Also occasionally, where in her haste she has left out a word, that has been put in in square brackets; all square brackets are the insertion of the editor: parentheses are Lady Tennyson's own. Punctuation was rather sketchy and has been inserted where necessary for clarity. Finally, the usual form of heading for letters has been placed in one line for reasons of space.

The accession number of the Tennyson papers in the National Library is 479, and they are divided into series as follows:

(a) Papers of Hallam, 2nd Baron Tennyson
(b) Papers of Audrey Lady Tennyson
(c) Papers of Aubrey, 2nd son of Hallam Lord Tennyson
(d) Papers of Zacyntha Boyle, mother of Lady Tennyson
(e) Miscellaneous papers.

References to the papers in the Introduction are made thus: 479/series/number. References to particular letters of Lady Tennyson are made by the date, e.g. Letter 10/8/1901.
An Introduction to
Lady Tennyson

When Audrey Georgiana Florence Boyle married Hallam Tennyson in Henry VII's Chapel at Westminster Abbey on 25 June 1884, many famous English writers were at the wedding. The Poet Laureate, Alfred Lord Tennyson, father of the bridegroom, was there, of course, and so were Matthew Arnold, Robert Browning, Lord Broughton, William Allingham, and others. 1 Literary people were to be the ones with whom Audrey would mix for the next fifteen years, for after her marriage she and Hallam went to live with the Poet and his wife at their home, Farringford, at Freshwater on the Isle of Wight.

Alfred Tennyson had leased Farringford in 1853, three years after his marriage, and in 1856 bought the property with the proceeds of his work, *Maud, and Other Poems*, which, after an adverse critical reception on publication in 1855, at length had a great success. It is hard to imagine today any poem, however long and a work of genius, bringing in a sum large enough to buy a mansion—for that is what Farringford was. Audrey grew to love the place and was to dream of it nostalgically in later years. At the time she first saw it, it was described as 'a delightful rambling old thing, whose geography one never learns, not elegant but very comfortable, covered with pictures inside and ivies outside, with superb ilexes and other trees about it, and lovely views over the Channel here and there'.

Farringford was noted for its hospitality, and in the spring of 1882, when Alfred Tennyson met at the painter G. F. Watts's house, The Briary, nearby, a charming Miss Mary Boyle and her niece Audrey, he promptly invited them to Farringford. Another guest, Phillips Brooks, was also visiting Farringford at the time and to him we owe our first glimpse of Audrey. Like many people of his generation he kept a journal, and wrote of his visit to Farringford:

> Here the great poet lives. He is finer than his pictures, a man of good six feet and over, but stooping as he walks, for he is seventy four years old . . . A big dome of a head, bald on the forehead and the top, and very fine to look at. A deep bright eye, a grand eagle nose, a mouth which you cannot see, and a loose tweed suit . . . Dinner was very lively. Mrs Tennyson is a dear old lady, a great invalid, as sweet and pathetic as a picture. Then there are staying here a Mr Lushington, a great Greek scholar; a Miss B. [Boyle] who knows everybody and tells funny stories; and another Miss B, her pretty niece, with the loveliest smile . . .

2 Hallam Tennyson, 2nd Baron, *Alfred Lord Tennyson; a Memoir by his Son* (London, 1897), vol. 2, p. 264.
3 Ibid. Phillips Brooks (1835-93) was a famous American Episcopalian clergyman, later bishop, author of theological works and of the Christian hymn 'O little town of Bethlehem'.

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Audrey Tennyson’s Vice-Regal Days

Audrey with the loveliest smile: this is our introduction to her. A nephew was to remember it more than seventy years later as ‘an exquisite flashing smile’, but unfortunately in her photographs she is always serious. The same nephew reported that she had the Irish combination of black hair and blue eyes.4

In the years she lived at Farringford Audrey was to be one of the many adorers of the Poet and often acted as his amanuensis when gout and rheumatism plagued him. She wrote a fine clear flowing hand. Her husband, who acted as his father’s secretary, had very poor handwriting.

She began, too, to write herself, in the form of an occasional diary. One of these describes a cruise by yacht to the Channel Islands in the summer of 1887—the Poet was fond of short sea voyages for the sake of his health. She also kept a diary of the last weeks of the Poet’s life, from 29 September to 12 October 1892, describing his illness and death in most moving terms, particularly the deathbed bathed in moonlight.5 She was laying the foundation for her later writing which was to take the form of descriptive letters to her mother, and was to be of considerable interest to a country which, at that date, she would have thought did not concern her.

One of the sea voyages of which the Poet was so fond yielded an important result. According to Hallam Tennyson, who also kept a journal, he and his father were sailing in the Pembroke Castle in 1883, in which Mr Gladstone was also a passenger. He beckoned Hallam to walk the deck with him and said he would like to offer the Poet a distinction from the Queen—a barony. Did Hallam think his father would accept it? ‘I replied,’ said Hallam, ‘that the offer was so startling that I did not know how he would take it, but I thought that he might accept it for the sake of literature (remembering how various literary men had cried shame upon him when he did not take the baronetcy offered three successive times).’ The promise was made to talk it over with his father. It transpired that although the Poet did not want to alter his plain ‘Mr’ he at length decided that it might be useful to his elder son to be handed on a peerage.6

Tennyson had always been a great admirer of Queen Victoria, and if this was the wish of his ‘Dear and Honoured Lady’, as he used to call her, it was for him to accept it. The creation was made on 24 January 1884. Hallam had become engaged to Audrey on 11 October 1883, and Gladstone, when writing to Tennyson about the peerage, included his congratulations on Hallam’s engagement. He thought highly of Hallam. So did the Queen.

Tennyson and the Queen had met infrequently but had corresponded often. Queen Victoria had always been interested in writers and was naively and proudly pleased, when her Journals of Our Life in the Highlands was published, to consider herself as one. Tennyson had been created Poet Laureate in 1850 on the advice of the Prince Consort, and first met the Queen at a levee at Buckingham Palace in 1851. After the death of the Prince Consort in December 1861,

4 Information from Sir Charles Tennyson, the nephew referred to.
5 Both diaries held by the Tennyson Research Centre, City Library, Lincoln.
6 Hallam Tennyson, Alfred Lord Tennyson, vol. 2, p. 278.
An Introduction to Lady Tennyson

Tennyson was asked if he would write something about him. He did not feel able to do so at once, but next year wrote a Dedication to Prince Albert to preface the fourth edition of his Idylls of the King, referring to him as the ideal knight who reverenced his conscience as his king, who loved one only and who clave to her. This very much pleased the Queen. Tennyson was invited to Osborne, which the Queen recorded in her diary, and they apparently took to each other. When she asked whether there was anything she could do for him, he replied: ‘Nothing, Madam, but shake my two boys by the hand. It may keep them loyal in the troublous times to come.’ This was duly done when Hallam was aged ten and his brother, Lionel, nine, and did indeed have the effect their father wished.

Many years later, as the Poet grew too old and blind to make the journey to Windsor to see the Queen, it was Hallam who carried his father’s missives; Hallam who bowed before the Queen and conveyed his father’s sincere compliments and replies to the Queen’s questions. After Tennyson’s death, Hallam wrote a memoir of his father in two volumes and presented copies to the Queen, and several letters passed between them. So it was Hallam to whom the Queen became accustomed, and when the Governorship of the colony of South Australia became vacant in 1899, she was pleased to accept the name of Hallam Lord Tennyson for the post.

The Tennyson family had various links with the great southern continent. The Poet was born in Lincolnshire, and men from there had sailed with Captain James Cook on both his expeditions to Australia. Matthew Flinders came from Lincolnshire, and also his cousin John Franklin, the Arctic explorer, later to be a Governor of Tasmania. Franklin’s two nieces, Emily and Louisa, had married Tennysons—Emily had wed the Poet and Louisa his elder brother Charles. In addition, the Poet, through a sculptor friend of his, Thomas Woolner, who had gone to the gold diggings in Australia, became acquainted with a friend of Woolner’s, Henry Parkes, who was to become a great name in Australian history. Parkes was an Englishman who had emigrated to Australia in 1839 and was emerging as a political figure in New South Wales when Woolner got to know him. In 1861 Parkes, by then a member of the New South Wales Parliament, was sent to England to stimulate emigration from Britain. Although Woolner had spoken of his friends to each of them, Parkes did not meet Tennyson on this visit to England. In fact, they did not meet till twenty years later, but the Poet had followed Parkes’s career as a statesman with great interest; and Parkes, who had published several volumes of verse himself, was interested in meeting the Poet Laureate. He later dedicated a collection of his poems to Lord Tennyson, and after the Poet’s death, a volume of sonnets to Hallam Lord Tennyson.

7 Charles Tennyson and Hope Dyson, Dear and Honoured Lady; the Correspondence of Queen Victoria and Alfred Tennyson (London, 1969).
8 Hallam Tennyson (1852-1918), Lionel Tennyson (1854-86).
Audrey Tennyson's Vice-Regal Days

When Parkes visited England in 1881, he spent three days at Farringford at Tennyson's invitation, and on a later visit in 1883, he stayed at Aldworth, Tennyson's Surrey place. On leaving, he wrote to Tennyson a prophetic letter:

Paris, 21 June 1883

My Dear Mr Tennyson,

The future of Australia in which you take so deep an interest will in a few short years surprise the world. The Federation in some form or other, of the now-existing colonies will come by natural processes. There is no real abiding principle of conflict between them. No institution of slaves, for example, as in America. No deep-rooted differences of race as in Canada and S. Africa. The differences of natural character which will develop themselves as time goes on will be differences caused by climate and different pursuits naturally arising out of the differences of climate. I can see no reason why these should engender national antagonisms... I wish you and I could live through the next generation. What a marvellous front Australia will show to the world, say, in 1910, and what changes will have taken place in Europe!

The concept of Federation intrigued Alfred Tennyson and in later years his son was to say: 'This will be especially interesting work to me as my father was one of the first to speak of and for Australian Federation, and he and my mother would have thanked God that their son was 2nd Governor-General of the consummated Commonwealth.'

It is time now to tell of Audrey herself. Born on 19 August 1854, she was the daughter of Charles John Boyle and his wife Zacyntha.

Her mother came of interesting parents. Zacyntha's father was Major-General Sir Lorenzo Moore, who had had a lively career in the army, which he had entered in 1787. He had been on garrison duty at Gibraltar with the 61st Foot till 1794 and then had served at St Lucia in the West Indies until his health broke down. Returning to England he was appointed brigade major to Sir John Moore. A year later he went to the Cape of Good Hope, and from there to serve in Madras. The tropics evidently did not suit him for he was then transferred to Portsmouth on the score of health, but two years later he was in Sicily. By 1809 he was promoted lieutenant-colonel of the 35th Foot and remained as such for twenty-one years. In 1830 he became major-general. Since Zacyntha was born on 9 August 1824 his wife may have moved about with him. What influence a peripatetic and dashing father (who had also figured in the public eye for a brief space owing to a duel he had fought about 1832) may have had on the young Zacyntha must be left to the imagination, but he was evidently a colourful man, possibly Irish—his brother George Moore was a one-time M.P. for Dublin. Sir Lorenzo died in 1837. He or his wife must have been of a 'romantick' disposition, for besides Zacyntha, whose full name

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9 Charles Tennyson and Hope Dyson, Tennyson, Lincolnshire and Australia (Lincoln, 1974), p. 9.
10 J. A. La Nauze, Alfred Deakin; A Biography (Melbourne, 1965), vol. 1, p. 303.
11 Letter 10/8/1901.
An Introduction to Lady Tennyson

was Zacyntha Antonia Lorenzina, they had another daughter named Teresina and a son named Hildebrand, also in the army.

Audrey's father had a less colourful background, perhaps, but still interesting. A scion of the famous Irish house of the Earls of Cork and Orrery, and son of Vice-Admiral Sir Courtenay Boyle, Charles Boyle was an accomplished and learned man. Educated at Christ Church, Oxford, he became a Fellow of All Souls in 1827 and held the fellowship till 1847, when he married Zacyntha. Eventually he entered the diplomatic service in which, among other attributes, he was held to be the handsomest man of his time. His wife Zacyntha was said to be a 'beauty'—a term then applied to striking and fashionable women.

This good-looking couple produced good-looking children—six sons and a daughter. The daughter was of course Audrey; another daughter, Eleanor Lucy, had died young. The sons, frequently mentioned in Audrey's letters, for they were a close-knit family, were Mordaunt, born 1850, a major in the King's Royal Rifle Corps, who died in Upper Egypt in May 1885, a few months before his father who also died in 1885; Lionel, major in the Honourable Artillery Company, born 1851; Cecil, captain, the Queen's Own Oxfordshire Hussars, born 1853, Audrey's nearest in age and dearest to her, who was killed in the South African War in April 1900; Henry, born 1857; William (Willy of the letters), 1859; and Ernest, 1860, the one who remained unmarried and lived with his mother till the end of her life.

Audrey with her dark hair and very blue eyes, clean-cut features and lovely smile had her fair share of good looks, though perhaps she was not showy or photogenic enough to be called a beauty. She had, however, something much more rare—a look of great distinction which no photograph could obscure. And she had the Irish charm bequeathed by several grandparents.

All her children adored Zacyntha. It is to be feared, however, that she was a possessive and dominating mother. Probably she was not keen for her one daughter to marry. Audrey was thirty years of age before she married Hallam Tennyson, and she was five years married before her first child was born. Hallam's younger brother Lionel had married in 1878 and had three sons, Alfred, Charles and Michael. By 1889, however, Audrey had the joy of holding her first-born, Lionel, in her arms. She was to be a very warm and loving mother of two other sons—Alfred Aubrey, born 1891, and Harold Courtenay, born 1896.

Her mother-in-law, Emily Lady Tennyson, died in 1896, a few years after the Poet, and then Audrey became mistress of Farringford on the Isle of Wight and Aldworth in Surrey. After Tennyson's death Emily had assisted her son Hallam to write his memoir of the Poet, a most authoritative work in two volumes, and the *chef d'œuvre* of Hallam's life. Audrey also gave assistance in her practical way. Hallam, perhaps owing to his poor sight, wrote an extremely
Audrey Tennyson's Vice-Regal Days

tiny awkward hand, difficult to read, as is evidenced by diaries and letters.\(^{15}\) Audrey took down notes and ideas for the biography of his father in longhand, in a good clear readable script. She was to do the same thing later on for his speeches and sometimes dispatches when he became Governor of a colony.\(^{16}\)

Since her marriage to Hallam, Audrey had moved into a sphere of life remote from the soldierly tradition that marked both her parents' families; a literary one, of course, when writers and artists of the day came and went at Farringford, but also, since Alfred Tennyson was not only a poet but a man intensely interested in questions of the day and views of the future, Audrey's world included political figures, and colonial statesmen visiting Britain. She became hostess to them, the Poet's wife being an invalid, and she became accustomed to hear talk of another land that must have seemed unreal, so different was it from her own. Alfred Tennyson had always been interested in emerging countries. Garibaldi had visited him and talked about a united Italy; and the Poet had long been watching the growth of colonies in the Antipodes. Federation of the six colonies of Australia was much discussed in his household.

For fifty years the movement towards Federation had grown in Australia, favoured more in some colonies than in others. By the mid eighteen nineties it was a lively and important issue, and one which would concern Audrey and Hallam Tennyson particularly. At the time the letters begin, however, their main interest in it was a more immediate and personal one.

Early in 1899 Hallam Tennyson received a letter from Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies. It appeared that the Secretary of State had heard from the Duke of Argyll that Lord Tennyson would quite like to be considered for an Australian Governorship.\(^{17}\) Chamberlain therefore asked Lord Selborne, Under Secretary for Colonies, to sound him out with regard to the Governorship of South Australia, soon to become vacant. Selborne reported that Lord Tennyson had hesitated a little, wondering about the expense which such an appointment might involve, and Chamberlain hastened to reassure him in his letter that 'in theory no Governor ought to be expected to spend more than the actual salary he received ... An extra expenditure of two or three thousand a year ought to be the outside that anyone should be called upon to pay in such a position ...'. He asked Lord Tennyson to consider the matter in the light of these remarks, and begged that the communication be kept strictly confidential.\(^{18}\)

Hallam took nearly a month to cogitate. His problem was, if he became Governor of South Australia, and if a Federal Commonwealth were subsequently established, what would be the position of a State Governor? He put the problem to Sir Edward Wingfield, Permanent Under Secretary of State for Colonies, who replied on 3 February 1899 that he thought it would be at least a year after Lord

\(^{15}\) Letter 15/11/1901: 'I persuaded H. who is too blind for that sort of thing, to climb over the rocks lower down.'

\(^{16}\) Letter 17/9/1899.

\(^{17}\) 479/2/3. Chamberlain to Tennyson, 7/1/1899.

\(^{18}\) Ibid.
Tennyson had reached Australia before Federation could actually be started, and that it did not necessarily follow that after Federation the Governors of the separate States would (except in having a Governor-General to eclipse them) be in a very different position from that which they already held. However, if any State should cut down the salary of the Governor, the Imperial Government would pay him the return passage. He added that it seemed to him very important that there should be a Governor of South Australia during the period in which the Federation arrangements were being matured, and he hoped that Lord Tennyson would make the venture.\(^1\)

So Hallam decided to take the plunge. But the position was still ambiguous. Lady Tennyson’s letters from Adelaide when they took up residence there indicate the sense of insecurity that prevailed in vice-regal circles in the various capital cities. Was the office of Governor in each of the six colonies to be continued, or was it to be dispensed with when a Governor-General for the Federated States of Australia was appointed? Would Lieutenant-Governors only be the answer? None of the existing Governors knew. The Tennysons had reason to fear that they might be facing the tremendous upheaval of transporting their whole household to the other side of the world for but a few months, or perhaps a year.

The Commonwealth of Australia was proclaimed and came into existence on 1 January 1901 by virtue of an Act of the Imperial Parliament. The office of Governor-General of the Commonwealth was created as the representative of the Sovereign of England. The State Governors remained in office, though their official being was still very uncertain, and they knew it. Audrey Tennyson’s letters continue to wonder how long they will remain as Governor and Lady, or will things change?

Precarious as the situation was, it had one minor advantage—Audrey was able to persuade her mother that she would be away for only a year or so. As it turned out, she was away for nearly five years, apologising to her mother and protesting her duty to her husband the whole time. Zacyntha Boyle, while probably quite charming and adored by all her family, was, as we see her through her daughter’s replies to letters from her, both extremely possessive and dominating in a wistful deprecatory way, continually hinting bad health, although she lived to over eighty. It must be admitted that the tenor of the times was possessive. From Royalty downwards, people signed their letters ‘ever yours’. Hallam Tennyson wrote to his mother-in-law as ‘My own dear Mrs Boyle’. Audrey alluded to her husband as ‘my Hallam’, and all her letters to her mother begin ‘Darling own Mother’, and end ‘Your devoted child, Audrey’. At the time that concerns us, the devoted child was forty-five years of age.

Adelaide, to which the Tennysons were bound, was then a small city with a population of about 150,000, that of the whole colony being about 350,000. The city was well laid out and visitors remarked on its cleanliness. Its people

\(^{19}\) 479/2/5.
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were proud of having no convict origins and its society was cultured and conventional. The term 'the city of churches' was often attached to it. As the southern portion of the vast hot arid area of Central Australia, South Australia congratulated itself on having a 'Mediterranean' climate.

Audrey started her vice-regal life there full of pride for 'her Hallam', which she gently indicated to Zacyntha, and hoped, trying hard for lightness of touch, that that redoubtable lady would come and visit them and dance at their balls, though she had the temerity and strength of mind to say: not at once. She was to assuage her mother's loss of her by writing 262 letters, some running to sixty or more foolscap pages in length, during the five years she was away, so we are at least indebted to Zacyntha for a most comprehensive and well-described picture of the Australia of the time.

Zacyntha becomes a very real presence in the letters. Even though unseen and unheard—for her replies to her daughter were not kept—she hovers behind every line that Audrey wrote. The letters reveal that Zacyntha was a major factor in the early return of Lord Tennyson from the office of Governor-General, to which he had been elevated on the resignation in 1902 of Lord Hopetoun, the first Governor-General. Much has been made of the fact that Lord Tennyson accepted office for only a year, and various theories, both at the time and later, have been put forward to account for his short stay in office. The letters make it clear that although Hallam himself would have liked to continue in the position, Zacyntha's reproachful letters to her daughter accomplished her design for their return to England by virtually accusing her of breaking her word to her ailing mother to come back after two years. Not for Zacyntha to consider that Lord Tennyson was doing a very good job at a critical stage of Australia's development. That was a place so out of Zacyntha's world as not to merit much attention, and especially not as a place for her daughter. Such an attitude was not uncommon then in England. Because of it behind many of Audrey's letters there is a defensive comparison not unfavourable to Australia. She loved the place.

The letters date from the first intimation from Lady Tennyson to her mother that something was afoot about Hallam being a colonial Governor. A letter from Hallam dated 30 January 1899, though it was not actually sent till a few days later, proudly announces his appointment to Zacyntha. Its final postscript holds some amusement to the feminine eye:

Farringford, Freshwater, I.W. Jan. 30/99

Private and strictly confidential
My own dear Mrs Boyle,

The Queen has done me the honour to appoint me Governor of South Australia—We shall start on March 3rd and shall come back in about two years, for a time at all events, to put Lionel to school—But of course you must come out as well, after we are settled, and stay with us—I hope that you will feel as we do that it is too splendid and important a task of good work to decline without strong reasons. I am sure that Audrey will fill her appointed place successfully and dignifiedly.

Ever your affec. H.

Letters 18/11/1903, 12/1/1903, 5/7/1903, 20/7/1903, and other constant allusions.
I have told you our secret but please remember that the Queen will be most displeased if the appointment is announced before she gives leave.

I hope that A’s friends, like Lady Minto’s friends, will give her a diamond tiara if they give her anything. 21

Audrey’s own first letter shows that although it was supposed to be a secret, Mrs Boyle had already been suspicious.

Many facets of Audrey’s life are revealed in her letters. They are practically a day-to-day account of all that went on, and to the modern reader they give the feeling of participating in the events of important historical times. She is an excellent reporter of scenes that she saw and places that she visited. The outback and the bush especially appealed to her. Many of the people and families she met there were either some of the first settlers grown very old, or their children, and impressed her with their hardihood and their independence. The latter is a quality she is always attributing to Australians, though not always in approbation.

It is necessary for the reader, however, always to remember that hers is the voice of her own times, speaking with their standards of behaviour and manners, and the divisions of class which were real for them. She uses words in a slightly different manner from today. The word ‘simple’ frequently occurs and was a word of high praise. It did not mean ‘silly’, ‘slightly touched’, or reprehensible in some way or another; it meant natural, sincere, unaffected, at a time when many people were stiff, pretentious, haughty and aloof. ‘Ruinous’ was her word for expensive, and there are many other examples of the colloquial speech of her contemporaries.

Many of the letters are full of family matters, messages to friends, financial arrangements, and so on, filled up with her own doings to interest her mother, whom she trusted to keep the family in touch with her. Of necessity, much of the family chit-chat has been omitted as have also many little stories about her sons which she recounted to show her mother their merry childhood. Harold, the youngest, whom she adored, was most often quoted and seems to have been a singularly bright, quick-witted and charming little boy. His mother described him at the age of five: ‘He is such a pretty boy now, tho’ his photographs don’t show it. He has such bright colouring, intensely dark eyes and masses of very fine fluffy hair all shades of golden brown, and a great deal of expression . . . .’ 22 Everybody who encountered Harold, even a later Queen of England, thought he had a wonderful future ahead of him. Harold was Audrey’s delight: it is poignant to read her hopes for his future.

Letters to anyone’s family being what they are, there is rarely a conscious arranging of ideas. Thoughts come as they will, and so it is with Lady Tennyson. At one moment she is describing a ball and doing the vice-regal Lancers; in the next she is in her immediate present with someone who has just come into her room. Then perhaps she will revert to the ball again. It can be confusing.

21 479/42d.
22 Letter 19/8/1901, but not included in the edited letter.
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Sometimes description of some important event is delayed for several weeks because she is too busy to write the countless pages to do it justice. In the meantime, she has been doing something else, and the reader has to try to follow just where she is or has been. Almost every letter contains some allusion to or description of her headaches, a severe migraine that prostrated her very often, but in spite of which she always carried on.

Audrey Tennyson was a woman of sincere piety in her daily life, and trained her family and household in that way. She was not an intellectual woman or capable of deep thought, but she had had a fair education, had read a good deal, and was intensely interested in the world around her, in all its aspects. In South Australia soon after her arrival she began to take part in the life of the people, visiting the hospitals and institutions to get a clear picture of the sick and the poor; accompanying her husband on long tiring trips by train deep into the country; entertaining overseas visitors either for dinner or to stay; preparing for balls and garden parties at Government House; going to the theatre; attending interesting lectures.

Her letters are full of the notabilities of the time. Names and descriptions flow from her pen, and people who had their part in forming Australia appear from moment to moment.

It may not be of great benefit, in spite of the dictum of Robert Burns, to see ourselves as others see us, as it depends on who the others are, and on the time at which they see us. Nevertheless it is, if nothing else, amusing for Australians to see this view of themselves by a sensible and sensitive English lady at the dawn of the century, and at the beginning of Australia as a nation. It goes to emphasise the important differences that had already taken place in English folk from a century of living in Australia, creating their posterity and a way of life, and it becomes quite obvious that along with her surprise Lady Tennyson appreciates the result. It is one of her most likable characteristics that she observes more than she judges, and if she does let fall a few remarks about the Australian 'twang', or about the lack of social poise of some of the public figures, or about the large and healthy Australian appetite displayed at functions, a person writing to her most intimate reader may be permitted her little fault-finding while appreciating her surroundings as a whole.

Audrey Tennyson had a pitiful and sympathetic eye for the social conditions of the poor as she found them in South Australia. She was horrified by the sweated labour in factories. She was keen to improve hospitals and institutions. She made the most of the opportunities her position offered to address political heads and autocratic doctors. One of her major works was the establishment of a special maternity home for women. This hospital, today known as the Queen's Home, was originally to have been called the Lady Tennyson Home, but on the death of Queen Victoria, whom Audrey revered, it was at her request given the name of the Queen's Home as a South Australian memorial to the great Queen.23

In the minds of many people of the time, however, as witnesses Mrs Joanna Barr

23 Adelaide Observer, 23/2/1901.
An Introduction to Lady Tennyson

Smith, one of the older colonists, born a Miss Elder, a great friend of Lady Tennyson's, it should have been called by the name of the prime mover. 'The one thing that has always vexed and disappointed me,' wrote Joanna to Audrey after her departure, 'was that it should be called the Queen's Home. The Queen had nothing to do with it. It was your brain and your heart that was at the back of it all, and it should have borne your name, and with my socialistic leanings I should like it to have been called the Audrey Tennyson Home.'

While she must have had a very gratifying sense of achievement when the Home was opened, Audrey fulminates to her mother about the attitude of the Adelaide doctors. They wanted it to be only a hospital for the poor, and not only for confinements. Audrey wanted it for country mothers, women from the outback whether of the poorer class or gently bred women whose means pioneering had reduced, or even city women of that class. She had planned it as a place to which they could always count on being admitted, and for confinements only. The question of payment could arise later. But with the doctors, said Audrey, it was a question of fees. They thought country women as a class needed no consideration and if any women could, even with a struggle, pay a doctor's fee, then they should. Time, however, solved this difficulty.

The letters also reveal an attitude much different from today, after seventy years or so have passed. In October 1899 the second Boer War was declared. Enthusiasm ran high and Australia sent volunteer contingents from every colony to add to England's forces, as it was to do in other wars for another forty years. Audrey's letters of the time illuminate the feelings towards England and the Empire that were aroused in every Australian heart. Loyalty to the Crown and to England was deeply felt. Her description of current South Australian behaviour, probably true for all the colonies at the time, shows the marked change in social attitudes that has taken place since.

When the first South Australian contingent left for South Africa they marched through the streets of Adelaide amid scenes of great enthusiasm, and entrained for Port Adelaide to embark on the troopship Medici. Lord and Lady Tennyson also went down to the port and met them, and Hallam with his aides decided to march through the town with the troops. In a flash his wife caught the spirit of the moment, beckoned to her lady-in-waiting to follow, joined Hallam at the head of the troops and—with a slight swagger, we may imagine—marched to the drum at a quick pace down to the quay, which thoroughly delighted the men. It must have been quite a sight to see, the long skirts and overloaded hats of the period being rather unmanageable, but that mattered nothing. It was the sort of spontaneous action that arises in wartime; it was Audrey's military ancestry stirring.

The fashions of the time take a large part in Audrey's letters. She was grateful to Darling own Mother for helping her with her shopping while in Australia.

24 Letter 479/26/5, 4 October, no year date.
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Although she dutifully says that she wants to give her custom to Australians to encourage industry, she never ceases to remark on the things of fashion which she cannot procure in Adelaide shops; and she continues to order things from England such as dresses from her dressmakers, Mrs Ker Lane and Mrs Durrant of London, and hats from her milliner, Mrs Edwardes. Her mother and she had an understanding about money necessary for these matters. It took some time for Audrey’s cheques to return by sea mail to Zacyntha, and for her orders to be filled. At times one notices a slight asperity in the devoted child; and in fact it must have been extremely irritating to order, particularly for her growing children, so much in advance of needs.

Audrey was very feminine and interested in fashion, though not a vain woman. It seemed to her that in her position in the public eye she had a duty to dress well and have a varied wardrobe. In the long columns of the women society journalists, every costume of every lady of importance at almost any occasion was described in detail, the accuracy of the description depending on the eye for colour of the writer, her knowledge of materials (it was not unknown to be wearing lace which was described as brocade), and how close she could get to her subject. Then, as ever, women journalists held their pencils in their claws, particularly the Melbourne ones, Lady Tennyson thought, and was slightly indignant to find that in spite of all her trouble to get the latest Paris fashions sent to her, she was not thought to be a good dresser. But it did not worry her much. She thought more of being a good hostess, seeing that people enjoyed her parties, and ensuring that not only the top ten—or whatever the number—were invited, but that a cross-section of the public was invited too. In this she was before her day; which perhaps accounts for the Lady Mayoress of Melbourne, whom Audrey herself found a bit homespun, saying at the Tennysons’ departure for England, ‘There goes the nicest woman we have ever had in Melbourne!’

This side of Audrey’s letters has been retained to a certain degree (though not in entirety) because not only is it part of her own image, but her comments on it with regard to her imported hats and gowns point up the differences in customs and tariffs between the different colonies. Before the coming of Federation in Australia tariffs and excise duties were administered by the governments of the individual colonies, and, perhaps inevitably, some wide differences prevailed. New South Wales was free-trading. Lady Tennyson’s letters often bemoan what she has to pay in South Australian duty. After Federation the control of imports and exports became the responsibility of the Commonwealth Government. Although the prices of the goods that Audrey mentions may seem small to us, and the excise duty even smaller, the reminder is hardly needed that money then had more value.

One of the most absorbing features of Audrey’s letters is the continuing interest in her household, both personal staff and domestic.

26 Letter 29/12/1903.
An Introduction to Lady Tennyson

To take, first, Mademoiselle José Dussau, the children’s French governess. She appears to have been on the right side of what was then euphemistically termed ‘a certain age’, which meant forty. She came of a well-to-do family of French wine merchants, her uncle, Louis Meyniac, being senior partner of Messrs Mestregat Meyniac of Bordeaux. One gathers that she was bright, useful in domestic matters like arranging flowers, and good company, for after a while she became Lady Tennyson’s attendant lady and made such an impression on the Duke of Cornwall and York (later King George V) when he and the Duchess visited Government House, Adelaide, while sitting next to him at luncheon as she did twice, that after his departure he cabled Lord Tennyson and asked could Mademoiselle come and be governess to his daughter, the Princess Mary. This vexed Lady Tennyson very much, but it came to pass.

Mdlle Dussau was also rather flirtatious, casting her eye at the Tennyson boys’ tutor, Mr Maurice, who was much younger than she was. Why it should have been so reprehensible for two youngish single people to be interested in each other is one of the differences of a past age, but Lady Tennyson minces no terms in recounting what seems to have been merely a harmless flirtation to pass the time. Nor, when this tutor departed, did Mdlle cease her flirting. She cast an eye at the next tutor with no results, and at an aide-de-camp or two. Possibly her main triumph was the Duke of York’s invitation to be a royal governess; at all events the great gourmet, André Simon, meets her in London much later, describing her as a withered old spinster and still a governess at Buckingham Palace. But we have seen the last of her youth through Lady Tennyson’s letters, and we know she had style and spirit.

Then there was Lord Richard Plantagenet Nevill, who joined Lord Tennyson’s staff in November 1900 as private secretary, with occasional duties as A.D.C. Lady Tennyson, who always punctiliously called him Lord Richard or Lord R. in her letters, although he had urged her children to call him Uncle Dick, or Lord Dick, describes him:

Lord R. has a funny serious way of saying things & turns up his extraordinarily blue eyes, which makes us laugh. The other day at the tea picnic with the nuns, just when we were all seated, he came quietly up and said, ‘I don’t want to frighten you but I suppose you know what the name of this place is? Snakey Hollow!’ upon which everyone instinctively started and looked about. He had just made up the name on the spur of the moment.

Very tall, with protruding ears, he was a great favourite, although occasionallyLady Tennyson, possibly in the throes of one of the terrible headaches she continually suffered from, remarks that he talks too much and wants his own way too much. On the whole, however, she greatly enjoyed his company.

Lord Richard had been in Melbourne with Lord Hopetoun during the latter’s term of Governorship there, and liked that city very much. He was glad when the Tennysons had to move there, and there he stayed on with several other Governors-General, with the title of Chamberlain.

28 Letter 11/1/1901. The passage quoted above is not included in the text.
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Various aides-de-camp and tutors pass before our eyes in brief, but the domestic staff figures more, perhaps. Prime one among them is Mrs Bates, the cook.

The marvellous cook, the *ne plus ultra*: if there is one thing that tantalises the reader it is Mrs Bates. From constant allusions in the letters it is she who performs miracles when entertainment is called for; she who refuses the aid of caterers; she on whom Lady Tennyson depends; she whom Governors and admirals from other States extol who have visited Adelaide and tasted her cooking. From descriptions she merits all that can be said of her. Unfortunately it has been impossible to find a photograph of this pearl among cooks, this mainstay of the household. We just view from afar the faint hint of an unhappy background to Mrs Bates which Lady Tennyson helps her solve. But make no mistake, Mrs Bates is an integral part of the vice-regal scene.

Other figures—Clarke, Lady Tennyson's personal maid, very good on the whole but towards the end of their time going slow and a bit deaf, and finding a husband of whom Lady Tennyson is not sure but hopes he is good enough; the butler, Hitchman, a good old man, brought because he was a faithful family retainer, but rather stupid, and mean with bringing the drinks; the head footman, Thomas, a bit of a bad lad; the nursemaid Horn, Harold's familiar; and various others—are to be seen mirrored in Audrey's letters as human personages set in their times, and who all reflect their lady's character.

The shadowy principal among Audrey's characters in her letters is her husband—shadowy only because she takes it for granted that her mother knows Hallam, so she mostly alludes to his performance as Governor to show a Hallam whom her mother has not seen. However, she says very little about his official duties and problems, his relations with his Ministers, his handling of crises. She knew they were not matters for gossip, even to her mother, though she often asserted that Hallam talked everything over with her.

Hallam was tall and with a good figure till his later years as Governor, and strongly like his father in appearance, although fairer-complexioned and with light brown hair, good-looking, with the same broad brow, the same dark eyes, the same mild expression, but without that look of another world that some poets hold in their eyes. Hallam was mundane, dutiful, good—but not stolid. Mrs Joanna Barr Smith of Adelaide, writing to Audrey about Hallam's successor, Sir George Le Hunte, said: 'Personally I find him a very stodgy man. He has no sense of humour at all. Ah, when I remember the twinkle in Lord Tennyson's eye I heave a sigh.'

Hallam was not inclined to any sport unless perhaps a little riding or croquet. He was quiet and bookish, and particularly interested in his work as Governor. Although he had had no previous administrative experience, he seems to have performed well in South Australia, and could be decisive. A secret dispatch of his in December 1901, while still Governor of South Australia, to Joseph Chamberlain referred to what Chamberlain called 'an understanding' between

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29 479/26/5. 31 August, no year date.
himself and the Governor-General, Lord Hopetoun, that nominations for honours in the States should be made through the Governor-General. Lord Tennyson said bluntly that this would give great offence to the governments of the States, and that the Governor-General could have little knowledge of the fitness for honours of persons in the States. He also referred to 'the large number of public servants' who ought to receive recognition and suggested a new order for them, to be called the Order of the Southern Cross. It took more than seventy years for his idea to come to pass, in an expanded form.

Later, as Governor-General, he would annoy Mr Chamberlain by his championing of States' against Federal rights; having been a State Governor he could see both sides of a question. He got on well with everybody of whatever side, was calm and slow to make a decision while he weighed it, but when he had made it he stuck to it. This did not always make him popular with bureaucrats, but with ordinary people he was very popular indeed.

He had an especially good speaking voice, deep and carrying, and he took great trouble with his speeches, taking care not to make too many, or when he did, not too long ones. When as Governor-General he began to make speeches in Melbourne there was considerable amazement, for the newspapers had decided among themselves that he could not speak well and were completely taken aback; while Alfred Deakin, Federal Attorney-General and later to be Prime Minister, himself a noted speaker, declared Tennyson an orator, eloquent and polished. But while oratory is helpful to a Governor-General when he has to be very careful of what he says, and must try never to be boring, that personage has to have other attributes. He has to be highly regarded.

In succeeding Lord Hopetoun as second Governor-General of the Commonwealth, Hallam Tennyson had a formidable task. Hopetoun was an aristocrat born to rank and riches, conditioned by two centuries of ancestors to a certain way of life. He might well be considered to represent the Crown fittingly to the people of Australia. Tennyson came of country gentry, and of a father who was one of England's great poets, a name known to everyone. He had appeal for Australians.

A letter that Alfred Tennyson had received in 1855 from a Mrs Margaret Anne Vyner of New South Wales shows how he was held in reverence in Australia and speaks for many other early Australians:

I must write and thank you with a true and grateful heart for the happy moments your thoughts and your pen have given me. I am in the wildest bush of Australia, far away from all that makes life beautiful and endurable ... You must let me tell you how, in a lonely home among the mountains, with my young children asleep, my husband absent, no sound to be heard but the cry of the wild dog or the wail of the curlew, no lock or bolt to guard

30 479/2/150.
31 The South Australian Library as early as 1903 sought to initiate an oral history program by making cylinder recordings of the voices of eminent public men. Tennyson recorded a short message on 20 January 1904, the day before he left Australia. The recording has survived. B. S. Baldwin of the South Australian Archives has commented: 'The true to life tones of Tennyson's solemn, ecclesiastical delivery cannot fail to impress the hearer—both on their own account, and with a sense of the Public Library's perspicacity in preserving them.'
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our solitary hut, strong in our utter helplessness, I have turned (next to God's book) to you as a friend, and read far into the night until my lot seemed light and a joy cast around my menial toils; then I have said, 'God bless the poet and put still some beautiful words and thoughts into his heart,' and the burthen of life became pleasant to me, or at least easy... Letters from an unknown person are the most telling. This one reveals the comfort that the inspiration and music of Tennyson's words had brought to many people in early Australia: and it shows the deep personal regard for the name of Tennyson. When Hallam and his wife landed in Adelaide the feeling towards the son of Alfred Tennyson made them most warmly welcomed. Hallam had prestige, just as much as Lord Hopetoun, but in a different medium and for different people.

Naturally enough, the name of the first Governor-General of the Commonwealth appears a good deal in the letters of Lady Tennyson. John Adrian Louis Hope, seventh Earl of Hopetoun, was appointed in July 1900 after several other names had been considered, including that of one of the royal dukes, and that of a royal son-in-law, the Marquess of Lorne, who had married the Princess Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria, and succeeded his father as Duke of Argyll in 1900. Lord Hopetoun had earlier been Governor of Victoria at the age of 29, from 1889 to 1893. He had apparently been very popular then, and the choice fell on him. He was aged 41. From his portraits and photographs he had a smooth effete face, pleasant enough but hardly striking, to which was added 'a clear reed-like voice.' Much has been written about his grand style of living and his extravagance as Governor-General, which eventually led to his resignation from office, when the infant Commonwealth would not increase allowances for him to go on at the same extravagant rate. Lady Tennyson's view of him is somewhat different. Generous to a fault herself, she found him parsimonious, and lacking the dignity she thought the office of Governor-General warranted, even if he was an aristocrat.

Lord Hopetoun commenced his Governor-Generalship with what became known as the 'Hopetoun Blunder'. Shortly after his arrival and swearing-in he had to appoint the first Prime Minister of the new Commonwealth. Prime Ministers in Britain were appointed by the Sovereign on the advice of her Ministers, and so it was with the initial form in Australia. Ministers and Prime Minister had to be appointed until elections could be held. Unfortunately Hopetoun had either not been sufficiently briefed before leaving England, or had not studied the leading Federal politicians. There were several names that suggested themselves—George Reid of New South Wales, and Edmund Barton, both of the same State but on different sides of the Free Trade v. Protection issue. Four days after his arrival in Sydney Lord Hopetoun made the unaccept-

32 Hallam Tennyson, Alfred Lord Tennyson, p. 497.
34 Letter 22/12/1900 and also La Nauze, Alfred Deakin, vol. I, p. 205.
able choice of Sir William Lyne, Premier of New South Wales, as Prime Minister. Lyne, however, could not form a ministry; Barton had all the numbers and eventually became Prime Minister. Hopetoun had made a considerable mistake. On another later occasion, too, he was to make an error of judgment which he should have known better than to do.\(^{35}\)

Nevertheless, the State of Victoria was happy to have a former Governor as Governor-General. With the approaching opening of the first Federal Parliament in May 1901 to be held in Melbourne with Royalty officiating, it was proper that Victoria should have a resplendent Head of State, and unequalled celebrations. Lady Tennyson gives the inside story.

The State Governors had all fully thought they would be at the opening of the Federal Parliament as of right. It turned out that that was not Lord Hopetoun’s view at all. Having heard nothing of a program of events by mid-February 1901, Lord Tennyson wrote to the Governor-General to ask if the State Governors were to be there or not. By mid-March it was settled they were to go, although Lord Hopetoun appeared quite surprised in his personal reply to Lord Tennyson that the Governors should have thought of going, and said there would be no room at Government House to put them up, and there would be difficulties of precedence. Governors also would not take part in the Royal procession to the opening.

As it eventuated, the Tennysons were invited to stay with Janet Lady Clarke, in Melbourne. They dined at Government House one night and went to a large reception there the next night, and another two nights later—and after that, saw no more of the Hopetouns, for all other festive occasions were public events.

By Lady Tennyson’s account, the arrangements for the first reception for the Royalties at Government House seem to have been very badly organised. Evidently Lord Hopetoun was not well served by his staff: witness the scene in which the State Governors and their wives, uninstructed, enter the dinningroom to find only the Duke and Duchess of York seated, Lady Hopetoun standing vaguely about, and, in the absence of any staff, Lord Hopetoun himself rushing around showing his vice-regal guests where to sit.\(^{36}\)

When Lord Hopetoun eventually decided, after less than eighteen months as Governor-General, that he could no longer continue his term in Australia and asked Chamberlain to recall him, one of the reasons he advanced, besides his health, was that he could not afford to keep up two Government Houses, in Melbourne and Sydney, and do all the entertaining necessary for the prestige and standing of Australia.\(^{37}\) He mentioned costs of £15,000 beyond his salary of £10,000 that he felt he had to spend to make the display he thought Australians would expect, especially with the Royal visit taking place.\(^{38}\) Lord Tennyson on succeeding Hopetoun was convinced that proper entertainment could be done more economically, as he made plain in a speech at the Sydney

\(^{35}\) Letter 2/2/1902, footnote.

\(^{36}\) Letter 18/5/1901.

\(^{37}\) Letter 11/9/1902.

\(^{38}\) La Nauze, *Alfred Deakin*, vol. 1, p. 303.
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Town Hall in 1903. He had also been able, quietly and tactfully, in conference with the Prime Minister, to gain maintenance costs for the Government Houses at Melbourne and Sydney, and a subsidy for an Official Secretary to the Governor-General and the Executive Council.

In private letters his wife says he was also able to save on the Governor-General’s salary, and that this was without cheese-paring is shown by the comments of various notables who dined at Government House and praised the dinner menus, and by the large numbers of people who came to receptions and garden parties. Lord and Lady Tennyson were such pleasant hosts that a great expansion of guests was encompassed and their acquaintance formed. The newspapers, too, commented favourably. The Hobart Mercury of 26 June 1903 said:

The present Governor-General has filled his high office with marked success, and has inaugurated a system fraught with highly beneficial results to the whole people. If the office becomes vacant, it is more than probable that the extravagant ideas of the demands that are made upon the Sovereign’s representative in the Commonwealth, the style that he is supposed to keep up, and the hundred and one absurd ideas that have sprung from the Hopetoun regime, will be renewed, and that in the end we shall have to welcome as Governor an infinitely less fitting Gentleman than Lord Tennyson . . . .

It has been remarked earlier that Hallam was quite close-tongued about his relations with his Ministers and the matters they discussed, and reserved many of his thoughts. Especially was this so in the matter of the Governor-Generalship of Canada. In 1901 the Australian newspapers reported that the Earl of Minto, Governor-General of Canada, was likely to resign. Lord Minto’s known Imperial sympathies were severely criticised by Canadians who did not approve of Canadian participation in the South African War. There is a rough draft of a letter among Lord Tennyson’s papers, in his wife’s handwriting, to Mr ——, referring to this report and hoping that he would not be thought presumptuous in writing to say that if Mr —— thought he could fill the post, how gladly he would accept the honour. The letter may never have been sent, but a later one must have reached Chamberlain for there is a letter to him of 4 March 1903 in Hallam’s tiny handwriting which refers, among other things, to Canada again: ‘If you were thinking of me for Canada—as you kindly wrote might possibly be the case [this last phrase crossed out]—I should like to come home for a month or two as one is apt to get a little stale out here. What I feel is that from Canada I should be able to manage my own private affairs while from here it is impossible to do so . . . .’

Audrey must have known of the first suggestion of Canada since she wrote the draft, but did she know of the second? Was Zacyntha the ‘private affair’ that Hallam thought he could manage better from Canada? We shall never know, for nothing came of the idea. Although Lord Minto’s term of office ended in

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39 Letter 4/6/1903, footnote.
40 Cunneen, Role of the Governor-General, p. 197.
41 479/2/151.
42 479/2/280.
An Introduction to Lady Tennyson

1904 and he went on to become Viceroy of India in 1905, Hallam Tennyson never became Governor-General of Canada.

At last the time in Australia came to an end. Hallam had to remain till his replacement as Governor-General arrived. Audrey and the boys sailed for England on 10 December 1903, and the saga of her Australian interlude of life dwindles to a stop with her last letter en route, headed 'The Socotra Islands'. Her reunion with Zacyntha is left to the reader's imagination. Imagination, too, must hint at the nostalgia for Marble Hill, the lovely summer residence of the Governors of South Australia in the hills behind Adelaide, and the happy childhood there of her sons. As she had once longed for the green downs of Farringford, Audrey must often have recalled the sunny grey-green bush with its hot dry scents, the acrid aromatic smell of gum leaves burning, the marvellous star-strewn black skies at night that she and Hallam had watched together.

But now the excitement of a new life rises with all its bother and upheaval. The distractedness, the liveliness of the writer begin their appeal. The days of splendour are at hand.

ALEXANDRA HASLUCK
February 1899 [No address]

Darling own Mother,

You were right in supposing that Hallam was going to be offered a Governorship & he wrote to you this morning to say that he has accepted South Australia which he at first refused & then saw Chamberlain again & accepted, but the Colonial Office bound him to the utmost secrecy till the Queen approved. This we heard this morning she had done, but it is not yet in the paper so don't breathe a word except to Ernest till you see it in the paper. I think it must be in tomorrow. We at one moment thought of telling you as a secret a few days ago & Hallam actually wrote, but I then begged him to wait, for I thought it would be such a misery for you to have to keep such a secret, mixed as it is with pleasure & sadness, locked up in your heart. You will know, darling own Mother, the terrible wrench it is & you must help me to be brave & only dwell on the bright side & of course there is a great deal of bright side besides the great honour to my Hallam, but the leaving you, my own Mother, is the hardest of all, & the very first thing Hallam said was 'Of course your Mother must come with us' but tho' I quite hope & expect you to come out & see us, I think it will be far better for you to come later when we are all settled & can make you comfortable & know things a little & then you must come & dance at our balls & stand up in His Excellency's presence!!

Anyhow you must come with us to Marseilles where we & the children join the servants, about the 10th March. I know you will be touched & rejoice to know that the servants one & all have expressed their wish to come with us, & the kitchenman, who may not be strong enough, is in tears for fear he should have to leave me, & the 2nd housemaid in tears all day because she does not like to go so far and she cant bear the idea of leaving me, it has touched me so much. I broke down completely at prayers this morning now that they all know it (the children don't) & they were all miserable about me, Bates tells me. The suspense has been so terrible, & for 9 days each day has been a disappointment at its not being announced so that I might get on, for the time is so short & our hands completely tied, however this morning I said I really would not & could not wait any longer to speak in the house...
Audrey Tennyson's Vice-Regal Days

Wednesday morning, 8 March 1899. Grand Hotel du Louvre et de la Paix, Marseilles

Here we are, just arrived an hour ago . . . 10 March. Children all right this morning. We have not heard of the vessel being in sight yet, but are supposed to leave the hotel to drive 3 miles to the tender at 12.15 . . . . 3.10 p.m. Here we are on board at last after endless waiting on the quay. All so late, not cold . . . .

11 March. R.M.S. Ophir, Orient Line

We found everybody very wretched when we got on board, they had had a very bad rough time before getting into Marseilles . . . . Our servants have all been bad . . . . most of them say now they will never come back again . . . . We are due at Naples tomorrow morning about 7 & stay all day, but alas, alas, all pleasure has gone, for my poor Hallam started gout in his foot yesterday morning at Marseilles & this morning woke up in agony & writhed about on his wee little bed . . . Poor darling, it is too sad, he was so looking forward to Naples & so was I . . . .

Monday 13 March

Poor Hallam is still a prisoner & his foot very painful . . . . Wednesday. We have had a horrible time since Monday when I last wrote . . . . We shall be at least 8 hours late in arriving tomorrow at Port Said . . . . The days are very long & monotonous . . . .

18 March

. . . . Here we are in the Red Sea . . . . Everybody is very friendly & all the servants most willing & obliging. An old gentleman spoke to Hallam the other night, from Adelaide, & said 'I have been watching your lady & she'll do, I am sure of that, she plays with her children etc. and she won't be too stiff & the Adelaide people will like that.' Hallam says that he was not quite sure how he, Hallam, would do—he thought he would do well—but that is only to tease me . . . . The coaling at Port Said is really a most wonderful sight with all these hundreds of jet-black figures climbing up the vessel with a moor-rope from the barges like so many monkeys, & jabbering & grinning & screeching in the most fiendish way . . . .

29 March

. . . . Oh I am so terribly weary of the voyage & simply yearn for it to be over, it is the most dreary life & never again do I hope to go on a long voyage except to go home & I think we one & all feel the same . . . .
Thursday, 6 April

I saw my first glimpse of Australia this morning out of the porthole on my way to my bath. We have now the coast all on one side of us & have just seen the smoke of the first Bushfire. It is all rocky uninhabited land for thousands of miles, evidently volcanic some time or other with peaks of rock all barren except scrub . . . .

8 April 1899

We had a delightful time at Albany, very few people went on shore as they said there was nothing to see there, & there is not very much but we thought it very pretty. The Residing Magistrate, Mr Wright, came on board to meet us with a congratulatory telegram from the Governor who lives in Perth, on our first setting foot on Australian soil, & he too congratulated us. There was also another telegram from the Adelaide Minister for the same thing . . . .

After reading our letters etc. we got into a little steam launch with a large Union Jack flying in the stern, a very black dirty little boat but they had kindly put flags along the little seat for us to sit on . . . . After a steam of ½ a mile or more we landed at the pier & found a little covered wagonette (the passengers on board told us Albany did not possess a carriage) with 4 rough little horses, a black Portuguese coachman & mounted policeman as escort to ride behind us. H., I, Mr Wright and the 2 boys drove in the first carriage & the rest behind the escort in another carriage . . . .

We passed a good many charming little cottages belonging to settlers, who get 160 acres given them for nothing & never have to pay rent for their life. I asked why all English labourers did not come over & Mr Wright said ‘that most of them, if they came out, were simply heartbroken when they saw this wooded bit of country given them & had to cut down all the trees, grub up the roots, & cultivate the land, fence it all in & build a house before they could begin to make a living’. Albany is built on a sloping hill facing the sea with plenty of green between the little white houses . . . .

Mr Wright was extremely kind, interesting and amusing. He said he used to be dead against Federation but that he is now just as strongly in favour of it & that Western Australia is sure to join sooner or later. He was very loud in his praises of the Bishop there, Riley, who seems to have a marvellous influence over Roman Catholics, Anglicans & Non-conformists alike . . . .

At Albany the Governor’s flag arrived & has to be flown as we get into harbour or rather, near Adelaide, where there is no port & where we have to lie . . . .

1 Charles Owen Leaver Riley, M.A., D.D., V.D., Lord Bishop of Perth and, later, Archbishop. Born 26 May 1854 in Birmingham. He came to Western Australia in 1894 and was elected Bishop in that year. He was elected first Warden of the University of Western Australia in 1913. Having been a military chaplain before his arrival in Perth, he continued to serve as senior chaplain of the military forces. He toured the countryside and was highly thought of, particularly in the goldmining areas. He was called ‘a man’s man’. He died in 1929.
3 miles out to sea & may have a most rough passage in the tender, but we must hope for the best, or woe betide our poor smart clothes.

Sunday night. It has been very rough, cold & blustery so I have not felt inclined to write. We are just off Kangaroo Island & under the leeward of land so it is now quite calm again & I am going to bed early to be ready for tomorrow, the great day, & feel more & more nervous on entering our new life as it draws nearer, so goodnight, darling own Mother, & all my dear ones.

Your devoted child, Audrey.

Wednesday, 12 April 1899. Government House

I really hardly know where to begin—there is so much to say & I have so little time in which to say it, as the mail goes tomorrow morning and you may imagine all there is to be done & seen after. We are sending you the different accounts from the papers, 6 of each that you may distribute & lend in London among my relations . . .

It was all just as warm & splendid & enthusiastic a reception as you could have wished us to receive. Our leavetaking of the Ophir where all classes & crew cheered us as we steamed away, the guns booming—the arrival at Port Adelaide where on the way we were warmly cheered by the vessels & the work-people on the wharves. At Port Adelaide there was a triumphal arch with WELCOME, & thousands of people packed close where they had been standing in the sun for 2 hours, we were rather late. After the addresses 1500 children all massed together sang God Save the Queen, & the Australian National Song accompanied by the local band. Then the special train came up, our own splendid saloon carriage, & when we got in we went to the windows & the children beamed & the hundreds of hands were put up to wave to us, & along the line we now again had fresh cheering till we arrived at Adelaide where the station was beautifully decorated with plants & red drugget and heaps of people who bowed as we passed, & while I went straight to the carriage (our own, all done up very smart with great big coachman in our livery & Thomas & hired horses as we have none yet) & we drove quite a short distance to Government House with Captain Wallington (a delightful man who came early on the Ophir) &

This is the first mention of what has been a contentious subject in our day—the national song. The Australian National Song, or 'Song of Australia', was written in South Australia and was known to every schoolchild there at the time of Lady Tennyson. Carl Linger, a German immigrant, wrote the music, and Mrs Caroline Carleton wrote the words in 1859: she had left England for Adelaide with her husband and two children in 1839. In 1859 the Gawler Institute, celebrating its second anniversary, offered two ten-guinea prizes for the best lyric and the best air for a national song. Mrs Carleton and Linger won the prizes. Her lyric has a vision and pride of nationhood that carried it well into the present day. In 1977 'Song of Australia', with 'Advance Australia Fair', 'God Save the Queen' and 'Waltzing Matilda', was included in a national poll for a national song, but was unplaced.

Edward William Wallington (1854-1933). Born in England. Became Private Secretary to the Governor of Fiji, 1883-5; to Earl Carrington, Governor of New South Wales, 1885-9; Secretary of the Melbourne Club, 1889; Secretary to the Earl of Hopetoun, Governor of Victoria, 1889-91; to Sir T. Fowell Buxton, Governor of South Australia, 1899-1900; to Lord Tennyson, Governor of South Australia, 1899-1900; to the Earl of Hopetoun, Governor-General of Australia, 1901; to Lord Tennyson, Acting Governor-General, 1902; Groom of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales, 1903-10; Treasurer to the Queen, 1919-32. Knighted 1916.
Alfred—& the children, Mademoiselle, & Horn behind & a large guard of honour. The streets and balconies crowded and most of the people hurrahing & some of them pressing forward & clapping.

When we arrived here the Chief Justice & Mrs Way greeted us & the guard of honour drew up in front, saluted & rode off & we were then shown the house. The servants all got here before us but thro’ the usual misunderstanding, tho’ Capt. Wallington & I both explained, not one stick of luggage did they bring & we had not even a sponge. The garden is extremely pretty & plenty of trees with 3 or 4 gardeners, the head man a Sussex man not far from Aldworth. Brilliant borders of roses, plumbago, orange & lemon, great shrubs of verbena, oleanders, huge geraniums, & the grass with different palms very green from constant watering. It is quite a comfortable house tho’ terribly bare of furniture but all very clean, having been repainted and papered—great big square bright rooms & we are all very comfortably housed much more roomily than at home and have 3 spare rooms & a maid’s room for relations only or officials!!! Capt. W. had ordered an excellent luncheon & oh such luscious pears (I longed for you), figs, bananas, & grapes. I found heaps of flowers presented to me & awaiting me & a large basket of fruit. Everybody is most friendly and warm and several of the Ministers said to me ‘Well we only want you & the Governor to be happy while you are with us & we hope you will be.’

The head of the Board of Works called yesterday & has already received a long list of things required. There is absolutely nothing. Not a single candlestick—for tables not a flower glass, inkstand, blotting-book, ornament of any kind or sort, pictures, books. Had we only known I would have brought so much. 2 single old table covers in whole house etc. etc. Still we shall do very well and I think shall be very happy.

Tomorrow we have our State appearance at the Theatre & they are decorating the box with H’s colours, red & gold—Friday, the 20th Anniversary Young Men’s Christian Association (night)—Saturday a garden party by the Mayor & Mayoress in our honour. Tuesday an enormous ‘Fair’—bazaar—for the blind for the whole colony which H. opens Tuesday & I open again following Monday as it lasts 11 days. Capt. W. is the greatest comfort, a thorough gentleman, looks very well in his uniform & works like a slave . . . .

After luncheon we had to start off again to the Town Hall, the guard of honour having come back to escort us & again the streets were crowded up to these gates & again great cheering. Of course we had God Save the Queen many times & we walked straight up the Hall to our seats, the organ pealing out G.S.Q. & after the swearing, Hallam made his speech—and tho’ I says it as shouldn’t, H. made a magnificent speech—not the slightest hesitation—his voice so strong it carried to the furthest end clear and slow. Mdlle heard men

4 Son of Hallam Tennyson’s brother Lionel. Alfred accompanied the Tennysons to Australia for a few months.

5 Aldworth was a house built by Alfred Lord Tennyson in Surrey in 1868-9. His wife Emily found the climate of the Isle of Wight not invigorating enough. Thereafter the family moved from Farringford to Aldworth according to the season.
Audrey Tennyson’s Vice-Regal Days

behind her say splendid—capital—we have never had a speaker like this. He looks very well in his uniform.

Yesterday I worked like a slave moving furniture & arranging & settling with servants etc. & have made one drawingroom pretty comfortable & pretty by collecting chairs & tables from different rooms. I have got my sittingroom with very scanty furniture opening into my large bedroom which is very nice & snug . . . .

Sunday 16 April 1899. Government House

. . . . We have already a good many functions [so] that I have not written a line & read very little. It is delightful the way one just hands all one’s notes etc. over to Capt. Wallington & he answers them for me & advises me as to whether to accept the invitations or grant the requests & then I am thanked for my kind or courteous etc. reply!! It has been very hot still, & the marvellous starlight brilliant nights are delicious. We have been sleeping with our windows open & my sittingroom door & windows open. They say this is quite out of the common & each day they expect the weather to break & rain and real cold in May, June & July. The Buxtons certainly did not help one & I am afraid I shall be very hard up for warm clothes but of course if I ordered others they cannot arrive in time so I must manage as best I can or get something here, & I want to get anything I can so as to employ the people here. Capt. Wallington says it is all nonsense, I can quite well go to shops & we are going with him tomorrow & the head of the Board of Works, Mr Owen Smith, to choose a piano they are going to give us.

Now you would like to hear about the house. We are very agreeably surprised with it—the rooms are very large, lofty & airy. The house is painted a kind of light buff—& is a long low building of two stories. There are two entrances, the one in the pictures with a portico is the public one & people come in there & write their names in that hall in a huge red leather book—a new one of course for us. In this hall there is nothing but the table, two carved chairs with silk on one side, & two large ditto on the other & big mahogany & gilt doors on each side & at the end; the right hand doors lead into one of the three drawingrooms—the end ones facing the entrance into the state diningroom, & the left hand side into a very nice room called the Admiral’s room, which we use as the schoolroom. Facing these doors from the hall are more folding doors into the ballroom & across the ballroom facing the schoolroom doors are other folding doors into H’s library & business room, & then the billiard room & staff rooms are beyond with their bedrooms over.

Sir T. Fowell Buxton had been the previous Governor. He was a strong Evangelist, approving of a Spartan life, with no dancing or horse-racing. This was not popular with Australians, and Lord Tennyson was able to assure reporters on his arrival in South Australia that horse-racing was a sport that he had been fond of since boyhood; that his famous father’s love of horses was well known; and that the Poet had danced at a ball at Farringford at the age of 82.—Lionel Tennyson, Sticky Wickets (London, 1950).
Now back to the doors on the right of the entrance Hall—they lead into one of three drawingrooms—very nice rooms, bright, & all newly painted & papered, the two first with yellow paper & cream & gilt paint—the 3rd end one, which I have arranged for our livingroom, with windows on two sides on to the lawn & front garden, with pink paper & same paint. The two first rooms are almost denuded of furniture now that I have taken a few armchairs & tables & sofas from them. Not one single picture, but we have brought heaps & are going to hang them tomorrow.

The ballroom has all been newly decorated—pale green with dais at the end facing the windows—it's a long room & a large picture of the Queen & gilt brackets & mirrors & red settees all round. Then there are several others, sort of halls, one with our private entrance into which opens the diningroom we use—and another door which opens into our drawingroom, but I have locked it as I hate several entrances in a room, & all the windows on the ground floor open down to the garden. Then there is another where the staircase is, & another with pegs all round for cloakroom at the entertainments for men. Upstairs, large wide high carpeted passages, not a stick of furniture except some cupboards, we have plenty of them. My sittingroom has a balcony over the portico—it opens into my bedroom which is to the right—the two boys have a huge room next door away from Horn!—on the left of my sittingroom, a nice spare room—then Harold's night nursery opening into a very large nursery—then another large spare room which they have done up thinking I should have it—at right-angles H's dressingroom—then Mdlle—then Clarke, then back stairs & plenty of large maids' rooms. Opposite my sittingroom another large spare room & a spare maid's room halfway up the stairs.

So now you can think of us. A large piece of turf in front of the house with most brilliant borders—& drive round to the gates where the guard house is & the sentry & the flagstaff where of course the Union Jack always flies when H. is here. Behind the house is a large lawn where we live with plenty of shady trees & flowers, & the best lawn tennis ground in Australia, thanks to Capt. Wallington, who has taken immense pains with it. He is as nice in every way as we could wish & is extremely kind & nice to Alfred & us all, & he likes Alfred & Alfred likes him. We expect the Lascelles Monday week the 24th, & then he won't be so hard worked as now......

You will be glad to hear that the 'Adelaiders' (somebody wrote yesterday, a lady correspondent for the fault-finding newspaper) 'are much charmed with Lord & Lady Tennyson', & the enclosed little pieces of pink paper are out of the scurrilous paper & even they are civil but of course there will be the reaction & we shall probably be equally abused......

I left off last week without telling you about the Levee which H. held in the ballroom on Wednesday morning two days after our arrival. He was dressed in his full civil service uniform & there were five extra honorary aide camps [sic]

7 The nursery-maid.
8 Lady's maid to Lady Tennyson.
in to help. They say it is the largest Levee held here & began at 10.30 a.m. They are much pleased because H. shook hands with everybody which has never been done here before. There was a guard of honour at the entrance of Infantry & the Band played on the lawn. After the Levee H. had to inspect the troops & we who had been watching the Levee up in the Band Gallery over the dais, now ran to my balcony & watched the Inspection & were much amused at the officer holding the Standard touching those who passed it without saluting & making them do so, one being a naval officer in full uniform.

The next evening we went to the Theatre in state, & were received by a guard of honour at the bottom of the stairs. Crowds outside awaiting us & shouting hurrah. All the theatre was decorated with H’s colours, red & yellow (I tell him, had I thought of it I should have said blue & white as they tie all my bouquets with long streamers of his colours)—& every member of the orchestra & everyone of the company, choruses & all, wore rosettes of his colours. At the top of the stairs, the two youngest members about 5 & 6 dressed as fairies presented me with a bouquet & then we went into our box. God Save the Queen was played, then the curtain rose & the whole company were grouped on the stage & God Save the Queen was sung by the Prima Donna as a solo & the whole company joined in after. Our box was in the centre facing the stage & after the singing all the audience turned round & faced us, clapping & hurrahing. It is a most curious sensation being treated as Royalty, as you may imagine......

The next night we went to a great meeting in the Town Hall for the Young Christian Men’s Association...... The next afternoon we went to an enormous garden party given by the Mayor & Mayoress in our honour in the garden brilliant with flowers & lovely lawns outside the great racecourse. It was frantically hot. Again a bouquet (red & yellow) & red & yellow decorations. We stayed about ½ an hour, then came away after tea. That night we went to a very good people’s orchestral concert at the Town Hall & they arranged a sort of square in the centre of the hall with carpet, table, & flowers & armchairs for us. We were again warmly greeted & they started a new rule for us which Capt. W. sincerely hopes they will continue, which is, that everybody stays in their places till we get out—hitherto the crush has always been most disagreeable, W. says.

This afternoon H. opens the great Blind Fair which lasts 11 days & I have to open it again next Monday to give it a fresh fillip. It has been furnished with things from 80 centres & is for the Blind of the whole colony.

We have got very comfortably settled in now & yesterday had men in & hung all our pictures, a great thing done. It is a very large house & an enormous length with hugely thick walls—like hundreds of houses in England with great big rooms & sash windows......

I forgot to tell you a funny joke at the Play the other night which made us & the House laugh very much: one of the characters, an old woman—a regular ragged tramp—on being asked where she lived, said ‘Marble Hill is my summer
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And later a sort of street beggar came backing on to the stage and in the distance one heard shouts of hurrahs & clapping—the man, as I say, backed on to the stage saying ‘No! No! You are quite mistaken, I am not the new Governor.’ You may imagine the roars of laughter there were.

Will you tell Mrs Edwards or Ker Lane or anyone who sends us out things when you order them, that tin is not necessary if they pack things with plenty of brown paper & common flannel 6d. a yard & the waterproof canvas they can get at Harrod’s, & they better insure anything against all risks, but to mind & put the value of the contents as low as they honestly can, & to place it at the top so that it may be seen on opening. They can send me the bill separately . . . .

There is no government bag this mail, only fortnightly, so I shall write most letters by it always, as they are only 1d. & can write on thick paper . . . .

Well, I must stop, with loving love, your devoted child Audrey.

Mind you keep all my letters.

Sunday 23 April 1899. Government House

. . . . I sent off my letter on Thursday without, I think, telling you of Hallam’s opening the ‘All Nations Fair’, a huge bazaar for the Blind which began last Tuesday & goes on till next Saturday, nearly a fortnight, with concerts or theatricals at night. H. made a splendid speech again & the place was simply packed with thousands of people, & we were very warmly welcomed . . . . I wore the grey foulard of Mrs Durrant’s which is certainly a lovely gown but required a lot of altering. At the garden party I wore the mauve foulard by Mrs Lane, which you will see was much admired & required no alteration. I only hope Mrs D’s evening gowns won’t want so much altering . . . . Thursday Hallam was entertained at the Club here just opposite the gate, 10 at the other corner is the principal hotel, the Gresham. There were 100 members present & they gave him a perfect ovation beginning with a most complimentary speech from the President, & then H. got up but before he could open his mouth they all stood up & shouted ‘For he’s a jolly good fellow’ etc. & then clapped & hurrahed till they had to be silenced by the President. H. made an excellent speech & they were all delighted & Capt. Wallington said there had never been such enthusiasm at any Governor’s dinner before . . . .

Yesterday Mr Owen Smith who has all the management of the houses, came with two carriages & drove us & the two boys, Mdle & the staff up to Marble Hill at 10.30. The dust & heat were terrible at first till we got out of the town & then had a lovely drive all up hills with sheep, green hills with gum trees, &

9 Government House, Marble Hill, in the Mount Lofty Ranges, was the summer residence of Governors of South Australia. Built in 1878, it was an imposing place on a hilltop commanding wonderful views. In 1955 it was burnt out during a bushfire while the Governor of the day, Sir Robert George, was in residence, and he and his wife and staff had to take refuge in a ditch while the fire passed over them. The house is still an impressive shell, showing its splendid stone architecture. The National Trust in South Australia has effected sufficient repairs to make it safe for visitors to look over.

10 The Adelaide Club, an old-established club and one of the principal ones in Australia, was founded in 1863. In 1857 a predecessor of the same name had lasted only a year.
Audrey Tennyson's Vice-Regal Days

Sunday 30 April 1899

We have not yet been able to buy a pr of carriage horses big enough for our landau & have to hire, which is ruinous work. I at first thought I should like to buy a pr to drive but really I should scarcely ever use more than the one

such wild roses & lovely pink, red & white heaths in the woods, till we arrived at the white-painted gate at the entrance to a wide drive through woods with a very wide tall clipped laurel hedge on one side. The house is of stone rather the colour of, but more yellow than Aldworth, with a tower & sash windows & enormously wide verandahs two sides of the house on the ground and firts floor, onto which all the rooms open. It is a very nice comfortable house with wide staircase down into a nice hall & a sort of gallery all round the first floor into which all the rooms open. We shall get on very comfortably in large airy lofty rooms & have one large spare room but that is all. Lovely views of wooded hills all round . . . . We took up luncheon & had a lovely drive home in the moonlight, the horses tearing down the hills at a great pace.

Wednesday. Here is mail day tomorrow again & I have never been able to write more, & now I have one of my nasty heads so shall not be able to write all the letters I had hoped to do. Monday, went with Capt. W. & the two boys & Mdlle and opened the Fair for the 2nd time . . . . I received the most lovely bouquets, one tied with red & yellow & the other with broad white water-silk ribbon & on one streamer in gold letters: ‘To Lady Tennyson’ & underneath the lines:

And shall we say the Rose is sweet
Nor grant that claim to thee
In whom the loveliest virtues meet
In social harmony.

And the same lines were printed in my programme. Then another little girl presented me with a box of bonbons or ‘lollies’ as they call them here, & on it a card printed in silver—‘To Lady Tennyson, From the Ladies of the Sweets Stall, All Nations Fair’, & the lines:

. . . hearts that change not,
Love that cannot cease,
And peace be yours, the peace of soul in soul.

We have prayers at 9 which everybody attends & if I or Hallam are not there Capt. W. reads them, breakfast directly after & then I see Mrs Bates before she goes to the Staff for orders etc. At 10.30 have the boys for an hour or more, at least I hope to do so, I have been too pressed so far—luncheon 2 o’clock—dinner 8—& when we are alone soon after, H. & I go to his room & I always hope Alfred may have work to do with Capt. W. but if not, he comes too, & then I don’t get any time alone with H. except, if we are free H. & I go and walk in the Botanical or Public Gardens which are delightful . . . .

Sunday 30 April 1899

. . . . We have not yet been able to buy a pr of carriage horses big enough for our landau & have to hire, which is ruinous work. I at first thought I should like to buy a pr to drive but really I should scarcely ever use more than the one
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pair, so we have settled to buy a nice little pair for me to drive & which the boys can also ride. We had a really lovely pair of light brown ones with cream manes & tails, rather handsome darlings, I really longed for them, but although they wd have done beautifully for me to drive they were too big & frisky for the boys to ride ....

You would be surprised at the wages we have to give & a great deal of our salary will have to go that way. The office porter, £115, not fed here—the messenger boy, 7/6 weekly & fed here—the staff housemaid, over £40 & fed. The groom £40 fed & clothed. Coachman £105 housed but not fed & clothed. Capt. Wallington, £400 & lives with us. Capt. Lascelles, £200 & feeds when he likes. Laundrymaid £72 & fed. 2nd, £39 & fed, & of course housed.

In the Australian families they never have more than 2 in the largest houses, & they do the whole washing & ironing for the house & family, & most houses, only one, & then she does all the washing so that it is not nearly so expensive really as with us, but then if they come here they have the same wages, only do a quarter of the work ....

The doctor who attends Joan who is really almost well only requires care for fear of a relapse—& who came here 11 years ago straight from Cambridge sent out by Sir James Humphrey the great doctor—he told me that Scarlet fever here is nothing at all—a most mild kind, & whooping cough & measles too—diphtheria as bad as England & the worst & most common illness among the poor—typhoid & ophthalmia, from the children playing in the dust & glare ....

Tomorrow the Adelaide & South Australian time is to be put on ½ an hour, as we are now ½ an hour behind Melbourne & Sydney & they think we ought to be the same as it is so inconvenient telegraphing etc.

Tuesday 2 May 1899. Aubrey's birthday.

..... I cannot say how disappointed I am about the way you write about my letters, only finding fault with them & seeming to get no pleasure out of them, & it comes as such a very great surprise as I quite thought & hoped on the contrary that you would say 'What delightful letters & how you have told me everything'. I was sorry you said nothing abt. the Marseilles one which I sat

11 The aide-de-camp.
12 The small daughter of Captain Lascelles and his wife, Bee. She contracted scarlet fever on board the Ophir and was taken off the ship at Colombo, which caused the Lascelles to arrive in Adelaide later than the Tennysons.
13 One of the many changes towards modernity that took place during the Tennysons' days in Australia was the innovation of setting standard times for the differing longitudes of the vast continent. Until 1895 the time used in the Australian colonies was the mean solar time of a particular capital city, which could often cause confusion. In 1892 a conference of surveyors from the colonies proposed to alter local time standards to show their difference from that of Greenwich by whole hours, according to differences in longitude over the continental land mass. After several years agreement was reached that Australia should be divided into three zones, and in 1895 Acts were passed that times should be standardised in accordance with the scheme recommended in 1892. The new time zones came into use in May 1899. The three zones are those of Eastern Standard Time (New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland and Tasmania), Central Standard Time (South Australia and Northern Territory) and Western Standard Time (Western Australia).
& wrote, certainly 2 foreign sheets & I think 3 or 4, when I was really dead tired & my back aching, but still it was a real happiness at the time for I thought it would be such a pleasure to you. You never said a word about it, nor the Naples one, & now the Port Said one you regularly complain of in this mail's letter & say you can read thro' the lines that I am unhappy & yet never tell you so. I have never once been unhappy except when I think of being away from you. Of course writing is most difficult on board ship but I wrote you whether I felt up to it or not, sheets & sheets & sheets . . . .

I have just been ordering 2 new hats and am agreeably surprised at their prettiness & price. A number were sent me on approval, Paris models, £4-4- & £5-5- & they say they have no difficulty in selling hats at that price, so I said very well then, I shall send to London & pay duty & carriage. But they are going to copy the only two pretty ones with my alterations & one they provide the feathers, £2-12-6 . . . . They like the most gaudy dressing with brilliant colours, & my lovely grey, & very smart gowns of Mrs Durrant's, they make no remark about, merely described them, but my old black evening gown Clarke did up last winter with turquoise velvet they described as 'a very handsome gown', & Mdle who dresses in more colour but very well—they admire very much & they also admire her looks & so do I very much when she looks well & has colour . . . .

13 May 1899. Government House

. . . . The other day we went to see the Fire Brigade, a really splendid force & after being shown everything, of course after God Save the Queen, we were taken into the telephone office & I was asked to touch a spring (any house who likes to have the telephone can touch a similar spring). This instantaneously sets a big gong and all the bells in the place ringing, matching the exact second on the clock—lights all the gas in all the bedrooms etc., opens the stable doors lets down a whip on their backs to wake the horses—& the horses & men all flew to their places. Of course the men had not to dress—the harness all comes down by spring. One of the horses & the first engine was off in 7 seconds. At night it takes 30 or 34, then they practised outside galloping at the most furious rate I have ever seen, nothing to be compared to the English who are slow in comparison. I asked how long it takes to drill the horses. They said, some will never learn but most of them know their drill perfectly inside a fortnight. When we went afterwards to see them in their loose boxes, as soon as the door was opened they stood in single file behind each other and wanted to dash out. One dear beast called Empress nips her dear nose against your cheek when she is told to kiss you, much to the delight of the boys, who went with us. We went up to examine the steam engine pumping water, & one of the horses suddenly turned by mistake & gave me, the boys & the Captain a shower bath, much to the amusement of the large crowd collected . . . I am afraid I enjoyed the afternoon more than most of the things we have to go to . . . .
21 May 1899

... Yesterday Capt. Wallington & I went across to the Workhouse which is just across the road outside Government House garden wall. It being my first visit, we were obliged to let the officials know & they met us at the gate & took us over the whole place—an enormous place—and I was amazed to see the number of old people—105 women & three times that number of old men. Of course it is for the whole of South Australia but I had no idea that there could be so many destitute people here where labour is so scarce & wages so high.

Last year they gave out for indoor relief to 4460 people. A good many of the old people were bedridden, some only there while they are ill as they could stay no longer in the Hospital. I came upon an old German to whom I spoke German & he told me he had been in Australia 16 years, & in Adelaide, three, & could not speak a word of English—also a Frenchman from Bayeux to whom I spoke in French; another poor young German partly paralysed, from Hamburg, & a dear old Scotchwoman who still talks her Gaelic tho’ she has been there in bed paralysed for 30 years and is always cheerful and happy & bright. The superintendent & the matron seemed extremely nice with them & the old people all looked well & happy either in bed or sitting about in their rooms or in the verandahs all round the buildings.... I received a good many ‘God Bless You’s’ as I shook hands with them & they had very pretty respectful manners, most of them.

Then we went to a separate building with a separate garden where no one is ever allowed except the clergy, doctor, or relations, so that no one may know the girls have been there. This is only for the first time of falling. I was horrified to find 19 there either with their babies or waiting for them, one a girl of 14.... Nearly all the babies were boys. They keep them with their babies for 6 months until they are both strong & well & they feel then that the babies will have every chance of being properly cared for; of course the mothers have to do work of different kinds. If they offend a 2nd time they go to the general lying-in ward & they sometimes have them there 4 or 5 times. It is all paid for by the government, & with most things so ruinous they cost $10½ a week only—except the invalids, they cost over $13 a week. They do not encourage people to come into the Refuge but will always give outdoor relief to necessitous cases, widows & families, invalids etc. They come there once a month & receive tea, sugar, rice & different groceries for a month, besides tickets to bakers nearest their homes—& tickets for the butcher. In the house they have meat every day.

Next week (Thursday) we have to go to a gala representation at the Theatre when everyone is to be in uniform, I believe in our honour—‘Under the Red Lamp [Robe],’ and another day we go to ‘The Sign of the Cross’....

28 May 1899

... I must say I think you all ought to be grateful to me for I spend hours on my letter to you each mail & tell you every single thing I can possibly think
Audrey Tennyson’s Vice-Regal Days

of—even tho’ I know you will read of most of our doings in the papers we send you.

We have just been entertaining Mr Julius Knight at luncheon, the actor, who has been out here with a company for two years & a half & is returning home on Thursday. We saw him & Miss Ferrars acting the other night ‘Under the Red Robe’ and tomorrow we go to ‘The Sign of the Cross’. The other night it was a ‘Gala Night’ at the theatre & everybody was very smart. They acted very well and the dresses were beautiful. The theatre people are most delighted at our going as they say we shall now set the fashion and it will make it worth while to bring good companies over.

By the by, I have never mentioned our reception on the Queen’s birthday which went off very well. We had a very large Levee in the morning with a guard of honour & the band on the lawns. All the afternoon Mlle & I were hard at work arranging the flowers. She does them beautifully & as we had not any really large glasses I thought of large baskets with basins inside & with wire. She made some lovely groups of chrysanthemums.

I wore my white satin of Mrs Lane’s embroidered with pearls & crystals, my tiara, pearls round my neck & Will & Charlotte’s ornament as a stomacher with a few more diamond brooches. It was a stand-up supper & H. stood at the head of one long table & I at the other.

Since then we have been to two days of Races, Saturday & Monday—our going pleased the people immensely for the Vice-regal party has never honoured this set of Races & there has been great heartburnings in consequence, & owing to our going, more of the upper ten were there than ever before. It is a beautiful course backed by the hills and lovely gardens. This morning H. inspected the mounted & foot police—a most splendid body of men. The boys went with us. At the end H. made them a little speech which pleased them much & then we went round the stables & talked to the horses & men, they all ride white horses, such dear beasts.

Sunday 4 June 1899

There was great excitement here yesterday, for Hallam had a cable from Mr Chamberlain granting his request for a baronetcy for the Chief Justice here who is also Lieutenant-Governor, of course agreed to by the Queen. They have been trying to get him this for 6 years & failed, so that it is a feather in H’s cap that they have listened to him. The little man is perfectly wild with delight & as Capt. Wallington (or, the UPK—Universal Provider of Knowledge—as Alfred calls him) says, he is one of the most popular man in Australasia, there is universal rejoicing. The Premier wrote to H. that if he

14 The Right Honourable Sir Samuel Way, P.C., D.C.L., LL.D. (South Australia), born at Portsmouth, England, 1836, died Adelaide, 1916. He was Chief Justice from 1876 and Lieutenant-Governor of South Australia from 1890. He was the most influential and distinguished personality in the higher regions of public usefulness in his State.
Letters 1899

were not so fat he would have got up & jumped for joy. He is now Sir Samuel Way, the 2nd baronet in the whole of Australasia—the other is a Melbourne man, Sir Rupert Clarke, a nice man I thought, who was over here the other day for the Races. There is a 3rd Australian but he lives in England & I forget his name.

It is too funny here how everybody is introduced by their full names—the Honble, or Right Honble, etc. So-&-so, & then their occupation in full. The other night it was very difficult not to smile when Capt. W. called out in a loud voice as he always does, Mr So-&-so, Registrar of births, deaths & marriages—and the man would not advance to shake hands till this was done. I also nearly had a fit of giggles when a young lady came up with very long blue kid gloves to match her gown!

When they write their names down in the book they add ‘Debutante’ to the young lady’s name if she is just grown up, hoping for an invitation for her.

We have two balls coming on—the 28th June & that day fortnight, & shall have to invite about 400 people each time & dance in the ballroom & state diningroom which open into each other, & have supper in a huge outside wooden room, a sort of lumber room now. The reception rooms are very nice such as they are, but the house was built when the Colony was so much smaller & the rooms are now much too small. They tell us they would have built us a new house had Federation not been in the air.

People have very mixed views about that great question. Some feel certain of its being brought in by a large majority; others think it may just squeeze by a bare one—others that it will not be carried at all & if not now, it will be put off for 10 or 20 years at least. New South Wales seems to be the doubtful colony & is the most powerful & the most numerous in inhabitants. Queensland has come round about it. It will all be settled, I believe, one way or another, this month or next, but then of course there will be endless arrangements & details to be settled. There is no doubt it seems that there will only be Lieutenant-Governors, & some people go so far as to say we may all be sent back by January 1901.

The Brasseys are coming to stay with us next Sunday till Wednesday & I rather dread it but they asked themselves & we could not refuse. We shall have two or three people to dine each night & Monday, we have the Professors & their families after dinner, & Tuesday the Orpheus Society of about 50 Members to sing. We went to their Annual concert the other night & they sing very well & sang ‘Hands All Round’, which they learnt in H’s honour.

15 Sir Rupert Clarke (1865-1926), second baronet, was the elder son of Sir William Clarke of Rupertswood, Victoria, and succeeded to the baronetcy in 1897. His father had been created a baronet in 1882, and was Australia’s first baronet.
16 Thomas Brassey (1816-1918), M.P. 1865-86, when he was raised to the peerage. Governor of Victoria, 1895-1900. He was noted also for his yacht Sunbeam in which he voyaged round the world. His first wife wrote up these travels (see Remembered with Affection, a new edition of Lady Broome’s ‘Letters to Guy’, with notes and a short life by this editor, Melbourne, 1963). She died at sea in 1887. The Lady Brassey of these letters was his second wife, née Lady Sybil de Vere, whom he married in 1890.
Audrey Tennyson’s Vice-Regal Days

14 June 1899. Government House, Adelaide

The Brasseys’ visit has been a great success and we are all great friends. I like her immensely & he is a dear old boy & very amusing. I cannot think how it is he is not popular, which he certainly is anything but, from all accounts. She is very handsome, bright & merry, very tall with beautiful figure & beautifully dressed, but her hair quite grey and at night she looks extraordinarily old, tho’ she is I believe younger than me. She tells me she does not in the least mind being out here & has no longing to go home, but of course when it is time she will be very glad to go home. She is devoted to children & has made great friends with ours & has asked them to go & stay with them at Melbourne in September. . . . We are to go & stay for the Melbourne Cup in November, as they say it is one of the sights of the world. They brought with them their Aide-de-Camp Lord Richard Nevill,17 a nice bright fellow very tall, with the bluest eyes, and what spoils his good looks, the largest most sticking-out ears I ever saw.

I am writing rather under difficulties as I am dictating Roman history to Lionel at the same time.

Well, the Brasseys arrived Sunday morning at 10.14 having travelled all night in their own saloon, having left Melbourne at 4 the day before. We walked to the Cathedral where the service is at 10.30 and Capt. W. went to meet them in the carriage & after dropping Lady Brassey here, the three men drove on to church & joined us there & then we all walked home together. In the afternoon we all went to a military service of all the forces in a huge place called the Exhibition Hall and then walked home & that night dined alone. There was a very funny figure waiting to see us go in, in the shape of a very old native woman with very black skin, white hair, huge thick lips, looking much more like a man, with a shawl over her head and a bundle on her back. She made a low bow to Hallam & me touching her head, & then rushed into the building, bundle & all, & the first person we met coming out was the old thing again but this time she insisted on walking alongside the Governor & begging, upon which a policeman was called & the poor old thing was taken by the shoulders & pushed out of the way as if she were the bundle on her back . . . .

17 Lord Richard Nevill (1862-1939), son of the 5th Earl of Abergavenny who was created Marquess in 1876. Lord Richard was Aide-de-Camp to Lord Brassey in Melbourne, and later to Lord Tennyson in Adelaide. Later still, he was Chamberlain to the Governor-General of the day from 1908 to 1914.
The first night we had the Chief Justice (the new baronet) & Lady Way, & the Speaker, Sir Jenkins Cole & his wife, to dine & then about a dozen people after to meet the Brasseys, chiefly the Professors with their wives from the University—then last night we had the Bishop & Mrs Harmer & Sir Richard & Lady Baker— he is the leader of the Upper House & was educated at Eton as well as his son—tho' he said to me last night at dinner, 'I am not an Englishman, I'm a colonial.' I am so surprised at the way they are so proud of being colonials.

After dinner we went to the Meet of the Hunt at the Tom Barr Smiths', whose father, Mr Barr Smith, is supposed to be the richest man in Australasia, & this eldest son is enormously rich having inherited from his uncle Sir John Elder, & keeps racing stables. They are quite young people and she is extremely pretty & nice, a Scotch girl he fell in love with when he was at Trinity, I believe, & she yearns for home I am afraid. He is a very nice fellow too, & I should think they are very happy people. It is a terrible disappointment that she has three girls & only one boy. They live at a place called [blank] in a village called Glen Osmond just at the foot of the hills 4 miles from here, a nice large comfortable house of two stories with huge wide verandahs & large garden for here, but oh so badly kept & plenty of glass but nothing in their [glass] houses.

There seemed to be a good many pictures in the house but I saw nothing good, & they were in quite a small way with only maids, & she tells me she never goes anywhere, not even into Adelaide. Still, everything was extremely nicely & prettily done. It is the one day in the year they entertain, I am told, with a large luncheon which we refused, & a tea about ½ past 3 with all sorts of jellies & creams handed round, with tea & coffee & cakes. The roses were a sight worth going to see, such masses. We did not stay very long as there is always a certain amount of restraint as long as the Vice-regal party is present.

I think you are quite unkind about my picture. The papers of Australia speak very highly of it.

June

... It is very funny how I am always called 'Your ladyship', never 'My lady', sometimes but very rarely 'Your Excellency'. Some people insist that I am, others that I am not.

18 The Hon. Sir Richard Chaffey Baker (1842-1911) entered the South Australian Parliament in 1863. He represented South Australia at the Federal Conventions of 1891 and 1897-8 and became first President of the Senate of the Commonwealth Parliament from 1901 to 1906.

19 Robert Barr Smith, born in Scotland 1824, died at Adelaide 1915. He came to Australia and became a partner in a Melbourne firm of merchants, but in 1854 settled in Adelaide where he joined the firm of Elder & Co., founded in 1840 by Alexander Elder. Sir Thomas Elder replaced his brother Alexander in 1854 after the latter had returned to England. Robert Barr Smith married Sir Thomas's sister. In 1863 the name of the firm became Elder, Smith & Co. Both Sir Thomas Elder and Robert Barr Smith were splendid pioneers in trade and commerce, and in expansion of the pastoral industry. They also encouraged and subsidised exploration. Robert Barr Smith and his wife Joanna were an outstanding couple, of boundless generosity and broad sympathies. Their great wealth, which Lady Tennyson remarks on, was devoted to the needs of the country to which they had come.
Thursday was such a lovely day that H. & I settled during our morning walk before luncheon ... that we would take the chicks to Henley Beach ... When we got there H. & I decided to walk along the sands to the next town, Glenelg ... about 5 miles walk. I was very tired at the end and H. wanted me to sit down, but I said I would get to the station first & luckily we did for Dow, our coachman, had told us wrong about the trains & we very nearly missed the one & should have had to wait an hour & a half. Happily we heard a bell ring which warned us.

You never saw anything so primitive—the train was all along the main street of the town & the man on the engine rings a handbell as he goes along till he gets into the country, & every now & again there are notices, 'Look out for the trains'. The horses run alongside quite happily & at some spots the train suddenly stops in the middle of the street & people get in & out. It is just the same when it arrives here in Adelaide ......

Well, the great day has arrived & Federation of Australasia is no longer a dream but a fact, & a grand thing it is.20 We dined at the Chief Justice's last night & Hallam desired that he should be kept acquainted by telephone there of the votes recorded from N.S.W. Just as we went into dinner a majority of five thousand—then later, on 10—and this morning 21,000. The papers say there was tremendous rejoicing at Melbourne and Sydney. But of course everybody is at sea as to what will happen & whether the Governors remain on as they are or as Lieutenant-Governors. One paper I have been reading says it will take a year to settle things & the Bill can't be put before the Home Parliament before the February session ......


...... Since I wrote we all went on Friday to see a Japanese steamer, the first that has ever been to South Australia. It is a new line which is going to run between this & Japan—stopping at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Thursday Island etc. & taking 36 days to do it. It was a beautiful steamer with 20 1st class large airy cabins & two baths in each, so bright & nice & comfortable & extraordinarily roomy wide airy passages. Very nice 2nd class too, steerage had theirs low down near the cargo, rows of wooden shelves on which Chinese passengers sleep, being allowed 3 feet each, no attempt at a real bed & several on each of these sort of wooden shelves. They were taking in cargo of flour, lead & bags & bags & bags of old horse shoes. They have been collecting them in the Colony for weeks & are taking them to Hongkong & the Chinese make them into knives, razors & swords which I cannot understand.

20 A referendum to submit a Bill constituting a Commonwealth of Australia was held in June 1898, but though there was a majority in favour of Federation in four colonies, New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia and Tasmania, the majority in New South Wales was very slender and the total affirmative vote fell short of the 80,000 minimum required. When the second referendum of June 1899 was held, Queensland joined in and the referendum was carried. Western Australia held out against joining the Commonwealth until July 1900.
Letters 1899

The Captain is English but has lived 30 years in Japan & looks rather like one, the Chief Officer & Chief Engineer English, but all the rest little Japs, all awaiting us beaming with smiles & very low bows on every excuse. The Captain took us all over the ship—cabins—galley—bakery. They have every kind of new improvement—the coal is shot down pipes so that the ship does not get any dust, some sort of swinging apparatus which prevents much rolling so that they never require fiddles—and in the Captain's cabin if the mast light, the port or starboard light goes out, an electric bell rings on & on till it is lit again.... I was given a box of lovely little silk doyleys with Japanese views painted by hand, H. a photograph of the steamer & the boys most fascinating Japanese toy dogs, & the Captain also insisted on giving them a small many-coloured parrot from the South Sea Islands & a canary in a Japanese wicker cage. The name of the steamer was Kasaga Maru so we have named the parrot Kasaga & the canary Maru.....

Tomorrow is our 1st ball; 450 people, & they say they eat like ogres at supper. Mrs Bates has got 22 turkeys, 10 tongues & 10 hams, 6 saddles of cold mutton, a very favourite dish! 4 fillets of beef, 30 chickens, 6 dozen pigeons besides cutlets, sandwiches & soup & fish mayonnaise etc., & of course, endless sweet things.....

I wonder whether you would ask Ernest or if he does not know, Mr Craik or Harrod's Stores perhaps wd know of some type writer who could copy out my letters in type-writing to keep them together for the boys some day. You could put a pen through private things to you, or about Joan or the Lascelles that was private, but have everything else printed & when much is done, just put together in a cheap cardboard binding as the boys may some day be interested & Hallam too.....

The ball the greatest success in every way, everybody enthusiastic. Will write more next mail. Bee [Lascelles] looked very nice & ladylike in a lovely white lace gown & pink geraniums in front & in her hair. I wore my blue & all my diamonds, tiara, & Willy's round my neck, Lion's & Cis as brooches, besides my former ones.....

2 July 1899. Sunday. Government House

.... I just finished up my letter last mail telling you the ball was a great success. Since then we hear that everybody has been talking about it & saying it was the nicest & best arranged ball they had ever been at, & that everything had been thought of, the flowers also were greatly admired, in fact they liked everything apparently, the champagne, too, was so good. We opened up more rooms than they have had before so that they could circle round, & arranged seats in every possible place for sitting out, & we had nearly 500 people, quite a hundred more than has ever been before, & there was far less crush than there

21 Her brother. Her request was never carried out.
Audrey Tennyson’s Vice-Regal Days

has been before. Mdlle who is really a very great help to me in every way, & I
did all the flowers & I arranged the palms & plants with the Botanical Gardens
men who brought [them] but they had scarcely any cut flowers to give us & we
had very few sent us, it is just the very worst time of year for flowers, otherwise
we should have had masses sent us from different people . . .

Mrs Bates did admirably. Nothing could have been better, everything good
& pretty & well done. How she does it all I can’t imagine, she only had a
charwoman for 3 days at 5/- a day & 2 on the day itself. She is quite insulted if
I beg her to have help. She did condescend to let me order about 20 dozen
small finger cakes for refreshments besides all the dozens she made which were
all eaten. The other day when I gave her the bill to take to Capt. Lascelles on
the monthly pay day, she said ‘We won’t have any more’ in the most decided
way. I laughed & said ‘Oh yes, you must let me order some for the next ball’.
‘No, we don’t want any more, thank you, my lady, but we shall make them all
ourselves next time’. . .

I & Mdlle went to visit the Adelaide Hospital again on Friday but only
managed one perfectly huge ward so as to talk to all the people a little. Lots of
Irish, & all had either had severe operations or were going to have them & all
so well & bright . . . . One woman told Mdlle all about ‘Broken Hill’, the great
mines of the Colony, about 400 miles from here. She says the youngest workers
get 7/6 a day & the men get 10/-, 12/-, & even £1 a day, but at 12/- a day it
means they have hardly a penny to spend for everything is so ruinous, everything,
even every vegetable, for nothing will grow there, comes from Sydney & has to
come through Adelaide for duty & to Broken Hill; & it is cheaper to have
them from Sydney. Sometimes they can’t wash anything for two or three weeks
on account of the dust storms when they can’t go out or put anything out to
dry— & have to keep every door & window shut no matter how hot.

One woman another time told me they suffer dreadfully from the lead affect­
ing the eyes. She has been two years under a doctor here for hers, & lots of
cases of children come down to the hospitals here, also quantities of typhoid &
rheumatic fever, & notwithstanding the terrible journey it is here, all rough
wagons, no trains, the typhoid cases generally recover. The Adelaide Hospital
doctor told me their death rate was 6 per cent in the hospital.

Saturday evening at 6, Mdlle & I went to a girls’ Club started by Lady
Victoria,22 of which I am now President. It was their Anniversary tea (Lady
Victoria’s birthday). A very bright nice set of what a year ago were extremely
wild rough creatures, chiefly factory girls, but very well behaved, perfectly
ready to talk & laugh with me, & you should have seen their joy over the
 crackers, there were only a very few but those who were lucky enough to get
one were greatly excited . . . . One of the ladies helping told me she believes the
rule is that they may not put their hair up till they have a young man . . .

22 Lady Victoria Buxton, daughter of the 1st Earl of Gainsborough and wife of the previous
Governor, Sir T. Fowell Buxton, 2nd baronet. His father was a distinguished advocate of the
abolition of slavery.
All these girls varied from 14 to 18 or 19. Their mothers were there too—looking so dreadfully poor, poor things, so shabby... The factory girls get 1/- a week. There was a terrible article the other day in one of the papers about the sweating that goes on. Taking the work home, men's shirts from 2/6 to 5/6 per dozen, linen aprons 10d. per dozen etc. From inquiries that I have made there seem to be no penny banks here & Hallam is going to talk to the Government about it and if they don't care to do anything, I shall see what can be done. There is the Savings Bank—with good intentions & millions in it, but depositors are more artisans. I am told that the very poor are most unthrifty & the moment they get a little money or extra wage, spend it in food & finery & pleasure.

7 July 1899. Government House, Adelaide

....This morning Admiral Pearson23 (whom Harold persists in calling 'the Animal') arrived on his official visit in full uniform, with a staff of three, with an escort of police that met him at the Station & Capt. Lascelles. He only stayed about 10 minutes but Hallam liked him, & then was escorted back to the station... He has gone off straight back to his ship, the Royal Arthur, and expected H. to go & return the visit in full uniform on board this afternoon, but we have to go & visit the Salvation Army Maternity Home at 3, & 24 hours is allowed to return the visit, so H. goes off by special train early tomorrow morning & then he comes with his flag lieutenant to stay here a week. But he comes back to dine here tonight to go with us to a public ball.

He is very autocratic & made a great row when he first arrived, because all the visiting Governors were sent in front of him at Sydney or Melbourne. There was a terrible fuss & it was referred home to the Colonial Office & he gained his day & now has precedence of all Governors except a Governor in his own colony!

Sunday......We all like the Admiral immensely. He is a dear nice man & sings our boys' praises which of course delights me. He dined with us Friday and then went with us to a public subscription ball for District Nurses, & went back with all his officers to the Royal Arthur, his ship, by special train at 12.30......

The Nurses' Ball was a great success & very nicely done in every way, the decorations all red & white with huge Red Crosses—the Ambulance sign—and a raised platform at the end of the room for the Vice-regal party & others. People were very smart and after the opening of the Ball by our Lancers, there were four sets of fancy dress, two sets being powdered & extremely pretty, all the naval officers taking part in one. I danced with the President of the Nurses' Society the first Lancers, & a later one with the Admiral......

23 Admiral Sir Hugo Lewis Pearson (1843-1912). Naval A.D.C. to Queen Victoria from 1892 to 1895. Commander-in-Chief, Australian Station, 1898-1901. He was a stickler for protocol and for his own precedence on official occasions.

I have been talking to the Premier, Mr Kingston, about the terrible sweating system that alas is going on here, & he asked me to allow him to send a lady inspector of factories to talk to me about it, & she came & brought a lot of the clothes to show me the work & the prices. I found her a very interesting sensible woman, a Mrs Milman, a widow. Her husband died 15 years ago & she has lost all her four children & has always had this work at heart since she was a girl. She has been 6 years Government inspector of factories (chiefly shoe) but only as far as regards sanitary regulations for the workers, & she told me that all that part is greatly improved. She has also independently felt very strongly about the sweating system which is getting worse each year.

Mr Kingston, who is the Minister of Industries, promised to try & bring it before Parliament last session, but with Federation there was no time. This session she hopes much something will be done & I think so too, from what he said to me, & they will probably have a Government tariff for everything. She told me two years ago a committee of ladies got a room as a centre & went round to shops to ask them to send all their materials to them, & they would cut them out & give them to the workers & pay fair prices to them. It answered admirably for 18 months, then the manager fell ill. Another was appointed who was not competent & it all collapsed.

It seems to me by far the wisest plan, only instead of its being a private enterprise, as Government does everything here, that it should start the centre of work & so do away with the horrible middle-man, &, what is worse, the hawkers or Syrians as they call them here (probably Jews) who are the worst bullies & keep lowering prices & then carry them out up country & charge double & treble the prices that the town shops sell at. The farmers' wives who are well off & can't come into town are willing to pay these prices.

The prices I saw yesterday, of course all machine-made work but extremely good machine work, women's flannelette petticoats 10/2 the dozen. Boys' flannel shirts beautifully made, 13/4 with turn-down collar & cuffs, & if they cut them out themselves, 2 1/4d. Men's, 2 3/4d. to make cut out, also gussets & bands & all, & make 5d. Women's nightgowns, endless insertion & embroidery & dozens of tucks, 6d.; chemises of the same 4d.; cotton blouses with band, 4d. etc. Men's cloth trousers, 6d. These prices are all in pence, halfpennies and farthings, as the 'd.' indicates.

The woman was enchanted at my taking it up, poor thing. She says she has hoped for so many years & now she hopes it may really come. She tells me that the moral standard of the girls here is fairly good—the factory girls are by no means always the poorest, lowest set, more artisans' daughters, & tho' they

24 The Right Hon. Charles Cameron Kingston, P.C., D.C.L. (Oxon), K.C. (1850-1908), was called to the Bar in 1873, and later entered Parliament. He was Premier of South Australia and Attorney-General from 1893 to 1899. An ardent Federalist, he was one of three draftsmen appointed in 1891 to assist in preparing a Federal Enabling Bill; was President of the National Convention which framed the Commonwealth Constitution, and a delegate to England to advocate the passage of the Enabling Bill through the Imperial Parliament. After Federation, he became (1901-3) the first Minister for Trade and Customs.

25 These prices are all in pence, halfpennies and farthings, as the 'd.' indicates.
begin with only 2/6 a week & feed themselves & often have to pay 3/6 a month tramway, & wear out loads of shoe leather, they are willing to do it because they get their evenings, Saturday afternoons & Sundays, for pleasure. The average wage of all the workers in factories is only 8/6 a week.

I forgot to say that the needle workers have, with the prices given, to provide their own thread, their own machines, which if they hire is 2/6 or 3/- a week for an hour, & their machine needles! It really is horrible.

Well now, to other more pleasant subjects. On Friday morning the Admiral & his flag lieutenant left us by 9.30 train. We—H., Capt. W., Mdlle & I—went down to Largs Bay by the 12 train in our own carriage & were met at the station... The Admiral's launch met us at the pier... It was rather choppy but very lovely & the Royal Arthur was only about a mile or so out... We were presented to all the officers, but I was disappointed not to see ‘Bubbles’, who is a middy on board but has been made so sensitive by always being pointed out that he never shows himself if he can help it. They say he is a very handsome dear boy. Our servants all went in two batches to see the ship & were much honoured & feted, & the day Mrs Bates & others of them went, ‘Bubbles’ was sent in command of the steam launch to meet them....

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Friday, 21 July. Government House, Adelaide

As we are off on our Northern trip on Monday I shall not be able to write after Sunday. I have very little to tell you except about Harold, which I know always amuses you. I told him yesterday I could not call him Soldier of the Queen if he slept with his Nana. ‘But I must sleep with her & go in her bed.’ ‘Then I shan’t call you a Soldier of the Queen.’ ‘Then I shall be a Soldier of the King’—his Nana having told him a day or two ago she was afraid he would never be a soldier of the Queen but of a King.

I said to him yesterday, ‘Father has been suggesting (it was only teasing on Hallam’s part) that you should all go home for the winter & come out again with Granny.’ ‘No I can’t.’ I said, ‘What would your Mamie do without her Harold Courtenay?’ He was sitting on my lap eating his pudding & without turning round, he said in the most matter-of-fact way between his spoonfuls, ‘Cry, I suppose.’ Then I laughed & he looked round at me—‘Wouldn’t you?’

He asked me the other night when he was going in the Ophir again. ‘Well, would you like to go home in her tomorrow?’ ‘No I can’t. I must stay in Adelaide & take care of my Mamie.’

‘Qui est là?’ Mdlle calls out. ‘Dear baby.’ He often talks of himself as ‘dear baby’ or ‘Harold Courtenay’....

Wednesday. Lionel still does not feel very bright but he has no fever and I

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26 ‘Bubbles’ was the title of a picture of an angelic small boy with golden curls blowing bubbles. Painted by Sir John Millais, it was a portrait of his grandson, Willie James, the midshipman referred to by Lady Tennyson. The painting had become the property of the makers of Pears soap and was to be seen everywhere on hoardings and in advertisements. No doubt it was a source of embarrassment to its subject in the navy.
think it is a kind of Influenza, a cold going through the house. Harold has a cold too. I hope Lionel will be able to go through his dancing lesson this afternoon as otherwise he loses so much. They have had two & only have it once a week. We have settled to let them go to Melbourne for little Helen Brassey’s birthday dance but I have not told them yet. We shall all go together, leaving here the 4th September, Monday, & taking them with Mdlle & Sophie & leave them at Melbourne while we go on to Sydney to stay with Lord Beauchamp for their Derby day from the 6th morning till Sunday 10th evening, when we must leave as H. has an important function here on Tuesday 12th & it takes 2 nights travelling from here to Sydney—the trains to Melbourne & Sydney only run at night, so that we spend all the day at Melbourne on our way there & back & pick up the chicks on the way back.

26 July 1899. Oodnadatta

Here we are right up in Central Australia as far as the railway goes & when we looked out of the train windows this morning it really looked as if we had come to the end of the world. Just close round us 1/2 a dozen white, low, onestoreyed houses of wood with iron roofs, an hotel rather larger than the rest, a railway station, a most primitive little school & besides that, nothing to be seen but dreary red soil, not a plant, a tree or shrub to be seen, but far away in the distance a slight rise in the ground of some hills. But I had better begin from when we left Adelaide on Monday in our special train at 3.10....

We dined the first night where we changed carriages at Terowie and had an excellent repast, I the only lady among all these men; then we went on in our new carriage & instead of our well-lit vice-regal carriage found it too dark to read. The man came in at 10 & made up the beds & I was very glad to go to bed for it was bitterly cold & to my great joy Clarke had brought my hot water bag and heated some water for it. I slept very well tho’ of course waking every time the train stopped & to my great joy woke up with no headache.....

We were woken by children’s voices singing God Save the Queen at a place called Beltana.....We next stopped at Leigh’s Creek where we moved into the Railway Commissioner’s carriage with whom we are travelling. Here at the station (a lovely morning but cold & crisp, about 8) we got out & bid goodbye to a Mr Gee. His wife and he were going to drive 600 miles to inspect the new gold mine at Worturpa which has just been found, or at least they hope so but it is doubtful yet whether it will turn out trumps or not.....Then on we went & next stopped at Farina about 10 & there we found about 50 schoolchildren with school mistress & master, the clergyman Mr Wilkinson, about a dozen blacks, men & women, two Afghans with turbans with their camels, & most of the leading inhabitants of the township. We got out after God Save the Queen was sung & I was given a bouquet or rather basket of flowers tied with red & yellow ribbons by one of the children, various little bunches of flowers by the other children & a basket of all the different minerals they find about there.
It was quite pathetic the way they had all nearly got red & yellow rosettes . . . .

Everything, even every vegetable they have, is taken out fortnightly only by train so you may be sure they had to pay well for it. We shook hands & talked with all the adults including the blacks, all very warm & so delighted to see us, poor people, beaming. Then when the train had to go on the children sang the National Song of Australia; we got back into our carriage & were loudly cheered out of the little station.

These people are much better off than most of the townships. There are 200 inhabitants & church & school & clergyman, but many have none of these things, & have not even a store so they depend absolutely & entirely on the fortnightly train. And yet, somehow, perhaps with only two or three families, hundreds of miles from anybody they are all quite happy & delighted & say they love the free bush life. All very well dressed—their parents if not they, having come from home, & are sometimes years without coming down to Adelaide. Their husbands mend the line or have the station, post & telegraph office all in one, or are store keepers or little hotel keepers—or own camels for carrying things from the train to the distant stations (farms). And at all these townships along the line the oxen & cattle are put into the trains having been driven 30, 40, 50 miles & more from the nearest stations & brought down to Adelaide either for export or for the town.

They say that drink is the curse of South Australia for although they can’t get any out at the stations, when they come to any inn they will drink as much as £40 & £50 worth in a week & get robbed besides, & so with the wages they get, they never get rich. A head of a station told me he gives the youngest boy on his station 7/6 a week & the men up to 35/-, house and feed them—they are always fed on the station. Mr Ralli told me he gives 15/- the lowest & 30/- or 35/- the highest but all housed & fed & cooked for, or if they are married they have rations given them for the whole family. Government by law is not allowed to give an experienced adult less than 6/- a day but not fed or housed.

From Farina the next place of anything particular after we had stopped & gone into the Commissioner’s carriage for luncheon was a place called ‘Blanche Cup’ 27 where we were met by a Mr Olive & his son, with a cart called a buckboard & 4 horses in which I, H. & one of the other men drove, with the father as driver & the son riding in front to show a track to go along & 2nd vehicle with two horses in which Clarke & the other men came. The son wore spurs about 4 inches long which I was told came from England & were far less cruel than the short ones as you cannot have so much strength to prod them on—and they scarcely ever use them but must have them in case of emergency. These men had come from their station 28 miles off the day before to meet us & drive

27 Blanche Cup and Coward Springs (which Lady Tennyson calls Coward’s Creek) was a stopping place on the railway from Port Augusta to Alice Springs, about 16 miles to the west of Lake Eyre south. It is an area where artesian waters escape to the surface through fissures; round these springs crater-like mounds have been formed of mineral salts deposited by evaporation and of drifting sand. Coward Springs was discovered in 1858 by P. E. Warburton and named after Thomas Coward, a member of his party.
us to these springs—extremely well dressed in blue serges & very white shirts & felt hats, but burnt wasn't the word for their faces & hands.

Mr Olive told me he was the head man who lives at one & superintends the 13 stations belonging to the [blank] Company the Chairman of which is a Mr Angas,28 a very wealthy man who lives here in Adelaide. At this station where he & his son & 30 labourers, a female cook & her daughter, live, they have 6000 head of cattle & 1000 horses. I don't know how many sheep, & they drive cattle down every fortnight to the little station where we got out, about 150 at a time. The drovers ride & the cattle saunter along constantly stopping to eat the blue brush, & they generally only get on about 5 miles a day. They call them 'mobs', & we passed several mobs of several hundreds, sometimes a thousand, feeding in a mass; the men take it in turn two or three at a time for two hours at a time, to watch them day & night & then they are packed into these van trains, generally special ones to get them down here faster. Mr Olive told me... he had killed by rifle or poison 500 dingoes—wild dogs—last year, 400 the year before....

After Blanche Cup and having left Mr Olive & his carriages of which as well as the natural springs I took some photographs, we got into the train again & went on to Coward's Creek—creek means a place where water is—& here at the little station was just the white wooden Inn & one or two houses and a water bore, which the Government sunk with others along the line 1300 feet, & from which a million million gallons of water a day pours out & has done day & night for 12 years, tepid & sometimes hot. They make use of it in building the line, and animals can drink it but it is not pure enough even to use for the engine's boiler—they tried to use it & found it impossible......

We arrived at Oodnadatta about midnight but had long before gone to bed & only got up the next morning in time for 9 o'clock breakfast. Hallam heard what he thought was a cow bellowing but it turned out to be a camel. It was a lovely bright morning, Wednesday, but with very cold wind & on looking out on this barren place we saw a touching little decoration of festoons of mixed coloured ribbons at the station & a large Union Jack & a large yellow flag with a red lion on it, floating at the Inn whence, after all greeting each other outside our carriages, we walked across to breakfast. The Hotel kept by a Scotchman, Mr Ferguson, & we were waited on by his two daughters, everything very good—porridge delicious, bacon & eggs etc. etc. After breakfast we walked back to the station to see Mr Winter the station master who is 'boss' of the whole place, postmaster, telegraph—marries & buries the people. He had married a Chinaman & a half-caste on the 1st June—when the Chinaman asked how much it would cost & was told £3, he said, 'No, won't do, much too dear.' He & his friend another Chinaman keep a market garden about 5 miles off and we drove to see it in the afternoon—the most enormous cauliflowers &

28 John Howard Angas (1823-1904) was a son of George Fife Angas, a founder of South Australia and first chairman of the South Australian Company which helped to colonise the place. J. H. Angas was a notable stock-breeder and public-spirited citizen, supporting numerous charities, and also endowing a chair of chemistry at the University of Adelaide.
cabbage & heaps of vegetables coming on. They found this fertile strip near a creek and have worked at it splendidly—charge 4d. for a cauliflower. We were introduced with great pride to the bride, hideously ugly, and a small boy of three very like his father & a small white baby, as white as my own which was rather puzzling but I made no remarks & asked no questions. The bride was fetched out of a small tent just covered with thin unbleached calico—they must freeze at night—in which stood a bedstead covered with a striped rug on which she & the children were sitting, the one sole piece of furniture in this home & at a little distance the kitchen—no tent or covering, a hole dug in the sand for the fire, two or three pots & pans & a broken white case as larder in which was a basket of fresh eggs & some bits—rag & rubbish. The partner Chinaman had another little tent with just a few bedclothes on the ground. One of these men has £250 in the Bank.

After seeing Mr Winter, Mrs Winter was brought out to be presented to me & then asked me into her house, a very nice one, & I was invited to sit by the fire in the parlour. She has 8 children & was much distressed at there being no sort of service or Sunday school on Sundays & the 18 little children at the school know nothing about religion. But what struck one at all these out-of-the-way places is the happiness & content of all these people. They say they love the free life. Mrs White told me a great deal about the natives. She has two—Mary Jane & Annie—as servants to help her & evidently likes the blacks & feels for them but she says they are very trying. She can teach them all the rough work—but at any moment they may come & say ‘I tired work—must go walkee-about one week or one moon etc.’ and off they go to the camp which is about 1½ miles from the township if any of their tribe happen to be there. There is always a camp of some tribe or other there, for at Oodnadatta stores & blankets are given away by Government every week to any blacks who come & ask for them. They are given out every Saturday now by the trooper (the Police Sergeant) who lives there with a black police ‘boy’ under him. The present trooper, Mr Ireland, is the son of a Gloucestershire well-to-do Rector, & a University man. His father wanted him to take Holy Orders & he did not care for it so he came out here 18 years ago to try his fortune & loves the life. He has a thoroughly nice cheery sensible colonial wife & one child, a boy 8 years old, Stanley de Courcy Ireland! who goes to the little school with all the other children......

Mr Ireland told me that he has made a rule that the blacks before coming for their stores have to sweep & clean up the township, & all the refuse is then burnt. If they work, they get their stores, if lazy & won’t, he says, ‘No, you not have flour today, you not work, you not have stores’ & now they quite understand but it was very hard at first. (6 lbs flour a head, tea, sugar & tobacco.) He is devoted to his ‘black boy’ (policeman) & when he drives away to his distant stations to inspect he puts the house & his wife & child under his care & he would die sooner than that anything should be touched.

They never steal except if food is put in their way too temptingly. If once they
believe that a 'white' means well to them they are devoted—but woe betide the man who treats them badly. Mr Ireland says he can go alone without any firearms anywhere among them, but many white men can't go a step without a pistol. They have been treated brutally by white men, but thank God, Government is taking up their cause very strictly this session & ill treatment will be most severely punished. They say those women I shook hands with at Farina will never forget it. Hallam wished one of them who could understand English to interpret to them how the Queen, he, & Government, were their friends. They are dying out fast however, & our making them wear clothes near white people & giving them blankets, alas helps to kill them for they throw off the clothes when they go off on their hunting grounds for lizards & kangaroos, emus & their eggs, rabbits & rats, & if fancy takes them, give away or leave behind their blankets.

We saw a man stretched on his back flat on the ground, no covering over him except a blanket, no tent, & a fire—they always have a fire—with his hideous wife sitting by him in the camp, & when Mr Ireland asked if he was ill, her poor old lips quivered & she said, 'Yes he ill long time.' They love their dogs & they literally swarmed like rabbits at the camp, 200 of them all rushing out & barking at us until we told them to scold them. The women shrieked at them & they were quiet. There were a good many of their little sorts of tents called 'wherleys' where they sleep, just made with half hoops & branches or sacks or bits of corrugated iron put over them. These they sleep in at night, only just room to crawl in & be scrunched up, two in each or with children, husband & wife—or unmarried women, or unmarried men. They always have a fire between them, sometimes on each side, & nobody can imagine how they don't set fire to themselves. Mrs Winter told me it was very disappointing giving them a new cotton gown for they were pretty sure to burn it next time they went to their wherleys. Where the servants slept always, they won't sleep in a room. But they never set fire to the wherleys. They never collect wood enough for the night, but prefer if the fire gets too low to run out & get more wood.

They were all greatly excited about the corroboree & Mrs Winter told me both her girls had left her to go off to the camp as soon as they had heard of it. However to her joy, Annie soon came back and later Mary Jane. She had told them they might take anything they liked for the corroboree & they spent hours turning the dusthole & everything over to try & find white feathers with which the men adorn themselves. We moved about among them & near the township we found several wherleys of which I took photographs, one with a group of women sitting close round a fire & the other a group of men, one of which was lying flat on his back with his blanket over him in the middle of the circle as he had 'bad leg'. Among the group of women Annie & Mary Jane. All the women smoke like the men & like wooden smart pipes instead of clay, & they think it a beauty if they knock out their two front upper teeth. Their hair is perfectly awful, all matted like filthy rope in shreds & very often they cut it off & make rope with it. They are pitch black, hideous, both sexes with very small feet &
hands & very fine ankles. The men wear beards & felt hats, the women coloured handkerchiefs on their heads, & white or light cotton skirt & jacket. They have most strict laws of morality tho' they do sometimes have more than one wife. Annie was a wife. The women are called lubras or gins. I fancy gin is woman, lubra, wife. And the other day [Annie] was enticed by another lubra to run away. As soon as her husband found it out he was in a terrible state & rushed to Mr Winter begging for a horse to ride off & said he should kill Annie when he found her, which meant thrash her. When he brought her back Mrs Winter asked him if he had killed Annie & he said 'Oh no, she so poor', but he thrashed the woman who enticed her away. In the meanwhile his other wife ran away but he did not care for her so he let her go. They smash their wives' skulls in sometimes & the women go on just as if nothing was the matter with them tho' you can see all their heads dented. They are never allowed to marry or mix with other tribes, this is an unpardonable offence, & no girl may cross her brother's path, if he is anywhere she must pass at the back of him, not in front; & a brother-in-law may not cross a sister-in-law's path. They are very secret about their laws & customs & it is most difficult to get anything out of them.

Many of the religious ceremonies the women are not allowed to know anything about & are sent far away when they are performed. I asked what signs of affection they had. No one I spoke to had seen them kiss but they shake hands & it's by making the women beasts of burden, Mrs Winter told me, the men show them great affection. Mr Pendleton, the Commissioner of Railways with whom we were travelling, an especially nice man, had given many of them free passage to Oodnadatta to meet us from their camps, as it is at this time of year they are all off on their hunting grounds, & when we returned South some of them came a little way in the train with us. I watched one man & his two wives get out & wend their way among the brush off to their camp, the women carrying huge bundles which they kept passing from one arm to another or putting down on the ground, but the man quietly walked leisurely behind with his blanket over his shoulders & a long stick to walk with but carrying absolutely nothing.

They are all barefooted & the girls wear short skirts. They say they are perfectly marvellous at tracing foot marks. The Winters' boy called 'Billy' (the Irelands' servant boy was 'old man Jack') the other day when out shooting with his master suddenly caught sight of a foot mark & called out with joy at recognising the foot of a friend he had not seen for 9 months. Another time quite lately they went out shooting wild turkeys which abound—the flesh of which is dark brown & excellent. And Billy was able to say as they found the track of a herd, how many days before it had been made. At last he called out, 'Boss', in great excitement, & said they had been at the spot that morning & then, 'You wait, I tell you how many', & in a few minutes he traced, tho' there were masses of marks of their feet on the sand, that there were 11 & sure enough a few yards further off they found the 11 all resting together in the brush.

We talked to a Dr Andersen who met us at one of the townships & came & dined in the train with us. He goes among them. He told me they will always
Audrey Tennyson's Vice-Regal Days

follow up his injunctions & take his medicines unless by chance they lose faith in him, then they go back to their own Medicine Man.

They bury their men only about 2 feet down in the sand & leave them uncovered for a time as, 'he might jump up white man'. They believe that the spirit wanders in the wind & then is born as a baby in another body. Each tribe is called after an animal—the emu or kangaroo tribe etc.—& if anyone dies it is never by a natural death but they have been bewitched by someone of another tribe. They then watch for a sign as to what tribe: if they see an animal soon it is a sign that it is his tribe & then they put on a pair of shoes, a pr of which I had given me by a Mrs Fleming the blacksmith’s wife there, the soles made of emu’s feathers stuck together with human blood & on the top a network of human hair to keep them on; with these they are absolutely noiseless and the two ends are exactly alike so that they cannot tell which way they had gone or come. Woe betide anyone of the tribe they find, as they must kill someone. No native can ever go travelling alone for fear of being made the victim. Mr Ireland’s police boy who had gone ‘walkee-about for one moon’ (a month’s holiday) had joined his tribe hundreds of miles away with a pack of camels which are driven generally by Afghans, sometimes with camels of their own, sometimes hired. A young widow, Mrs Bagot, with 3 children at Oodnadatta owned 200 camels which she hired out—they live on the blue brush & weeds & can go six days without water. The Afghans are a bad treacherous immoral lot & are cruel to their camels. They say the camels never forget an injury & if they have a grudge against a man, if they see their opportunity, will throw them down & pummel them to death. They can travel 100 miles in the 24 hours. We passed many packs & caravans of camels on our journey, either resting or walking along, & saw some wild emus, heaps of wild ducks & fowl near Oodnadatta but I am sorry to say we came upon no wild turkeys or kangaroos as I had hoped we should.

I have now written till I am tired of describing everything & must finish the rest next mail for I am sure it will interest you all... I can only add that we enjoyed it all immensely—I had no headache to speak of & the air was more perfectly delicious than any I ever remember... .

4 August 1899. Government House, Adelaide

I sent off my huge budget yesterday and am beginning again at once to tell you about the Corroboree as I promised.

It seems a little doubtful as to whether they [the Aborigines] mix religion up in them or whether they are as a kind of acting, or as a festival of rejoicing. Anyhow they say they never throw the same spirit into it when it is done for the whites as when they just do it among themselves at their camp. At our corroboree there were three different tribes—the Arunta, Alberga & Macuna—who had congregated & had practised for it. In the afternoon when we went to visit the camp we found it almost deserted and the people all pointed towards
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the township saying, 'Gone that way—over there—ready corroboree'. They
had been told to collect at sundown & we went out to them a little after 8, after
dining first. There were quite a number of white people all collected, a great
many bushmen who had probably come in to see it & were camping in the
neighbourhood.

It was rather weird walking across this desert with lanterns accompanied by
Trooper Ireland, his wife & little son, & the hotel people & our own party,
with a few lanterns—a dark night but gorgeous stars—the Milky Way was
marvellous in its beauty in that clear atmosphere—all wending towards a large
fire in the distance showing up occasionally figures moving about. As we
approached, several of the natives snatched up big logs of burning wood &
rushed to light up all the fires round they had prepared, & round the big fire
already burning we found about 100 women and girls & two or three children
all seated with their legs close to them like tailors, close to the fire & close to
each other, grouped in a mass about 5 rows & 20 in a row, & in front of them
two or three chiefs clothed with these dun-coloured felt government hats &
long walking sticks, others sitting with wooden instruments in their hands.

At the words of command these men began to hit them together & a low
monotonous sort of chant was moaned out by them & then taken up by the
women & then we saw about 50 or 60 naked natives (I was told after there was
one woman among them but I did not make her out) all dressed with their
war-paint & head-dresses, & the gypsum or white clay mixed with human blood
in patterns all over their faces like masks & in patterns over their bodies &
feathers—and all holding a bunch of emu's feathers in each hand. They all
suddenly appeared in a sort of rush towards us from their wherleys where they
had been hiding till our arrival, then they went thro' all sorts of weird gestures
supposed to be representative of tracking an enemy or emu-hunting etc. Every
dear few minutes the knocking of the sticks stopped & then the women stopped their
dirge & off the dancers flew to the fires & almost touched the flames to get
warm, & scratching their chests like monkeys or more often turning their backs
close into the flames. H. & I say we shall always think of them when we see
men standing with their backs to the fire with their coat tails removed, only that
in this case there were no coat tails or unmentionables, & the outlines in the
darkness against the firelight were extremely funny.

Then the moment the sticks beat & the singing began again, they rushed
together for some new performance, tho', not understanding the ins & outs of
the movements, they seemed to us a little monotonous. When we had had
enough Hallam said so & thanked them in two or three simple words & then
told them there were lots of lollies & apples & baccy & flour for them & pipes,
all of which he gave them, & tea & sugar, and the government had also sent
them up some shirts & blankets.

We then went back to our train to bed & after an early breakfast at the hotel
again & a few last words to most of the inhabitants who congregated at the
station to see us off with loud cheers, we started off about 9 Thursday morning.
Audrey Tennyson’s Vice-Regal Days

on our homeward journey. We saw a most splendid mirage of a lake on our way up which we thought must be Lake Eyre but it was a great many miles off—and we passed quite close to the real thing later in the day. You see vast spaces of the desert quite white with salt & soda. At Blanche Cup in driving to the Springs we came upon masses of bones & skeletons. These were of poor cattle that died in hundreds three years ago from the drought & simply fell down absolute skeletons to die.

I want you to get if you can, Seven Little Australians, & The House of Misrule, two perfectly charming books by a Melbourne lady, from all accounts a wonderfully true account of Australian life, by Miss Ethel Turner (Mrs Curlewis) publishers Ward Lock & Co., London. H. & I delight in them.

A most extraordinary mystery has occurred since I wrote the rest of this, which will probably never be cleared up. Yesterday morning when the children came to us as usual to say their prayers & hymn before going down to 8 o’clock breakfast, they asked me directly ‘Did you come into our room early this morning, Mamie?’ ‘No.’ ‘Did father?’ ‘No.’ ‘Well, somebody came & sat down by Sophie’s bed.’ ‘Nonsense,’ I said. ‘Kneel down & say your prayers.’ ‘We are sure it wasn’t nonsense, Mamie, but we were very sleepy & paid no attention to it.’ Sophie’s bed is an empty bed in their room which she has slept in sometimes when they have not been well.

They went off to their gymnasium & as soon as they came back I was sitting reading the paper after having seen Mrs Bates in the drawing-room—and Mdlle sent the boys off & then said she wanted to speak to me. She asked me if the children had told me that they were certain a man had been in their room, that they were full of it when they saw her at breakfast but that she had laughed at them. Still they persisted in saying they saw a man with a high cap on, that it was rather dark but they saw a white face near Sophie’s bed & Lionel said ‘Who’s that?’ but no answer. So Aubrey told Lionel to say ‘Come forth.’ ‘No,’ said Lionel, ‘I don’t want him to come to us, I want him to go’, & at that the figure jumped up & ran out of the room. All this they told her & then she told me, ‘I was fast asleep when I was wakened up by hearing somebody passing their hand along my door as if they were groping in the darkness. I at once thought that Baby was ill,’ (she knew that he was awake when she went to bed with his pain again) ‘& that it was Horn feeling for the cupboard’ (the nursery cupboard is opposite her door round a sharp corner from the nursery passage & near the door is the door leading to the back stairs). ‘I called Horn but as she did not answer I jumped up & without a candle went out as far as the day nursery door’ (nearest to her room) ‘& listened but all was quiet & I thought perhaps it was Lord Tennyson going his rounds & looked at my watch. It was 3.20 & I went back to bed. Almost directly I heard movements not at but near my door & I got up & lit the gas & a candle which I took with me & I went to the night nursery door to listen and as I got there I saw a thin, not young, medium-sized man at the foot of the 4 steps going up to yours & the children’s rooms’ (which are at the end of another passage, the stairs being about 1½ yards
from the night nursery door) 'with a high-crowned black felt hat, long overcoat, no shoes & brown socks. He turned round & stared at me for a second or two & I stared at him, petrified. Then he walked quietly up the stairs & I flew back to my room, left my door open & sat there on a chair till I got up. I listened whether there was any sound from the children but heard nothing—he certainly did not pass my door again, he must have gone down the front staircase' (which is almost in front of the nursery doors) 'I thought of knocking for Clarke' (who sleeps next door to her) 'and of ringing my bell but I thought it wd do no good so I did nothing.'

I went at once & told Hallam & the police were sent for & came up & looked about, but so many hours had then passed & so many footsteps passed that nothing could be found or they would have put a black tracker on the scent. They think it was Mdlle's fancy but the children told us before they had even seen Mdlle. We have missed nothing. They think it may have been a drunken man or somnambulist (Mdlle declares it was not any of our men) or possibly a burglar disturbed or looking about for another time—anyhow Mdlle is so absolutely clear and unconvinced that I think someone was here.

We are now to have police supervision at night & the servants will now be more careful & not so absolutely careless as they have been about locking all outside entrances. There is a high wall all round the place & the sentry locks the gates at 10 o'clock unless we are out.

Monday. The mystery is solved, and the man is mercifully a harmless lunatic & was caught getting into somebody else's house & said he was looking for his wife. It is a great relief to us all, for we women have been terrified with fright, & all doors have been well locked the last two nights I can assure you. Is it not merciful that he was harmless for he might have strangled or murdered the children, & if as they declare, he only left their room between 6 & 7, he must have been sitting there for a long time .......

12 August 1899

......The great excitement here lately has been a Miss Amy Castles from Melbourne who has a wonderful voice & has come here & Sydney & Queensland to sing at concerts to get enough money to go home for several years’ training. She is just 19 but looks 15 & is dressed with hair down & short petticoats & is an absolute child in manner & at present quite unspoilt. She made £1000 in New South Wales & cleared £475 here, just in two or three concerts. Her voice, a soprano, is quite untrained & I should think all this straining is ruination for it but she goes home in a month & Hallam has given her letters to Stanford & Parry that they may advise her. I should think after all this fuss & excitement it will break her heart if she does not turn out a great singer. She came with her Mother to see us & we were much pleased with her absolute simplicity & the Mother struck me as being very sensible. She is to take her either to Paris or England & place her in a convent, being an R.C., &
Audrey Tennyson’s Vice-Regal Days

then come home to her own family in Melbourne. She told me her 2nd girl of 14 has a far better voice but that if Amy’s turned out well, she hoped the other would break, as one professional in the family would be enough.²⁹

She gave an afternoon performance here to which Clarke & Bates went & they turned away 500 people.

Mdlle begins today to give a series of 10 lectures at the University on French Literature, & I hope they will be well attended—of course it takes up a good deal of her time but it is good for her to study & good for the people here, & she gets something by them so I let her undertake them, & shall attend them when I am free . . . .

It is now more than five months since we left home. Some people think we shall be sent home January 1901, which would be under two years. I have a terrible yearning at times to see you & have you here, darling Mother, & to see so many dear ones at home, but certainly on the whole we are very happy, for everybody is so extremely kind & we have always heaps to do one way or another so that the weeks really seem to fly. I think its being your birthday & mine which we have generally spent together which has made me more especially Mother-sick just lately & also for fear I should hear you are ill & then all the accounts of the lovely weather at home, & thinking of our happy visit at Lady Place which we had hoped to make an annual joy etc. etc. all helps to make one long for one’s dear ones. I asked Harold this morning if he would like to go home yet? ‘No! Not yet. I want to see Marble Hill & stay some more in South Australia, then some day go home’ . . . .

I went to Mdlle’s lecture on Rousseau & Diderot & it was quite excellent & most interesting. She was not at all nervous. A clear voice, not the slightest hesitation & very bright in little amusing remarks now & again, & I think she was much appreciated, & the room was very full . . . .

20 August 1899

. . . . Capt. Lascelles & Bee seem to have enjoyed their visit immensely to Sydney tho’ it poured in torrents the whole time but one day, & I believe it has poured there more or less the whole time that the Beauchamp³⁰ party have been there, & liked him very much too & say they have brought the most lovely things from home, pictures—miniatures—silver things & wonderful gold plate, & Lady Mary wears the family jewels which are magnificent.

We go there tomorrow fortnight. But they both said, which pleased me much, that neither there nor at Melbourne could the cooking hold a candle to Mrs Bates’s, which was satisfactory . . . .

²⁹ Amy Castles (1882–1951) was the first Australian prima donna to make her debut in grand opera in Australia. Educated at Bendigo under Allan Bindley and at Paris under Madame Marchesi and Boutry, she won a soprano championship at Ballarat in 1898. She first appeared in London at Queen’s Hall in 1901, made her debut in grand opera at Cologne in 1907 in Hamlet; and also sang that season Romeo and Juliet and Faust.

³⁰ William Lygon, 7th Earl Beauchamp (1878–1938), Governor of New South Wales from May 1899 to April 1901. Lady Mary Lygon was his sister.
The other day we all went over the Post Office here with the head, Sir Charles Todd, who is also the Government Astronomer here. It was most interesting especially the telephone department all done by women, who start with £40 & rise to £70 for 6 hours work on end & the head one gets £130. I should not think that anyone's brain could stand more than six hours a day, & I wonder they do not go demented.

There are 1600 telephone machines belonging to different people & there are soon going to be 2000, & any one of these may require to talk to any one of the 1600 & ask to have the connection put on to such & such a one. They are all numbered. Each woman sits with an instrument to her ear & her mouth, & as fast as she can go generally has to keep saying, 'Yes—are you there?' & then she hears what connection they want & she puts a peg into its place wherever it may be. It is too intricate to explain by letter nor do I really grasp the working of it sufficiently.

We also went to see them making the post office orders & as they pass out of the machine, another machine on the wall marks the number of the different amounts made, so that they can check all that are made & keep an account & none can be stolen. We also saw them making the stamps, the 2d. ones which are used most, as if you send a letter next door it costs 2d. & they sell £1000 worth weekly of those, £500 worth of 1d. for papers & circulars etc. & £400 worth of post cards a day—this means of course all over the colony of South Australia. Sir Charles Todd told us that 1 million & 1/2 pounds sterling including Savings Bank passes through his hands yearly.

Monday . . . . You ask me if I am thinner. I do not know, but I should say if anything I am fatter—& certainly most of the rest of the party are & all look extremely well, & one cannot help being struck at the wonderfully healthy rosy sunburnt looks of the children here, & such pretty children. I suppose it will be very different in a few months. It is very disappointing with such pretty children how extremely little beauty there is in people, girls more especially look pretty at a distance & then when they come near you, they have invariably shocking complexions, bad teeth, & dreadful voices, with more or less Australian twang.

You also ask whether they think I dress well? This I have no means of knowing—but I do not imagine they think much of dress here, not nearly so much as at Melbourne & Sydney . . . .

We went to see the cottage homes the other day, of which there are sixty here & in the neighbourhood. These are either for single people over 55 or married couples—where they live rent free, & have their own furniture & have to have 2 guarantees who will assure their having a few shillings a week & will be looked after if they are ill. Many of them have help from the Destitute Home (Workhouse). They are charming rooms, one or two or three as the case may be, a little piece of garden back & front & the usual verandah at the back. They are built in blocks of 6. One old man was there with a son to look after him. You never saw anything so pretty & nice & clean as their rooms.
Audrey Tennyson's Vice-Regal Days

The poor old wife only died 2 months ago and had been so anxious to see us, as she remembered Hallam's great-uncle kissing her at the Election at Stamford when he was standing for Parliament & beat Lord Burleigh, which I believe he did 4 times.

Another day I went with Captain Wallington to visit the Creche here, where mothers can take their babies from 3 weeks old to 5 & 6, boys 5, girls 6. They pay 2d. a day for each child and can bring them from 7 in the morning till 6 at night and for that sum the child gets 3 good meals. There is a charming matron & 2 nurses & it is considered that a child costs on an average 1/- a week. There are endless cots where they are put to bed in the middle of the day—dining-room, play-room & kitchen & bathroom with plenty of baths.

27 August 1899

...... We went to a hunt ball on Friday which was extremely pretty...... We never stay very long I am happy to say, as it is not etiquette for us to dance anything but a set or possibly two, of Lancers. It is rather dull after a little while & it is always about 9 that we are asked to be there......

Alfred is returning home by the Cape & leaves here on Saturday next......

I have been busy this morning superintending arrangements as tonight we have a soirée for the 'Reading Union', about 260 to 300 people, & Hallam is going to read them a paper on the Poet Gray which he has written for the occasion......

Yesterday afternoon I went to the House of Assembly & heard the leader of the Opposition, Mr Solomon, pitching into the Government about the Budget. It was certainly very interesting as far as it went, for I always enjoy hearing speeches—but I was rather provoked, tho' of course I had to be most smiling, because several of the Ministers & Members came & sat by me & talked to me, which naturally prevented my hearing what the man was saying. I hope this was only on account of its being my first visit to the House & that they therefore wanted to be civil, but I hope it won't happen again......

Captain Lascelles says he wishes he could volunteer to go to the Cape as he has always longed for active service & never seen any, but that Bee won't let him. I wonder whether he would really volunteer if he could, he does not give me the idea of having the stamina or the energy or physical strength to enjoy active service......

4 September 1899. Government House, Adelaide

...... Yesterday when I had hoped to write you a long letter, I had one of my bad headaches & was in bed all day, which has thrown me back dreadfully in every way for we are off to Melbourne this afternoon—a party of 9 including the 3 servants & Mdllle—but we leave 4 of the party at Melbourne. There are always so many things to finish up at the last but I am grieved about your letter,
Letters 1899

as I am afraid the disappointment will be so great—but never mind, I will try & make up for it next mail & it has really not been my fault.

Friday we went at 12 to the races—a lovely day—the Lascelles drove with us & stayed there till 3. I decorated the winner of the Derby, Gungadin, who behaved much better than the St Leger but was too excited to remain quiet. However I was determined not to be beaten... & clung round his neck till I had fastened the collar on, there were three cheers given for me & very warmly taken up by the crowd & the papers seem to think ‘Lady T. was brave’, so that’s all right......

7 September 1899. Government House, Sydney

..... We arrived here safely yesterday morning after two nights’ journey in the train & travelling a thousand miles ... We arrived at Melbourne 25 minutes late about 10.30, the lateness due, they said, to the weight of the Vice-regal carriage. A Mr Cecil, step-nephew of Lord Salisbury, met us at the station, but H. did not receive a public reception as he asked that it might be put off till we go there to stay for the ‘Cup’.

Lord & Lady Brassey met us in the hall & were most warm & kind & we all went straight in to breakfast. You never saw such a huge place, like a small Buckingham Palace, tho’ the livingrooms are small, & Lady Brassey has made her own little sittingroom very pretty. Of course they live in great state with endless men servants but all in plain liveries—here a great deal of show—red-breeched men in the morning & white coated in the evening, still, the masters perfectly simple & extremely nice.

Still, I must say the difference of the liberality of N.S.W. & Victoria compared with us is extraordinary—everything here and at Melbourne very well furnished, the state rooms most elaborate—red damask & velvets etc. etc., much larger salaries, staff & orderlies, hall porters paid for, & endless perquisites. I do not think that this house [Sydney] is actually as large as ours but a far far better house & all done up from top to toe, clean & fresh—the ballroom decidedly smaller than ours, but the most lovely view of the Harbour from the windows across the garden. But, as is always the case when one has heard so much of a place, beautiful as it is I am disappointed & so is H.; and we both agree & the Lascelles said the same, that bar the harbour & the water which is always so beautiful, our Adelaide is far far prettier then either Melbourne or Sydney, but the Governors in these places are far better off. Then of course these two are both very wealthy men & live naturally in great state even at home & they have brought out beautiful pictures. At Melbourne the Botanical Gardens are really beautiful & join Government House, & the river Yarra runs by.

After we had breakfast, Lady B. showed us our rooms & after being with her a little, I went up, made the boys go to bed, & began reading Sans Famille to them, but Lionel was soon fast asleep & Aubrey & I remained quiet. After
Audrey Tennyson’s Vice-Regal Days

Luncheon we saw the State rooms & the ballroom, magnificent, the same size as Buckingham Palace, but requires 2000 people to come, if not, it looks empty. It was prepared for the children’s dance & divided by screens. Then we walked out in the gardens with Lord Brassey, Lord Richard Nevill & the boys, & came in for them to dress for the dance in their new purple velvet suits the same as the old ones, & they did look great ducks. We went down together & had some tea & then had to catch our train here, while they were to go with Lady Brassey & little Helen to receive the guests arriving at 5 till 8, about 50 children with parents. Poor mites, they both wept bitterly at my going—but they would soon get over it with Mdlle & Sophie there & Lady Brassey extremely nice with them. Little Helen is a jolly little girl, 7 the day before.

13 September 1899. Government House, Adelaide

... Now I must tell you about our Sydney visit ... H. & I with Capt. W. went & called on the Admiral & Mrs Pearson at Admiralty House, the other side of the harbour, his flag lieutenant having come to meet us in the steam launch. Such a charming house with large shady verandahs on both floors running all round the house & a delicious shady garden going down to the water. I should think a far pleasanter house to live in than Government House in hot weather where there is no shade and all the livingrooms have the sun nearly the whole day on them. Mrs Pearson is an extremely nice woman & handsome but so painfully shy she will hardly go anywhere or see anyone. She was extremely warm to us & several times said how immensely happy the Admiral was with us. The Admiral too was very warm & told Hallam we had the best cook in Australasia. He also told me when I was talking to him & saying that at present I did not think that we had done anything to displeasure our people', and that I believe they liked us, but that probably our turn for abuse wd come. ‘Never!’ he said. ‘Why I actually heard of his [Hallam’s] popularity up in Queensland.’

When we came from the launch we had tea & then Lady Mary arranged the rooms a little with Capt. Smith for the ball, so Hallam & I went out for a nice little quiet time by our two selves & walked in the Botanical Gardens which are close to G. H. garden & run along the harbour & round the first cape, very pretty.

We dined at 7 so had to dress early for the ball as the people began to come at 8.45. I wore my white, Willy’s ornament in my hair & H’s necklace—I really do not know what I should have done without these two, for most of the people have good diamonds & I should not feel dressed without them. Willy’s is so useful, it makes into three different brooches, a locket & a pendant & H’s does for the hair—necklace & part of it for a bracelet.

You never saw anything like Lady Mary’s jewels (the family jewels), pearls like pigeon’s eggs—diamonds like 3d. pieces or even 6d., & emeralds 1⁄2 an inch

31 The ballroom is 137 ft 6 in. long, 53 ft wide and 45 ft high. It is said that when the plans of the House at Melbourne were presented for Queen Victoria’s approval, she wished the ballroom to be reduced in size by several feet as it surpassed that of Buckingham Palace.
in length, pear shape—rubies I don’t know what masses on her—but none of them hers! She is a noble character & so pretty & absolutely simple—I should think clever & the essence of refinement. It seems a great loss that she has not married someone in a great position but she refuses everybody & won’t marry on account of her brother, so Lady Raglan says.

I have not enjoyed a ball so much since I married, & danced twice with H.E., twice with Capt. W. who dances beautifully—twice with the Admiral & once with Major Lindsay & once with Capt. Smith, also with Mr Corkran, I think: these three last are H.E’s staff. As soon as everybody had arrived a procession was formed, H.E. & Lady Mary walking first, then H. & me & the rest of the house party I do not know how. There were the usual vice-regal Lancers. H.E. danced with Lady Darley, the Chief Secretary’s wife who has at Sydney precedence of visiting Governors. I with the Admiral who has precedence of visiting Governors in all the colonies, & H. with Mrs Pearson.

The ballroom is, I should say, smaller than ours rather, but the whole of the house has been smartly done up for them, the drawingroom with brilliant crimson silk damask, the ballroom with yellow silk damask; the difference of the way the other two colonies treat their Governors & the way we are treated is vast, & yet in Lord Kintore’s time it was the best Governorship in the way of salary etc. of the three, & this house, tho’ I should say it is larger than Sydney certainly is, & much larger rooms, some of them, looks very mean & bare after the other two, & of course, we live in a much smaller way. At the same time we prefer where we are & our own quieter homelier life with the feeling that we are liked here. I should make a stand for better furniture & more of it, only that it is not to be got here, the shops are so poor & nothing good in them. Melbourne & Sydney are good & really nice things & not dearer at Sydney as it is free trade. But it would be high treason for Government to buy anything from the other colonies.

Well, the ball ended at 12 & I then went with Lord Beauchamp & the rest of the house party to supper & then to bed. Our party consisted of Lord B., Lady Mary, our 2 selves & Capt. W., Lady Raglan & her daughter Violet Somerset, Lady Bertha Willbraham, sister of Lord Lathom, Major Lindsay, Lord Crawford’s son, & Capt. Wilfred Smith, nephew of Mrs Hugh Smith & brother-in-law of Meta, Lord Knutsford’s daughter, aide-de-camps—Mr Corkran P. S., & a delightful man, Lt Governor of New Guinea, Mr Le Hunte & his aide, Capt. Barton. These two left on Friday & Lord Brassey & Lord Richard Nevill came on the Saturday. Friday, most of the party went off on an expedition to a

32 Lady Tennyson was in error. Lady Darley was the wife of the Right Hon. Sir Frederick Darley (1830-1910), who was Chief Justice of New South Wales from 1886 and Lieutenant-Governor from 1891.
33 George Ruthven Le Hunte (1852-1925). In several years he was to succeed Lord Tennyson as Governor of South Australia. He was born in Ireland and educated at Eton and Cambridge. After service in Fiji, the West Indies and Mauritius he was Lieutenant-Governor of British New Guinea from 1898 to 1903. In July of that year he became Governor of South Australia until 1908. He then went to Trinidad from 1909 to 1915. In 1912 he was created G.C.M.G.
place called National Park by train . . . but I had such a terrible headache I could not get up & was bitterly disappointed. The next day, Saturday, was the races & we went at 12.15, I driving with H.E., Hallam & Lady Mary next carriage & the rest in a wagonette . . . Lord Beauchamp amuses me immensely & was extremely kind & nice—in some ways very old for his age, others, very young—a man that women get on with better than men. They all liked my Hallam, I think, & he them, especially Lady Mary to whom he lost his heart.

The chicks were much admired at Melbourne at the children's dance in their velvet suits & Mdlle says so many people spoke of the prettiness of their manners . . .

They enjoyed their visit very much but seem to be more sorry to leave the dogs of which there are 5 in the house, more than anything else. They did not like Helen, Mdlle told me privately, but that they were very good for they never let her see it. They have got on nicely with their dancing & danced the Lancers & polka.

17 September. Sunday, Government House

. . . . The Queen, or rather Sir Arthur Bigge, telegraphed two days ago, saying she wished H. to write to her, so he has been writing a long letter which troubled him rather but I wrote him a long rough copy which always helps him, & then he picks from it & puts it into good language & a much shorter style than mine!

. . . . Yesterday Bee & I went to a lecture & heard papers read on eminent women, one by Mrs Harmer on Miss Beale 34 very interesting & well done, & she has such a strong clear voice—another on Mrs Fawcett 35 by Mrs Salmond, wife of one of the professors at the University, & one on Miss Frances Cobbe 36 by a Miss Scott . . . .

I am reading _A Broken Thread_ by Miss Thorneycroft, author of _Isabel Carnegy_ you have probably read it, it is very clever & very satirical & true to life. I have also been reading _No. 5 John Street_ which also is very clever in parts but some of it very boring & I skip it. I think I told you too about Mrs Wilfred Ward's

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34 Dorothea Beale (1831-1906), often mentioned together with her colleague Frances Mary Buss (1827-94), was one of the early educationists devoted to raising the standard of teaching for girls. Both women were on the staff of the Queen's College, London. This was more of a school than a college and took girls from the age of twelve upwards. In 1858 Miss Beale was appointed principal of the first proprietary school for girls in England, the Ladies' College at Cheltenham. She turned it into a famous school. At the date of the lecture above mentioned she had achieved a distinguished position in the sphere of higher education for women.

35 Millicent Garrett Fawcett (1847-1929) was a leader in the fight for women's suffrage and was a younger sister of Elizabeth Garrett Anderson, the first woman in England to gain a degree in medicine.

36 Frances Power Cobbe (1822-1904) was a suffragist and anti-vivisectionist. The writer of the paper on Miss Cobbe was probably Miss Rose Scott (1847-1925), born in New South Wales. She was honorary secretary of the Womanhood Suffrage League of New South Wales which she founded in 1891. She travelled extensively in Australia speaking on the value of the vote for women, and after the league's object was attained she became president of the Peace Society, and international secretary of the National Council of Women.
book which you wd also like, also *The Etchingham Papers.* I have also been reading *Geoffry Hamlyn,* Henry Kingsley, as it is all about Bush life in Australia. You probably know it. ... There have been many meetings about Dreyfus in the other colonies but I am happy to say our people have showed their sense by keeping their indignation to themselves & not paraded it in public. By this morn’s telegrams we see he is released, poor fellow.

24 September 1899. Government House, Sunday

... Hallam said he wanted me down at his room at once, as he wanted to read me his speech which he had to make to 300 school teachers from the whole of the colony who congregate in Adelaide this week for a conference. He speaks to them tomorrow, and then if they have any spare time we shall invite them to come & see the pictures here & the house and garden, but their time is probably all filled up.

Sunday evening. I have just come to write a few more sentences before the boys come up as I have left Master Harold, who has taken to grunting the last few days. So I told him if he went on I should leave him & not see him go to bed. After I had left the room I heard him going on & then saying to his Nana, ‘Has she gone down?’ He is a pickle & so sharp. He told me last night about a flower called Stritzia Regina, ‘And do you know, Mamie, some people call it Regina & some people say Regena.’ I do not know if he had got the name right for I never can remember the Latin names. He saw a picture of the Queen this morning & said to his father, ‘That’s who I am the soldier of.’ He quite believes he is.

Tuesday ... I have to open a bazaar, a very large one, come back ... & then go to the House of Assembly for the division on Household Suffrage. I love going to hear the speakers & they like one to go—Hallam is not allowed ... Tomorrow morning at 10.10 Lady Mary Lygon, Lady Bertha Wilbraham, Miss Violet Tennant & Major Lindsay arrive for the night. We must give them breakfast, & arrange plans for their day. At 11.30 H. & I have to go off by special train to a place called Kapunda, 1½ hours journey—open an Agricultural Show, be driven in state round the town, back by train arriving about 5, have to talk to our guests, dress and then a dinner of 14. You may imagine I shall be pretty tired & sleepy ....

We have had very full days lately. Last Friday after an early luncheon we drove off some 4 miles to a place called Goodwood to visit a convent where we

37 The Dreyfus Affair was an international interest of the times. In 1894 Alfred Dreyfus (1860-1935), a Jew, and captain of French artillery, was found guilty of revealing to a foreign power secrets of national defence, and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment. He insisted he was innocent and largely through the efforts of Zola, the French writer, there was a retrial which began in August 1899. In September he was set at liberty and later, in 1906, he was completely exonerated. He held an honourable position in the army in World War I, the Legion of Honour being conferred on him in 1919.

38 Lady Tennyson was trying to recall the name *Strelitzia reginae*, the bird-of-paradise flower.
were received by the nuns & priests & then I received a bouquet from the youngest wee girl, & an older girl read a very pretty address to H. & then they went through singing, playing & drilling etc. We went all over the convent & round the garden with the nuns & then we drove off to another school & convent of the Sisters of Mercy & went through just the same thing again. Such delightful nuns these last, we quite lost our hearts to them... Then home & I was just able to lie down for ½ of an hour & then had to dress for early dinner and go to a large meeting at the Town Hall for the Bishop's Home Mission...

I was really dead tired, for of course wherever we go it is incessant talking, to endless people, generally a good many new ones who are brought up & presented & one has to be pleasant. It is sometimes a great strain.

Yesterday H. made an excellent speech at the Teachers' Conference & there is a very nice leader on it this morning which I must send you; he certainly does speak splendidly & his delivery is so clear and delightful tho' I says it as shouldn't—but then he spares no pains in preparing them. Bates told me this morning that they hear from the tradespeople etc. that he is tremendously popular which is satisfactory......

If I can add to this I will before Thursday, but I fear it will be impossible. I am afraid this is the dullest letter you have yet had, but of course the time must come when there is nothing new to write, & I have counted up that I have written you between 36 & 40 hugely long letters since I left you......

1 October 1899. Government House, Sunday

... I went with Capt. Lascelles to hear the Debate on Household Suffrage for the Upper House. We heard very animated speeches & very rude personal jibes & constant interruptions. They behave extremely badly & the Speaker twice in one & a half hours had to insist on apologies & retracting what had been said. It was thought possibly the Government might be thrown out, but on the vote being taken for the 3rd reading, the Liberals were 28 against 19. I always enjoy debates immensely and wish I could go oftener. They brought this same Bill in last year lowering the vote from £25 to £15 & it was thrown out by the Upper House, the Legislative [Council] then, & now the Lower House, the House of Assembly, have brought it in again (it is the Premier's bill, he is entirely ruled by the Labour Party but everybody believes in heart & soul he is Conservative really) this time asking for Universal Suffrage which they themselves have already. It is sure to be thrown out again by the Upper House & then it will rest with Hallam to decide whether there is to be a Dissolution of both Houses, a very nasty & ticklish job for him, poor old boy...... It seems a great pity, if this can be avoided, to go to all that expense & vexation of spirit when Federation is so soon coming on......

The next morning I woke with a head... At 10.14 Lady Mary Lygon, Lady Bertha Wilbraham, Miss Tennant & Major Lindsay arrived from Melbourne &

39 The outcome of the debate may be seen in letter 3/12/1899.
we gave them breakfast etc. & then at 11.30 we had to leave them ... and go by special train to a place called Kapunda ... The next morning, Lady Raglan & Violet Somerset arrived from Melbourne & I gave them breakfast & then we chatted & walked about etc. till they all went down to Largs Bay at 11.40 to join their vessel. Lady Mary left her beautiful pearl necklace with diamond clasp belonging to her brother which she always wears under her pillow & [the maid] having only arranged the bed tidying till they went, did not find it till after. We sent off Collins the staff clerk at once, but he unfortunately did not take it on board but gave it to someone else to give her, which was very stupid—so we are telegraphing to her at Albany to know if it is safe ......

On Friday we went off by train with the Ways, and the Minister of Agriculture Mr Butler, also Sir Langdon Bonython40 to a Government Agricultural School at a place called Roseworthy. We got out at a little town called Gawler where the great manufactories of agricultural implements are owned by a firm of the name of Martin & they are said to employ between 6 & 700 men. Gawler used to be called the Australian Athens, as the inhabitants were considered the most literary ... There are about 50 young students and they have to do the whole of the manual work of the farm. The course is three years & they only pay £30 a year for the instruction & keep & everything. They farm 1400 acres and have cattle, sheep, poultry, vineyards, fruit orchards, vegetables, everything. The head professor is a Scotchman from the University of Edinburgh, Lowrie by name, with a strong Scotch accent, a very nice fellow with a very sad expression ... he has been at the head of this college 12 years ......

12 October 1899. Largs Bay Hotel

I am afraid you will be dreadfully disappointed at receiving this short letter but I am sure you will forgive me for I have been suffering so much with my head lately since I last wrote, that when the pain is better I am like a burnt child that dreads fire and am afraid to do anything. My cold of last week turned into Influenza which is about just now. Tuesday, I, the chicks, Horn & Mademoiselle came down to stay here to brace me up. We are right on the sea, a fine bracing air & it has already done me good. We are very comfortable with our own sittingroom, an unheard-of thing in Australia, & only ¼ hour from Adelaide so Hallam was able to run down last evening for the night. The great P & O that is going to take this is lying off here in front of our windows, having come in this morning. There are wide verandahs all round the hotel with arches, so I sit & bask in the sun & the sea breezes. It is a most primitive little place but beautiful sands for the chicks, & we hope this air will brace them for the heat ......

40 Sir (John) Langdon Bonython (1848-1939). Born in London, he came of one of the oldest Cornish families. He joined the staff of the Adelaide Advertiser and later became its editor and proprietor, from 1893 to 1929. He was a member of the House of Representatives in the Federal Parliament from 1901 to 1906. Created K.C.M.G. in 1919. A generous benefactor, in 1921 he made a gift of £40,000 to the University of Adelaide for a Great Hall; and in 1926 he gave £20,000 to endow the chair of law at that university.
If anybody had told me I could be feeling so different in three days I could never have believed it, but so it is, this air has done wonders for me... I did not feel up to going up to our garden party on Thursday—I was still feeling too weak, and shaking hands with 2500 people on a hot day is no easy task; everybody was very kind & said they were glad I had not attempted it. It was one of the finest afternoons we had had.

It seems to have gone extremely well... The great Bates made everything, jellies & creams & Macedoines in little glass cups with cream at the top. The strawberries were unfortunately or perhaps I should say fortunately, not ripe, for we should have required such bushels & gallons of cream. The Admiral told me that once he gave a garden party in Sydney & they had tons of strawberries, & the vice-regal party was a little late in arriving & by the time they were led to the Refreshment stall there was not a strawberry left. The people regularly fought for them & feasted on them; but this had better not go further....

There is tremendous excitement all over Australia about the Boer War, declared the day before yesterday. A great deal of cabling backwards & forwards to the Colonial Office. A great row in Parliament here & in one or two of the other colonies by the Labour Party who are furious at the money being voted & spent; & here the Premier offered a contingent to the Colonial Office without asking the leave of Parliament. He is of the Labour Party himself & he had to speak & act strongly against them which he has done very nobly, but the question was only carried by a majority of 8 after two or three days of heated discussion. The Colonial Office only allows 125 men from here & I suppose we shall treat them in some way at Government House before they sail on the 30th, & H. will probably address them. It is to be settled today who are chosen out of all the Volunteers after a very strict medical examination & also who the officers will be that command them. No married man among the privates. Capt. Lascelles has volunteered either to officer them or has asked leave of the War Office to accompany them to Natal. He would then drill them on board & would hope to join the forces out there....

It is so very inconvenient having to go into mourning again for poor Uncle Horatio... If ever I had to go into deep mourning, which God forbid—would you remember that I should want 2 best smart gowns & 2 ordinary everyday according to the season. Of course if it were summer it would have to be of the very thinnest & if the end of summer, part warm, part cool. A grey dust cloak and a long black travelling coat or dark grey, from the Austrian tailor in Sloane Street—a smart cape or jacket whatever was worn at the time—if it were to be in the winter, a black serge coat & skirt from Mrs Lane & a black umbrella & anything you thought necessary, remembering that one has to pay duty 5/- in the £1. It is dreadful to talk of such things but one has to be prepared in case such a terrible thing happened. God forbid it—and the people must be hurried to send out in a week for I should not know what to do for clothes....
Letters 1899

I wish you could have heard the owner of the hotel here talking to Hallam yesterday. Mentioning a strike at Broken Hill he said in the calmest way, 'It lost me £30,000' & then talked of paying £12,000 for this, £27,000 for that—that’s the way people talk here, by thousands which they have one moment and lose the next. There are very few rich people & most people are more or less poor. I can’t imagine what they do & how they spend their money, but people with £1,000 a year live in a very small way . . . .

21 October 1899. Government House, Adelaide

I was supposed to have plenty of free time as Governor’s wife but the incessant interruptions seem to increase every day & here is 12 o’clock & I have been hard at it since 9 o’clock, one little thing or somebody taking up my time ever since . . . .

There is tremendous excitement in the whole place & colony and colonies, about all these Australasian troops going to Africa, & Hallam feels so strongly that the Bishop should address the men, but he is such a hard-working busy man that it is very difficult for him to find spare days or hours for any extra thing—still H. feels so strongly that the Church ought most necessarily come forward on these public occasions & the Bishop is so much respected & would speak so well that H. thinks the men would remember & carry away with them what he says to them. The day before they sail (Sunday) there is to be a public service for them in the Exhibition building & they are then to be marched here to Government House & H. will address them & say goodbye—he has prepared a splendid little speech for them which I feel sure they will like, poor fellows.

The great news is that the War Office has given leave to Capt. Lascelles to go out with them—the Colonials would be jealous of his commanding them, but they seem delighted he is going for he has drilled them pretty regularly every Saturday since he came, which H. told him to do, & it is more or less settled that he is to go as their adjutant which of course gives him a great deal of power over them . . . I believe the worst will be over before any of these troops arrive, especially after this splendid news from Mafeking which arrived this morning. What a wonderful ‘coup’ Colonel Baden Powell arranged for the poor things. It is said the Boers will be very easily discouraged after a few reverses & want to return to their farms in peace . . . .

The troops sail Monday in the Medici & we have the men, 150 including the band, to dinner here Saturday at 1 o’clock and Hallam will address them & bid them God speed on the lawn afterwards. Mrs Bates delighted of course at this unexpected pleasure! . . . .

We had very nice funny little functions yesterday, the evening one especially nice, as Hindmarsh is a poor suburb composed entirely of working people & different manufactories & they were very warm abt their Governor—I do really think he is getting more & more beloved & respected & is extremely well received always. The people last night had decorated their streets & we had a
Audrey Tennyson's Vice-Regal Days

guard of honour of firemen & an escort of troopers. A very large crowd as we drove off who cheered us loudly. Of course they are very nice & kind to me and generally include me in their welcome, but ‘their Governor’ is the one person, I am only countenanced as a necessary appendix to him, nothing else, which I think is really nice of them & as it should be. He represents their Queen & therefore nobody else matters—I don’t think they care whether the wife is nice to them or not, very much . . . . .

2 November 1899. Government House

I am afraid you will get a very short letter this time but I am sure you will forgive it when you know that every minute of mine & all the servants’ time since last mail day has been taken up working for the Ambulance for our men who have just sailed from here Tuesday; & yesterday I worked hard all day at a housewife for Capt. Lascelles which I could not get done before and which I am sending by this mail boat, the Ophir, sailing to Albany where I think they will catch the Medic as she has to coal again there. That is my explanation & you would, I know, have been the first to say, leave my letter of course. And now as to what we have done.

Last Thursday I was on my sofa with a headache but had to look at the war news & then saw that the call here for bandages & jackets had not been warmly responded to. The Mayoress had collected things but I thought the whole colony would contribute things and there would probably be much too many. However, when I saw this was not the case I sent at 1 o’clock for Mrs Bates, got her after her dinner to go to a wholesale warehouse for flannel & by 4 every woman in the house except the kitcheneres, who were working hard for the men’s dinner on Saturday, were stitching at large red flannel jackets with running strings to suit all sizes & 3 machines going hard. Children’s lessons, everything, had to give way, & up to 10 o’clock Tuesday morning, when the lot was sewn up in canvas to go with the troops in the special train, the stitching of all hands went on, the boys helping by sewing over seams and taking out tacking threads. I unfortunately had a good many day & night functions but I worked all Sunday & till nearly 12 most nights.

The nice head nurse at the hospital lent us a bandage roller machine & the nurses there rolled a good many of our bandages but we cut them all here. We sent total 85 rolled bandages 6 yds long all widths—36 triangular bandages which I cut out & folded between 9.30 & 11.45 Monday night & tied up in sixes—32 jackets, 6 of which Bee & her nurse made. 20 red flannel cholera belts which have a good deal of work in them & I sent 44 boxes of safety pins, one box being tied up in each bundle ready for use. Everything was tied up firmly in packets of six & tickets saying what the bundle consisted of sewn outside, & then the whole sewn up in canvas & directed to the doctors & the list of all the contents outside.

41 Pronounced ‘ Hussif’, a soft folder for needles, pins, thread, buttons, etc.
All the servants & Mademoiselle worked splendidly & were delighted to do it. I can say no more this mail for I must rush & send you the papers to read instead of a long letter. I am, & every Englishman must be, sick at heart with this disaster\textsuperscript{42}—awful & appalling, such a thing I should think unknown in history—here we are disgraced before the whole world again—I can only say 'thank God' our Mordie is not alive to know that his regiment among the others surrendered, instead of dying to a man which one has always felt confident Englishmen would do. God does indeed seem to have forsaken us, may it be only for the moment & that we may retrieve our name for honour & bravery. Ah me, I feel trembly all over—I hoped against hope that the news would be contradicted this morning—but one must not blame really I suppose, till one knows more.

\textbf{4 November 1899. Government House, Melbourne}

You will see by the address that we have arrived here and I am now waiting to dress for the races, so shall begin my letter to you . . . .

\textit{Sunday.} We arrived about 11, \(\frac{3}{4}\) of an hour late & our train was the longest on record . . . We had some breakfast & I then walked with Lord Brassey down thro' the town to the dentist to have a tooth stopped . . . For the afternoon, some played croquet, some lawn tennis & H. & I went for a stroll in the Botanical Gardens which are beautiful & adjoin Government House . . . The party in the house when we arrived were Lord & Lady Brassey & little Helen B., Lord Beauchamp with 2 staff, such particularly nice fellows—Capt. Wilfred Smith & Mr Corkran Private Secretary. Admiral Pearson, the staff here, Lord Richard Nevill looking after everybody & everything splendidly, very nice too, Capt. Packenham P. S. & Mrs P . . . Capt. Cecil—I think a nephew of Lord Salisbury—& little Lord Hindlip, harmless but dull & foolish . . . Mrs Pearson & a Mrs Dicken, wife of a Capt. Dicken arrived from Sydney soon after us with the P. S. Mr Ferguson—and we three yesterday. Lady Hilda & Mary Keppel arrived by sea from Sydney quite early to breakfast—& a little later Lord Ranfurly\textsuperscript{43} & his P. S., Mr Hill-Trevor, arrived from New Zealand just before we all started for the Races Derby Day.

We had quite a procession of carriages, the first with four horses & postillions in which were Lord & Lady Brassey, the Admiral—who has precedence of all visiting Governors, & myself. The next, Lord Beauchamp & ladies, then Lord Ranfurly & ladies, then a 4-in-hand driven by Lord Richard Nevill with staff etc. We drove on to the course & then to the vice-regal box as usual & then constant presentations to people as one walked about—and discussions which horse to back, walks to the paddocks etc. etc. Luncheon in a private room & at the end, tea before returning home before the last race.

\textsuperscript{42} The surrender of a force of more than 1,500 British soldiers to the Boers near Ladysmith was reported in the Australian press on the date of this letter.

\textsuperscript{43} Uchter John Mark Knox, 5th Earl Ranfurly, Ireland (1856-1933), Governor of New Zealand, 1897-1904.
Audrey Tennyson’s Vice-Regal Days

The night before, we had a large ball here where there were 1800 people, over 2000 asked—the ballroom is rather larger than Buckingham Palace. [See note no. 31, page 60.] We dined early & dressed after—all the staff in full uniform and the governors also in uniform—Hallam, deputy lieutenant; Lord Brassey, naval; Lord Beauchamp, N.S.W. Rifles, with a felt hat & cock feathers like the Bersaglieri, very pretty. As soon as the company arrived the staff came & announced that all was ready & the procession was formed—all the staff numbering a good many walking two & two in front, then Lord & Lady B., then the Admiral & his wife, Lord Beauchamp & myself, then H. & Mrs Packenham & I don’t know how the others followed. Anyhow it made quite a long procession as we walked up the whole length of the room to the dais—then the vice-regal quadrille which they dance here instead of the Lancers & Lady Brassey had to drill most of us before, as we had not danced it for years. I danced a few dances but I really was so tired I could not enjoy it very much & soon after twelve I slipped up to bed & to my joy woke up yesterday without a headache......

Yesterday, instead of a fine day for the world-renowned ‘Melbourne Cup’ when there would have probably been 150,000 people & the marvellous dresses of everyone a most wonderful sight, it was the most pelting day I have ever witnessed. The streets as we drove through them were running rivers in many places inches deep, & simply tearing down the streets. It was the very greatest pity & most disappointing. We had to all go in mackintoshes & umbrellas & those who went in the 4-in-hand and the coach were drenched to the skin. We should have been such a pretty procession with a large escort of the mounted Infantry in their pretty slouch hats turned up on the right side which looks so odd. I saw the Victorian troops on the Medic had theirs turned up right—ours are left, held up by a kangaroo’s head. When we arrived we simply flew, holding our petticoats up high, to shelter, our feet drenched the first step & such a sight as the poor jockeys were you never did see in their white & coloured shirts, simply one brown mass of mud and their faces so covered with mud one could hardly see them.

Happily it cleared a little & left off raining for the Cup, & there was tremendous excitement & a perfectly deafening roar from the thousands of people as a favourite [Merriwee], who also won the Derby on Saturday was the winner & the owner, Mr Power, a very popular man who used to be very rich & now has lost all his money......

Directly after the Cup we 3 & one or two of the party & Lord Hindlip who came as Lord B’s aide-de-camp, drove off with Lord Richard Nevill’s 4-in-hand, I sitting by him on the box, to the station where we found the servants & our own carriage which is nearly 50 feet in length. I enjoyed the time very much......

And now I must tell you about our troops going off from Adelaide as I had not time last mail. They were encamped not far from G.H. On the Saturday before they sailed we had the whole number to G.H. to dinner at 1—& including
officers & band who were not going to the war, we had about 150 to dinner in the ballroom.

They arrived with the band & paraded on the front lawn and then Hallam & I met them at the main entrance and shook hands with them all as they marched in, & oh the agony I suffered from the grip & Australian squeeze from all the men, accompanied in most cases with a broad grin & a salute, made me many times almost disgrace myself by screaming out. After dinner, toasts were drunk & cheers given for us all but I did not hear them & then they all came out in the grounds & sat & strolled about & smoked while the band which had been playing all the time went in and dined, and all the officers & staff & the Governor & family & staff were photographed on the lawn . . . About 2.30 they were all paraded on the lawn & Hallam gave them his farewell address which they received well and I believe, liked much, then they marched off, poor fellows.

The next morning we all went down to the Guard House at the gate & stood on benches to see them all pass but saw them best over the wall. The enthusiasm was perfectly wonderful & very stirring—then we rushed down to the parade ground to see them embark in the train—the crowds everywhere were something beyond description—it really seemed as if the whole of the colony had collected in Adelaide—Hallam & Capt. W. were on the ground & the officers asked H. to go down with them to the Port so he told Bee & me to jump into a carriage with him & Capt. Lascelles & we went down with the troops. When we got to the Port Adelaide station we suddenly found ourselves behind the band & in front of all the Contingent, many of whom as I passed them turned & gave me a grin of recognition & then H. said, ‘We are going with them on board & are going to march thro’ the town with them to the quay,’ so Bee & I with H. & the staff marched to the drum, at the head of the troops, at a quick pace & one of the officers told me that the men were so delighted it was all the officers could do to prevent their cheering us & that they would never forget it.

We were all packed on a Government steamer & how there was no bad accident & that half the crowd were not pushed headlong into the sea I can’t think—it was appalling to see, & a most excited unruly mob trying to get on the boat. If it had not been for the dear blue-jackets who fought the crowd back like tigers there would have been some awful tragedy. However, we got off at last and steamed down the river. There was a little private launch accompanied us which we could get onto if we liked, but we stayed with our men & their friends & only got on the launch to embark quietly out of the crowd on the trooper Medic. We then had some refreshment & after a little while got on our launch again & steamed round the ship, being much cheered by the Victorian & Tasmanian troops. Suddenly all the members of the Stock Exchange vessel caught sight of Hallam & cheered him tremendously & then all sang God Save the Queen as we passed—and then we nearly had the most awful accident—there were lots of excursion steamers packed with hundreds of people like herrings—a most awful sight—never have been allowed at home—but mercifully
it was very calm & we ran into one of these & damaged her a good deal but mercifully high up from the water & we were going very slowly. But I saw it coming & said so but they assured me it was quite safe—& there was one awful short minute when I expected to see this whole mass of several hundred people go down like a stone. Thank God no great harm was done & no one hurt, but poor Bee was thrown flat down with the shock of the two vessels colliding & was rather bruised.

Then our Contingent who were down below were ordered up to give us a parting cheer & we saw them all running up helter skelter, waving their hats & cheering, & that was the end. We steamed back to Largs Bay & got back by train . . . .

12 November 1899. Government House, Adelaide

.... Your letter came in by P & O Saturday, telling me you had left Farringford with regret & had gone to the Willies' delightful old place, & now I expect you are back settled in Sloane St; and now do pray take great care during the winter & remember that at 75 you cannot do as at 25, & each attack you have must necessarily make you weaker & more sensitive & susceptible. It is indeed a joy to your Audrey to hear from yourself & everybody how well you are & to hear of your being well enough to go off shopping at 9.30 a.m . . . . .

You will be glad to hear we have let our Sussex Place house & stables again on a fresh lease which is a comfort for tho' the rent is so low for both, only about £125—if it is not let we have £40 ground rent—rates & taxes & caretaker to pay!

The boys grow very much certainly, but I don't know what you think if you expect them so suddenly to have grown out of kilts & sailor suits, into which they have had to return now it is so hot & I am sorry to say all the boys are now in sailor suits to copy them—happily they can't copy the kilts . . . .

18 November 1899. Government House, Adelaide

A telegram has arrived this morning with the words, 'Mother recovered wonderfully', which alas alas of course means either an accident or that you have been ill again, poor Mother. I keep wondering & wondering what I am going to hear by the mail which alas is by Orient line this mail . . . I trust I trust I am not going to hear anything very dreadful . . . Oh dear, if only one could fly over at moments like these & see how you are . . . .

I hope by the time you will get this you will have got quite strong again, darling Mother, & able to enjoy your Xmas tho' I know you will long for us . . . We must try & scrape a few things together for the chicks' stockings but I assure you that any little country town at home has better shops than Adelaide. I can't even get a piece of imitation Valenciennes insertion for a muslin gown that Clarke is making. They get in a few things over from home twice a year &
if you do not go during the week they unpack on the chance of wanting, you have lost your chance, & everything bad & ruinous or so cheap & nasty one could not wear it. One's clothes are a positive worry, for several of the smart gowns I brought out, owing to the long cold & mourning, I have never put on & now shall not want them as we shall so soon go to the hills & not see a soul, & next summer they will be all oldfashioned.

The joy the letters brought at breakfast this morning that it was one of your usual attacks and that you were already better! What a mercy telegrams are & how did people get on without them! I feel a different person today now I know what the telegram meant.

I wonder what busybody has told you what you say is such a disappointment to you, poor Mother, 'That we are so happy & like Australia so much that we shall stay as long as we possibly can.' I wish once & for all you would not believe anything you hear of your children except what they themselves tell you. Of course it is no question about our liking or disliking it, being happy or unhappy, tho' thank God we are very happy—even with the great yearning at times for home, but Hallam has undertaken the work & accepted the appointment & he must go on with it as long as he is required by the Imperial Government to do so. But as to whether we stay on here a few months, a year, 2 years or 3 years, nobody has any idea but it is supposed by most people another year or possibly two, but I do not think it will be as long as two myself. I want to see a good deal more of Australasia if possible before we go home.

I am now writing with my windows open & feel it rather cold—the Sunday before last, I was baked in a muslin, last Sunday I was just comfortable in a thick winter cloth.

I have sent you several speeches of H's & also the account of our Port Pirie visit. It was mercifully a cool & delicious day & we went over the great smelting works, the largest in the world, belonging to the Broken Hill Mining Company. The head manager, a very nice amusing Dutchman speaking broken English, came over from Broken Hill, a 15 hours' journey, to meet us there. I do not know what salary he receives—but the first manager began with £7000 a year, and his predecessor, £10,000 a year. This man has only been out a year—an extremely nice & apparently very popular man.

We first of all saw all the trucks of [blank] looking like so much rubbish, not an oz of which was not worth something, for to bring it down from the mines at Broken Hill costs them, I think he said, £300 a day or it may have been a week—so they are careful to send nothing that is not worth money. The wood they require at Broken Hill they have over from America by sea & they stack it all at Port Pirie for 6 months to dry as in this way by the moisture being out of it, they can send 4 trucks for the same price as 3 when damp. The whole smelting & dividing of the lead—silver—gold—& [blank] is done entirely by

Guillaume Daniel Delprat (1836-1937) was born in Delft, Holland. After considerable mining experience in Spain, Norway and Canada, he came to Australia and became general manager of the Broken Hill Proprietary Co. Ltd from 1899 to 1921, when he retired.
heat—there are 13 great furnaces going day & night without ever ceasing & to separate the silver from the lead they put lime & [blank] in the furnace.... I cannot remember the amount of coal they use but 4 million gallons of water pass through the works a day & night. They employ 1500 men at Port Pirie & 1900 at Broken Hill. The lowest wage is 7/6 a day, the highest 12/- & there is hardly a man who has a penny to show at the end of the week..... They gamble & drink terribly. £1000 a week is said to be drunk in Port Pirie! The men only work 8 hours so there are 3 sets in the 24.....

28 November 1899. Government House, Adelaide

..... We have Lord Beauchamp & Lord Ranfurly, Mr Corkran & Mr Hill-Trevor, their P.S's till Monday ... I don't feel I can write anything interesting even had I the time. I feel nervous & depressed & then this terrible war makes one's heart ache for all the poor sorrowing and anxious relations. Lord B. has two brothers out with Lord Methuen, one has been slightly wounded ...

We have a great political crisis on & the Government have been defeated & Mr Kingston the Premier has been up & down to H. & was closeted with him when we came up to bed. I am sorry for the man but I think most people will rejoice if the Conservatives come in & they will be far more liberal to us, I believe.

Wednesday morning. Poor Mr Kingston has been turned out by the Labour Party—I can't help feeling deeply sorry for him & I believe it means almost beggary for him. His party as far as I can understand has treated him abominably.....

3 December 1899. Government House. Advent Sunday

..... We still have our two Governors with us but they go tomorrow & we shall be alone again ... Lord Ranfurly is an especially nice Irishman of 43 but old for his age, loving work & full of interests of all kinds. He adores his only son aged 17 who is now at Sandhurst having passed all his examinations & too young to go into a regiment. He wants him to get into the Rifle Brigade & the Duke of Connaught has promised to do what he can for him. He passed to Sandhurst straight from Eton. I have never seen Lady Ranfurly, a daughter of Lord Charlemont but he is very proud of her & I have always heard she is very handsome.....

Lord Beauchamp has a whole & a half brother in the Grenadier Guards in Africa and has had telegrams to tell him that both are slightly wounded, & I really think he is happier & I am sure I should be than when knowing nothing about them, whether they have been killed or not.....

Tuesday. We have lost our two Governors & their P.S's ... They were here a week & it all went off very well & now that we are alone again we must begin to arrange matters about moving up to Marble Hill, for today it is very hot again and I expect the summer heat is beginning. I drove up yesterday to
show it to Lord Beauchamp before they went in the afternoon and he was much impressed with its beauty & grandeur & size compared with his own country place in N.S.W......

This afternoon I am going with Capt. Wallington to hear the Debate in the House of Assembly; as the newly formed Ministry with a Mr Solomon as Premier are going to declare their 'policy' and there will probably be a good deal of ill feeling and it was thought that they might be thrown out at this their first sitting—but the Upper House or Legislative Council, who are of course much more Conservative than the lower, have consented to pass the £20 franchise instead of £25 & refused to pass Kingston's which was for total franchise & this would have meant dissolution of both Houses probably, as Hallam could probably not have done anything else but allow them to go to the people, which of course means great expense & a very unpopular move with the greater number.

I have never told you about our trip on the Murray which I am sure will interest you. We started off without Capt. W., we two alone with the servants on Friday 24th [November] to sleep in our carriage at Murray Bridge, a station where one dines on the way to Melbourne, reaching it about 7. They were very kind & shunted us on a siding by the side of the river so as to be quiet & mercifully it was a cold night so there were few mosquitoes & we could sleep with shut windows & keep them out, otherwise we should not have had a pleasant night close by the water... H. & I went out & strolled about, nearly deafened by the bull-frogs and the crickets making as much noise as they possibly could, while the servants laid the dinner in the saloon, which we soon went in & enjoyed. I have got Mrs Bates to be quite liberal to us at last on our journeys & provide us excellent repasts—for she used to be so stingy to us. After dinner we went back to the smoking carriage & I read & finished Boldrewood's War to the Knife, so interesting, all about the Maori war & makes one love the Maoris even more than I always have from quite a child.....

Got up next morning for 8.30 breakfast at the station about 5 minutes walk... Capt. W. had ordered breakfast for us so we were expected & received in the refreshment room by 4 such nice-looking maids all dressed alike in blue cottons, large muslin aprons & caps—the waitresses of the refreshment room... The head one who waited on us looked so superior & had such pretty manners that I knew at once she was not a colonial, for although these sort of people, colonials, are touchingly kindly and anxious to do anything they can for one & are always very nice & smiling to talk to—they have not the reverential manners of our English servants. This woman 'my ladyed' me at once, the colonials seldom put an affix but if they do it is always 'your ladyship'. I asked her what part of the world she came from & she said Killarney 16 years ago & she would give anything to get back, poor thing. I felt so sorry for her. I know how homesick I should feel if I thought I couldn’t get home.

After breakfast I had some armchairs taken out of our carriage & put in the shade on the siding platform & sat there reading Frederick Harold’s book The
Market Place, after having taken two photos of Murray Bridge & our carriage, until Dr & Mrs Stirling & their two daughters arrived by train and came down to the river to join us & go on the launch. Before doing so we were also joined by a clergyman, Mr Bussel, who took us to see a new river boat which the Bishop named the *Etona* quite lately & which travels up & down the River Murray with one man & this Mr Bussel or his curate, and they visit the little townships in turn. On this little boat there is a sweet little chapel all fitted up where service is held & Baptism is performed at these townships. Mr Bussel told us he was starting on a Mission the following Wednesday & would be away three weeks. What these men must suffer from heat, mosquitoes & flies, I should think no words can express, but they love their work of course & are quite touchingly received by all the poor people who never have a service or see a clergyman at any other time. They are of course colonists or English, not natives.

Well, after this visit to the *Etona* we all went on the little launch... The launch was very wee & we had just room all to sit round the little deck cabin with windows open all round, for it is much cooler sitting under cover than in the open... We steamed along the Murray for 4 hours to a place called Wellington, having our luncheon on the launch. When we arrived at Wellington we found several buggies awaiting us driven by Mr Bonnin, Dr Stirling’s manager... I driving with Dr Stirling.

We went a drive of 6 miles in the bush passing one wild turkey on our way & then arrived at Nalpa, the name of the station, with the usual one-storied house & verandah & a group of pot flowers in a corner of the latter, the only vegetation except some brown grass & a few stunted trees. Outside, standing to welcome us were Mrs Bonnin & her two daughters all 3 dressed in pretty light simple cottons & they at once began taking our bags etc. & showed us our bedroom (Mr & Mrs Bonnin having turned out of theirs for us) telling us tea would be in the drawingroom at once... It was enormously interesting to me to realise that I was really staying & seeing, real bush life at a station in Australia.

We soon all met at tea, the girls & Mother bringing it in and then sitting down with us to have it. Very well educated, quite at their ease, & on a level with us, with no false shame about waiting on us & doing nearly all the work with the help of two young girls in the kitchen... We *all* dressed for dinner, the younger girl bringing in our hot water & helping Thomas [their footman] to bring in the dinner, & of course sitting down with us......

Undated letter

.....Thursday was the hottest day on record but one since the foundation of the colony except in 1882, when in the sun it went up to 180 whereas on Thursday it was 175 in the sun & 109 in the shade. It was very trying & the nights before were awful. It is not the feeling hot that is so bad and one never feels in the least limp by it & one goes out & drives or walks but the heat
somehow at night seems positively to suffocate one... I rather dread going to
the hills for a day or two as the servants all get put out packing & unpacking &
will probably hate the quiet country after the town & its attractions, & I am
very glad they have just tasted what the heat can be, down here.

I have just been putting Harold to sleep after returning from church. He gets
so wild & obstreperous sometimes with Horn. She can do nothing with him,
but I can generally quiet him. However, the other morning when the Governors
were here he ended by one of his dreadful screaming fits on the front stairs,
so I rushed out & picked him up & brought him kicking to my room & there
I tried everything to quiet him, whipped him etc. and at last his father came in &
dipped his head right into cold water two or three times & then put him down.
He was in a terrible state especially as all his clothes were sopping. However
he soon quieted down & I tore off all his clothes & sent for his dressing gown
& put him into my bed & when I had to run down to breakfast, told Clarke
to talk to him....

I have never told you about our Sunday at the station Nalpa—a most
delightful day. About 11 o'clock we all started off across the bush about 2 miles
in the different vehicles, I being driven by Dick, the chief labourer, & drove to
the lake Alexandrina into which the River Murray runs, & there we found the
Father Macfarlane, owner of the station Wellington, & his two sons. He is the
largest & richest squatter in S.A., father of Mrs Michael Hawker who with
her husband & children came out with us on the Ophir—a delightful old
Scotchman, with the most extraordinary voice you ever heard—they say you
can hear him shouting to his labourers 3 miles across the lake—a great character
—tremendous old Tory—and really killed me so with his expressions & stories
at luncheon Hallam told me I quite disgraced myself with laughing. He is rabid
against the Boers & has had a telephone put up in his hall to the Post Office 7
miles off to get the earliest news an hour & a half sooner than he naturally
would. 'Why, can't you even wait the extra hour & a half?' I asked. 'By Jove,
no!' (everything begins with By Jove shrieked out) 'I should explode before that!'

Anybody who displeases him & he tells you about (it is chiefly Radicalism
that enrages him) he ends up with, 'Let him come here & I'll show him my
white revolver & let him feel the sting of its bullets!'

As soon as he heard the Boers had Mauser rifles he went off & bought one &
nevily killed himself trying the bullets against a two-inch steel target he put
up to try their force & shot too near. He insisted on showing it to us &
siring the bullets through his gate posts & is much pleased because the bullets
go so clean through that unless they touched a vital part they need not necessarily
do much harm. He is a most amusing & I should think, a most loveable man
with the tenderest heart & with all this threatening wouldn't hurt a fly—his wife
who is the quietest gentlest most ladylike little lady says he is always in these wild
spirits.

They are a very large family & have all their married sons & daughters near
them & two girls & two sons at home. Pretty jolly merry girls, the elder of the
two just returned from a year’s visit to England which she loved and where she was presented, & hunted, & had lots of fun.

Well, the old father & two sons were waiting for us with their delightful steam launch on the border of the lake & we all, except the Bonnin family, went across the lake with them to their station. Very jolly nice fellows, the sons, oh so sunburnt & brown. They have never been home and are perfectly happy working on the station with their father. The elder told me he had been for two years to a station in Queensland to learn, where they had 400,000 sheep and used to shear 5000 a day, whereas they, the Macfarlanes, have only between 50 & 60,000.

We arrived at the most delicious landing-place the other side of the lake with their little pier all under shade of the most glorious huge weeping willows with magnificent great curious-shaped stems. These willows are a great feature on the Murray & have been & are planted to keep the banks together to prevent the overflowing of the water. On the pier was standing a most picturesque figure of a female native dressed in white & [with a] handkerchief on her head, leaning on a tall stick watching us arrive. She is a great character, by name Louisa, & remembers the colony before the white man arrived & can tell tales of the first time she & her tribe saw the white man riding & they thought the man & horse were all one thing. She was presented to the Governor & told, ‘This, great big boss.’ ‘Ah’ she said, ‘I never see a Guvnor before’, staring at him, & roared with laughter when I said ‘Well, Louisa, he looks much the same as other people, doesn’t he?’

We then strolled up to the house, being shown the great woolshed for shearing & all the machinery & a great water tower for pumping the water for irrigation on the station as far as 6 miles off. . . . . The next day we came back here.

Tuesday. We are now nearly packed & the rooms look bare & forlorn & I shall be glad when the next week is over & we have got things put away at Marble Hill. We took the children up there yesterday—such a delicious evening & the place looked lovely. Some of the servants are there, some more go tomorrow & the rest go with us Thursday . . . .

20 December 1899. Government House, Adelaide

The letters arrived yesterday and I was rejoiced by seeing your handwriting again . . . I do trust you will have at last learnt a lesson that you must take care of yourself and not be rash . . . I wonder whether it would not be a good thing for you to make a regular rule on one day of the week to lie absolutely quiet in bed. I have heard of many of these fashionable beauties keeping their youth & strength & looks by so doing, and they say the Princess of Wales never breaks through her rule of getting right into bed without her clothes every evening between tea & dinner . . . .

45 Later Queen Alexandra.
17 December 1899. Marble Hill, Saturday

Here we are, settling up here. H., Capt. W. & I came up & the rest of the servants on Thursday and found things more or less tidy but all the servants are grumbling and complaining as I knew they would for they always do, in a new house, think there is too much work & each one on the alert as to who is to do this and that, but they will settle down in time & we shall have peace...

It's a delightful large airy house & the views are glorious all round & the great wide verandahs on which all our rooms open upstairs and down, running round three sides of the house, are a great joy. They are 9 ft 3 inches wide and about 165 feet in length—downstairs with marble tile floors, upstairs with wooden... the only drawback being the flies, but Mdlle & I have already begun to put up green gauze curtains to the windows & by this means I hope we shall keep a good many out....

I must tell you about this house & must send you a photograph, no, by the by, I think I sent you one. It is a large stone house with a tower, two stories, and as I say, these delightful huge verandahs three sides of the house. As you enter at the front door up some stone steps there is a door a little way to the left which leads to Hallam's office; then from that there is a little room where he can wash, with cupboards & bookshelves, & this leads into the billiard room, a very large room where Capt. Wallington sits as his office & from here there are doors into the back regions & to the garden etc. Everything is large & high & airy and wide passages & corridors everywhere which does not much please the household as it means much extra space to clean & scrub, but it gives a delightful feeling of space.

Then again from the front door, you walk about 20 yds into a square hall with the wide staircase coming down into it, which runs straight to the roof & a gallery round the first floor on which the bedrooms open & arches looking down into the hall. Opening into the hall on the right hand is first my sitting-room, a delightful room with 4 windows, two facing one way, two the other, a corner room all the windows as doors giving onto the verandah. Then comes the drawingroom with three door windows also onto the verandah and at the end of the room a large bow with 4 sash plate-glass windows & a seat all round the bow. Then the diningroom facing you as you enter the house & the door at the foot of the stairs, this also has 3 door windows onto the verandah. When you go upstairs there is a regular square of passages. The one at the top of the stairs has the huge night nursery opening on it just opposite the stairs. Next, to the left comes Hallam's dressingroom which opens into my nice large bedroom over the drawingroom with the same bow window....

Monday. I stopped yesterday & really could write no more, I felt so horribly upset & miserable over the telephone message of Sir R. Buller’s defeat. How perfectly terrible! One seems almost to lose heart—having been able to bear our other defeats better, hoping & reckoning on Buller giving them a crushing blow. It's really awful....

I see poor Lord Roberts has a son dangerously wounded. A report got about
on Saturday here that Buller had entered Ladysmith and taken 6000 Boers prisoners. The telephone here was going most of the morning, people asking if the Governor had heard anything or received any cable and Adelaide was greatly excited for a few hours & people were ready to peel the bells the moment authenticated news of the victory arrived—but alas alas the defeat arrived instead . . .

I see lots of Yeomanry have been enrolled & am wondering much whether our Cis will have volunteered & Lion\textsuperscript{46} will probably be longing to be off too. What a terrible war it has turned out to be—how little we any of us thought what it meant. Why don’t the Basutos, the Kaffirs & the Zulus help us, one really cannot understand for they would have known the country & the Boers wd not like their assegais. There is great excitement all over Australia about sending some more troops, & a Melbourne squatter, a Mr Chernside, has offered 25 of his horses for troopers to be chosen out of all the horses on his station. Another Sydney squatter has asked them to come & choose 250 horses out of his 700! Two patriotic men, are they not? One does not feel one can write or speak of anything else & I dream most nights I am mixed up in it . . .

26 December 1899. Marble Hill, Monday

. . . . . We managed to make a very happy Xmas for the chicks, beginning by giving the servants just the things they had bought for them & a photograph of myself & the boys, framed, to each one & a tip from Hallam each. This ceremony was performed in the drawingroom on Sunday evening just before bedtime chiefly by Harold, who as he gave each thing, wished the recipient a happy New Xmas & a happy New Year. He was so happy & very funny. Then I said, 'Now go & kiss everybody & say goodnight', so he went & kissed each of the maids but when he came to the men, he stopped short & stared at them & then turned heel & walked away. Then of course the great excitement was their stockings and they had as usual quite a number of things . . .

We are just going to slave again at flannel jackets, bandages etc. for this 2nd contingent that sail early in January. They have all behaved quite splendidly in volunteering to go out & also in giving money. There was a collection Saturday, the day before yesterday, started & carried out by the trainer courses from hospitals & Homes in Adelaide from 8 a.m. till 10 p.m., the nurses collecting at the corners of streets & stations etc., & besides all that has already been given, they collected £161 & they think when another suburb comes in it will be quite £400. There was a meeting of the Railway men the other night. 700 attended & were most enthusiastic, the men giving over £50 into the hat that went round. One does feel very proud of, & grateful to our colonies . . .

29 December 1899. Marble Hill

. . . . . The last letter to you of this century—it does seem very strange, does it not?

\textsuperscript{46} Her brothers Cecil and Lionel Boyle.
We had quantities of rain all Wednesday when H. had to go down to Adelaide for his weekly Council & was not up till late, bringing with him a sort of punka wheel turned by electricity for my bedroom in hot weather & the battery with it, but these behindhand people of Adelaide had no sealed battery. Apparently the tins leaked & the awful acid ran out, has burnt the inside of the carriage we have just bought for the hills. Thomas lifted it out & carried it up to my room. All his livery trousers are burnt in large holes, the whole of my bedroom matting is stained in the most awful way with great dark brown stains that I suppose will go into holes, & my pretty white-painted window-sill which runs as a seat all round my bow window all stained the same way. It has promptly been returned but will cost us about £10, I should think, as we have to pay for damages we do to the furniture.

On Thursday H. & I & Capt. W. drove down to Government House directly after breakfast... We then went by train to Glenelg... the 28th Decr is a general holiday all over the colony & from that day till next Thursday it is holiday time and all the shops are shut, which is very tiresome. Well, on this date at Glenelg the first Governor, Hindmarsh, made the first proclamation & proclaimed South Australia as a free British colony & ever since it has been kept as the fete of the year for the lower class. Glenelg is on the sea six miles from Adelaide & the papers say 30,000 people were there Thursday. They say they camp out there with their families the night before and at any rate, families began arriving at 6 a.m. There is not an atom of shade, but except the very poor, everybody here possesses a cart & horse of some description & they are very ingenious in taking out their horses, tipping up their carts & then hanging up rugs as shelter from the sun, & then you see the families & parties having their meals on the ground under the carts.

We were received by the Mayor & the Town Clerk, & Colonel Gordon of the Forces, getting down straight from the train into the street, the trains running all through the streets here & the engine driver ringing a bell all the time as he goes along as a warning—& we were walked along to the Town Hall where the Mayoress met us & we went into a hall with a dais & on this was a carved chair made from the wood of H.M.S. Buffalo which brought Governor Hindmarsh out in 1836... Then began a sort of Levee of all the old pioneers of the colony who arrived here from home before 1840, about 35 of them.

It has been telephoned this morning from Adelaide that Lord Lorne is to come out as Governor-General...

47 Sir John Hindmarsh (1784-1860) entered the Royal Navy at eight years old and fought in some of the main sea battles of the Napoleonic Wars. In 1836 he was appointed Governor of the new colony of South Australia. The first fourteen months was a stormy period and Hindmarsh was recalled in February 1838. He then became Governor of Heligoland for seventeen years, almost until his death.

48 John Douglas Sutherland Campbell, Lord Lorne (1845-1914), heir of the 8th Duke of Argyll. In 1871 he had married Princess Louise, fourth daughter of Queen Victoria. He had been Governor-General of Canada from 1878 to 1883. The rumour that Lady Tennyson mentions was false: he never became Governor-General of Australia.
7 January 1900. Marble Hill, Sunday

.....We are still spending nearly every minute of our days & nights till late working for our Contingent. We have finished off our 42 jackets & 42 belts in which there is a lot of work & now we are working at housewifes. I have made up my mind to make every man, i.e. with officers, about 105 to 110, one containing threads, needles, pins, safety pins, linen & trouser buttons, & you know what a lot of work there is in them. Still, we are determined to get them done by next Saturday when they all ride up here to tea & to say goodbye. I have made the officers' of red satin ribbon lined with buff, their colours; the non-commissioned buff lined with red satin ribbon, & the men's are buff holland lined with turkey red & bound with red ..... 

H. came in in fits of laughter yesterday after having a conversation with old Mobsby the gardener—'I have taken the liberty, my lord, of regarding your thermometer and I hope that it isn't too great a liberty, my lord, & I find that mine has the honour of agreeing with yours.' 'I hope I am not going to mention too intimate a matter, my lord, but Miss Merchant' (a neighbouring daughter of a market gardener) 'is anxious to see your lordship as she has your father's "hand" in his own "biograph" ' (meaning autograph). 'I think, my lord, it's a fallible fact that everyone should do his respected duty.' All the time he looks at Hallam out of the corner of his eye to see if he is impressed by his grand language, but H. looks perfectly grave the whole time. The other day he told Hallam, 'I hope I am not taking a liberty if I say that we have been talking about your speeches & they have the potentiality of interesting all classes.'

I must stop, not a minute to spare from the housewifes ..... 

14 January 1900. Marble Hill, Sunday

.....There is tremendous excitement in Adelaide as there has been a death from bubonic plague at the hospital. A sailor deserted from a ship & went up country & fell ill & was brought down to the hospital where he died on Saturday & a poor boy in the bed next to him has caught it. Hallam has been expecting all the morning to have to go down to a Cabinet Council on the subject ..... 

Well, now I must tell you about our doings on Saturday. We accomplished our full number of housewifes, 117 all but 2—making 105 of brown holland lined with red and bound with red braid, & the pincushions red. In the pockets
Audrey Tennyson's Vice-Regal Days

were 12 linen buttons of two sizes & 10 trouser buttons two sizes—12 needles 3
different sizes & four skeins of different sized threads, white, black & grey . . .
They were finished just before the contingent arrived. When it was time to go
they all passed through my sittingroom single file with Capt. Reade standing
by my side & I gave them all their housewives, with Mdlle . . . .

Tuesday. The mail came in this morning and brought your welcome letter
& one from Nell telling me . . . that our Cis offered to take out a hundred of his
troops so that I feel quite certain that my supposition will have been right and
that he is by now either on his way or going out to the Cape. I am wondering
whether our Ernest will be going also, bless them, one cannot help feeling at
times terribly anxious about them, but at the same time one feels it's quite
natural for every Englishman to go if he can, & I feel I should want to be off
were I a man . . . .

We still know nothing about this scare about the plague and quarantine . . .
H. has gone down for a Cabinet Council about the Plague, & we shall know
when he returns what is settled . . . .

23 January 1900. Marble Hill

. . . . I am enclosing you lists of things to send out with my things from
Mrs Ker Lane . . . Will you tell Mrs Lane that I have ordered 3 suits of kilts
for the boys to be sent early in March . . . .

25 January 1900. Marble Hill

. . . . Will you ask Mrs Ker Lane to settle with you after she has been to
Paris about 3 new winter gowns for me & a black serge or cloth, whatever is
worn—I should think with a bodice and jacket & the jacket made so that I can
wear it, being black, with anything. The 3 other gowns must be very smart &
warm, I thought a sapphire blue cloth or something of the kind, a pretty rifle
green & a third but the newest make & material. Then I want something tidy &
smart when I do not wear my velvet jacket & fur . . . I shall want hats from
Mrs Edwardes but I won't have them ruined. Ask for my woman & tell her
no fringe & to wear on my head round shapes suit me best & they must not be
too small. Then I want a new bonnet or toque, whatever is worn . . . Ask Mrs
Lane how I can do up my purple velvet . . . She might put in anything that
would do for doing up gowns, & also what sleeves are worn for the evening . . .
Then I want some smart black blouse for morning & an evening blouse or two
to go with black, grey or white satin skirts . . . I want something to eke out
my old evening gowns at the endless concerts & plays. The smart morning
gowns are chiefly for the Races . . . .

Do read Boldrewood's The Squatter's Dream. It is a most wonderfully true
& interesting account of bush life. I could live through every line of it from
what I have heard or seen out here . . . .
4 February 1900. Marble Hill, Sunday

I do not feel nearly so much inclined to write cheerfully with all this sadness about the war & one can't help feeling terribly anxious about our darling Cis. The other night I woke myself up saying aloud, 'I have a brother out there', & the next night I dreamt I went in a separate cab with Nell to meet him at the London station when he was starting, with the cab piled up with the most magnificent peaches & grapes, & I asked Nell where on earth he would put it all, he would have no room in his cabin.

Hallam had such a nice letter yesterday from the mother of our little Bugler Allan Wright who went out the other day. He is only 14 but a great big boy—he might be 17. He has been wild to join the army for a long time & was always begging Capt. Lascelles to enrol him as a bugler being too young to enter in any other way. He used to keep all the neighbours awake at night practising his bugle. When this Contingent had settled to go out he offered himself again to the Colonel who said he was too young, upon which he answered 'that a boy very little older than himself had shot three Boers'. It seemed very doubtful about his being allowed to go so Hallam, thinking a boy like that ought to have the chance given him, spoke to the Colonel about enrolling him. He asked his mother just before starting, to write and thank Lord Tennyson for so kindly speaking for him... His mother also said that on the fly leaf of his Bible he had written the three words that Hallam in his speech to the men had said were necessary to make a good soldier. She also said 'that his love for the Queen has always been really very remarkable'

We are now here in South Australia collecting money & arranging to send out six nurses & the Bushmen’s Corps, which they would like to be 100 men if enough money comes forth, if not, 50. The bill for our last jackets, belts, bandages & housewifes came in yesterday at wholesale prices, £22-9-8, just for materials, which was really very little for out here & the amount of things we had.

Last Sunday we had our terrible bush fire & were really only saved by the wind mercifully shifting right round just as it was rushing up the hill close to the tennis court. You never saw such a magnificent sight as it was at night. The opposite hills were covered with hundreds of trees alight but no smoke, all up the sides of the hills just quietly burning away, looking like a huge town beautifully illuminated—I shall never forget it—a glorious clear still night. I woke the boys up & carried them into the verandah to see it. I looked out when I went up to bed & it was still in all its beauty, & then again just before I got into bed, when during that short time I suppose there had been a shower; there was not a light of any kind to be seen and the whole view was enveloped in thick smoke.

The next day H. & I walked down to see some ‘blockers’ called Nott who we heard had been nearly burnt out. We found the woman & a little girl of eight with bare feet in a wee hovel of a cottage. I told her we had come to see how she was after her fright. ‘Fright?’ she said, ‘I should think I did have a fright—you should have seen me rushing about & trying to save my poor
Audrey Tennyson's Vice-Regal Days

February 1900, Marble Hill, Sunday

I do not seem to have anything to tell you this week but perhaps something will crop up. Yesterday we had Sister Hill, the head of the Children's pig—poor little fellow, such a nice little pig—I didn't want to lose him & I saved him, I did. Poor pig. Oh yes, the fire came right up close round us, but there, we managed to save the orchards & the pig and the house. The garden belongs to my mate's father & he works for his father but I suppose some day when the old people go it will all be his. We only came up here a year ago. My husband put up this house. I came out from home 13 years ago. Would you like a cup of tea now, I could make you one in a minute & do it gladly too. I saw the fire beginning up on the hill yonder Saturday night, & I says to my mate, "Mate, I'm feared we shall be having a fire down here". It wasn't till dinner time as it came rushing up here and I had company to dinner and had cooked them such a nice dinner & all & we had just sat down, the table cloth all laid, & the woman she had just cut off some junk & given them to the children when lo & behold they turned & saw the fire & ups they gets, harnesses the horse & cuts & runs as hard as ever they could go & I never see nothing more of them. No, they never stopped to help but asked me to come with them but I says as I would stay with my man & if we was burnt I would be burnt with my house & then I wanted to save poor piggie—such a beautiful little pig. . . .

They are extremely roughly mannered and very independent. A poor girl near here who has fits, tumbled into the copper & scalded her arm & breast in the most awful way. I went with Mdlle & the children & took her some jelly etc. & told the mother to send for anything she might want. 'Well, I thank you all the same but I shan't do it, I couldn't, I never did such a thing as to ask for anything—besides my husband wouldn't never let me, I have never had to be humble.' So I said, 'Then what good is there in being neighbours if we don't help each other in trouble. I should certainly send to you if I had illness and wanted anything.' 'Oh yes, that's right enough, & glad I'd be to give you all I had, but I've never had to be humble.' So after seeing the girl I said, 'Well goodbye, Mrs Makin, cheer up (of course she did nothing but weep over her daughter) & you must try & learn to be humble & eat your pride,' I said, chaffing her—and she has condescended to send up for two or three things . . .

We had another bush fire here last night raging close up to the road a very short distance from the gate. Happily the road stopped it, or Sir Richard Baker's place would have soon disappeared in smoke probably. We all went down the road to see it, servants & all. It is very awful really to hear the roar & the crashing of falling trees & to see the flames rushing along the ground and up the trees—& then it is so curious the way it suddenly stops because it finds nothing more to catch fire, as the first thing done is always to set light to a strip of land & let it burn & meet the fire. Sometimes the trees go on burning or smouldering for days but nobody heeds them . . .

14 February 1900, Marble Hill, Sunday

I do not seem to have anything to tell you this week but perhaps something will crop up. Yesterday we had Sister Hill, the head of the Children's
Hospital, up to spend the day with me—such a very nice woman who has done wonders for the Hospital... She told us she had 28 nurses under her. 'I am thankful I have not 28 women under me,' said Hallam and she roared with laughter & said, 'Why, I have 40 altogether.' It is the most ideal children's hospital I ever saw. She came out here as an orphan with a younger sister 20 years ago, with a married sister who made a home for these two little girls when the parents died. She is tremendously keen about collecting for the Patriotic & Nurses' Funds and she & her nurses had a Saturday collection in the streets & got £60.

We are sending out 6 nurses from here to the War & she told me that each nurse is only to be allowed £10 for her outfit. They are to have a blue serge gown & cloak with a hood lined with red, 3 blue linen gowns, 6 red twill aprons for when they can't be washed, 6 white, bonnet, shady hat & helmet, & they hoped also to manage a case of instruments that rolls up like the doctors', so I asked Hallam to let me give the roll of instruments as I have given no subscription & of course he said yes.

On their arms they are to have a white band with the Red Cross, S.A.T.N. South Australian Trained Nurse, & the South Australian Arms. I am happy to hear that they are all over 30 & the head one, a splendid woman they say, 35. Sister Hill quite agreed with me that it was horrid sending quite young girls, it's neither nice for them or the soldiers... The other day Lady Baker came & fetched me in her little pony cart with the sweetest wee pair of ponies... You never saw anything like the way they dash along these rough roads up & down dale, with a 4-wheel cart, a big coachman, very fat Lady Baker, myself no lightweight, & Harold... He makes friends with everybody & they are enormously amused by him and enormously surprised at his thought & answers & intelligence, & I constantly have the remark made to me, 'I wonder what that boy will become. Something very remarkable, I should think.'

Suddenly while driving he starts off with 'The Soldiers of the Queen' and sings on & on to himself... You hear him shouting Soldiers of the Queen to himself in the middle of his dinner; sings till he's tired & then goes on. He prays by fits & starts for Uncle Cis. Two nights ago, 'Don't let the Boers kill him & take care of all the British & I hope they will soon all come back safe & practise on the practice ground' (meaning our men here, I suppose, to drill on the drilling-ground which he likes to go & watch)... You will be amused to hear of Harold's escapade yesterday. He ran away from Horn in his nightgown after his midday sleep, & bolted himself into a certain apartment, & then proceeded to pull up the plug as fast as he could to see the water come down. When I came out from luncheon I heard Hitchman saying, 'Master Harold, do open the door! Please, Master Harold!' and so on. I rushed up & found Hitchman, Horn & Mary all outside, but he paid not the slightest attention... We heard the plug going, the water rushing, & he chuckling aloud to himself. I thumped, entreated, threatened, all to no good.
Not a word or sign in answer. At last Hallam came up, of course with a bribe! And then was perfectly delighted at succeeding. So like a man! Telling him if he would come out he should go down & smoke a pipe with him!

So after some little time the door was opened & out came the little night-gowned figure saying 'Father, all the water is gone,' with a beaming face (our one terror being that we should run short now!)......

We were all made terribly miserable by poor Buller's defeat... It is a bitter disappointment, still we must win in the end... We get the latest telegrams every night about 11 o'clock by telephone from the leading newspaper office, & you may suppose how one longs for the hour. And then we get the more detailed account in the morning......

18 February 1900. Marble Hill, Sunday

Here is Sunday again and I must start on my letter. We are all feeling in better spirits as yesterday came the news of the relief of Kimberley, and during the day the report was that 2000 Boers had been killed, & the Town Hall bells at Adelaide were set pealing; but I am sorry to say the latter seems to be a false report. Still, Kimberley is relieved & something at any rate has been done at last; & now we are wondering what they will do about keeping Kimberley with all those Boers & mountains round there......

We are all excitement here, sending off our 6 nurses who came up here yesterday in a large brake we hired for them with 5 other nurses, the heads of the hospitals, & private Homes in Adelaide. They arrived very late, not till 4 instead of 3 as we expected them, & had a sumptuous tea & started off again soon after 5. But they all said they enjoyed it immensely, the drive & all, & they had never been up here before. I have given them each a travelling bag as a present. I kodaked them, & I am sending you some of my photos. I am sorry to say they are all extremely badly printed......

25 February 1900. Marble Hill, Sunday

......We have been stitching away at housewives & must get the 105 ready by next Saturday when the Bushmen's Corps are coming up before sailing on the 6th, so we shall have our hands pretty full, for merely cutting the threads the right length takes hours & hours, in fact a day or two. We of course have all been as greatly excited in the colonies as you at home all this week over the news of Kimberley & the trapping of Cronje. We were in such a fright for fear Cronje's petition for an armistice would be listened to but happily he went to the wrong man for any pity & hurrahs were thrown up when we heard Kitchener's answer—'Not a minute'. Happily for once we were not taken in by the excuse of burying their dead just then, when they have never done so before. We get all the latest telegrams sent up by telephone, & so hear often hours before the papers come out. Capt. W. always telephones down the last
thing before we go to bed, for the last news. One certainly does wish Cronje would surrender, because there is something against one's humane feelings in having to shoot all those men, but I expect if they don't get reinforcements soon they will give in.

On Thursday we had 20 Mothers up here to tea belonging to the Mothers' Union of which I am President. Unfortunately there was some fete going on so 13 of the Mothers of this district did not come which I should think they would regret. All those who came said they enjoyed it immensely, & Mrs Honner, our Rector's wife, a particularly nice woman, said they had never had such a nice treat. They came up to Lady Victoria here but were never allowed inside the house whereas we had them all in the drawingroom & the entertainment began by the boys playing a duet, then Capt. Wallington sang a song which I accompanied—then H. read them The Revenge, then another song, then H. read The Northern Cobbler as we had to amuse them for two hours, I having asked them from 3 to 5. Then tea all together at two tables in the diningroom—cakes, jellies, creams, fruit macedoines, tea & coffee. Then they strolled about and sat in the verandahs until it was time to go.

Have not a minute to talk about war news. Last night we had gone up to bed—12 o'clock—& H. heard prolonged ringing at the telephone & rushed down & answered it himself, to hear of Cronje's unconditional surrender. What excitement it will have caused at home. I have never felt so confident as everyone else about Buller & Ladysmith being so certainly safe & free & he does get on very slowly.

4 March 1900. Marble Hill, Sunday

Such a lovely delicious day, when I have always such a longing for you—a lovely warm soft air & the views all looking perfect—always makes me wish I could fly over the 12,000 miles & bring you back & sit you down on the verandah.

Well, I need hardly tell you of the wild excitement over Ladysmith's relief that there has been all over the Colony in every little township. Again like the relief of Kimberley the news arrived at midnight. I was saying my prayers in the drawingroom as it was so cold & there was a fire, and Hallam was in his room putting out the lamps etc. when he heard the telephone... I was quite unprepared for Hallam opening the door and saying 'Ladysmith relieved.' The man of the Register newspaper who always sends us up all the news added to the

1 'The Revenge: A Ballad of the Fleet'—the gallant fight of Sir Richard Grenville in his small ship of war against fifty-three Spanish galleons in 1591—was one of the most moving of Alfred Tennyson's poems. 'The Northern Cobbler', also by Tennyson, was in a rural dialect which must have bewildered the worthy mothers.

2 General Sir Redvers Buller (1839-1908), a highly decorated and distinguished soldier, was at this period first General commanding the Forces in South Africa, and then General Officer commanding Natal. He conducted the operations for the relief of Ladysmith, which was accomplished after a siege of 118 days. Subsequently he commanded operations resulting in the expulsion of the Boer army from Natal.
news that the Adelaide bells were ringing & all the inhabitants cheering and shouting in the streets ... I rushed up & woke Lionel & Mdlle, & really felt so excited I could not get to sleep. One does feel so thankful for all those poor people, & Sir Redvers, poor man, what a task he has had. I am happy to say that people out here have been very good & patient, all agreeing that one had no right to criticise without knowing the circumstances ......

Our poor Admiral & Mrs Pearson have after all lost their boy in Ladysmith of fever ... What those poor people have suffered all these months I should think no words can tell. Already in October her face broke one's heart it was so sad ... He was their eldest of two. He went all through the Sudan campaign with Kitchener immediately on joining the army and they have never seen him since. I think he was about 23. Poor woman, I should think it will almost kill her and I do not think they care for anybody at Sydney & are both reserved natures.

Tomorrow will be a year since we left dear Farringford ......

Well, yesterday we had our Bushmen’s Corps up—a splendid set of men & horses; 94 men, 6 officers, counting the doctor & the Vet who rank as lieutenants. They were, we thought, the nicest quietest set of men of the three Contingents, all having come straight from the bush or having been brought up there—tremendously thickset strongly built men, wonderful horsemen & rifle shots. The horses too were the best we have sent out, such strong compact little beasts, never had corn in their lives, always fed on the grass & bushes of the Bush ......

The Commanding Officer, Capt. Hübbe, is German origin & told me he was the proudest man just now in the whole Empire at going out to fight for England and her Queen with such a splendid set of men under him ... Their dress is delightful, the regular bushmen’s dress with very baggy trousers & Garibaldi shirt & of course slouch hats—all the mud-coloured brown of all our S.A. contingents—much the prettiest shade of any of those that have been here from the other colonies, it is browner & darker, & puttees and boots all to match. It is always very amusing to me to see all the different shapes of the slouch hats, no two men are alike in shape ... I went through the usual agony from their tremendous grasps in shaking hands, dear fellows. One has quite a feeling that in a sort of way they belong to one as going from our colony. Hallam made them a splendid little speech before they went & called them ‘the boys of the Billy & the Damper’, which pleased them and they cheered us most lustily ......

It is really very splendid when you think that the whole cost of this Bushmen’s Corps has been paid from voluntary subscriptions & the 6 nurses we sent out, also the horses, uniforms, voyage & pay till they arrive in S. Africa ... Tomorrow we all go down to see the farewell parade in the town of the Bushmen before they sail early Wednesday morning ......

The Ministry & different people here all say they hope H. will be their first Governor-General, but how they think he is going to be appointed I don’t
quite see. They seem to think out here that Lord Hopetoun will be the man chosen which Capt. W. hopes may be the case, as he would then hope to go on his staff.

I have never told the great piece of news which is that owing greatly to Hallam’s advice, tact, & patience with the University & hospital authorities & the Ministers, which is not generally known, the great Adelaide Hospital feud & scandal which has been raging for the last two or three years has been amicably settled. There was some fuss about a nurse whom the authorities quarrelled over, and all the doctors whose name is legion, left in a mass & the University have not countenanced the young medical students attending the hospital, & at great expense to their parents they have had to go to Melbourne for their studies. English doctors were had out from home for the Hospital & the colonials would not meet them. Hallam has always said if he could only settle that question & one of precedence for the Speaker & Sir Richard Baker, which he has also arranged—he would not consider his governorship had been useless, & he has now settled them both.

The Hospital has been going on for about 6 months & he & I have often felt in despair about it—as neither party would give in enough to the other, but thank God, it is settled at last & the doctors are going to take their places again in the Hospital . . . .

We have just had two Miss Fiveashes up to show us the most lovely collection of the Australian flowers which one has done . . . I do not know anything about them but they are more or less ladies & well read, & kind little old maids. She would sell the whole of her collection for £200 which seems to me very little & I would give anything to have them.

11 March 1900. Marble Hill, Sunday

On Tuesday we went down to see our troops before they sailed. We had a very warm reception again from the crowds in the streets. I can’t help smiling often to myself at these moments when I think of myself as Audrey Boyle, & then driving thro’ the streets in Australia with mounted escort, & the crowds shouting & cheering, hats waved by the men & handkerchiefs by the women, & children lifted up to see us, Hallam pulling off his hat & I bowing & smirking first one side, then the other & the shouts taken up along the streets as we drive along at a snail’s pace . . . .

They are getting 200 more men ready for the 2nd Bushmen’s Corps & yesterday when the 1st inspection took place, there were 3000 men wishing to go, waiting outside the gates. This time the Imperial Government has asked for them and are to pay all the expenses, but instead of the men getting 5/- a day which all our other men have received from the day they encamped till the day they return, the Imperial G. only offer these men 1/2d. a day unless they leave Cape Colony & then they are to have 5/- a day, & they are to be enrolled for 12

3 Rosa Catherine Fiveash (1854-1938), born and died in Adelaide, was the painter.
Audrey Tennyson’s Vice-Regal Days

months or till the war finishes. It is rather mean, is it not, when you think that the colonies either by their Governments or public & private subscriptions, have already paid for 3 contingents entirely—the camp, uniforms, food, horses transported to the Cape, & 5/- a day till they get to the Cape—then the Imperial Gov. pays them 1/2d. a day & the colonies pay the extra 3/10 to make it up to 5/-. So you may imagine the money the colonies have paid out for the Mother Country, besides which we have sent out 6 nurses from S.A. at our own expense . . . .

18 March 1900. Marble Hill, Sunday

I have not got very much to tell you this mail . . . We have at last received a telegram ‘Yes’ from Mr Maurice so I suppose he will soon be starting now. I am wondering very much what he is like and whether he has been to see you. I hope he is not very ugly, for there has never been a word about his personal appearance, still as long as he is tidy & careful about his appearance & does his duties well, the other does not matter. I shall be very anxious to know what he thinks of the boys in their work as regards boys of their age, & he will be a judge as he has taught other boys. I do not think they can be very backward. I trust not, for they have always worked so very steadily ever since they first began lessons, nothing ever being allowed to interfere with lessons, except now & then a holiday for any special purpose, which is a good thing, I think, as they have no regular holidays.

It is splendid for them having Capt. Wallington to play cricket with them every single evening, for he was in the Oxford Eleven & so plays very well and has always kept it up. He says that the last fortnight it is astonishing how Lionel has come on & that he really plays extremely well and in excellent style . . . .

I have been writing all the afternoon to Ernest & Sir John Cockburn & making rough copies of my letters to the papers [English] asking for subscriptions or gifts from England to our South Australian soldiers and am tired of writing & my back aches, for I have been at it over 2 hours & must now stop for tea. Hallam is to ask the Premier and if he does not approve, they will not be sent and will be destroyed . . . .

20 March 1900. Marble Hill [to her brother Ernest]

Darling old boy. Read the enclosed & you will understand better my reason for writing this mail. Will you help me in this . . . to receive contributions for our men out in Africa. Acknowledgements can be sent on printed postcards for anything sent to you & the wording printed might be something to this effect: ‘Mr Ernest Boyle presents his compliments to . . . . . . . & begs to thank (him or her) in Lady Tennyson’s name for (his or her) kind contribution in answer to her letter asking for comforts for the South Australian Contingents. Date . . . .’, so that there would only be the filling in of name etc. to write.
I am sending a cheque for £5 to pay for cards & postage & any expenses and would gladly give more but we have already had to give a pretty large sum to the contingents out here... Here we cannot get anything.

I suppose even 20 dozen pairs of socks would probably empty their warehouses [here] handkerchiefs the same, besides which, what with duty & carriage, the things are double the price & as to any wire clippers, steels & flints, shut-up inkstands, pens that carry ink, I forget the name, folding or horn drinking mugs, you cannot get for love or money. Writing paper too & books are enormously expensive. I really do not like to ask our people to give further subscriptions after the amount they have given really splendidly, when you think that the whole expenses of the Bushmen's Corps with their horses, uniform, food, journey, wages 3/10 a day to each trooper & more to the officers, & 5/- till they get to the Cape, besides 6 nurses' entire expenses, & huge sums to the Patriotic Fund, have been paid by subscriptions collected & besides they must be taxed for the thousands spent by the Government. Of course everybody has given nobly at home but they are far richer than we are & I repeat that you cannot get most things & what you can are double in price.

We have sent heaps of Ambulance things... & the colony have sent most generous parcels for the sick but it is more for the healthy & convalescent that one wants help.

I am writing to Sir John Cockburn by this mail with a copy of my letter and will ask him to communicate with you. The three Captains of contingents already started are—Captain Howland, Captain Reade, Captain Hübbe, and by the time you get this Sir John will know the names of the other 2 that are preparing to start now. I see Lady Hampton, the late Governor's wife of Sydney, has been collecting things from her friends for the N.S.W. men; & Lady Lamington who has just been home for 6 months, for her Queensland men, so I thought as I am out here I might write to the papers, if you will send my letters to the fashionable papers & Times. H. has asked permission of the Cabinet & they approved.

25 March 1900. Marble Hill, Sunday

... I feel that this will be a very dull letter for I seem to have little or no news or things of interest to tell you. But my head is aching and my heart also, for poor Lord Beauchamp whose only own brother has been shot near Bloemfontein, & he was so fond of him. I have just written to him to ask him if he would like to come & stay quietly here with us for a little while up here, poor fellow. It is very sad how very unpopular he has managed to make himself and he feels it, I am told, very much. I am very sorry for him & poor Lady Mary—they have other half brothers...

Lionel & Harold were much delighted with their letters from you & Harold has dictated one through Horn. I can't help constantly regretting that you are missing these fascinating years of his little life... Everybody is struck by him.
Audrey Tennyson's Vice-Regal Days

The Bishop said to H. the other day as he went away, 'That's the one of your boys who will make a name in the world. He has such a splendid head.' It is what everyone says who sees him . . .

This morning we hear that we have had another mad visitor at Government House & it took several men to take him into custody. This time he walked past the Guard Room & sentry at the gate with a large bag of stones, and has smashed 9 windows along the house, beginning at H's room in the staff. We have not yet heard what his reason was, poor creature. Happily Collins the staff clerk had just arrived & fetched the sentries & police, otherwise there would have only been the old Irish staff housemaid & the laundriymaid in the house. Hallam is going to try & insist on the Government giving a policeman in the grounds, as of course the sentries can't tell who goes in & out. Bates tells me a mad woman called on her once & said her sister had come out with the Governor & she wished to see her & she has been again since we were up here & said the same to the laundriymaid. Of course nobody is ever allowed to see Hallam or me except by first going to Capt. W. at the staff & no stranger is ever allowed in. They say people go mad here from drink & gambling—they cannot bear the strain of losing or even of winning sometimes . . .

I am afraid you won't see Miss Fiveash's collection of flowers for just before she sailed Hallam, thinking it was a very great pity they should be lost to the colony, with the help of a rich colonist who entered into the scheme with him, bought the whole collection to present it to one of the public institutions in Adelaide. I only hope they will appreciate the gift for H. has had to give a good round sum!!

1 April 1900. Marble Hill

. . . . To our great surprise our letters arrived up here last night, Saturday, just before dinner & yours was written in all your delight & excitement over the splendid news from the Cape. I can well imagine your excitement, darling Mother. One feels a kind of intoxication at such moments . . . Well, I trust we may soon have the joy of hearing of Mafeking & that Roberts has given them a tremendous thrashing at Kroonstad or its neighbourhood . . . One cannot help hoping that that wicked old hypocrite Kruger may now be shot or taken prisoner . . . .

I have always felt pretty happy about Ernest not going, especially as you all have told me he did not really want to go, for I never thought with his short sight that they could select him, & how Cis was ever allowed to go I can't think . . .

Later. Hallam has just come in to tell us from a telephone message that there has been another victory for us by General French north of Bloemfontein—1 officer killed but no name, which always makes one so nervous, especially as our men from here are with him . . . .

All of us I suppose will soon be going down to Adelaide . . . & then I think
we shall have to go to some seaside place with the chicks while the servants 
moves down & prepare Government House for us. Mdlle is going off on a 
holiday trip on the Murray with some French friends on Friday & I am afraid 
will be away 10 days or more. I do not much look forward to having the boys 
on my hands all that time because Harold will always get to them if he can & 
then there are rows with Horn. Still she deserves & requires a holiday, for she 
really has been most good & helpful in every way, & manages the boys splen-
didly & has got them on very well, I think, & is always ready to teach them as I 
suggest & the things I suggest, without the slightest hesitation, which is such a 
comfort, & I have never seen her depressed or out of spirits for one single 
moment . . . .

I wish you could have heard Harold singing the hymn for those at sea, 
‘Eternal Father’ & ‘Loving Shepherd’ just now at our little service. He knows 
so many partly & a few entirely & I really hardly know whether I shall dare take 
him to the Cathedral Children’s Service as I am afraid his voice will be above 
the whole congregation put together! He met Mdlle along the passage the other 
day & made a hideous face. ‘Oh, Bébé, quelle vilaine grimace!’ ‘That’s Mrs 
Kruger,’ he answered. Yesterday we had him with us & she asked about Mrs 
Kruger. ‘Oh I have killed her,’ he answered quite seriously . . . .

The other day I had a beautiful present sent me thro’ Hallam from one of the 
principal exhibitors at the Exhibition, a Mr Martin, who has enormous foundries 
at Gawler. He had the first nugget found at Kalgoorlie, the great mines in 
Western Australia and he has had it made as a handle to a little gold paper knife 
in a blue velvet case with ‘Century Exhibition Adelaide 1900’ engraved on it. 
I am not supposed to receive, but H. took it for me . . . .

Wednesday. When I had finished writing my letter yesterday, I and the boys 
dwalked down to meet Hallam & he at once gave me the telegram about dear old 
Ernest. It made me feel very sick & was a horrid blow, for from your letter 
last mail it seemed certain he would not be chosen owing to his short sight . . . . 
How little we thought at that dinner the last night that all we brothers & sister 
there would be so dispersed in less than a year . . . .

9 April 1900. Marble Hill

Poor Mother, my thoughts do not leave you in this fresh & terrible sorrow 
God has seen fit to send us. I feel sure you will have gone off to poor poor Nell 
& Dorothy & been a comfort to them, poor poor darlings. I so long to be with 
you all, & the being so far away is hard to bear. And I know nothing except 
that our darling darling Cis has been taken from us. I hope perhaps I may get 
another cable soon to tell me where it was and whether he was shot or wounded 
or what—it is so terrible to know nothing. Hallam has promised to cable for

4 Captain Cecil Boyle, Queen’s Own Oxfordshire Hussars, was killed on 4 April 1900 in a 
skirmish near Boshof. He rode with General French as part of the relieving force into 
Kimberley.
me soon if we hear nothing more. I have got his dear photograph here in front of me looking so splendid and handsome in his uniform, my poor poor darling. Such a loving generous darling. He wrote me such a terribly sad letter just before he sailed, I felt he would never come back to us, he felt leaving all his dear ones so dreadfully.

Monday. After writing this yesterday the further account was telephoned up to us from one of the newspapers saying our poor darling owes his death like so many other gallant noble fellows thro’ the showing of the white flag. Thank God it seems to have been instantaneous & our darling did not suffer or know that he was leaving all his dear ones. Oh God, I feel broken-hearted & can do nothing but sit & think & think about him and you all & long to be with you. My Hallam is so good & tender & loving, & it makes me wish too that he could be with you & Nell in this terrible time of sorrow. I shall never forget his face when he came in to tell me, on Saturday about 3 o’clock. We were down at Government House, he having opened the new Picture Gallery in the morning & made a very good speech—& we had had luncheon & I was reading quietly in one of the drawingrooms until it was time to go with Capt. Wallington to some boat races & to christen a boat they had asked me to do. H. came in & shut the door which startled me somehow & I looked up to see his white face & trembling mouth & he said, ‘There is terrible news come, Cecil has been killed’, & he showed me the telegram. We came back here as soon as the carriage was ready, after having sent off the cablegram to poor Nell for you both.

17 April 1900. Marble Hill

...You will not, I know, expect a long letter this mail, when one’s heart is sick and aching. It is difficult to write even to you... I can’t tell you how kind everybody has been, mere acquaintances and total strangers writing to express their sympathy & one paper says ‘There is not a home in the colony who will not be feeling for Lady Tennyson in her great sorrow’, and another says that every soldier in the colony will sympathise in her grief... Poor, poor Ernest to hear such terrible news on his landing...

I of course shall not go out at all for some time & Hallam has cancelled all engagements for April & May, but we have decided to have the 200 Imperial Bushmen up here like the last before they sail, as one does not like to leave them & not do as we have done for the others, & besides it is a special thing—the poor fellows are going out to fight for England perhaps many of them never to return home. I don’t think I can bear to see them but I shall see what Hallam wishes, it always breaks me down at the best of times seeing all the poor fellows & saying goodbye, & this time it will be far worse...

I have tried to write all I can & now I must stop. My head tho’ constantly aching slightly has not been really bad since the first telegram, & H. has made me breakfast quietly in bed & I have walked out every day when the weather
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has made it at all possible... I went to Church on Easter Day & feel stronger & able to talk more & see the servants etc. than I could. My Hallam has been so good & kind & careful of me.

24 April 1900. Marble Hill

My head has been very troublesome the last day or two and I was in bed all day yesterday, so that I have only just got my letters, for I did not feel up to having them even read to me yesterday by H. I long for and yet dread the letters now ... .

The hats have arrived all safely—a thousand thanks—but I have not seen them of course for they are down at Government House, but Clarke brought up the black one which will do very well for mourning. I have had to pay £3 all but a few pence duty & wharfage, and I see the drugs & boots etc. have arrived by this mail so I shall have to pay still more on them as drugs have higher duty than anything. You scold me again in this letter. I am sorry I always do the wrong thing but I can only use my own judgment at this distance, and I wrote & ordered the kilts the 24th January, and therefore they ought to have received the order the 25th February... I should have written to order them a fortnight earlier when I ordered my gowns—but when I asked for the kilts to put them on & take the measurements, Sophie had left them all down at Government House and I had to wait till we went down and got them... It requires a great deal of thinking to order everything out for self & children and I never find that anybody else has any head, or helps one much in these things ... .

Mrs Bates is the help & comfort of my life. I told her the other day 200 soldiers of the Imperial Contingent might be coming up on the Friday & this was Monday evening. 'Delighted,' she answered. 'But can you be ready? Mind, 200 hungry thirsty men?' 'Oh yes, that will be all right, don't you worry', which means that everything has to come up from Adelaide & we can only send down our cart twice a week when it takes the laundry up & down ....

I am so glad to hear that you like Mr Maurice. I am hoping that he will do the aide de camp's work, tho' of course for the next few months there will be very little to do as there will be no entertaining. Hallam talks of perhaps going up to the Blue Mountains, N.S.W., next week or so, he & I alone, with Clarke & Thomas, & tho' at first I said I would rather not, I am now rather hoping he will get away for the weather here is very bad, constant rainy stormy days & I should be glad to be away alone with him, for the children's spirits, poor things, jar upon one & it is very difficult to be cheery with them ... Our little Harold will be 4 on Friday & Aubrey 9 on Tuesday. It saddens me to think they are getting so old & no other little one to take their places. I can't help incessantly grieving that I have no little daughter, for in so few years now, all my boys will have left us for school.
Audrey Tennyson's Vice-Regal Day

29 April 1900. Marble Hill, Sunday

... The drugs & boots arrived last mail. So many many thanks for your loving trouble. The only thing that was wrong was that they sent out 2 prs French kid girls' high boots, instead of laced French kid shoes No. 2 for Lionel for the house, which we are sadly in want of ... also I am sorry to say that the one other thing that really mattered was a mistake, viz. H's medicine which he has of course been worrying about for weeks, & they have sent Phosphate of Soda instead of Sulphate of Soda. The former, H. says, is for the brain & no good to us, so I shall see whether the chemist will care to take it ...

Everything arrived perfectly dry, not a speck on any shoe & none of them were wrapped in paper, not even the old card boxes, so I am not complaining but I don't see what packing there was for 6/- . It is not at all necessary to pack in tin—no one does it now. All our things, my opera cloaks, everything I had, except my dressmaker's gowns, packed by Harrod's, had no tin lining, only well packed with paper & tar canvas & all our pictures the same, & nothing had one single speck coming through the tropics.

The answer to the cable asking for Ernest's address came just ½ an hour before his letter had to go on Wednesday ... Thank a thousand times whoever sent it and also I was amazed & most grateful to hear £100 had already been collected for our men ....

Tuesday night. Mr Maurice arrived all well & we like him & think he will do so far .... This afternoon Harold & I went out driving in a most smart little carriage & a perfect darling of a pony that Hallam has given me—a little affectionate pet who has been much petted, & Dow tells me he is so unhappy in his new stable & is always calling out. I was talking now & then to Dow, & little Harold who had been silent a little while, evidently thinking, said, 'I don't like my uncles being killed, Mami!' This evening in his prayers he prayed, 'Don't let the dear little pony be sad,' & he all of a sudden had a great wish for a baby sister (so has his mother long had) & prays every night that God or Jesus may send down a baby sister. He began by asking me if I thought God would send him one—could he ask Him? I said, 'You may always ask God for anything, darling.' Alas, I am afraid there is no chance of his prayer ever being answered.

6 May 1900. Marble Hill, Sunday

As usual I like to begin my letter to you Sunday morning, but I have really nothing alas to write about ... Clarke went down this week to unpack the box and to hang up my gowns as she was afraid they would harm by being left packed until we go down. She came back much pleased with 'all the beautiful gowns & especially the blue one', she said, which is the one you told me you had settled on for me. Alas, they are all no good to me except the black serge. The worsted too & the boys' stockings & the two books all arrived. It is very grievous that the kilts were too late as now I shall have to pay £5-10-6 just on
Letters 1900

the few hats & drugs. We are all much disappointed, too, to find no sponges as we have been hanging on to scraps till the box arrived, & there is not a decent sponge in Adelaide & ruinously expensive . . . .

I think we shall like Mr Maurice very much—he is very kind & gentle & strict with the boys & seems quite to understand the teaching & training of them & entering into their amusements & is good at games & riding etc. . . . He is extraordinarily old in his manners & ways, but does not yet realise the way in which Governors are treated by their staff & those who come in contact with him, but he will improve in all that. He is like most of the young men of the present day—with a delightfully good opinion of himself & absolutely self-satisfied, & Capt. W. is the same, which often greatly amuses Hallam & me, but he is a very nice dear boy . . . .

14 May 1900. Marble Hill, Monday

. . . . I dread going down to Adelaide & H. & the children are happier up here but I have got to face it sometime so I may as well brace myself up to it soon. Our sorrow seems to take more & more hold of me & I often so long to get away & be quite quiet so that I might think & think of you all without being disturbed, & of course one likes all of them to talk & laugh & be merry & one tries to join in, but often it jars so terribly on one's aching heart & one longs to be away from it all. At the same time I am sure it is better for one to have to exert oneself, otherwise I think sometimes I should go wild. I wonder sometimes whether I suffered as intensely before in our great sorrows but of course one did, for at times those sorrows seem as fresh as ever, & ever since I have been out here, the longing for our Harry has been intense, when I think of the joy it wd have been to him to have us out here & to have had us to stay with him on his farm. I simply have to force him out of my thoughts & curiously all the drive down to Adelaide that morning of Saturday 7th I was thinking of him.5

I went down to Adelaide with Hallam on Saturday to meet Lady Mary Lygon & her sister Lady Susan Gilmour . . . She & Lady Mary were in deep mourning for their brother, tho' Lady Mary had as usual heaps of jewellery which I so dislike in deep mourning. They also had Lady Bertha Wilbraham with them & a Mr Harris, twin brother of Lord Malmesbury. Every one of us, including Capt. Wallington that were there at luncheon have brothers out in the war, and three of us mourning one . . . .

23 May 1900. Government House

. . . . First of all, again another boat in & no kilts arrived & I am in despair as I cannot change the boys out of their sailor suits & when once it gets too cold I shall be a little afraid of suddenly baring their knees . . . .

5 This paragraph appears to refer to Lady Tennyson's brother Henry (born 1857), and to his having settled and died in Australia. It has not been possible to verify the assumption.
Audrey Tennyson’s Vice-Regal Days

Then another mail and you do not say a word about having sent me out any mourning... I am returning all my three coloured gowns to Mrs Lane by this mail & have insured them & returned them in same box all soldered, & I have just written to her asking her to get rid of them for me...

On Monday the whole place outside Government House gates was in an uproar for the relief of Mafeking—& one procession after another marching up here to our gates & singing God Save the Queen, & then cheering—bands playing all day Soldiers of the Queen & Rule Britannia, all of which one loved to hear & rejoiced in, but it cuts me to the heart & I feel as if I could not bear it. Hallam has arranged a trip for me & I daresay I shall feel stronger on my return & must brace myself up to meeting people again...

The whole party has moved down now from Marble Hill as the weather got so wet & cold...

26 May 1900. H.M.S. Protector. Off the Banks Islands

Here we are all at sea except our little Harold & the two staff whom we left at Government House. We are anchoring off some uninhabited Islands till 4 a.m. tomorrow Tuesday morning, & then we go on to a place called Wallaroo where we have to land for addresses etc. & then on to Port Augusta. We are now in Spencer Gulf & came down Gulf St Vincent past Yorke Peninsula to Port Lincoln where we anchored yesterday morning, & were received there publicly this morning before coming on here. This little man-of-war is about 1000 tons & we have a very nice Capt. Clare, & the Chief Engineer, Mr Clarkson, who are the only officers, one other being on leave & the 4th fell off the pier in the dark while waiting for the gig & injured his knee the night before we started. Then we have a most fine splendid set of 40 bluejackets & two or three petty officers, stewards etc., & Thomas & Clarke.

I cannot write much this mail, only to say we are safe & well—first of all I cannot write properly on board, & 2ndly I do not feel capable of writing long accounts of things just now but I will try & force myself when I get back, which we shall probably do before next mail...


Here we are all safe & well, back from our cruise—the weather threatened to be bad and there is a nasty few hours at the best of times round the points from Gulf St Vincent to Spencer Gulf called the Althorpes, so we went into port at Wallaroo and came back by special train. Again no kilts arrived and I am in perfect despair and if they have outgrown those of last year which I very much fear, to my sorrow, I am afraid I shall have to change their dress & leave off the kilts which will be a great expense and never so pretty. What can have happened...
Letters 1900

Tuesday. The mail is in & again no mention of the kilts so I must now settle with Capt. Wallington about cabling & also about the money for the troops. Thank you so much, darling own Mother, for all your kind help—& all you have done for me & them. I think everybody has been extraordinarily kind and generous. I shall cable to you to keep any money and this next mail to the Cape I shall let the staff write to the 4 commanding officers asking them to write at once to you telling you whether they receive the parcels all right, if they have & would like more, to let you know & then you can send them more, but if they never get them it is no use sending them & it is better to keep the money & you can wait till I think of a good way of spending it out here in some way to benefit the men or their families. I hope I have made this quite clear.

We are going to entertain all the wives & families of the men gone out at an afternoon reception on the 15th as I should like to meet them & I think the husbands will be grateful & pleased, poor fellows.

Now as to another matter. As our darling Cis left you nothing & that you will be the poorer, Hallam won't hear of my having the other £25 you allow me, so stop its going in future to the bank and I enclose you a cheque for the last £25 you paid in, as I can't remember but I think it is this month, so that you can't stop it but can withdraw it with this cheque. I wish it could be more, darling Mother, but I have nothing more as you know of my own, which, as H. & I are now entirely one in money affairs, does not matter one bit... I don't like to ask him to give you of his money as of course he has plenty of relations of his own who ought to come first, & I am sure you are such a good manager that you will get on all right with rather less, tho' of course it is always hard to retrench. I think it was wonderfully kind & generous of our darling to have left old Ernest £5000 as you tell me, when he has had so little to leave to his nearest & dearest compared with what they have been accustomed to . . . .

As to his not mentioning you in the will, you must not think of being hurt or saddened by that. People never scarcely mention relations in their wills except those they leave money to. I am sorry he did not leave the £3000 to you for your life & then to Ernest, but one must not be hurt with those gone from us, I can't bear to think you should suffer in any way except the heartbreaking sorrow of losing him . . . .

I had so wanted to write you a long account of our cruise but there was so much to write and answer, & there is always so much to be done & seen to when one is settling down afresh... Clarke comes in, ‘Can you come & look over all your clothes before I put them away & get rid of the old ones?’ Sophie: ‘Voulez vous venir voir les habits des enfants pour que je les arrange?’ Horn: ‘Will you tell me how you wish Master Harold's coat made?’ etc. etc. & I have to give them all the same answer—'I must read all my letters first & get the mail off, then I will see about everything.’ And I must begin to take up duties again & there is always a good deal to talk over with Capt. Wallington & Mrs Bates in the morning, & Mr Maurice & Mdlle all want to ask me things, then the boys' lessons of 1 hour regularly, & then reading to them and Harold now,
Audrey Tennyson's Vice-Regal Days

or tell him stories, especially Bible stories. Saturday night he prayed 'Make
Kruger a good man, & don't let him be bad any more—& if he is not good,
don't be pleased with him.'

9 June 1900. Government House, Adelaide

I am going to try & begin today the account of our cruise. We left here
Saturday morning May 26th, by 10.30 train to Largs Bay taking Horn & Harold
down with us & Mr Maurice, our party for embarking being the Governor &
self, Mdle, Lionel, Aubrey, Clarke & Thomas... There was the Chief Boat-
swain & a launch waiting for us at the end of the pier, the train having been
specially run to the end for us... When we embarked there was a guard of
honour on deck to salute the Governor as he stepped on board...

We weighed anchor at once & steamed off down St Vincent's Gulf to
Edithburgh on Yorke Peninsula, where we arrived about 3.30, & after anchor-
ing, the harbour master arrived in a small boat & came on board to escort us
ashore, saying that the people at Yorketown, the chief township of the Peninsula
10 miles off, were expecting us & had made preparations, & he hoped we should
go. Hallam had before made Capt. W. answer to their request that he would
visit them, say there would be no time on this visit, but as they had made
preparations for his reception & a buggy & four horses was waiting to take us,
he had to give in.

So we first were received on Edithburgh pier where we had a most painful
speech of welcome addressed to us from a very nervous official with painfully
long pauses between whiles. However, that being over, we walked to the end
of the jetty to the township where I was presented with a beautiful basket of
flowers by a Dr Davies' little girl—an Englishman who came from Torquay 3
years ago with his wife & children & is a brother of 'Karri' Davies of Johannes-
burg fame, and notwithstanding the heat & the dreary flatness & ugly country
& the small township, & not a real gentleman or lady in the country—they all
seem quite happy & contented & say the climate part of the year & the free life
are delightful... He has to drive 50 miles to some of his patients but this is
nothing; at Port Lincoln the doctor, quite a young Scotchman, told us his
furthest drive was 150 miles to a patient.

Then we went to see a salt manufactory—Hallam asked a good many
questions as to the working & could get no direct answers & at last the man
said, 'Well you see, Your E., we keep all those details secret.' He told me that
100,000 tons of salt are used yearly in Australasia, & this manufactory supplies
about a 3rd of that quantity & they hope that with Federation, which is to do
for everybody what they most wish! they will supply a great deal more. This
salt is just skimmed off the salt lakes in the country, of which we passed several
on our drive to Yorketown. In the summer they dry up quite if not almost, &
leave a thick layer of salt behind.

There was nothing more to be seen in the little place so the boys & Mdle
Letters 1900

went back on board with Capt. Clare who acted A.D.C. to H. on the cruise, & H. & I drove off with Dr Davies in a little wagonette, he sitting next to the driver. It was raining when we started & we had a tremendous shower on our way back. We drove 10 or 11 miles along an absolutely straight flat road with large paddocks of wheat or pasture or woods on each side, & passed some of the old original fences which the first settlers used to make by just laying whole gum trees with their branches their whole length as they cut them down & then in some cases, placed the stones they dug out, of which all the ground here is chock full & which they never seem able to get rid of from coming to the surface, so much so that the old superstition is that the stones grow—well, these they pile up in a rough sort of way here & there among the branches, especially near the ground.

We had a very warm reception at Yorketown where I suppose the whole of the inhabitants were out to see us—the school children all collected in a raised group with flags against the town hall & sang G.S.Q. An address was read which H. briefly answered. He asked for a half holiday for the children, we conversed a little with the leading people, were much cheered, an arch of Welcome put up, & then said goodbye. Cheered again, & drove straight back 10-11 miles to Edithburgh... & were on board again soon after 6—a really record performance... in less than 3 hours. They have got to know now that H. never gives long speeches on these occasions & does not like them, otherwise they are interminable......

Well, after leaving Edithburgh after dining, we started off again as there was a nasty point to go round called the Althorpes between Gulf St Vincent & Spencer Gulf... We passed Cape Catastrophe on an island called [blank] where there is a monument put up by Lady Franklin, widow of Sir John, who was out with Flinders when he discovered all that part. Several of the party went out in a boat off Cape C. to try & find water on one of the islands & never returned, the boat being found topsy turvy. Spencer Gulf is named after the Lord Spencer then reigning, Father’s cousin, but all the islands & places about there are called by Lincolnshire names—Flinders & Franklin being Lincolnshire men.

Port Lincoln is a most magnificent harbour, perfectly huge & very deep, & the little township is very pretty, situated on the edge of the water with hills all round. They say it is dreadfully poor—& everybody is lazy—people who don’t want to work go there & no one knows how anyone lives—the hotels so bad no one can go there & they won’t take the trouble to make them better to entice visitors, & no lodging houses. No train & quite a small place, but we were immensely fascinated with it. It certainly looked a dead-alive place when we anchored, for we looked in vain for a living soul or animal on shore & the sailors laughed & said, ‘Oh no one gets up at Port Lincoln till the afternoon.’ We supposed they were at church and then at dinner but it really was curious not to see the slightest sign of life on shore.

At 11 after luncheon the Capt. sent on shore & after a long pause & waiting
& wondering, we saw someone stepping into the gig, & this was Mr & Mrs Seddon, he the head of the bank there & extremely nice kind people. After they came on board & we had some tea, we settled all to go on shore for a drive & the one carriage in the place owned by the Storekeeper, Mr McFarlane, was got out for us.

We first of all drove up to the hospital and picked up the doctor on the way—very Scotch—he did not seem at all anxious we should see the hospital saying it was all being painted & no patients except scarlet fever children—the matron out etc. However, we just went inside an empty ward & that was all & except the beautiful situation, it was all very dreary—a row of little clipped heads of scarlet fever children gazed at us thro’ a window. The doctor had just been sailing in his yacht in the harbour & had been frightened home by a great sea monster which followed them, & which he described as about 6 feet wide & 10 feet long—supposed later to be an enormous turtle! He was in a great state of excitement as the day before a young man had driven 40 miles in to consult him & had died 10 minutes after reaching his house, & gone black instantly, & he had telegraphed to Dr Ramsey Smith here, who is thought to have plague on the brain, & that he had pronounced it plague; & we passed a garden & were shown his clothes burning, poor fellow. The Seddons did not believe a word of it & said all the man’s family had died in the same way of heart, & that this was probably heart. Also Mr Seddon was quite happy for no rat has ever been seen in Port Lincoln—is not that extraordinary as the rats seem to bring & spread plague? Port Lincoln ought to be safe.

After the hospital we all drove across the roughest of tracks to a bay, Port Lincoln proper, about 2 miles, the Seddons going in their little 2-wheel cart, tearing after us over great heaps & rocks, looking as if they must go over but she sat calmly there & seemed to think nothing of it. We were disappointed in the shells, all the seaweed covered them up & as it was getting cold & late we drove back to the pier & H. & the boys went back to the ship but the kind Seddons let Mdlle, Clarke & I go back & have supper with them.

At 10 the next morning we all went on shore, flags flying everywhere & triumphal arch & band. We were met by all the officials of the place at the landing stage & then walked to the town hall through a line of school children on each side, from the end of the pier to the building. At the end of the pier 2 most sweet little girls all in white, shoes & all, with large leghorn hats, aged about 3—the doctor’s & school master’s little daughters—gave me bouquets, & the school master’s son, called Aldworth because he was born the day my father-in-law died at Aldworth, gave H. a buttonhole.

Tender farewells, & amidst lots more cheering for the Queen & us, Baden Powell & Roberts, we all embarked again & weighed anchor at once & steamed off to one of the distant islands called Reevesby, which we reached about 2.

Not a minute more. I will go on another mail. Please keep this account carefully & have it returned to you & then put it with the rest of the account of the cruise when you receive it.
June 1900. Government House

I have begun a long account to you of our cruise but I fear it is impossible to get it done this mail & I think it will be more interesting for you to read it all straight thro'. My time is so much taken up & my head is often so troublesome that I cannot write ... This last week I have had all the children shut up with bad colds & coughs, Harold in one room, & the two others in another, & I have had to be with them a little. Horn & Sophie also have been very bad & I too have suffered with my throat & as to Hallam, his throat seems to be in a chronic state of irritability & gruffness. He has now suffered off & on for weeks & weeks. It has been very damp lately & this house lies low near the river . . . .

I was in such despair about the kilts that I at last cabled, but unfortunately your cablegram, for the saving of one word, does not help me much & I am none the wiser than I was before & can do nothing about them now for 5 weeks. Had you, instead of merely 'Kilts gone' said, 'Kilts just gone, or, kilts went April, May or March,' I should then be able to take steps if they have been delayed or lost on road, but now I can do nothing & know nothing . . . & I am in despair about my mourning . . . I have just got one very old gown & a common one I brought out which Clarke has made up, which is black but not mourning, however I don't mind that. I am terribly badly off for hat or bonnet & have only very old ones except the one you sent me out the other day which does beautifully for best . . . I do not in the least blame anyone . . . only as you will see, I am in a very bad way as to clothes & have not a single mourning black gown of any kind only black satins with jet, but that has not mattered yet as of course I am not going out . . . .

June 1900. Government House, Adelaide

. . . . There is tremendous excitement in all the colonies, & endless cabling about the Commonwealth Bill, & we wonder whether it will really be settled tonight in the House of Commons—if not, one wonders what will happen. Some people are terribly upset about the Appeal question & of course at home no one knows what the feeling of the Australasians is—they are guided by the few Delegates. I suppose as soon as it is passed we shall have it announced who is to be our Governor-General. How I wish the Duke of Argyll & Princess Louise were coming; it ought to be an able man with a good head and good common sense . . . .

The Australian delegates, E. Barton (N.S.W.), A. Deakin (Vic.), G. Kingston (S.A.), P. Fysh (Tas.), J. Dickson (Qld) and S. H. Parker (W.A.), were in London to confer with the Colonial Office before and during the passage of the Commonwealth of Australia Bill through the Imperial Parliament. There was much controversy over the clause in the Bill concerning the possibility of appeals to the Privy Council in London from decisions of the State Supreme Courts and the High Court of Australia. The matter was settled by compromise, and the Bill was passed through the Commons by 21 June, through the Lords by 5 July, and was assented to on 9 July 1900.
It is a good thing that none of you have been with us lately for you would not have thought this climate much better than at home. For nearly a month before we left Marble Hill constant rain & mist, & since we came down you could count the really fine bright days on your one hand. We walked to church this morning in sunshine, Mdlle & I, remained for 2nd service, & down came the rain in torrents & Her Excellency may not go in a tram—it would be too infra digne—so we had to walk home drenched, I in the one tolerably tidy, tho’ 2-years-old gown I possess which I fear shrinks with wet. I went straight to the A.D.C. & told him he might have thought of sending a fly, & also to the Governor who only went on reading his book.

I cannot tell you the immense relief it is to me not having the balls now, I thought it so touching the other day—I went to the Workhouse where I always get a warm affectionate reception from the old people with endless blessings on my head & the Matron, Mrs Ebsworth, a very nice woman, said ‘Oh I am so glad to see the balls are put off—I felt so sorry for you having to give them at such a time.’ It is very touching how kindly everybody is in their sympathy. They are a very affectionate people & Hallam & I always say it strikes us very much the devotion in families of all the members towards each other. They are so delightfully united in their love for each other & yet they are very badly brought up as children, with no sort of restraint or authority. They are always ready to tell one how badly Australian children are brought up & behave, but they are very devoted to their children, & the children to each other & cling all to each other all through life.

The immorality among the young girls is terrible & I am told very much on the increase. The other day there were 18 babies in the workhouse, all for the first offence & heaps more coming on—varying from 15, but generally about 16. It is too piteous, but most of them apparently quite callous. They keep them there for 6 months, the babies are taken by the state & boarded out & the poor young mothers are sent to the Reformatory until they are 18.

A charming Matron tells me as a rule they are really nice quiet well-behaved (of course many are not) & are not in the very least vicious. She told me of a poor thing the other day & that really if she had often to go thro’ such scenes she could not bear it. It was a case of The Cenci, & after the 6 months the girl was only 16½ & they came to fetch her away to the Reformatory for 18 months, & the poor girl clung to & fought for her baby & begged & entreated not to be separated from it. It was too heartrending for words & at last, instead of boarding it out with strangers—her own mother was allowed to take it, which somewhat consoled her.

There is a poor girl there now expecting in September whose mother shut her door on her & the police took her here & she was so miserable that one night the girls rushed for the Matron as she was tying a handkerchief round her neck saying she would do away with herself. She is only just over 17.

A verse play by Shelley about incest.
They like my going to see them, as they are locked into 4 walls, a bright sunny courtyard & extremely nice rooms & offices, so that except the mothers who just see their own girls, nobody need ever know they have been there—and no girls can be there a 2nd time, they then go to the other part of the house which is public. Some of the babies are so sweet & pretty it makes me so envious when I see a nice one.

It is a very curious thing how many more boys than girls there seem to be out here. In the schools it is not uncommon to find more boys than girls, & you constantly over & over again hear of families of boys only, or several boys & 1 girl. And here they have many more boys than girls born, the Matron told me. It does not seem to strike the people here, but it has me very often . . . .

Hallam took all the chicks to some living photographs the other day & when the Prince of Wales came on & all the officers passed him in turn, Harold quite solemnly saluted each one as he appeared on the scene. The other night he complained of his bath being cold. His Nana answered, ‘Well you did not sit down so I thought you felt it too hot & so put cold water in—that comes of little boys dreaming instead of thinking of what they are doing.’ ‘Pray don’t say that,’ he answered in an injured tone, ‘there’s a time for everything.’

After the photographs, in driving back Horn said to the elder boys, ‘Ah, you wait a little & you will have your youngest brother’s photo like that, as a great man.’ ‘Oh you & your baby!’ said L. ‘He won’t be a bit greater than us.’ ‘I,’ said Aubrey, ‘don’t—want—to be—a great man—I want—to be—a poet laureate’ . . . .

30 June 1900. Government House

. . . War thanks to Mrs Ker Lane for the kilts which have at last arrived all safely & also my blue worsted & the sporans . . . If all the Governors go home soon after Federation is proclaimed—as many people think but no one knows—you will have no more bother of this kind, no more shall I. I am in despair at having brought so many gowns, 6 or 7 of which I have never put on & others only worn once or twice—and now with the skirts all having altered shape, I really do not know what is to be done. Everybody here, even the lower class, has all the new skirts—and I have heaps of clothes for half mourning but all the old shape, with no fullness at the back. I am writing to ask Mrs Ker Lane what I can do with all my smart pretty gowns. That 16 guinea grey foulard from Mrs Durrant I have worn once here, once at Melbourne, once at Sydney about 3 hours each time, or less, for a function and it is as fresh & good as new—everything is always so elaborately prepared for the Governor that you do not run the ordinary chance of dirtying your things . . . .

How terrible this war in China is—and I believe Australia is going to send out men-of-war & gunships immediately, they having been asked for from home as being so much nearer at hand . . . .

8 An outburst of fanatical nationalist feeling in China, known as the Boxer Rebellion, broke out in riots in 1900. The Empress of China was in sympathy with the rioters, who besieged the legations in Peking and attacked Europeans, especially missionaries. European and Australian troops and naval forces were sent to end the trouble.
Audrey Tennyson's Vice-Regal Days

Wednesday. The mail came in Monday & a dear letter from you, also a notice for my bonnet & hat at the post office sent by post, but no gowns. Mrs Edwards must have put the full value outside, £4-15, pretty good for 1 toque & 1 hat only, so that I have to pay £1-2-6 duty besides carriage, & I am afraid they will probably be too deep black for me to wear much longer as 3 months is already passed—but I have not seen them yet. There is always so much red tape to get through before one gets one's things......

8 July 1900. Government House, Adelaide

...... I received my bonnet & hat at last quite safely from those wretched Customs, & like them extremely, they are very pretty and I think you wd say becoming, but I never know myself & the all black looks so sad......

I had the joyous news yesterday from Mrs Ker Lane that my gowns have come by this boat. I can't tell you how thankful I am, for we are going to Sydney next week and I should have had absolutely nothing tidy to wear—especially for an evening, so you may imagine the relief it is......

We go to Sydney on the 19th, leaving here by the one Melbourne train at 4.30, arriving Melbourne 11 next morning, & this time we shall have no dear Lady Brassey & the kind old Governor to spend the day with till we go on at 5 to Sydney, arriving next morning at 11...... My gowns have arrived quite safely & my mind is much relieved but I have not put them on yet...... They look as nice & as pretty as mourning gowns can look & I have no doubt will fit well but they are dreadfully crumpled......

I have been waiting to tell you a very sad bit of news which we have known for several weeks but were bound over to secrecy, but it can't possibly be any longer a secret when you receive this, so I tell you now, tho' I would much rather the name of the Governor-General had been announced before I said anything—we hourly expect a cable now telling us. Well, I grieve to say, Capt. Wallington is leaving us next week to return home & go on the Governor-General's staff, & I cannot tell you how sorry I am. He will be a very great loss in every way, besides the fact that he is such an extremely nice man to live with, & a thorough gentleman...... Hallam has another P.S. who is already here, a Mr Pennefather, about 50 & looks much older, who knows Australia & was P.S. for several years to Sir W. Jervois here & in New Zealand, & has had a temporary appointment as judge in New Zealand. He is a very able man & was only out here on a visit again, but he has agreed to come for 3 months & by then I trust we should know our future......

15 July 1900. Government House

...... We went this morning taking the two boys with us to Port Adelaide, driving there about 10 miles, to church to attend a farewell service for the crew of the Protector and Reserve men...... It really is too bad the way the Admiralty
at home have treated them. They accepted the offer of the Protector to be manned by South Australian crew 10 days ago & the men were all enrolled after volunteering, & the ship is absolutely ready to start—but the question was cabled as to whether the Imperial Government would pay the men the Colonial wages, as otherwise they being mostly married men, could not support their wives & families during their absence. Everything has been hurried on as quickly as possible & on Thursday no answer having arrived, Hallam cabled again begging for an answer that the men's suspense might end. Here is Sunday, they had hoped to sail Tuesday early. Everything is ready & yet there is no answer . . . .

Yesterday we had a delightful woman here to luncheon, a Mrs Howie, half Maori—her mother a Maori Princess who married a Colonel Porter, an English officer who fought in the New Zealand war. She has married an Englishman, Mr Howie, and is going to England to train her voice, a beautiful contralto, & sing professionally if she can. You would delight in her & she in you, so I shall send her to you. She is enormous and handsome, aged 31, so now you know all about her, very sad at having no children & been married 9 years but devoted to her husband. I must stop.

22 July 1900. Government House, Sydney

We arrived here after quite a successful journey tho' such a long one . . . We left, as I told you in my last letter, on Thursday afternoon, having been down to Port Adelaide in the morning with the boys to the Protector to say goodbye to the crew, Hallam making them a little farewell speech and giving them pipes; but as he said, it was very difficult for him as up to the moment we started no answer had yet arrived from the Admiralty and we do not yet know whether they will go to China or not . . . .

We arrived at Melbourne about 10 Friday morning and went to the Hotel for breakfast, luncheon & tea, with a sittingroom & two bedrooms to wash our hands. We were 6 masters & 3 servants & the bill over £5!! Lord Richard Nevill met us at the station & the Lieutenant-Governor Sir John Madden sent his carriage & H. & I had to go & call on them as etiquette at Government House, oh such people—the airs & the grandeur & the smart clothes, & I am afraid we are bound to go there to luncheon on our way back, but happily the return time at Melbourne is much shorter than coming . . . .

We arrived here about 11, not actually raining but it had been & it rained off & on all Saturday, all yesterday, & since 7 o'clock last night it has simply come down in torrents & probably will go on day & night for 10 days or a fortnight, it is really awful, Sydney, in that way. They have had 40 inches since the end of April. It rained consecutively for 40 days. Capt. Wilfrid Smith says the carriage landau gets so drenched thro' & thro' if it has to go out that it can't be used afterwards. Hallam & I were to start tomorrow morning for an expedition to the Jenolan Caves in the Blue Mountains & to a place called Katoomba which we reach by train about 4 hours from here, & then a 36 miles
drive to the Caves, supposed to be the most wonderful in the world, but I am afraid with this rain everything will be flooded & I much fear we may have to give it up, which would be a dreadful disappointment.

The party in the house is H.E. [Lord Beauchamp] and Lady Mary—Lady Susan Gilmour & her eldest child, Mary, aged nearly 10—she has left 2 little girls & a baby son & heir at home and her husband in the Guards in South Africa, poor woman; Lady Bertha Wilbraham, Capt. Wilfrid Smith, brother-in-law of Meta Smith, P.S. such a nice fellow. Mr Harris, brother of Lord Malmsbury, quite young & very nice, most kind to the boys—& a Capt. Clarke another A.D.C. from out here . . .

We had Sir William & Lady Lyne to dinner Saturday & the late Speaker of many years, Sir Joseph & Lady Abbott. We were very glad to meet the Lynes. He gives one the idea of being a strong & straightforward character which is more than one can say of most politicians out here, & is a tremendous Protectionist. I talked to him after dinner & found him very pleasant.

I am afraid there is a good deal of disappointment over Lord Hopetoun’s appointment—it is most popular everywhere as regards his social position & capabilities which are well known out here, & in that way he will do well enough, but I think everyone feels that the position, a very difficult & unenviable one I should say, requires a much abler man, in fact, a great statesman, to set the wheels going in the right line & to keep peace between all the petty jealousies of the different colonies, especially Melbourne & Sydney—who have always hated each other & now N.S.W. is jealous of a former Governor of Victoria being chosen instead of one of their own, being the Mother Colony; & Victoria is furious because Sydney says she ought to be the arrival capital of the Governor-General & I suppose it is pretty certain he must land here & stay here first as Mother Colony, & that means, people think, that Lord Beauchamp must soon pack up & go & leave this house for Lord H.

We don’t know at all what will happen to us & Lord Beauchamp & Hallam are both anxiously waiting for orders from Mr Chamberlain as to what the Colonial Office wishes of them, & you will probably see by the papers before you get this.

The news from China is very conflicting this morning, as the telegrams & Chinese officials are trying to make believe the Ministers are all still safe, but one can’t believe it is so . . .

Hallam & Lord Beauchamp wish so much Lord Rosebery had come out as G.G. if only for a year to arrange things with a strong hand, or the Duke of Argyll would probably have done very well. Here in N.S.W. they wished for Lord Jersey & he did very well out here & is an able man.

Lady Lyne is a very nice simple woman who hated being made ‘Lady’ & does most of her own housework . . .

9 Sir William Lyne (1844-1913), Premier and Colonial Treasurer of New South Wales from September 1899 to March 1901.
10 The announcement that Queen Victoria had approved the appointment of the Earl of Hopetoun as Governor-General of Australia was made by the Colonial Office on 13 July 1900.
They say that Capt. Wallington’s appointment as P.S. to the G.G. is more popular even than Lord Hopetoun’s. There is no dissenting voice about Capt. W. He left us Thursday, I really think truly sorry to leave us.

31 July 1900. Government House, Adelaide

We had a very successful journey from Sydney, leaving there Sunday night at 7.15 with strongly expressed regrets from everybody, and after a terribly shaky journey we arrived at the boundary station, Albury, between N.S.W. & Victoria & had to be up & dressed by 6.45. Here we breakfasted then walked about the station & saw the sun rise over the hills. It is a very pretty place & has been much talked of as the new Federal Capital.

To our joy we were able to get back to our own comfortable carriage & arrived at Melbourne 12.30 & [were] met at the station by Lord Richard Nevill who, it is now arranged, is to take Capt. W’s place as P.S. when Mr P., who has only taken it temporarily, leaves us in October. Lord R. is a very nice fellow & seems much pleased at the idea of coming to us. We drove up at once in the two carriages they sent down for us to G. House where Sir John Madden & his family as Lieutenant-Governor is now settled, & oh the difference of the warm reception one always received from the Brasseys who were always at the door to receive us, but the Maddens, altho’ it is etiquette that a Governor should be met by Governor & staff at the door, are far too grand & important. Oh the airs & graces & smart clothes! On these occasions I put on the coldest proudest hautliest manner I can command and especially to the daughter, Miss Ruby, who is far worse than her parents. After luncheon we talked again, there was a married daughter there, perfectly huge, just had her first baby a son & heir to one of the richest squatters in N.S.W. She lives on a station far away from a living soul & hates riding but is blissfully happy in the station life. Their name is Osborne.

Hallam & the boys etc. walked & Mdlle, Miss Ruby & I drove to the great lady of the place, Janet Lady Clarke, stepmother to Sir Rupert Clarke, the only baronet in Australia except our Chief Justice here—enormously rich people, with an enormous house & beautiful rooms, right in the town & no garden. They have two ballrooms! larger & smaller & stage etc. & such comfortably arranged rooms. They have the famous bushranger Kelly’s armour—the most enormous sort of iron helmet open at the crown, covering the face with holes for eyes & resting on the shoulders weighing, I should think, quite a ton. I could not hold it. Then another piece of the same thick iron that covers all his body only leaving his arms & legs bare. He always wore a long white waterproof & for years they thought he held an enchanted life for no bullet ever harmed him. At last in 1880 he was shot in the legs. He fell & they found the

Janet Lady Clarke, née Snodgrass, was one of the outstanding women of her time. She became the second wife of Sir William Clarke, first baronet. She was interested in all questions concerning the welfare of women and was noted for her philanthropy. A residential college for women within the University of Melbourne was built mainly by her munificence and named Janet Clarke Hall after her. She died in 1909.
Audrey Tennyson’s Vice-Regal Days

armour under his coat & he was shot or hung I forget which. For years his sister Kate Kelly managed to hide him or let him know when the troopers were hunting him down……

After all we went to the Jenolan Caves, leaving Sydney Wednesday at 10 by train to Mount Victoria, where a coach met us taking us four (Clarke & Thomas) & our luggage & drove over the Blue Mountains 36 miles—a lovely afternoon & evening & very grand views of enormous extent of wooded hills, high cliffs & rocks & boulders, & crossed over 2 rivers rushing & bubbling. We stopped at the Halfway Inn, changed horses, warmed ourselves & had some tea. The inn kept by two oldish Yorkshire maiden ladies who also keep a store. The cold was intense & I felt sorry for all the sundowners & woodcutters we passed cutting trees & making roads, with their little tents, sitting at their fires outside, & boiling their tea in their billycans. All the colonial governments are always ready to find money for the unemployed & then make new roads everywhere. Our driver told us £7000 had been voted to make a new road & £120 was spent & the rest taken for the Transvaal Contingent, which he considered a monstrous shame. But one of our Labour Ministers said to me not long ago, ‘If you wanted £30,000 for unemployed we should find no difficulty in getting the vote but you must not ask for £20 for the Governor,’ & he laughed.

We mounted to 4500 feet & found lots of snow lying there, had been 10 days before 4 feet & in drifts 6 & 7. We drove full tilt through the most awful roads of deep mud with 4 horses & round & round sharp corners, & arrived at 7.30 at the Jenolan Caves, ordered dinner, found roaring wood fires in the hotel & tiny bare-floored bedrooms, & at 8.30 started off to see the Imperial Caves which are all lit with electric light—most wonderful & beautiful with enormous stalactites and stalagmites & all sorts of fantastic shapes, one exactly like a huge elephant’s head with great flapping ears, little eyes, long trunk & tusks, all formed by the dripping of water—another like a dead goose hanging with all the white downy breast & head & orange beak formed by some iron in the water. Then what they call the blankets & curtains are most marvellous with wonderful patterns from the iron, & you see the fluff & threads of a blanket with the light behind. Then there is a regular camp with marvellous & realistic entrenchments & tiny little stalactites in the entrenchments which look like regiments of soldiers exactly. A thin stalactite at the first dripping takes 25 years to form half an inch, so it tells one what the age of the world must be, for some of these columns are several feet round & 20 feet high.

Unfortunately from all the rain soaking thro’, they were damp & not sparkling like diamonds everywhere as in the summer except here & there in a dry corner. It took us till 10 to see this one & it is very tiring work for one has to stoop so frightfully, & also climb. There is a huge rushing stream many feet below where one goes at the bottom of the cave which turns the electric light & never runs dry, & then tears out of the mouth of the cave called the Devil’s Coach-house, out into the hills & valleys. We were dead tired & glad
to get to bed—the hotel very prettily situated in a deep gully & high hills all round with rushing stream past the door. One drives through the most glorious cave to get to it, over 100 feet high & 150 in length. The next morning we breakfasted early & started off with the guide to see another cave, the Lucas, of a different kind, much more huge & magnificent, with vast high glorious crypts & fewer stalactites, & then we went back to the hotel, paid the bill, only £1-1.5 for 4 people, breakfast & dinner, fires, sittingroom, 4 bedrooms etc.

Started off driving again, back to Mount Victoria thro' a piercing wind & snow-storm; stopped at the Halfway Inn for dinner, changed horses, tea at Mt Victoria, changed horses & on to Katoomba 48 miles altogether, & arrived about 6, perfectly freezing cold. The afternoon & evening were most beautiful & most wonderful lights & shadows. What struck us more than anything was the wonderfully brilliant blue of the distant hills. I have never seen anything to compare to it at all, the most gorgeous real sapphire blue, really transparent blue—it is impossible to give any idea of it. We wondered whether it was the effect of the gums, & our driver told us it used to be thought so but is an exploded idea, & he agreed with me it must be something in the atmosphere. I shall never forget it.

The hotel was very comfortable tho' so cold, called the Carrington—& the bill £3-19 for dinner, breakfast, luncheon, sittingroom & fires. The coach for the 2 days, £9. We drove altogether 96 miles in the 3 days, the 3rd day, carriage 25/-, but the Governor has to tip so frightfully, always 10/- and generally £1 for any little service.

I hope you have left off showing my letters to anyone. I really do not in the least mind. I only suggested their being shown to give pleasure, but I am quite sure that everybody will only too gladly give up all wish to see them if they give you more pleasure keeping them to yourself alone & just telling them or not as you like ... They are only written & always have been, for your pleasure alone.

10 August 1900. Government House, Adelaide

... This morning we were suddenly told that a number of aboriginals from a large mission at a place called Port Macleay on Lake Alexandrina had asked leave to drive past the door. A good many men & women & about 30 piccaninnies, as they call the children. They have come down to give some entertainments to collect funds for the Mission which was started about 40 years ago. They are hideously ugly but very pretty nice manners & grins all over when you speak to them & shake hands.

I rushed to Mrs Bates to ask if she had any cake to cut up & as usual everything was there & we sent out for 'lollies' as they call sugarplums, & gave them all some, the men & women liking them as much as the children. The little girls all wore blue serge frocks with a little red on them & sailor hats with scarlet ribbon...
Wednesday I have a large meeting in the ballroom to plead on behalf of the Mothers' Union of which I am the President, not for funds but for members, for I am sorry to say the want of religion out in these colonies is very terrible & the immorality among the lower classes is increasing dreadfully, tho' I am thankful to say we are not so bad yet as the other colonies and we hope that by encouraging the Society ladies to take it up that they may help the others to join & be persuaded to teach their children religion. I am afraid at present many of the upper class Mothers teach very little religion.

It is all very pitiful & heartrending & the more one enquires the worse things are. The Bishop will come and speak for us first, and then I have written out an address which I shall read when the Bishop has gone, & one or two other leading ladies will speak. I have simply sent out a card 'Lady Tennyson at Home, 2.30 August 15th' & enclosed these slips of paper. We have asked over 200 but probably only about two thirds will come, & I fear many will come simply to come to Government House without any idea of helping. We shall have tea afterwards & then they will go.

We have got a very busy time this month & next & have settled to have the balls on the 26th September & 1st October, but they are no pleasure, more pain to me this year, & as it will then be nearly 6 months since our sorrow came upon us, I must appear & take part in them . . . .

I had my great meeting yesterday but alas, instead of over 200 I only had over 100. There was a big wedding unfortunately & also a pouring day—but 20 new members enrolled themselves then & there, & we hope for many more.

Life just now is a terrible rush, we have 73 blacks to tea this afternoon in servants' hall—the weather horrible, so cold & torrents of rain every minute . . . .

19 August 1900. Government House, Adelaide. Sunday

Here is my birthday and I am sure you will all be thinking of me . . . Little Harold woke me up this morning in a wild state of delight with a glass vase he bought me 'all for my very own' with his marks money and some sweet peas in it, & then a packet all tied up in silver paper most carefully, what he called 'some jewellery', & in which was a long bead chain he had threaded & a bead ring which of course I am wearing! . . . The older boys soon followed with another bunch of flowers from their garden, chiefly red linum, & a thermometer, they having broken several since we came out. Hallam has given me a most gorgeous green & blue & yellow South Sea Island parrot—a very large one & very rare . . . .

Before I forget it—I heard from Mrs Lane 2 mails ago that she had received my gowns—not a very nice letter, saying she hoped I would understand that she could not be the loser by them etc. I wrote back & said I should have thought that she knew me well enough not to imagine I would dream of such a thing or put myself under such an obligation to her, that if she looked at my letter I said I should be so much obliged if she could get rid of them for me, &
that had she not suggested doing so once before, even with a gown I had worn once, saying she could always get rid of gowns, I should not have asked her to do so, & that she must not bother any more about them, but keep them & alter them for the fashion when I require them. I almost wish now I had kept them & perhaps someone here would have been too thankful to have them, but I was too unhappy even to give them more than a glance. I do not know what she will have done with the hats.

We have had a very busy week. We entertained the 60 or more blacks with their various teachers etc., in all, 73, on Thursday... They ate enormous teas & then they all went out on the lawn and threw some boomerangs they had brought for the children. It is most wonderful the way they throw them, towards the wind & they go whirling about in the air & then curve round & generally fall at their feet again. They also ran some races & then it came on to rain so we had to rush in & I gave them shillings & sixpences to the prize winners, & then a silver threepence & a bag of 'lollies' to each one, men, women & children—and off they went in wagons to perform at an entertainment in the evening...

One woman brought me 3 native baskets & 2 emu eggs, & another woman brought me another basket. The former told me to think of her in England & she would tell me her name—'Karaninyeri'. Another was 'Neenbalinyeri', 'Thewooloomera', another 'Yauleroom Yelleroom', 'Marcellinyeri', 'Willibeen', 'Hookeomininyeri', 'Tarvingeri' etc. They have such melodious sounds in their language & are very fond of double OOs in names. We call one of our horses Wooloomooloo, also a native name.

Yesterday afternoon I took the chicks & the 2 nurses to an afternoon performance... At the camp the boys, I suppose for the first time, saw one of the blacks suckling her black baby—it seems to have struck them very much & I had a description given me of the whole thing. I kept my countenance & looked quite grave & said, 'Oh!' Aubrey said, 'Oh it's Nature, Eila, it's Nature', but Lionel, 'Well of course, Mamie, the poor things could not get bottles in the bush to feed their babies, so I suppose God has provided that instead.' I said, 'Oh yes, you know, animals suckle their young'...

This morning's paper announced Lord Beauchamp's departure from Sydney in November, to make room for the Governor-General—I think the feeling here is growing stronger & stronger that they do not want to give up their Governor, & H. thinks we shall probably remain till December, a year which will soon pass, but no one can tell till after the Federal Parliament meets in March. He will practically be the only Governor in Australasia when Lord B. goes, excepting Lord Lamington whose time is up in April...

25 August 1900. Government House

...... I was delighted this week at receiving a letter from dear old Ernest, a whole sheet in pencil from Kimberley, dated July 26 & saying they were
starting early the next morning on a 200 mile march to the Transvaal to join Lord Methuen. It must have indeed tried Lord Roberts’ patience if it is true that we lost capturing De Wet twice owing to his orders not having been carried out. As to Dr Clarke the M.P. he ought to be shot in Trafalgar Square for his treachery to his country & I trust all those who have written to the Boers urging them to act in a way to get the better of the British will be punished.

Lord Beauchamp telegraphed the other day asking us to have him on the 27th, & Lady Susan & little Mary Gilmour who asked to come have put off their visit & only arrive the day they sail home from here. We have told Lord B. we can have him for two nights only, as we have our second ball on the 1st & we have to use the rooms he & his P.S. would occupy for the ladies’ cloakrooms—for we have about 2 or 300 ladies each ball. I think I shall ask Hallam to let the boys sit up just to see the 2nd ball opened as they may not have another chance but I am afraid he may say no! It begins at 9, so it is not so very late.

Yesterday I went with Mdlle to hear a lecture on ‘the American Girl’ by an American, Mrs Lundy. They are now all taught together, boys & girls, in the same class rooms at school & College & it is considered to have an excellent effect on both sexes. Mdlle lectures on the French Girl next Wednesday.

8 September 1900, Government House

We went on Wednesday to see the American actress Miss Nance O’Neill who is here just now, & saw her in Magda. I thought her very fine. She is a magnificent woman, dwarfs all the men & has a splendid figure but wears no stays. I admire her face & I never saw any face capable of so entirely changing. It’s a terrible piece & hers a very difficult part, & I suppose she is very rough & wants a lot of training & has none of the stage tricks & stamps about too much, but I must say I admired her very much. Hallam thinks she is very variable—she is coming to luncheon tomorrow & I am very curious to see her, they say she is dreadfully shy & never allows herself to be seen & shuts herself up. But she is coming here & they say she is a very nice creature. We go again to see her next Wednesday.

The bagpipes & the Scotch regiment is just marching past. The war has inspired all the population to become volunteers & we have a very large regiment made up of Scotch—another of Irish & another colonials born—& a very large cadet corps from the schools, who look very nice in their slouch hats and cock’s feathers.

I must stop now—we have Bishop Riley of Perth, Western Australia, staying with us, a splendid man, he goes back by the mail this morning.

Government House, Adelaide. Sunday [Undated]

We have another member of Miss O’Neill’s company to luncheon.
today, a Mr Becks, who staged *Queen Mary* (my father-in-law's) and came to see Hallam the other day. On Wednesday when we went to see her again I found the most lovely bouquet in the box from her... We saw her in *Elizabeth*, very beautifully put on the stage and her get-up splendid, & she is very powerful, but oh such a fury—it is overdone & the death scene at the end is too horrible. I do not think they ought to allow such horrors.

She is a very nice simple creature, enormous, & beautiful eyes with a sad expression. I do not think she is in love with her profession and does not like the part of Elizabeth .

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Tuesday. The first really warm day we have had yet & now one instantly begins to fear that the hot weather may soon begin. A cable has just arrived to say that the Duke & Duchess of York are coming out in March to open the first Federal Parliament, so that settles our not coming home till next December 1901 anyhow, I think, for we must be here for that... I am afraid you will be sadly disappointed, darling own Mother, but also I am sure you would prefer Hallam doing whatever is his duty & of course if he threw this up before Chamberlain wished him to do so, he would be done for as far as any other appointment from the Government. When Hallam told Harold that the Duke & Duchess were coming, he said, 'Oh I shall talk to the Duke but I hate Duchesses.' I do not know what his idea is, I am sure......


I must begin early this week as our ball is Wednesday night, which means hard work for Mdlle & me all day with the flowers, & the next morning at 9 o'clock Hallam & I have to go off on a three-hours' journey by train, open the show at a place called Strathalbyn, and a three-hours' journey back, and the Mayor’s ball in the evening, so you see we are pretty hardly worked. Even on the afternoon of our first ball we have to go to a function at the University when they are going to give Hallam a degree. Tuesday, the Admiral & his flag lieutenant arrive to stay in the house, and Lord Richard Nevill arrives for a week to help with the balls & then returns to Melbourne before taking up the duties of P.S. about the 18th October.

Now I must tell you about our Gawler Show. We started off in a special train at 9.30 taking Mr Pennefather with us & arrived at Gawler at 10.10... We had to go along two miles in a steam tramway to the town, a special one with special car, at a snail's pace so that the people might see us & we bowed to them as we went along......

When that was over the Mayor took off his robes and he & his old mother, a dear simple old lady who acts as Mayoress, he having lost his wife, drove with us round the town and up the main street again in an open landau, & we were again much cheered, & then we drove off to the Agricultural Show where we......

12 *Queen Mary*, a play by Alfred Tennyson about Mary Tudor, was published in 1875 and produced at the Lyceum Theatre, London, in 1876. It was not a success.
Audrey Tennyson's Vice-Regal Days were marched up to the Stand & H. received another address which he answered & declared the Show open. And then we went down & looked over the Show & were taken out to see all the machinery made by the great firm of Martin & Gawler, and by another firm of May, who was foreman of Martin's, & then quarrelled & set up a rival foundry. All the wonderful inventions were shown & explained to me, which was mostly gibberish to me, but I have learned to be a terrible humbug & sometimes manage to make a sensible remark & they think her ladyship most intelligent & believe I have taken everything in—I always live in terror for fear they should ask me afterwards if I could repeat their explanation to them, & then I should be famously up a tree ....

After luncheon, we had to go & watch the usual horse-jumping & at 3.30 we drove off with a Mr Gilbert, whose father was one of the early squatters, to his station, Pewsey Vale, after the place in Wiltshire from which he came. This Mr Gilbert senior had never done anything in his life but lived on the £200 a year his father allowed him till he was 39, when one evening at an hotel in London he took up a paper & saw a vessel to South Australia advertised to sail in a few days. He went straight off to the shipping office and found out all about it & then went down to his father in Wiltshire & asked him what he would give him to start life, & the father gave him £3000. He came out here, hired land at a nominal rent from the Government as was done in those early days, but the Government had the power to stop the lease at any moment & sell the land by auction, & then the poor tenant had either to lose all that he had done for the land, or borrow money to buy it at high interest, & Mr Gilbert had to do this. I am told that often a man would go to one of these squatters and say, ‘Look here, I am going to make a bid for your land to Government unless you pay me 2/6 an acre’, and the wretched squatter in pure self defence had to do it.

Squatters in the colonies are our aristocracy—as being the people who came out from home in early days. ‘Oh he is an old squatter, or, she is a daughter of a squatter’ means that nothing more need be asked ... The enormous expense on these stations is the fences—not the wood, which they cut down as they go along, but the expensive labour. One bush fire last year cost £500 in fencing; these & the droughts which kill the animals are what ruin our poor squatters & keep throwing them back ....

The next morning we went round the wine cellars, as they have about 50 acres of vines & make a great part of their income from their wine & spirits. He told me that the wild parrots, they always reckon, put them to a loss of 900 gallons of wine every year from eating grapes, & what sounded very strange is that when the wine is thick & they want it to settle, they put a Spanish clay in it & that draws all the settlement to the bottom of the cask. Hallam thought their claret & hock very good but Mr Gilbert says the reason Australian wine is generally bad is because they will not keep it long enough, but drink it too new ....

We left Pewsey Vale after an early luncheon, & drove down to Gawler
another way, a really lovely drive, but unfortunately pelting rain nearly the whole drive of 20 miles in an open carriage... We met one of Mr Gilbert's labourers going off rabbiting with 6 dogs. Mr Gilbert pays him 5/- a week & he spends the whole day rabbiting, catching 40 or 50 a day & sometimes 90—& just skins them & leaves the carcasses on the ground. He sells the skins at 1d. each & yet complains that it does not pay him & he leaves Mr Gilbert next week to look after his bees. He has 100 hives & makes a very good thing out of them. Mr Gilbert says that bees among the flowering gums are very lucrative & he can always get £5 a year for a tiny piece of ground, but he hates having them for they put up a tin house to do their work & keep their boxes etc. in, & the stock who never see anyone, won't feed anywhere near it, so he loses by the transaction ......

We came home by train from Gawler; had to dress for early dinner & go to the play. The piece, Ingomar, oh so deadly dull & shocking acting by all, including Miss Nance O’Neil, & 5 acts of it. H. kept threatening me to go but of course we could not. The manager was very much pleased because he told Mr Maurice he had been trying all along to get me a bouquet of Hallam’s colours & had at last succeeded—it was of red & yellow tulips. I always find it ready for me in our box. I saw his face fall as he walked out to the carriage with H. & asked H. what he had said to him. ‘Only that it was dreadfully spun out & dreary,’ said H. ‘I was not going to tell him I liked it.’

The next night we went to the State School Demonstration in which 1000 children take part, singing chiefly action songs in all sorts of costumes. They sang ‘Soldiers of the Queen’, with an additional verse for Australia which H. thinks of sending to the Queen as it would please her, he thinks; & I am sorry to say, do what I will, that & several other soldier songs they sing always break me down now. I cannot help it, but I always hope no one sees me ......

I am sure you will be glad to hear that I found in a letter from one of our 2nd contingent men in the paper the other day a heading, ‘We can hardly thank Lady Tennyson enough...’ & then I read that the warm clothes had arrived from England just at the time that the water froze in their bottles at night & many were beginning to have touches of rheumatism, & a few days after, the tobacco arrived when they had nothing left but grass to smoke, so now we know at any rate that the Bushmen & 2nd contingent got theirs & we will hope the 1st contingent also, but alas, the Imperial Bushmen’s parcel is supposed to have been blown up by the Boers in the train. Still, that may not be true ......

6 October 1900. Government House, Adelaide

As I have a few minutes I will begin my letter tho’ I feel tired & weary & am yearning for a little real rest. It is terribly hard work, day after day, public functions, & when you go to bed & feel one is over & dead tired, that the next day you must begin again & so on, & the last fortnight has been a great strain with people up in the house to be amused & talked to, first the Admiral & his
flag lieutenant & Lord Richard for 10 days, then Lord Beauchamp & his A.D.C.
Mr Harris, all as nice & easy as can be but never any rest & then one gets into a
state of such frightful restlessness that when one has half an hour free you feel
you cannot settle down to anything . . . .

I hope you did not believe all the accounts of our flower decorations & my
[ball] gown in the papers last mail. I had not seen them when I sent them, & all
the different accounts of my one gown were too amusing & absolutely untrue.
It was a smart gown of embroidered satin over lace skirt, open in front to see
the lace, & behind where there was draped lace, and the low bodice of the same
embroidered satin & lace, black feather & tulle loops & diamonds in my hair,
of course all black. The description of the flowers, too, was awful . . . .

[At] the second ball we greatly improved upon the old arrangement of a
little corner dais close to the band by having a large dais at the other end
arranged with palms against the mirrors where I sat. I really was too tired to
stand & had people up to sit & talk to me & I could see everybody coming in
& out . . . . An extra is played until all have arrived, then H. & I enter the
room with the House guests & staff, God Save the Queen playing, & then
instantly the vice-regal set of Lancers is formed & sometimes one other set,
everybody else looking on, & after that all dance, & I only danced the one this
year but H. danced in each square dance, the set being arranged of the prominent
people by the A.D.Cs—it is considered a great compliment to dance in the
vice-regal sets.

I let the boys sit up for the three first dances of the first ball, as I thought
they ought to see the sight once & we may never be giving any more before we
go home . . . It was all a great success & everybody loud in their praises—they
say there have never been such floral decorations or such suppers in Government
House, & the Chief Justice says there has never been such a cook in Australia
before . . . Imagine my horror the morning of the first ball when Clarke came to
dress me in the morning, being told that Mrs Bates was very ill & had sent for
Dr Marten. I rushed down to the housekeeper's room and found her there with
Dr Marten in terrible pain . . . She told Dr Marten he must pull her together,
she had only gone to bed at 3 a.m. & been ill all night. It was only by being
really severe I forced her into bed till 11 o'clock with mustard poultice on her
stomach & some medicine; & then she got up again and did everything, poor
soul, & then on Saturday a large official luncheon & on Monday the 2nd ball—
& if you could see how they eat, & about 900 people for the two, besides the
house full & valets & endless waiters & workpeople to feed, & only she & her
two girls & charwomen who can only do the washing-up etc., & never in the
least fussed, perfectly calm & composed, all the endless cakes for refreshments,
coffee, tea, & two or three kinds of ices going fast the whole time. She is
simply marvellous & so economical, she told me this morning she had made 20
lbs of butter from all the cream left over & will make the cakes for the garden
parties with it . . . .

I have received such a very nice kind letter from Princess Beatrice saying she
had only just realised it was our poor darling who was killed at Boshof, & I have just written to thank her.

Lord Hopetoun has never said one word of apology or thanks for telegraphing to Hallam’s Private Secretary to come off to England as quickly as possible. In fact I think he cabled ‘Come at once’. I should not call it very gentleman-like, but he is constantly called ‘one of Nature’s gentlemen’.

16 October 1900. Government House, Adelaide

Such a lovely day for our Garden Party mercifully, tho’ rather too hot to be pleasant. I shall be glad when it is over for shaking hands between 3 & 4000 times is not pleasant to say the least of it.

We are going off on a trip of a week on the Murray on Friday to visit the village settlements up to some places called Renmark & Mildura & I am afraid you cannot possibly have a letter next mail as there will be no means of posting any letters. We take Mdle & the two elder boys, & we are taking Mrs Bates besides Clarke & Hitchman, as it will be a great treat for her & a thorough rest which she must require, poor soul. The Government provide the boat and pay for our provisions. Hallam has asked Dr Marten to come & act A.D.C. as he thought a rest would be good for him too, & Mr Maurice is rather an irritating person from being such a terrible prig that we are glad to leave him at home. Lord Richard was to have come & wd have loved it, but is kept in Melbourne by work. Poor little Harold stays behind alone, but the complete quiet with his Nana is very good for him.

Wednesday. Another very hot day with North wind & we are keeping all the windows shut. Our Garden Party went off beautifully... it was very hot work shaking hands as fast as one could go with 1500 people or more, but mercifully they had pity on one & did not all come up & shake hands before going away. People were very smart & all the bright, really very pretty toilettes of all colours made a very pretty sight, almost every gown one could see was brand new, for they all have their new summer gowns for this party. I believe they ate & drank like ogres and the amount of ices & macedoine of fruit in custard glasses with icecream at the top that was eaten, Mrs Bates tells me! But it is very funny how as a rule much more coffee is drunk than tea whenever we entertain. Yester-day they hardly touched coffee so that Mrs Bates says there is a large quantity over, which we have sent with cakes etc. over to the Workhouse. There were two old men here yesterday who were here at a garden party on the Queen’s birthday 60 years ago!

21 October 1900. River Boat Nellie, on the River Murray. Sunday

I hear that we can catch the mail on Tuesday at a place called Morgan, where we embarked and which we shall pass again on our way down, as when

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13 Lord Tennyson’s Private Secretary, Captain Wallington, had been Private Secretary to the Earl of Hopetoun when he was Governor of Victoria from 1889 to 1895.
we have got to Renmark which we reach this evening in time for evening service, and where we have a function tomorrow & have to stay most of the day as they give us a tea in the afternoon, we shall then turn round as it is on the borders of Victoria & Hallam thinks it will be better to make use of the time in his own colony and go down to the mouth of the river and on to Port Victor [Victor Harbour], a favourite seaside place for Adelaide people, and where we have not yet been. We left home Friday morning about 11.

I asked Harold whether he minded my going, the night before, & he said quite cheerfully 'Oh no, I don't mind those kind of things.' I think he thinks it rather fun to be in possession with his Nana & have the carriage to go down to the sea when he likes . . . .

We arrived at Morgan about 6 & had all the populace awaiting us with the schoolchildren to meet us. One old Irish woman, whom I was fortunate enough to go up to & speak to & ask whether she had come far that day, told me she had come 6 or 7 miles in all that heat, & beamed all over when the Governor & I shook hands with her. A dear wee girl presented me with a bouquet of roses. We talked to the people & schoolmaster & mistress etc. & then embarked and they all stood along the quay. There was a blinding duststorm which we had to sit through until the luggage was on board, & then as soon as Sophie could unpack my things (I left Clarke at home to get on with some work) I went to bed and had my dose of sulphonal, & oh how thankful I was at last to lie down & in time I got to sleep—but it was a very noisy night—such chattering & roars of laughter from the crew! We were all furious in the morning, & then we were told that what I had thought was torrents of rain was the bursting of the rainwater tank, & the whole water came pouring down on to the men's bunks, & that was all the laughter.

It is a most curious boat, I believe like the dahabeeyahs on the Nile, a sort of oval shape three decks high out of the water. On the upper is the smoking room, the captain's & 1st mate's cabins & the wheel, with wide platform all round to sit, then on the next, all our cabins. We have each a cabin except the boys who have a four-berth one & one or two over. We sleep with the doors open & have our trunks outside on the platform that runs all round, & the saloon & little sittingroom are on this deck but we are always outside as there is shelter overhead. On the 3rd deck level with the shore is the kitchen & the men's rooms etc. & the engines below. We have a crew of 8 men & two stewards & a nice old Captain with white beard called King.

The colouring this evening is too beautiful for words & the reflections of the trees in the water marvellous. We steamed all night Friday & about 10 o'clock yesterday arrived at the first village settlement, called Moorook. Oh such places! just a few wretched shanties, many of them nothing but a little lath & plaster and canvas ceilings with straw over it & then the iron roof & just canvas to partition off the rooms. These are just put up by the people themselves in their plots of ground. Oh the dust & the heat with no shade & a little later the swarms of mosquitoes are awful, they say. I should have thought
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life was not worth living & in the winter it is bitterly cold, & yet with this miserable-looking soil oranges, lemons, almonds, raisins, currants, figs, peaches, apricots, nectarines grow luxuriantly, if only the ground is well watered.

There are 7 of these little village settlements on the Murray. We have visited 4 & shall visit three more on our way down. They were started by the Government about 7 years ago with so many thousand pounds lent to the settlers to buy plant, materials, engine for pumping etc., and then the men worked & only drew enough money from the profits just to pay for bare food & clothing for themselves & families, but of course there were good & bad men, men who slaved 14 hours & more, working from sunrise & often late by moonlight. One man who did this drawing only 7/- a week from the funds & making up for the wants of his family from his own little private plot & always toiling on & on in the hopes of paying off the Government debt & then having the ground, implements etc. all their own. Then there were other men who worked or pretended to work their 8 hours a day & drew their 30/- & more a week, so naturally there was soon discontent. The Government then appointed an Inspector, a Mr Mackintosh, who is on board with us, & for the last 4 years he has spent his time visiting these settlements. He settles all the quarrels, appoints a manager in each settlement, arranges with him each visit what work is to be carried on during the next month & the manager tells each man his work every day. Then the men themselves choose their own chairman. They have cows & horses from which they get what milk they require & make butter with the rest & if possible sell some, everything working to pay off the debt.

However, they find the men are getting disheartened & the plan is a failure & a Commission is now sitting to arrange a plan that any man who likes may hire a block of his own of about 10 acres, paying at the rate of about £2 or £2-10 for rent, water rate etc. & after a few years when the Government debt is paid the land will be their own, paying a nominal ground rent of about 5/- a year; the implements, pumping engine, all will belong to the men themselves. Till then the association will go on as before, those men who do not care for their own plots working on the old system and the men with their own blocks being liable to be called upon to work 6 days a month at the rate of 8 hours a day & paid 7½d. an hour or more hours if they like . . . . With the new arrangement the cows will be divided & most large families will get 2 cows. The horses are public property. In one settlement they had built themselves a double buggy to cheer the wives who have it in turn on Sundays for a drive with their families, but as there are 15 families they have to wait 15 Sundays.

It is melancholy to see all the deserted shanties & little gardens—so many of the people leaving—& when they do they have to leave everything as it is, shanties & gardens & fruit trees. One settlement, a Mrs Cox of Lyrup told me, there were 90 families when first they went up there & now not 20 but the lazy bad ones won't persevere & go & the others are glad to get rid of them. They all have schools & government teachers & the Church provides a Mission boat with a Canon Bussell on board. It is called the Etona—I described it in a former
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letter, & he spends his time on the Murray of South Australia visiting all the settlements & places on the river about once a month—he or his curate. He is much beloved & does a splendid work.

Renmark, Monday. We arrived here last evening and all the party went to Church in the little Mission Hall, the service conducted by a lay reader, an American Organ & everything sung! A nice very little service, stiflingly hot at first till I begged for some open windows. This morning it has been very cold & blustery but the wind is sinking & the sun getting very hot. Soon the function begins with the usual address & then the one idea of feting out here is to take you for a drive round the place, which in a hot sun & dust storm is misery, but has to be done. And this afternoon a public tea for us at the Lawn Tennis court at 3.30, & then we turn down stream again. I brought a lot of books, toys & lollies for the people & the settlements & give them to the managers to distribute. They only get letters, papers & provisions once a week by a steamer going up & down.

It is so funny to see all the women & girls with the oldfashioned cotton sun bonnets, generally white, looking so pretty. We came upon a little steaming boat the other day & pulled up to buy some fish from them. We found such a pretty little young woman with white bonnet, blouse & apron, formerly a teacher in one of the Government schools at the settlements, & married 4 months ago to this fisherman & they always live on this boat of theirs & go backwards & forwards to Queensland from Morgan, buy fish in Queensland & along the river & bring it back to Morgan to be sold at Adelaide etc. She told me she loved the life, much more than her former one and has made her wee cabin so pretty & nice . . . .

24 October 1900. Continuation Murray Trip. Tuesday, between Morgan & Murray Bridge

My letter I finished yesterday was posted early this morning at Morgan, where we were due at about 1 a.m. but quite a few miles above there was such a hurricane that we ran ashore & were blown right into a tree & made a large hole in the top deck. However the wind went down & we steamed on to Morgan . . . . I forgot to tell you that on Sunday after leaving the settlement of Lyrup we steamed across the river to a station called Calperum, belonging to some people called Robertson, squatters. We whistled so they came out to see what it was & took us to the house delighted to see us & that we had called. Father & mother, 2 girls & a governess & a young man friend. Poor Mrs Robertson is very low & anxious over the bad times & the terrible years of drought & told me they could only just make two ends meet tho' they have a hundred square miles of property & sheared 11,000 sheep this year, which is considered a mere nothing out here. The station adjoining them called Cobdogla we steamed past for 15 hours at six miles an hour between one boundary fence & the other! The girls help their mother to do all the housework & cooking etc. catch the horses, saddle & harness them, for they never know if their one
or perhaps two maids won't say she will go & be off the next hour. . . . .
The father's recreation is to make violins which he sells when he can . . . .

At Renmark . . . the settlement has been started about 11 years, of course quite different to the village settlements, all the Renmark settlers are gentlemen & ladies out from England with their own gardens & very paying, I should think most of them will be, they reckon they ought on a good garden to make about £50 profit per acre on an average, growing lemons, oranges, raisins, currants. The great expense is the water costing so much . . . A man at Renmark cleared £1500 on 10 acres last year with his lemons. They grow the most delicious oranges called 'Washington navels' with no pips & so sweet & juicy, & they get 3/- & 4/- a dozen at wholesale price . . . I am so sorry I cannot remember all the statistics I was told, it was very interesting . . . .

Sunday 28th. Government House

Here we are back again, at least Hallam and I. We returned last night as we have functions tomorrow & most days this week . . . .

Friday 2nd November. Port Victor

I posted my letter to you before leaving Adelaide at 7 a.m. Wednesday morning & brought this part to finish here . . . I must go on with the Murray expedition before I forget it . . . Well, after leaving Overland Corner we steamed down to a German settler lower down the river to load 17 tons of wood on board as the Germans sell it so much cheaper than other settlers, 3/- a ton instead of 5/- or 6/- & in town we pay 16/-. It took some time to load all this wood which was all ready for us . . . The old German & his sons came down & loaded. We all got off & went to the farm a few yards off & visited the old Frau in the cottage. They have 12 children, who all work but the young who go to school further down the river, living with their married sister for the schooling. They have 2000 acres, have been there 2 years but in the colony 40 years . . . .

We steamed on towards Mannum anchoring a few miles above late at night & arriving at Mannum, one of the principal townships on the Murray, between 6 & 7 and all went on shore till 8.30, most of the inhabitants asleep in bed as there had been a 'Social' the night before & dancing. Then they were much disgusted with us for arriving so early . . . .

I forgot to say that the Germans are universally acknowledged to be the best colonists, they live on nothing—the saying is 'they live on an oiled rag', hard-working & so thrifty & keep a good deal to themselves—often whole townships of nothing but Germans . . . .

12 November 1900. Port Victor, Monday

Here is Monday & I have not yet begun my letter, but poor little Harold has been ill & so my time has been taken up . . . .
I arrived with Harold as I told you in my last letter a fortnight ago tomorrow and we have had a very pleasant time & I feel quite miserable to have to go tomorrow, Wednesday . . . .

19 November 1900. Government House, Adelaide

This must be my Xmas letter to you and I am so beset with work I do not know where to begin & I am now just starting a large concern which I have been thinking over for months & which will, I fear, mean a fearful amount of work—i.e. a huge Bazaar to start a 'Lying-in Hospital' for the colony of which there is nothing of the kind excepting the Workhouse. I do not mean Refuges, there are plenty of those, but for respectable and even well-to-do married women, & we shall have the Bazaar while the Royalties are here.

Well, darling mother, my most loving loving wishes for Xmas, I cannot wish a happy one, that it can not be for any of those who loved our darling . . . I was thinking last night in the Cathedral how I can hear his dear voice singing out Hark the Herald Angels all the many years when he used to come home for Xmas, & my happiness at having him & the other boys there around me—what a happy girlhood mine was, & I have always so loved to live bits of it over again in thought but now it brings such a stab that I can't bear it & in, I fear, a cowardly way try to fight against thinking of the past . . . .

I am sending you by this mail 3 of my gowns, one of which has never been on my back since I tried it on at Mrs Lane's, & the other two I have only worn once at Melbourne. I cannot write to Mrs Lane as she has never written to me since the rude letter & I do not know what to do . . . I do not to this day know whether she received the box Capt. Wellington took back for me with my real lace & fur, which I paid insurance for, for £200 . . . She has now 2 tin-lined boxes of mine that I have paid for, & this one to you makes 3 . . . .

We know nothing yet of when the Royalties come to us but all I do know is that the Federal Parliament opens the 1st May & we shall all meet at Melbourne for that . . . My evening gowns too, I should want at least 4 of those, very smart. I can then do with a black that I have & a new reddy-mauve satin that Clarke can make up new . . . I shall want yellow satin shoes if my yellow gown is sent out again, made up by Ward of Knightsbridge, & yellow stockings to match.


. . . . This is our 4th day of heat & the upper rooms are getting unbearable, and even down here . . . The heat of the air this morning driving to church & walking back was so tremendous it prevented one keeping one's eyes open properly & the pavements literally scorched one's feet. My hat-pins were burning when I took them out tho' hidden among folds of chiffon & lace. But
everybody goes on just the same, Lord Richard to his polo, Capt. Maurice to his
drilling on a scorching ground in full sun & no shade, & the boys & Hallam
& one of the others, lawn tennis. Poor Mr Pennefather gets terribly knocked
up & I believe leaves us the end of this week & returns to England. Lord
Richard came last week to take up his duties as P.S. & is a kind affectionate
fellow & so devoted to Harold . . . .

Wednesday morning. Since writing so far Hallam has been suffering with a bad
feverish attack but only kept his bed yesterday—the temperature has gone up
higher this morning tho' not more than 102.4 . . . I trust it may not be typhoid,
you will have heard if it is before you get this . . . .

Afternoon. Dr Marten been, temp. 102—gone down 4 points, pulse better, &
is dozing this afternoon after short but terrible restlessness . . . .

Thursday morning. Only time to catch mail & say that he is wonderfully better
and all our fears are allayed as to any severe illness coming on. He is to stay in
bed again today and tomorrow I hope may get up, and as soon as he is able to
move go up to Marble Hill . . . .


We are in the middle of moving up to Marble Hill and were all to have gone
up on Friday but we found it quite impossible. We had a packed meeting on
Thursday & lots of doctors spoke for me & I told Collins to send you a Register
with the account which I know will interest you . . . I also had a Register sent
you about the return of some of our troops. I wish you could have seen your
youngest grandson driving off in grandeur with Horn to the Town Hall in the
landau with mounted escort in front & behind the carriage. Someone told Lord
Richard that as he drove thro' the streets he received far more ovation than the
soldiers or anybody else & that he sat there so perfectly unconscious waving his
royal standard which he insisted on taking with him. Horn, who is always
afraid of flattering my pride, had to own to the cheering etc. but said of course
it was not meant for him—that everybody thought it was the Governor coming
along!!

It was very curious how the returned troops with the local ones were received
almost in silence, tho' the streets were crowded & profusely decorated & it is
said that the people were overcome—that I don’t know, but the contrast between
the enthusiasm at the departure & the return was most extraordinary . . . .
We are hourly hoping to hear of De Wet’s capture, he really seems in a corner
at last—but he is such a marvellous man for escaping that one never knows.
There was a paragraph from an Irish paper in one of ours the other day saying
that De Wet was really Charles Parnell who had never really died as was
supposed!

Poor Mr Pennefather sails for England Thursday & I never saw a man look
so dejected & miserable . . . I am very sorry he has to go but Lord Richard
thinks he can manage quite well by himself, which I doubt when we come down
Audrey Tennyson’s Vice-Regal Days

to town again, for Mr Maurice is absolutely useless alas, & does not improve, tho’ you need not say this. Lord R. is a very nice fellow & most kind, & it is such a comfort to have a man of the kind out here.

Poor Lord Hopetoun arrived here in the bay yesterday & was moved from the mail steamer to the Royal Arthur which met him at Fremantle but he was too ill then to move. Hallam visited him unofficially & when he came back & I asked him how the poor man seemed, he really could not answer me for a moment he was so shocked to see the poor fellow look as he does. Lord Richard, who knows him well but had not seen him for five years, said he could not tell me the awful shock it was to him & that he thought he looked like a dying man.

It makes one feel inclined to cry & one’s heart ache, & she a fortnight behind him as she was left behind at Colombo with fever—they feared typhoid, but she has sailed now & will be here in a fortnight; poor, poor woman, one can only pray nothing may happen while she is absent. He was most warm & kind to Hallam & after Hallam had left him for fear of tiring him, he asked if Lord Tennyson had gone as he should so like to see him again, & Hallam went back to him.

Hallam went off early with Lord R. & the two boys & went to meet him on one of the Sydney men-of-war, the Pylades, not Lord R’s old ship, which has been here the last fortnight to welcome back our Protector on the part of the Imperial Government & then they waited till Lord H. had been transhipped from the P & O Victoria & then boarded the Royal Arthur, but H. stopped all saluting on either ship which he was entitled to, & said it was to be quite unofficial. Our boys shook hands with Lord H. & they had hoped to bring the two Hope boys off with them, but there was some muddle & the tutor must have been very stupid & they only arrived with him & their nurse at 4 o’clock, had some tea & had to rush off to catch the Melbourne express as they have gone to Sydney overland. Poor Lord H. has now got a swollen puffed knee which I fear looks very bad & he could not rise from his long chair on deck to speak to H. I have persuaded H. to write to Sir Thomas Fitzgerald, a most wonderful world-renowned doctor at Melbourne, who always attended Lord Hopetoun, to go to Sydney & meet Lord H., for there is such frightful jealousy between the two places that Lord H. might not like to have him over at his orders......

16 December 1900. Marble Hill, Sunday

......We had a telegram from Lord Hopetoun last night saying he had managed his entry into Sydney & the great surgeon Sir Thomas Fitzgerald, to whom H. had sent a message thro’ Lord Richard, telegraphed also & said he was fairly well considering, but it strikes me he does not feel quite happy about poor Lord H. & I doubt whether he is out of the fire yet, poor man.

The S.A’s are beginning to get indignant that our Government were going
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to let Commonwealth Day, January 1st, pass with very little ceremony to mark it, & constant letters are being written to the papers, so I expect it will end in there being great fetes etc. There is a Thanksgiving Service at 10 in the Cathed-ral to which we go down & Hallam has written a special prayer to be used which the Primate (Archbishop of Sydney) of Australasia has ordered to be used in all the colonies, & which I enclose. Then H. has to be sworn in afresh at the Town Hall as on the day we arrived, & will make a speech again—and then there are to be military sports etc. to which we shall go in state & I suppose drive thro’ the main streets. I always enjoy these street drives because they receive H. so tremendously warmly, tho’ you never know, for sometimes when you expect the crowd to be warm they are absolutely lethargic & at other times they go wild.

I hope the arrangements for the Hospital Bazaar are getting into shape. We had a very large meeting at Government House the day we came up, of the Committee, which we cut up into small sub-committees. One for managing Stalls, Entertainments, Collecting, Decorating, etc. & it was settled that the name should be ‘The Lady Tennyson Maternity Home’, & the Bazaar, ‘The Lady Tennyson Maternity Home Bazaar’. Yesterday I received a cheque from Mr Barr Smith for £500 with a promise of more at Bazaar time. I have also got the promise of the Jubilee Fund for Women & Children, which has never yet been appropriated—£1000—& also I have almost been promised another Fund for £250. However we want about £600 a year to run it either with subscriptions or interest on capital. Everybody has taken it up most warmly & especially the medical men.

I have to settle a lot of business connected with it on Tuesday—I am President of the General Purposes Committee, & all other committees have to refer to us before carrying out their resolutions.

There is a feeling among some of the medical men and others to combine a Hospital for Women’s Diseases with the Maternity Home, but I am strongly against it—it would mean a double expense, a separate building & separate nurses, & I know quite well what would happen—that if Funds were wanting and one or other had to be closed, the Women’s Diseases would swamp the Maternity Home, as of course operations & exciting cases are far more interesting to doctors & nurses than mere confinements. And I shall not give in to the idea if I can help it. There is a magnificent general hospital in Adelaide, only owing to the awful feud going on about it between the Government & the former medical staff no local doctor or nurse or student will go near the place & the hospital is very empty—but there is a great hope when Kingston goes away to the Federal Parliament that the present doctors can be got rid of & then all our good doctors will go & do as they like & can put any number of beds or wards aside for Women’s Diseases.

Monday. We have just got the news of General Clements’ men’s surrender. Oh how heartrending it is, this horrible lingering of the war. I get so terrified about our Ernest.
22 December 1900. Marble Hill

. . . . The great excitement the last two days has been Lord Hopetoun having sent for Sir W. Lyne to form the Federal Ministry—the man who worked heart and soul against Federation & is a strong anti-freetrader. It seems very odd, but I have no doubt Lord Hopetoun has strong reasons for doing so. What Barton must feel I don’t know, & H. thinks perhaps he & Lyne & the G.G. have arranged it between them. It would be quite extraordinary (were it not that one feels, knowing politicians as one does in this country) the quiet way in which everyone has taken their surprise as a great surprise. It certainly is to everybody not only out here but at Home too, as Barton was the one man everybody agreed upon—and one of the men who went over to England this year actually told H. that Chamberlain had told him that Barton would be Federal Premier—were it not that one feels certain that it is all diplomacy on their part, & they dare not say a word for fear it should lose them a place under Lyne or favour with Lord Hopetoun. But I say wait a bit, till some of them don’t get the places they hoped to get under Barton & then we shall hear some pretty abuse! That is my opinion but we shall see.

I hope Lord Hopetoun has done right, but poor man, I don’t envy him his position. He will be criticised in all he does & says & thinks. He telegraphed to H. that he had had a splendid reception, but some of the papers say that the want of enthusiasm was quite extraordinary & the crowds so silent. You would have thought that with all he has gone through that pity & sympathy would have given him a tremendous reception—but the Australians are a funny people, though ours in S.A. have a very great charm & I think are the nicest of the lot, simple, genuine & affectionate . . . .

Xmas Eve. Here is Xmas Eve, a lovely bright day & a little warmer than it has been—inside the house it has been bitter & I simply have to sit out in the verandah to get warm in the sun.

Lady Hopetoun arrives today but owing to this tiresome new arrangement of the ships putting in at Fremantle the Rome will be so late that she will miss the train to Melbourne. It is very tiresome & we have been much puzzled as to what to arrange for the best, whether she would come up here for the night or we should send servants down to G.H. to unpack the rooms etc. for her there, & of course it is impossible to communicate with her as to what she would like.

Now a telegram has come that the vessel will be in between 5 & 6 & that there may be a special train to take the mails, so we shall probably drive down & give her dinner at G. House. Happily Mrs Bates can always manage for an emergency even up here where there are no shops, except a store, nearer than

14 The ‘Hopetoun Blunder’. See Introduction p. 16.
15 Fremantle Harbour, which had been adequate in sailing-ship days, was too shallow for steamships of large draught and they came to bypass it, using Albany Harbour instead. This made the run to Adelaide much quicker. But in 1892 the Western Australian Engineer-in-Chief, the brilliant C. Y. O’Connor, commenced the reconstruction of the harbour at Fremantle. It was ready for use by 1895 and in August 1900 the Royal Mail steamers began to call there. It is to this that Lady Tennyson refers.
Letters 1900

Adelaide. I should like to meet Lady Hopetoun, so as to be at least acquainted with her before we go to stay at Melbourne for the opening of the Federal Parliament the 1st May, when the Royalties will be there.

The papers this morning say that Lyne cannot form a Ministry and that Holder, our Premier, and Barton absolutely refuse to serve under him as such a strong anti-Federalist. One cannot understand what Lord Hopetoun’s reasons were, but of course one knows nothing except from rumours, probably false ones.

I hope I shall get on with Lady Hopetoun as it will make all the difference, but I believe she is very difficult—very stiff & cold from intense shyness . . . .

Well now, I must tell you about poor Lady Hopetoun who was still so ill with fever & so terribly weak she had to be carried from the ship to the launch, & then straight into our vice-regal carriage [on the train] & there she had to remain. Lord R. who went on board to meet her telephoned to me that she could not dine but the rest of the party would come up—this was 8.30 & we had been expecting them since 6, & had taken Mrs Bates & a kitchenmaid, Clarke & a man down, & they had made the dining table so pretty between them, & an excellent dinner. After this message I went down with Mr Pennefather who was stopping at G.H. & Clarke, to meet the train, a special, & waited & waited & at last about 9 she came in. Lord R. got out & saw me & told Lady H. I was there & she asked to see me. My heart ached so for her, it all seemed so terrible arriving like that and a journey of 1000 miles before her that I forgot the sort of cold woman she is & I went straight in & said, ‘Dear Lady, I am so sorry for you—& am come to tell you your room is ready at G.H. if you would rest there tonight.’ She said ‘Oh no thank you, I so long to get home’—& then broke down & I really without thinking kissed her warmly & tried to cheer her, telling her I could quite understand it, if she felt she really could face such a journey, & so on. She soon pulled herself together & became very stiff & I soon left her. She told the Dr who nursed Lord H. from India & who had been sent to meet her ‘she could not think why she had broken down—for she was not given to that sort of thing’, but no wonder when you think what she had gone through for a fearfully shy woman, poor thing. I long to hear that she is safe at Sydney & in a comfortable bed.

She has a Mrs Corbet with her, wife of the A.D.C., who has brought out a child of 3 & is evidently from appearances expecting again—I hope not, or she won’t be much help to Lady H. She & Capt. Duff, Dr Philson & the two maids rushed up to dine before the special train for Melbourne. We sent down dinner to Lady H. & I luckily thought of Brand’s Essence which she had been longing for. Then she asked me if I could give her a light shawl for her head, so I sent her down a Shetland I had. They also wanted a hot water bottle. I had to send in a rush to buy, all ours being up here, & we provided them with brandy, whisky, soda water, ice, tea, bread, butter, sugar etc. She had longed for some good brandy & could only have the ship brandy—imagine travelling without good brandy, hot water bottle & little shawl, & she embarked ill at
Xmas night. We have had a telegram to say Lady H. has borne her journey well as far as Melbourne, & she will arrive at her journey’s end tomorrow . . . .

31 December 1900. New Year’s Eve, Monday

. . . . Yesterday I was in bed all day with one of my terrible heads, which always puts me so terribly back; mercifully it did not come today as we all, excepting Harold, go down to G.H. this afternoon for tomorrow’s functions beginning with a thanksgiving service at the Cathedral at which 400 or more troops are to be present at 10 o’clock. At 12.30 we drive with large military escort to the Town Hall where Hallam is to be sworn in as Governor of the Federal State of South Australia. Till tomorrow it has been a Province. Then back to G.H., he changes his uniform and drives off five miles to luncheon at the Races & sees one race, then back to G.H. to fetch the boys & me to go to some People’s Sports at the Jubilee Oval. People are to pay a small entrance fee & for seats in the Pavilion and after all expenses are paid, the surplus is to be given to my Maternity Home. Then late in the evening we drive up here again . . . .

Certainly people are funny. You have no idea of all we did for Lady Hope-toun & her party the other night, every one of us, servants & all. That good Collins, the staff clerk, actually carried her dinner from G.H. down to the station on a tray! And we packed them everything they could think of & we too for the journey. They arrived at Sydney Wednesday morning about 10 or 11 & here is Monday & we have not heard one single word, not even how Lady H. is, tho’ I begged the A.D.C. Capt. Duff to let me hear & he promised to do so; and they have all that staff & Mrs Corbett who could have written for them. Certainly my experience is that if you go out of your way to try & be especially kind to people, they are just the very ones who take it all & never even say ‘thank you’, except in a formal way! . . . .
New Year's Day & Commonwealth Day 1901

Well here is the great & long-looked-for day in Australia... We drove to the Cathedral H. & I, the boys & Mdlle walking, the staff in uniform with us—and the building was crammed—700 troops, a fine service, and H's prayer sounded very fine, & then we had a splendid address from a Canon Green in a strong clear voice, then God Save the Queen, which was sung as had all the hymns been, by every soul present, I think, and one heard all the soldiers' & sailors' voices shouting. We then came home. H. changed into his deputy lieutenant's uniform, & the boys, Lord Richard & we two, with a very large mounted Rifle escort, drove to the Town Hall which was packed with people—about 2000—and a large guard of honour of Artillery & bluejackets all up the staircase from the entrance, & all the troops formed up in a square outside, God Save the Queen being played as we drove up, & the Colours dipped.

H. made a splendid speech as usual, calm & quiet, strong & impressive, and was tremendously cheered, especially when he said he had preferred to be here among them today & so had declined the invitation to go to Sydney—I thought the clapping would never end.

We had, of course, God Save the Queen, the Old Hundredth, Australia & Hands All Round, & then, as the Queen's cable unfortunately arrived just too late, we drove up in the carriage into the middle of the square of soldiers & H. stood up & read it. We were much cheered as we drove home... .

Undated, probably 8 January 1901, first page missing

Tuesday. My great piece of news is that Hallam has given Mr Maurice his congé for the 25th March—the very greatest relief to my mind, & I only wish I could have persuaded him to do so sooner.

Mr Maurice & Mdlle are on too intimate terms to be good for them, or pleasant for any of us, & the poor children are not nearly as happy as they used to be in consequence. He soon proved himself absolutely useless as A.D.C. & he is not very much better as tutor, & he has very much upset our former happy peaceful family party. Never again will I have a tutor in the house with a governess but I quite believed Mdlle to be far too sensible & nice to be led away, especially by a young boy like that. It has been a very great worry to me for some time past. I would have spoken to her long ago, but she would prob-
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ably at once give warning if I did, & I am hoping that she will return to her own nice self when he has left the house—I wish he had never entered it.

Hallam has only put it upon his wasting his life here, but they are both clever enough to see through that & he is pretending he does not mind & had thought of it himself so that now it makes things quite easy for him as H. wishes him to go . . . .

11 January 1901. Marble Hill, Friday

. . . . The other day we had 4 Sisters of Mercy up here to spend the day from Adelaide, such nice creatures—we have been to see their large school, & I took the children with me when we were down at Adelaide. I asked them then if they would like to come up & spend the day but they said it was not allowed, so I asked the Archbishop to give them leave, which he willingly did, & up they came for a long day & you never saw any children enjoy themselves more than they did. I thought the day before that a picnic tea in the woods with the billy-can would probably be a great novelty & treat, & so we all—the whole family & staff—went down into the woods, really close to the house, for it was so hot we could not go far, & it was the greatest success. Lord Richard is such a comfort in these things, for he throws himself into them & enjoys everything like a boy & is a most splendid playfellow for the children who are devoted to him. The contrast between him & Mr Maurice!

There is an idea of the latter’s going out with this 5th Imperial Contingent which is now preparing to leave for South Africa & I should think it would be the best thing for him. I shall be thankful when he goes, for it is a constant irritation & Mdllle will, I hope, improve as soon as he is out of the house. I have heard of a very clever woman teacher who has taken first in Classics & in Mathematics & first in Modern Languages at the University here. She is now married & goes out teaching, & I am hoping to get her when we go back to Adelaide, for two hours daily. I hope she can come as I don’t want any more men with the boys as long as they have a governess. Of course, I fear their games may suffer, but Mr Maurice has been no good & they never will play anything with him or ride with him if they can possibly help it, poor things, & they absolutely rebel at walking with Mdllle & him together. I shall try & get some young man in to play games with them at G. House . . . .

Hallam had a letter from our Chief Justice last week saying he had been asked privately in Sydney where he was for the Festivities, whether Hallam would accept the Governorship of N.S.W. & Western Australia by the Lieutenant-Governors of the two States if he were asked—both better pay & more perquisites than here; but Hallam would not, even if he himself liked the idea, for it would hurt the people here very much, I think, if he left them before his time was up to go to one of the other colonies. Still, of course, it shows these two men must have a good opinion of him—tho’ of course they could do nothing in the matter beyond suggesting his name to Mr Chamberlain. His speech at
his being sworn in the other day was, I believe, published in all the papers of Australasia.

You will be glad to hear that after 3 weeks & more Mrs Corbett did write for Lady Hopetoun to return my shawl & thanks for our kindness.

20 January 1901. Marble Hill, Sunday

We have just had the grievous news of the illness of the dear Queen & you may imagine what we all feel. It is at these times that one feels the distance so much, for one can of course only get cables at certain hours of the day as so many of our day hours are night at home—still of course the Governor gets all news the moment it arrives. Oh God grant Her precious life may be spared to us—one cannot for a moment realise England without Her. The last two words of the cable ‘More reassuring’ comforts one a little bit but if as it says all members of the family are already at Osborne & the German Emperor already on his way, it sounds very serious. I tell Hallam I think it sounds like a stroke.

The other day I had one of my bad heads & Harold was very kind & attentive to me all day, & at night came into my room to say his prayers & goodnight—& as he opened the door he heard me moaning & groaning with pain. ‘Well, Mamie,’ he said in the most cheerful voice, ‘are you going to die?’ ‘No, not tonight, I think.’ Yesterday Mdlle asked him to do something & he said ‘Oh I can’t, I have too much work to do.’ ‘What work?’ ‘Oh, I’ve always lots of work to do Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, every day.’ ‘When do you have rest?’ ‘Oh, I shall never get any rest till I die.’

Monday. We are, as you may imagine, feeling sick & sad at this awful news of our beloved Queen—the last telephone message said that it was only a matter of hours, that she was in extremis; so I fear that wonderful Spirit has passed to its rest ere now. Oh, it makes me cold to think that we have lost our Queen & one cannot imagine life without her. The blow has startled one more from her never having been ill or having caused her people anxiety before, & it is grievous to think that her last days have been so full of sorrow & anxiety & one can understand its having this awful effect upon her at her age. One rejoices that she lived to receive our noble Lord Roberts & I suppose he was the last person to have an audience of her. Oh well, one thanks God too that He has in his Mercy taken her after her long useful exemplary life without much suffering or long weary illness, & it is better for the Empire that she should be taken if her brain were to be in any way affected. This awful suspense is very trying but we must hear something soon.

Mr Maurice has just gone to Adelaide to be examined for the Contingent & I trust he will be taken. H. cabled to his father & received his consent & the boys say he has always wished to go, & volunteered as a private at Home, but his short sight did not pass.

We have no idea what footing he & Mdlle are on. They have behaved
better & been less inseparable the last day or two, & yesterday, Sunday, which hitherto they have spent entirely in each other’s pockets, they were very little together & he was very silent all day—at the same time she now wears a thick gold wedding ring on the little finger of her left hand which she has never worn before, but which of course we do not know has been given her by him, and all I can say is that I consider they have both behaved abominably, & she being so much older than him ought to have known better. If they are not engaged, they ought to have been from the way they behaved, & if they are after all the kindness I have shown her & the confidence I have placed in her & the friend I have made of her, she ought to have come & told me, being as she is, under our roof & care. Months ago I warned her that she must not go about alone with him as people would talk at once, & that she must not sit up with him after 10 at night when the lights are generally put out, & Hallam forbid him having her in the staff quarters, but we hoped then that it was only thoughtlessness & that she being a woman of sense would alter.

Things have been getting worse & worse & the children more & more neglected & bullied by him so that their one idea was to get away from them both as much as possible. They were always making signs at each other & looking & laughing across the table or giggling—making it odious for everyone else. You may just imagine my joy at getting rid of him. H. strongly advised me all through to say nothing to her, tho’ we have both strongly shown our disapproval because she probably wd have given warning at once. She has lost my confidence & friendship & as I had always said till Mr Maurice’s arrival that she was the comfort of my life—you may know that it is a great loss to me, for I have literally no woman to make a friend of—not that I really want one, for I have plenty of people who love me & whom I love at Home & I can pour out to you my worries, & have always a ready listener about anything in my Hallam.

Mr Maurice only left us at 12 yesterday & by 4 he had already written to her in the postbag that came up. She is very uncomfortable & self-conscious & tries to make up to me, but I don’t feel I can ever be the same to her, not only on my account but on the children’s . . .

You will of course by the course of events know whether I shall require clothes sent out—you will know how long mourning will be worn by Court people & we shall have to wear the same . . . I am sorry to say I have got much greyer in front the last month or two, & thinner too, so do not let my things be too young. You must tell the people I am over 40, tho’ I do not think anyone out here has any idea of it . . . .

Wednesday morning. The dreaded blow has fallen upon us & the awful message—’The Queen is dead God Save the King’—has just arrived & one feels benumbed. Dear good beloved Queen, one can but rejoice for her, when one thinks of the happy throng of all her dear ones that she has now joined. I should think the poor Empress 1 will not long survive her—I do feel so for

1 The Empress Frederick of Germany, eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, and mother of the Emperor Wilhelm II of Germany—’the Kaiser’—was dying of cancer.
that poor woman, she was so devoted to the Queen and now unable to be with her at the last ....

24 January 1901. Marble Hill, Thursday

Lord Richard, who had to go down to G. House yesterday—there was so much to be done in the way of telegrams etc.—has just telephoned up that 21 guns have just been fired to proclaim our new King, Edward VII, & the Royal Standard is flying at Government House in the usual way till sunset, & tomorrow it is to fly half-mast again till after the funeral. These were the orders that came to Hallam from the Colonial Office—and that all this was to take place at 4 o'clock this afternoon. It all seems so wrong though, for of course it is now only 6.30 a.m. at home, nearly 24 hours before the King is to be proclaimed really. We never received the official news of our beloved Queen's death till 4 o'clock yesterday the 23rd, nearly 24 hours after the hour she passed away at home at 6.30 Jany 22nd.

There is heartfelt grief all over the colony & H. was inundated with telegrams of condolence yesterday from all parts of the colony. Dear 'Mother Queen', it is just what one feels I think, that one has lost a Mother and, as Lord Richard said yesterday, it is almost as if the sun had gone out.

I like to think of all our happy little visits to her at Osborne, Balmoral & Windsor, always received with the gentle kind welcome & beautiful smile, & our last visit to Windsor, when she was so full of interest about Australia and all, asking about the children & laughing at their funny sayings about coming out here, and asking what they were going to be, and when I said, 'Their father wishes them to go into the Navy, Ma'am,' she looked up at me & said, 'Oh no, Lady Tennyson, not all three, it is such a hard profession. Think of their poor wives'.

At Windsor she said to Hallam, 'I don't like my friends going out as Governors, something always seems to happen to them', & when she said goodbye—'Goodbye, Lord Tennyson, I shall miss you very much.' Before she got up to leave for the night she said, 'I should like to say goodbye to Lady Tennyson', as I had retired after having talked to her, to talk with Princess Beatrice; and when I went up to Her again She drew me to her & kissed me so warmly & I kissed Her dear hand. One felt sad in wondering whether we should ever meet Her again but She was so well then, the poor Empress too—she was at Osborne that January when we were there, so well & bright & kind, & told me with such delight that she was a great-grandmother or going to be, I forget which it was, & now I suppose she will soon join her Mother Queen ....

I see there is Court mourning for a year which means I shall have to be in black a year, in deep for six months & half mourning after 24th July .... Capt. Wallington has told people in Sydney that he thinks there is no chance of the Royalties coming out, & that therefore the Governor-General will have the honour of opening the Federal Parliament which I should think he will like
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doing. We shall not go unless we are obliged, & if so, it would only be a very short visit as there can be no Festivities as the Governors have to mourn the same as the Royal Family . . . .

I suppose you have read Conan Doyle on the War, by far the best account, & An Englishwoman's Love Letters—I can't help thinking they are made up, tho' one cannot understand a pouring out of the heart like that merely to sell, & if they are genuine love letters, how scandalous to publish them, because such a tragedy must be known among the relations & friends . . . .

Mr Maurice is down in camp & I am in constant terror for fear something should prevent his going out with the 5th contingent but H. promises me he shan't return here. We saw him on Sunday at Adelaide, delighted as usual with his own importance & implying that nobody knows anything about soldiering except himself so that he has the whole work nearly to do. But we know him well by now . . . .

Wednesday. There is a report in the papers now that the Royalties are coming out for the Federal Parliament and if so, I should want mourning, & it would be best if you could ask Lady Raglan to find out from Lady Mary Lygon what sort of mourning I should have to wear. I can tell you nothing in this letter as to what date or anything I should want the things—you will have to see from the English papers. If the Royalties go straight to Melbourne & don't come here first & the Federal Parliament is opened the 1st May, I must have my things here not later than the steamer which is due here the 22nd April . . . Perhaps if the Royalties come I had better have one evening gown from Mrs Durrant but I will not pay her more than 18 or 20 guineas—it is quite enough for wearing it two or three times . . . .

1 February 1901, Tuesday

I received a very nice letter from Mrs Ker Lane at last this morning, the first for a great deal more than a year . . . she tells me how sorry she is & writes so nicely that all is forgotten now, & I am simply writing to thank her & tell her that I have sent all orders to you . . . A thousand thanks, darling mother, for all the trouble you have taken for me with Mrs Lane—I cannot tell you the relief to my mind it is to know that all is right with her. I simply have felt in absolute despair sometimes, besides which I am really fond of her & grateful to her for all the trouble she has always taken for me . . . .

We arranged on Saturday when we were down at G.H. with the Chief Justice & two other prominent men, to arrange a public meeting at the Town Hall on Thursday to suggest that my Maternity Home should be as the South Australian Memorial to our beloved Queen, & it is to be called after Her instead of me—which I am only too delighted it should. I want it called 'The Queen's Home' & then underneath, painted on the house, 'The South Australian Memorial to Queen Victoria'. I hope we shall get a large enough sum to do without a bazaar which we could not have now for a long time. I wrote a little
10 February 1901. Marble Hill, Sunday

It is warming up again & I have been round shutting all the windows, for the only chance of keeping the house cool is by shutting up the instant the thermometer begins to rise. Thursday was a terribly hot morning... We simply had bushfires raging all round us, really a most wonderful sight, all the hills bursting with great volumes of smoke & great clouds of smoke rolling along the gullies. Our own gully garden was on fire & our men & boys with Mdlle rushed down to help beat it out, & they happily saved the cottage & most of the fruit trees. Two days before, while we were at luncheon, Lady Baker from The Bungalow telephoned for help as a fire was raging all along the road from Norton Summit, our village, & she was afraid of their place. All our men & chicks & Lord Richard tore off & had to work hard to keep it off—the only way open being to set light to a broad patch to meet the oncoming fire. I wish you could have seen one of the distant hills on Thursday night, all blazing from end to end, miles of it—it is a most gorgeous sight for miles, & at a distance you can see no movement of the flames, it simply looks perfectly still & like the most magnificent illumination......

Well, the Royalties are to come out after all, but the King has sent word that he hopes it will not be forgotten under what sad circumstances the visit is being made, meaning, of course, no festivities. It seems rather a pity they do not postpone their visit, as it would give such far greater pleasure if they could be received with rejoicings and entertainments from the Australians.

There is a report the Governors are not to be invited to the opening of the Federal Parliament, & if not I shall not require the same amount of black gowns. It is useless for me to cable till I know what I want. It is all most trying, & if they come to us & we are to have no entertaining, they won't stay more than two nights, I should think.....

17 February 1901

We received a cable from the Governor-General yesterday to say that the Royalties do not come to us till the 9th July, nearly five months hence, so that unless we have to go to Melbourne for the 1st May for the opening of the Federal Parliament, I shall not require clothes yet awhile. Hallam has written

2 The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, later King George V and Queen Mary.
to Lord Hopetoun and asked him whether the Governors will be there & I trust we shall soon get their answer so that I can cable. This ignorance of everything is so trying & it can't be helped, for no one knows anything.

We have got leave from the Ministers that Government House should be done up with paint & paper and new curtains and carpets which we are to choose, but I am afraid we shall have a great bother in getting anything pretty or nice as there is nothing here, & we are not allowed to have anything from the other colonies, on account of jealousy.......

Tomorrow I will send you the list of entertainments for the Royalties, & the gowns I shall require, unless I have already cabled to you what to send before you get this. Will you tell Mrs Lane I am larger round the hips, I think, & send her new measurements & also the lengths of the skirt at the side seams, as they are always inclined to be short at the sides. My bust & waist are smaller than they were, but that I don't mind for I can always take them in & I may get fatter again. I should like my coats & jackets, or whatever I ordered in that way, out as soon as possible, even if I wait till July for my gowns, for I have nothing in that way to wear.

I feel I have sent you such a dull stupid letter and as usual, all about clothes.

Wednesday. I have long been making enquiries about dressmakers, as until I heard from Mrs Lane last mail I felt in absolute despair, and I heard of a tip-top dressmaker in Melbourne who Lord Richard tells me used to make nearly all Lady Brassey's gowns, and she was always considered so smartly dressed; and when I have paid carriage & duty my gowns would not be more... So as I cannot tell what I shall want or when I shall want it, I have decided to get my things for mourning out here and I shall cable you tomorrow 'mourning not required'... It will save me no end of trouble & anxiety & I need not now order months beforehand.......

23 February 1901. Marble Hill, Sunday

..... The want of religion out here is very heartbreaking, and the awful tyranny of the Labour & Radical party who are in power is beyond words. Any of their Members of Parliament who receive £200 a year in payment they forbid to work in any way to gain any more, as it is enough for him to live on a mere pittance out here, & if he works, it takes work out of the hands of others. A Radical member lost his seat the other day here and a Conservative got it because the Radical, who was in business, went on with his business at first, & then when they insisted on his giving it up, he put his son into it, so they all voted against him. In New Zealand the laws are still more rigid—a young dressmaker made herself a gown after working her 8 hours, & she therefore took work from someone else & was imprisoned for 3 months; a man after his 8 hours put himself up a verandah round his own house—he was imprisoned for 3 months. We have not come to that here yet, but they would like to forbid any man working on his own property even more than 8 hours so as to force
him to employ labour, & of course it means being ruined. All these market gardeners round us work 14 & 18 hours a day, fathers, sons & daughters, during the fruit season, picking & packing fruit all night, & some of them only sleeping while the wagons go slowly along the roads in the night down to market, & even if they want help they can't get it often.

Sir Richard Baker told us the other day that a mine he is director of had been closed that day & 500 men thrown out of work, owing to the high wages insisted on. They had been losing at the rate of £3000 a fortnight, whereas if the men would be satisfied with the minimum wage being 6/- instead of 12/- a day they could make profit. Even small boys get their 6/- a day & only for 8 hours work, so that they have to have three relays of men in the 24 hours for they can't let the machines stop. Of course these enormous wages are an absolute block to anything being a reasonable price, even meat that has been so cheap is going up—& nothing can be manufactured in the colony as, owing to the high wages, nothing would pay, so everything is had from Home with carriage & huge duties to pay.

We shall know soon whether Free Trade will be established in all the colonies, as Barton & Reid are on their election campaigns now, each one of them as rabid in the opposite way as the other, & Reid for Free Trade is much the best speaker of the two. I wish we could have gone & heard them speak at Adelaide but it would have been unconstitutional. There is a terrible amount of ill feeling just now on the compulsory closing of all shops at 6 o'clock, Saturdays included, & H. has had several piteous letters from small shopkeepers in the poorer parts & suburbs who make all their gains in the evening, & especially Saturday evenings, & say that they will now be ruined—& the poor customers complain bitterly too.

At first not even a drop of milk might be sold from 6 Saturday evening till Monday morning & a mother buying or the shop selling it would be punished—but that has had to be altered, probably on account of ruining the cows more than for the good of the people! So I think after all, people had better be satisfied with the Old Country just at present, tho' the weight of such tyranny must be rebelled against before long, one would think . . . .

3 March 1901. Sunday

...... To give you a little idea of the way my thoughts are taken up & occupied, I will just tell you about this morning.

I had to sit late over breakfast talking to Lord Richard, then to my sitting-room to explain about a letter for him to answer; then Mrs Bates, with whom there is always a hundred & one things to discuss—Lord Richard in three times with telephone messages about Government House, which has suddenly been filled with workpeople, & our people down there wanted to know endless things—then Clarke to discuss about my cupboards & things down there, then Mary to send her down at once & everything to be discussed & arranged with.
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her; then the boys—‘Mamie, are you ready?’ & I give them an hour’s history, my mind cramfull of other things & they very inattentive; then ‘Please write our marks & pay us for them, & please correct this’—& in the middle of it, H. comes in & reads a rough letter to Princess Beatrice which he wants me at once to listen to & correct it, & I have to give the whole of my mind at once, & make suggestions; then I sat down to this letter for a few minutes, every second somebody coming in, Lord R. to ask me whether Mr Milne could get a blackboard for the boys, Harold to tell me about croquet with the boys—all this in less than an hour, & then Harold to say his dinner was ready & would I come up & feed him, & I always do if I possibly can. One has to seem pleased with all these interruptions & seem interested, whereas one feels almost distracted...

Saturday we were out the whole day till dinnertime as we drove to Mount Barker... & when we got back we found Mme Jansen, the great Swedish singer, awaiting us as we asked her to come up & stay for Sunday. She is out here with an Opera Company & had not to sing Saturday night—a very nice simple woman, absolutely untheatrical tho’ they say she acts as well as sings beautifully. Her husband is Swedish Consul in Edinburgh & she has one child, a sweet little girl... It is so unfortunate that owing to the mourning, we have not been able to go to the Opera & this is the only good company that has been out for years & years, & they leave again on the 14th.

Sunday, what with being with her, & services etc. I could not write to you. Yesterday I had a bad head all day & we had the great tenor, a Russian, Mr Arens, up to luncheon & had invited two of the other singers, Miss Crichton & Miss Coomber, but one had a cold & the other could not come without her, & as soon as Mr Arens & Mme Jansen left us, after playing a little with Harold who was quite alone, I went to bed mad with pain.....

Wednesday......I have written worriedly, you must forgive me and I know you will. We are underhanded with only one on the staff & Lord R. gets worried & the work accumulates each day & we can’t get an A.D.C. till June... & the colonial servants are such a worry & upset ours, & before that the incessant worry of Mr Maurice, all together, as I say, one feels perfectly distracted at times, & it is I who have to settle and arrange for everybody—Hallam always comes to me, Lord R. about everything except, of course, Governor’s actual business; the children, the servants, the tutor, Mdlle, & at times one feels weary & it is very difficult to be patient with them all.....

Well now, I will try and get on.

Mrs Barr Smith was furious the other day about that article in the Queen in regard to the Australians & said her daughter in England had sent her out the Queen and was very angry indeed at the descriptions of the Australians. It was copied in one of the papers here, which was so idiotic of the editors, for why hurt the feelings of Australians, & I do not really think that they care nearly so much about money here as they do at home & in the other colonies. There was a footnote to it in the Advertiser, ‘How will Australians like this?’ I wonder it has not been taken up, but so far I have seen no mention of it......
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17 March 1901. Marble Hill, Sunday

Government are behaving very generously and kindly in thoroughly doing up G. House from top to toe, & have left it entirely in my hands to do just as I like & think best. The only person not very well pleased at the arrangement being the Superintendent of the Board of Works who hitherto has done as he liked, or rather, done nothing, & his one idea of beauty is everything—papers, paint, carpets, cretonnes—a dirty brown!

All the staircase & passages have hitherto been a very dirty dark yellow marble paper, glazed, too awful for words; now we are going to have a very good dado to match cedar doors and pale yellow distemper, which will be better than paper. Everywhere the wood is painted now is to be white, and the middle of the three drawing rooms a lovely French green, & the two end ones, pink. New carpets, new chintzes wherever we like, and all the old furniture renovated—and a large bow window built out in the ballroom with painted glass. We shall be so grand we shall not know ourselves. Then they are to pay all expenses of the Royal visit while they are with us & we sent off home at once for breakfast, dessert & tea service with the Royal Arms, to make up the sets we now only have a few of.

It is quite settled we go to Melbourne. Hallam wrote some time ago to Lord Hopetoun, & he wrote back quite surprised at the idea of the State Governors going, & said they would have no room at Government House & there would be such difficulties about precedence. This last, of course, is rather absurd as all rules of precedence for Governors is down in the Colonial Office Rules & the G.G. has really nothing to do with it. However, Victoria wishes & has invited, all Governors to go, & we shall go & stay with Janet Lady Clarke, the great lady of Melbourne, enormously rich & with a small palace for a house, & we hope the Lamingtons will be there too.

There is a suggestion that the Governors are not to take part in the procession which pleases the G.G., I believe, but I do not think the States will approve, especially as we shall have our own Mounted Rifles escort sent over to attend us. Nous verrons.

We suppose the Royalties have started & we sang the hymn for Those at Sea for them with the chicks this morning. The poor Duchess is said to be a very bad sailor, poor soul. One almost wonders she went by the Bay—but we know the Ophir is a splendid vessel & very steady.

I am going down to G. House again tomorrow to order carpets—13 new ones—besides stairs & passages. The new governor when we go will have been in luck & will find everything far better than any governor has ever had it before.

I have told Le Louvre to send you 6 prs black gloves, come to just 18/- besides postage. Please pay for me & send by degrees in a strong envelope, a pair at a time, by Colonial Office. I do not mean linen envelopes but a piece of paper in an ordinary strong envelope to prevent them breaking through.
22 March 1901. Marble Hill [Incomplete]

.... We have had the young Tom Barr Smiths up to spend the day with their two children, such particularly nice people. He is son to the old people. Mrs T. is such a pretty slight dear little Scotch lady, who came out here to marry him, he having met her when he was at the University, I think, & they are now going home with their family of 4, after 10 years since their last visit....

It is getting bitterly cold up here & we had our first day of mist & rain on Thursday, but we shall not be able to go down to G. House yet awhile as there is a great deal to be done... We are in great trouble about the State Dining-room carpet. I said to the men, 'Now you may be quite sure that whatever I choose you will not have enough of', & sure enough it is so... However we have made them write to Melbourne & if not they must cable to England—it is a most worrying place to get anything....

We go to Melbourne the 7th May, arriving the 8th, to stay with Janet Lady Clarke as I told you. We had hoped the Lamingtons would have come too for I liked what I saw of her, but they say they are not going to Melbourne as the Royalties are going to them from Melbourne, and so they must stay at Brisbane to prepare.

It is reported that the new Governor of Western Australia, Sir Arthur Lawley, Mrs Molyneux's brother, is coming, but I have not heard whether she is. I should think she would be sure to. Everybody says they are both delightful so I hope we shall see something of them. I suppose we shall be asked to dine one night at G. House but otherwise we shall not trouble them much. We shall send our own carriage & Dow over & an escort of Mounted Rifles is to be sent for us.

The Government, at Hallam's instigation, has taken a beautiful house, the best in Adelaide, close to G. House, for those of the Staff & party that we have not got room for [for the royal visit], where they will be in clover & far better off than in any of the other colonies, but it is a pity that they come to us so late, for they will have grown bored with everything before that. £100 is to be paid for the house, well furnished, plate, linen, everything, & two maids—but everybody is very angry that it is not given, as it belongs to a lot of people under trustees, so that each will only get a small mite, and they are all rich. The old grandfather, Sir Henry Ayers, who left it to be sold among his children, dropt all his h's & left £700,000 to be divided, so they might have given it for the week. It has been empty 4 years ever since his death....

[Page missing]... Hall, a very great pianiste. She really plays quite beautifully. Just now she is taking a teacher's place for a few months at the Conservatorium at Adelaide. Sometimes on heavy days she has as many as 10 pupils

Elsie Stanley Hall (1877-1976), pianist, of Toowoomba, Queensland. In 1888 she went to study in Stuttgart, and at the age of twelve played by command before the Queen of Wurttemburg. She then won a scholarship to the Royal College of Music, London. At eighteen she won an annual prize given by the German Government in memory of Mendelssohn. Later, she became Professor of Pianoforte at the Elder Conservatorium, Adelaide. She married a South African, Dr F. O. Stohr, and moved to Cape Town. At the age of ninety-three she was still giving recitals. At the age of ninety-nine she died at her home in Cape Town.
Letters 1901

for 20 minutes each in one afternoon & almost as many if not quite in the morning. She is a particularly nice simple little thing & slight, & looks very young but is nearly 24. We have asked her to come & play to the Royalties on the Sunday evening they are with us & she is delighted.

She was telling me all about her life—she was one of the infant prodigies & played Beethoven in public with orchestra at 7. The first time she showed real signs of musical genius was at 1 year 9 months. Her parents were at breakfast & suddenly heard the pianoforte & found this baby on tiptoe picking out the air of Nelly Bligh with one finger & at 3 she played it on her birthday with two hands at her own party. She says she has not only heard this from her mother or she would think perhaps her mother imagined a good deal but lots of other people have told her the same. When she was ten her mother took her to England & she spent 9 years between there & Germany studying & gaining scholarships & medals & playing at heaps of concerts.

All of a sudden when the Australian Banks went smash they were left without a penny & the father had to sell all his property. Her mother had to go & teach in schools & one day they were reduced to their last half crown & the mother made her take it to buy food. No one ever knew of their poverty for the mother was very proud, & she at last from overwork & worry had a terrible illness from brain fever. The poor father & mother were wrapt in each other but she had no money to get back to Sydney & he could not get to England. At last the girl began to make money & got to make £25 a week, and at the end of 9 years' separation they had saved enough to pay their passage back again.

When she was 16 Joachim at Berlin said he wished her to play with some very great lady violinist—I forget the name—and he would conduct. She was terribly nervous but was called back three times by a great Berlin audience, generally icy cold. Joachim delighted, and she says she thinks it was the proudest moment of her life. She hopes to go back to England the end of this year & her father says nothing on earth will persuade him to allow her to go without her mother & that would mean separating them again; but she hopes to get round him to let her go for a year alone. By then she will know if she is a failure & would then return, but if a success, she would soon save enough to pay for them all to join her in England.

She is very bright & merry & gentle, loves all games, riding & out-of-doors life, and almost pretty... She told me the Queen had sent for her to play to her but unfortunately she was already a fortnight on her homeward voyage.

This morning I have been to a Mothers' Union Celebration. It is a day in the year when all members of the Mothers' Union are asked to Commune & out of a total of 33 members, there were four besides myself today; and the other day I went to talk to them & there were only 8 of us altogether including Mdlle & most of them elderly grannies. I let them know I was displeased and told the Rector's wife I should not go again. The Australians' alas chief idea is pleasure (this private) & they have no sense of duty, or very little. There was going to be a great school treat that week so that was their excuse—then, as I
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said, they should have let me know & asked me to put off—for I had let them choose their own day 3 weeks before and took them down a lot of cake. I shall not now invite them up here to tea . . . .

2 April [1901]

Your letter arrived last night for which loving thanks, also for all your kind remedies against grey hair and wrinkles, but I am afraid I have not the time to carry them out, nor have I, I fear, any faith in such things. I am afraid I firmly believe that Nature will have her way whatever one may do and if the time has come for grey hair I must just put up with it . . . I always have a scramble to get down to prayers and I am dead tired when I go to bed . . . .

Our Melbourne plans have at last been settled & you will receive this in time to think of us. We—H., Lord R. & I—go from here Monday May 6th at 4.30 p.m. arriving Melbourne next morning, & I go straight & try on my gowns which will be sent home that night. We dine at G. House that night to meet the Royalties . . . The next night there is a Reception at G. House which we go to; the next day, Thursday, the great event, the opening of the Federal Parliament, and that night the grandest concert ever given in Australia before 8000 people (in a huge building) given by the State to the guests. Then one day a Review, etc. etc. and Saturday afternoon, Degrees are to be bestowed by the Melbourne University & Hallam has been asked to accept one. This we shall attend and then leave by the 5 p.m. express to Adelaide.

We take our own coachman and carriage & shall have our own Mounted Rifles escort. Lord H. does not wish any of the Governors to go in procession to the Opening of Parliament except himself & the Royalties, but he may have to give in to the wishes of the States. We have heard nothing yet—it is really perfectly ludicrous the gushing letters he now writes to H. at his delight at our going to be present, & we are only to let him know our wishes and he will be so delighted to do anything in the world for us, whereas he at first said everything he could against the Governors being present! And seemed quite surprised H. should have dreamt of such a thing. However, he has had nothing to do with inviting them, it is the State of Victoria, so now he like a wise man makes the best of it.

From Melbourne the Royalties go to Brisbane to the Lamingtons—from there to Sydney where the G.G. again entertains them, then to New Zealand & then to Tasmania, then to us & last to Western Australia . . . .

A telegram arrived last night from Kroonstadt, evidently from Mr Maurice to Mdlle, but as they turned 'Dussau' into 'Russia', it was sent to H. & he told Lord R. to give it to her. She looked very uncomfortable & self-conscious all evening but we none of us mentioned the subject, no more did she. I suppose they are engaged, but she has never mentioned it & I feel too angry with their whole conduct ever to mention his name . . . If his parents are not very dense I should think they will guess something when Lady Maurice gets my letter.
saying ‘there were several reasons why we could not keep him and after consulting our French governess, he accepted my husband’s proposal to join the Contingent’.

Yesterday we had the famous old Miss Catherine Spence who is so keen about Proportionate Voting and has lectured all over the world, more or less, on it. I am afraid I do not understand it. She is a most clever bright kindly sympathetic old lady, well read, full of fun, very tiny, with a look of the dear Queen & much her height, aged 75, but brisk & energetic as ever. She came out here at 13 in 1839. She & Hallam made great friends. She rushed at him when he came into the room, clasped his hand in both of hers & said, ‘To think that I should ever clasp the hand of your Father’s son—I am right glad to do it’.

8 April 1901. Marble Hill, Monday

... We have been having the most exquisitely glorious days I think I ever remember. The autumn colouring is so wonderfully rich, not from tints as at home because there are very few tints here, the only ones from the fruit orchards, cherries, pears & walnuts, but the distant & near hills are the most wonderful blues, quite unlike anything at home, & just now the people are burning off a good deal & the colour of the smoke is such a wonderful blue & one watches the great rolling shadows over the hills & gullies. The sunsets too have been beyond words beautiful, the most gorgeous reds & oranges—& the low sun touching the tops & stems of trees & the wooded slopes & then the sea, & the last few evenings it has been the most lovely soft blues to deep indigo. I shall always love to dwell on the glorious sunsets we have night after night up here. Sometimes we go to the top of the tower to watch them.

Then the moonlight nights this week, Hallam & I have gone out about midnight before going up to bed & the stars & moon & the verandah with its arches covered with hanging creepers have been perfectly heavenly—nothing earthly in them. It is so curious to see so few of one’s old friends at home in the stars, only the Pleiades & Orion that I know well.

Today the boys have a holiday & H. & I have been playing croquet with them, & after luncheon we are going to take the billy for a picnic tea somewhere, the two boys riding & we driving. I gave them a holiday for Easter from Thursday morning, & that afternoon we went to a lovely spot in the Morialta woods we have named ‘Sleepy Hollow’, all of us walking & Harold riding.

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4 Catherine Helen Spence (1825-1910), one of the most remarkable women of Australia, in whose public affairs she played no unimportant part, was born in Scotland. Her father came to Adelaide in 1839 and was first Town Clerk of that city. Electoral reform was the main object of her long life. She achieved a reputation as a public speaker, lecturer and writer. She was the author of *Clara Morison* (2 vols, London, 1854), a tale of South Australia during the gold fever, one of the best early novels. She also wrote three other novels, an *Autobiography* (Adelaide, 1910) and other works. A travelling scholarship to enable women to study social sciences at home and abroad was founded at Adelaide University to her memory. Her portrait is in the National Gallery at Adelaide.
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Drummerboy. We had Charles & the odd-man to carry the baskets and the boys had lit the fire & boiled the billy & Drummerboy was left to roam & feed, when all of a sudden up went his heels & off he flew thro’ the woods & the boys & men tearing after him as hard as they could go. We sat under the trees near the creek watching them when all of a sudden we heard poor little Harold cry & then say, ‘I’m caught in a trap.’ Hallam was near him & shrieked, ‘He has got his hand in a trap!’ You may imagine how I flew and there was the poor little hand caught tight between the large rusty teeth of the trap which fit close into each other when it is closed. It required all H’s strength to press open the spring and I expected to find the fingers all cut off, or at the very best all of them broken—but there was only the signs of pinches all about his hand & after I had sucked there really was not a mark to be seen. It was the greatest marvel I ever knew.

13 April 1901. Marble Hill

I am just waiting in my habit to go out riding on a new horse which is up on approval and if I like it Hallam will buy it for me. I have just ridden quietly 3 times on one of Lord R’s ponies with no bad results so far, so I am hoping I may be able to stand it & if so, it will be a great joy to me to ride with the boys.....

I have settled to go to Melbourne this week just for a few hours to try on my gowns and go to the dentist with Lord Richard. & I have asked Mrs Harmer [wife of the Bishop of Adelaide] to come as my lady-in-waiting instead of taking Mdlle—and she is delighted, she loves a jaunt. We leave Wednesday at 4.30 p.m. arriving next morning about 10.30, & leave again in the afternoon at 4.30 & back here next morning—1000 miles for 6 hours—that sounds wonderful, does it not, but of course we travel in such luxury that it is nothing.....

We had Mr Bowen... up to stay the night with a Capt. Russell, Leader of the Opposition in New Zealand. They are on a Commission enquiring into the pros and cons for New Zealand joining the Commonwealth. Not from what they said but from what one reads & hears, it is thought that New Zealand would gain nothing & lose a good deal by joining.....

There have been long lists of all the Duchess of Cornwall’s gowns in the papers lately—I wonder if they are correct. I see she will wear satin so if only Mrs Lane has sent me out my flounce & the satin for altering the back, I shall do without ordering another evening gown. I shall wait till the end of the month & then if the things do not arrive I must telegraph to Melbourne.....

People are very good about their black when they come up here—they always are in black even if they are in colours otherwise. Mrs Goddard was very funny because she had a black & white gown & black hat... & then instead of putting on a black waistband she had a broad yellow one—I so longed to say when she said she had not proper mourning & had been moving too much to get any—‘Surely your maid might have changed your waistband to...
black.’ The papers said Lady Hopetoun was driving about with a buff parasol but I don’t believe it.

One of the society papers said the other day, ‘Perhaps our Governor will now give up calling the South Australians “my people”, which they don’t like’, and this has been, of course, copied into the other State papers. Of course it is absolutely untrue: he cables always 'my Government' or 'my Ministers' because that is the Colonial Office regulation for all the States. However nobody pays much attention to these slanders, & so far Hallam has seldom had any made of him—I doubt if any Governor has had as few . . . .

A telegram arrived yesterday . . . to say that the Duke does not wish the G.G. or anybody else to take part in the Entry Procession, only the Mounted troops as escort, & he is quite right, there ought to be nobody in his drive from the Melbourne Port to take attention off the Royalties, so we shall now probably not leave here till the 6th, arriving the 7th. We are sending 500 Mounted Rifles from here & 100 Bluejackets . . . .

I go to Melbourne tomorrow & Mrs Harmer comes with us, also Clarke of course & Hitchman, who is very worthy but too blind & deaf to be very much good, however he will do all right for the journey & is most willing & anxious & it gives him the chance of seeing Melbourne. Lady Hopetoun has written most kindly to ask me to luncheon & for the night—the latter I can’t do but I must go to luncheon, H. says, which I hate doing, for I so looked forward to going about unknown & be nobody for those few hours, & poke about the shops, & now of course we shall have G. House carriage etc. & also the house is so out of the town it takes so much time up. I am afraid I feel dreadfully cross & disappointed, but one can never move or do anything without its always being known. One gets so bored by it sometimes, for every time one moves out every man, woman & child stares at one, for they always know G. House carriages . . . .

23 April 1901. Marble Hill

I quite meant to have written you a long letter but you must forgive a short one this mail for I am up here in my bedroom with horrid tooth & head ache.

As I told you, I went to Melbourne last Wednesday, & Thursday morning had a tooth whose stopping had come out, re-stopped by the great American dentist there, & I have had toothache ever since . . . .

We had a very successful visit to Melbourne. I liked Lady Hopetoun, she was very nice & kind, very shy—and at the end she got very red & said ‘I have never thanked you, Lady Tennyson, for all your kindness that evening at Adelaide. I ought to have done so, I know’, & then said how sorry she was they could not put us up at G. House, she was sure I understood it was impossible. She is absolutely simple, quite a plain short black alpaca gown & one little diamond brooch—no rings, & a very quiet hat. I liked her tho’ she has a cold stiff manner. You feel she is thorough & true with no nonsense. I cannot
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see that she is so handsome & am much disappointed in her looks. She has very good eyes, very black & not pretty hair & not a pretty mouth or teeth; very tall & big figure, but tho’ I do not admire her as much as I expected to do, I liked her much better than I expected. I saw very little of him & was not fascinated by him as I expected to be . . . .

I wonder who told you Lady Hopetoun was a jealous woman. I should think it most unlikely from what one can judge at first sight—she is too cold a nature, tho’ a true one I imagine, to feel jealousy.

30 April 1901. Bishop’s Court, North Adelaide

You will be surprised at the heading of my letter but I am staying here with the Harmers as we cannot possibly get into Government House, and I know you will grieve to hear I have been a martyr to that horrible tooth I had stopped in Melbourne . . . I came down Friday & had it all cleaned. [The dentist] found lots of inflammation & pus & I slept here Friday night & went again Saturday after a very bad night. He did all he could & I then drove 12 miles up to Marble Hill & arrived more dead than alive with terrible headache & still toothache . . . Sunday I was still so bad & my face so swollen I drove down again & Dr Marten met me at the dentist’s in case I had it out with gas—I had a terrible hour & half with him making holes to give fresh outlets for the inflammation & abscess which had extended, and then came straight here to these kind people to bed . . . This morning again to the dentist & again he wd not take it out—really these American dentists drive it to a mania their wish to save useless teeth. I only wish I had had it out at once. I have been quite ready to, but neither of them would draw it & want to try & save it . . . My tooth still aches so it is very doubtful whether I can go to Melbourne Saturday & we shall probably have to wait till Monday.

We don’t mind but poor Lord R. is much disgusted . . . .

7 May 1901. Cliveden, East Melbourne

We only arrived here this morning & I had to go off to the dressmaker & try on my four gowns, and then back to change & wash, early luncheon, and then we went to see the Procession of stockmen with the stockman’s dress of white buckskin trousers & red shirts & cracking their long whips; and after that the Chinamen’s procession, the most gorgeous sight in the way of colour I ever saw, the most gorgeous embroideries & every colour of the rainbow. Such orange shades I have never seen, & pinks & blues & mauves—several hundred of them with weird little tinkling musical instruments & lovely banners . . . .

I have been feeling very wretched off & on with a fearfully heavy cold & rheumatic pains in my back & legs. Really, Sunday I did not feel I could come . . . We drove down from Marble Hill yesterday, then of course there was heaps to see about at G. House, & we left at 4.30, & somehow the train shook more
than usual & my pains were bad so that I had an uncomfortable wakeful night. When I have written this, I must rest a little & then dress to dine at G. House, a huge dinner party. Everybody is very kind, and both at Adelaide & here, most people expressed their regret that I had been ill. I received two large bouquets of roses as I came away—the people are so pretty the way they send one flowers because they know how fond I am of them.

Everything seems to have been an enormous success yesterday, & the Royalties received a wonderful ovation, especially for Australia. It is always so amusing to hear them, they are quite convinced that all their decorations here in the streets are quite as beautiful & even finer than for the Jubilee in London; but I am afraid, tho' in word I have partly to agree with them, I certainly do not in theory. Still, the streets are immensely decorated & very bright & pretty—they say they have cost £100,000 which seems dreadful. The illuminations are, I believe, very fine & certainly even from this window they beat anything I have seen . . . .

11 May 1901. Cliveden, East Melbourne, Saturday

I thought we were going home today arriving Adelaide tomorrow morning & that I should have all Sunday to write but now we have decided to stay on till Monday & only get back Tuesday morning & I have such a load of work awaiting me there that I may not have time to write much. I have ordered papers to be sent to me to forward to you. Very probably you will not see my name mentioned because of course they do not think of anybody, the papers here, but the Melbourne people . . . Things have on the whole gone off extremely well, & Thursday, the Opening of Parliament by the Duke was a splendid sight & intensely interesting. The Princess or rather Duchess has improved in the most marvellous way . . . .

16 May 1901. Government House, Adelaide, Thursday

. . . .We returned home Tuesday after having really enjoyed ourselves very much and made great friends with the Lamingtons & Lawleys. The Lamingtons, alas, return home for good the moment after the Royalties leave them, & the Lawleys, who came to us yesterday morning, leave us by the mail steamer this morning for Westralia—he is the new Governor, brother to Lord Wenlock. Both delightful people and a great acquisition, but alas 4 days’ voyage prevents much meeting.

The boys are still up at Marble Hill, for to our disappointment we found on our return the house still full of workpeople & feel absolutely bewildered with all there is to be done . . . .

I kept well all through Melbourne, no headache, & went to everything & enjoyed it. We have to find room for 22 suite, 27 servants, besides Admiral & staff—and they say the servants are beyond words grand & troublesome even with the Hopetouns so what may we expect?
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Mrs Bates absolutely refuses a chef to help her or a cook, tho' our dinners every night will be 30, ditto luncheons—just the house party, & sometimes 50, besides large reception refreshments & huge garden party. She is a treasure. The other G. Houses have got 2 extra chefs in.

18 May 1901. Government House, Adelaide, Saturday

I am now going to try & give you an account of the Melbourne visit . . . . We were very late arriving at Melbourne . . . There was a crowd at the station all railed off with a way kept clear for us, and a guard of honour & several officers to meet us, & we found Dow & the carriage awaiting us & drove straight off to Cliveden & found our hostess, Janet Lady Clarke, & house-party awaiting us. They were very kind but very stiff, & H. & I agreed up in our rooms that we were afraid it was going to be rather awful, but I think it was only shyness, for they all brightened up & made our visit very enjoyable. Lady Clarke is the most prominent lady in Melbourne & slaves at all kinds of charitable Committees, entertains largely & goes everywhere, & regularly attends to all her business at the office. Her husband was a rich squatter and was the first baronet made in Australia. He died leaving a huge fortune . . . .

Our party consisted of Lady Clarke, Mary Clarke, 25, a very bright nice girl who told me she has felt so restless ever since her father's death & never can settle down in Melbourne. Vera, 17, came out at the Royal Reception at G. House, Mr & Mrs Cruikshank—she a Miss Clarke by the 1st wife. A young Mr Clarke in the Hussars home from India on leave, only 20 & engaged to Miss Madden, the Lieutenant-Governor of Victoria's daughter of 23, & it is forbidden in his regiment to marry till they become Captains. Ivy, 14, goes daily to school. A Miss Cotton, very young, who is going to be married in August to another son of 21, an undergraduate at Oxford—they have been engaged three years. He returns to marry her & then goes back with her to Oxford to work for his degree. Then we had a Mr Watt, a young squatter in N.S.W. . . . There was another very nice interesting man in the house, a Mr Ryan, cousin of the Clarkes but so painfully shy from always living in the bush & seeing no one that one seldom saw him, yet he was really delightful to talk to & knows more about Nature & animals than any Australian I have met, & could tell one all the names of flowers & shrubs & trees & birds which no Australian as a rule knows anything about.

The first afternoon I with some of the party went to the Town Hall at the invitation of the Mayoress to see a procession of Stockmen, 2 or 3 hundreds with their stockwhips with lashes 7 feet long & frightfully difficult to manage, & their pack horses. It was very interesting to me to see them & they looked very nice in red sort of Garibaldi shirts & white trousers. They paraded the streets & then rode up to G. House & went through some of their stockwhip manoeuvres, one man flicking a small piece of paper from between another man's fingers without touching him. If he had he would have cut a piece of
flesh out probably. They also took up some buckjumpers—wild untrained horses who do all they can to throw a man, going mad if anybody mounts them. It is a very wonderful sight but very horrible. Hallam had gone up with Lord R. to write our names & met Lady H. & the Duchess & Lady Mary Lygon & he went with them into the pavilion in the grounds to see these men.

After the stockmen we saw from the Town Hall the Chinese procession which I told you about. I was at the window with the Mayoress, Mrs Gillott, whose husband was knighted next day & her importance & bliss over her position & her attempt at grandeur, & absolute good nature with it all, & her conversations with some girl friends made me nearly explode with internal laughter. Lady Clarke told me that a day or two before, she had said to her, ‘Well, Mrs Gillott, what shall you do when you present the bouquet to the Duchess on her arrival in Melbourne. Shall you make a very low curtsey?’ ‘Oh no, Lady Clarke, curtseys to Royalties are quite out of fashion now. I shall certainly not curtsey!’ ‘Well, Mrs Gillott,’ said Lady Clarke, ‘I hope you will forgive my saying but I assure you everybody curtseys to Royalties. I think you really ought to make a curtsey.’ ‘Oh dear no—you are quite mistaken, Lady Clarke. Curtseys are quite a thing of the past—nobody who knows makes a curtsey. I could not curtsey tomorrow now’, and she didn’t, even on receiving the Royalties in the Town Hall one evening. Wasn’t that killing?

Well, that evening, Tuesday 7th, we dined at Government House & I enjoyed it very much, except after the long journey & sleepless night on the train, I got dead tired standing till nearly 11.30. We all met in the big drawing-room & when all were assembled the Duke & Duchess came in—a funny little episode happened just before when poor Lady Lawley came into the drawing-room dreadfully fussed at being very late. All the ladies who were standing expecting the Duchess to come in made low curtseys to her! How we laughed together over it afterwards! I did not of course know her then & I puzzled who on earth this pretty woman with beautiful diamonds could be & what other Royalty had come out. When the Royalties did come in, Lady Hopetoun presented the ladies to the Duchess & Lord H. to the Duke. They both shook hands and as they did so with me, said they hoped I was better, having heard I had had to put off coming.

I went in with Sir Arthur Lawley, such a delightful man, & on my other side the G.G., who of course took in the Duchess. He was perfectly delightful that night at dinner & killed me with laughter. We had a good deal of one of his favourite topics—his health, & his sufferings & awful depression of spirits when he feels he would like to lie down & die—and I dare say that explains his odd manner sometimes, poor man, for he certainly often has most peculiar manners. However, I have seen now that he can be delightful if he likes, or

Arthur Lawley (1860-1932), fourth son of the 2nd Baron Wenlock. He had been Governor of Madras and at this time was Governor of Western Australia. His wife was Annie Ellen, granddaughter of Sir Samuel Cunard, founder of the Cunard shipping line. Later she was made a Dame of the British Empire. In Western Australia she founded the Lady Lawley Cottage by the Sea, a convalescent home for children.
probably if he feels well. I like her tho' I cannot admire her except her beautiful dark brown eyes. One sees she is very shy & almost invariably keeps her eyes down & looks out of the corner of them. Lady Lawley is to me a thousand times prettier & handsomer.

Directly after dinner Lady Hopetoun fetched me to go & talk to the Duchess & she was very nice & said the Duke never allowed her to lay stones but that he would lay the stone of my Maternity Home & she will be delighted to receive purses.

When I got up from her I saw Lady Lawley sitting alone so went & introduced myself to her. Soon there was a great torchlight procession of hundreds of firemen & all the engines etc. & we all went outside to the portico in our cloaks & watched the men marching in patterns etc. just outside the drive, the band playing & huge Bengal lights burning. It was very weird & pretty. It was bitterly cold & blustery & all the ladies envied me having no fringe to think about.

Lord & Lady Lamington were there, both great fun, & we all made great friends & regretted very much that we cannot meet again, as they are returning home at once. He came up to her the night of G.H. Reception & said, 'I say, May, I have got to wear my collar tomorrow & have white bows on my shoulder.' 'All right,' she said, 'You can have them off my nightgown, those are all I have.'

So I complimented her at the Opening of Parliament on the nightgown bows. 'Oh,' she said, 'They're not mine, they're my maid's—hers were so much smarter than mine.' All quite serious & as if it were true.

At last we were able to go home, for the Royalties retired & thankful I was. The next afternoon (Wednesday) was a great reception at Parliament House by the Members of Parliament. We drove in state, Dow & Thomas in their breeches & stockings, dark blue plush breeches, blue cloth coats, red waistcoats, black silk stockings, shoes & gold buckles. It was said by most people that ours was the smartest turnout next to the G.G's.

We always had a Mounted Rifles escort of 12 men to every public function but not of our own men, as they would not have known the way about, but of Victorians & of course all the thoroughfares were cleared for the Governors & high officials. The G.G. had not wanted us to have escorts, we heard, but Sir John Madden very rightly insisted that the Governors should. In fact if I had been G.G. I should have insisted on the Governors, as representatives of the King, & their wives, always having standing room or seats on the dais behind the Royalties, himself & Lady Hopetoun; instead of which we neither at Government House receptions nor at this Parliamentary reception had any places allotted to us & were jostled in the crowd like ordinary beings.

This Wednesday afternoon our husbands remained at the entrance to receive the Royalties & we three ladies & our staffs were marched to the top of the room supposed to stand close to the dais, but although the members of the

* Governor of Queensland, 1895-1901.
staff were very indignant, Lord Richard especially kept saying in a loud voice, 'Really, the Governors' Ladies ought to be allowed to stand in front & not be pushed back like this', it was impossible even tho' they tried to push the people away. At last the whole company followed the Royalties into the garden & one could breathe again & soon we were able to drive away, each Governor taking his precedence in driving off. Queensland has precedence of S.A. now as its population (tho' composed greatly of blacks from the Islands) is larger than ours.

The Royalties first, the G.G., the Maddens, Queensland, S.A. & W.A. All more or less cheered as they drove off & as we went off a man shouted out, 'Now three cheers for the Governor of South Australia & his good lady', & after that was over, another man suggested a cheer for Lady Tennyson, which was given. Lady Clarke told me that the people in Melbourne think very highly of Hallam & like him so much.

That evening, reception of 2000 at G.H. All the Governors were shown into a small drawingroom, but when we arrived at the time ordered, we had to wait a minute or two at the door & then the smart footman did not know in the least where to take us. We Governors only came to the private entrance & there was another for the entree, & another for the crush.

After waiting some little time wondering what we were to do, Lord & Lady H. came in & shook hands with us & then stood buttoning their gloves & looking rather shy & uncomfortable & then we were told we were to walk up in the procession behind the Royalties straight to the dais, instead of walking up the ballroom to the dais as is usually done. You never saw anything like the crush—the staff were told to push the people back (quite politely of course) from the dais, we Govs among them, & the Duke & Duchess stood there alone on the dais. There was a terrible pause & then Lord H. rushed up to H. & said, 'Lord Tennyson, do take Lady Tennyson to the foot of the dais & talk to them.' Of course we didn't do anything of the kind & very soon things improved & people were taken up & presented in turn. If I had had the arrangement I should have had all the procession—suite & all—on the dais, then the G's & their wives could have talked to the Royalties for a minute or two until the presentations began & it would have made an imposing scene, all of us & the beautiful military uniforms of the suite grouped at the back of the Royalties & the G.G., but he wished the dais kept for them alone. All the Govs were in full dress with their white breeches & silk stockings & looked very well, but it was a curious sight each time to see the huge masses of black wherever you could see.

After a time we were told to fall in in procession again after aching all over with standing, supporting half a dozen people on one's train if one dropped it for a moment, & we Govs again walked out with the Royalties to the private entrance hall & there we waited about, wondering what was going to happen. Nobody knew & no one was told. I talked to Sir Arthur Bigge who looks &

7 Sir Arthur Bigge had been Private Secretary to Queen Victoria, and then became Private Secretary to the Duke of York.
seems terribly sad. He spoke so nicely about our darling Cis & said to Hallam, ‘Ah, who would have thought of my being out here 4 months ago.’ He feels the Queen’s death acutely but I suppose he will stay either with the King or the Duke.

I was dead tired & longing to go home—I think we all were—& at last the order came again to form procession & follow the Royalties, which we did & found ourselves in a diningroom. When we got to the door it was the funniest sight you ever saw: the Duke & Duchess were sitting opposite to each other at a supper table, Lady H. was standing near, & we all stopped at the entrance waiting to be shown where to go, & the G.G. himself, not one single staff being present, kept going backwards & forwards to the door & the table showing people where to sit. I was shown next to Sir John Madden who sat on one side of the Duchess. We ate our supper & then to our joy we soon got away. We learnt later that it had not been intended we should have supper, only the Royalties, & this was arranged on the spur of the moment. I only wish we had been told so for I hate supper & longed to get home. I felt very like Vera Clarke who came out at this reception, & her elder sister heard her answer a man who asked her how she was enjoying herself, ‘Oh very much, at least I mean not at all.’ Poor little girl, I felt quite sorry for her, a dear nice pretty simple girl, with very pretty tall slight figure.

Thursday 9th. At last the great day arrived. It pelted with rain while I was dressing but soon cleared again with a bitter wind. We started off with our escort soon after 10, H. in his deputy lieutenant’s uniform & one of our honorary South Australian A.D.Cs as well as Lord Richard. We had to go all round numbers of streets as a sort of show, each Governor a quarter of an hour in front of the other. Every now & again I suppose, when there were South Australians in the crowds, we were loudly cheered & handkerchiefs waved, & there were often calls from the crowds of ‘Hulloa, Dick’, Lord Richard being a great favourite at Melbourne. Troops lined all the streets very thickly, our own men taking part in it. On the steps of Parliament House, 4 or 5000 little cadets were grouped with their khaki uniforms & slouch hats & they gave us a tremendous cheer, I expect everybody else too who passed.

After the round of the streets we got to the Exhibition Building where the ceremony was to take place & we had very good seats arranged for us apart, the Govs in the front rows at the back of the dais & behind them all the staffs & the Royal suite, everybody in full dress & with their orders & collars. Lord Hopetoun’s green sash of the order of St Patrick looked very well, & the Duchess’s white ribbon on her black gown, the order of Victoria & Albert, also looked very pretty. She had a very long necklace chain hanging below her waist of large single diamonds, a sort of muff chain, very magnificent. She dresses very well & quietly and has a beautiful figure—magnificent jewels, & has improved in looks quite enormously, & she is so bright & ready to smile & bow & talk that nothing could be better. I believe she has not much to talk about & is rather heavy in hand to live with, but she quite understands saying
little things & the right thing when people are brought up & presented to her & thoroughly enjoys it all much more than he does, for he gets very tired. She has the most lovely presents given her and likes any number. The ladies here are going to give her one set, a beautiful embroidered portiere with pink & white gum blossoms on pale blue silk, as we are the only State which has a school of Art, & their work is really beautiful. Another set headed by the Mayoress are going to give her an ostrich feather fan from the ostrich farms of S.A. with a jewelled handle.

Now to go on with the Opening of Parliament ceremony: it was all very dignified, reverent & quiet. The G.G. read the prayers very well indeed, to prevent jealousy among different sects; then the Duke read the proclamation extremely well worded, & everybody was surprised at the strong voice coming from such a little man. There was profound silence, all the thousands of people being, I think, at least I felt so, awed at this tremendously important moment for Australasia. When it was finished heavy guns fired & the Duchess touched an electric button to announce it all over the world, & then, what I think was a blot on the ceremony, the orchestra played the Hallelujah Chorus alone, without voices, although there was a number of opera singers there. After that, Rule Britannia was played & sung by the whole audience, & then God Save the King.

It was a bitterly cold day ... in the afternoon H. & I went for a walk in some very pretty gardens close to Cliveden to try & get warm but we came back shivering & that night at the Commonwealth Concert in the Exhibition Building I shall never forget the cold. I sat in my fur cloak & was thankful for it. We had Madlle Trebelli & nice Mme Janson, Ella Russell & others among the singers.

The next day was the great Review & we drove to the great Race Course where the ‘Cup’ is run with our escort & met the Lawleys ..., & we & a few others were guests at luncheon of Sir John & Lady Madden. It was very cold & driving rain when we came out of luncheon & went to the Royal Pavilion to await the Royalties. I shall always associate that Flemington Race Course with torrents of rain as there was a deluge when we were there for the Cup. However, it cleared tho’ it remained grey, & soon the G. House party arrived, the Duke in full uniform with all his staff, & the G.G. & his, rode round the troops & the ladies came into the Pavilion & then the March Past took place.

The Fijians were most curious in their white linen costumes, bare legs & most wonderful headgear of hair you ever saw. Their officer marching in front was magnificent in figure & deportment, & I shall never forget the way he drew himself up, threw back his shoulders & threw up his head & saluted the Prince with his sword. He was really truly splendid. Our men were very smart, also our bluejackets & cadets—the poor bandmaster of the Westralians tumbled down dead just as he was marching up to the saluting point but he was carried off the ground so quickly that scarcely anyone saw it. Their Colonel, too, was thrown on his head on the arrival day & had to go to hospital.
That night we went to the Mayor & Mayoress’s Reception & had seats given us on the dais. The Royalties only stayed an hour & then went & so did we. The next morning was the University Degrees & H. received his after Mr Barton, who was sung up the room by the students with ‘He’s a jolly good fellow’, & they also sang it when H. received his, which pleased me. The Duke was immensely well received & of course when he received his at the end, the whole audience rose & cheered & clapped & waved caps. That afternoon we went for a short time to see the children’s festival & sat in the Royal Pavilion behind the R’s, but I had to ask permission from the Duchess to leave, as I had an engagement to go over the Lying-in Hospital, & Lady Lawley came with me. The Secretary & the Matron were both extremely kind and answered all my questions and gave me every information they could for ours.

That night, to the 2nd G.H. Reception, very much the same as the last, except that we walked up the whole of the ballroom to the dais, the Royalties of course coming last, which was far better & we were told distinctly there was no supper & thankful I was to get home. The next day was warm & delicious & lovely & we went, I think for the 1st time in my life, an expedition by train on Sunday, a special train to a beautiful place called Healesville about 1 1/2 hours journey & then a long drive to see some of the highest trees in the world, 270 feet gums, & the most beautiful gullies of tree ferns, perfectly delicious & a rushing creek like a Scotch burn. Unfortunately we could not see the highest trees, 300 feet & biggest girths—one 61 feet round 6 feet off the ground, as there was not time. We took our luncheon & ate it near the creek. That night we had a very pleasant dinner at Cliveden. The Duke of Roxburge took me in, a very nice young fellow of twenty-five who was at Omdurman & South Africa where he had enteric fever & for 6 weeks lived on brandy & water, happily having taken out ½ doz. bottles of the best brandy he could get in London, in case of illness. He told me that the nurse who came up to his bed to nurse him when he entered the hospital was the daughter of one of his tenants, to his great surprise, & when she got enteric, he was nursed by an Australian nurse. He said it was very painful having men dying in the same ward from fever, & one poor fellow died & his wife having come out to nurse him, it was awful.

The Lawleys who had been on the expedition were there, Lady Mary Lygon, & the man on the other side of me was a Mr Sylvester Browne, brother of Rolf Boldrewood, 8 a very interesting man & brother of Lady Darley’s. Rolf Boldrewood was introduced to me at the station next day when we came away & told me that The Squatter’s Dream was more or less a history of his own life.

Monday, I shopped in the morning with Mrs Harmer, who is always so kind in coming with me if I require someone, & she came back with us in our carriage. I am sending you a beautiful sermon our Bishop preached at Melbourne the Sunday before the arrival of the Royalties . . . .

8 Rolf Boldrewood, pen-name of Thomas Alexander Browne (1826-1915), novelist. Born in London, he came to Australia with his father at the age of four. During his life he wrote many novels of which the most famous, Robbery Under Arms, is regarded as the best story of bushranging ever written.
We feel very proud in this State as South Australia has supplied the Federal Parliament with the Leader of the Upper House, Sir Richard Baker; the Speaker, our Premier Mr Holder; & the Clerk, Mr Blackmore. Our former Chief Secretary has now become our Premier.

26 May 1901. Government House, Adelaide

We are all rejoicing in the most glorious rain which has been so impatiently waited for, & had it not come the results would have been most disastrous . . . .

We are doubly thankful the rain is coming now as we have more chance of a fine July. For the house we have the Duke & Duchess in my bedroom—my sitting room for her which opens into it, & then H’s dressing room opening into that beyond. Opposite, Lady Mary Lygon in the boys’ room; Lady Katherine Coke in the schoolroom; bathroom etc. & little landing all to themselves shut off from the rest of the house by a portiere. Then we have a spare bedroom, Prince Alexander of Teck⁹ next to us, Mdlle’s room as dressing room; Clarke’s room for the two boys & Harold goes to Bishop’s Court as we have nowhere to squeeze him in. His nurseries have to be given up to the Duchess’s 3 dressers & then there are two other ladies’ maids.

Over at the staff we put up Lord Wenlock, Sir Arthur Bigge, Sir Charles Cust. The Derek Keppels just opposite at the hotel; the Admiral (Beaumont, our new Admiral, a very jolly courteous old boy) & his flag lieutenant also there, & the other 12 suite we have got a beautiful house for, close by, where they will sleep & breakfast, & Captain Fielden who comes as our A.D.C. as soon as he can leave the Lamingtons whose staff he is on, will sleep there & look after them. Altogether, too, there are about 30 menservants to provide for, counting an extra staff of men that we have to get in from Melbourne, for every man has his valet & the Duke has two, & a barber & I don’t know how many more.

I must say I think it is rather hard on the States having to provide for this enormous retinue, about 50 altogether, because most of them are only friends whom they call suite.

We shall sit down 30 always to all meals, even the houseparty alone. It all means emptying every cupboard, drawer, table, putting away everything we any of us possess upstairs, to make room for their things. They say the Duke & Duchess have 50 boxes between them to be unpacked & placed somewhere.

I don’t know what the doing-up of this house will cost for every single part of it has had either to be quite new or renovated, & I have had to buy such heaps of furniture just to give people chairs & sofas enough to sit upon.

I keep longing so that you could come and see it all—how you would enjoy it, & how you would laugh with us over our picnicking. Hallam & Lord Richard put it all down to me & tell each other at dinner of their grievances. Lord Richard very demurely says, ‘Well, the only place I had this morning for my tea tray was my bed & I have no chair to sit on. My bed is bed, chair &

⁹ Brother of Victoria Mary of Teck, Duchess of York, and later Earl of Athlone.
Audrey Tennyson’s Vice-Regal Days

Hallam: ‘I managed to get a chair in my room yesterday & so rejoiced. The next time I went up it was gone.’ Lord R. ‘Pyjamas—I can’t go in my pyjamas to the bathroom, there is nowhere to put them. I turned on the shower the other morning & the whole place was instantly flooded.’ Hallam: ‘You never heard such a row as I had up in my room this morning overhead. I really thought two men were fighting over the whole of the furniture.’ (I did not let out that I had made them paint & paper the room, as H. was under the impression the staff rooms were finished & vows he’ll have no more painting done.) Lord R. ‘I was woke this morning by two men having the most tremendous discussion on my stairs with old Bridget (the Irish staff housemaid) joining in, & suddenly I heard the most awful thud. I thought one of the men had been thrown over the stairs but it was the ladder.’

He declares that if I put up a certain sideboard in the State Diningroom he shall resign. He says everything so demurely that it makes it doubly droll, & then cries with laughter afterwards. He is very cross sometimes & then I tell him so, & of course like all high-spirited people, gets terribly depressed. At least he did at Marble Hill. Here he has more to do. He sneers always at ‘my darlings’, as he always calls them to tease me, but is really devoted to them.

2 June 1901. Government House, Adelaide, Sunday

Saturday I had an overhaul of the boys’ clothes & to my intense relief I found that their kilts which were too big last year fit them all right this year so that is all right. Alas, our little Harold has worn his smocks for the last time & is now in sailor clothes regularly like his brothers. All this summer he has worn his little linen smocks over his little white drawers & more often than not, bare legs; but alas, he is too big to go on with them... Horn is going to make him some little dark green & blue cloth breeches to wear with little white shirts & he will only wear his serge sailor suits for common, but he looks rather sweet in them & I like the three all alike...

I have always forgotten to tell you that Hallam gave me a bangle with opal set in diamonds for the Commonwealth at Melbourne. He paid 15 guineas, & a great stone merchant here, who was doing some little alterations for me the other day, when I asked him what he thought a bangle like that would cost, said he could not tell exactly without his proper glass but he thought about 35 guineas.

We have a Sir Edwin & Lady Collen coming to stay tomorrow for two nights which is rather tiresome as I am so busy. He came out to represent the Viceroy of India at the Commonwealth & was staying in the house with us at Cliveden. He is a General & had some very good appointment in India....

I think the news from South Africa seems to get worse & worse & seems further off from the end even than it did. So many poor Australians have died or been killed lately, more especially Western Australians, but several of ours & I have been to see the poor widows....
Letters 1901

8 June 1901. Government House, Adelaide

I am afraid your [letter] cannot be very long, nor have I very much to tell you somehow as I spend most of my days arranging, settling & preparing for the 9th July. The house looks a little more hopeful of being finished than it did, but there is still heaps more to be done & they [the Royalties] arrive 4 weeks tomorrow.

My great piece of news this mail is that the South Australian Company (two of whose Directors are Sir Stanley Clarke & Mr Johnstone who came to see us at Marble Hill with their wives when they were out here) have given us a piece of land, an acre, in a beautiful position for the Maternity Home. This Company started, I believe, many many years ago and bought up vast quantities of land all round about here, much of which of course they have sold. I think I told you that the Chief Justice, Sir Samuel Way, who is President of the Children's Hospital, was most keen, as well as the head doctor & the Matron, to get us joined to them, & he came here & put all the pros so forcibly before Hallam that Hallam came much pleased & told me as a good piece of news, that the Children's Hospital would perhaps let us build in their grounds which would save us buying. I was from the first dead against it & was anything but pleased; and the next time the C.J. came to H.—which he does every day at least once, I put some of the cons to him which he did not much like. However, he called a meeting of the Board & to my great joy & relief they were nearly all as strongly averse to it as I was, & the scheme was denounced by a large majority. The poor little C.J. was bitterly disappointed & I expect the Matron also.

Well, tho' I felt the whole thing would be a failure if joined to the Children's Hospital, there was no doubt we have no money for buying land, & to build, & endow. I asked the Premier to give us a piece of land from Government but after consulting his Council they refused. We then asked for a grant & that we have got, £150 a year. The Premier then said, 'Why don't you ask the South Australian Company? They have heaps of land. It would be a very good thing for them to give you land for this, as they have the reputation of being very close.'

I thought this would be quite an unlikely thing but mentioned it to Lord Richard. After luncheon he took me to the dentist... & as he left me there he said: 'Now I am going to see Mr Moore the agent for the South Australian Company & ask him for a piece of land.' I thought he was joking but he assured me he was in earnest & off he went, & came back to tea & entered the room where we were holding a Committee Meeting of the Maternity Home & said Mr Moore was quite amenable to asking, if H. would cable home to London, & he showed Lord R. some plots of land. Next day we had the maps & fixed on a good piece of land & asked for it, and it was given by cable.

We have been several times to see the paddock & have now definitely chosen the plot, a corner piece with huge wide road & turf ride in front, a beautiful lookout in front on to the race course, behind a lovely view of the hills, 200 yards from the trams, only 5 minutes' drive from the Hospital, & a most
Audrey Tennyson’s Vice-Regal Days


Harold does not seem able to shake off his cold tho’ he has been out when it was fine but he makes himself very happy, especially if he can get his father, mother, or brothers to play up there with him. I was reading to him this morning a most delightful book called Dot & the Kangaroo, bringing in all the animals of the bush with their sounds, their habits & native names. The boys were making a noise outside with Mdlle, romping, & he said as he always does, in the most consequential voice when he finds fault with the boys—’There are those boys, Mamie, making too much noise.’ ‘Oh,’ I said, ‘how you would love to have the care of those boys.’ ‘No, I shouldn’t at all, they are too troublesome for words.’ He is too funny, the way he corrects them or orders them about: ‘No, no, Master Lionel. None of those faces!’ ... It does not sound funny written down, but it is the way he says it.

We had a delightful time on Thursday when we went to Buckland Park, starting at 9.30 by special train, just H., Lord R., self & a very nice man, the forthcoming Leader of the Upper Chamber now that Sir Richard Baker has gone to the Federal Parliament—a Mr Lancelot Stirling, who is arranging the shooting expedition for the Duke.

We got out at a station called Salisbury, about 20 minutes by train & drove 7 miles through very dreary flat tho’ good farming country, to a little township,
Virginia, where we changed horses and while doing so we went & visited the
village school. The poor master was suffering from a bad attack of influenza
and the house reeked of Eucalyptus. H. in a most cruel way asked the children
to sing, which meant that the master had to start them with the tuning fork,
a most painful performance for him, poor man, & for ourselves. It is wonderful
how all school children sing now with the Tonic sol fa system, which I am sorry
to say I do not understand and they take their 1st & 2nds without the slightest
difficulty & can read any music at first sight & sing it off. Of course they do
the same at home . . . .

On we drove to the Buckland Park station (farm) where now only the
manager, Mr Matheson, lives with his wife & 2 little girls. The old station house
is shut up & all going to rack & ruin. It belongs to a Mr Browne, but the whole
family now live in England & the boys go to school at Clifton & the girls to
Cheltenham. The eldest is out at the war. Poor Mr Browne loves the place
& the life & one can see it from the avenues he has planted—a beautiful
orangery & orchards & kitchen garden, and has started all kinds of wild birds.
It is a beautiful place & you might take it for a beautiful English park except
that the trees are gums, but such splendid trees. Mrs Browne hates it & won't
live there, & they say that they are never likely to return. They have been home
13 years.

We drove through flocks of wild peacocks on our way to the Manager's
house. Mr & Mrs M. came to meet us at the door and of course instantly
offered us tea—11.30 a.m.—& I accepted & she brought in tea & delicious
scones herself. It's very funny they never drink any with me but let one drink
one's cup alone while they talk. Then I joined the men & drove to the lake &
saw masses of wild duck & wild geese, & two days before, he said, there were
two or three thousand wild swans, the water being black with them, but they
just happened to be away while we were there. They arranged everything—
where to place the Duke & the other guns—& shelters had been put up specially
for this party.

The whole place swarms with game, wild turkeys too, rabbits, hares, every­
thing man can wish for.

As we drove home, the two little daughters, Dorothy, 10, Margery, 6, came
cantering on their ponies to meet us across the bush with their ordinary frocks
& large white sun hats flying in the wind, looking very delicious, the youngest
[riding] boy fashion as most small girls do here. They scamper about every day
of their lives, if not with their father, accompanied by their blackboy, all over
the bush & jumping on & off their ponies to open gates etc . . . . They had got
the sweetest pair of 'Rats' (as they call them here), wee ponies of which you see
numbers about aged 2 & 3 . . . . The children of Adelaide have been subscribing
to a present for the Duke of York's children, & we suggested a pr of these
ponies which most people were delighted with the idea of, & all enquiries were
made to get a really good pair, & then the Royalties telegraphed to say they
would rather have something not alive.
We went back to luncheon, a cold one. It is a creed, I think, out here, to have cold luncheons as a rule; and then soon after we started on our way home.

We have been as usual of late extremely busy and are by degrees getting chintz covers, curtains, curtain boards, chairs, sofas, tables, home from the different shops, and by the end of this week we shall hope to have got everything ready to start next week and arrange the rooms, & the week after we shall have to move from our own rooms & squeeze into others.

Yesterday, to add to one's worries just now, the scullery maid who came two or three months ago, I was told by Mrs Bates was suspiciously ill, only 19, & Mrs Bates had always said she was a great fat girl, & I have never really seen her, except at prayers & then have never looked at her more than a glance. Mrs B. had suspected trouble for a day or two but did not tell me till yesterday, when she heard from one of the other girls that Minnie had said she was married. I told Mrs Bates to go & make her say what was the matter with her, & she owned to being 6 months with child, & even when I saw her she persisted she was married. 'Where is your certificate?' 'He tore it up.' 'Where were you married?' 'I don't know.'

So then I felt certain & asked her to tell me the real truth & after a great deal of crying she owned that the whole thing was untrue. You can't conceive all the falsehoods she made up & the explanations for everything. I asked how she had dared come and disgrace G. House & mix with my respectable servants, but poor girl, they are dreadfully poor & I expect she has had a very hard life—I could not help pitying her and have tried to do everything I can to help & get her into a House of Mercy. Her mother promised to come & see me but has never been, so of course now I must leave her. The mother, I find, is determined to have her home instead of letting her go to the House of Mercy, where she would have to stay for a year after the event, or at the Destitute she would have to stay 6 months, & of course be out of temptation & away from bad influence, and that is what they don't like.

22 June 1901. Government House, Adelaide

I am wondering what you can possibly mean by this sentence in your letter of this mail—I who rack my brains every week to try & leave nothing unsaid to you that we do or hear or say, if there is the slightest interest in it for you—'Your last letter was most delightful for you allowed your pen a little liberty in writing, & I felt that for a few seconds it was your own dear self that wrote, without any strong guard over the pen'—These are your own words copied from your letter.

I said to Hallam, 'What can Mother mean? Surely all my letters have been "my own dear self".' I could never be anything but myself if I tried, for I cannot play a part, it is against my nature & H. & Lord R. always tease me & say I am honest to a fault. Lord R. laughs & says, 'Lady T. with her usual honesty etc.'
Please never think I am playing a part. My nature is what I write & nothing more . . . .

7 July 1901. Government House, Adelaide. Sunday

I know you will sympathise with me—here we are on the eve of the Royalties' arrival & Lionel has been shut up all the week with cold & cough, & Aubrey the last three days, & now we have grave suspicions that it is whooping cough . . . We ought not to keep them in the house or we might get into trouble, for the Royalties are on the ocean so we cannot communicate with them . . . I have sent Mdlle off to Largs Bay Hotel to get rooms ready & heated & then I shall get a trained nurse to whom they can get accustomed during today & tomorrow while I can spare Mdlle, & I shall if possible send them down this afternoon . . . I am bitterly disappointed if after all they have to keep out of sight for one would have liked them to have made friends with the Royalties & the members of the suite . . . When I have packed them off, I must think of Harold who has shown no signs as yet but is up at Bishop's Court . . . .

Yesterday we went to the Review ground and had a rehearsal of the procession on to the course etc. & a fine hash it all was, & a merciful thing that it was rehearsed. Lord Richard wants to arrange everything himself, & his views are not always the most practical although he is so anxious to have everything very smart—so much so that he has insisted on bearing-reins for the horses of the royal carriage—horses, poor beasts, that have never in their lives had bearing-reins for 5 minutes & they drive them nearly mad. However, after the exhibition yesterday Hallam is going to order them off or there will be some accident. The coachman is frantic & says they are not safe & we are all dead against them & would have liked to have our own dear pretty pr of smart little horses for the Royalties, but Lord R. is always very kind & thoughtful about everybody and wants to give the mounted police troopers, as they are called, a chance of taking part in the procession & they are all mounted on white horses, & he thinks with them as an escort & white horses in the carriage it will have a good effect. Of course one has to leave all arrangements to the staff tho' H. expects everything to be discussed with him, and no one realises the thousand & one things that have to be thought of . . . .

Yesterday we had the Ministers & their wives to tea to show them the house, and they were all enchanted with it, or appeared to be tho' in their hearts of hearts I feel sure they expected & hoped to see everything plush & velvet—it is the one idea here in this delightful dusty hot climate, even in the bedrooms at G. House. The butcher's wife asked Mrs Bates to see the house & the only remark she made was, 'How very odd to leave all the chintz covers on!'

Tuesday 9th. Here is the great day arrived at last. An absolute deluge of rain last night & thro' the night & early this morning; now it is very bright with a bitter boisterous squally wind that if you open, the whole room is in disorder . . . The house really looks all I can wish it to look, pretty, bright, clean & refined,
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but we have endless extra menservants in the house, tall & small breeched men, & I had to light the Duke’s sitting room fire myself just now—they had all gone to dinner & no fire lit... I can depend on all the womenfolk but the men drive one crazy.

7 o’clock p.m. So far all most satisfactory & easy, their R.H’s (11 p.m. I could only get so far when Lady Mary Lygon came to my room) most bright & pleasant & easy, & so delighted with the house they all were, looking at everything & admiring. We had tea as soon as they arrived in the end drawingroom—heaps of things & the Duchess made a good substantial meal... Then I took her up to her room with which she was much pleased, & then showed Mary Lygon & Lady Katherine Coke theirs, & soon after Mary came & sat in my room with me.

We only had the Chief Justice and Lady Way to dinner & the suite, and after dinner the German Liedertafel came & sang outside with torches. The poor Duke is suffering agonies with toothache much the same as I did, but was very plucky & talked away at dinner tho’ he was striking his knees together with pain most of the time.....

Wednesday. The chicks came up this morning as the nurse said they were much better & happily I had said they were to come straight to my room, for poor little Lionel’s cough is so bad & he looks so ill, poor mite, I so long to have them back & be with them, they have made me more miserable than I was before, & poor mites, they are so dull down there all alone with the nurse. It is really sad their having missed all this.

Harold arrived this morning & made his bow to the Duchess & then went up to her & said, ‘How are your little children?’ I had never said a word to him. Prince Alexander told me this evening that he & the Duke met him this morning & he made the most beautiful bow.....

The poor Duke had a very bad night with his tooth but held the levee—2500 shakes of hands—& received addresses besides & then was in such torture he had it out this afternoon & he has never appeared since this morning, but he is all right tonight & in great bliss. He had no gas & there were two abscesses at the root.

The Duchess & I went round the two hospitals this morning. I really cannot tell you of her pretty kind gracious manner & beautiful smile, talking to everybody, bowing & smiling the whole way she goes, and this evening at the Reception, shook hands with everybody, at least 700, & then talked to everybody brought up to her. She is wonderfully pretty & really a lovely smile & so tall with beautiful figure. It is quite as if a fairy had touched & turned her into a ‘beautiful Princess’ from one’s recollection of her at home. She is perfectly simple & merry & full of fun. I had a long talk alone with her this evening.

This afternoon we had the great football match between the two schools & she & her suite were delightful in their enjoyment of it & expressed their pleasure over & over again. I always think it very fascinating.

One of the suite told me this evening the reception was the best arranged
thing they had had; in fact so far all has gone well, & now I must go to bed, I am so tired.

15 July 1901. Government House, Adelaide

Here alas is the morning of departure & Their Royal Highnesses are just going to say goodbye to Adelaide.

17th. I could get no further on Monday morning & here is Wednesday & I have a very busy day before me, so I must just write as much as I can & finish off next mail. I can however assure you that the visit has been one great success from beginning to end without a single hitch or mishap, & what we had hoped & wished for with all our hearts was far more realised than was possible to hope. The one mar to my happiness was that my poor little Lionel & Aubrey saw absolutely nothing except one day they just saw the Duchess drive on to the Oval for the football match between St Peter's & Prince Alfred's Schools which they came up from Largs Bay hotel for, & the next day they whooped so they had to remain down & saw nothing & only returned here yesterday, oh so delighted to be home again. Harold managed to keep his cough & whoop in control till Monday evening after he had been down on board the Ophir to see them off. He has been most appreciated, but I will tell you about him later.

I know you will like to hear that we all in the house, men & women & children, have been absolutely fascinated by their Royal Highnesses. Of course the populace more especially with the Duchess. Her pretty & constant smile & bows to the crowds, her pretty simple graciousness to everyone she spoke to, have captivated the hearts of everybody. She will most certainly always be loved in the hearts of the South Australians. He too was enormously appreciated, but he did not appear one day on account of his awful toothache so she had to do one reception entirely alone with Hallam & me, one on each side of her on the dais, & after the whole of the guests being presented to her & her shaking hands with them, we brought endless prominent people up to talk to her.

Her eyes are everywhere. She remarks everything & never forgets a face or name & remembers all about them ... She told me she found it very difficult to speak the right thing to husbands & wives, being alone, as when the Duke is with her he has the men & she the women.

The next night the Duke was wonderfully well, in wild spirits after having his tooth out the day before & ten hours' sleep on end ....

The house really looked lovely & both the Royalties & the suite thought it the prettiest Government House they had been to, & a prominent member of the suite told us that both the Royalties & the suite had been more comfortable & enjoyed this more than any other place. All was most perfectly arranged & managed, they said. There was no hitch, no rush or fuss or bother, all so quiet & comfortable & every detail thought of. Of course Lord Richard worked hard before & at the time, & Capt. Fielden, tho' he had only been here a fort­night did splendidly & so quiet & unfussy—he is perfectly ridiculously like
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old Ernest & his one idea for health is Turkish baths!! I call him the philosopher—he looks so smart & nice in his 60th Rifle uniform . . . .

The Admiral [Beaumont] is a delightful man, a real typical courteous grand seigneur English gentleman, & he was very warm & said tho’ of course the staff did a great deal, that the thought and arrangements of the host & hostess were very apparent in all the details that had been thought out. They said all the entertainments, receptions, dinners etc. were the best managed things they had seen out here, & it was not one or two of the suite but most of them expressed themselves in the same way, & not only to us. The Admiral also at the first reception said they were the most refined people of all the States & the best dressed in quiet taste, & their curtsies & manners stood out in comparison to the other States. Of course all this naturally pleases one very much as one feels a special pride in & affection for these people. So far we have had no complaints or grumbling of slights or forgetfulness etc. but they say we are sure to get abused by someone soon, however we don’t mind if they do. Take the whole State together the people are more than pleased & satisfied.

Now I will give you a little account of the different festivities. The hospitals I told you about. That Wednesday afternoon we had the football match & all the players were presented with ribbons & silver bar with the date, & our boys each got one too, sent to them. The Duchess got wildly excited over the game & kept clutching my knees in peals of laughter & it was a very near thing, Prince Alfred’s only gaining by 4 points tho’ they were far ahead at first. The suite enjoyed it immensely too & said it was the finest game of football they had ever seen. It is so different to the English game & far more exciting to watch . . . .

Wednesday evening, reception which I have told you about. Thursday morning, H. & I drove in front to the Picture Gallery where the Duke unveiled the bust of my father-in-law by Woolner which arrived the other day, bought by Mr Barr Smith & presented by him to the Gallery. He also unveiled Watts’ Love & Death, bought by the Gallery for £3000. Then we went to the Conservatorium Hall, another building, where the Duke received a degree & opened the organ & the undergraduates gave them a great ovation & sang amusing as well as complimentary songs & made amusing jokes, but all in good taste. There was a strong committee formed of undergraduates who vowed that they would thrash anyone who said anything in bad taste. At Sydney they behaved so badly it was a perfect scandal, so uproarious & rude remarks by way of jokes. Melbourne which we were at, was well behaved but deadly dull. Here it was as bright & merry an entertainment as any we went to.

That afternoon we again went to the Oval where 6000 children took part in a Demonstration, a very pretty sight. This the Duke also was able to attend & they were much interested and pleased with the people & the spectacle, a really wonderful sight. They took £1100 in shillings at the gate besides all the people that came in free. There were 16 men simply taking in the shillings in handfuls.
Audrey Tennyson: from a portrait by Briton Riviere, R.A. (Tennyson Research Centre, Lincoln City Libraries)
The Tennysons and their sons at the time of their arrival in South Australia, 1899. In the background: A. B. S. Tennyson (left) and Captain Wallington (National Library of Australia)
Lord and Lady Tennyson by the State Entrance of Government House, Adelaide, 1899 (South Australian Archives)
From a published photograph in a Tennyson family album in the National Library: the Government House Adelaide Cup party, 1899. From left: Aubrey, Mlle Dussau, A. B. S. Tennyson, Lady Tennyson, Lord Tennyson, Captain Wallington, Harold, Mrs Lascelles, Captain Lascelles, Lionel.

Camp of Aborigines at Warrina, near Oodnadatta, S. A., towards the end of the nineteenth century (South Australian Archives)
The Etona, a river-boat chapel on the Murray River (Courtesy Mrs E. J. Schmaal, S. A.)

Marble Hill, summer residence of Governors of South Australia, front elevation (South Australian Archives)
The first South Australian Contingent marching through Adelaide prior to embarking for service in the Boer War (South Australian Archives)

Lord and Lady Tennyson (centre) at Marble Hill with South Australian officers who served in the Boer War. Next to Lord Tennyson: Bishop Harmer. Back row, right: Mrs Harmer (National Library of Australia)
The ballroom in Government House, Adelaide, with its original band gallery and (below) with the windows and balcony built in place of the gallery during the Tennysons' time (Courtesy Lady Harrison, 1970)
Above. Harold Tennyson in 1901 (Tennyson Research Centre, Lincoln City Libraries)

Above left. The Earl of Hopetoun (National Library of Australia)

Right. Lord Richard Plantaganet Nevill, 1908 (National Library of Australia)

Lady Hopetoun (National Library of Australia)
Seated: Lady Lawley, Lord Tennyson, Sir Arthur Lawley, Lady Tennyson. Standing: Mr Vesey, Lord Richard Nevill, Mr Wolfe Murray (National Library of Australia)
Opening of the first Australian Federal Parliament, Melbourne, 9 May 1901. From the study by Tom Roberts in the National Library of Australia for his large canvas of the scene. Lord and Lady Tennyson are at the extreme left of the front of the dais.

The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York at Government House, Adelaide, 1901 (South Australian Archives)
A Tennyson album photograph of a picnic party with the Angas family at Lindsay Park, 1901. From left: Lady Tennyson, Beryl Angas, Lord Richard Nevill, Baby Angas, Mrs C. H. Angas, Mr Way, Dudley Angas, Lord Tennyson, C. H. Angas.

From a photograph in a Tennyson family album: the shearing shed at Collingrove, an Angas family property in South Australia.
The Duke of Cornwall and York laying the foundation stone of the Queen's Home, Adelaide, 1901 (South Australian Archives)

The left wing of the Queen's Home completed (South Australian Archives)
From a Tennyson album photograph: Caulfield Cup party, 1902. From left: Sir George Clarke, Lady Tennyson, Lord Richard Nevill, Mlle Dussau, Captain Browning.

Government House, Melbourne (National Library of Australia)
Above. Lady Tennyson in peeress's robes and coronet, probably for the coronation of George V, 1911 (from her passport)

Above right. Harold Tennyson in the uniform of a midshipman, Royal Navy (Mitchell Library)

Madame Melba (Courtesy Pamela, the Lady Vestey)
A published photograph from a Tennyson album: Lady Tennyson and her sons shortly before their departure from Australia, December 1903.

The ceremony of unveiling the Boer War memorial outside Government House, Adelaide, June 1904 (National Library of Australia).
Letters 1901

We nearly had a terrible accident but it was all over in a second. One of the troopers' horses riding behind the royal carriage as it drew up in front of the Royal box slipped on the asphalt bicycle track. It tried hard to right itself, poor beast, but failed & fell & the trooper who sat it beautifully & clung to his saddle even when the horse rolled on the ground, at last had to extricate himself, & the horse rose and was starting off when another trooper seized a rein & Hallam the other & dragged it away just as it was backing into the carriage & must have touched the Duke. Thank God it did not kick or plunge & in two minutes its trooper was on its back again riding away with the escort. T.R.H. sat perfectly calm & still but the Duchess flushed up, poor thing . . . .

Friday was a lovely morning & the Duke & shooters of the party went off early by train to a place called Salisbury where carriages & escort met them & drove them to Buckland Park . . . The Duchess & ladies etc. & we followed them at 11.15, she having first of all received about 200 Ministering Children here in the garden. Harold had come down from Bishop's Court & the Duchess begged he might come with us, so he did. He was perfectly devoted to the Duchess, explaining & telling her everything in his eager way, only sometimes addressing her so freely with 'Ma'ams' that I had to tell him only to say so sometimes.

We had a delightful & interesting day there, luncheon in a tent perfectly homely without any ceremony, Harold very happy riding a pony behind one of the Manager's little girls. After luncheon the shooters went off again to shoot wild peacocks, having shot wild duck in the morning, & we ladies & non-shooters wandered about & saw sheep-shearing, a wonderful sight—a good shearer can shear a sheep in 6 minutes. Then we saw some wild buckjumpers & the famous rider who last year jumped Lindsay Gordon's world-renowned jump at Mount Gambier, where if the horse had gone another yard he would have gone down a precipice into the Blue Lake, which they have never been able to fathom the depth of. He told me he had realised what the jump was he would not have done it for £10,000.

There were some absolutely wild young horses which had come down from up country the day before—800 miles—and had never been caught or had a saddle on them before, & they showed us the way they lasso these horses, & the magic way in which the trainer seems to mesmerise them by patting & stroking, & in a few minutes is able to allow another man to saddle them. It was an intensely interesting & very pretty sight. At first the horse plunged & kicked, his nostrils inflated & he snorting, and then by degrees he quieted down, his nostrils closed & he began champing his mouth & looking about him. The man did two or three for us. All this was quite new to the Duchess & suite, & they thoroughly enjoyed it. Then we saw bullock-riding which was interesting but rather horrid for the poor beast was wild with rage. We then went back to the Manager's house & Mrs Matheson, his wife, gave us tea, & we drove back the 12 miles to the station & home by train. The Duchess asked that Harold might drive back in their carriage . . . He was a regular pet among all
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the suite, but he is absolutely unselfconscious and it has not the slightest effect......

18 July 1901. Government House, Adelaide

I had to leave off my letter to you this morning before I had finished the whole account of the Royal visit, so I am going on today that I may remember what I have said.

Friday evening, the day of Buckland Park, we had our largest dinner with the Ministers & their wives, the General, the Captain of the Protector, and the Bishop etc. all with their wives... We dined in the ballroom, the band playing in a new room we have made which was a miserable sort of Conservatory opening out of the Ballroom & which is now a delightful sort of ante-room or smoking room or anything it may be wanted for. The dining table was really quite exquisite with roses & brown leaves perfectly simple, just in white ordinary flower glasses. To our horror the first night we found out in time that one of the florists was going to do it with looking-glasses & gilt wheelbarrows & boats, etc. etc. & was much surprised that we preferred it all quite simple......

The Duchess was always very kind and always after dinner before the men came in, let me take up each lady in turn to speak to her for a few minutes, & tho’ some of the Ministers & their wives were small shop-keepers & quite low in social grade, it was wonderful how they were able to play their parts, & the ease with which they met the Royalties......

At one of the dinners there was a tremendous roar of laughter at the Premier’s wife, Mrs Jenkins, a very bright nice little woman who went in with Sir Charles Cust (Equerry) & sat the other side of the Duke to me. The Duke had not talked very much with her & at last she turned to Sir Charles & said: ‘Oh Sir Charles, I know Mademoiselle is most delightful & agreeable but you must talk to me a little now. I am the lady you took in.’ She said it in quite a simple chaffy way, but it was overheard by the other people in front & near, & there was a perfect roar of laughter & the Duke & Duchess both joined in, & Mary Lygon said to Sir Charles, ‘I never knew before, after all these years, that you could blush’, & they all chaffed him unmercifully. He took it very well & joined heartily in the fun, & the next time he met Mrs Jenkins, paid great attention to her, winking all the time at any of us near. He is a regular sailor & very rough-mannered, but I liked him very much—a tremendous flirt, I should think, when he likes, but loathes functions & society & does not take the trouble to disguise it. Three months of society, he told me, would kill him.

After dinner when the men came in, on Friday, we had a military Tattoo beautifully done with four massed bands in the garden & all went to the windows & doors to watch. The Duke & Duchess were in the garden hall talking with several people before re-entering the drawing-rooms when to my horror, the guests began coming out & saying goodbye to T.R.H. so I went in & dismissed them myself, saying the Duchess was very tired & would not return to the
drawingroom. The Duchess said to Hallam, ‘I hate etiquette,’ but of course a certain amount they expect, & H. & I always met them at the bottom of the stairs for luncheon & dinner & took them to the drawingroom where everybody had already collected. He was very apologetic to me if late, & before lighting a cigarette at luncheon, as we had to start soon after, begged me to tell him if I minded it & asked if I would allow him to smoke—very different to the G.G. who at Melbourne puffed his cigarette next to me without a word.

Saturday, our first function was at 12 o’clock, the Duke having presented medals to some firemen in the garden here first—the laying of the Stone of the Maternity Home, a very happy day for me. H. & I went in front to be there to receive them & it was a very pretty simple function. The Chairman, Mr Phillips, made a very nice speech, the Duke was delighted with the silver paper knife in the shape of a dagger which we had made instead of the ordinary trowel which is so useless & ugly, & then the Duchess received purses from some children . . .

We then came home for luncheon & started soon after to the Race Course for the Review. The Duke & his staff rode so I drove in front with the Admiral who was much pleased with the warm reception I had along the streets & said, ‘The South Australians must be nice people,’ & Hallam followed with the Duchess & her large escort of troopers on white horses . . . When she arrived the Royal Standard was instantly hoisted near the Pavilion & a royal salute fired with big guns, which was quite wrong & was meant for the Duke, who rode on the course soon after, but there was no more ammunition left to fire one for him.

After the arrival of the Duke, the Duchess and all of us went down from the Pavilion and stood by the Duke while he gave the medals to the men from South Africa, & the dear dog Nelson was led past by his master—you will remember he went out with the first contingent & was taken prisoner by the Boers for a month all but two days, and then a company of Tasmanians captured a convoy & found Nelson tied behind one of the wagons & sent him back to his own men. He was shot in the paw in one of the battles & is proud of his wound. He always barks at any cheering and quite understood all the marching past, lying down & watching it all most intently. I said to the Duchess I wished he could receive a medal & she said she was sorry but the late Queen had decorated so many regimental pets it became too common & the War Office had stopped it . . .

Harold & the Duchess walked about the whole time hand in hand, looking & talking to Nelson & talking to the Commissionaires & veteran soldiers, & looked very pretty together, & when all that was over, we all went back to the Pavilion & the Duke & his staff mounted their horses and the ‘March past’ began—the best thing of the kind considering the number they had seen out here’ one of the suite told me after. After the slow march past, all the cavalry went full tilt past as hard as ever they could tear, beginning some way off so that by the time they passed the saluting point, tho’ the lines were not by any
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means perfectly kept, horses & men had worked up tremendous excitement & they simply dashed past, most tremendously exciting to watch & they had seen nothing of the kind in the other States so it was quite a novelty. It was killing to see the tiny buglers on their tiny ponies keeping up in the wild chase. It looked dangerous, but nothing happened, one man came off but was not hurt.

Sunday was not so bright but it kept fine & we had a very beautiful impressive service at the Cathedral, the dedication of the nave which the Duke opened, & the font and the unveiling of the brass tablet to the poor fellows who have lost their lives in South Africa.

Sunday afternoon it was showery but notwithstanding they decided to go up to Marble Hill & some drove & the greater number including the Duke rode, & they most thoroughly enjoyed it. They were one & all wildly enthusiastic about the beauty of the drive & the scenery & Marble Hill itself. We sent servants up in front with hampers of tea & had fires lit in all the rooms, & the Duchess wished to see every room, & then after a sumptuous tea we came down again & had a few people to dinner & Miss Elsie Hall to play after, & all the suite & the Duke sang over the University songs & choruses & made a great noise.

The Duke at dinner said, 'I am going to ask you a favour, Lady Tennyson.' 'I am proud, Sir, & shall I am sure be happy to grant it to Your Royal Highness.' 'I want you to allow Mdlle to come with you & Lord Tennyson tomorrow to luncheon on the Ophir & see us off. She is such a nice woman & most of my suite have lost their hearts to her.'

I have not told this to Mdlle for she is inclined to lose her head with any admiration & gets very excited when I look a little severe & she instantly sees it, & she really was extremely nice thro' the whole visit, & one & all, men & women, Duke & Duchess, all sang her praises to me, & she was with me as my lady at almost everything inside & out of the house & is quite unspoilt by it. We had an explanation just before the visit, I am happy to say, as I was afraid she was trying to get up a flirtation with Capt. Fielden & stayed back in the evening in the drawingroom with him after we left—so I spoke out and then said what I thought of her conduct with Mr Maurice. We had a great deal of crying but she was very nice as she always is, & thanked me warmly for my unceasing kindness to her, & said she could never hope to be as happy again as she had been & was with us, & now we are both happier again together.

The Duke had her to sit next him twice at luncheon. I always had to sit next him one side, & H. next the Duchess. Before dinner Sunday night, Mr Keppel came down & said T.R.H. wished to see H. & me up in their room. We guessed at once what he meant & felt like two schoolchildren going up for prizes. However we had to go and they were extremely warm & thanked us for their delightful visit etc, & then she gave me a most lovely bracelet of blue enamel large lozenge shapes all set in diamonds & diamond monogram V.M.G. & Royal crown, & he gave H. an enormous silver inkstand in case with inscription. She also gave me large autograph photographs of herself & him,
three cabinets with names of her children. She also gave a group of her children to Harold & a silver & gold little tray to Harold, & left herself & him with autographs for the two elder boys.

They then sent for Mdlle & gave her a little red enamel brooch set with diamonds & monogram & crown. Mrs Bates, red brooch with gold monogram & crown; Hitchman, scarf pin; Dow, scarf pin; & they left £52 to be divided among the servants besides. Those who received presents were sent for & they gave them personally, which pleased enormously as you may imagine. The staff also got presents & thanks.

Monday morning the Duchess went off at 8.50 to the dentist and at 10.30 we drove, H. & I in front, to the Fire Brigade, said to be the smartest company next to Chicago... Their R.H. & the suite were enormously interested & then off we drove to the station crowded with Ministers etc. etc. & their wives to say goodbye & both D. & D. shook hands with them all, & then we steamed off in our vice-regal carriage & others for the suite, Harold also having been begged for, to Glenelg, the seaside place 7 miles off where the colony was first proclaimed in 1836, & there we stepped out of the train on to a platform beautifully decorated, & all the old pioneers of the colony were presented to T.R.H. & the Duke made them an excellent speech etc. etc. & sat on the chair made from the wood of the ship that brought the 1st Governor, & then we steamed off again to Port Adelaide, where there was a crowd of many thousands on the wharf & really a very stirring scene...

Then we had luncheon & then the Duke made the lovely Royal Marine Band play me some of his favourite marches, one a very old one & found by the present Emperor of Germany & given to him. Then we all stood en masse on deck as we began to steam slowly away from the wharf amid tremendous cheering & waving of hats & handkerchiefs, 200 little boys in white sailor costumes as guard of honour throwing up their caps—& the Duchess her eyes wet with tears. Then the Duke ordered the band to play Auld Lang Syne & that quite broke me down, & then Rule Britannia. It was a wonderful scene, & ship after ship as we passed slowly along the wharf crowded with people cheering & waving. We went down the river round to Largs Bay & then a launch came alongside & we had to say the horrid goodbye. The Duchess kissed me twice very warmly & we were rather hurried off & when I was on the launch to my horror, the Duke called out, 'Goodbye, Lady Tennyson, you never said goodbye to me, it's all right, I will come down.'

I rushed off & met him on the lower deck & said, 'I beg Your Royal Highness a thousand pardons. I am so sorry.' He laughed & said, 'Oh it doesn't matter a bit,' & then we shook hands warmly & said nice things to each other, & we steamed away, all the party & crew cheering us as we steamed off. A special train awaited us at Largs Bay & we puffed past the hotel where poor little Lionel & Aubrey were standing on the verandah with the nurse waving to us. They came up next morning, so delighted, poor mites, to be home again & we have them all coughing in turn...
Audrey Tennyson's Vice-Regal Days

The poor Ophir has had a terrible voyage to W.A. Did not dare go on to Fremantle where they were due Friday night, but had to go back to Albany & they only arrived by train at Perth midnight & made their entry Monday morning instead of Saturday & I see they are to remain on till Friday instead of Wednesday.

Mrs Bates gave the Duke's valet a little parrot she had tamed, & the Duke was so delighted with the little thing that he insisted on the valet giving it to him & told me that he has it on the table walking about while he breakfasts, and there it was in the Duke's private cabin when we went in.

Mrs Bates did marvels as usual. Of course, she had in lots of women to wash up, etc. but she & her kitchen girls were the only cooks, & one woman who could help with the servants' cooking. She had 30 every meal in the servants' hall besides extras coming in at all odd times & an average of 18 in the housekeeper's room, for all the bands, police, orderlies, detectives etc. came in & fed; & we never dined less than 25 up to 48 in the diningroom, & 2 receptions of between 7 & 800 people, every single thing, ices and all, made at home—and they make regular meals when they come to G. House. I was complimented on our cook, but things would have been better still only [owing] to the stupidity [of] a good deal of all the endless menservants, the dinners were often colder than they ought to have been, but then the kitchen is a huge way off along open verandahs with bitter east winds . . . .

The Government gave H. £1000 for the entertaining but he is asking for more today. The wine & champagne alone came to several hundreds . . . Of course large sums of money have been spent & all the shops have been driving a roaring trade. The Government must have recouped a good deal by railways & customs. Some of the materials I had from Melbourne cost 5/- a yard duty to come in. On the arrival day 250,000 fares were paid to the tramways & the smallest fare is 3d. at ordinary times . . . .

29 July 1901. Government House, Adelaide, Monday

. . . . Our plans are still very unsettled and as Parliament was only opened last week, nothing has yet been discussed about Governors. You seem surprised that W.A. has its Governor but all the States are going to have Governors of their own and I think the feeling of paying them less is gradually dying out, as they are beginning to realise that they would then have to be satisfied with very inferior men. Tasmania's Governor, Sir Arthur Havelock from Bombay, son to Sir Henry, arrives next month. He was to have gone to Melbourne but either he or the G.G. got the appointment changed & I think he was wise to prefer Tasmania. A report got about last week that H. had accepted the Governorship of Victoria, & the papers in a great state telephoned at once to say they had had a telegram, was it true? I longed to say he would not accept it for 20,000 a year but he told Capt. Fielden to say that he would never leave South Australia for another Australian State. I would not be at Melbourne or
Letters 1901

Sydney under the G.G. for anything in the world & I should think he will do all he can not to have any Governors out there & go on with the local L.G’s . . . .

I have been reading Harold a most fascinating book, Dot & the Kangaroo, & another, Cockyolly Bird. Then he loves Kingsley’s Water Babies, all Mrs Molesworth’s, Don Quixote he loves too, Swiss Family Robinson he constantly quotes . . . . Lionel I am sorry to say is like me & never cares to read a book a 2nd time & they have both been so tiresome about reading to themselves that I have now subscribed for them for a book each with the agreement that if they don’t read at least a book a month they will pay the subscription. At present it is working well . . . .

We went last night to the play for the first time since April 1900 to see The Message from Mars, by Mr Hawtrey’s company. Mr W. Hawtrey came to luncheon on Sunday. He is son of the Eton Master . . .

4 August 1901. Government House, Adelaide, Sunday

. . . . This afternoon we are having luncheon earlier at 1.30, & at 2.15 I am going with Lord Richard to the House to hear one of the members, a Mr Price, speak on the Reply to the Governor’s Speech and he is going to attack the Government. He may urge the cutting down of the Governor’s salary which will be rather amusing. The great question this session is the lessening of expenses all round so as to pay for the Federal Parliament and the G.G., which necessitates lowering the number of members. So far it has been taken very well by both parties but there is a great row going on at Melbourne as to the outrageous allowances & salaries allowed to the Federal members—fancy £2 a day travelling expenses when they travel everywhere free, 1st class & sleeping compartments etc., and hotels, except at Melbourne, are ridiculously cheap as a rule, tho' sometimes they rob one as they did us at Largs Bay the other day, £16-18 for the two boys & the nurse from Sunday evening to Tuesday week morning. The last time we were there 35/- a head a week, everything included, & 30/- for the servants & £1 for the sittingroom . . . .

We have received the news of the poor Empress Frederick’s death this morning & have the Royal Standard flying half mast high for the 3rd time since we came out. I cannot say the ‘sad’ news, for, poor thing, it must be such a happy release. The Duke when I was asking about her said he was afraid she suffered terribly . . . . I have just this last week had a little white put into my mourning and now we have to go back into deep mourning again & cancel all engagements. The 7th time I have had to be in mourning since we came out. It makes me quite nervous about leaving off the all black.

I have not gone to the House after all, as it has adjourned on account of the Empress’s death, very glad perhaps of the excuse, as the Government were going to be attacked, so I am going with Lord Richard to enquire after several invalids. He returned on Sunday from Western Australia . . . Young Mr Vesey, a nephew of Sir Arthur Lawley’s who came out as A.D.C. for 6 months, came in the same
Audrey Tennyson’s Vice-Regal Days

ship with him to go to Sydney on his way home; also a Mr Jose, the tutor Sir Arthur Lawley brought out for his son who has just gone with his uncle Lord Wenlock back to Eton, & we have engaged Mr Jose to come to the boys. We heard such delightful accounts of him from so many people & the Lawleys were so immensely pleased with him, Lady Lawley writing & saying to me, ‘He has somehow the knack of bringing out all our boy’s best qualities.’ Lady Lawley was telling me about him & how delighted they were with him when they were here & she & he wrote to us the other day & asked us if we would like him, as their boy could go home in the Ophir but that they would like us to try him for a few weeks & if we did not care for him they would pay his passage home. He only passed thro’ on Sunday with Mr Vesey on their way to Sydney but had tea & dinner here & he is to return & take up his duties in about a fortnight. We all liked his appearance, expression & voice extremely, such a contrast to Mr Maurice. Very tall & not good-looking, but a very bright happy dear face. He [was] going to take Holy Orders lately at home & has been accustomed to teach all ages from 8 upwards. I have not said anything about it before but told Mdlle & the boys on Sunday & then took him up to see them, & he quite captivated the boys & they wanted him to stay there & then. I hope Mdlle won’t try & captivate him, it makes me very nervous having a tutor again but I shall make all arrangements to let them have nothing to do with each other, & Mdlle will really have very little to do, only to teach them French & German & music, but there are many ways in which she can help me, & so often I have to take her away from the boys to go out with me, so that I think she will be happy enough... I hope it will all work well, but we shall really have too large a staff now, Lord R., Capt. Fielden, Mr Jose (like close) & Mdlle..... Harold showed me the beginning of a fairy story he is going to write, ‘They won’t give me any marks to get money by, so I must write a story & try & get some.’ ‘Have you written any more to it?’ ‘No, I’m only going to write 3 lines a day so it will take a long time’....

10 August 1901. Government House, Adelaide

I must just begin my letter to you today to wish you very many really happy returns of your birthday..... You are not 78 as you said in your last letter, you were only 77 yesterday. Hallam is 49 today, is it not dreadful? I feel we are both getting so old that most of our life is over and that things do not matter much now, as time passes so quickly that we shall be old people in a comparatively short time. Still of course, in the natural course of things we have still a good many years. Twenty or 30 years seems nothing to look forward to. I wonder whether everybody feels like this when they have passed 40.....

We had an Italian man-of-war in the other day, the Puglia, & had the Capt. Cancelle & his flag lieutenant, Rossetti, up to luncheon & then they came to tea on Sunday to say goodbye—very cheery nice men delighted with Adelaide. They were sent by their Government to do honour to the Royalties at Perth &
were there for the Royal visit—the 1st Italian man-of-war that has ever been to W.A. & the 4th here—one came in the Sunday after we arrived here. They are now going to all the Australian ports & New Zealand & then to China . . . .

I hope the daily English papers have had more in them than the weekly ones about the Royal Visit, for they never even allude to there being a Governor, which doesn't hurt us but will disappoint you & our friends at home. We have no correspondent here for the English papers & there is such jealousy among the States that they ignore each other as much as possible . . . .

19 August 1901. Government House, Adelaide

...... I have had a very happy birthday & lots of pretty presents. H. gave me Macaulay's Essays in 5 little green leather volumes, so pretty. Lionel & Aubrey, little silver matchbox & some work of their own, & little Harold, bracelets & ring of beads which rejoices his little heart to see me wear, & a kindergarten paper mat he has plaited himself, & a little card he has stitched and also a little Japanese box he bought—'You don't mind Horn buying it, Mamie, do you, because I paid her back with my own money.' He has been working so hard for some time at all these things & said I must not forget always to knock before I came into his room. His new phase is to say what takes least time. 'I really must have that box, Mamie.' ‘There's no must about it. I should say, “May I have that box, Mamie?” ’ Well, may I have that box, but must is much shorter & it takes too much time to say other things.'

Poor little boy, he was so excited because Sunday evening Lord Richard told him he was going to give me a diamond tiara & he quite believed it & yesterday morning told me Lord R. was going to give me a beautiful present that cost lots of pounds, & rushed up to Lord R. as soon as he saw him to ask him when he was going to give it to me & was much disappointed to find that Lord Richard was chaffing him . . . .

It is a great joy to me, darling Mother, to hear that my letters are such a pleasure to you, for I am always so anxious to let you know all & every thing about us to make up for our being so far away, but really the time flies so quickly that even if we do stay out another 6 months or so, longer than you think, it will soon be over. Still, we are quite as vague about our movements as we ever have been, & we must just wait and be guided by circumstances . . . . We certainly have been quite extraordinarily fortunate in having just been here during these last two years, by far the most interesting of any in the history of Australasia . . . .

We shall be very much cramped for room [at Marble Hill] this year if Lord R. & Capt. Fielden come up as well as Mdlle & Mr Jose, but I hope if both remain on with us they will always one or other be away, for there is really nothing for them to do & they fill up the rooms & will prevent us having anybody else, for I must give Mr Jose & the boys a schoolroom independent of Mdlle, first of all because the less she is with men the better—she can't help making up to
Audrey Tennyson’s Vice-Regal Days

26 August 1901. Government House, Adelaide, Monday

I went to a Meeting held by the Bishop of Carpentaria last night, a most awful night, torrents of rain and hail & the wind howling. H. did not want to go, but he was to have taken the chair & of course could not go, & the people do not understand or like our not going to things, especially as last year I could not go out. And I like to do all I can for our Church of England which is so terribly poor and badly treated out here, & the clergy have to work so hard & not half enough to do the work. Of course it is helped a good deal in the out-of-the-way places by appointed lay readers. The Government does not acknowledge the Church in any way.

The Bishop of Carpentaria has a diocese only formed last year of 2 thousand miles, all up in the North of Queensland, Thursday Island, where his Cathedral is (only a church which was built in memory of the poor Australians who some years ago lost their lives in the wreck of the Quetta); all our Northern Territory down as far as Oodnadatta & there Bishop Harmer’s territory begins. This Bishop, White by name, has worked for 14 years in Northern Queensland & has travelled 1300 miles all through the more or less uninhabited Northern Territory down here, stopping and administering to the people he could collect in the bush from the stations, & also the blacks, as he came along.

I forget how many weeks it has taken him—something in the teens—riding chiefly or sometimes driving, till he reached Oodnadatta, where he picked up

Lord Tennyson had whooping cough, which was rampant in Adelaide with people of all ages.

Wednesday. I have just been arranging the new room next to the ballroom which was an old miserable sort of large conservatory with skylight—always wet, a furnace in summer, bitter in winter, & which we got the Government to turn into a room, as it is between this part of the house & the staff quarters. It makes a beautiful room with French windows out into the garden & a lovely view.

26 August 1901. Government House, Adelaide, Monday

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the train which is about 500 miles, I think, from here. He has been lecturing here so as to try & collect funds & men for his diocese & also to support a mission started 2 years ago for the blacks, & if possible, to start another . . . . I am afraid they got very little money last night. When the basket came round to us there were about \( \frac{1}{2} \) a dozen 3d. bits in it tho' the meeting was free . . . .

Letter 1901

3 September 1901. Government House, Adelaide

I have been so dreadfully worried that I could not settle down to write, for we have had a regular rumpus which has been brewing for some time & which Hallam & I have foreseen would have to come to a climax—and on Friday night it did, & Hallam for once spoke very angrily & Lord Richard lost his temper & altogether there has been a great fuss. I cannot & do not care to write all about it, as of course by the time you get this it will all have smoothed down & things will have settled themselves again. At any rate I have come to a thorough understanding with Mdllle & told her plainly what I have thought of her, & that once for all I will insist upon proper ladylike behaviour with the staff. Of course there were tears & she owned to having behaved very badly with Mr Maurice, & I told her, her conduct was disgraceful with him and that it has of course made me more watchful and more suspicious than I had ever dreamt of being with her before.

It really makes Hallam inclined to give up & retire into private life again, for it is not worth vexation of mind & spirit . . . .

9 September 1901. Government House, Adelaide, Monday

. . . . Everything has smoothed down here and is all the better for the rumpus which had been brewing & we are all very good friends again & I hope I shall have no further trouble with Mdllle after having spoken quite openly to her . . . I am sure she is really fond of us all & truly grateful to us for what we have done for & been to her.

Our numbers in the house have so increased and everything is double what it was when we came out. Sacks of potatoes which were 6/6 when we came, this year are 18/6. Mrs Bates told me last week—and you may imagine what we consume, for when quite alone we are 28 in the house & we seldom are alone for many days; 14 men to eat, counting the boys who eat nearly as much as the men. Capt. Fielden has his valet, Lord Richard his groom, who all have to be fed in the house; meat as dear as in England—coal & gas risen in price & we consume more with everyone who comes to the house, each staff his own rooms, fires, reckless amount of gas upstairs & down, and of course, Mr Jose has his own schoolroom, Mdllle hers, so that our expenses have enormously increased & of course one can say nothing & do nothing. All other Governors have their staff paid for them, & gas & coal all over the house . . . .
Audrey Tennyson’s Vice-Regal Days

I received a telegram from Lady Hopetoun asking us to the Cup for the week. We shall only be there a few days & I do not care a bit about going, but we are more or less bound, & it will give H. & the G.G. an opportunity of conversing on state matters if the G.G. chooses to do so. At the time of the Royal visit he hardly addressed the Governors at all, still less on any state matters.

I asked you to send out one evening & one smart morning gown because I have some evening [gowns] Clarke can turn into half-mourning & we shall only be there a few nights and will then, soon after our return from Tasmania, where we intend to go after the Cup, be going up to the hills where one requires nothing but the quietest clothes . . . .

Tonight we are to have all the work-people who took any part in doing up this house to a dinner, and then a concert & speechifying among themselves afterwards. Hallam & I will just go in for a minute when they have finished dinner to drink the King’s health. We are told that the men are enormously pleased and that nothing of the kind has ever been done before, & Mrs Bates is delighted at even having that feast to cook for, having to be grateful for small mercies as Hallam much to her disappointment, refuses to give any balls this year, and as he has had this throat & cough, we have not been able to entertain anybody at luncheon or dinner . . . .

17 September 1901. Government House, Adelaide

. . . . It really is very curious how fate always prevents my leaving off the deep black and my wearing half-mourning. Last Saturday we went to the great Horticultural Show which lasts 3 days, & on the Saturday afternoon there are all the immense crowds of all classes of people, it being a half holiday, & the principal feature is the horse-jumping & trotting etc. of all kinds of horses. All Society is there as well as the lower classes, about 25,000, and I put on a grey gown & grey hat—& sure enough, that night when I & the staff were at a concert at the Town Hall, suddenly the bell began to toll and the news soon spread that poor McKinley had passed away. What an awful tragedy, even sadder, I think, having struggled with life for a week than if he had been killed at once. Again the Union Jack is flying half mast at the gate, this time of course not the Royal Standard, but still for the 5th time that G. House flag has flown thus since we came out. It’s terrible how many friends & relations we have lost since we came out . . . .

The prettiest jumping competition of all, I think, was different sections of Mounted Rifles from different parts of the State . . . There was also a high jump which was begun at 5 foot 3 and raised after each try. They only got up to 5 foot 6, the two first prizes being won by two old favourites, Lubra & Brooklass, who I believe have seldom if ever been beaten in South Australian Shows, the latter quite an old horse. Six foot 9 is the highest record ever jumped out here.

11 William McKinley, 25th President of the United States of America. Elected 1896, and again in 1900, an attempt at assassination was made on him by a Polish American in September 1901, and about a week later he died.
The 3rd prize was given to a Melbourne horse who only last week jumped a great height at Melbourne & his master bought him the other day with the special object of high jumping in this State, but on Saturday he absolutely refused most of the jumps & just put his nose & knocked down the rails—roars of laughter & delight from the crowd, it being a Melbourne horse, tho' the new owner, a Mr Butler Clarke, lives here. I never saw such a curious coloured horse, chestnut with 4 white stockings right up to its body & one side of it piebald & the other side entirely chestnut without a white mark. They call it Ballyhooly. A lady sitting near me, the President's wife, in the vice-regal box, said 'Do you often see horses like that at home, Lady Tennyson?' 'Never, except in circuses,' I said, laughing.

The concert in the evening was for a National Memorial to our fallen S.A. soldiers in S. Africa, a statue, which I think always waste of money—they had much better do something useful with the money & might have endowed a bed or two for soldiers' wives in the Maternity Home.

The last scheme for the Home is that we should have a large fancy dress ball in the Exhibition Building, which is to come off the 3rd October, there being Lancers of 16 of all different kinds, army set, rowing set, golf set etc. the larger tradespeople making up their sets as well, & everybody taking part in the sets or in the ball, paying 5/- each, & hundreds we hope who will only come to look on & be seated in the galleries, paying 2/- each. Government gives us the hall; we hope the flowers & decorations will also be given by different people and the refreshments will be all given, we hope, of course a good part of them coming from Government House much to Mrs Bates's delight. It was only really settled yesterday, so we have less than three weeks. Lord Richard who loves the sort of thing & is in all his glory arranging such things, is the leading spirit and is pretty sure to make it a success. The idea is that all the fancy dress people who form the sets of Lancers will march in procession past the dais where H. & I will be . . . .

This morning little brass plates have been put on all these 3 doors, explaining they were the rooms of the Duke & Duchess during their visit here. I asked the Commissioner of Public Works to put up something that they might be remembered. On this door is: 'This room was used by H.R.H. the Duchess of Cornwall & York as her Morning Room July 9th to 15th 1901.' I always wish people in olden days had labelled everything—I always do as much as I can . . . .

Lionel is looking a very pretty boy just now, & can also be most amusing when he is in the mood but is just as harum scarum & persistent for what he wants as ever. People think him so like me & especially like dear Father.

21 September 1901. Government House, Adelaide, Sunday

I have just come back from the Wesleyan Chapel where there has been a Memorial Service for President McKinley, and all the leading people & the Military were taking part. I, Mdlle & Capt. Fielden in full staff uniform which
Audrey Tennyson's Vice-Regal Days

I always think so pretty, sat in the seat with the American Consul & his wife—a Mr Murphy. There was also a Memorial Service in the Cathedral but this was the Representative one so I advised H. to let me go instead of his only being represented by one of the staff, & I am very glad I did . . . .

I feel very sad today for I dreamt such a vivid dream last night—that I was in the drawingroom & suddenly heard home voices with Lord Richard in the porch, and I rushed out and there was darling Cis & Nell & Dorothy etc. I screamed, ‘Oh God, it is Cis’, & then I threw myself in his arms & said, ‘My darling Cis, what does it mean, can it really be you & that you were not killed after all,’ & I burst into tears & called to Hallam to come. Then he told me he had not been killed after all, but that he wanted to disappear . . . And such a curious sensation a few weeks after our darling Cis was taken. I was reading on the sofa in Hallam’s room after dinner & as I often do if my eyes smart, I stopped reading for a few minutes & shut my eyes. In my mind’s eye then suddenly I saw our Cis lying dead, but with such a beautiful happy expression that it really comforted me more than anything could have. I lay gazing at him for about half a minute & then all vanished . . . .

I wish I could send you fresh the beautiful delicious little branch of lemon blossom that is here on my writing table brought in to me by Lionel yesterday. I must enclose a piece in my letter. Orange & lemon blossom always make me think of you & also sweet verbena, more than any other flowers, darling mother. I can’t say how much happier I have felt this last week about my little Lionel. It is quite extraordinary the difference of expression on his face. Poor little boy, I had worried dreadfully over the dogged sullen expression that he constantly wore—simply, I am sure, from being bullied by Mr Maurice and irritated by Mdlle who has never loved him in her heart of hearts since Mr Maurice’s time, as he saw & said too much, & she has since then often been rather unkind & unjust to him & favoured Aubrey. Now he feels he has someone of his own in Mr Jose, & his happy boyish expression has returned.

Oh dear, you can’t think how weary one often feels & how one longs to get away from it all & be alone & quiet. But always having to struggle first with one then with another to keep peace, & study the different tempers & temperaments, first the children, then the staff, then the servants, for it does not seem to me that one gets very much help from the staff. I have to superintend everything & everybody, especially since Capt. Wallington left us. It really will be a joy to be quite alone again sometimes. Now I sit down to breakfast every morning with 4 men, including Hallam, & of course generally luncheon & dinner too, unless any of them are out after dinner. Four of us always play a rubber of bridge, & then I go to Hallam’s room & we generally are alone together for an hour or so before bed, but often Lord R. comes in and talks.

I am sending you an account of a R.C. Refuge I opened on Saturday. I know it will please your mother’s heart to see all the nice things they said about me, but of course I always feel I do not deserve it all in the least, and it is very spoiling for they make such a fuss about the slightest thing one does.

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This afternoon we are expecting 400 State School Teachers, men & women, to a kind of garden party & it is pouring with rain, it is a nuisance . . . .

We are indeed grieved about your disappointment at our non-return at Xmas. I can’t quite think why you should have settled definitely on our return then as I have always said our plans were so uncertain . . . There are many reasons why I think Hallam ought to stay on if he can. There is no doubt public life is intensely interesting. He is in the prime of life & has done extremely well so far—an acknowledged fact by the whole of Australasia, of which we have had proofs I am not at liberty to divulge. When he gets home unless he gets anything else to do, he will miss it all terribly, I am afraid. Then again, it was an enormous expense coming out and we cannot possibly leave here & get home again under at least £1200. Our voyage will cost £900 & all has to be paid by us, unless we stayed the full 5 or 6 years, which we shan’t do—if so the Imperial Government wd. give us £800 . . . .

Then Hallam hopes to put by a part of his income each year to save for the children, for alas, it has been most unlucky about the copyright Bill which he had so hoped would have been arranged & passed in time to save so many of the poems in 1900 & which he worked hard at before leaving home . . . More go out [of copyright] this or next October . . . All this, of course, considerably lessens our income and one has to look forward to the poems bringing less each year, not more, and our expenses each year with the boys’ schooling etc. must increase, so you will, I know, understand how we have to look at and face all these things, and certainly just at present we feel guided to stay out till the early part of 1903 . . . but mind you, I do not say by any means that we shall, only that we may . . . .

The coming ball on the 3rd for the Queen’s Home promises to be a great success & there is a huge excitement in the place over it & we hope to realise a large sum. I have settled to go in an ordinary Drawing Room Court Dress with train, feathers & tulle. I have got an unmade mauve satin for the train & probably the boys will, in their breeches, act as train bearers just to see the procession & then go home. The Court Dress will be interesting to the people here. The tradespeople have been very good & kind. One offered a cheque of £10-10, but Lord R. asked them to provide decorative material for the hall instead. Another has taken 100 tickets for their employees in the 2/6 galleries to view the ball. Another is supplying the furniture for sitting-out places as it is a huge Exhibition hall . . . We shall have about 22 or more fancy dress sets, 16 in each, who will march in procession past the dais . . . .

Janet Lady Clarke, with whom we stayed in Melbourne for the Royal visit, comes to us for the ball, with a nice pretty daughter, Vera, & she—Lady C.—is to be one of the judges for the 3 best sets, to whom Hallam is to give medals.

On the 8th we go to one of our principal squatters & his station—Mr Charles Angas, son of the richest & biggest squatter of South Australia. The 

12 The copyright of his literary works formed a large part of Alfred Lord Tennyson’s estate.
young people are very nice & I believe their station, Lindsay Park, is a delightful place . . . . We shall enjoy being there very much, I think, at least I am sure I shall, for I love station & bush life and we shall see the wonderful sheep-shearing in full force.

We have the Lawleys coming to stay with us before the Melbourne Cup week & they will probably go on in front of us for we only have accepted from Sunday till Wednesday. We shall have had enough of it by then, I think, & then our present plan is to go on to Tasmania with the Lawleys; & we both long to go to New Zealand only Hallam is a little afraid of the expense. If he is away more than a certain time from the colony he has to give over the position to the Lieutenant-Governor & share the salary with him . . . .

1 October 1901. Government House, Adelaide

Here is Tuesday morning, but I had one of my terrible heads on Sunday & was in bed all day & Hallam forbid my writing yesterday for I felt very good-for-nothing and very little would have brought it on again.

We now realise that it is old Mr Pennefather that must have told you we should be home at Xmas, for while he was here Hallam said if they cut down his salary he should go home at once, but they have agreed in the House that they would not discuss the Governor’s salary as long as Hallam is here for fear they should lose him, so that he will not think of resigning just at present.

We are bitterly disappointed to hear this mail that the Lawleys will probably not be able to get away and go to the Melbourne Cup week. We had been so looking forward to having them here on the way & then going on all together to Tasmania . . . .

I cannot remember whether I have told you that we have offered to pay Mrs Bates’s voyage home during the summer if she likes to go, as she very naturally has a longing to see her boy, & she is such a good servant to us & the comfort of my life, that we cannot do too much for her. I made her the offer two weeks ago & think I told you that mail but cannot remember. She was very much taken aback & thanked us warmly & I told her she could think over it as she could not go till we are settled in the hills. I have heard no more but I hardly think she will care to face the long two voyages alone & I hope she won’t for my sake, as she is the one person I can thoroughly rely on for keeping order etc. Old Hitchman is faithful & honest, but such a terrible old idiot . . . .

7 October 1901. Government House, Adelaide, Monday

. . . . We are expecting Sir Hector Macdonald13 who has arrived by the

13 Major-General Sir Hector Macdonald, K.C.B., D.S.O. (1853-1903). One of the famous soldiers of his time and popularly known as ‘Fighting Mac’. He fought in the Afghan War of 1879-80. He was in the march to Kabul and at the Battle of Kandahar. He was there at Majuba Hill in the First Boer War of 1881. The Nile expedition of 1884 had him with it, and he fought at Khartoum. In the second Boer War of 1899-1901 he commanded the Highland Brigade.
Letters 1901

mail [boat] & we have asked him to come & stay here, but tho’ we hear he is
coming up to see Hallam we do not yet know whether he can stay or whether
he is going on by the boat to Melbourne. Anyhow we are all delighted to have
a sight of him ... This morning endless interruptions, this afternoon I have to
present a gold medal to one of our S.A. nurses—Nurse Stephenson, who is
going back to South Africa to be married. People to luncheon to meet Sir
Hector who has arrived & is going to stay—a most delightful jolly merry
soldier-looking man. This evening we go to the theatre & he will go with us
& I expect will receive a tremendous ovation. Lady Clarke leaves us this
afternoon by the Melbourne express . . .

It was a lovely day, Saturday, & a pretty sight [at the races]—very hot, so
all the smart new summer pretty bright clothes came out & we had luncheon &
tea in the open, given by the President, a Mr Simpson Newland the author of
Paving the Way, with a nice wife. I was very much amused at luncheon at Mr
Newland & Lady Clarke talking about a Miss Hay who is said to be very
beautiful—an Adelaide girl, now in England—and they were both saying that
when they saw her in London they thought her ‘the prettiest girl in London’.
I could not help saying, ‘Well, I must say, that is a pretty big order to say she
was the prettiest girl in London!’ ‘Oh yes,’ they said, ‘and Sir John Cockburn
said the same.’ That is so like the Australians: they are so thoroughly self-
satisfied & so easily pleased with their own beauties & almost invariably with
very few exceptions, they have shocking complexions & very bad teeth . . . .

Tuesday . . . . I wish you could have seen the crowds & crowds of people in
the street last night near the theatre to see ‘Fighting Mac’, & they cheered
vociferously. The theatre too was very full & he was again much cheered,
& the Scotch regiment were there in his honour in full dress with their pipes.
He is a perfectly delightful man with a simple bright manner & boyish laugh,
looking the strong soldier every inch of him, & the dark grey wonderful eye.
I am sometimes sorry that two of my boys have the dark brown eyes said to be
‘contemplative’. I prefer the strong active energetic character. Still, they may
be some of the exceptions to the rule. I always remember darling old Cis,
the first time he saw little Lionel when he was a week old, saying as he looked
at him, ‘It’s all right, old girl. He has got the proper athlete’s eyes.’ He has the
blue eyes but not the steel grey that ‘Fighting Mac’ has . . . .

14 October 1901. Government House, Adelaide

We had a delightful visit to the Angases at Lindsay Park, driving 28 miles
from the station at Gawler to Lindsay, through several townships. We stopped

14 Simpson Newland (1835–1925) came to South Australia in 1839 with his father, the Rev.
Ridgway Newland. A pioneer pastoralist on the Darling River, Newland later became a
member of Parliament, and advocated far-sighted schemes for the use of the Murray River
waters, and for the development of the Northern Territory. He was a champion of the native
races. His historical novel Paving the Way was very popular and he wrote other works relating
to life in the outback.

15 South Australian Agent-General in London at the time.
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at the school of a place called Sandy Creek as the mistress came to the garden party we gave to the Teachers' Conference, & begged us to look in on them. She is a most curious creature, a Miss Lewis. Her mother taught in this lone desolate school for years & years & now she & her sister live there. Many of the children walk 4 miles to school & 4 miles back, unless they are fortunate enough to get a lift in a cart as they go along the road—little things of 7 years old—fancy, in rain & cold & then in the summer when the heat is sometimes 115 & 120 in the shade & there is absolutely no shade along these bare country roads. And they start at the hottest time of the day, 3.30, when the school breaks up. They think nothing of it.

Hallam of course gave them the usual half-holiday to their great delight. She wrote me a most gushing letter afterwards thanking us, & saying the children wd never forget the visit, and that they said of me, 'Why, she's dressed like anybody else and she's not a bit softy.' What they meant by 'softy' I don't quite know. It generally means idiotic, I believe . . . .

When we reached Lindsay about 5 o'clock Mrs Angas came out with 3 maids in black gowns & caps & aprons to meet us, Mr Angas having met us at the station, & we went in to tea. It was a most lovely evening & they have the most delicious view from their windows over what at this time of year looks like a most beautiful undulating English park beautifully timbered, only instead of large beech & elms etc. they are all enormous gum trees which are very fine & I love them, but they are all one colour, there is no variety in the colouring . . . .

The next day was beautiful again & in the morning I drove with Mrs Angas in her dogcart to the township, Angaston, to get the letters & after luncheon we all went off to the station to see the sheep-shearing, some driving, some bicycling, and the others riding . . . Then we went to the sheds & found 14 shearers, some of them the station hands, others, shearers that travel about from one station to another. It is quite marvellous the rapidity with which the men do the work. They all stand in a row and at the back of each man is a little trap door, through which he passes his sheep after shearing it, and it goes down into a little pen; and at certain times when the overseer sees that these pens are getting full, he goes with one of the hands & as each pen door is opened for the sheep to run out in the paddock, the sheep go out in single file and are counted and the number is written down in the overseer’s book against the shearer’s name. The sheep are then collected again by another man & driven into a long narrow pen where they can stand about one abreast & when they are all in, a man comes round with the tar pot & with a stamp of the family monogram or mark each sheep is branded as fast as the man can go. He just dips his brand in the tar, makes one dab on the sheep's back & it is done. The further door of the pen is then opened & out run the sheep into the paddock. A man on horseback with his sheepdog awaits them & instantly drives them off to the distant paddocks allotted to them & there they generally remain till the following year, lambing as they can all by themselves.
Inside the shed when the men begin work they all stand in their places and at a whistle from the overseer each man runs to the pen across the floor, snatches up his sheep & there is scarcely any movement or struggling of the sheep. They pick them up in their arms & carry them to their own spot on the floor, put the sheep between their legs & cut away—the average time for a good shearer being $3\frac{1}{2}$ minutes—then open goes the little door at the back, down goes the sheep to the pen—the shearer wipes & sharpens his shears & off he goes for another sheep.

In the meantime a boy has come & carried the fleece away very carefully & another sweeps up the small pieces & puts them in a basket. The fleece is laid on a table, judged & pronounced to be A1 or A2 according to the quality—thrown then into the different weighing machines & weighed & passed into the canvas bale & with a most ingenious & simple machine, is pressed down in the sack as tight as ever it can go by heavy pressure. That done, the bale is taken away. Other men sew it up, pass iron bands round it & two other men move each bale to another part of the shed where other men are waiting with hooks & pulley, & it is instantly packed in huge wagons with already-harnessed-in horses, & when full, they start off to the station & put it in trucks to Port Adelaide for shipment to England. The buyers are at the Port and buy it from the owners there.

I forgot to say that when the bale is ready it passes another man on the way to the wagon with a brand & is branded with the name of the owner, the quality & the weight. In less than half an hour from the sheep being caught the fleece is sheared, judged, weighed, packed & in the wagon.

It is all very interesting to see & too funny to watch the sheep’s expression—some of them gazing about in the most composed way & others shutting their eyes... The day we were there, the 14 shearers between them did 1064 in the day, leaving off at 6, & they are paid so much for each sheep. They get up at 5. They are all housed & their food cooked by a cook provided for them in a dining shed—tea & ‘browney’, a sort of very good looking plum bun at 5—breakfast at 7:30, tea & browney 10:30, dinner 12:30, tea & browney 3:30, tea 5:30, supper 8—seven meals a day. At each tea & browney they leave off work for $\frac{1}{2}$ of an hour & then have a smoke after their food which is brought to them in the shearing shed. Then a whistle from the overseer & they all commence work again. Some of them are splendid specimens & look so picturesque with their slouch hats & shirts....

I haven’t told you about Mrs. Angas’s little boy Dudley, aged 9. He is a most dear little fellow and is a most wonderful boy. He is perfectly mad about all machinery. He has a gasometer of acetylene gas of his own & has laid it all on in the nurseries—he manages the whole gas of the house. He is always trying to work out inventions, poor little boy, and told Hallam, with whom he made great friends in a confiding way that he wishes ‘Father would give him a stove for soldering & making things—Father does not know all the money I save him. Why, I mended all the cans before you came & I mend all the pots
& pans of the kitchen. I want a new soldering pin for mine is broken, but I have no money to buy one & I should like a copper one, they are much the best. I have never had a copper one.'

Poor little boy, his family think him rather a nuisance & get bored with all his explanations & inventions, & he was so happy getting Hallam to listen to him & be shown everything. Clarke too he found a delightful listener, explaining to her all the different gases & how they are made & what uses they are best for. He mended the nurse's spectacles the other day, & mends the clocks & either makes his tools or begs them. He now makes his fire in an old tin. The marvel is, he doesn't poison himself with all his acids or blow himself up. His father has now given him an old shed as a shop & he got Clarke to help him carry some pieces of kamptulicon there & mats etc. . . . His family says he is so persistent, if he wants a thing he generally gets it, & he makes friends with engineers or blacksmiths, ironmongers, & generally gets them to give him what he wants. If not, he orders them & the bill arrives for his father, & on being scolded, he says, 'Well, what was I to do—I must have the things & I have no money'. . . . He is a very fine strong little fellow & a most dear little boy, quite a baby in manners & looks. He lies awake at night puzzling out his inventions . . . He must make a name if he lives, I should think . . . Hallam gave him 10/- at which he was wildly excited & rushed about the house showing it to all the maids & he instantly bought two copper soldering irons16 . . . .

I was thankful to hear from Mrs Lane that you understood my telegram, darling mother, & that my gowns left on the 19th, so they will arrive just in time by the mail before we go to Melbourne. The Hopetouns are doing nothing in Cup week except a Garden Party on the 6th, Wednesday. We had intended leaving that day, but I suppose we shall have to stay for that . . . .

22 October 1901. Government House, Adelaide

. . . . We have just had a telegram to say Sir Robert Low from India, a general with two daughters, A.D.C. & maid, arrive tomorrow morning from Melbourne to stay the night & leave by the mail Thursday. We have our own Garden Party of well over 2000 people tomorrow afternoon & I hope it promises to be fine. That means we shake hands with at least 3000 people, for so many insist on shaking hands before leaving. They come up in an endless string on arrival & shake hands, H. & I standing on the lawn. It's a performance I hate, as it is so tiring & difficult having to wander about making little scraps of conversation to people . . . .

We have just received a telegram from the Lawleys saying they cannot leave their State owing to the possibility of their Ministry being turned out. It is a great disappointment & I am afraid they will not be able to come to Melbourne for the Cup, nor to Tasmania with us. We leave here on the 2nd,

16 Dudley Theyer Angas (1890-1938) went on to take an engineering degree at Cambridge University (1914).
Saturday, reaching Melbourne Sunday morning, & I hope we leave for Tasmania Wednesday 6th. I am sure we shall have had enough of G. House by then. At present we intend sending the boys with Mr Jose, Horn & Sophie to Port Victor tomorrow week for three weeks or a month.

My gowns ought to arrive next mail. Lady Hopetoun is wearing bright colours, which is rather odd as we were told from the Colonial Office to be in deep mourning 6 months & half mourning 6—she wears pink & blue. I am beginning to wear greys & mauves now.

26 October 1901. Government House, Adelaide, Sunday

...... Poor Mrs Bates goes this evening to a private hospital to have the same operation as Ernest had, tomorrow morning.

4 November 1901. Monday

Here we are at Melbourne, having arrived yesterday morning after quite a good journey.

There are only the Admiral, Sir Lewis & Lady Beaumont, & the girl Miss Rawson, a very nice fresh simple girl who lives with them...the rest are chiefly staffs, Capt. Wallington, Capt. Corbet & Mrs Corbet who has just had a son 5 weeks ago & a little girl 4 years old, a young Mr Duff & a young Mr Gore, A.D.Cs...We have Lord R. in the house & Capt. Fielden is at Lady Clarke’s as they said there was not room here for him, & the Admiral is without any staff. There must be plenty of empty rooms, judging from the large party we were with the Brassesys.

Lord & Lady Hopetoun are extremely kind & nice & he looks ever so much better & is therefore in much better spirits & quite civil & nice. She being in colours looks very handsome, being very dark she does not look well in black and I have never admired her before, but I certainly do now. She has rather a melancholy weary expression & sad voice which is always rather attractive, but I believe she is perfectly happy & enjoys life, tho’ she must feel being parted from her boy & she takes the other one home to leave him at school next April.

They are not doing anything social much this week. We had all the Premiers of the States to dinner here last night—they are all over here on a conference—& Mr Barton, who begged Hallam to stay out as long as he could as he so thoroughly understands the Australians, and the next few years will be very critical ones in their history. Lord Hopetoun also said earlier in the day he trusted Hallam would stay out as long as he is here, as he is a help. It may be humbug but it is at any rate pleasant to hear.

There is also a Mr de-Moleyns, Lady Hopetoun’s brother here—he is a sugar planter in Queensland with another brother—who looks & seems a particularly nice fellow, but there are always such endless men in the G. Houses that it is

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very difficult to get any conversation with them, especially if one is first lady & has to sit next to the host at meals . . . .

Wednesday. My usual luck. Yesterday I had one of my bad headaches so could not go to the Cup. I did not mind very much for it was a horrid cold blustery day, pelting cats & dogs in the morning, & racing gives me no pleasure, rather pain. The party went off in great style—3 carriages with 4 horses and postilions in yellow, & of course mounted escort. I peeped at them thro' the window. Today it is fine but cold. They have their large Garden Party this afternoon which I hope we shall escape as our boat for Tasmania sails at 5 . . . .

We have had a pleasant little visit here. One night I sat next to Mr See the Premier of N.S.W., a tremendous talker but a very nice fellow & very interesting. He told me how precarious investing in mines is . . . Another night I sat next to Mr O'Connor, the Vice President of the Federal Cabinet & Leader in the Senate, an extremely nice man, said to be the most honest upright man in the Cabinet. I took my opportunity of discussing a new Divorce law they want to bring in for all Australasia, which is already law in N.S.W. & Victoria, making the marriage laws so slack that it is a scandal. He being an R.C. of course feels strongly about it . . . .

10 November 1901. Stoke Newtown, Hobart, Tasmania, Sunday

Here we are in Hobart, a most lovely place, staying with the Lieutenant-Governor & Chief Justice, Sir John Dodds, as we could not go to Government House, the Governor having only just arrived . . . .

We left Melbourne on Wednesday in the middle of a large garden party going on at G. House which we joined just for a short time. We had a very pleasant little visit there. Lady H. is a very nice simple creature, very cold and distant, most of which comes from shyness, I think. She is intensely shy & you can see has to screw up courage to do or say anything. He was very affable & kind this time—has an enormous amount of swagger in some ways & thinks himself a 'mighty potentate', at the same time is a simple good-natured man, I think, but lays himself open in every way to win popularity with the masses & while driving in great state in very smart carriages & postilions, shouts out to the costermongers' carts as he passes along that he hopes they have put their money on the right horse; or when passing another with a small child, shouts out that he hopes 'the kiddy' (as they call children out here) 'is all right', just as he drives along without knowing them. The people think it so friendly & nice of him but it seems to me very undignified in the King's representative. He also speaks to his servants very much as his equals & makes jokes to them, & at the same time it's 'Your Excellency' to him & her every syllable. It is all such a curious mistake. Then they have this large staff who all group together & no one takes any trouble with the guests or does anything, except Capt. Wallington. It is always very interesting to me watching the arrangements in the different households . . . .
... Mr Jose writes me the most delightful letters about the boys, & killed me with laughter about Harold. I long to send you the letters but am so afraid, because I want particularly to keep them, that they might get lost. I hope you still keep all mine together for I have kept no journal—I had not time ever for both—& not even a diary, so I have nothing but my letters to you to recall all our life out here ....

I have left the others in town & returned by tram alone to give me a little time before luncheon. It felt so strange going that little distance alone for the first time since I left England—but it is really such a joy not to be Governor's wife for a little, & no etiquette, tho' one is constantly being touched by the kindness & affection of our South Australians. I was talking to a Mrs Macfarlane who dined here last night ... discussing the awful wrench it was leaving home & she said, 'Well, Lady Tennyson, I am sure you ought to feel repaid for anything you may have suffered by the way in which you have won the affections of the South Australians. I heard so much of it in Melbourne during the Royal Festivities. I used to hear them say, “Oh there comes our dear Lady Tennyson”' ...

... Of course it is as part of Hallam whom they all love & respect, it seems to me, in all the States, that they like me—but it really humbles one when one feels how little one has done to deserve their affection.

The Chief Justice here the other day said to H., 'Oh, what we would give to have you here as our Governor.' We came across from Melbourne the other day with their new Governor, Sir Arthur & Lady Havelock. They are elderly and rather stiff & prim, but very friendly & nice, & repeatedly said they hoped we understood their not asking us to G. House—they had not even got servants. I am afraid they will find a vast difference from Madras where they lived in great state & had £14 or 15,000 a year—here, only 3500 ... They asked us up to tea at G. House Sunday—a very pretty house outside in the most beautiful position above the harbour, & very pretty gardens. It is terrible inside with the decorations, but plenty of nice rooms. Still, I like ours much the best. They say the cold is very great in the house in winter ....

Thursday, 6 p.m. Eagle Hawk's Nest [Eaglehawk Neck]. We have arrived here all safe & well after a fearful passage ... the little steamer rolling & tossing about & bitterly cold & grey ... We left Hobart this morning at 9, a lovely bright morning & so still we thought we should have a lovely passage, but you are never safe from these horrid sea breezes, it seems to me, in Tasmania ....

So thankful to get your cheery letter, darling mother, and find that it is not another heart attack you had that I felt greatly relieved ... The first part was so cheery it made me so happy, & then the end was evidently written when you were so vexed with me that it made me miserable. First of all, about coming home. I have told you repeatedly that when we know when we return home we will let you know ... but if I do not know & Hallam has no idea how can I possibly tell you? Why should you always believe other people—it is very kind of them to settle our plans & say that we return in two years. All I can say is
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that none of us knew it. We are just as likely to come home next Spring—or
next Autumn or next year or in two years. Of course I can ask Hallam to return
home at once or any time before April when it is too hot & he would do so,
I feel sure, but by doing so I might ruin his career probably and I could then
never forgive myself... In fact H. would not have taken me away from you if
you had not your other children near you to take care of you... You had to
leave your mother much more lonely out of duty to your husband & I am sure
you always gave me an example of a devoted wife & mother... I grieve that
we have had to be separated for so far & so long but what can I do? I cannot
tell you plans that have never been made or even suggested. It must have been
old Mr Pennefather, I think, who spread the report of our return, but he was
never authorised to do so & had no business to do so......

Now I really must stop. I am so, so, so thankful that you are getting better
and I trust the dear face is all right by now.

15 November 1901. Eagle Hawk's Nest, Tasmania

We have had such a very happy little time in this beautiful spot, and tho' I
only sent my letter off by the little boat that calls here twice a week to bring the
post & provisions from Hobart 50 miles off, I think I had better begin again at
once as one never knows what spare time one may have.

This morning was cold & cloudy so we started off soon after breakfast to
walk thro' the bush to a place called Fitzroy's Glen. There was only the track
that the woodcutters have used for bringing down the wood. It was frightfully
rough, constantly great trees lying across it which we had to scramble over, with
very thick scrub & wood on each side, & the further we got the rougher it got.
We passed some huge trees about 200 feet high and 7 feet through the stem,
about 121 feet round the girth at the bottom. Magnificent fellows, with the
huge trunks going straight up 150 feet without a branch and then branching
out when it reached light and air. The ferns were most beautiful, the kinds one
sees in greenhouses at home. At last we began to descend. You never saw
such a track going steep down with huge boulders one had to jump down, &
thick scrub. I went down some way & then H. suggested he & Capt. Fielden
should go down to the glen & shout up to me if it was worth going down. So
I sat me down on my little Kodak for it was sopping wet & watched various
little birds hopping quite close to me so happy, & listening to the rich notes of
others. They do not exactly sing, the birds out here, but they have the most
lovely rich notes, some of them—the native thrush, the magpie & some few
others......

Yesterday we had a most exquisite day—bright sunshine & the sea all
shades of blues & greens. We started off directly after breakfast along the
Ocean sands to walk to the right hand point and see what they call 'the blow
hole' & Tasman's Arch on Tasman's Peninsula... This peninsula is joined to
where we are, Forestier's Peninsula, which is again joined to the mainland by a
narrow strip of land called Eagle Hawk's Nest. The convicts were kept entirely out on Tasman Peninsula & this Eagle Hawk's Nest. The strip used to be guarded by fierce chained dogs in rows right across, & soldiers watching this side. They used to feed the sharks so as to bring them near, as another preventative of any convict escaping to the mainland. Port Arthur, where we drive tomorrow, 12 miles from here, is where the convicts were imprisoned chiefly & made to work.

Well, yesterday morning we started along the beach & when we had gone some little way I looked back & saw a boy running after us to tell us we could not go by the beach & led us up across the neck through scrub so one could hardly walk, in fact I fell on my knees once. At last I said, 'Look here, are there any snakes about?' 'Oh yes, this is a terrible place for snakes.' 'Well', I said, 'then you better get us out of this & find a track.' 'Yes, I somehow think I've lost the track.' 'Well then, turn back & find it, please, for I don't like this'—which we did, he having shown me that he had picked up a huge stick ready to kill any... He led us along a track to what is called 'Tasman's Arch' where the sea has broken thro' the cliff and washes into a huge cave into which you look down... Then we walked on a little further & came to a beautiful view on the cliffs of a distant point... Capt. Fielden & I sat there but the little guide & H. went further on to what is called 'the Devil's Kitchen' & then came back saying it was very much like what we had seen in Sark years ago... Then we began to wend our way back... We now walked along the sands & over heaps of rocks which were very painful to one's feet as they were, besides being jagged, covered with the minutest mussels. One place was a very very narrow ledge up the cliff with only room for one foot, but Capt. F. & I got over all right & I persuaded H., who is too blind for that sort of thing, to climb over the rocks lower down even at the risk of being drenched....

We arrived at the hotel at 3 o'clock... & I was very proud of myself for I was really not at all tired & after luncheon we all rested....

Monday 25th. Oh dear, so much has happened since I last wrote from Hobart, and here we are back at Port Victor with the boys, and much as I enjoyed Tasmania I am so truly thankful to be safely back with them. I did not like the feeling of having the sea & 400 miles between us without regular steamers... I have to go to Adelaide Friday to a function of presenting new Colours to the Rifles on Saturday, but hope to catch a night train afterwards to get back here till we have to move up to Marble Hill.

29 November 1901. Grosvenor Hotel, Victor Harbour

We are just going on an expedition to a high hill called The Bluff (at the foot of which used to be a big whaling station in the earlier part of last century, of which you read in Paving the Way) with a family who live here called Cudmore, who have been most kind to us & the boys in taking us for drives etc.—such kind nice people who till 4 years ago lived on their far distant station on the
Darling which, although they were 16 miles even from the nearest little town­ship & 65 miles from the nearest neighbour, they still regret having left! It is extraordinary the fascination the bush life has for men, women & children, & I can myself quite understand it.

These Cudmores have the most terrible Australian twang & I am always in such terror of the boys picking it up. I was amused to hear how Mrs Corbet's child at Melbourne, who only came out last December with the Hopetouns, has caught a terrible twang tho' she has an English nurse, & little Helen Brassey was awful . . . .

9 December 1901. Government House, Adelaide, Monday

....We are in all the discomfort and worry of moving this week. The boys & Mr Jose return on Wednesday & go up to Marble Hill Thursday evening after seeing the great annual cricket match between the two principal schools here.

Yesterday the new Governor of Victoria, Sir George Clarke & Lady Clarke and their daughter, Miss Violet Clarke, arrived by the mail & came up here to tea and to dine and then returned to the ship to go on to Melbourne arriving tomorrow. We all liked them very much and I feel sure they will be very much liked and be very popular, for they have just the manner to please the Australians, simple & bright & unstuckup.

The girl, I suppose about 20 & pretty—has a most glorious voice they say, & has been trained by Marchesi—but she had influenza & has been stopped singing for 6 months . . . .

It will be a very difficult position to fill, I think, with the G.G. there & I do not envy them.

I have to go round saying goodbye to the different Hospitals & charitable institutions all these last days and then as you know, such endless arrangements to be made—what clothes I wish to take, what done with this, what with that. Can I look at this, can I speak to so-&-so, and Clarke is so terribly slow tho' most indignant if I say so. She is getting much deafer & I think she worries about that as it is in the family, & I think, rather anaemic which makes her rather stupid. I do not know what has come over her but she is going for a holiday to her Aunt at Melbourne & will, I hope, come back better. Mrs Bates tells me she never considers it a holiday going about with me—that it is very hard work & she would sooner die than do a stitch of needlework when away from here! I think perhaps I have been too lenient, & it never does. But she is a thoroughly well-behaved little thing & most kind when I am ill . . . .

Thursday. Here is mail morning. Tuesday night & yesterday were terrifically hot & gave me such a head I could do nothing except I had to attend a Committee meeting here about the Maternity Home. It was over 150 in the sun & a dust storm, but mercifully the change came in the midday & one could breathe again . . . .
15 December 1901. Marble Hill, Sunday

We could not stay down in Adelaide any longer, it was unbearably hot, stuffy and dusty so we came up late Saturday evening . . . .

Tuesday, Government House. Here we are down here again. Hallam has just been giving away prizes & making a speech to the St Peter's boys . . . This afternoon we go to see the end of the intercollegiate cricket match and this evening I give away medals at a Girls' Club.

We were wildly excited about the Test Match yesterday resulting in England's victory to the extent of one innings & 125 runs, isn't it splendid? We are so glad. The Australians were so certain they were going to beat us—Clem Hill's father said to Lord R., 'Oh we give the English team about 200 runs but they have no chance.' Clem his son made 46 first innings against MacLaren's 116 & second innings duck, poor fellow. Of course one feels dreadfully sorry for those who are beaten but it is so good for the young Australian who thinks himself so far & away superior to the Englishman—tho' the elders, at least all those I have spoken to, most sincerely wished the 'Home Team' to win . . . .

Thursday. I have just come back from having a bad stump out by gas & feel a little heavy-headed still. It was a nasty tooth and much worse than he thought . . . I am very thankful it is out for I have dreaded having it out for months.

We go back to Marble Hill this evening & leave the 2 staff down here as they are so bored at the thought of Marble Hill . . . They live in G. House and feed at the Club opposite, for we take all the servants up except the laundriymaids & the staff housemaid. I only hope they will remain down a great deal, it is such a relief, nice as they are, to be alone sometimes . . . .

22 December 1901. Marble Hill, Sunday

Our thoughts will all meet the 12,000 miles across the sea on Wednesday, only it is so aggravating that most of our day is over before yours begins—but just about 8 when you are getting up, we shall be having tea with the children & crackers etc . . . .

We have had a dreadful week of tragedies. Another of our poor Troopers, Ogilvy, died last week at Pretoria of fever, only 21, he went out with the 4th contingent two years ago next May & was doing so well . . . . Then a poor carpenter who is Government carpenter & always comes when anything wants doing at G. House came last Monday & told one of the servants his children were ill & by Wednesday two sons were buried & Friday a 3rd died—the eldest 21 & the youngest about 13, & his three other children are seriously ill—all with typhoid . . . There were 19 cases in the same neighbourhood on Saturday.

Then on Thursday another terrible tragedy happened. A Mrs William Pope one of our leading women in society, such a good kind tall big healthy-looking woman, so much liked & well known, & she & her husband wrapped up in each other, was found drowned in some sea baths in a suburb near Adelaide on the sea. Her death is very mysterious as she was talking cheerfully to the
bathing man when she arrived at the baths, & 3 hours afterwards a child went & told him somebody was floating on the water, & the poor thing was quite dead ... It shocked us terribly as it has shocked & distressed the whole community ....

Capt. Fielden talks of going out to South Africa with this new Federal Contingent, but he takes a long time to make up his mind—and I daresay he will think no more about it. We shall be so sorry to lose him, for he is a dear nice fellow, but he feels he is rather wasting his time as A.D.C.—there is really not enough for two men to do here, & he would prefer to be Private Secretary which Lord R. is. Still, he is thoroughly happy with us, I think, & therefore does not like the idea of going & he likes Adelaide better, he says, than any of the other cities he has been in out here. Melbourne he detests as we all do, except Lord R. who loves it, but then he was there 5 years with the Brasseys & has heaps of friends ....

Xmas Day. We have thought, I need hardly say, so much of all our dear ones today ... The children were so happy with their stockings, then presents when they came in early to see us—more when we went down to breakfast. The 2 elder ones began unpacking their stockings at 3 a.m. but happily were heard by Mr Jose & stopped ......

The letters have to go down early tomorrow on horseback. Hallam has been riding the last twice with us, which is delightful & I am hoping he will take to it regularly. He likes the cob he has bought very much.

New Year's Eve, 1901

...... This is probably the last time I shall date a letter 1901—how little we thought this date last year the awful sorrow in store for the nation, & now it is already nearly a year since we lost our beloved Queen ......

You would not believe how cold it is—last Friday it was 108 in the shade in Adelaide & of course very hot here & now we are just freezing with cold in the house, torrents of rain & mist outside & howling wind. We had two young Englishmen up on Friday for the day who have been travelling out here & sailed home on Saturday—a Mr Flint, a professional singing accompanist, a great friend of Melba: a nice little man, very small & babyish-looking with pretty dimples, his travelling companion a Mr Baird, with £40,000 a year, Lord R. says—a most bumptious conceited youth, treating even Hallam as if he were his inferior—whistling in the drawingroom, very purse-proud—and thinks himself an epicure.

At dinner he said to me who was on one side of him, 'Can you tell me what this is I am eating, Lady Tennyson?' 'Well, you have the menu, you can easily see', & I read it out to him. It was a kind of Spanish puff with cream & nougat. Then, 'May I be allowed to use a knife?' 'Certainly, if you like, I think you have one near you!' I was furious—the impudence of the creature!

New Year's Day. The first words I write this year shall be to you, darling
Letters 1901

Mother, to send you every loving wish that you may soon be strong & well again & tho’ in a quiet way at home, I am afraid, that you may get a great deal of pleasure & happiness in your life & especially from those nearest & dearest to you. Who knows that we may not be with you this time next year? Anyhow I think we are pretty sure to be back soon after, but of course we must be guided by circumstances & by what appears to Hallam to be right & his duty.

We were much amused at your letter last week in which you said you were very sorry H. did not resign directly after the Royal visit as your experience is that when people seem to have reached the high point of popularity it generally diminishes afterwards. First of all, I do not at all think that H. was any more popular then than he was before or is now. I enclose you two little pieces that are in yesterday’s & today’s papers & even the most scurrilous paper in the world, said to be the Melbourne Bulletin, last week was very complimentary and urging our return.

Lord Richard goes to Melbourne today for the 2nd Test Match which takes place there & over which there will be great excitement. The 3rd Test Match takes place here about the 16th & H. has almost promised the boys to go down one day at any rate.

Wednesday evening. Such a fiasco! The Test Match which I left off with this morning came off today—& after luncheon we were all greatly excited because we heard 5 wickets were down for 85 runs for the A’s & we all went off for our ride rejoicing. Lord R. telephoned that the men at the Club were nearly weeping with disgust. Imagine our disgust on our return after a three hours ride to hear the A’s all out 112, the E’s all out 61, & the A’s second innings 5 wickets down for 48.

The letters came in this evening. Such a nice batch I had—but oh so grieved to hear of your suffering again with your mouth, poor darling Mother. It does sadden me so terribly & I wonder & wonder whether I ought to leave Hallam & return home to you. Of course if you had not your boys I should not hesitate but I do not feel I can face the separation unless absolutely necessary & I am sure the servants would revolt with the staff only to look after them & Hallam’s life would be miserable. So we must just be patient & wait & see and come home the first moment we really feel we shall be right in doing so.

Loving love to all—we all drank our dear ones’ health today.
4 January 1902

... You again say 'tho' of course you think Hallam must judge for himself. You feel quite sure we ought to have returned after the Royal Visit, but you do not look at the serious side of things & you forget there is such a thing as 'duty', which a good man feels strongly. As I said in my last letter, Hallam's whole object in being Governor is not to win popularity but to do the best he can in what he considers the duty of his office. I can quite imagine our friends wanting us back for their own sakes & tho' we don't talk of our longings to see them all, we have them, but surely they must also see that that alone would not be a reason for giving up working for one's country.

Today I received the regulation orders for peeresses' dresses for the Coronation, & H. & I are congratulating ourselves on being away, as we must have gone, & our dresses would have cost us hundreds of pounds which we can put by instead for our children's education etc. . . . .

Lord R. has been in Melbourne but returned to G. House yesterday. The match was a terrible fiasco & the English team horribly beaten . . . .

Well, I must stop, darling own mother . . . I think you may quite well consider now that you won't have to wait more than a year before you have us all back. When once we have decided, which I suppose H. will do in a few months, you shall have a cable telling you the month we intend to sail . . . .

19 January 1902. Marble Hill, Sunday

This is the last letter I shall write to you on black-edged paper for our good & great Mother Queen Victoria, & oh God grant it may be long ere I have to use it for any one again . . . .

I must tell you about [Harold] two days ago—it will make you laugh. He had been playing flying his kite with Mr Jose & they ran short of string, and Harold was sent in to ask Hitchman for a fresh ball. Whether Hitchman was in the cellar I don't know, but H. came back to Mr Jose furious, his little face flushed, saying 'I am going to telephone to my Mother!' 'Why?' 'Hitchman locked me up in the cellar.' 'Oh, how was that?' 'He said I was intruding.' 'What did you do?' 'So I turned on the beer tap & he soon opened the door & let me out then.'
Poor Hitchman, considering it is his own beer barrel, I expect he did open quickly.

26 January 1902. Sunday

I left off last mail just before starting down to the Oval to see the end of the cricket match, & long before you receive this you will have heard that, after all the splendid fight, we lost it, which must have been a bitter & terrible disappointment to poor Mr MacLaren... Everybody says that it was the hardest fought match they had ever seen and Clem Hill says it was the best match he ever played in. The A's had to play most carefully... Even before the last three runs wanted to finish the game, & time was drawing on when it was most important for some of the team to catch their train, there were 4 consecutive maiden overs, & then came the last batting stroke & the wonderful match, lasting 6 days, was at an end.

Our men played with the indomitable pluck worthy of true Englishmen up to the very last—even at luncheon there was still a chance of our winning—but the great Victorian, Trumble, could not be got out & all knew that until he was safe away from the wicket there was a great risk for the Englishmen... There is one thing that I am very glad of & that is, that as Australia did win the match it was thanks to our two South Australians, Hill & Darling, & Trumble the Victorian, that they got it....

The days have already begun to draw in & I require candles now to dress for dinner. We have a Colonel Hunt staying with us. He came up for last Sunday too, & sat with us in our box nearly all through the match—evidently a cricketer himself & very keen. He used to command the 10th Hussars & is now out here for the Imperial Government to buy horses for South Africa. In two years he has shipped 25,000 from the 4 States Queensland, N.S.W., Victoria & S.A. It shows what an opening there is for these people in that way, as India requires such endless horses—& he says there are plenty of private people shipping them off as well. He pays from £12 to £14-10 each for them.

There has been great excitement the last three days as on Thursday, during the Match, Colonel Madley the head of the police came to our box & beckoned to Lord R. & asked if the Governor would dispense with his escort as there had been a robbery of £12,000 down at Port Adelaide & all the troopers were wanted to scour the country.

Two managers had been to the bank to get this sum in actual money to pay wages, & just before they reached the works at two o'clock in the daytime, 2 masked men on horseback told them to 'bail up'. They shot the pony of the cart dead & then stood over the two men who had been thrown out, one of them stunned, with a revolver & took the handbag out of the cart, mounted their horses & rode off at a breakneck pace. One of the managers had a revolver in his pocket but could not get it out in time & when he tried, the other man threatened to shoot him on the ground if he moved.
I am thankful to say one of them has been caught, a notorious bad character who, even when being identified, struck two of the people most fearful blows in the face, injured the trooper who captured him, & when the third witness came forward to identify him he had to be pinioned, so it shows he is a pretty desperate character.

They rode their poor horses which they had stolen from paddocks nearly to death & then let them loose, throwing saddle & bridle over the hedge, & a man was seen to meet them with a new bicycle. I do hope the other accomplices will be caught for it is the most brazen-faced thing I ever heard, in broad daylight, with crepe masks. One of these & a revolver were picked up close to the spot, evidently being dropped in the hurry to get off. No trace of the money has been found & they think it must be buried.

We don't see much of our staff, they both stay down & amuse themselves in Adelaide & Hallam is too kind to say anything, & is glad they should amuse themselves & not be bored & dull up here, but it is a great expense having to pay their club bills for all they eat & drink!

Thomas has finally so disgraced himself that he has had to be turned off at a moment’s notice, tho’ H. offered to pay his 3rd class fare home by the Cape, but he says he can’t go home—& is at any rate grateful by word of mouth to us, tho’ I never trust him, he is such a humbug & so untruthful... We shall have to cable home & ask you to find us a very good first footman, smart, clever, with a good head as poor old Hitchman often loses his—must be steady & respectable with a personal character, & he must sign a paper that he will remain with us as long as we are out here—which can’t possibly be many years; if not, he forfeits his voyage out by the White Star Line by the Cape; and start as soon after the cable as he possibly can, having ordered himself a livery, undress suit, coat, & hat & gloves, & the buttons can be added when he gets here & we will pay the tailor’s bill if they send it out here... You can tell him that all our former servants came out with us & are now with us, except Thomas, & signed a similar agreement. We have butler, two footmen & an odd man, & of course, help when we entertain. If he is sharp & attentive the first footman travels about with us wherever we go & so sees an enormous amount, except now & again we take Charles or Hitchman for a treat.

He must be experienced & sharp & quick, but very steady, for the temptations to drink & gamble out here are so great... We must leave wages to you. No beer, 2 liveries, one pantry suit....

Please do not worry about my letters—it really is not worth the trouble of putting them in a safe—but you can, if you want to get rid of them, send a packet now & again addressed to me with ‘Private’ outside, & send them to Mrs Blakeway, telling her to take the greatest care of them....

2 February 1902. Marble Hill, Sunday

.....We have had a very hot spell this last week, our coolest side of the
Audrey Tennyson's Vice-Regal Days

verandah 93, the highest point except one we have had up here... We did not ride in the heat, but after tea went down to the tennis & croquet ground & played croquet, & the other hot evening shot at a target with the air gun......

As to my letters being in safe custody, darling own Mother, it is most good & dear of you sending them to Lord Cadogan's agent, but you must not mind my saying so, I really would much rather you had them or sent them down to Mrs Blakeway, for if anything happened to the present agent, the first thing the new one would do would be to wonder what these parcels were, open them & think they were some private possession of the late man, & toss them out & probably into the fire......

I wonder what people in England think about the G.G. having been censured by his Commonwealth Parliament. Happily Reid withdrew his motion, otherwise the G.G. might have been placed in a very awkward position, as there was a great deal of strong feeling on the subject everywhere1......

16 February 1902. Marble Hill, Sunday

......Yesterday being half holiday we went for a picnic tea with the boys, the two elder ones & I riding, Hallam, Harold & Mr Jose driving... We all enjoyed the drive & ride immensely. The monument is on the top of Mount Lofty, a most hideous structure right at the end of a very high promontory about 2300 feet above the sea, & there we dismounted, made our tea, boiled the billy & had a huge tea, Hallam calling us gluttons because we ate and drank so much......

I went down with H. to Adelaide when he had his Council, first of all to see the Chairman of the Committee of the Maternity Home, when we discussed various matters as there was to be a meeting next day. Then we got upon other subjects & I told him I did not think we should stay out our full time, at which he expressed himself very sorry & that everybody would be sorry to lose us, & then he said, 'And now, Lady Tennyson, what I am going to say is absolutely sincere with no wish to please but what I really believe to be true: Government House has never been under any Governor what it has been since you & Lord Tennyson have been there, with such a high tone & standard, etc. etc.' Of course it is nice to hear these things & to feel that one's work is appreciated & that one is surrounded by true friends, as I really believe we are, tho' of course one knows that all Governors are soon forgotten when they go & new ones come, & that is quite as it should be......

1 This probably refers to a speech made at the annual luncheon of the Australian Natives' Association in January 1902 by the Governor-General, Lord Hopetoun, on the policy which he and his Prime Minister Edmund Barton had agreed to pursue towards the Boer War. There had been some controversy as to whether a Federal Contingent of soldiers (alluded to several times by Lady Tennyson in previous letters) should be sent to South Africa. The Government had decided not to send it unasked, but only if the Imperial Government should need it. The Leader of the Opposition, George Reid, who was at the luncheon where the speech was made, moved a motion disapproving of the Governor-General's speech when Parliament next met, on the grounds that it was improper for the Governor-General to intervene in Federal political affairs.—Cunneen, Role of the Governor-General, pp. 141-3.
I am sending you photographs of the Contingent up here the other day—it is not flattering & one would think I was a great fat creature instead of being slight & thin—I tell Hallam that if I am the fright I always come out in these groups, I had better hide my face—but I am getting of course much older & daily greyer. The last eighteen months has made me much greyer but I don't in the least mind . . . .

Clarke came back from her four weeks holiday on Tuesday & is very indignant, & very much hurt with me, because in looking for some things I wanted during her absence I found all my things, new & old, in such an awful state, everything tossed helter-skelter into any box handy, without a single piece of paper & all tumbled like old rags, that I sorted everything & put them in apple-pie order. She says I might have waited till her return . . . Poor thing, she has become terribly deaf & I think anaemic & I expect that accounts for a good deal. She is a very nice respectable well-behaved kind little thing when I am ill, but she is terribly lazy & slow & has become so spoilt out here . . . .

Wednesday. I have had two days of terrible headache on my sofa—I can't think why, except that I have boasted lately that they have been better & then I always am sure to have a bout.

The G.G. wishes to come to us the beginning of May because his household will then be moving to Sydney & also he wants to attend some races here. It is very tiresome for it makes us move down from here earlier, but of course we can't refuse, as we refused to have him in January when he wanted to come & make us all move down to G. House, just when we had got settled up here & at the very hottest time of the year too. We said he could have G. House at his disposal & bring his own servants but he refused saying he was not given an allowance for that & therefore could not go to that expense. I trust my clothes will have been sent out as I said, not later than the middle of March, if not, they will not arrive in time for his visit. We do not intend to do very much, for neither are we paid nor did we agree to entertain the G.G., but probably the people of Adelaide will fete him a great deal . . . .

22 February 1902. Saturday

On Tuesday Sir Edward & Lady Hutton our new Federal Commandant are coming here from Melbourne, but as far as we can make out, he will be down at Adelaide all the time. They are only to be here from Tuesday to Friday & he has to review the troops etc. She is a daughter of Lord Charles Paulet and an only child now, I think, & Lady Charles is very rich. I think she is in her 44 or 45 year & she is said to be delightful.

Sunday. We are expecting Mr Leake, too, the Premier of W.A. but I do not think that he can come up today as the ship at 1 o'clock had not been sighted from Cape Borda. I believe he is a nice fellow & I hope at any rate he will come for the night tomorrow . . . .

Monday . . . . Here is afternoon & we don't yet know whether Mr Leake is
coming up. The steamer only got in this morning instead of yesterday & Lord Richard, instead of telegraphing as H. asked him to do, sent a note to the Club. Oh dear me, men are so trying—being 12 miles from shops & carriages etc. etc. gives such a lot of trouble, & Lord R. will always do things his own way & does not understand how inconvenient it all is. We have to send cook & housemaid this evening to G. House to prepare rooms, breakfast & luncheon for the Huttons tomorrow on their arrival from Melbourne as she wishes to rest there till the afternoon before driving up here. Then we have only really one spare room & maid's room, so that if we have people it means a lot of shifting & arranging of rooms . . . .

We have another sad case of typhoid at one of the market gardeners on the way to our village—3 boys at the hospital, the youngest, 12, was buried Saturday . . . I wanted to ride down & see the poor Mother, but Hallam & Dr Marten won't hear of it. This is the time of year for typhoid. Sister Hill, the Matron of the Children's Hospital, told me she has 15 cases just now & these boys are at the Adelaide Hospital, not hers. She came up to spend the day with us on Friday & gave me several useful hints for the 'Queen's Home'. She is a most splendid woman, came out from home 23 years ago. She has been for years at this model ideal Children's Hospital where there are 88 beds. She gets £120 now, having begun at £80 & her uniform, & looks after all the house-keeping & servants & everything, but there is a man Secretary. She says they now feed typhoid all the time instead of starving it—a little & often, & scraped raw meat sandwiches when possible so that the exhaustion is not so great when the fever goes, which was so often the danger of typhoid . . . It is a terrible curse, typhoid, out here . . . .

Hallam had a most kind complimentary letter from Mr Chamberlain praising him as Governor, which I know will please you as of course it has us. He has gone down to Adelaide this morning for his weekly Council & will bring back Sir Edward & Lady Hutton . . . .

I am dreadfully afraid we shall not go to New Zealand which will be a bitter disappointment, but I do not urge it too much as Hallam says it will cost two or three hundreds & that we ought not to spend so much perhaps but save what we can for the boys. However, I always hope on, tho' it will be difficult with no A.D.C., but Mdle would be far more help & comfort to us really . . . .

3 March 1902. Marble Hill

. . . . Tuesday. I have got poor Hallam laid up with gout in his foot again & in great pain. He is so tiresome, he felt it coming on but as usual would do nothing till it got bad, & then stood playing billiards for an hour or so yesterday, & so of course his foot swelled up & was much inflamed & great pain, & he has now to lie on his bed as he can't get down. Before I forget it, will you order me 2 yards of *pink oil silk* & send it in an envelope by the next mail via Colonial Office . . . .
Hallam says in answer to your question as to whether he reads or speaks his speeches, that with his compliments, you will see him there addressing the troops without a paper—he is very much insulted at the idea of your thinking he reads his speeches!! Half the good & point of them would go—but of course he studies his subject & arranges his speeches before & often if he quotes anybody else, he generally reads the quotation . . . .

We had a very nice little visit from Sir Edward & Lady Hutton . . . Sir E. has such a nice hearty manner & such a good strong face, good-looking & with the usual very blue eyes of most generals. We did not see very much of him for he only stayed two nights & so had two dinners & two breakfasts & then had to go down to inspect at Adelaide . . . On the Thursday we gave a small garden party of about 120 to all the officers & their wives & also invited the Ministers & their wives to meet Sir E. & Lady Hutton . . . She is a nice woman & I got to like her very much, but she has bright golden hair—a terrible drawback for a woman of her age as of course one's first impression is that it is dyed, but hers is perfectly natural & white eyelashes & eyebrows—otherwise must have been pretty, & beautiful skin. She is rather deaf, H. says, which probably gives her her stiff manner, but she is very simple & a really thoroughly nice good woman & a perfect lady—he seems to adore her & always calls her 'little woman'.

She was much struck with Harold, but did not seem to pay much attention to the chicks—& she takes everything very placidly & never praises anything except that they both at different times said what a good cook we had, & he said it was the one thing he was very particular about. Sir Richard Grenville of 'The Revenge' was an ancestor of hers, her mother a Miss Grenville, the same family . . . .

We are all in despair, the poor English have been beaten today in the 4th Test Match out of 5. It really is too melancholy & sad—and so bad for the Australians . . . .

9 March 1902. Sunday

Tomorrow we have to go down to Adelaide to meet Sir Herbert & Lady Chermside, the new Governor of Queensland, if Hallam is well enough. I am sorry to say he has had a very bad fit of gout in his foot, so painful the first two days he could not lie quiet or bear the bedclothes to touch his foot hardly, but he is better than that today tho' his ankle is still swollen and painful. Still instead of lying quiet another day or two, he insists on walking about . . . .

Tuesday. We came down yesterday to G. House to meet the Chermsides who were due at 11 o'clock, but as is always sure to be the case when one particularly wants to know when the steamer will be in so as to make arrangements, she passed the signalling point without being seen, so that we could be told nothing for certain & had to bring down luncheon & dinner for 11 & servants etc. on the chance, & come down early ourselves and then no one came to luncheon &
no one to dinner . . . We were told they were all going on by sea to Brisbane, which means that they only spend a few hours here; then suddenly we had a telephone message to say that they would all come up, but Sir Herbert & Lady C. were going to stay here a few days, & the staff etc. going on.

However, at last, about 4 o'clock H. & I were sitting in one of the drawing-rooms & I saw a man coming the wrong way of the drive past the windows & wondered who he could be. Then Charles went to the door & I heard an English voice asking if Lord & Lady Tennyson were in & if he would take in his card, & it turned out to be a Mr Cotsford Burdon, son of our old neighbour at Aldworth . . . He was just able to tell us a little home gossip before the Chermsides arrived—he a very short plain little General of course, with a biggish moustache, but very bright & cheery—she a tall thin lady with greyish hair, very languid & looked as if she were going to cry. Without being seasick, she had been very miserable from Colombo & refused to leave her cabin & would not eat . . .

Well, I will go on about our guests. Lady Chermside was a Miss Webb, not young, well over forty, tho' they were only married about two years ago. Her father bought Lord Byron's place, Newstead, & was angry with his son for borrowing money from the Jews & has made Lady C. his heir & left her the place & money. There is very little doubt that tho' a General, she & not he, rules. It is always 'I', & 'I won't do this & I will do that etc.' But I liked her on the whole. I think she is very anxious to do well & tho' she gives one the idea of having been very much spoilt, with a good opinion of herself, she does not give herself airs . . . Sir H. & Lady C. stayed at the hotel that night & yesterday moved to an hotel in the hills, she absolutely refusing to come & stay with us or have any meal with us!

Then there also came the little Duke of Leinster, with a young relation of his, Mr Stewart, as tutor—a very nice fellow, & the boy such a dear nice-mannered Eton boy, 15 the other day, perfectly simple & boylike, thoroughly enjoying the cake at tea & the fruit they bought in the town . . .

Yesterday I went with Capt. Fielden & the Chairman of the Committee, a Mr Phillips, who has worked hard for the Queen's Home, to see the building which is nearly finished, as far as we can at present build—only the left wing with the door & porch at the end now, so as to be the centre when it is finished. I am perfectly enchanted with it. Such a pretty building with large wide verandahs on both floors, such wonderfully bright cheery pretty rooms opening on to the verandahs, large airy passages, & pretty entrance hall with pretty staircase coming down into it. Every convenience, bathrooms, pantries, cupboards, kitchens quite shut off, beautiful underground larder—& a laundry, separate building, joined by verandah. How I wish you could see it. It is yellowy white sandstone picked out with red brick, & mullioned windows. We shall begin with ten beds, I think, if we can, & I hope it will be opened early in May. It is pretty sure to be photographed & then I must send you one. We want more land terribly but the land on each side is not likely to sell at once so
that it stands quite alone on a large grass space of land to sell, but our own piece is paled off & comes close up to the finished side of the Home.

We have got the most beautiful photographs & prints of famous pictures, the money collected by the secondary schools, who asked me to help them to decide what to do with it, with a fixed determination that it must be artistic, so I asked those kind Briton Rivieres to choose them, which they did, & they arrived a few mails ago. There is not a single corner in the whole house; every one is rounded to prevent germs & dust, & everything inside white paint, except the staircase & hall, which is mahogany-coloured wood . . . .

17 March 1902. St Patrick’s Day

. . . . I should think [the English Test team] will one & all be delighted to start home again on Thursday—I only wish they had done better. They are all much disgusted at the Australian team going by the same steamer, & several of the wives too, & there is scarcely a gentleman among them, but they one & all insist on calling themselves amateurs & not professionals, tho’ they also insist on being tremendously paid, whereas our Englishmen who are paid call themselves professionals & are treated as such, & only expect to be; & the gentlemen don’t get a penny except that their expenses are paid. Each of the E. professionals gets £500 for the trip, & Hayward & Lilley have had an extra bonus of £100 each, & each bowler gets £5 for every 5 wickets he bowls in an innings or match. I am not sure which. On Friday Braund & Gunn each got £5 for bowling 5 wickets each but then all these are professionals.

Harold has taken violently to cricket & plays with his poor Nana if he can’t get anybody better, abusing her play the whole time. The other evening he asked Hallam & me to come & watch them, with a kerosene tin [wicket]. (Regular Australian: you see all the little urchins & men also who can’t afford wickets playing with kerosene tins—these are bought by everybody—packed & sent out in cases from America & put to every conceivable use you can imagine —flower pots, buckets, packing cases—and there is even a house inhabited but built chiefly with them beaten out, near Adelaide.) . . . .

The Federal Parliament etc. are getting more & more unpopular hourly. They certainly have managed in one year to put everybody’s backs up—rushing everything to such an extent instead of going slowly & tactfully, & trying to keep the whole power in their own hands. Several individual people have told me lately that if the Commonwealth were put to the vote in the States tomorrow, there would not be one single vote in favour of it, & I firmly believe it, it has not done anybody any good except the well-paid Federal Parliament, & has raised everything in price. The people say they have been entirely deceived & that Federation is absolutely different from what they were promised.

A man from Queensland who mixes with all classes of men told me the other day that in Queensland the people are quite ready for a revolution, they are so furious with the results of Federation, & say they are quite strong enough to
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stand by themselves & break off from it. This was an Englishman to whom it mattered not.

Sir Herbert Chermside drove over the other day & spent an hour or two with us & we liked him so much—he has the usual soldier's blue eye & is evidently a very able man & very well read, & interested in so many subjects. Today we have two Eton boys coming up for two nights who are travelling for their health round the world with a young doctor—one, the son of H's friend, Mr Stanford the musician, & the other, young Macmillan, son of our publisher, Mr George Macmillan . . . .

23 March 1902. Palm Sunday

...... On Saturday which was a most lovely day, we drove, the elder boys riding, to Mount Lofty for Hallam to unveil a brass placed on the Monument there in memory of Flinders, it being the centenary yesterday of his having first seen this high hill from Kangaroo Island & called it Mount Lofty, when he came out in the Investigator with Sir John Franklin to search around Australia & found the different ports—Port Lincoln, Port Victor etc.—then on his way home he put into Mauritius where he was captured by the French who of course we were at war with then, & imprisoned for 7 years, after which he returned home, wrote his book of travels and died in 1814 . . . The Admiralty charts of the present day are all founded on his surveyings.

On April 8th we go down to Port Victor to unveil a tablet there also in his memory, as having on that date, 1802, planted the English flag on South Australia & encountered the French there, the bay now bearing the name of Encounter Bay, who were also on their way there to take possession, but were a few hours behind the Englishmen, having wasted time on the way catching butterflies & picking up shells in Van Diemen's Land . . . .

30 March 1902. Easter Day

...... H. & I went down to G. House on Wednesday afternoon to see the 8th Contingent & say goodbye, driving straight down to the parade ground where we walked down the lines of the men who were drawn up, and then Hallam addressed them in a farewell speech . . . Good Friday I went to morning service with Lord Richard, then drove quickly back, picked up H. & we drove off to one of the camps to visit the Easter Volunteers, & H. had to spend his afternoon visiting three other different volunteer camps, it being the only day during the 5 they are camped out that he could see the men as they have sham fights etc. He drove out to the suburbs to one, & then by train to the sea shore to visit two others—their camps in the sand dunes. The men & officers were very much pleased at his visit & he came back having quite enjoyed it, I think, & his foot & back none the worse, so I think the worst must be over . . . .
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We have all been terribly shocked out here over a terrible case in South Africa. A young Mr Morant, a cousin of the Brockenhurst Park Morants, our friends, who has been out here in the Bush about 8 years—probably owing to being Ne'er-do-weel—went out with the 2nd South Australian Contingent & I remember very well talking to him up here, a very jolly wild sort of fellow, immensely popular & very amusing—but a regular dare-devil sort of nature. He seems to have left the South Australians after a time with whom he was only a trooper, & was officer in some regiment formed in South Africa. We have no details to hand yet but another officer has returned home & reports—& there is apparently no doubt about it—that Mr Morant & two other Australian officers cruelly tried some Boer prisoners by Court Martial among themselves, & shot them in cold blood, & these officers have there been tried by Court Martial by the Imperial authorities & Mr Morant & one of them shot, the 3rd imprisoned for life. Of course this would never have been done except for very grave reasons, but it has shocked us all dreadfully, & the other officer shot is from Western Australia & has left 3 children & a wife & the first news she had of it was from reading it in the papers..... An account from the authorities has been asked for but not yet come.

I suppose Sir Edward Hutton will hear the whole account. H. is much distressed, because hitherto all our South Australian volunteers have been satisfied with having all their expenses paid for the Easter camps—but no pay—and they have always answered splendidly to the call, but now because the other States pay their volunteers, our men are to be paid also 8/- a day besides all their expenses, which are already paid.....

The feeling against Federation increases daily. The Labour members of the Commonwealth have insisted on tea duty & kerosene duty being taken off, which means at least £69,000 a year to this State & it is the general impression that poor South Australia is doomed, also Queensland & Tasmania—the three smaller States. How New Zealand must chuckle at not having been persuaded to join Federation. I am so thankful we were here for a little before the new régime. One wonders what is ahead. Thank goodness, we shall be out of it all, extremely sorry as we shall be in most ways to say goodbye to South Australia & our kind friends here.....

6 April 1902

..... Tomorrow [the boys] must begin work again & Mr Jose is to return. He got back to Adelaide Thursday but because he had a cold and his temperature nearly 99!! he as usual was terrified & will persist always that he has Influenza. However we saw him yesterday & H. told him he must come up tomorrow. He is a thoroughly nice fellow, but has his health on the brain. He will insist on very few hours work & H. won't interfere & says he must do as he thinks best—& he thinks I know nothing about education. It worries me a good deal & especially as I asked the Duke of Leinster's tutor, a very nice Mr Stewart, to
write me down the hours at Mr Tabor’s at Cheam, a very well-known private school where he & the young Duke were—he I think as Master—and the hours are very nearly double what our boys do. He hates getting up early himself & so insists on the boys not getting up before 7 or 7.15.

I am afraid there is absolutely no chance now of Lionel going into the Navy for he ought to have begun long ago to work up for it—and now that they have raised the age to 15½, if a boy fails he is too old for any public school to take him, so that he is cut off from that very important training for an English boy.

You in your letter write a great deal about Sir Richard Calmady and begging me not to read it. H. read it & thought it horrible. As far as that goes, I am afraid I am now too old a matron for it to matter what I read—but those kinds of books have never had the slightest attraction for me however much people may be talking about them. I have never read a book that I have heard was not nice, not that I think it would hurt me in the least, but they would give me no pleasure. I have no curiosity of that kind in my nature, and I have not half time enough to read all the nice books I should like to read, & therefore still less for reading bad ones. But I must own, it always amuses me how most people read these kinds of books out of mere curiosity & then abuse others for reading them.

We have to come down again Saturday to open a Ladies College—there’s no rest for the weary—I positively loathe that drive down from Marble Hill when once we get to the bottom of the dear hills & have 4 miles of absolutely straight hideous road.

14 April 1902. Monday

...We are much excited about the telegrams suggesting that peace is really being arranged as the King has returned hurriedly, & there was to be a second Cabinet meeting on Sunday—Oh may God grant that it is so, as long as we do not give in in any way to the Boers, otherwise I am afraid it will mean beginning all over again as soon as the Boers can regain their strength.

We have just had a man named Bradley & his son up to show a flying machine he has made to Sir George Clarke. He is a genius in his way & has invented a good many things but I fear Sir George has pointed out a good many serious mistakes in this—one feels so sorry for him.

Tuesday. Well, we came down yesterday afternoon, bringing Sir George Clarke Governor of Victoria down with us & his A.D.C. Capt. Vallange—oh such a lovely day at Marble Hill, but rather too hot down here. We found Sir Arthur Lawley already arrived from the steamer & his P.S., Mr Parker, grandson of the late Lord Macclesfield & 1st cousin of the present peer, a boy of 14 who succeeded his grandfather.

We all had a picnic tea down here in the ballroom as the house is still upside


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down tho' Mary has been down a week getting the paint & the floors scrubbed before the men come to lay the carpets. Mrs Bates came down earlier in the day & had a most recherché little dinner ready at 6—tho' I only told her in the morning we might come down and have the Governors to dinner, or we might stay up and she would have to pack them a dinner for the train.

*Wednesday.* We drove up here again yesterday afternoon—such a hot day in Adelaide, regular delicious summer weather, really perfect up here but rather too hot & stuffy in Adelaide. I took H. to see the Queen’s Home & he was much pleased with it, & the Matron is enchanted with it. We are anxious to open it on Victoria Day, May 24th, the most appropriate day for opening her Memorial, and excellent as it is a Saturday & we can therefore make a big thing of it.

I hope very much we may go to Brisbane this winter & stay with the Chermsides & on our way see the Rawsons at Sydney, who arrive the end of May. Everybody is most kind in expressing sincere regret at the idea of losing us & I really do think H. will be a very great loss not only to this State but to the other State Governors who at any rate, some of them, fully realise that they have a good friend & a strong man in him.

Federation seems daily to become more & more the despair of everybody, and you don’t mention the subject to a single man or woman of any class that is not disgusted with the whole thing. One can only hope that it will turn out better than now appears.

20 April 1902. *Sunday*

......We had to go down to Adelaide again yesterday to go to a Polo Gymkhana in aid of the Polo Club to which Lord Richard belongs. He took part in one race but we did not see him as we had to leave the Gymkhana to go to a distant township, an out-lying suburb called Edwardstown, for H. to lay a stone of an Institute, for which he was presented with a silver ladle & a most enormous sort of wooden mallet with silver plate, made out of a very choice piece of blackwood, a very pretty Tasmanian wood which grows also here but not to great enough size to make use of in this State.

After the laying of the stone we went to visit a very large furniture manufactory, the cabinet part the largest in Australia, where they employ 120 men, & nearly the whole of the work is done by machinery. Four years ago it changed hands, the former owner giving up, when a Capt. Morris & Mr Hill came forward & put a lot of their money in it from pure patriotism, thinking it such a pity the trade should go out of South Australia—& now they have increased so much in the 4 years that then, they only employed 60 men, now 120. They have a wonderful manager who came out from home & has been there 24 years & worked it all up—a tremendous enthusiast, & he assured me that during the 24 years they had never had the very slightest dispute with their workmen. The business began by making little cheap birdcages. They were immensely
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delighted at Hallam’s visiting the workshops—only unfortunately the men of course were all absent, it being Saturday. One machine can make 350 broom handles in an hour or 800 rails for towel horses.

Monday. We have had no bushfires all the summer but now we see them all round us at night, tho’ not bad ones. The moonlight has been so beautiful lately too. Last night we played a round game before the chicks went to bed by brilliant moonlight in the verandah, until there was a shout that there was a bushfire coming up the gully towards the tennis court, so the elder boys & Mdille dashed off to see it—but as there was no fencing in the way & no wind, they quietly let it burn, and it looked very weird, all the blazing fire thro’ the trees.

We have been having different relays of people up to luncheon & have more today & tomorrow. The Bulletin, which is the scurrilous paper of Australia but wonderful to say has never abused us yet, says this week: ‘That Lord & Lady Tennyson are very popular—he, because he never makes any speeches! (that’s pretty good—his speeches are renowned & constantly reported in all the other States) she, because of her practical goodheartedness, but they never entertain & are very frugal, so the Government are going to reduce the salary from £4000 to £3000 for the next Governor, as it shows a Governor can be popular tho’ he is frugal.’

The Bulletin must be spiteful—but it is wonderful that they have never said anything worse than this about us. We entertain, I should say, quite as much as if not more than the other Governors, only we don’t give many big dinners but have a few people at a time generally, as one gets to know them so much better. Lord Hopetoun refuses to do any entertaining unless he has a large allowance for doing so, which has not yet come forward in the Federal Parliament. It was suggested when first he came out, but the States would not hear of it then & I doubt their doing so at any time.

27 April 1902. Sunday. Harold’s 6th birthday

This is our little Harold’s 6th birthday & I can’t help grieving that he is getting so old & that as soon as we get home I shall have to do away with a nursery for good & ever—I should like to have a nursery and a baby in it to the end of time!

We are miserable at leaving these dear hills but the house looks miserable now with everything packed & put away. I wonder whether we shall ever come up again, certainly not for a summer anyhow.

Hallam has insisted upon my sending you this little cutting out of one of the daily papers. The pictures referred to are those for the Queen’s Home.

‘Old Maid’ writes:—‘Those who have lately visited the picture gallery on North Terrace have been much impressed by a few of the new pictures on the walls, including that of Queen Victoria, with its faultless pose; and the portrait framed in oak, of Lady Tennyson, with the unmistakably sweet personality of the original, whose gracious manner has endeared her to all Australians who have had the privilege of seeing her.’

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Thursday, Government House

Mail day and I must scribble off some most loving thanks, darling Mother, for my box of lovely things—my hats are most becoming and just what I like and I shall have one of them copied in purple velvet & blue velvet. For my gowns, they all fit extremely well considering, & the alterations are not very bad. Mrs Ker Lane has sent me one more than I ordered, so that I have any number of gowns now, but it is a very pretty smart brown so I don’t mind, & I shall now have plenty of gowns for this coming week and all the different functions.

5 May 1902. Government House, Adelaide, Sunday night, midnight

The Hopetouns arrive tomorrow at 10. Somehow I think there is very little excitement about their coming as far as we have heard, but they are to drive up our principal street and down again on their arrival, and the people may collect to see them & Hallam has asked that people should hang their flags etc.

I have been on the go & almost entirely on my feet today since I got up—and we had a few people in to dine and as I told you, Sir Arthur Lawley has been staying with us since Friday, but he gives no trouble & loved driving up to Marble Hill & riding down with me & the boys. We are about 20 to dinner tomorrow night, 48 Wednesday, Thursday the Mayor’s Ball, only house party Friday—only house party as their E’s go out after to a meeting. Saturday about 20, Sunday about 30 & Monday they go & right glad shall I be for I feel so tired & weary already before they come & can get no rest till they go. I am now waiting for Hallam to come to bed.

Tuesday morning. I got so far twice this morning & could get no further. Now the G.G. is going to hold a Levee & everybody has disappeared so I have run up here to try and write a little more... The vice-regals arrived all right this morning and looked very bright & seemed pleased to come and I think we shall get on all right. I always like her when I am with her.

Tuesday night 11.30. We have had a small dinner of 22 and now I am nearly ready for bed & waiting for Hallam... I believe the Levee went off very well but I have not heard much about it—about 700 I think. Quite good but not so many as have come to Hallam’s...

Sir Arthur is such a nice fellow—I wish she were here, & both the Hopetouns are as nice & friendly as possible. H. & he had a long talk this morning. Capt. Wallington looks so well & has got quite fat, & I tell him he is a regular fraud after having heard he was so ill & spitting blood. He is very happy to be back here & says he always feels this is more home than any of the other G. Houses.

11 May 1902. Government House, Adelaide, Sunday

Most of the party have dispersed in different directions this afternoon so I have come up to at any rate begin a letter to you.
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The Hopetoun visit has gone off extremely well so far... Of course seeing them quietly in one's own house, one gets to know people as they really are—which is impossible when one only sees them in public among numbers. There certainly is a very great charm about him, & when feeling well he is most amusing, & they are both absolutely simple. She I have always liked, & this time she is in colours & dresses very well tho' simply, and I admire her far more than I have ever done before, tho' I should never call her a great beauty.

I think they have thoroughly enjoyed their visit & we have had dinners every night but two, when we went to the Mayor's Ball and when we had to dine at 7 for him to go to a meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association, or the Y.M.C.A. as it is commonly called—that was Friday, the day of our Garden Party but it looked so threatening & was so showery that we could not risk it out of doors, & 2000 muddy boots & wet cloaks & umbrellas would have ruined the house inside, so on Friday morning we settled to have it in the Exhibition Building which had been all decorated for the Mayor's Ball the night before. Lord Richard & I went off there directly after breakfast to say what we wished done & he stayed there all day to superintend. Mdlle & her flowers & flower glasses & all the crockery & eatables had to be carted off. Mercifully we got ready & all the maids & servants that could be spared were there a little after 2, & shortly before 3 we & the G.G. arrived. Poor Lady Hopetoun got a chill somehow & was in bed all day so did not come, which did not really matter as 3500 people saw her at the ball the night before, and she has been to two days' races. We shook hands with over 2000 people in an hour which was pretty good, was it not? H. first, then me, then the G.G., Mr Jose handing the cards to Lord Richard & he calling the names out. It all went off very well & I think the people liked it. It was a novelty, for one thing, & then they had no fear for their new frocks etc.

We had to dine early & Lady Hopetoun was keeping quiet up in my sitting-room, & so Lord R., Mr Jose & I went to the Play to see Sweet Nell for the last night (Tuesday). One of the prettiest plays I have seen for a long time, & really beautifully acted by Miss Nellie Stewart, a Victorian—who is about 47 years of age, they say, & has always since she was 17 acted in comic opera. This is the first time she has taken a part of this kind & she is most fascinating, so ladylike & refined all through, & there is not one improper insinuation all through from her, tho' of course one knows she is the King's mistress. She does both parts equally well—the Orange girl of Drury Lane, & the great actress, & her singing is delightful.

Well, to return to the Hopetoun visit: they left us full of warm thanks yesterday afternoon, & the relief of being alone & quiet again last night, and when one woke this morning, is great....

I am afraid their visit will cost us a fearful amount, for they in themselves were a party of 7 & the menservants are always a fearful expense. Of course, we had to have in endless extra men—one head waiter from Melbourne for 9 days at 25/- a day, & endless food & drink, & actually tho' he left us at 4.30 one
afternoon & his journey of course given him, he charged 10/- for arriving at Melbourne at 10 in the morning, nearly half a day, & his food given him for the journey.

The waiters here are £1 a day or night, & food & drink. For the journey to Melbourne for one night for Lord & Lady H. & 2 staff, their valet brought a list of wine they wd require—2 bottles of whisky, 2 bottles of claret, 1 bottle port, 9 bottles Spa water (which costs I don't know what out here!). Then he took a menu to Mrs Bates, saying they required fish, 2 chickens, a tongue, ham, fillet of beef, & other things I forget—dessert, pears, apples, grapes & bananas; bacon & eggs to fry for their breakfast, tho' they stop at an excellent station for breakfast & are due at Melbourne at 10; tea, coffee, 2 large bottles of cream, milk, rolls, bread, 1 lb. butter etc.

All these things & quantities ordered by the valet, if you please. I really should like to let Lord H. know, for I call it scandalous. Of course Mrs Bates gave them, as I have told her to give everything asked for, but she told me of it indignantly & said she hoped she was not wrong.

Then they bring 2 menservants with them, so we have to turn one of ours out & also one of theirs, & they leave us the bill to pay for theirs as well as ours—£1-1 a night, but the hotel keeper reduced to 15/- just for the two beds. They left £30 to pay our servants & their escort, but then even we for a few days have left £& &c £10 at Government Houses—still, of course, that was very liberal . . . .

I have just had a very nice warm letter from Lady Hopetoun, thanking for all our kindness—she is a particularly nice woman . . . a great deal of fun in her when she gets over her shyness . . . He is a curious mixture of simplicity & conceit—full of fun, a wonderful mimic, & extremely kind & thoughtful & open. He talks to one in the most open way, but I am afraid, suffers a great deal of discomfort from his health, owing to terrible indigestion. He is very angry that they have refused him the extra money & declares he shall not give another cup of water to anybody. He had hardly entertained at all since the Royal visit, is sending away his steward, chef & lots of other servants this week, & all his plate back to England.

Well, here is a thunderclap for Australia—the Governor-General resigned, & Chamberlain accepted his resignation!

I have not looked at the papers yet but we had a telephone message last night after 11 from the newspaper office, to say he had resigned in the Senate, & as soon as the mail has gone I shall read what is said . . . .

Hallam is Deputy Governor-General till a new man comes out, & received his Gazette for that months ago, in the event of the G.G. being ill or leaving Australia, which might have been published at the time but the G.G. wished it kept secret. What it will mean I don't know, but it comes as a great blow to me, for fear we should have to leave Adelaide for Melbourne or Sydney, which I should hate, especially the former place. Still, duty comes first & I am sure that there are thousands of Australians who will rejoice at Hallam having the
honoured position even temporarily. He has heard nothing from Chamberlain as yet, & I do not welcome any change & should have liked things to go on as they are till we return home... We do not think it will make the slightest difference as to our returning home at the same time as we had intended, nor do we at all wish that it should.

18 May 1902. Whit Sunday

....Well, we have heard nothing more about Lord Hopetoun's departure or his successor except that it was reported two days ago that Lord Balfour of Burleigh was coming, & he is the man that Hallam & I have always wished for, & hoped would have come out from the first. It would have been far better if he had.

The papers are all very full of Lord Hopetoun not being more highly paid, & make out a lot of statements which are hardly correct. I see the Times says that he has to pay all his journeys & expenses of visiting the different capitals—the only expenses he had coming here was his tips to our servants & his tip to the conductor of our vice-regal car, either for himself or his staff or his servants. We have had a huge expense & as I told you, had to provide sumptuously in food & drink for the journey back. He never pays for a journey of any kind in the way of tickets, & it is the poor State Governors with half or a 3rd of his salary who have to pay for entertaining him when he visits them, & are bound to give dinners etc. so as to let the people see him, or they & possibly he would cry out.

They make so much of the two 'great' Government Houses he has to keep up—they are kept up for him, & Sydney is smaller than this. He will have received £25,000 in money if he goes now in 18 months, & in the paper yesterday it was announced that £45,000 had been spent on him by the Commonwealth since he arrived, for he has had so many special trains given him, even for his horses & his servants to go to Sydney, which is 500 miles from Melbourne.

Of course, they ought not now to cut off his gas & coal which they promised to pay & which they told him they must charge for after the 1st May, but after all, that is not worse than the Governors, & probably it has been frightfully abused and all the other allowances too, which are really meant for the Governor's private use but are frightfully abused by everybody, servants and all in the house. Lord H. has kept 30 horses in his stables & 12 men in the stables in livery, & they say 30 servants in the house. I don't know if that is true, but it is the same house he had before as Governor & the same as Lord Brassey lived in, receiving only £7000. Naturally he has had to spend vast sums of his own—& yet except a large garden party & a few dinners, he has done no entertaining since the Royal visit. Of course, every Governor has to spend a large sum of his own income & if the G.G. spent £5000 beside the £10,000 salary, without reckless extravagance I quite believe he could satisfy the people.

It's all very unfortunate & I am very sorry. He wrote a tremendously warm
letter to H. to thank us for their visit, saying how much they had enjoyed it & how he was afraid we must have been put to very great expense etc.

Harold was very funny the other morning. He came in saying (where we were at breakfast), 'Oh, Collins (the staff clerk, a delightful Irishman, the comfort of our lives & devoted to Harold) says I owe him £100 for his services & I can't pay him that.' 'Well, you tell him,' said Lord R., 'that he is like the G.G. & wants too much.' 'Yes and,' added Harold, 'that he better resign.' Evidently having grasped the whole of the situation!

No more news whatever about the G.G. I live in dread of H. having to take his place, for he would probably be always being abused by someone in one or other of the States, & we are so happy here we don't want to go. Something must be settled soon, if it be true as reported, that the G.G. is going soon ....

26 May 1902. Government House, Adelaide

..... I have had very sad letters from you the last two or three mails which make me very unhappy, for I feel so helpless to do anything & know not what to say—for tho' you tell me you receive so much unkindness & ingratitude & no love or kindness, you do not tell me from whom, tho' it is evidently from your children. If I only knew what they had done & who had been unkind to you I would write to them, & am sure I could put it right but I am so in the dark. Even I cannot sympathise with you in words without knowing what it is, tho' I do most deeply from my heart, & it makes me miserable to think of you unhappy & alone ... Well, never mind, cheer up & try & dwell on the good & best qualities of your children & if possible, forget their faults ....

No more on sad subjects. I want to tell you what an enormous success the opening of the Queen's Home was on Saturday & I am sending you a copy of both papers as the Register describes the Home best and the Advertiser the speeches etc. ... Of course I know you will like my little speech because I made it, & I am thankful to say I got thro' it without a break, having learnt it by heart, but I was trembling all over when it was done & was glad to hide my face in my bouquet. People said tho' they could not hear most of the men, they could hear every word I said, & what makes me very conceited is that lots of people, I hear, told others not there that it was a far better speech than those of the Statesmen who spoke—What it is to be a woman & the Governor's wife!!

There were at least 12 or 1500 people, for 500 invitations were sent out & besides that, over £26 was taken at the gate in 6ds. They were all grouped in the piece of ground in front of the building & we all stood & spoke from the lower verandah—& outside the palings there were more people than inside & piles of carriages & vehicles. There were endless flags etc., 2 men having slaved at putting them all [up] for nothing, & as soon as I had unlocked the door with a solid silver key given me, the people simply poured in. They had little tea tables in the background & took £16 in 6ds for tea.
I wanted to have my stall in the laundry, a separate building with two doors, & suggested it several times but the committees did not fancy the idea & are now sorry, for having 3 stalls upstairs, a very large number of people were quite unable to get up to them, for the crush was awful—& of course they all made straight for my stall, where we sold nearly £35 worth... Mrs Bates took over £5 at her stall of cakes, & says she could have sold piles more than she had. The one thing you are always sure of selling in Australia is eatables—they are a most greedy people & spend most of their incomes on food. This of course is for you, and not the public!

I happened to go out in the passage & staircase after having helped a little at my stall, and there I found the most awful crush and block—& in another minute I think a poor old lady who was clinging for dear life to the banisters would have been done for. I found our Chairman at the bottom of the stairs trying to cope with them but could do nothing with them, no one would give way, so I shouted down to the people below after having extricated the old lady & put her into a room where she could lie down, begging them to clear a passage for people to pass along, and of course when they saw who it was they were bound to obey and did so, & by degrees we got a little order, but such was the crush that I could not leave the staircase for a minute to call Lord Richard... He said to me afterwards, ‘Well, Lady Tennyson, you may have done most things, but I am sure you have never acted policeman before.’

I enclose you a pattern of our nurses’ gowns which look very pretty in the piece and I have settled all their dress. The pink gown with soft white cuffs turned back, instead of hard starched ones, & on them is a little narrow band of the pink gown, collar the same, the belt to come over the apron, the Marie Stuart cap with the point in front & at each side pinned into the hair—quite flat, edged with a frill & also the little band of pink round—they are most becoming & so simple. The Matron all in white & the same cap only she has strings tied under the chin to make a difference....

I made six little quilts of coarse white linen all openwork, stitched with pink or blue, & the turnover embroidered in large letters either pink or blue, ‘God Watch Thee’, ‘God Guide Thee’, ‘God Loves Thee’ etc. for the little cots, one of which stands by each mother’s bed. Then I offered them for sale at my stall at 5/6 to be presented as presents to the Home, & sold 4 which made over £1, Harold insisting on buying one with his mark money & chose ‘God Loves Thee.’ I am now finishing off six more to give to make up the dozen which is all the beds we shall have for the present. I feel very proud of the Home for it really is very very perfect....

No further news whatever about the G.G’s departure or whether Hallam will have to take his place temporarily. I don’t think about it at all, for I hate the idea of leaving our own State which we might have to do, & sufficient for the day etc....

Another contingent sailed from here Monday, all in a terrible state [lest]

3 A sample of the pale pink cotton fabric is still pinned to the original letter.
they might be stopped before they got off. They may still be stopped at Fremantle if Peace is declared.

I wish a great many young men I know could be made to go & learn a little hard work. Fancy, Mr Jose told me the other day that ‘he really must tell me that he had been fearfully overworked & overstrained, having been with them (the boys) 8 months & only had a fortnight’s holiday.’ He had had 4 or 5 weeks’ entire holiday travelling about alone before he came to them & might have had more had he wished, & that after only three months with the Lawleys’ boy. Then we left him with the boys for 7 weeks at the sea & he never opened a book with them & complained to people that the strain of the responsibility of being with them was so terrible—& he had two nurses there with him to look after them!

He does no work with them till 10 o’clock, stops at 12 with 10 minutes rest at 11. Then he never sees them again till two for luncheon & unless he plays some game with them, which he looks upon as rather a hardship, he does not see them again till 4.15, then has them for 1¼ hours & at 5.30 has done with them for good. He was a fearful martyr because he was supposed in the summer to be up at 8 to drill them for a hour and generally did not appear till 8.30. And when not too hot he had to play cricket with them for an hour or so every morning before luncheon ... He said he must have his Saturdays & Sundays & often used to go from the house at 8 a.m. on Saturday to Adelaide till Monday at 9. Is it not sickening to see such indolence & laziness in a young man of 28? ‘I have been dreadfully overworked & overstrained, Lady Tennyson.’ I told him I really could not answer him in any way except that I thought he had an uncommonly easy time of it ... Oh I tell you I am sick to death of men, but he is such a high-principled fellow & I believe during their terribly long hours he teaches them well. He generally only has one boy to teach at a time as Mdlle has the other, & he assured me that the difference of the hardness of the work & hours here compared to the large private schools where he has been master is very great!!

4 June 1902. Government House, Adelaide, Wednesday

Monday at 8 o’clock Mary came in with the joyful news in a cable from Mr Chamberlain that Peace was settled, & Hallam had to send down messages to Lord R. to send off the news to the Premier, the General, the Postmaster, the Chief Justice & the Mayor, who was also asked to have the Town Hall bells pealed, & in a quarter of an hour they were pealing, & by prayer time flags were flying everywhere & the news was known everywhere ... At 1 o’clock we drove in state to Parliament House, large escort of troopers, uniforms, servants in full livery etc. and it was quite wonderful the huge crowd that had collected in that short space of time, and as we drove to Parliament House we were greatly cheered. Harold drove with us; the boys, Mdlle & Mr Jose went ahead & were waiting for us on Parliament House steps with the Premier, Mayor etc. etc.
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H. said a few words & then read out the cablegram from Mr Chamberlain; then the Premier, then the Mayor, & the short but very impressive, delightful little function was over & we were again greatly cheered as we drove away.

Still we hear nothing from Mr Chamberlain. It is supposed H. will have to be Administrator & take Lord H's place on July 16th when the G.G. has now settled to leave Australia, but whether for days, weeks or months, we know absolutely nothing, which is rather trying as we can make no plans or arrangements. Personally, I should be thankful if a new G.G. came out at once but of course it is a great position to have held & I feel my Hallam is quite capable of doing it well if he gets the chance of proving his ability. There is one thing he will do on every occasion & that is, uphold & not swamp the State Governors.

2 June 1902. Government House, Adelaide, Monday

Such a cheery letter from you was brought up by Aubrey this morning after his early breakfast and when I was having my tub, so I had to tell him to put the letters into my sittingroom next door. You can't think what a difference it makes when I receive a happy letter from you, tho' of course I love you to pour out your worries to me if it is any comfort to you, even if it makes me miserable which it must do, if I have any feeling or love at all in my nature.

Of course you & I have always been like sisters as well as mother & daughter. I always tell everybody so. How I yearn for a daughter I can't tell you—it is so foolish & I struggle hard against it for I know I can never have one now.

Still no news from Chamberlain which is very trying as it is no joke having to leave here & moving servants, children, stables etc. etc. 1000 miles to Sydney, which I fear it is our fate to have to do, & not to know whether it is for a few weeks or two or three months. The Federal Parliament may be still sitting when Hallam has to take the reins on July 16th, the day Lord Hopetoun leaves Australia, & if so, he would have to be in Melbourne & I should probably go with him & just stay there quietly in a few rooms of Government House & leave the children here, or perhaps it will be better in every way that I remain here. Then when Parliament breaks up the Ministers have to go to Sydney & the G.G. has to be there, which we should not mind so much, tho' we would far rather remain here till we go home, & the boys say they would much rather stay here.

Of course at any moment we may hear that a new G.G. is appointed & I wish it might be so, for our own happiness—& of course H. may only act for a week or two, if so, I imagine we should all remain on here, & only he & his P.S. move, but that too I should hate, as you may imagine. The bother is, that the moment we both move it means two establishments, & both of them necessarily of a certain size, for the schoolroom & nursery alone mean a goodish number of people & rooms & to be cooked & done for. Then if I go, I must take Mdllle & that means taking her from the children's French & German.
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I hope you will soon be making your arrangements for going to Farringford & having friends to stay with you there. All the excitements of the Coronation festivities will be over & I suppose people flocking from London. We begin the day here by an Official Service at the Cathedral. Then in the afternoon we have to attend a Methodist service; from there, to a great feast & treat given to thousands of children—every school child in South Australia is to be treated, & all poor people to receive some sort of help. In the evening, we have an official reception for everybody who has the Entrée, with their wives & families, between 3 & 400—& we intend after receiving the people & shaking hands with them all, to have one of our principal singers to sing God Save the King just at the hour the King will be crowned, & the whole party to sing the chorus.

I have just been writing to the Princess of Wales & sending her a photograph of the Queen's Home.

My head is very troublesome, I cannot think what is the matter with it—I shall probably collapse before the end of the day . . . .

One of our prominent men met Hallam the other day and said that South Australia was very proud of his acting G.G., and that 19 out of every 20 persons would vote for his being made Governor-General proper, if it were put to the vote . . . .

I heard from Lady Chermside the other day from Brisbane, telling me that as an unexpected surprise, a baby is expected early in October, & her sister is arriving here by next mail. They have only been married about two years & she is well over 40 & he well over 50—& she looks such a typical old maid. But Byron’s place is hers, left to her instead of to her brother who is out here & with whom the father quarrelled, but what is very nice to see is, the brother & sister are devoted to each other. She was a Miss Webb. Her father I think made his money & she a great heiress . . . .

15 June 1902. Government House, Adelaide, Sunday

. . . . Not a word yet from Mr Chamberlain & I do not suppose we shall hear anything till after the Coronation. It is announced in the papers that Lord Hopetoun is going to draw half his salary till he arrives in England, & if so, Hallam would only get half & be put to great extra expense—but everybody says he can’t, it is against the Constitution, for if a Governor resigns he is no longer Governor when once he is off Australian soil, but if he goes away on leave he draws half his salary while away & the Lieutenant-Governor has the other half for doing his work. Besides, people say it will be the most unpopular thing he could do—no Governor who has resigned has ever done it before. However, we shall see. I do not think it was an official announcement, but others think it was. We really know nothing & really wish he had waited till we got home to resign. They have voted him another £5,000, so that he will have had £30,000 in 18 months and many of his expenses paid up to 1st May,

Victoria Mary of Teck, Duchess of Cornwall and York, and at that time Princess of Wales.
Territorial waters—the area of sea, usually three miles out, adjoining the coast and adjudged to be under the jurisdiction of that country occupying that coast.

In the fourteenth and fifteenth century territory and boundaries were often blurred. Maps used by war lords and pilgrims were more often rough guides and articles of faith rather than explicit sets of landmarks. It was mariners who accelerated the mapping and charting enterprise. While opening up the world by sea, the Spanish and Portuguese invoked the territorial principle of Mare clausum (closed seas) in the fifteenth century. Having sailed into unmapped waters in the New World and the Orient, mariners provocingly laid claim to the seven seas, locking up their secrets in new maps. The Dutch in the sixteenth century later extended the same fiat over the East Indies. China and Japan remained closed territories and yet, virtually unmapped and unseen, they provided tantalising prospects for traders, diplomats, missionaries, and treasure hunters from all over the Occident. Opening up the seas by navigation was the first step, and mapping newly discovered territories quickly followed.

Maps were (and still are) instruments of knowledge, then they were the most coveted, secret, and valuable documents. Before the printing press, all maps were hand-drawn and many were hand-coloured. Elaborate decorations, allegorical illustrations, fantastic mythical beasts, and symbols representing hazards, fortune, and dominium imbued many prized documents with an almost magical attraction while simultaneously appealing to science. European map creators divided the globe into northern and southern hemispheres; they charted oceans and recorded distant coasts to be rediscovered by intrepid navigators. Geographical information set out in maps and charts was not public knowledge. Mappae mundi (world maps) were used to strategically plan and conquer, and such unique mapped knowledge usually resided in the custody of powerful men, secreted in locked seachests and well-guarded libraries. So valuable were they, in fact, that capturing maps from one’s enemies through espionage or piracy...


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& struggled to get to the Abbey had he been able, but God's Will must be done & one can only pray for his recovery. We were only saying the other day how it had always been prophesied that he would be King but never crowned, but as it was so near the day one quite hoped all wd be well. One can't help feeling terribly anxious for some days. Of course we have put off everything, except the children's & poor people's treats, which could not be postponed & take place today . . . .

29 June 1902. Government House, Adelaide, Sunday

We are all rejoicing today over the splendid news which arrived late last night that the King is out of danger. God has been merciful in granting all the prayers that have been offered up for his recovery & I suppose the Coronation will take place as soon as he is fit to bear the strain. Of course one feels nothing matters now that he is recovering but we are dreadfully disappointed, for I am afraid, instead of joining in all the festivities here as we had hoped to do, by then H. will be Acting G.G. which will, he fears, necessitate his taking part in those of Melbourne as the Federal city.

No news yet of any description from Chamberlain. I think he must be waiting till Lord H. is out of the country. There was a rumour—there have been many—that H. would be made G.G. for the remainder of Lord H's term, which is ridiculous because, supposing C. were to offer the post to H. it would be for the usual time or a very short one. He is not in the very least likely to do it, but if by hook or by crook he did, we should be dreadfully distressed, for it would put H. in a very difficult position. The reporters of the papers are always coming to ask, or telephoning to ask, if such & such a statement is true, but Hallam always says, 'I know nothing & have heard nothing', & I have urged him from the very first not to let Lord Hopetoun, Lord Richard or anybody else know at all what his plans for the future may be . . . .

Hallam is quite as capable & I should say more so, than Lord H. of settling what is right to be done, as soon as he gets his orders from Chamberlain, & he does not wish suggestions made to Chamberlain about him.

Lord H. says his Marquisate has come as a great surprise to him, ahem!!!

Hallam is much delighted to hear of the new 'Order of Merit' & says he would rather receive that than any other, but there is no chance of his getting it, I am afraid. I thought he would have got his G.C.M.G. as it has hitherto been given to Governors who have remained over three years in office . . . but H. does not care a bit about it nor do I, for as given in that way it is no honour & therefore what pleasure in receiving it. The King may have altered the rule & a good thing too. As Chamberlain has written himself to thank H. for all he

6 The Earl of Hopetoun was created Marquess of Linlithgow in 1902.
7 King Edward VII in June 1902 instituted this Order. It was designed as a special distinction for men eminent in any department whatever—war, science, literature, art. The badge is a species of cross of red and blue enamel, and its inner portion bears the words 'For Merit' in gold letters within a laurel wreath. It is worn on a crimson and blue ribbon round the neck.
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has done, nothing else matters to me. If the people at home could see some of the 'My Ladies' out here they would open their eyes. I doubt if one of the new ones has even a servant & looks more like a cook or general servant than anything else, tho' a kindly soul.

We are very much pleased over those H. asked for: Sir Lancelot Stirling, head of the Legislative Council or Upper House and his wife are such nice people, & Capt. Clare of the Protector who went to China as 2nd in command of her.

Monday. As the accounts of the King are so good we have settled to have all the people we had invited for Coronation Night to an afternoon reception at 3 o'clock next Wednesday for Hallam to give the two honours to the Officers, & I am to present two medals to two of our South African nurses who have returned ......

The report is that Lord Hopetoun is now going to postpone his departure till after the Coronation but we have heard nothing from him, except his delight over his Marquisate which he says is a proof his work as G.G. has been appreciated at home!! He vows that he had never given a hint or heard a hint that the King was going to thus honour him, but as no honour is ever given without a hint being given, in case it might be refused, as of course it often is, one does not quite understand why Lord H. should be an exception to the rule! Especially as Lord Richard heard from England a year ago that Lord H. would like a dukedom & would take the name of Linlithgow, his own county, which is what he is going to do ......

We have had the most perfect weather the last week and Saturday, yesterday & today are ideal with quite hot sun & soft air ... We shall often look back with longing to these exquisite winter days when we are home again. It is strange to think that probably very soon now our life in Australia will have passed away like a dream, & the busy life so full of interests have changed for the old life at home with its little petty village interests & worries instead of Imperial ones ......

Wednesday. Such excellent accounts of the King that we have our reception this afternoon and are all to sing God Save the King with a special verse by Hallam partly his own words & partly words taken from his Father. I think it will be rather a nice little function, about 400 people, & I suppose our last entertainment here, unless they send out a new G.G. soon ......

I feel very low at leaving our friends here and if we do not return it will be such an unsatisfactory way of leaving them; and one knows that here one is liked & not criticised, and at Melbourne & Sydney they are very jealous of South Australia's Governor being G.G. (for they have great contempt for Adelaide—'Little Adelaide' they call it, & look upon it like a village .......) Perhaps we shall be happier than we think & if only Hallam has the chance of doing some good for federated Australia thro' his advice to his Ministers I don't mind anything else. He opens Parliament here tomorrow & Lord H. leaves Melbourne today for Sydney.
It was mentioned the other day in the Federal Parliament that it is customary for Governors to draw their salaries till arriving in London, (so it is if they go home on leave) but that Lord Hopetoun was not going to do so—before, it was announced he was—but they say it would be entirely against the Constitution & that no Governor has ever done so when he has resigned. The moment he sets foot on the steamer he ceases to be Governor. It is such nonsense for Lord H. to pose as being so generous when he does not give it up at all—only has no legal right to it....

The moment Lord H. sails, Chamberlain will have to cable leave to Hallam to leave this State & resign his Governorship for the time—so that we must hear something then anyhow—which means only a fortnight more of waiting.... Don't you worry about our return. You may rest assured that you will have us back early next year & the pleasure of being at home & feeling that we are helping to make you happier will make up to us for what we leave behind here. Of course, I with you & all my dear ones have plenty to make up to me, but it is more Hallam who will miss the want of interest in his life... Thank God, up to the present I have a pretty cheerful disposition & can generally see the bright side of things & force myself to forget or to drown the ugly side. Our life out here has certainly been intensely interesting & very happy & peaceful on the whole—but so was our life at home.....

Hallam says, & I agree, that you will miss my long weekly letter when we get back!

8 July 1902. Government House, Adelaide, Tuesday

.....I have been dreadfully busy, long discussions with H. on various subjects, writing draft letters for him, listening to his, etc. which means very little but is all so important and cannot be put on one side. We feel, & I especially, dreadfully low & miserable at the idea of leaving Adelaide & going to Melbourne. We have all our friends & interests here and then to have to begin all over again with total strangers at that horrible Melbourne. It is such an ugly place after Adelaide, & all for just such a short time and then goodbye to it all. We go over tomorrow week just for one night—but it means two others in the train—for H. to be sworn in—a large & crowded function, I fear. It may be in the big hall of Parliament House, & crowds at the station & the troops drawn up for him to inspect etc. etc. which makes me nervous & wretched.

Of course, here we have crowds whenever we move. Even if we go to a shop there is a crowd each side of the street to see us come out, but then one feels they are all friends & in a way belong to us. As G.G. it's so different. The Victorians are nothing more than any other State, & all strangers, & well known for their powers of criticism!!

Never mind, it's got to be done & I feel quite confident, & everybody here says the same—that there is no one more suited to be G.G. than H. & he will
do well what can be done in such a short time, I hope—but he has to smooth everything & make things easy or easier than Lord H. has left them, for the new G.G., & then probably the new man, or more probably at any rate in Victoria, Lord H. will be given the credit. However, we both care enough for Australia to be willing to undergo any inconvenience if we can help in any way that Federation should be a success.

As G.G.’s wife I am afraid I shall have so little to do & I like a busy life full of interest, but of course one must be careful not to clash with the Governor’s wife & not do anything to win popularity from her, which would be very unfair. I hope we may do things together, perhaps, and she is a very nice woman & much liked, Lady Clarke . . . .

We go to the Clarkes—the poor things live six miles out of Melbourne—for the night but unfortunately they have to be away at Ballarat for a ball, so we shall not see much of them. We have bought one of Lord Hopetoun’s carriages & taken an undercoachman from him who can ride postilion for functions & our entry into Melbourne; & Lord Richard Nevill goes there today to buy another pr of horses & make all arrangements. Of course Capt. Wallington comes back as P.S. which will be nice, but a little difficult both for him & H. as he adores Lord Hopetoun & formerly (I don’t know if he feels the same now) did not think he could do anything unwise, but everything to perfection!

I am thankful to say that Mr Deakin, the Acting Federal Premier while Barton is in England, has written H. two most charming letters since Lord Hopetoun left Melbourne & says they feel proud to be associated with his name, & that it is a curious coincidence that he should be G.G. when his father & mother were the first people to write out here in sympathy with Federation when it was first thought of. These letters have cheered & encouraged H. a great deal & made all the difference in his entering on his new duties.

He will have a Cabinet Council after the Swearing-in & meet his Ministers and will then arrange a little about our future movements. Then we return here & settle up. H. heard from Chamberlain Saturday night for the first time, relating to the G.G.ship, just 10 days before he has to assume office and then only a very vague message. But I shall be able to tell you much more about our movements & plans when we have been to Melbourne on the 17th and Hallam has seen his Ministers.

Lord Richard went off in great glee yesterday with livery buttons and harness coronets to make preparations for our arrival in Melbourne. He loves Melbourne & is overjoyed to go back there tho’ he says rather pathetically

8 Alfred Deakin (1856-1919), statesman and orator, one of Australia’s great statesmen, was born in Melbourne and educated at Melbourne Grammar School and University. He was called to the Bar in 1877. He took up journalism and wrote for the Age. In 1880 he entered the Victorian Parliament. Always an ardent Federalist, he represented Victoria at the Convention of 1891, and in London during the passage of the Australian Constitution Bill through Imperial Parliament. He became Attorney-General in the first Federal Parliament and was later thrice Prime Minister of the Commonwealth between 1903 and 1910. In 1913 he withdrew from politics because of failing health.
that the one mar to his happiness is that he is afraid I dislike it so much.

Wednesday. Oh it is so cold, my sittingroom here, with constant fire, is only
50 degrees & Melbourne will be worse. There is invariably a bitter wind there.
We are congratulated on all sides at the high position we are entering—&
South Australia is wildly delighted that their Governor has been chosen & the
Government are most kind in wishing us to keep this house & Marble Hill in
case we care at any time to come here, & I sincerely hope that even if H. has
to continue as G.G. till we leave for England, that we may go to Marble Hill
in the hot weather, when Sydney or Melbourne get too hot. H. has given up
all his salary here and the Chief Justice will be sworn in here as Acting Governor
the day H. is sworn in at Melbourne, but he only receives half salary. Even if
Hallam could have declined being G.G., which was impossible without annoy­
ing Chamberlain & more or less, I suppose, insulting the King who signed his
dormant commission, the South Australians would never have forgiven him as
they look upon it quite as a personal honour . . .

Of course Hallam is greatly guided by me, & I could have got him with
very little persuasion, to throw up everything to go home, & therefore the
responsibility is very great, for there would have been an end of him. He would
have been shelved for life, lost his position here & never got anything else.
He is now going to assume one of the greatest positions England has to offer
& even tho' only for a few months—with God's Blessing—he may have the
opportunity of doing a good work, & even if he fails, he will have done his
best under very trying and difficult circumstances.

You felt it a duty even to begin your married life in leaving your mother
almost as far, and she had no other child to enjoy or at least, only yr sister; &
dear Father left his aged mother who adored him & was ill. And later, you left
8 young children as great a distance nearly, for duty's sake & it is with these
thoughts that I console myself . . . . But still, after all your devotion as a
mother to us all & all your unsellosfiness, it does seem so hard that you should
not be happier in your old age. It weighs so on my heart & especially when I
feel that I too add to your unhappiness by being away from you—& I daresay
you sometimes feel I am unkind in staying away, & think of daughters who have
sacrificed their husbands for their mothers. But then you always brought me
up with the views I have & set me the example yourself—all through your life
of self-sacrifice, except that once when you had to sacrifice your husband for
your children, & I might have had to do that too, but thank God, we are able
to return together to send the boys to school . . . .

Thursday, Mail morning. I must finish. Hallam has sent in his resignation to
return home in February to his Council here, so that will finish our Australian
bit of life—& I hope the Colonial Office will feel when he returns that he has
done his duty by them, and just now at great inconvenience to himself, &
therefore give him something to do.

Everybody out here is quite convinced that he will be offered the permanent
G.G.ship but of course, the wish is father to the thought . . . .
14 July 1902. Government House, Adelaide

Well tomorrow we leave here as Governor of South Australia and return, if all's well, on Saturday as G.G. H. has a military guard of honour to the station. All his honorary A.D.Cs have asked leave to come in uniform to the station to see him off—and the naval Capt. this morning sent to say his men want to come up from the Port to see him off officially—so they are to come here to the house as a guard of honour. All these marks of affection are very nice of course, but terribly trying and of course, they may give us a warm welcome at Melbourne. My great wish is that we may soon come back as Governor here before packing up, but we know nothing. Lord Salisbury, we heard last night, had resigned & I am relieved that Chamberlain remains on at the Colonial Office for the Empire's sake, & also for H's, for he knows what H. has done & may do & will be more able to appreciate his services . . . .

I am sorry to say the doctors are behaving rather badly about the Queen's Home, and writing letters to the papers, saying that only the very poor who can't afford to pay anything should be allowed to go—all because they are afraid of losing a few fees. It's a great shame & they write anonymously which is so mean, but we don't mind, for there is no doubt it is sadly wanted & will prove a great boon to poor mothers. Our 5th baby has been born & lots more coming. These doctors choose to say that people would not have subscribed as they did, had they not thought it was going to be free. I should like to know how we should keep it going—it will be difficult to do so even as it is, as people out here will not give annual subscriptions. They prefer donations occasionally . . . .

20 July 1902. Adelaide, Sunday

Here we are back again, having arrived yesterday morning, and in the evening your letter arrived & made me very sad and anxious, writing as you did from Dr Gage Brown's Home . . . . I have cabled this morning to ask how you are . . . but I am afraid it may be Tuesday here before I get your answer. Hallam said, 'You'd better go home in October if you are anxious', but first of all I pray God you may be better then & 2ndly I do not feel I would be right in leaving him—for he has literally nobody except me as a friend to whom he can say anything—for as G.G. our life has to be even more isolate than Governor . . . .

Our visit to Melbourne & the Swearing-in went off very well & everybody was most kind & cordial . . . . We found the station all decorated with evergreens, flags & flowers, & the station yard where a large number of troops were drawn up as guard of honour & Sir Edward Hutton with all his private & federal staff were on the platform, & the Premier, Mr Deakin, and Mrs Deakin, Capt. Wallington, the State Governor's A.D.C. all in uniform, as were H. & Lord R. We shook hands all round as they were presented & then got into the carriage with a company of Mounted Rifles in front, then all the staff—Sir Edward Hutton riding in front of the carriage and behind we had a large
troop of Mounted Rifles. There were a great many people congregated in the streets & at the doors of the shops & windows as we drove at a foot's pace, which was rather trying—except that one has become so bold-faced now one has ceased to mind being stared at—to Parliament House where Artillery men formed the guard of honour. H. was sworn in in the large & beautiful entrance hall which is called the Queen's Hall, & we walked up thro' people on each side to the dais where were the two judges in their wigs & scarlet robes. Capt. Wallington as Clerk of the Council read out the declarations & was very nervous, poor man, & I daresay a little sad about Lord Hopetoun.

Tuesday. I feel perfectly bewildered with all there is to do, constant interruptions & 'May I speak to you?'—'May I come & say goodbye to you for five minutes?'—I cannot get five minutes to myself to do anything or even to think quietly, which is what one longs for at these times. Unfortunately Lord R. is a most tremendous talker, & travelling always puts him into wild spirits & he never ceases—H. goes off to his smoking compartment and if I go there I can only stand it for a short time... the smoke chokes me so...

The answer to my cable asking for news of you has not been at all comforting as it is 'Invalid just the same, doctor recommends change of air Farringford Tuesday.' You may imagine I don't feel very happy over that, tho' of course Hallam is quite right when he says you can't be just the same as when you were to be in bed for a fortnight or you could not undertake the journey......

I am taking Mrs Bates to Melbourne today so that she may go over the house & see what servants etc. we shall require & what rooms & offices can be shut off; then she will return here Thursday, pack up and return there with some of the servants before we get back from Brisbane. We are taking on two or three Hopetoun underservants such as another laundry-maid, a nice Irish girl, footman, odd man, stable-woman, to do the rooms & cook for the outdoor men, & 4th housemaid—& Hallam with his usual generosity has increased the servants' wages as I asked him, £5 all round, which has pleased them much......

Well now, I must try & go on with our arrival at Melbourne. After H. had taken the oath before the judges—both of which entirely forgot to make him kiss the Bible tho' it was there, & he actually had his hand on it to do so & then forgot it himself—there were a few words spoken from the Premier, & Sir R. Baker, welcoming him etc., & then he spoke, clearly & strongly & slowly as he always does, & 'Hear hear' was constantly said behind by the Ministers. Everybody was perfectly enchanted with his little speech & his voice & delivery & cheered it, & Deakin told Lord R. he was an 'orator' and one would think he had been a public speaker all his life. They were tremendously taken aback, tho' they know of course about his speeches here in the papers. He spoke also to me about it at dinner that night when he & Mrs Deakin came to dine at the Clarkes, & praised H's speaking very loudly... Deakin told H. that he was the one man who as Governor-General could help on the Commonwealth of Australia, & they are all firmly convinced that H. will be offered the G.G.ship & everyone here too. Notwithstanding all we say to the contrary, they are....
Audrey Tennyson's Vice-Regal Days

quite certain that Chamberlain will ask him to take it—but of course Chamberlain would have asked him long ago had he intended to do so. No, he just wants H., I think, to get things in order & then he will appoint someone else . . . .

27 July 1902. Adelaide, Sunday

Here I am, still here with the chicks, Mr Jose & Mdlle, and yesterday I got a telegram from H. (in answer to a letter asking him to let us move about the 4th, in time for the Coronation) telling me that he does not wish us to move yet, without a word as to when we can. It is very trying, the hanging-on here from day to day after the goodbyes have been more or less said, but I suppose & know there are good reasons for it, so I can say nothing, & he says he is very dreary in that great house like a huge hotel with none of the hominess of this one, & complains of the bitter cold & has to have a fire in his bedroom, which we have never once had here or at Marble Hill except in illness . . . .

Poor Mrs Bates is very sad because she was in the 7th Heaven because H. had settled to give a dinner to 110 men Coronation night and a soirée afterwards to the wives & sons & daughters, purely official. Now he telegraphs that it is all put off without giving any reason. However she returns to Melbourne tomorrow to get things shipshape & wait there till our arrival . . . .

Mr Jose spent the evening with two members of the [Adelaide] Club the other evening & they were telling him that they had never heard one single syllable against Hallam the whole of his term of office, & that he was the only Governor that could be said of—and one of them said that his speech at the Club dinner given to him by the Members on his arrival was the finest he had ever heard both before & since, in tone, language & delivery—and he is an Englishman. All these things are nice to hear & I tell them all to you, darling mother, because I know you appreciate them almost as much as I do, but of course I don't mean all these kind things said of us to be told to other people, because it sounds as if we were vain & conceited, but I assure you the only feeling one has is to be very much touched by it all . . . .

I am sorry to say many of the doctors here are setting themselves dead against the Queen's Home because they are so furious at the idea of losing a few fees possibly; and actually a doctor the other day, who is extremely well-off, refused to sign a poor woman's paper for entrance because she had paid her two or three guineas for her other children & he was not going to lose his fee this time—and she sent in great despair asking the Matron to take her in in a few days, as her nurse had failed at the last moment & she had no one, & when I told our doctor of this case he thought it was quite right & natural of the doctor behaving like that. I don't know what happened, but the woman never came, poor thing. I asked how it is that doctors send hundreds of children yearly to the Children's Hospital & patients to the Adelaide Hospital, & I was told: 'Oh, because they belong to some Club & the doctors don't get paid except so much a year, but Clubs never include confinements!'
It really makes one's blood boil, for fancy what it is for these poor women to get the rest & quiet & the best trained nursing & food, & all pay something if they can, just for their food etc. We have had 8 babies born, 5 boys, 3 girls, one stillborn, & 4 women waiting & expecting daily.

I am going to suggest having our own resident doctor, & have no doctors on the Committee, for they absolutely put a stop to our doing anything that affects or may affect, their pockets. They have absolutely forbidden there being a private room that ladies could come to from the bush & places where they can get no doctor or nurse for perhaps 80 or 100 miles, so that they can't come & are shut out, & yet I made a strong point of this in starting the Home. They never showed themselves up till after the Home was opened, & I have really got quite to despise doctors. We have 6 now on the staff & they each take a month in routine and are paid nothing, but they wished for the work & we had 17 applications. I am so anxious to get it on a right basis before I leave Australia. I am afraid I can't before I leave S.A.....

There are great changes being made at G. House Melbourne, where there has been scandalous waste & extravagance among the people, stateroom housemaids, carpenter, electrician etc, who have hitherto been supplied by the State—& all this business has to be arranged before we all move. I was counting this morning, we shall be 33 or 34 to feed in the house—when we are absolutely alone here, 26. It is of course intensely interesting for H., the governing of all this vast Australia & its islands, and smoothing out all the difficulties in which the Commonwealth is, for although Australia is self-governing, still indirectly with tact & management, the Governors have a great deal of hidden power and especially the Governor-General who is treated with great respect.....

3 August 1902. Adelaide, Sunday

Again I am late beginning my letter but it really does seem impossible to get ½ an hour's quiet to oneself & every few minutes there is a knock at the door from someone. I have just finished quite a short letter to Charles Tennyson to congratulate him, for as usual he has done splendidly in his exams at Cambridge.....

We have been having the most bitter weather & Hallam complains dreadfully of the cold of Melbourne & the house; however, they are going to make the fireplace which I asked for in the hall which will add greatly to our comfort & warmth... I am dreadfully rheumatic today, it is astonishing how much

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rheumatism there is out here—the numbers of poor old people crippled with rheumatism & bedridden for years that there are in the workhouse here, poor things. It is piteous to see some of them . . . .

I leave here Wednesday for Melbourne & Lord R. arrived this morning to travel back with me, for H. gives an official Coronation party on Friday—it seems such a pity it could not be the proper night, but I suppose it was impossible. Then Monday 11th, if all is well, we go to Brisbane, travelling Monday evening & night to Sydney, spend the day there with Sir Harry & Lady Rawson, the new Governor, leave again Tuesday evening, travel all that night, the whole of Wednesday till 11 o'clock at night—of course one travels in the greatest luxury . . . but it's pretty tiring & then whenever one gets out, one is instantly a public character & has to make conversation & smile & bow etc. etc. which is all very well now & again but one gets very sick of it . . . .

7 August 1902. Melbourne, Thursday

. . . . . We had a very comfortable journey . . . H. & Capt. Wallington met me at our private entrance and both are well & flourishing. Capt. Wallington looks years younger than in the Hopetoun regime, tho' he is so devoted to Lord H. but I expect he had a pretty worrying time & he & H. get on very happily and all is calm & peace. The house is so bitter I remain in my outdoor coat & hat till dressing time—& Lord R. & I worked hard at the State Drawingroom, a beautiful room, only awful decorations, except the chintzes which mercifully Lady H. made them give her . . . I brought over a few of our pictures to stand on the tables. Our Coronation & first party is tonight, only about 2 hundred, all official people & Members of Parliament. Some of the Labour Members refused to be asked here by Lord H., writing to say they did not wish it but they sent to say they would like to be asked tonight as they have heard H. got on with the Labour Members at Adelaide, so they are rather anxious to see him. They have no evening clothes, altho' it is 'full dress' night. Hallam can only insist on black coats, which probably means grey & brown trousers!!

All the State Apartments, ballroom the same size as Buckingham Palace, Diningroom huge & Drawingroom, with special entrances & cloakrooms, all are away from the living part & all to themselves. We have a beautiful suite of rooms, a row opening into each other—my bathroom, sittingroom, bedroom, H's dressingroom, his bathroom—a delicious sittingroom—& I have another sweet little room downstairs opening on to stone verandah & croquet lawn where I am now writing. We have a very nice drawingroom not large, & diningroom when a small party. The boys will have the extra A.D.C.'s room for their schoolroom . . . .

Old Hitchman in all his glory & delighted with the grandeur. Mrs Bates slaving away—was only allowed to get into the kitchen two days ago . . . has only one of her girls over here instead of three but insists on doing all the refreshments herself as usual . . . .
Letters 1902

The servants find it very difficult to address me as ‘Your Excellency’ & I long to say, ‘don’t’, for it gets on my nerves.¹⁰

10 August 1902. Melbourne, Sunday

Here is your birthday & I have thought of you so often since first I woke & also in the Cathedral, where we had the Coronation Service instead of yesterday—but not knowing at all whether the King had been crowned, & we got no cable till 2.30 or more after luncheon, & then only to hear ‘that all had gone off well’. Still, that is the main point as at any rate our minds are at rest on the point.

We are gradually getting settled in this great House & tomorrow we go off to Brisbane leaving here in the evening in the Victorian Governor-General’s carriage, very luxurious for day travelling, they say, but not for night. However, we change at 11 into the N.S.W. which was built for the Royalties last year & they say no words can describe the luxuriousness of it—with three regular little bedrooms. It has now been given over to the G.G. & happily we don’t have to change into any other till we get into Queensland, Wednesday morning, so we shall have two nights in it. They say we shall already find it hot in Brisbane, which will be rather nice after this, so I am taking summer clothes. We only remain there till Monday morning early & then return here.

Our party went off very well, quite small, not more than 200, the room, which is a very fine one, looked so well with masses of flowers. We received them in the state drawingroom, well inside, between the two fireplaces instead of at the door, for they block so there. We went in at 8 and the people who were waiting in the gallery came in at once single file and shook hands. They were all gone by 10.30 so it was not very long. Many of the Federal people had never been in G.H. before, as Lord H. never asked any of them except the prominent ones, which made them very angry. Hallam is going to keep clear of the State people so as not to take away from the State Governor, & keep to the Federal things. I think he is right, it is the only way to save jealousy and ill-feeling. It will be a very lonely life, of course, for I shall never see a soul scarcely, except just our own party & I suppose occasionally the Clarkes but they live 6 miles off—& I don’t suppose except to ride I shall go much out of the grounds, for Melbourne is such an ugly dreary place; & talk of smoky London, this is quite as bad & worse, for the whole way driving to G. House Domain nearly are factories with tall smoking chimneys—& there is always a smoky fog over the city as one looks at it from here. I have a very pretty little peep of the Yarra river with 2 arched stone bridges over it from my bedroom window, & that side we look on the Botanical gardens which are beautiful & after 6 are closed to the public, & these gardens open into them by a locked gate.

I think the boys will be very happy here, for there is heaps of room for golf

¹⁰ The wife of the Governor-General is addressed as ‘Your Excellency’ and is accorded a curtsey. This does not apply to the wives of State Governors.
Audrey Tennyson’s Vice-Regal Days

Here we are at Government House, the nicest one of all—with glorious views of the harbour on our way from Brisbane to Melbourne.

We left B. yesterday morning at 7 (called at 5) & travelled on till 12 today, & I know, it being my birthday, that many of my dear ones are thinking of me. I got the best of all birthday presents & wishes in the cable which I received on Sunday in Brisbane. I was up in my bedroom sitting on H’s knee, having a nice little talk, which has been a rare thing of late, with all the business & settling & rush of everything, when the cable was brought in. We arrived at Brisbane Wednesday night at about 10 o’clock, we were dead tired & oh so cold—and we found that it was the festive week of the whole year, & next night & the following we had to go to balls. Happily they are.
early out, but it is a terrible strain to have a constant stream of people the whole time brought up to you and to have to begin conversation, probably each one waiting to be presented till I have finished my sentence with the last. Then Thursday we had to go to the Great Show (which in Australia is the greatest excitement of the year)—and again the usual talking to strangers & watching horse-jumping which I hate. Friday, Races, which did not make me quite so miserable as usual, for there was no jumping—again endless strangers brought up, then the ball. The next morning, off on an expedition at 8, by train. Back to a luncheon party, again much talking. Then an hour’s rest when I just threw myself on the sofa & shut my eyes—then had to dress and go down to a large tea party asked to meet us, & when the Governor, Sir Herbert Chermside, brought people up as fast as ever he could, one after the other, so that one just began ‘We have . . . ’ ‘Lady Tennyson, may I present so & so’, ‘Oh how do you do?’ Then again, ‘We have been . . . ’ ‘Lady Tennyson etc.’ till I really felt nearly distracted. After the tea party, up to dress after a tiny rest, for an early dinner and then to a long concert.

Wednesday. Alas, we have just arrived back at Melbourne & I have one of my awful headaches and can hardly see out of my eyes . . . I must stop.

24 August 1902. Adelaide

..... The last cable saying you were gaining strength rapidly has been a great comfort but naturally after the letters I have now received, I feel dreadfully worried for I know you must be longing for me, and yet, what can I do? Hallam said the other morning, ‘Well, I’ll throw it all up and then you can go back to your mother.’ But he mustn’t do that, he would disgrace himself forever—neither Australia nor the Colonial Office would ever forgive him, & even the King, I suppose, might be vexed with him, for Federation is just now in such a very critical state—all the backs of the States are up & it requires very careful handling & managing, & everybody one meets & wherever one goes, the same thing is said by all classes: ‘The one person who can arrange things is Lord Tennyson.’

Sir Herbert Chermside said to me the other day, ‘Mr Chamberlain ought to go on his knees & beg Lord Tennyson to accept the office’, & it is the universal feeling that Chamberlain will offer it to him. But as I say, if he had wanted to do so, he would have done so at once. What was the object of waiting, & also H. has told him he wants to go home in February.

I was also told by someone that already since H. took up the reins that there seems such a much quieter feeling of repose & satisfaction in the papers etc., that the tone is so different & less antagonistic—and they all say they hope & pray H. may become permanent G.G., but I always assure them that they need not dream of such a thing. Chamberlain cabled the other day in answer to H’s enquiring as to date he would be required: ‘Certainly till December’, so after that I suppose we shall come back here to Marble Hill till February, as really
after these hot summers I do not think it would be safe for any of us to return home in January. So many people have pneumonia when they get home in the winter, & as Harold has twice had slight attacks of it, I think it would be risky ....

Thoroughly worn out with all the travelling. I will begin my long account of it all later, but first of all I must tell you of all the trouble we are in just now. Thursday morning I woke up much better & Hallam wanted me to rest another night but I longed to get off here as soon as possible and take the children over to Melbourne & be all settled again. So I persuaded H., & Thursday afternoon Lord R., Clarke & I started off again and arrived here Friday morning. Aubrey did not meet me with the others & Mr Jose said he had got slight sore throat but that it was nothing, he thought ....

**Tuesday night.** I wrote so far Sunday and have not had a minute since, but really have felt so dreadfully miserable I longed to sit down & pour out to you & wish so much I had you here to talk to ... Well, poor little Aubrey has scarlet fever. Dr Marten felt quite sure of it yesterday morning ... so instead of the happy party I had so looked forward to our being yesterday, all going together to Melbourne, I had to send off the other two boys with Mr Jose & nurses, and stay behind with little Aubrey & Mdlle. Lord R. has remained on with me & is most kind but goes back tomorrow ....

*Adelaide. [Date obscured by an attached cutting]*

The little invalid looks so bonny & well & his skin so clear and healthy & the little eyes so wide open & bright without the heavy dark rings, that I feel quite in spirits so I am going to try & tell you a little about our Queensland trip for I know how you love to hear all we do ....

We left Melbourne on Monday 11 August, Hallam's birthday, by the Sydney express at 4.30. It was bitterly cold driving to the station, but I thought it would soon get warmer on the journey so was going to leave a large fur cloak which Hallam gave me for my birthday present to go back in the carriage. However H. & Lord R. were dead against it & made me take it & I almost lived in it till I reached Brisbane & arrived there at G. House in it. We had the G.G. carriage built for the Royal visit, which is most luxurious for day travelling—a dining & a drawingroom saloon with armchairs & sofas etc. but not much other accommodation, but one seldom has night journeys in it. We had dinner and then about 11 we had to change carriages at the border into the N.S.W. carriage which is a narrower gauge. H. & I walked up & down the platform, bitterly cold, and then when all was ready for us we went into the car. You never saw such luxurious sleeping accommodation, three regular comfortable-sized little bedrooms, with quite large brass bedsteads—two little windows, & each opening into its own bathroom. I had my bath quite comfortably in the morning. The rest of the car is not nearly as good as ours, a tiny diningroom & small sittingroom but with a nice little place outside for standing & seeing
the scenery. No accommodation for servants so they made Clarke a bed on the
floor which made her so sick she was very bad next day, poor thing . . . .

We arrived at Sydney about 11, privately . . . and were met by one of the
Ministers & Sir H. Rawson's A.D.C. and their carriage. We drove off straight
to the State Government House called Cranbrook, about 3 miles out & oh the
cold of the wind, & were met at the door by H. E., Lady Rawson, & Miss
Rawson, all three such nice people. He a big tall burly regular Jack Tar—and she
a kind gentle-voiced motherly grey-haired woman, must have been very pretty
I should think, & the girl not under 25, plain but very nice. They curtseyed
to Hallam & me; it is very funny how some people curtsey only to H., all
English people to us both, others to us both & some to neither. It always
tickles me somehow but I try to look quite serious. They had tea & coffee etc.
ready for us & it was not until Lady Rawson asked me to have something that I
remembered that I had had no breakfast, only a cup of coffee at an early station,
& was very hungry.

They have a nice house & most lovely view from a height looking down on
the bays of the Harbour—but even here they are short of water & have to be
very careful of it. I went round the grounds with Lady & Miss R. & we sat a
little in the sun, while H. discussed more serious subjects with H.E. Their
drawingroom is very pretty, crammed full of silver & other things & curios,
all presents to him at different parts of the world . . . .

We went off again on our travels at 5.30 back into our luxurious G.G.
carriage. It was bitterly cold . . . At about 11 a.m. Wednesday morning we
arrived at the border station of Queensland, one end of the station called
Jennings & the other, Wallangarra, a nice native name . . . . Here we had to
change trains & carriages again into a very second-rate vice-regal car &
extremely narrow gauge, necessary, I believe, owing to the extraordinary sharp
curves on the line. After about ½ an hour we moved on again and travelled on
& on till 9.40 p.m. The Queensland Government had sent an excellent cook &
luncheon in the train, & we did justice to the luncheon for we were all ravenous,
& the excitement was great in just catching dishes, bottles, plates or glasses
between our mouthfuls before they were shaken off the table, & each time a
glass or plate went down crash, there was a scramble on the floor to pick up the
pieces & pitch them out of the window, so that it became a very merry repast,
& Edward the footman had to give vent to a laugh too & alter his ordinary
very grave sedate expression. Lord Richard gets very foolish on these occasions
& makes me ache with laughter. Our great terror was for fear the glass dish of
very sticky preserves of some native berry should fall on our laps or the seat.

It was very piteous to look out of the window & see all the desolation from
the drought which has gone on for so many years. I was told two little girls of
6 & 7 who had lived up country on a station went to Sydney the other day & saw
rain for the 1st time in their lives. Even the poor gum trees who can last better
than most things are all drooping & dying & they were cutting down boughs
& giving them to the poor hungry cattle as we went along . . . .
Lord Richard & I looked out for the navvies who camp along the line, generally two together in a little tent, & threw them out our papers & magazines. It's pathetic to see the way they catch at them & then touch their hats with a friendly nod, so delighted to get something of interest in their lonely lives.

We arrived at Brisbane at 9.40 & had the General in Command, 'Tom Price' who did so well in South Africa, & who had been sent there from Melbourne to meet us; two or three staff in uniform & the Governor himself—and after the usual presentations, drove off to G. House, about a mile off.

Lady Chermside is looking extremely well & goodlooking & a tremendous talker. They have a very funny arrangement with their staff who are never allowed to be seen, except by invitation, & have to have all their meals out & pay for them themselves out of their salaries, & considering the Governor is the best paid of all, and that Lady C. has at least £10,000 a year they say—it seems rather mean. The Governor does all the entertaining in the house that we saw, himself—and we only saw them [the staff] twice at dinner when they were invited! You would never know there was any staff in the house.

Another funny arrangement is that nobody breakfasts downstairs but the guests. We came down at the hour we were told—no A.D.C. to meet us or anybody, & breakfast only laid for us & Miss Webb, who came down very late, & we saw neither Sir H. nor Lady C. till later. Of course she is in a delicate state of health. There were a few people to luncheon—no staff! & then we had to go to the Horticultural Show—the great event of the year in every town in Australia, to which thousands of people of all classes flock from far & near.

Saturday morning, called at 6.30 & went by an 8 o'clock special train, H., Lord R. & Capt. Wallington & self, 70 miles up country to see something of the Queensland scrub & semi-tropical vegetation, but unfortunately we could not get to the most beautiful part for our time was mapped out before we arrived (this is always so trying, never to be one's own master on these occasions & able to do what one likes) & there was a luncheon party to meet us at G. House.

When we got as far as we had time to go, & while the engine was turning round, Lord R. & I walked off into the bush to photograph a cottage I had seen. It’s so curious to see all the houses in Queensland built on great piles some 10 & 12 feet, to get out of the reach of the white ants. At the tops of these piles are tin sorts of saucers topsy-turvy, & the ants crawl up to them & can get no further & I suppose they keep a sharp look-out after the piles which are tarred. To get to the cottage we had to cross a long iron railway viaduct with no parapet most of the way & all open except two narrow planks down the middle. I started off boldly, Lord R. behind & suddenly felt I could go no further.
was a good height up & one saw between the iron rafters. Lord R. was very kind & suggested walking in front, which he did, & I clung to his coat like grim death & was thankful when I got to the end & vowed I would not go back, so we waved & made signs to the station that the train must come & pick us up. While I was photographing the house, which was all shut up—the in-habitants evidently all out—a poor curious-coloured duck with red beak came from under the house right up to us, with its mouth open & panting, I feel sure begging us for water. It was terrible & haunted me for days .... Then we came on a little wooden hut among bamboos & a picturesque little barefooted halfcaste boy, who I made stand at the door while I photographed. He stood still all right & then off before we could stop him & disappeared in the scrub before we could tip him ....

The thing I shall never forget was a large shed covered all over in most profuse luxuriance with a scarlet Bougainvillea & the sun shining through it. I never saw anything so gorgeous & dazzlingly beautiful ....

When we reached G.H. luncheon was over ... then the tea party I told you of—early dinner & concert of Amy Castles. On Sunday we went to the Cathedral, a miserable wooden building, & oh such a dreary service ... In the afternoon we went down the river in a Government launch & the Chief Justice, Sir John Griffiths, with us—rather dull, tho' they think it beautiful, but Australians are very easily pleased with anything belonging to them. Clarke told me they were indignant because she said it was nothing to the Thames. We passed great mangrove swamps & home late for tea.

The next morning, called at 5 and off again by a 7 o'clock train. Wonderful to say, staff were there to see us off at the station & H.E. drove down with us. The Governor in Queensland, at any rate this one, takes a very different position to what we have done here & does everything like anybody else. It struck us very much, but he is enormously popular & has given up some of his salary, which of course pleases them, but H. told him he thought it a great mistake .... We reached Sydney about 12, & Capt. Darley, son of Sir Frederick Darley, Chief Justice of N.S.W., A.D.C. to Sir H. Rawson, came to meet us, a very nice fellow .... On our way to [the Rawsons] we went to Government House and the hall porter took me all over it & I arranged about rooms in case we ever go there. Of course I knew most of it before. It is a charming house and lovely view, & the porter & gardener etc. begging we wd go there. After luncheon the Government launch came round to Cranbrook bay & took us round by water back to Government House ... & Hallam had an interview with the Premier, Sir John See, who with Lady See had been at luncheon. At 7, our train started again and next morning we had to get up at 6 to be ready to change trains & carriages with wide gauge at Serviceton [Albury], the Victorian border station. You know all the rest, how I arrived with a head, went to bed & came on here next day to find Aubrey ill.

Mrs Harmer has been very kind & come & sat with me outside. She has

12 Actually Sir Samuel Griffith.
Audrey Tennyson's Vice-Regal Days

just returned from the Murray trip with the Bishop, visiting all the village settlements that we went to. The Bishop goes & visits them once a year on the little Mission steamer called *Etona*, with a little chapel on board. They had Canon Bussell, the Murray mission clergyman, & the Bishop's chaplain, a Mr Wise, & the Engineer on board.

She was telling of such a characteristic episode, one of many funny ones that occur on these trips. They were steaming along one day when from a very high bank of red sand they heard shouts of ‘Stop! Stop!’ & there were several men waving their arms frantically. They shut off steam & asked what was the matter, thinking there had been an accident or something, Mrs Harmer at once thinking she might have to help at amputating an arm or a leg.

‘A few words with you, Canon Bussell.’ ‘Well, what is it?’ ‘There are two weddings been waiting for you to pass for two days.’ ‘All right—how soon can they come?’ ‘Oh well, we thought we would have dinner first.’ ‘I can only give you ½ an hour’ ‘All right then, we’ll have dinner after.’ And off they flew to the settlement—& presently they saw the wedding procession wading along thro’ the heavy dry red sand—a bride all in white with veil & orange blossom wreath, white shoes & black stockings! aged 18, & a bridegroom aged 19! The whole population of 12 women & some men & a lot of children with them.

They could only squeeze 12 into the chapel so Mr Wise had to stay on deck, & presently the trading steamer *Pyrip* came along. This was hailed & while the happy pairs were being married the friends were buying wedding presents & provisions for the wedding feast. ‘Here, what ’a you got will do for Jim?’ ‘Ere, ’ere’s a red tie that’ll do,’ and it was bought. Having been there, one can so well picture the whole scene, & it will give you some idea of up-country people’s lives.

One fisherman’s cottage they went into, the woman held a little girl of 2 in her arms & apologised for the child being shy—but Mrs Harmer was the first woman except her mother the child had ever seen.

31 August 1902. Adelaide, Sunday

....We have not had very fine weather this week but it is glorious today. Hallam wrote & told me if all went well he would want me to go to Sydney with him next week for three Race days and a garden party given in our honour by the State Governor—and as so far we have not entered the City in state we shall have to do so this time. Now, just as I have ordered three smart gowns at the Sydney & Melbourne dressmakers so as to give no jealousy, he writes & says I am not to go but to stay with Aubrey. However, perhaps he will change again before then, as the G.G.’s Establishment Allowances have now been passed, which Hallam has managed to get done, tho’ they refused Lord Hope-toun any, & as it is settled the G.G. is to spend part of the year at Sydney, & Government House will be his, we shall go there for the week, taking a few servants with us & carriage & horses....
After all there is going to be a fuss possibly in the other ‘House’ [the Senate] about the Allowance Bill, so that things are not settled yet & we may therefore not go to Sydney next week . . . .

9 September 1902. Melbourne, Tuesday

. . . . I am so glad you are all really pleased at my Hallam’s success—many of the leading & powerful men, without mentioning names, have more than once in the different States asked to be allowed to write to Chamberlain to ask for H. to be made G.G. but H. has always refused his permission. There is not the slightest chance of his doing so, but if he did, H. would rather it came straight from Chamberlain, even tho’ it would only be the offer! The feeling all over Australia is universal, that Hallam is the only man who could do any good or help in any way to settle the Commonwealth of Australia.

The day I sent off my last letter I saw Dr Marten afterwards & Aubrey was so well that I asked him whether we could not move him to Melbourne & he said Monday we might if he was as well. Then later I really felt that to be on the go the whole of Monday, travel all that night arriving 10 at Melbourne, then a hard day settling about clothes to be packed, trying on a new race gown for Sydney, trying on & settling upon new hats—my hair washed if possible, arranging about Aubrey & nurse etc., then off to Sydney in the afternoon, travelling again all night, arriving Sydney 10.30, a public entry with lots of presentations, bowing & smiling all along the streets to Government House, changing one’s gown, & at 12.50 off to the Races, the great Race day of the year. I hate races & they always tire me so much. A huge garden party at State Governor’s, which means one incessant stream of presentations & 30 seconds of conversation & then a fresh person, which is real hard work, I can assure you.

Well, I really felt so worn out with the travelling up to Brisbane & back (I shall have been over 8000 miles by train when we get back from Sydney crammed into 8 nights, 2 whole long days & 8 half days in five weeks). So Thursday evening I telephoned to Dr Marten and asked him whether he would not give his consent to our starting Saturday. He said he would answer me after his visit next morning, so you may imagine how anxious I felt as he examined Aubrey all over . . . He gave in, and there was great rejoicing from Aubrey, Mdlle, Nurse & self—Nurse who is particularly nice, was like a child with excitement for she has never been to Melbourne before.13

It was very touching all the different little presents brought to us on Saturday as soon as people saw in the paper we were going, & I had a stream of visitors all day asking just to say goodbye to me, & a lot of people at the station with quantities of lovely flowers, boxes of bonbons for the children & oranges. Lady Way brought me a great fat silver-topped salts scent bottle with my initials & coronet—& each of the boys a little silver spoon, Mdlle a brooch,

13 Nurse F. Cherry, nurse to Lady Tennyson’s children.
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Aubrey had flowers, bonbons, a lovely story book brought to him. They are the dearest kindest people that ever were.

11 September 1902. Government House, Sydney. Thursday

I had to write off my letter in a great hurry from Melbourne on Tuesday before starting for this place and now here we are, having arrived yesterday morning after quite a comfortable journey, tho' I am getting pretty sick of railway travelling.

We had a large guard of honour to meet us at the station of Artillerymen, a very fine set of men; the Premier, Sir John See, who welcomed us to Sydney; General Finn the man commanding here, & the usual crowd of loafers, very cold & undemonstrative, only gaping with open mouths. One woman waved her handkerchief & nodded to me with a broad grin & I nodded back. We had a mounted escort of Lancers, a very pretty uniform, and came straight here.

A salute of guns has just begun firing over the harbour which I always like with the echoing over the water, as H.E. the Admiral, Sir Lewis Beaumont, is arriving & has just stepped on shore at the foot of the garden to come & pay his official visit to the G.G. which H. has to return within so many hours, & is going to do so tomorrow morning on board H.M.S. Royal Arthur, lying here just off the garden wall.

H. has just received the State Governor Sir Harry Rawson & is now receiving all the consuls, 20 in number, who will have to squedaddle before the Admiral arrives.

As soon as we arrived yesterday I had to try on two gowns by the dressmaker who was waiting for me, one of which I wore for the Races where we saw no one to speak to, except the Rawsons who have their box near ours, but came & sat in ours most of the time. We were taken by the owner, a Mr MacDonald, to see one of the winners, Wakeful, a most beautiful little mare, so small with lovely head & eyes, & she has never missed getting a place but twice, either 1st, 2nd or 3rd, and has never felt a whip or a spur, nor has another great racer of his, Revenue. It is thought very probable that Wakeful may win the Melbourne Cup this year—the greatest ambition a racing man has in his life! She is 6 years old, a perfect darling, but was never raced till she was 4, instead of rising 2 & 3 as they generally do out here, which is such a shame, I think.

Monday. We leave here with very great regret this evening to return to Melbourne but I quite hope we may come back here next month to remain until it is too hot. The people are delighted, we hear, at our having come over here for their racing week & are most eager that we should return—they are very proud of their Government House & no wonder, for it is a most lovely spot and charming house—and they naturally feel very much its having been shut up so much. Lord Richard won't hear of our coming here because he is all for Melbourne, & Capt. Wallington abuses the climate & makes out it is unbearable & the mosquitoes terrible, because Lord Hopetoun would not come here &
made the States furious with him in consequence, saying he could not afford to keep up two large houses, which was hardly a wise reason to put forward, considering the houses are both kept up by the Commonwealth with two or three Government servants & all the gardeners, & the travelling on the railway for people & horses etc. paid by the Commonwealth, or rather, one travels free. Of course there are very large tips to be paid & luggage vans etc. but after all, they do not amount to very much at the end of the year & here they pay all the lighting. We have had the great extra expense of keeping two houses going ever since the middle of July owing to circumstances, but I hope now at last we shall all be collected in one, when we get back tomorrow.

Hallam quite thinks that with care & not too much entertaining, the G.G. can quite well live on his salary. Of course, we have had the winter months which are the most expensive, so far, owing to coal & lighting.

We have been a great deal on the go as usual since our arrival here. Thursday, the Governor gave a garden party, but poor things, just as the hour arrived for it to begin, the most tremendous thunderstorm came on & all their arrangements in the garden had to be hurriedly altered. Still, it was all very nicely done and one saw some of the society people. I had on a new lovely pale cream silky gown, & in getting out & shaking hands with the Governor, the train went down into dark red clayey mud & got all stained which made one inclined to cry.

We like the Rawsons very much and everybody is very anxious we should come here and are delighted at our having come for even this little short visit . . . Friday night we dined at the Governor's & met the Lynes & Admiral & a lot of naval men & their wives. Saturday, Races again but poor Hallam being lame ever since he left Brisbane with rheumatism from a sprain, he could not walk about, and Lady Beaumont is an enormous size from a tumour so can't walk & was in our box with us, so that we remained there all day & spoke to scarcely anyone, and as I hate racing I can't say I cared much for it. When I got back I had Lady Lyne to tea, which delighted her—she is a kindly gentle retiring woman and so grateful for any little kindness or attention shown her . . . .

Yesterday we went to the Cathedral in the morning, had the Rawsons to luncheon, & then went across the water to tea at Admiralty House. Sir Lewis Beaumont met us at the water steps and then we sat in the garden watching the men-of-war and shipping—then to the house for tea—& he showed me all over the house which is a delightful one. I wish you could have seen the wisteria covering in the most profuse manner two long pergolas in full blossom. I never saw such a sight & oh the scent—I doubt if one could see anything better in Japan . . . .

Saturday we have our first dinner here [Melbourne], only 13 extra & we are 7—20 in all, to meet Melba, who is going to be the craze now & is to have a tremendous reception on her arrival—people must go mad over something now-a-days—& is to have the Vice-regal carriage, not G.G's, wonderful to say; but I believe she is a nice woman & of course comes from here. The Liedertafel
Society asked leave to serenade us when we came here & we had to put it off, so we have now asked them to come here that night . . . .

22 September 1902. Melbourne

I have actually been here a week on end tomorrow which seems enormous, as till this week I had not slept here more than two nights on end since we took possession on July 17th. Of course it is a very uncomfortable feeling never knowing when we may be routed out again, but if we can move to Sydney it would be a very good thing in so many ways—for we have really collected a far too big establishment in the way of men here, and because there are so many, one is much less well served. Lord Richard has got 5 men in the stables for 7 horses & 2 ponies, two of which are coachmen & receive coachmen's wages; but he does not like it if one complains so Hallam won't say anything, but I am only watching my opportunity to tell him one of the grooms ought to go, for it is not only the enormous wages—a young helper gets £1 a week here—but it means also liveries and food—for they all have to be fed out here, either 16/- a week board wages & a woman provided to cook & wait upon them, or to feed in the house. Would you believe that, counting the ballroom, there are 900 becs of gas in this house, but some of them are now diverted into electric light.

Melba's dinner had to be put off on Saturday till tonight as her steamer was late in reaching Brisbane, so we have her tonight—our first dinner here so I hope it will be a success. We shall be only 20 but they are the leading people who are coming. Saturday we had a few people—Mr & Mrs Deakin, the Acting Premier & his wife, very nice people, & the Liedertafel came to serenade us afterwards—85 men. We had them in the private entrance hall, a large place going up to the top of the house with gallery round so the sound was good, and they sang beautifully. The Cathedral organist is the conductor. After the singing they all passed us & shook hands with H. & me & then went off to the State rooms for refreshments.

The sort of maddening thing Hitchman does is when he is told to prepare for 90 men, whisky & sodas, he has one syphon, 6 tumblers, & 1 bottle of whisky up ready, & then has to tear down miles to fetch up more. He is such a terrible old idiot he irritates us all, but he is honest & faithful, which is a great thing. The moment a single waiter comes into the house, he keeps every drop of drink tight under lock & key & won't even allow his master or guests to have more than a certain quantity without a great deal of irritation on everybody's part. We always find they drink quantities of coffee too, but not much tea . . . .

We went to a very pretty little play last night, Mice & Men, & Nellie Stewart acted delightfully. Our Melba dinner went off very well & everybody seems to have enjoyed it very much. One man who is supposed to have the best cooks in Melbourne always, asked to be allowed to take away a menu & told Lord R.

\[14\] Becs à gaz—gas brackets.
it was the best dinner he had eaten in Government House—far better than Lord Hopetoun’s, but I thought Lord Hopetoun’s very bad myself . . . .

30 September 1902. Government House, Melbourne

The concert on Saturday was a wonderful sight—the streets densely packed with thousands of people who waited to see [Melba] for hours before she arrived. And the Town Hall that holds 2300 people was packed, most of them guinea seats, and when she appeared the audience rose & shouted & yelled & waved their hands & handkerchiefs, & after her first song there was a perfect stream of bouquets brought along and lifted up to her on the platform—one a long ladder of flowers and ribbons & a large star at the top with an electric light, from Nellie Stewart the actress and great friend. She certainly has a most lovely voice tho' not a very grand one—but her charm also consists not only in her voice but her delightful quiet and simple way of singing and standing and manner. I did not take very much to her when she dined here, but I believe she is an extremely kind woman.

The rest of the performers belonging to her troupe are rather dull except as accompanists. A little Italian girl, Signorina Sassoli, of 14, plays the harp which is so dull as a solo, I think, & another man the flute, which also bores me as a solo; & Arens sings often out of tune & terribly tricky & affected, & there is another man singer . . . .

No news from Chamberlain again this mail, & we don’t know what to do about taking a summer place, for we can’t stay here or in Sydney & if a new G.G. comes out, we should return to Marble Hill till we sail, & one has to take one’s berths a good long time before. Hallam has urged him so often to let him know his plans for the future & he just ignores the question.

My gowns, alas, from Mrs Lane are a most terrible disappointment. First of all, they are so crumpled and the little alteration she has made is nearly all accordion chiffon and other chiffon—the former so impossible to iron out that the whole of it is useless & must be picked off & thrown away. Then she has now sent me back a grey satin, yellow satin & white satin evening gowns exactly the same as they were when I brought them out, with just a little chiffon added—and as they have all been described in the newspapers in every detail, they are useless & I cannot wear them . . . The white satin gown's scarcely a bit altered in shape from nearly 4 years ago & so much too short—the whole skirt must come to pieces—and I told her when she made it, it was much too short in front . . . Then she sent me a grey gown I never ordered & it is so tight round the hips it all gapes at the fastening & can’t be altered, so I have had to send that back; & instead of sending me my own opera cloak which I returned & asked her to change & alter, for it was absolutely good, she has not sent that, but a new jacket of £11-11, which is so small I can’t get into it . . . It really is a little trying, is it not? And had I been going to stay out here, I vow I would never have gowns from home again . . . .
6 October 1902. Melbourne, Monday
.... Poor Hallam has been laid up on the sofa in my upstairs sittingroom with gout in his left foot, which is dreadfully red & swollen ever since I wrote last... It is most unfortunate his being laid up like this, especially as we are to be here such a short time for it prevents people seeing him, & he will have missed every concert out of the five Melba will have given, tomorrow being the last, except the 1st where he first felt the attack coming on. She certainly does sing divinely. It is not a grand voice but so lovely & like a bird—her trills are exquisite... People have gone rather mad over the little Italian harpist I told you of—Signorina Sassoli... Mme Melba has been very kind in pushing little Sassoli as much as she can—and Lord R. who has gone quite mad over Melba who he knew in England, & who always must have some excitement to go mad over, has made us ask all the company to a reception Wednesday afternoon & to allow Sassoli to play before us at Government House, which Melba was most anxious she should. So we are having a musical afternoon with about 200 people... We hope Miss Clarke, the G’s daughter who has a beautiful voice, will sing also. I think it would have been a very nice little party—tea first—if H. were all right but it is very doubtful if he can get down—and it makes me so nervous having to do it all alone, tho’ of course the staff help one a great deal. I don’t in the least mind playing second fiddle to H. & always feel quite happy, but I hate being first fiddle....

We have quite settled today that we shall remain here for Cup week and shall have some of the Governors from the other States to stay from Friday 31st October till Wednesday following... H.E. Sir Harry, Lady & Miss Rawson from Sydney—H.E. the Admiral & Lady Beaumont, & Lady Way & her daughter (Sir Samuel Way as Acting Governor of S.A. cannot leave the State), & their staffs. Sir Arthur & Lady Havelock from Tasmania are going to the Clarkes here but we take their A.D.C.—& the Chermsides from Queensland can’t come. We shall have the house quite packed then, & shall have to send all our own people up to the top of the house as they now inhabit all the best rooms on the first floor....

On Saturday we had 6 small boys from the preparatory Church of England School to play with [Lionel & Aubrey] & the sports master accompanied them—a dreadful prig, who talked very big of the wonderful way the school beat all other schools at cricket, & then was rather taken down when Lionel made 91 runs and bowled 3 wickets, & his boys’ top score was 18. So next time they will send better cricketers, which will be much better for Lionel. Poor little boy, he was so happy having these other boys & I hope we shall have some each Saturday for them, for these are such splendid big grounds for games....

12 October 1902. Melbourne, Sunday

On Friday... I picked up my letters among which I found a telegram which always makes me feel terribly nervous for the minute... & then I found it was
from poor Sir Herbert Chermside saying ‘Geraldine well, son stillborn’. Poor, poor people, I do feel so deeply for them. It must be such a terrible disappointment, neither of them at all young, and the hope came as such a surprise... & there is no boy in the family to inherit Newstead.

Poor Hallam has been laid up entirely on the sofa opening into my bedroom for a whole fortnight & he still seems as lame as ever & unable to put his foot to the ground... I am thankful to say that by a great effort and by wearing very large leather shoes with his uniform which did not show, he was able on Friday 10th to prorogue the 1st Federal Parliament, which he was anxious to do as a very interesting ceremony... [When] everything was over, H. drove home at once & we followed soon after, & after settling Hallam & his foot, I with Mdlle & the two staff drove to the General’s quite near for half an hour at Lady Hutton’s garden party, which pleased them very much, for Lord Hopetoun considered it infra dig for a G.G. to humiliate himself by calling on the Federal General, the G.G. being Commander-in-Chief, tho’ they live in the domain a stone’s throw from here, even in an unofficial way, & he would not allow Lady Hopetoun to call on Lady Hutton (a daughter of Lady Charles Paulet’s) nor see Lady Hutton here except by appointment...

Wednesday we had our little afternoon reception with music, & Melba was loud in the praises of the success & her enjoyment of the afternoon to Lord R. ... The little harpist Sassoli played certainly most wonderfully & the harp of course sounded so much better than in the great Town Hall. Harold quite lost his heart to her and talked French to her, & while she was playing sat or stood at a little distance gazing at her the whole time and not knowing or seeing anything that was going on around him, & the boys too were much interested. Miss Clarke sang extremely well, Melba accompanying her on the pianoforte, & Dr & Mrs Ennis played, he the piano and she the violin, so that by their all playing & singing twice or three times we had quite a little concert.

One of the prominent members’ wives, a terribly vulgar woman, went up to Harold when Lord R. introduced him, and in a very patronising way said, ‘Well, my little man, etc.’ Harold shook hands with her & said ‘How do’, & then gave her such a look that she said no more & left him, which is what he wanted. This was watched by another lady, & then repeated to Lord R. Another woman in talking to me told me that the other day she was on the same tramcar with Harold, who talked to the conductor, & when he got down, turned round & took off his hat to the man. The conductor, who is rather a friend of this lady’s, turned to her & said, ‘That is the Governor-General’s little son, he always asks me endless questions about the working of the cables, etc. and is a real little gentleman, always takes off his hat to me when he gets down.’

At the end, Harold came up to me & begged me to ask Miss Sassoli to play again, saying, ‘Oh I do love it so’, so I, being busy talking to someone, told him to go & ask Lord R. Lord R. was with Melba who said, ‘Oh come with me & I will ask her’, & taking his hand, did so. He listened eagerly the whole time & then of his own accord wended his way thro’ the people back to Melba &
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said, 'Thank you very much for asking', which delighted Melba. She is going to sing to the three [boys] at a practice on her return here. He talked away in French to the foreigners who cd not speak English, which shows he can, but he never will tho' he understands everything & reads it . . . .

I think I have told you all my news, darling own mother. The Prime Minister continually asks H. if he would not be persuaded to stay out just one year as real G.G., as it would simply be the making of the Commonwealth . . . H. answered the Premier when he again begged him two days ago, 'Mr Deakin, I have never asked for anything in my life and I am not going to do so now, & Mr Chamberlain will not give me the chance of accepting or refusing the offer.' Of course Chamberlain would have long ago offered it if he had intended doing so, but of course, it is very gratifying to hear from all sides the same thing—that they want H. & no one else. H. told me I had better not say all this to you, as it would make you think we are not returning home, but I tell him that you will have heard long before you get this who is to succeed H. by the papers, for the Commonwealth is longing to have the thing settled now that H. has got everything for the G.G. properly arranged—and certainly he has been very lenient in his demands, but they have given him everything he has asked them for and which they refused to give to Lord H. Now I must stop with loving love, darling own mother.

20 October 1902

Here is Monday evening—such a lovely one with all the delicious fresh green of the English trees and the flowers all coming out in profuse abundance, the sun shining & making lovely lights over the gardens, and Melbourne in the distance. It is the only time of day it looks anything but hideous, but a haze always hangs over the town at this hour & hides a good many of the hideous chimneys and lights up the different towers & spires, and it stands high.

I have been out driving with poor Hallam who is still laid up on the sofa, tho' he has now come downstairs & lies out in the verandah or garden. We drove, Harold, he & I, down to the sea, a suburb called St Kilda, pretty ugly, but with strong sea breeze. Harold is now playing on the lawn with the house carpenter's boy and the other two have gone riding . . . .

Hallam was able, by putting on a pair of large leather slippers & spats, to hobble to the races on Saturday which pleased the people very much. We only stayed for two races—one, one of the chief races of the year, the Caulfield Cup, was won by a horse his owner would hardly let run, and Capt. Wallington today told us that an Englishman, Mr Hennessy, who has just lost his wife & come out here for change & is worth 3 million, won £3000 on the winner—the favourite was nowhere.

There is one thing I shall be glad of when I get home, I need never go to another race . . . .

Mr Arthur Elliott, who wrote last mail to H. from Canada where they are
staying with the Governor-General, his brother—says that Sir Edmund Barton had just been there & had told Mr Elliott that he—Barton himself—wished H. were appointed G.G. here. That is the 2nd of the leading Ministers who has expressed himself in the same way to outsiders, not knowing it would be repeated to H. . . .

I have just been sitting for the great picture by Mr Tom Roberts of the great opening of the 1st Federal Parliament by the Duke of York—15—with hundreds of portraits of people who were there. It is such a bore, but one feels bound to help the poor man & I have to go again on Thursday . . .

Sir Edmund Barton is to come and see Hallam on Thursday. I am wondering how they will get on—Hallam has liked Mr Deakin very much and is sorry to lose him as Premier . . .

27 October 1902. Government House, Melbourne, Monday

Here is Monday morning & I must start on your letter tho’ as usual now when I begin I seem to have very little to tell you—& were it not that ever since I married I have always written to you as if I were talking to you, I am afraid you would fare rather badly sometimes . . .

You ask what the G.G.’s salary is. £10,000 a year, which many people say is far too little, but H. maintains that it is enough if people do not live in reckless extravagance & ridiculous splendour (tho’ it can’t be said, comfort, for with too big an establishment such as Lord H. had, it is nobody’s place to do anything). Also, if they only entertain according to the salary, which is what Chamberlain & the Ministers here wish.

In South Australia H’s expenses came to between £2 & £500 a year, plus his salary, and if a G.G. likes to entertain a great deal, he will of course be at liberty to do so out of his own income, but this is not required or wished for, and there is no doubt about it that the popularity and dignity of Governors are by no means owing to what they spend. In all cases, the most popular Governors have been poor men & spent little or nothing beyond their salaries. Lord Hopetoun, when he was Governor, not G.G., being the exception to this rule. All that is wanted is kindly sympathetic & not patronising manners when mixing with people of all classes, & keen interest in their interests, and what helps also very much, good, sensible & wise speeches with good delivery—something they can enjoy listening to at the time and think over after.

I do not think they would like a man as G.G. who was not a peer. They much prefer that to riches, & they also do not like a man to be sent out to them . . .

15 Tom Roberts (1856-1931), a notable Australian painter, was commissioned by the Commonwealth Government to paint a picture of the Opening of the Commonwealth Parliament, and was required to include in it all the notabilities and Federal members. The painting, a huge canvas of 18 ft 6 in. by 11 ft 9 in., shows 277 persons. Individual sittings were arranged. It took two years to finish and Roberts received for it only £1,100. The artist found it the most strenuous commission he had ever executed.

16 Sir Edmund Barton had gone as a delegate to the Colonial Conference and the Coronation in April 1902, leaving Alfred Deakin as Acting Prime Minister.
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as a job—they want a statesman & the best man England can send. Otherwise their pride is hurt, of which there is a large amount in Australia, I can tell you, and I believe, in all colonials . . . .

30 October 1902. Government House, Melbourne

. . . . I quite forgot to say in my last letters that there are allowances of £550 a year allowed which goes for keeping up this & Sydney G. Houses & gardens—i.e. housemaids for staff & State rooms, house carpenter, electrician for the electric light—hall porter, who waits on the staff, attends to the book in the public entrance, opens the public entrance door etc., orderlies who ride out in front of the carriage, go messages, policemen who parade the grounds day & night, the upkeep of the houses in the way of paint, furniture, linen, plate etc. etc.—the lighting of staff & state rooms, stationery, stamps, telegrams—except private ones to England etc., all of which are of course a great help, otherwise the salary would be utterly inadequate; but with care & economy it is quite possible to live on the salary, & of course all journeys for the whole household are free, tho' one does not save very much as one has to tip so heavily.

Then Hallam has also got his Minister to agree to the hotel bills of the G.G. being paid when he pays an official visit to the other States, unless the Governor invites him privately of his own free will, for of course it is a great tax on the Governors—Lord H's visit to us was a frightful expense as he chose to come officially & expected us to entertain freely that he might meet all the people, & the same with the Lawleys when he went there.

Saturday. We have got to go off to the Races soon & I must go & dress, but I feel so nervous & worried I must just sit down & pour out to you.

A cable arrived yesterday just as all our guests were pouring into the house, from Chamberlain, asking H. to be G.G. for another year, and it must be answered in a day or two.

Of course we both agreed at once that if he accepts I must come off alone and see you, darling mother, if only for a month, so as to let you have that joy tho' a short one, just to carry you on to this time next year. I have been dreading this lately—for everybody has been saying how necessary it is for the good of Australia that H. should remain on, & it has made me feel very low, for of course I long to get home to you & one gets very sick of this life; and I know there will be no end of worry & bother with the servants & possibly Mr Jose (if he is idiot enough to throw up such an easy luxurious berth) & Mdlle may rebel. I don't know, & I dread having to broach the subject. On the other hand, if H. refuses the offer, he is probably done for & will never be offered any other work, & the Australians would be hurt & disappointed. Of course, too, it is a far greater thing to be full G.G. than merely a stopgap; & another thing, he can save money for the children, & all these things must be looked in the face—the chief thing being that it is a wellknown thing that it is fatal to refuse an offer from Government.
Letters 1902

I only wish it had not come just at this moment with the house full & having to appear bright & gay & talkative, & this weight on one’s mind & no means of one minute’s private talk with Hallam except in bed & with his gout he sleeps in his dressingroom, so I can only do so by sitting up when dead tired & talking things over instead of going to bed. However, God has always been so merciful to us—and Hallam refused to ask or hint that he would take it, as he has been begged to do, so I know all will come right & for the best & tho’ I dread the lonely voyage home, I shall have the joy of being with you again, darling own mother, to look forward to at one end—and of being back with H. & the chicks at the other.

Alas, I am afraid, if he accepts, that we can’t possibly let you know before you see it in the papers, for we cannot cable to you in code & in plain language we should commit a terrible crime, but the very instant H. is gazetted & told so, we shall cable off to you.

Sunday. Well, the telegram has not gone yet & I so wish we could mention it to someone and discuss the pros & cons, but of course one can’t breathe a word.

Well, our first race day yesterday went off extremely well. It was a lovely day & I am thankful to say, nice & hot—I was dreading a cold day—but I very much fear it may be cold Tuesday or perhaps wet, which will be very sad, for the only other Cup I have seen has been on a pelting day & we shall never see another for we shall certainly have said goodbye to Australia before the next. I am generally so intensely bored by racing, but yesterday I quite enjoyed it.

We all went off in three carriages & our horses looking very smart. They are really a splendid three pairs of horses for Australia—tho’ one pair & the carriage are hired for a fortnight & Lord R. who is terribly extravagant had our coronet painted on the carriage for the time, & the horses we have got over from Sydney. We went in the 1st with postilion & we drive on the course right up to the lawn. Our second coachman who has always ridden postilion for Lord Hopetoun has quite lost his nerve since having had an accident in Sydney & his leg broken; he came to Lord R. last week & confessed it & said he could not do it & happily for Lord R’s happiness, we didn’t care. One of the grooms came to the front and said he had often rode postilion and was delighted to act as such.

Monday. Well, the cable accepting the position of G.G. has gone & I feel rather miserable & with a horrid dread of the pain it is going to give you. Poor Hallam says, ‘I hope I have done right’, and I am quite sure he has, but he was so looking forward to going home & says, ‘It makes me rather sick to think of another year of this.’ Still, for the children’s sake, it will be a great thing for him to have held such a position. He & I when we could get alone this morning have been concocting cables to send off to you the moment he hears he is gazetted, telling you I am arranging for coming off to see you for a short visit, and also to Eton to ask if Lionel can go to Eton at 14½, viz. Easter 1904 . . . .
Audrey Tennyson’s Vice-Regal Days

I must not leave later than January as I should have to leave again early in March to get through the tropics in time. . . . Hallam is only appointed for the remainder of Lord H’s term and he only came out for three years and was gazetted 29th October, so he must go then . . . . I don’t think it can be wrong of us to have decided to accept, because the only good reason against it & the only one I feel, was you, darling mother—& Hallam always says, ‘The only thing is disappointing your mother.’ It is a bitter disappointment to me not showing you the boys sooner. I have been so looking forward to it, but one could not run the risk of ruining H’s career for that reason, could I?

We shall hear in a fortnight or so when Capt. Wallington is to leave us & I may return with him, for Hallam won’t hear of my going without knowing a single soul on board. Of course if by hook or by crook Hallam has not been gazetted by the time you receive this, let me beg of you to keep all this letter secret & not breathe a word to a soul, or I should never be forgiven—but unless anything unforeseen occurs he is sure to be gazetted in a week or so. I so grieve for the shock it will be to you—but it could not be helped, & this letter will explain all.

Wednesday. We have had a very successful time on the whole and Capt. Wallington, who never says a word of praise, told H. it was the best ball ever given in this house. Everybody was very warm in their thanks & exclamations of enjoyment, so I hope it has been thought a success. Everybody congratulated me afterwards and said that I ought to be very happy at its having been such an enormous success etc.

I must write you a detailed description of it all next mail . . . .

7 November 1902. Lionel’s 13th birthday

I have gone through a good deal since I sent off my last letter to you on Wednesday. I don’t know whether I mentioned to you then that after H. & I had had our breakfast together in my sittingroom up here, as we have been doing since our guests arrived, & he, excepting his gouty foot, apparently quite well, suddenly while lying on the sofa to rest his foot, was seized with most terrible pains, agony, & I sent off at once for the doctor. He came & found his temperature normal, and said we could not do better than the hot water bottles which I had given him at once and he thought that it was probably the aloe & other drugs he had taken for the gout. The pains subsided after a time & tho’ he felt very sore & tender he seemed well otherwise, tho’ he was obliged to keep quiet & could not go with the rest of us to the State Government House garden party . . . .

Later on, he said to me, ‘Before you are dressed with your gown on, come and do my foot & you had better take my temperature, for I feel a little feverish.’ We were all going, a large party of Governors, etc., to Melba’s concert, but of course it was out of the question his going. I therefore went to him before putting on my gown . . . . but imagine my horror when I found it was 103. I
rushed down to Capt. W. & asked him to telephone at once to the Doctor who
was also alarmed & rushed up & I got everything ready for hot fomentations
which we put on at once & got him into bed.

Today, Friday, he is decidedly better and much more comfortable & in less
pain.

Saturday. The doctors have just come again—I had to send for them earlier
as he has had so much pain again off & on—tho' his temperature is only 100.
They said yesterday evening that there was still a tender spot about the appendix.

Wednesday. Sunday & Monday I was miserable all day with one of my
wretched heads & it was all I could do to keep about. After writing those few
lines Saturday morning while the doctors were with him I had to stop, for the
doctors came in and told me, for precaution's sake, they would like to send for
the great surgeon, Sir Thomas Fitzgerald, for altho' they did not think it was
the case, there might be a deep-seated abscess forming & if so, it would help
Sir T. very much, were an operation necessary, to diagnose it from the beginning.
You may imagine that I was startled, but happily Sir T. was very comforting
and tho' he said there was no doubt there had been appendicitis, it had passed
away, but he must be absolutely quiet on nothing but milk for many days & see
no one. All that day he was very tender & sore and his temp. went up again to
101 but Sunday & Monday he was better, got on the sofa for a little, & yesterday
his foot which had been very bad with gout again the last few days, was much
better & I was feeling quite in spirits again when, in the afternoon, after dictating
several business letters home, & sending some cheques home, I just went into
the next room for a minute and heard the most awful shrieks & groans & found
him rolling on his bed, begging me to do something; & now he has got acute
lumbago.

I cannot, alas, tell you anything again about Cup week in this letter as mail
is going almost directly & I am just scrambling thro' my letter. Most of our
guests left us Thursday & right glad I was to have the house quiet.

A worrying cable came from Chamberlain Thursday, which I was forced to
show Hallam, saying Lord H's appointment had been for 6 years and saying it
was bad to have so many changes & urging H. to accept it to the end of Lord
Hopetoun's term, which would have meant 4 years & 3 months more, but this
of course was impossible, & he cabled back to say unavoidable circumstances
prevented him from accepting for more than a year. Poor old boy, after doing
so and having time to think it over, [he] was rather sad at not having offered a
longer period as he felt convinced Chamberlain would not appoint him for the
year only, & he had thrown away his chance of this great position, good both
for himself & the children. However, I felt certain it was the only thing to be
done as it could not be our duty to be so far from the boys & I am quite certain
Hallam could not get on without me to talk to—he must have somebody
besides the staff to discuss & talk things over with.

However, at last, after waiting all these days, a cable came this morning
saying he has been appointed for a year so we now, after all these long months
Audrey Tennyson's Vice-Regal Days

of suspense, know our fate & of course it is a very great honour & position & will, we know, give universal satisfaction when it is known.

The cable to you is all written out, ready to go the moment he hears he is gazetted, & by next mail I shall be able to tell you plans...

It is also settled & a great delight to me that we go to Marble Hill for the summer & I shall feel happy leaving the children there in the good air.

I have now got all the horror before me of telling the servants, but we shall let all those who wish it go home, and get Australian ones, & I shall suggest to Mrs Bates to go home & bring her boy out, & then she will be happy . . . .

18 November 1902. Melbourne

I have been feeling so miserable too with this horrid weight on one's mind, and here we are still with no news from Chamberlain. It really is rather hard—keeping us waiting so long, for he apparently made up his mind as far as one can judge from his telegram to Barton, that he had settled to appoint Hallam for a year as he would not accept it for the full term, and each day & all day one hopes the cable will come and that the thing has no longer to be kept a secret and we shall know where we are with the servants and everybody in the house.

I can't tell you what with the disappointment of not going home in February and knowing the horrible blow that is coming upon you, and wondering how you will bear it, and knowing that there are endless bothers ahead in connection with the servants etc.—it seems to have taken all spirit out of me, & I yearn for home as I have never yearned all the time I have been out here, & feel low & wretched—tho' I cannot say so to Hallam, because he would grieve at having accepted it. It has been great self-sacrifice on his part taking the appointment on after having settled to go home . . . .

Lord Brassey wrote to me a mail or two ago & said, 'Do stick to your post, Lady Tennyson, there is no one who could fill the post like your husband, & I have told Chamberlain so, etc.' So that I do not doubt for one moment that he has been right in accepting it, tho' only for a year, for it will give the Commonwealth time to settle down & get into order & make it far easier for a man coming out from home to carry on the duties.

This is a beautiful large house and beautiful grounds which of course are very pleasant in themselves, & when we do meet people, they are always most kind & friendly—but it is so different to Adelaide & South Australia, where one as a matter of course could take up any interest one liked . . . .

It is very annoying Capt. Wallington having to leave us—which is a good deal Lord Hopetoun's doing, for he cabled telling him to accept the Prince of Wales's offer & the other day, cabled again asking 'When are you coming?' & Capt. Wallington thinks therefore he was bound to accept, and that he ought to go home soon as 'evidently Lord Hopetoun thinks so'. I must say I think it very ungentlemanly to entice a man's staff away, out here where you can't get
others and it costs so much to have them out. The least you ought to do is to communicate with the chief first and suit his convenience, but Lord H. evidently has different ideas as he has twice taken Capt. Wallington from us & never one civil word of apology or regret to H. . . . .

Some of us & the boys went to the Annual Concert at the Grammar School the other evening, which was a very creditable performance. I asked Mrs Blanche, the headmaster's wife—they are out from home—whether Mr Blanche considered the standard as high as at home and she said, 'Yes, nearly', but I do not think that is the general impression. The headmaster of the Wesleyan school here, who was at Rugby and Oxford & came out 12 years ago told me he rather dreaded the Australian boy as he heard they had no idea of discipline and was much surprised at the free & easy terms between boys & masters—but that you could do anything with the boys when once you gain their affection by leading. No Australian will be driven, they are much too independent; and he thought he had come round to think that the friendly feeling between master & boy—the boys talking to the masters & telling them everything as to each other—was better on the whole than the respectful distance kept up between masters & boys at home.

I enclose you a cutting in an evening paper two days ago—there have been all sorts of reports published and when we are asked point blank whether H. has been offered the post, it is extremely difficult to answer. And Barton was asked, & one of the Ministers had evidently let out what Barton had told them, as the whole case was published as to H's having been offered it for 5 years (it was only 4\(\frac{1}{2}\) really), but would not accept it for more than a year, as both Lord & Lady T. are devoted to their boys who must soon go home to school etc. etc. Then all this was denied & in last night's paper I saw that one of the staff had been asked (I imagine Capt. Wallington) & had denied that Lord T. had had any offer made to him—(a pretty big falsehood!). And so it goes on, all because of Chamberlain's dilly-dallying, which makes it extremely difficult for everybody. The Ministers are quite as anxious as the people that H. should have accepted the full term of office, but of course H. never hesitated for a moment about declining that on account of the boys and you. He is always saying, 'I feel dreadfully sorry for your mother'. . . . .

25 November 1902. Melbourne, Tuesday

. . . . . This morning your cable has come, for which loving thanks—I hoped you would send some message to show you were pleased, tho' as I tell Hallam I am afraid it means that you are rejoicing at my returning soon; & I grieve to say that Hallam seems to be more & more against my going home alone for so short a time—so that I feel dreadfully worried about disappointing you, darling Mother, and having to wait longer before seeing you, and if I insisted and then anything happened to H. or the children, I should never forgive myself, so you will realise how drawn I feel.
Audrey Tennyson's Vice-Regal Days

Of course, I still feel that Hallam was right to accept the position and as someone said, it is an extra compliment Chamberlain having given in to his only staying the one year. Everybody out here has been most kind and complimentary, and he has had lots of telegrams and letters and they all hope that when the time comes, his private reasons may have been overcome & that he will remain on—but that he certainly won’t do. We shall have had enough of it and nearly 5 years is quite enough to be banished from home.

H. is also more & more decided that I and the children should leave here in July and go home by Canada so that the two elder boys should go to a private school in September, & we could then all come down and join you at Farringford until they went to school, and then I could take you up to Sloane Street afterwards. Hallam will have to stay out till November and would then return. Most of the servants have behaved very well and are quite willing to remain on, except the kitchen girls. The head one we are insisting on her returning as Mrs Bates says she can’t stand her any longer ....

I have Melba coming to tea with me this evening. She is all the rage here now, and people—a few—are gone quite mad about her & she is never to be seen without them. I like her as a singer immensely, both for her beautiful voice & her charm of simple manner when singing, but as a private individual H. & I are not attracted by her and I don’t think she likes us! tho’ she asked if she might come and see me, so I asked her to tea. Lord Richard is one of her many mad adorers—but we don’t think her what the boys call ‘very good form’. She asked the boys very kindly to go to a rehearsal to hear her sing. Lessons stopped the elder boys but Harold went with Lord R. Melba told Harold she would sing one of the songs loud for him & she told me that afterwards he went up to her & said ‘Did you really sing that song loud for me, Madame Melba?’ ‘Yes, I did.’ ‘Thank you very much’, taking off his hat & making her a bow ....

Since writing this morning it is quite settled, I think, that we go to Marble Hill on the 11th and stay there, I hope, till middle of March when we go to Sydney for about two months till Parliament meets here, then we return here and according to present plans the boys and I go home by Canada, leaving here in July—but of course it is impossible really to make plans so far ahead.

Wednesday. Last night it mentioned in the telegrams that Influenza is raging in London and it made me miserable and I got, as I often do now, a horrible panic about you, darling Mother, & longed to go back to you. I discussed it again with H. & he is decidedly against my undertaking that long voyage & back for such a short time, as of course it could only be a hurried visit for I should have to get back & pack them up & arrange about the move from Marble Hill to Sydney, & be in Sydney to help H., for we should have to entertain there. I am quite willing to face the voyage but then there is the risk of getting ill, arriving at the coldest part of the year & the cold journey from Marseilles after the heat one would have been through here. And H. says, 'If you go, you had better all go home then & not come out again', & this of course is impossible.
Altogether I feel terribly worried & sad & Hallam is quite as sorry as I am for you but he says, one must use common sense & that by the time I got to England the worst of the winter would be over.

The South Australian Government say that we are to be their guests for the summer at Marble Hill and they are anxious to do everything for our comfort free of expense, in the way of moving all we want up to Marble Hill from Government House etc., which before, we have had to do ourselves.

9 December 1902

Here I am late again in beginning my mail, but I will explain after first thanking you lovingly for your kind brave cable, which arrived yesterday morning and has made me feel so much happier, for I can't help feeling anxious about you and so afraid of the bad effect this great disappointment might have upon you, & so distraught with the feeling that after saying Hallam would let me go home to you, backing out of it—and yet not liking to leave him, especially as he is not yet himself. But now as you tell me I must not think of it, I have a lighter heart than I have had for weeks... I wonder whether you have seen an article in, I suppose, last week’s Spectator saying 'that Australia did not want a G.G. who lived in state like a “financial prince”? These few words were cabled out but nothing more. Please keep anything that is said for or against Hallam that you may see or hear of in the papers.

Here we are on the move again and all our things being packed. I do so hate being always on the move but it is what most people love & live for in these days. The boys, nurses, Mr Jose & Mdlle go the day after tomorrow. The horses, ponies & cows go today, excepting those we leave here for a rest, & Hallam, Mr Wingfield & I with the tag end of the servants go today week. Capt. Wallington then leaves our service. Lord R. (who won’t come to Marble Hill; he is too bored there & bores everybody else so we none of us want him there) remains here and does any work there is to be done, & is to live at the Club, much disgusted because we are not going to leave a man, a maid & a groom here for him!!

13 December 1902. Government House, Melbourne, Saturday

... I have done nothing much since writing, excepting giving away prizes at the great Scotch boys’ school, & Miss Clarke, the Governor’s daughter, gave away the sports prizes which was very funny and quite wrong, as no woman is supposed to take a prominent part at anything if I am present, or a man if H. is present. But things get more & more slack in the State & [in] etiquette that is kept up, owing to having men of a different position to the past. When we came out, all the Governors were peers except Tasmania. Now H. is the only peer in Australia, & the present are easy-going & their staffs do not know anything & they are treated with far less ceremony, for they do things that we
should never have dreamt of doing in South Australia, which is a very great pity for the position will be treated with less & less respect.

22 December 1902. Marble Hill

... Hallam while talking said, 'The best thing in the world would be for your Mother to come out herself. It would be the making of her if she started in February—old Mrs Baker at 80 was able to do it & so could she, & she would be in all her element out here, enjoying everything. It would make a different person of her & she would thoroughly enjoy it.' I told him I thought that nobody but he would persuade you to come; that he would go into the room saying, 'Let's have a look at you', and put up his eyeglass & ask to feel your pulse & you would go into fits of laughter & say, 'But my dear Hallam', & he would say, 'Oh yes, we know all that, come along', & take you, putting your arm in his & you would be in such fits of laughter you couldn't resist. I made him laugh so describing all that would happen. I hope by the time you get this you will have seen dear Mrs Harmer. You will love her for her affection for us. I miss her dreadfully, there is nobody out here that can take her place as a friend to me, & now the dear Bishop will be going soon to join her.

We are all so delighted to be here again in this lovely home, & Hallam asks if I would like him to buy it & come out here every December for two months!! I of course jump at the idea, loving that long voyage so much!

[The boys] are at this moment all blissfully happy decorating the hall & staircase with gum etc. for tomorrow. Lionel is quite clever at it, and the other two supply the boughs, but do what one will, one can never really feel it is Xmas out here.

I have had two most lovely pieces of work done by the donors who have already shared in my farewell present, which I hear is to come up tonight tho' I am not supposed to know, & Mrs Barr Smith, dear old lady, tho' he & she gave me the splendid diamond ornament, has sent us all the most magnificent boxes of bonbons you ever saw. I have kept them for tea tomorrow when we have the crackers. For the 1st time I believe we shall have quite a cold chilly Xmas day.

28 December 1902. Marble Hill

... We had a delightful Xmas Day, first of all for the 1st time out here, & indeed for nine years, at our little church here, we had morning service and celebration, the children having come in early at 8 to receive their presents, those that had not been in their stockings... Then Mr Jose sent me in my public presents which had arrived the night before, entrusted to his care, & I enclose you a copy of the addresses and later I will send you the names of the 171 ladies who subscribed. They had wanted to send round a printed circular all round the State, but happily by mistake it got in the paper, & Hallam, who was
at Melbourne, telegraphed and forbid it, saying it was against the Regulations & that I must receive no present. Then they vowed at the meeting they would give it to me & if it was not allowed while I was here, they should send it when I got home. Then Sir Samuel Way looked up the Regulations and found that the G’s wife might receive no presents except from personal friends so that settled it, & now I have it—most lovely necklace of beautiful opals, small all except one, set in little diamonds, but lovely design and carried out beautifully by an Adelaide tradesman. They would have got a good deal more to show for their money at home, for even out here opals are a very high price & these are very good for their size & it is in very good taste & very light.

Then the men of the Queen’s [Home] Committee, about 12, six of them doctors, I don’t know whether every one of them subscribed, have given me a beautiful pair of silver brushes & silver-mounted tortoise-shell comb in one case and a most beautiful hand looking-glass in another, all with my initials & coronet... I was so relieved that they sent them up to me privately and did not ask me to receive them at a public function which I had feared they would...

Yesterday we, the boys & I, rode, and H. drove Mdlle, & Mr Wingfield walked up all the hills, & Harold in the pony cart with ponies & all went [for] a tea picnic with the ‘Billy’, one of the grooms riding with us & taking care of the ponies while we made the fire & boiled the billy & I cut the bread and butter....
4 January 1903. Marble Hill, Sunday

After all, the much-wished-for letter never came from you as alas, poor Mother, you thought I should have already started, but a very dear happy one to Hallam and then in answer to my telegram, a delightful one with the news 'Am quite well', which I fear, alas, cannot be entirely correct but still it makes me happy about you and if at any time you fall ill you must cable to me and I can get to you in less than 5 weeks . . . .

At Easter we have a great function coming on which we are anxious to make a 'great affair' & a brilliant success, as it is to be at Sydney.

Hallam has always felt very strongly that the Governors & the Governor-General ought often to meet, at least once a year, and he wrote to Lord Hopetoun urging him to have a sort of Durbar in Coronation Year, inviting all the Governors, and he as G.G. presenting all the Coronation honours etc. at G. House, Melbourne, and making a huge affair and display. H. feels that these sort of things are so important in the way of uniting the States and also giving the G.G. & the G's an opportunity of talking over and discussing things by word of mouth, & learning to know each other, which makes it so much easier than to correspond. Lord H. never let the G's meet with him & never breathed a word on business if ever he did meet them.

Well, Lord H. answered that it might be a good thing but there was a great deal against it & he would think it over. H. waited some time & then wrote again urging it, & telling him that for his (the G.G's) sake it would help away the feeling there was that Lord H. never saw or asked the G's on anything which was causing ill feeling! But no, he would not take any interest & the thing fell flat & nothing more was said.

Then H. became a G.G. & he spoke to the different Governors & Premiers who all thought it would be an excellent thing, except Sir A. Havelock of Tasmania who was against it. H. & all did not think it would do as a precedent, for of course the Governors & States would cling to their right of the G's doing it—but just for Coronation Year. H. then communicated with Chamberlain and he neither declined nor agreed, but said it would be considered; of course the King had to be asked. Well, we thought then we would ask all the Governors for Cup week and have the ceremony then, Melbourne being full of people from all the States, & I think H. cabled & asked a second time. Still no
decided answer—so we gave up all idea of it & as H. wanted the Governors all to meet, invited them for the Races only.

Now, last mail, a whole quantity of orders arrived which have been proclaimed to the receivers months ago, but with the usual dilatoriness of the Colonial Office, have never been sent—& last mail they arrived, Hallam never having heard that his suggestion had been agreed to, and a Commission from the King to present them. H. is now again in correspondence with Sir A. Havelock to urge him to give in, & when H. gets his decided answer one way or another he will announce publicly the order from the King and that the function will take place in Sydney at Easter. This will quite appease the N.S.Welshmen who are very bitter at all G.G. State functions taking place in Melbourne, & that Lord H. hardly went there at all, & they will be wildly pleased & we shall give a large garden party & ball too, probably, during that week . . . .

Tomorrow H. has to go to Melbourne to be sworn in as Governor-General just quietly with his Ministers, as his Commission arrived by this mail at last . . . .

12 January 1903. Marble Hill, Monday

. . . . There is an excellent article in the Spectator of the 29th November which gives a most admirable idea, especially the later part, of the kind of man necessary for a Governor-General, & a very true account of what the Australians themselves really feel & want. Do try & get it & read it. The amount of money spent is not what makes a man popular, tho' of course they expect things to be well but not extravagantly done, because they know very well that they are taxed for it all, & they are not a stingy people. On the contrary, they are a most openhanded people when they have money. Of course the Labour party cry out at G's & G.G's receiving salaries but even they are quite amenable to G's & G.G's if they like them and are courteously treated.

Hallam went off on Thursday to Melbourne and was quietly sworn in by the Ministers, & had luncheon at the Club where the Secretary (a very good post) told him he had heard the men discussing at the Club of how right he was to have no public function for it again, so that's a good thing. Lord Richard was there to meet him, & has been enjoying himself dancing attendance upon Melba. The principal Society paper mentioned a report the other day that 'a titled Englishman was said to be engaged to Melba, but that he knew her in England 7 years ago.' That is Lord R. but Madame Melba is a woman of the world & knew who she had to deal with, & knew that Lord Richard Nevill on the Governor-General's staff would be a very useful person to dance attendance upon her, & cabled to him long before she reached Australia & said she must see him on arrival, she had so much to ask his advice about; & it is quite enough to be a prominent person in any way for Lord R. to become a devoted slave. Melba has him under her thumb & everybody talks about it, & the papers too—
stupid man—but he is delighted & cares nothing what anyone says! Still, he knows well how far to go & no further.

H. started back the same day so travelled two nights running in the train—1000 miles. He got out Saturday morning at 8.30 at a station up in the hills a good hour before Adelaide & the carriage met him there & Harold & I went to meet him along the road & then he & I walked home together. Such a lovely morning tho’ a little hot . . . .

Wednesday. About my letters. Please send them down to Farringford by first opportunity & I will, of course, pay the Insurance Company & until someone can take them, would you ask somebody to buy at Harrod’s a japanned tin box for holding them—in case of fire then they can easily be picked up in the tin box and thrown out of the window. Of course, I should be extremely sorry to lose them but Mrs Blakeway will take care of them & the great thing is to keep them together as if they are in several places they are likely to be forgotten & get put away & forgotten. I am afraid they won’t be worth publishing, but they may be of great interest to the boys some day—& Hallam might perhaps make use of them for a book on Australia . . . .

Now about Canada. It is not very difficult for us to know who your mysterious friend ‘I have been told’ is—but she would not do for an official’s wife if she takes upon herself to make such astounding assertions to an acquaintance that Hallam has come to an agreement with Chamberlain only to stay here one year as G.G. because he is to go to Canada. Chamberlain is not likely to offer H. Canada. If he did, of course H. would think twice before refusing it—at least I hope he would. Hallam never for one moment in his life ever dreamt of being made a Governor till the letter arrived from Chamberlain; still less G.G., so his having always wanted Canada is again a pretty false assertion—as it seems to me most of your ‘I am tolds’ are. I cannot remember your ever writing me an ‘I am told’ that has been true.

The only reasons H. refused the G.G. for longer were wholly & solely on your account & the boys. ‘I cannot keep you longer away from your Mother’ he has said to me over & over again, and, ‘12,000 miles is too far for you to be willing to be separated from your children—you would, I know, be miserable’, and, ‘for private family reasons’ has always been the reason & the only reason he has given to Chamberlain & his Ministers here. Otherwise he would not be such a fool as to cut his own throat in such a way as to throw up such a splendid position as this . . . .

I quite agree with you Hallam is an angel of unselfishness.

18 January 1903. Marble Hill

There was great excitement yesterday when Nell’s cable arrived saying that they are arriving the 9th March . . . It makes me very happy that we can

1 Nell, widow of Lady Tennyson’s favourite brother Cecil Boyle, and her daughters Dorothy and Betty, stayed with the Tennysons for several months.
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repay a little in this way all the kindness & hospitality that darling Cis & Nell always showed me & mine . . . .

I brought Lady Baker up with me to stay for a few days as Sir Richard & Addie, her girl, have gone to India for the Durbar. She told us yesterday that Addie had taken 50 blouses with her & then she corrected herself later & said she had been counting up & she did not think it was more than 30! For ten days of functions! Her mother says it has cost her at least £200 to fit her out & she is only 18. That will give you some idea of the way girls dress out here . . . . What I would have given to see the Durbar—tho’ we have seen plenty of sights out here, nothing could ever come near the sight at Delhi.

Chamberlain seems to be doing very well in South Africa tho’ Hallam thinks he speaks publicly a little too much—a man is so apt to be off his guard & make a slip in saying something to put the backs of Colonials up if he speaks too much in public, for these people are always on the look-out for fear Imperialists should in any way trample on their rights. I always hope & pray H. may get thro’ to the end without a blunder, for there are mighty few Governors or G.G’s or Viceroy's who have . . . .

25 January 1903. Sunday

How I wish I could send you some of our glorious sunshine . . . .

Monday. I did not get far yesterday for as soon as I had begun writing to you after playing over the hymns for our little morning service, Hallam came past my window and we then spent a quiet peaceful hour together in the verandah with our feet in the sun & our heads in the shade & I with my blue spectacles on for the glare was dreadful & we sat there gazing at our wonderful & beautiful view—tho’ I felt I ought to be writing till 12 when the bell rings and we all meet in the drawingroom & I play a hymn, then H. reads the psalms with the congregation! Mr Jose reads a lesson, then H. reads the Litany & then I play the 2nd hymn and the service is over & the servants march out . . . .

I and the boys are able to do everything together up here, & all their lives I am afraid I shall look back to the times spent at Marble Hill as some of the happiest of my life—for tho’ we shall have them for their holidays for a few years more, they will be marred with the pain of having to part with them again soon—which of course is not the case now. Happily, however, I have a very happy nature & so has my Hallam, & we somehow are always able to enjoy the circumstances of the moment even when they are not of our choice, and as long as one has interests in life one gets lots of happiness out of life . . . .

Hallam has really, I think, got quite himself again & is able to take long walks & plays billiards, one or two games, every morning with Mr Wingfield.

[The domestic] staff are all very happy up here and it is such a comfort to feel one is master of one’s own house instead of being under the rule of an A.D.C. who manages everything he cares to manage, & insists on having his
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own way if he can, but leaves everything that does not interest him alone &
then is vexed at anyone else interfering!

Men have no idea of managing servants is my firm opinion—they nag &
worry them one day & spoil & ruin them the next. All the same, one must
have these little worries in a Government House & we certainly have had
specially nice men on our staff all through, and have been very fond of them.
Mr Wingfield is an extremely shy quiet man & I doubt whether he has ever in
his life spoken to or been spoken to by a small child—& it makes Hallam & me
roar with laughter sometimes to see Harold with him, for it never enters
Harold’s head to be shy or to think that anyone is shy or afraid of him, & he
goes up most innocently to Mr Wingfield & puts his hand on his shoulder in
the most confiding way and asks him some question that he wants answered.
Poor Mr Wingfield, with a sort of look of surprise & even fear as to what Harold
is going to do or say, looks at him out of the corner of his eye, gets very red &
answers in a very low nervous voice. But Harold, quite unconscious of the
poor man’s feelings, goes on discussing or questioning until he has received a
satisfactory answer and then departs, leaving Mr Wingfield with a most relieved
expression . . . .

1 February 1903. Marble Hill, Sunday

. . . . I don’t know whether I ever told you about the terrible earthquake
they had in Adelaide when we were in Melbourne. People were terrified &
many people have not yet recovered from the shock. It was accompanied by
the most awful noise and the houses rocked backwards & forwards & people
say that they felt if it lasted another second the houses must collapse—but what
is so curious, Lady Holder, who was up here the other day to luncheon with
Sir Frederick, says that tho’ pictures fell from the walls, nothing moved on shelves
or chimney pieces, or brackets. Everything remained absolutely in place, tho’
walls & ceilings cracked . . . The only people who felt nothing were those in
trams & they, as they went along, could not imagine why everybody was running
out of their houses into the streets. I am rather sorry, as no one was hurt, that
I did not experience it.

We have had bushfires all round us the last two or three days, the first of this
year, & I hope they won’t go on, for one gets so sick of the smell of burnt wood
which one can’t get away from, for everything inside & out gets impregnated
with it.

We had the Matron of the Queen’s Home up to spend the day on Friday &
she thoroughly enjoyed it, & I had, I need hardly say, a long talk over the Home
with her. It is going on well on the whole, but there were a few things that
want remedying, so we asked the President to come up & see me yesterday—
Mr Phillips with his two girls—such nice girls, & he is always ready to see, & if
possible, correct things. The doctors are our bugbear & tyrannise over the
whole committee over everything that gives a chance for the Home to make
more income and them a chance of losing a fee, however small. I was so glad to
hear him say what I have said dozens of times to Hallam, that he never knew
before how selfish doctors are about their fees, but I always add that I always
used to think they were a generous, kind race of men, and that we shall never
have things as we want until we can afford a resident doctor, and then do away
with a doctors’ committee. They squabble about any case they think one of
their profession could get a fee from and would like none but comparative
paupers to go in, who either can pay very little or nothing—but how is the
Home to be kept going in that way?

They are a grabbing set, Hallam’s & Aubrey’s, & the latter was only ill
exactly a fortnight & the doctor lives outside Government House gate & never
came twice, but for his own pleasure asked me to telephone to him each evening
when there was really nothing to say—& these two patients’ doctors’ bills
were £150 all but 2 or 3 pounds. That’s a pleasant sum to have to pay out,
besides chemists’ bills & nurse! Happily I was able to nurse Hallam.....

It has just been settled that on Monday H., self, 3 boys, Mdlle & Horn are
going on the Protector for the inside of a week’s cruise to visit Kangaroo
Island.....

16 February 1903. Marble Hill, Monday

...We returned in a hurry on Saturday because of a tremendous storm,
reached port at 9 at night and left the ship yesterday, Sunday, & we left all the
luggage down at the station & came up here, so I think the best way will be to
leave our cruise now till next mail and give you a fuller & longer description
than I could do, this one, for Sir Edward Hutton came up for the night last
night from Western Australia & Sir John2 and Lady Forrest are here now for
two nights and she never ceases talking—so that I have very little time for
writing.....

Imagine my horror last Sunday when Hallam called me from the boys to
speak to me & showed me a cable from the Prince of Wales3 saying, ‘Will
Mdlle Dussau be governess to our daughter greatly hope favourable reply.
George.’

Can you conceive people coming to partake of hospitality in one’s house,
finding that you have brought out a treasure for your children—& I told them
also that she was my right hand—& then trying to entice her away, when they &

2 John Forrest (1847-1918), a man of remarkable ability, was born at Bunbury, Western
Australia. He became a surveyor and explorer and led several expeditions, twice crossing from
the West to Adelaide, from Perth along the shores of the Bight in 1870, and from Champion
Bay to the centre of Australia and down the Darwin telegraph line to Adelaide in 1874. He
then became Surveyor-General in the Legislative Council of Western Australia and when
responsible government was achieved, for which he worked hard, he became the first Premier,
from 1890 to 1901, during which time he pushed forward the development of Western Aus-
tralia. He relinquished the office of Premier to become Postmaster-General in the first Federal
Cabinet, was next Minister of Defence, and then for Home Affairs, and was four times Treasurer
of the Commonwealth. He had been created K.C.M.G. in 1891, G.C.M.G. in 1901, and in
1918, created Baron Forrest of Bunbury, he became Australia’s first peer.
3 The Duke of York, later King George V.
their staff know that I cannot find a soul out here, and they have the pick of the world. Mdlle behaved beautifully. When I went up & told her I was terribly upset at receiving this telegram she said at once that no king or prince would make her leave us, at any rate while we are out here. She kissed me over & over again & told me there was nothing to worry about as she would not dream of going. I am truly grateful to her for her loyalty to us & we sent back a cable saying, ‘Could not possibly spare Mdlle could H.R.H. wait till our return?’ The answer next morning was ‘Telegram received, writing. George.’

In the mean time I had written to Mary Lygon asking her to explain to T.R.H. that I was very sorry not to send a more favourable answer, that the cable had come as a thunderclap to Mdlle & ourselves, that I should have thought it my duty to sacrifice myself to T.R.H., but I was sure they would understand I could not sacrifice my children’s education & that Mdlle said she could not dream of leaving us out here; that I had always hoped she would carry on the education of our youngest boy till he went to school and that altho’ I could never replace Mdlle who was a friend of many years, of course I could probably find somebody else to teach Harold when I get back to England etc. etc.

It appears that the Princess has been in communication with Lord Richard but he is very mysterious, so I really don’t know what has passed—I have only seen one cable from her to him asking if Mdlle could teach German. He confided in Mr Jose & Mr Wingfield but not in us. He is ‘royalty crazed’ and is only too delighted to have anything to do with royalty & all they do must be right. They have taken away our P.S. We don’t mind that so much—Hallam likes Mr Wingfield even better than Capt. Wallington in many many ways, but I simply could not do without Mdlle—it would be an absolute impossibility. I should have nobody for Harold as she teaches him every day as well as the other two boys French & German, which we have paid for since Lionel was six . . . .

16 March 1903. Monday

I seem as if I had come rather to the tag end just now of everything, and have very little to say in my letters as I have already described everything here so often, and we do much the same thing every day, and alas, alas, have only 10 days more of our happy life in this beautiful home . . . .

We went down yesterday morning, the whole family party, starting from here about nine for Adelaide, to a military service in the Cathedral to the memory of those men who died or were killed in South Africa since the Tablet was unveiled by the Prince of Wales two years ago, & during the service Hallam unveiled the names added to the tablet since that date. It was all beautifully done and very impressive . . . .

After luncheon the whole party except Nell, Mdlle & I, went to the Zoo & we three went to the Queen’s Home. Only one woman & delightful baby in bed—so grateful & the husband, who was there too, for the home & for my having managed to persuade the Committee to take her in as the doctors thought
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her too well off; & she asked in a very hesitating shy way whether they might have the honour of calling her by the same name as my first; poor people, the husband thanked me after as if I had conferred the greatest kindness on them. I longed to carry the little girlie off, so far she has got the ward to herself which is very nice for her . . . .

Alas, I fear it may be the last time I ever see [the Home]—but it is some comfort to feel that it is a complete success & has already been a boon to over 60 women & were it not for the doctors, probably for double that number . . . .

23 March 1903. Marble Hill, Monday

We have just seen the first contingent off to Sydney consisting of the three boys, Mdille, Mr Jose, Horn, Sophie, 2 menservants & kitchenmaids, 2 cockatoos in separate cages, Harold’s pet rabbit which Hallam, in the most demoralising way, tried to persuade Harold to sell to him so as to let loose, but Harold sternly refused, saying, ‘Not for any money!’ Also a magpie & simply tons of luggage . . . I simply hate the house when the chicks have left it, with all the empty rooms & quietness. Altogether I feel very low & depressed for I feel that this is the end of perhaps the happiest part of our lives. Of course the life at Sydney & Melbourne which we are now going to cannot be the happy home life that we have led here—so intensely happy & peaceful, & really this year without Lord R., Thomas, or Lizzie, the two servants who were always breeding discontent, it has been an ideally happy life & I think the servants have enjoyed it as much as we have.

At Sydney & Melbourne, it must be more official. With staff & such a huge household—40, we shall always be, even when quite alone; and of course we are too many for me to have much of the boys to myself tho’ we shall be a very happy jolly party, always with the nightmare hanging over me of having so soon to send the boys off to school, and breaking up the nursery for ever. Oh that I were 10 years younger & could have another baby! Nothing would matter so much. But we must send Horn away on our arrival home, Harold being 7, & now Mdille, who I somehow took as a matter of course would stay with me for him, has agreed to go to the Princess of Wales as soon as we get back, tho’ she has been very good & refused to leave me till we get home, & we now hear that, tho’ she told me when I asked her that there was nothing between them, she has every intention of marrying Mr Maurice. She likes him still when she sees him again, & after the friend I have made of her & treated her, it has hurt & pained me very much that she has so deceived me. She wears the wedding ring he gave her & keeps up a correspondence with him—and she knows how disgracefully he behaved with us, and how everybody detested him. She has also come into money & is now very comfortably off and will be quite rich. But you better not know this unless she tells you.

I am afraid she has the underhandedness of the French nature & I can never feel the same for her—because I gave her the chance & asked her pointblank,
& she told me then she knew she had behaved very badly with Mr M. I think, & I told her so, that the only explanation that could be given was that he was ‘timbré’.  

She told H. the other day that he [Mr Maurice] had done extremely well during the war, that General French asked him to go on his staff & that he has an appointment at Johannesburg of £700 a year, but probably this is all from him & he used not to know what truth meant. Hallam asked her pointblank as she was down at Adelaide and a letter & photograph came from him & lay on the hall table & the children knew his writing. H. asked her because she could not accept the Prince’s offer if she were going to be married; & she said she had not made up her mind yet, & would not decide till she saw him. She has always made out her father wanted her back, & her father this & that, but I expect it was really this wretched young man. Still, in all other ways she has behaved extremely well & has been the very greatest help to me in every way, & I somehow felt she was a friend for life who would never go to anyone else.

Of course one cannot for a moment blame her for accepting such an offer. It is a great honour & feather in her cap & she is to have £150 salary—she only gets £100 with us & had £80 & then we increased it last year, but I doubt very much whether she will be nearly as happy. Here, she is quite a grand lady, always doing everything & going everywhere with me, & her lessons are all over by 11 o’clock or soon after, in the morning, & she does just what she likes most of the rest of the time, tho’ always ready to do anything I ask her, & spares herself no trouble—& I expect, there, she will be the governess & nothing but the governess, with a little girl of five. The Princess wrote me a very nice kind letter last mail but said she was afraid the cable must have been a great shock to me, so that she knows she has hardly behaved in a fair way. I still think, in a most unfair way, for she has the whole world to choose from & knows we have Harold, & because she heard from me that Mdlle was such a comfort to me, she sends for her—not even waiting till our return, which she knows must be soon.

I have written quite openly to her & told her I had done everything for languages for my children since the nursery days and that for their sakes as well as mine I could not possibly let Mdlle go till we returned to England, & that the date of that was still uncertain. I made Mdlle write herself to the Princess, & told the Princess I had done so as I would be in no way responsible as to any arrangements between them . . . .

I shall feel better when we have got away from here now, for one only looks out & around now & feels sad at leaving it all for ever. We had our last little service in the village church yesterday, & 50 girls from the plains, belonging to a Guild of which I am Patroness, came up to the service, & afterwards passed me with their names called out & I shook hands with each & said a few words to them in the schoolroom—a very trying ordeal when one felt sad . . . .

Hallam & I were much amused about your long discourse of two or three

4 Crack-brained.
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pages on the advantages of flogging, and wondered whether it was that you wanted to instill into us that we ought to flog Lionel or Harold or who?!!!

I am sorry to say, joking apart, whatever 'devoted tender mothers' may have told you, I entirely disagree with you in thinking that flogging is much the best punishment for a boy, & I should not think well of any boy who preferred flogging to any other punishment. I think flogging ought never to be used except for some very very serious sin, or some incorrigible fault when every other punishment has proved useless.

Flogging ought to be a humiliating and degrading thing to any nice-feeling boy or man who has any self-respect and modesty—& I like to feel that all my three boys, Harold as much as the others, would feel the degradation, I am sure, far more than the pain. Caning on the hand is a very different thing that I should not mind for them at all at school, tho' I cannot either believe that to inflict physical pain on one's children at any rate at home, can be good for their natures. One wants to bring out every atom of softness & tenderness in a child's character, not to harden it. No, I am afraid I entirely agree with the Times in its articles & the letters sent to it—that the men who submitted quietly to such a degrading humiliation as being flogged were as much to blame as those who did the flogging. Both sides are very revolting.

We have had a telegram to say the party have arrived safely at Melbourne after a comfortable journey. The poor rabbit had to be sent back after all as there is a fine of £50 for taking a rabbit by train . . . Wednesday. The T. Barr Smiths came up to luncheon and they kindly took possession of the poor rabbit as a pet for their little boy Bob. He [Mr Barr Smith] told H. that he and his father have 13,000 miles of land up North—that now, owing to the drought, they have only 30,000 sheep on it but their proper number is 200,000!! It takes one's breath away, doesn't it?

Alas, alas, we are just off from this dear beautiful place and have the terrible ordeal to go through of saying goodbye to Adelaide & the people this afternoon. A Mounted Rifle escort is to meet us in the outskirts of the town and then we go to Government House where Lady Way gives us tea; then on to the station where there will be a guard of honour and H. is to present two Service Order Medals at the station. I have never felt so low at leaving any place as this, but then I have never before left a place one loved, knowing that one can never never see it again . . . .

30 March 1903. Government House, Sydney, Monday

Here we are all upside down, having arrived Saturday and of course yesterday we could do nothing for we went to the Cathedral in the morning, and then had a Mr & Mrs Crawley, & Mr & Mrs Phillips to luncheon and to stay the afternoon till after tea. Mrs P. was a Tennyson d'Eyncourt, a cousin of Hallam's. Both the men have come out for their health—Mr Crawley as he broke a blood vessel in his lungs, & Mr P. for insomnia. Mrs Crawley was a Miss Ferguson of
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Pitfour, a granddaughter of Lord Bridport's. We liked Mrs P. much the best of the two and we are taking them in the launch this afternoon for them & Bobbie & Nell etc. to write their names in the State Government House book. It is delightful here being able to go by the launch everywhere and we have our teaset on board and have tea as we go along.

Mrs Bates is perfectly horrified at the prices here—8d. for a cabbage, 2/6 a dozen eggs, 7/6 for a small pair of ducks; but as I tell her, it is no use worrying we must all eat & we have put all the stablemen & coachmen on board wages, 16/- a week, and they say they can hardly do on that! But as Lord Hopetoun gave that, I don't think we need give more .

I have this morning been ordering gowns, morning & evening, for the races Easter week, our dance and garden party etc. A cream cloth with brown velvet, a pale french grey poplin for the smart race day, a pale mauve ball gown, and a white crepe de chine dinner gown with black velvet and black lace. All quiet but smart—and a pretty grey rough tweed for useful wear .

I am wondering whether you are sending my sable trimming; you do not say in your letters . . . I am or rather shall be sadly in need of the sable off the cape . . . If you have not sent it, even now if you sent it by very next mail after this letter with heaps of anti-moth powder & soldered in a tin biscuit box, it would arrive in time for the cold winter in Melbourne . Please address it to Melbourne, as we shall probably be there, & everything is trimmed with fur this year, they tell me .

6 April 1903. Government House, Sydney. Monday

. . . . This last week with the endless things to settle and arrange in first coming into the house & finishing up with Adelaide, and also the heat & this relaxing climate has knocked me up & I have felt very good-for-nothing and headachy the last three days, & this morning had to stand trying on [gowns] for two hours again. I have not been able to teach the children once, except Harold his violin, and not even been able to read the papers which I really feel is a duty anywhere, but still more here, as otherwise I am sure to have the papers quoted at me then, & have to acknowledge that I have not seen them, which is a fall to my pride!! . . .

You would love all the life that goes on in the harbour—constant guns, one at sunrise, at 1 o'clock and at 9—with bugles & bands & salutes of guns when the Admiral or Governors visit any of the men-of-war. Then it is like a busy beehive with boats, sailing & rowing, launches, steamers, ferries etc. all puffing & steaming about, right at the bottom of the garden; & oh, I do wish you could see the view from any part of the house on to the harbour, but more especially from my sittingroom where I am now, such a lovely room & so prettily furnished with white-ground chintzes & pretty pale blue brocade & curtains & a balcony the whole length at the top of the huge verandah below, & then this perfectly exquisite view.

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Last night I was lying down after tea & it was really like fairyland, everything & the many promontories lit up like gold from the setting sun, the sea a most lovely blue and numerous little yachts with white sails. The men-of-war are really quite an eyesore now, for the new law is to paint them all iron-grey, every single inch of them, funnels & all the same shade, with nothing to relieve them. We have a German man-of-war in now, all white, & she looks so much nicer, & last week a Chilean training ship was in, also all white, but she has gone again. It certainly is a very fascinating & spoiling life, every luxury, comfort & pleasure, a large steam launch to telephone for whenever we like, & we have been most afternoons & take tea with us to have on board. All the children thoroughly enjoy it—everybody pleased to see us, or at any rate pretend to be—& the slightest thing one does is thought so kind & gracious. It would not be human not to enjoy all one's advantages, & any life after it must necessarily be very tame and dull. . . .

Now that the horses are rested—the poor things were terribly knocked up after their two long journeys from Adelaide & Melbourne—we can ride every day when we like, & shall probably often send the horses outside Sydney, which is so crammed with tramways, & go by launch to pick them up where we can have good canters.

This week [the week before Easter] I am doing nothing that I can possibly help and hope to get to a good many services and lead a very quiet unpleasurable life. H. has to go to the 1st day's Races on Saturday, but I have refused to go. On Saturday we all, the whole party, went on the launch to a bay called Lane Cove, where right high up, I should think quite 200 feet above the water, is the great Roman Catholic boys' College, with winding paths cut through the most enormous boulder rocks, all overhanging with greenery, up to the plateau where the buildings are. There are about 120 boys, and on Saturday they had their annual Regatta & we were begged to go, and as Sir Harry Rawson is away, we went. It took us about ½ an hour to get there & on arrival we were met by the Father Rector & Monsignor, who is head of the Roman Catholic College at the University & reminds me so much of dear Aubrey de Vere with his slight brogue & all. Only some of our large party went on shore. . . . We climbed halfway up the hill to a sort of pavilion summerhouse & the Lord Mayor & some of the R.C. Ministers were there & watched the racing—a lovely sight down on the water covered with all sorts & sizes of boats. A most lovely afternoon and all the people in their light summer clothes & bright colours looked so pretty, seated upon the great boulder rocks, the whole scene full of animation and colour and brightness.

We were given tea in the Pavilion and then three boys came up—a deputation to beg two days holidays which the Rector at first (pretended, I think) objected to, and then said two was too much, so I asked that they might have one for the G.G. and the other for me, so at last he consented that they should have two days added to their Easter holidays which might finish Thursday instead of Tuesday.
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Sunday was a most trying hot day. We went to church in the morning to hear the Bishop of Carpentaria (White) who preached for money for the dark races up in Central and Northern Australia. He says the white people, of whom there are about 17,000 in his diocese, he does not want money for, for if he could find the clergy—and that is a great difficulty—they would find the money to pay them. But the white people cannot afford to pay for the coloured population, of which there are 45,000 they think, but the only way they can count them is by reckoning that for every civilised black there are two still in their savage state who never come near a township, many of them never having seen a white man & when they have, poor things, only for harm. It is terrible the way they have hitherto been treated by the white man, but we hope that things are improving now and they have, and will have, protection. The only blacks who can be registered are those who go to the townships for food & blankets which are provided free by the Government . . . .

13 April 1903. Government House, Sydney. Easter Monday

I will write every word I can to you this mail, but here is Monday, mail goes from here tomorrow, and we leave here this morning, 11.45—which means dressing soon after 11—for the great races, & from them we go this afternoon to a camp 30 or 40 miles off by special train—an hour’s journey, dine in camp, & H. holds a Levee of the officers afterwards; then a Tattoo in our honour, & then back by train late tonight.

Such a wet Easter Day it was, so sad, & this morning pelting cats & dogs. Now, however, 10 o’clock, it is clearing so we shall have to go through with everything . . . .

Tuesday. Mail goes today and I have now ½ an hour to write some more before we have to go to the great Annual Agricultural Show at 12 o’clock.

We had a very successful day yesterday after all. The weather cleared so we drove off in open carriages and postilion to the Races, and had quite a nice day, with the Fanshawes to luncheon as the Committee give us our own diningroom & provide luncheon & we can invite who we like. Also a Mr & Mrs Gibbs—he a son of Lord Aldernum or some such name, a new peer . . . Mrs Gibbs we both liked very much. She gave me a delightful account of their butler who (upon her maid who has been with her since she was 15, refusing to come) she asked to come on condition he did all he could for her—and he waits on her hand & foot, pins on all her brooches, brushes all her clothes & irons out her gowns!! delightful man, & somebody in the hotel the other day heard the chambermaid say to him, ‘Well, you did turn your lady out well today.’

In the Sydney Cup, the principal race of the day, one of the horses somehow threw his rider the moment they started and ran the whole race alone, thoroughly understanding the whole thing, dear beast. It was so pathetic. He passed all the other horses & having done so, went to the inner ring evidently under-

5 Aldenham.
standing the whole thing, and just at the last put on a tremendous spurt, came in first and then slowed down & turned round & trotted into the paddock thro' the little gate all in right order, dear beast, little realising that it all meant nothing as he had no rider, who, poor man, had been taken off in the ambulance but I don’t think was much hurt . . . .

We left the races early and drove straight to the station where we had a special train awaiting us, & the maids were there for us to change into warmer & less smart gowns and we had tea as we went along, Sir E. Barton travelling with us, and went to a place called Richmond, where the Mayor awaited us with an address to H., & a crowd of people. Three cheers raised for both of us. Hallam, as I told him after, made me feel very small! in his answer as he thanked the Mayor & people for their kind words about him and me, & they had never mentioned my name!! However, he said he did it on purpose as they ought to have.

Then outside the station a bigger crowd as there was a very smart escort of N.S.W. Lancers who escorted us to the camp about a mile off. We at once inspected all the camp, so beautifully neat & smart & trim, and the men, the General told me, so excellent in their conduct etc. and the horses really wonderful when one thinks that they come straight out of the bush, many of them. One regiment, the General told me, marched 80 miles to their nearest station and then travelled down 300 miles for this week’s camp.

After walking all round the camp—about 1000 men—we went to a beautiful tent that was Indian. Having seen this one, I can now well imagine how comfortable one can be in a tent—and had dinner with a good many of the officers, such a particularly nice set of men. I sat between the two Generals—General Hutton of the Commonwealth & General Finn of the State . . . . Oh, we took down the Austrian Consul-General with us too, & he changed in the train into his smart uniform & was a great object of interest to all the soldiers. He is a nephew of Count Deyms and is Baron—(I forget, I will try & add it). He clicks his heels beautifully & kissed my hand and we talked German together—tho’ he speaks English with a strong accent.

It turned out a most lovely evening with golden clouds peeping above the dark blue hills and then the most beautiful moon. After dinner we went into another tent and Hallam held a Levee . . . then we all sat outside the tent and the massed bands played to us beautifully till it was time to go back by train . . . .

14 April 1903. The great Investiture, an Imperial Commonwealth function, Sydney . . . . I have just been watching a Russian Man-of-War steaming slowly into the harbour. It is so pretty to see them coming in & firing a salute as they come along. We have got dear old Lion’s old ship, the *Pylades*, lying just in front of the windows, so different to the modern ironclad, & so much prettier; also an old-fashioned schooner, the *Torch*, what I think they call an Auxiliary, which can sail & steam. She is such a pretty contrast to the other hideous grey
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ironclads but is considered so old fashioned that this is to be her last commission.

It is very fascinating, looking out of the window & watching all the ships & boats of all kinds of sorts & shapes & sizes, & the fussy little launches dashing about so full of importance—then out of the side windows we look on the port where all the great mail steamers lie each with their own wharf, P & O, Orient, Messageries etc. This bay which makes this port is called Circular Bay.

There go the big guns again—another salute, I suppose . . .

There is a most beloved black cat here in the garden . . . The flying foxes swarm & make as much noise almost as cats fighting at night. Poor beasts, they shoot them by hundreds; we hear them popping away most evenings in the Botanical Gardens which join these grounds but they are so terribly destructive they have to kill them. It is said if their wing only grazes a peach that it cannot be eaten, the smell is so strong.

We have Mr Le Hunte, Governor of New Guinea, arriving today, such a nice man, he was at Trinity with Hallam; & tonight we all, and the Governor etc., go to the Play, and before that there is to be a rehearsal of massed bands here in the garden while we are at dinner, in anticipation of the Investiture on Saturday. There are races again today, but only Hallam & the staff are going, not we ladies.

Oh dear, it is very difficult to be patient sometimes, here have I been waiting over an hour, got up early and had my breakfast up in my room, for the dressmaker, and now she says she is not coming today but tomorrow, & she never yet tried on my ball gown at all for tomorrow—& now, too, I get my orders to go to the races.

Monday. I got so far on Wednesday and since then have not been able to write any more, for when I have not been on the rush I have occasionally snatched a few minutes to rest my back & feet & ankles, but the moment I lie down I may be quite certain that in less than five minutes somebody comes along that must see me and up I have to get. However, everything has really gone off splendidly and been a great success, and everybody appears to have been much pleased . . . .

Tuesday. I got so far yesterday with endless interruptions and now today is mail day and our garden party this afternoon. It is not raining but the weather looks very uncertain. I do not know what it intends to do. I do trust it will be fine, for with 3000 people I really don't know what we shall do if they can't go out in the garden. I remember so well looking at a picture in one of the Illustrated papers at home once, of a garden party given over here in honour of the Queen's Jubilee; how little I then thought that we should be doing the same thing . . . .

The ball on Thursday was very brilliant and a lovely warm evening, so that the people could walk & sit about the garden, and all the fleet was illuminated, which made a lovely scene. It was wonderful to see them all blaze out with little electric lights in one moment as the 9 o'clock gun went off.

There was rather a crush at first, but it soon dispersed when the people began

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to move out into the verandah which is very wide & runs the length of the house, and was all carpeted with crimson carpet and quantities of armchairs & sofas and lit by electric lights in the ceiling.

Hallam & I went down at 9.30 and everybody passed us & we shook hands & Lord Richard calling out their names, between 7 & 800, I think, tho’ many people said there must be 1000 from their cards, and all the staff—a good number of honorary A.D.C’s, all in uniform—standing up the drawingroom so as to keep a passage clear for people to walk up to the ballroom. Then when everyone had arrived, the staff walked in front of us and we walked up in procession with the Governors & their families & staffs, to the dais, and as soon as possible we had the Vice-regal set of Lancers.

I let the three boys just stay up to watch that from the gallery behind the palms and then the two elder ones came down for part of the first valse—& I danced a few turns with Lionel, for the first time in his life, & Betty danced with Aubrey and then we packed them off to bed. I had a lovely new gown made by a dressmaker here & she has made me several others, far the smartest gowns I have ever had, & such good taste & she takes such endless pains about them. How I wish I had known about her before! I should have spared myself such endless trouble & expense & been very well dressed into the bargain. For the ball I had a lovely pale mauve crêpe de chine all beautifully trimmed with white lace & sequin embroidery, & festoons all round the skirt of white lilac & lilac exactly the same shade, a very long full train and lots of chiffon flounces & flowing chiffon sleeves. I wanted a new pair of shoes to match as tho’ I had some mauve, they were not quite the shade, & Mlle went to several shops asking the price, my giving the satin. The most expensive, 45/- = £2-5, just to make them, and the cheapest, 35/-. What do you think of that? Everything is so ruinous here.

Nell looked so well in a grey & black gown of Mrs Ker Lane’s which however had to be all re-arranged, and train & flounces added by my dressmaker, for you never saw such a thing as it was—she could not have worn it. I think Mrs Ker Lane & all her workers must have gone mad. Dorothy is sending back some of her gowns, she can’t get into them, & Nell’s are quite impossible for her to wear as they are—I really should be ashamed for her to be seen in them, but Mrs Beattie has been so good about altering them & adding trimming & length & I don’t know what else. Nell’s tiara looks so well too . . . .

Friday, we all dined with the Rawsons to meet the other Governors, Admiral & General, and came away early as they were some of them going on to a dance and we were pretty tired. Saturday morning, most of them went to the races, but I went Monday & Wednesday, so I thought I had done my duty & I wanted to go on the launch with the boys to see a 5-oared race between the crew of the Royal Arthur & the Naval Reserve men, Australians, who challenged the English men & felt confident of success. As soon as the others heard of our plan they were all very envious and wanted to give up the races & come too. However, that could not be, but they telephoned at luncheon time to say we were to wait
for them and so most of our party came and we took the Admiral too with us, 
& saw the boats start and followed them up. The Australians got ahead at first 
but they soon fell back, or rather the Englishmen gained steadily on them, and 
then made a boat's length one after another and won easily a long way ahead— 
five miles' race, too far, I think, in heavy boats on the sea & a strongish wind 
against them one way. The Australians were much older men, which made it a 
less fair race, but it was they who made the challenge. We were so delighted 
that the Englishmen won, it is always so good for the A's who have such an 
extra amount of self-confidence.

We had the two crews up alongside the launch & congratulated them on their 
pluck, & one of the Australians, much disgusted but quite ready to try again, 
said, 'Oh we'll try 'em again & beat 'em', and another said, 'Oh yes, we'll soon 
change this verdict!!!' That's just like them.

For the evening, we had our great Investiture ceremony, which Hallam— 
from the time he suggested the idea to Lord Hopetoun, urged him to have it, 
but he would not take to the idea—has always said ought to be carried thro' with 
the utmost solemnity & dignity, otherwise it would be a terrible failure . . . Well 
nothing could have been a greater success and I am so glad for Hallam was so 
anxious & said it was a more important ceremony that any ceremony he had 
held or would do out here. It was the first great Commonwealth function.

The ceremony was to begin at 9.30 p.m.—everybody in full dress & uniform, 
a very full staff of all the honorary A.D.C's & the various staffs. All the Gover-
nors & Admiral met with us in H's room and waited there till everybody was in 
their places. A special dais had been made and arranged at the end of the ball-
room, which you could see from the end of the drawingroom. All that could 
bring up halfway up the ballroom, the others stood in two rows up the 
the drawingroom (all official people with their wives & daughters, only about 
400) leaving a wide passage up the middle. When all was ready, Lord R. who 
had worked like a nigger at it all & rehearsed all the staffs & people in their 
duties several times before, came & fetched me & I with the Governors' ladies 
etc. Mdlle, Nell, Mr Jose & Bobbie as A.D.Cs to me in their staff coats & red 
facings, went on to the ordinary dais at the side of the room, thro' a side door, 
& everybody stood up. Then I bowed to the guests & then one minute later, 
God Save the King was played by massed bands in the garden, and the procession 
walked up the drawingroom & up the ballroom to the dais, the staff first, 
numbering a good many, & the General, Admiral, Governors, & last of all, 
Hallam & Sir H. Rawson—a most imposing & splendid sight. H. stood in 
front of the dais, the only thing on it being a gilt chair with red drapery and an 
embroidered E.R. monogram at the back and the Royal Arms over him in the 
balcony. Then two heralds up in the gallery blew the Royal Salute and H. stood 
there, looking really splendid. Sir Edward Hutton, who knows what's what 
& never praises, said, 'Lord Tennyson is always so extraordinarily dignified & 
looked perfectly splendid, & then he has such a wonderful voice', & everybody 
seems to have been immensely impressed by his whole manner & looks.
Then a moment’s silence. (I forgot to say that the three boys, all dressed in their purple velvet, looking very pretty & dear, sat on the steps of the dais at my feet & Betty all in white & white satin shoes with them, & I had a lovely all-white very smart gown.) Then Lord Richard advanced up to the dais carrying the red velvet cushion with the decorations & making his bows at regular intervals, & he was followed by Sir John See & his two supporters also bowing at regular intervals, till he got to the red cushion at the foot of the dais in front of H., when he knelt down and then H. placed the order over his breast & the ribbon round his neck & read out the commission with an admonition. Then the General presented his sword to H. who touched the knight first on the right & then on the left shoulder & then said in a most solemn slow voice, ‘Rise, Sir John’, who then stood up. H. shook hands with him, then gave him his commission handed to H. by Mr Wingfield the P.S. who stood on the dais at his right. (All the Governors & their staffs stood on the dais behind H. & the Ministers & important people on each side of the dais but at the foot.) Then Sir John & his supporters backed away bowing, & went down into the drawing­room & Lord Richard in the mean time had gone thro’ the verandah down to the end of the drawingroom & was ready to bring up each of the 4 knights in succession, all in the same way; then the C.B., C.M.G’s & D.S.O’s etc.

When they had all been decorated, God Save the King was again played & the procession was again formed & walked down to the further end of the drawingroom, and I in the mean time slipped out by the side door, joined H. in the drawingroom and we then shook hands with all the guests as they passed before us as they went out into the verandah & the garden, the fleet being again illuminated & looking lovely. We then moved about & talked to people, supper went on, and at 11.45 the last of the guests left the house & we went to bed.

Last night the Lord & Lady Mayoress gave a reception at the Town Hall—a magnificent building & all painted white, instead of the awful decorations they generally have, & the largest organ but one in the world. We were met by our host & hostess in the large entrance hall & her small boy gave me a lovely pink bouquet of roses. I wore a turquoise blue gown with my real lace, the Governors etc. were already assembled, and we then processioned into the great hall, the organ pouring out God Save the King with the band, & to the dais, & then we stood about & talked for more than an hour, & after some refreshment came home.

There now, I really do congratulate myself on having been able to get thro’ my long descriptions and am so glad, darling own Mother, for I know how you enjoy them . . . .

28 April 1903. Government House, Sydney

. . . . . My letter last mail wondering whether we should have a fine afternoon for our garden party, I am thankful to say the rain held off most kindly & it then even turned into a lovely bright evening . . . They say there were only 1500

* This ceremony of Investiture has been a good deal simplified in recent times.
people here and we expected nearly 3000, but the fear of rain of course kept a great number away, which was rather tiresome because for the 1st time we catered for the refreshments, it being really too much for Mrs Bates, who only provided the tea here in the house for the house-party & the various Governors’ & Admiral’s families & staffs—& of course we have to pay the 10d. a head for all those invited and yet have not after all entertained them. Still, as Lord Richard says, they can stick the invitation card up in their best parlours! He has really done splendidly and everybody says no Governor has ever had such an A.D.C. here before, and they are delighted with the way everything has been done, which is very satisfactory . . . .

On Saturday we had several hundred bluejackets up here in front of the front door for Hallam to give 247 medals for China to the Naval Reserve. Some few did not turn up, & one poor mother came to take her son’s who had died, and an officer’s widow took another . . . Hallam made them a nice little speech before giving the medals and so did Admiral Fanshawe . . . .

Thursday, Hallam & I went to visit the University, a most beautiful building with every sort of room fitted up for technical teaching. They showed us liquid air—a lovely sort of grey-blue colour, which was owing to most of the hydrogen being consumed from it & only oxygen remaining. It was quite a liquid but when thrown on anything, did not wet it & was icy cold to the touch, the professor throwing some on his hand to show us how it dissolved in vapour and then asked me if I would like to feel it & I said yes, he having assured me it would not hurt, only feel icy cold—and it was icy cold enough to frostbite my hand & I have the marks still, which was horribly painful for some hours & felt exactly like a bad burn. He was very much surprised at its treating me so & said he had never known it affect anybody like that before, and it must have been from my skin being so tender.

They have a most splendid building for the Medical school, all got up and arranged by a Scotchman out from home who has been at the University for a number of years, Professor Anderson Stuart. He showed us one or two very interesting experiments, one being the difference it would make to us if our spine bone were not curved & were straight. He had a curved tube like our spine and a straight one & underneath these he placed an ordinary little stand with a spring inside it. This spring was to show the effect a jolt or a jump would have on our spine, which he pressed down & then let the spring jump up against the tubes. On the top of the tubes supported on a thin plate was an egg. When he let the spring up under the curved tube, which then knocked the egg, it had no effect on the egg; but when he let the spring up against the straight tube, which touched the egg, the shell broke.

Sir Herbert Chermside left us on Wednesday after having gone to Edward Lloyd’s concert the evening before which we all greatly enjoyed—not only Mr Lloyd’s singing which is perfectly delightful, but also a bass named Peterkin, also a beautiful voice, and also a very clever & beautiful violin-cellist, a young girl named Mukle, a curious name . . . .
Audrey Tennyson's Vice-Regal Days

Yesterday was little Harold's 7th birthday, alas, and we all started off, the whole party, before 9 by special train to the Hawkesbury River... A delightful family of Dangars, such nice people, father & mother, 6 daughters, 4 sons, have an island there & they entertained us there yesterday. We had a most exquisite day, & the launch which met us at the train wharf... went round by sea... then we all steamed off again to see fresh bits of the river till luncheon time at 1.30. Then we all—such a party—sat down to a most sumptuous luncheon and a very merry one, and at the end, old Mr Dangar (who had told me on the journey... that Harold was a splendid little fellow & would do something some day) got up & proposed a toast to Harold & made such a pretty speech about him, saying that he was sure he would do credit to his parents & that he hoped that his life would be as bright as this day, his birthday, had been to us all there, etc. etc.—in the middle of which Harold, turning round and gazing intently at him all the time, called out in a stentorian voice 'Hear, hear', and at the end of the speech he stood up & in a most solemn voice said, 'I thank you very much for proposing my health and I now propose yours,' which was received with laughter & shouts and we all drank the dear old fellow's health... After this, Mrs Dangar suggested a move, but they had had a huge birthday cake made for him and Harold had been eyeing this all luncheon, so at Mrs Dangar's proposal there was a loud and much surprised 'Hullo?!' from Harold, and they realised that he had never had, or cut his cake. So he was allowed to do so and also to bring it home with him......

4 May 1903. Government House, Sydney, Monday

.... On Saturday afternoon, our Aubrey's 12th birthday, I & my three sons had a really delicious & happy ride. I so love getting them all to myself & it hardly ever happens, of course, now. We went, all of us, in the launch to a bay called Rose Bay where the grooms & horses met us & then we four went a delicious scamper to a lovely bay called Bondi, the sea (the Southern Pacific) such gorgeous colours & very white sand; quite small, but we scammed backwards & forwards & after a great deal of coaxing & urging & flying back, persuaded the ponies into the sea. The others in the mean time cruised about in the launch, then came back to Rose Bay, & we left the horses again & returned on the launch & had tea as we went along....

Saturday morning we went to the University Commemoration when degrees are conferred. It was held in the Town Hall as being so much bigger than the University hall. They gave H. a splendid reception but never offered him a degree, I can't think why, as he has received one in Melbourne & in Adelaide....

9 May 1903. Government House, Sydney

There is a strike among the railway men in Victoria, so unless I get this on the mail steamer which leaves here in half an hour, you might not receive a letter
this mail which would, I know, make you anxious, so this is only to tell you that all is well with us.

16 May 1903. Sydney, Saturday

Mr Wingfield suddenly told us all yesterday afternoon that all our letters must be ready by 11 this morning as the mails, owing to the strike, were to go by the mail steamer from here this morning.

I was horrified, as I was just starting off to visit an ‘Infant Home’ an hour’s drive off, which meant I should be back late... Suddenly the news was carried all over the house that ‘the Strike was at an end & the men surrendered unconditionally’.

I got so far before prayers, thinking then that I should have till Tuesday to finish this but a message has just come from the P.O. that the letters are still to go by boat but at 12 instead of 11, so I must get on with my letter as far as I can till then.

There has, as you may imagine, been great excitement over the strike, and I can see you pulling open the papers every day to see the telegrams. Irvine, the Victorian Premier, has behaved splendidly and I only wish, & it is the wish of everybody out here, that Australia had a few more men as strong as he. Happily for him he has had the whole of Australia at his back, excepting the strikers and the Labour Party which has of course made it possible for him to be absolutely firm & determined not to give in an inch—‘Whole surrender or none at all’. Everybody has put their shoulder to the wheel & put up with all the awful loss & inconvenience, feeling that if the men were victorious the whole of Australia would be doomed. It is reported that Melba’s old father, 74, who about six months ago was very ill with a paralytic stroke and who began life on an engine, has been running an engine for several days; and the shipping companies have worked splendidly, facilitating by all means in their power for transporting passengers & mails wherever they could.

It came as a tremendous surprise, tho’, last night that the men had so soon given in—less than a week! by some hours, for it was only last Friday at midnight that they all struck. I think they & their wicked leaders will have learnt a lesson they won’t easily forget.

On Thursday afternoon at Geelong, a prominent place in Victoria, 36 engine drivers determined to return and a large meeting was called, the citizens having strongly urged them to give in. A telegram was sent to Melbourne asking on what terms they would be taken back & the answer, ‘The same terms as when you struck, if return within 24 hours’. And so the men determined to remain on strike & telegraphed to that effect to Melbourne. Twelve hours after, the whole strike is over, so what will these Geelong men now say to the Unionist leaders? They were all so tremendously cocky, saying that they would hold out easily for 6 months & more, they had £70,000 & money pouring in etc. etc. One can’t help feeling jubilant at their tremendous defeat & it will be such a grand
example & I trust, a fall of the Labour Party which is really the curse of the country . . . .

22 May 1903, Sydney

The strike is all at an end & once more things & trains are running smoothly again—so Hallam, instead of going round by steamer (the Ophir) tomorrow as he would have had to do, will leave here Sunday night arriving there Monday, open the 2nd Federal Parliament at 12 Tuesday, & leave again Tuesday afternoon, reaching here Wednesday morning midday. I am not going with him, for it is a most tiring journey, and that I should not have minded had we been going to picnic at G. House alone together for I so enjoy that—but he has consented to go & stay with the Governor 6 miles out, & that I do not care about. Lady Clarke asked me & I said I was afraid Hallam would find it too far away for seeing people and she was very nice & said she quite understood; but in the meantime, the Governor asked Hallam and he accepted, so there it is—'Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle'.

Monday. Hallam went off last night & I feel rather forlorn in consequence . . . . Hallam will, I suppose, form some idea after seeing his Ministers as to how much longer we can stay here before returning to Melbourne, which we shall one & all dislike extremely.

We expect the Japanese fleet on the 5th, only 3 Men-of-War & 180 middies & 79 other officers! Pretty good, isn't it? They make themselves very popular wherever they go—amused & laughing at everything but they can speak very little of anything but 'Jap', & the Admiral not a word and has an interpreter and we are all told that it was easier to understand his Japanese than his English! They are to be feted in every possible way, & we are to give a large evening reception on the 11th of 4 or 500 to meet them, which their Consul here says they will like better than a dance. H. holds a large Review in their honour on Saturday the 6th.

I don't think I told you about the little dance after a dinner we gave in honour of the Lindsays so that they might see their friends. It went off very well and was immensely appreciated by the select 100 who were invited. I was told by the Consul-General of Austria that I was the best dancer in the room—being in a big position, besides rather a swell himself, I danced a valse with him & he danced so beautifully that it was a great treat. The Lindsays went off very happily—they are a most well-behaved newly married couple—never showing 'afore folk' by the slightest sign that they were anything to each other otherwise than both looking very happy.

Monday evening. I have just come back from visiting the most ideal Convalescent Home you ever saw, built to carry out the will of a very rich & prominent

7 Captain the Hon. Robert Lindsay, Royal Scots Greys, third son of the premier Earl of Scotland, the 26th Earl of Crawford, in 1903 married May Janet Clarke, daughter of Janet Lady Clarke and Sir William Clarke, then deceased.
man here, a Mr Walker, & his only child, Miss Walker,\(^8\) went with us over it. There are 36 men, 36 women & 12 children. It cost £80,000 and is endowed so that it is all free and no subscriptions necessary. If the patients wish to pay anything it is given to some other hospital. It's a most beautiful building inside & out, in lovely large grounds sloping to the water, with a private pier. We went by launch & after seeing the Home we steamed across a little bay & went to tea at Miss Walker's own home quite near. She is said to have £60,000 a year in her own power & is about 50, I suppose—a very nice downright creature & very simple. She likes collecting things & in her garden has a Norwegian log hut brought from Norway & put together here, and inside, Norwegian old furniture etc. She has only just returned from England, going to India for the Durbar & to travel there for two months and a half, & now she is going to have an Indian room of all the things she collected.

My speech, or rather address, to the Mothers' Union seems to have made quite a sensation. It was quoted in most Australian papers apparently, and Sir John See the Premier here, came up to me the other evening at a Charity Ball & said he had been reading it and agreed with every word of it, but—'You were a bold woman, Lady Tennyson, to say all you did.' 'Well,' I said, 'if one does speak, it is better to say what one thinks & feels', and he said he quite agreed. Another woman told me her husband at breakfast after reading it said, 'There! I hope you will take home to yourself what Lady Tennyson says', a devoted mother who brings up her daughters most carefully, but the father thinks they go out & about too much. She answered him, 'Lady Tennyson means it all just as much for you fathers.' Hallam says several people have told him how much they agreed with it. Of course I quite know that had I been Mrs Snooks most people would have sniffed at it probably . . . .

1 June 1903

First of all, to answer you the question you specially ask me, i.e., whether Ministers consult Hallam or act entirely on their own ideas: of course he has now nothing to do officially with State Ministers, but whenever they see him I think they generally talk over things with him and he unofficially advises them, but of course they are in no way bound to follow his advice. But I think I may truthfully say that Ministers & politicians all over Australia, of either party, have great respect for his wise & sound judgment, & are always glad of discussing things with him. In fact it was only yesterday that a Minister said to him, 'It would be everything for —— if he had a level head like yours to start him if he came in.'

Of course his own Commonwealth Ministers have to consult him & therefore he has to attend Cabinet Councils and tho' there are certain measures over

\(^8\) Dame Eadith Walker, D.B.E. (1865-1937), daughter of Thomas Walker of Yaralla, near Sydney. She was created Dame of the British Empire in 1928 for her patriotic and philanthropic work.
which he has no control, tho’ he can & does advise, there are other measures which cannot be passed without his sanction—just as is the case with a State Governor & his Ministers.

The harbour looks very empty as room has had to be cleared for anchorage for the Japanese fleet that arrives this week.

Tomorrow Lord Richard has got up a paper chase just among ourselves and the Rawsons & the Fanshawes, with the staffs, for the amusement of the boys who are greatly excited. We go by launch to a place in the country called Rose Bay, & send the horses round. The children love having Lord Richard for he is so extremely foolish & funny and makes all us roar with laughter—he was in a very tiresome mood for some time, but since we came here after being away the whole summer, he has been his own delightful self, when nobody can be nicer—& a most perfect A.D.C., never sparing himself any pains.

Mr Wingfield is a first-rate P.S. and a particularly nice fellow, but is so painfully shy he is no good at all at A.D.C’s work.

5 June 1903

Such an exquisite morning, soft & delicious like a spring day after the cold wet days we have had just lately. The only thing is that it is rather misty on the harbour and we are expecting the Japanese fleet in every minute, when there will be great excitement with the firing of guns & salutes; but I am so dreadfully afraid I may miss it all for Lord Richard has arranged for me to go to some industrial show of work and I have to start at 11.30, which is rather hard lines. However, what can’t be cured must be endured.

This afternoon, too, we have to go and see a boys’ school, but happily Hallam goes there & takes the initiative & I only have to follow in his train, which is such a comfort.

Yesterday I went by train to see a foundling hospital kept by nuns, and was met by the Cardinal—a wicked old sinner—& shows it in every line of his face. He can’t look you straight in the face, even by mistake! There is a dear old Irishman tho’, Monsignor O’Brien, who was also there & whom I have met at different times, who reminds me so much of dear old Aubrey de Vere in manner & in voice & brogue.

Saturday. Well, after getting so far yesterday, the Japanese fleet arrived and we all went out on the balcony with our glasses to see them come in. They look very much like our ships, all dark grey, but they only have one mast in the middle of the ship and one funnel, whereas we have two & three of each.

This morning at 10 the Admiral Kamimura & his three captains, Commander, etc. and the Japanese Consul here arrived, & Hallam & the boys and the staff met them in the entrance hall, & I & the rest met them in the drawingroom & we all went out into the verandah and talked a little, and then they wrote their names in my book and then they went on to call on the Governor. Hallam waited to give the Admiral time to get on board his ship again and then went down to
the launch & went on board the flagship... to return the official visit and we watched them from the terrace & were surprised to hear them play God Save the King as on board English men-of-war they may blow a bugle Royal Salute but never God Save the King for anyone but the King—tho' it may be different on foreign men-of-war.

It's no use, I am afraid I cannot get thro' more this mail for we are having luncheon early and then we are going to the gallery of the Town Hall to hear Hallam make a speech—one he says he feels more nervous about than any he has made, because it is so difficult as G.G. to say anything with any meaning in it without going beyond bounds—but he is so careful & so well aware of the dangers that I feel sure it will be all right. But of course he will hardly ever consent to make a public speech as G.G. & this is, I think, only the 2nd or 3rd & really the first in this State.

The Lord Mayor is giving the luncheon in his honour and the Japs and all the swells of the State collected together. We are going to the gallery and I am taking the boys as they may never have another chance out here of hearing their father & it is an historic occasion, with the great Japanese Admiral Kamimura & his staff present. We give our reception for them on Thursday night and are going to have 'Hands all Round' sung in honour of our allies.

14 June 1903. Government House, Sydney, Sunday

I sent your last letter off in such a hurry and intended to sit down and write again at once, but here is Sunday and I have hitherto not had a minute & am only now waiting for luncheon, so when the gong goes shall have to rush, for Sir Edmund & Lady Barton are coming to luncheon. There goes the bell & the gong, so I must run.

I got so far & now here is Tuesday 16th, and we have just arrived at our dear Adelaide, warmly greeted by numbers of friends so affectionately & kindly at the station. The kind old R.C. Archbishop O'Reilly said 'Why, your Excellency, you get younger & younger every day.' 'Yes, & we all feel younger when Lady Tennyson comes among us,' said Sir Jenkin Coles, the Speaker. It does touch one, their true simple affection, & gives one pangs of regret that after today we shall probably never see most of them again.

There was a goodish crowd too, who cheered us & waved handkerchiefs & then we arrived here at Government House & were received by H. E. & Lady Way at the door, and it is touching the way they have thought of everything—they must have brought down half their household goods, china, pictures on the walls, silver, flowers, all to make the house pretty & comfortable for us, all our own rooms with fires & pictures—my much loved sittingroom all ready for

9 At the end of this letter a note in Lord Tennyson's handwriting, meant no doubt for his mother-in-law, says: 'Hallam said in his speech that if he had had any measure of success in his administration, it was mainly due to his wife. He said that he was glad to inform the people of Australia that £10,000 a year and a house was ample for a Governor-General to live on and to entertain as he ought to do.'
me to sit down straight & write, with a photo of my three darlings on the table. All these things brought down from their own house as they have never taken possession here, & even now are not in the house tho' all their servants are here to wait on us.

There is to be a big luncheon today & a reception of at least three hundred this afternoon, & then the great Mayoral ball tonight for which we have come, where there are to be between 4 & 5000 people & the electric illuminations are to be something wonderful. I keep wishing poor Nell were here, she would so have enjoyed it all but alas, we left them all behind in Melbourne & they sail tomorrow . . . .

Tuesday evening. Well, we have been seeing people ever since our arrival, everybody vying with the other in their kind welcome—a large luncheon party of Ministers & prominent people & wives, all so nicely done, and then we went out & on the new lawn which Hallam had made—a great improvement to the garden—we each planted a palm of the same kind as one the gardener planted the day we arrived & which has grown prodigiously. Then people began to come for the reception & one & all said kind nice things to us, all wishing Hallam could stay on—some saying it is his duty etc. etc. One woman came, a very nice woman, a Lady Stirling, & said she had wanted to tell me how much good we had done & we had raised the tone of womanhood & motherhood since we had come, & how grateful she & they were to us, poor woman. I said it made one feel very small & very unworthy; but they are such a simple people & so truly affectionate when once they like you.

She begged me as a great favour—her husband had given her leave to ask if she might just give me a little silver pen as a memento from her. It would make her happy if she might, & her eyes were full of tears. She reads to her children something of Tennyson every day, & since she was 16 has loved all his works & wants to make her children love him. She says when she was sixteen she cared for her husband Sir Lancelot, & always thought of him when she read about Lancelot in the Idylls, & 'I love him now, Lady Tennyson, with my whole heart.' He was knighted a few months ago and is leader in the Legislative Council.  


Well here we are, safely back again, after travelling 4 nights in the train in less than a week, 2400 miles. We reached here up to time at 10.40 yesterday morning and left here last Sunday . . . The view & house & grounds looked more lovely than ever after being away from it, and after Melbourne, which between ourselves I fear we never could care much for.

After the boys had finished their lessons we went to watch Mr Jose & Lionel playing tennis & Lionel really played splendidly, & beat Mr Jose 7 sets to 3, 

19 The Hon. Sir (John) Lancelot Stirling (1849-1932) was a pastoralist and for over fifty years a member of Parliament.
which naturally Mr Jose could not much like, & was not very good for Lionel, but he is wonderfully good at games, so is Aubrey, but not to be compared with Lionel who can do things straight off with very little practice and no trouble, which is of course also not very good for him... I am so glad I used to tell him always as a small mite even, to aim at something when he threw, as his success now lies chiefly in his wonderful eye.

Do not say these things I write about to anybody else, as I hate the idea of praising my own children to anybody but you, darling Mother, who are like part of myself—but I should not sing their praises even to you, if others who are ready to criticise them, did not say exactly the same.

Monday. Owing to my cold I could not ride with them yesterday as I so love doing on half holidays, so they went off with Lord Richard, who said he longed for a good gallop, & Bobbie.

Harold & I had had tea together up in my sittingroom & I was beginning to wonder when they would be back when Mr Jose came up about 6 and said that Lord R. had had a bad fall jumping, right away on the race course, and had come home in a cab & gone to his room.

I covered up my head & rushed across to the staff cottage in the garden & found him shivering with cold on his bed & his feet like ice. I sent for hot water bottles & rugs & tucked him up with a cold bandage on his head & left him alone, as he was rather excited & would talk & ask endless questions. I often went in to look at him & tho' quite sensible, I was not at all sure he knew what he had said the minute after, as of course is the case with concussion. It made my heart ache rather once when I opened the door & he opened his eyes & said 'Idina!' She is Lady Idina Brassey, his sister, & he is devoted to her... We could not get his doctor till 8.30 & were relieved when he assured us there was no real damage done tho' he had had a very narrow shave & slight concussion....

Bobbie tells me they went to the race course & Lord R. told them to ride quietly round as he was going on ahead to jump, on his hunter. He jumped 3 jumps but came off on the 4th & must have been dragged—the horse, they think, owing to a shadow having taken off too soon. Bobbie & the boys in the distance saw that he did not get up & dashed off to him & found him lying there, what the boys call 'snoring', which means concussion of course, & getting bluer & bluer in the face & it was some time before he & a man who had come up could unwind the sort of choker necktie he was wearing for riding; and Bobbie thinks if they had not been there he would probably have died from suffocation, for when it was loosened he gave a huge gasp and looked better directly.

He asked endless questions over & over again & talked quite sensibly on the ground but refused to move... The man & Bobbie urged him to get up as it was bitterly cold & the ground very damp, & he lay there a good ¼ of an hour.

Poor Bobbie was there alone with the boys, could not send them off alone for help, could not leave them alone with Lord Richard, not knowing what might happen for they had no servants unfortunately. However, at last he (Lord R.)
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consented to get up & walked across the course, & when halfway, Bobbie left him with Aubrey & the man & Lionel & rushed off to get a hansom....

We really have been most unfortunate lately after all these years of all sorts of rough riding every day in the hills & never an accident, and lately have had nothing else. We sent all the horses out to the country one Wednesday half holiday 3 weeks ago to a place called Rose Bay... and off we started on a paper chase, Lord R. & one of the grooms with the paper bags as hares 5 minutes ahead of us, & we just flew across country as hard as we could go... The next Wednesday we arranged another and were rather a larger party, & I in starting had to wait & get my stirrup altered. As I rode up to the others I passed Major Holman, A.D.C. to the Rawsons & saw at once he looked very uncomfortable & unsafe & he called out to me that his horse was very green so he should keep behind, & on I went. On joining the others saw some of them dismounted & Mr Clarke the R’s P.S. who rides beautifully, is devoted to the boys & promised me to look after them & not let them ride too wildly, talking to Harold who was standing up whining a little, having just had a fall, having slid off his pony, because with him it is just a matter of balancing, he can’t grip with his short legs. However, he insisted on mounting again & going on, tho’ I tried to persuade him to drive in the carriage... He would not hear of it & got up again... & we were trotting happily along through the bush on a bush track when suddenly Mr Clarke who was ahead, called out, ‘Look out for the hole, Harold!’ But Harold was close on it & the pony pulling so that he could not guide her, poor little boy, & just in front of me I saw the pony & Harold go head over heels together... I thought the boy must have broken his neck or back... but thank God the pony got up without kicking him... & Harold got up directly... & to my joy was only crying with rage at ‘Lady Kitty, she’s a wicked pony & I hate her, she will pull so, & now she has run off & I have lost her.’ He was not in the least hurt, it was all soft sand & notwithstanding all our persuasions, he insisted on mounting his pony again when it was caught by Lionel... until at last, poor little boy, he was quite worn out by the pulling for he has such little fat short hands, & agreed to drive when we could find the carriage.... Harold got in & Mr Clarke led his pony & we three, he & I & Miss Rawson tried in vain to find the others....

As we came along the road, Mr Clarke suddenly said, ‘Why, there they all are at Rose Bay’—which surprised me & I trotted on & instinctively looked for the two boys among the crowd of riders all dismounted & standing about the road—& I saw Lionel & no Aubrey. I called out, ‘Where is Aubrey?’ and several of them came up & said, ‘Oh he is not hurt but only Major Holman has had a very bad fall & has gone home in your carriage but Aubrey will be all right soon’, & I rode up & saw the poor little boy being held up against the paling looking too ghastly for words. I jumped off my pony & went to him & he had to lie down flat on the ground to prevent fainting—where he had been before but when they saw me coming they said he must absolutely stand up or I should be so terrified seeing him stretched on the ground—he had been thrown
by his pony shying against a post but had only slid off & I think really what
had turned him so faint was Major Holman being run away with past him & who
was then thrown on the tramline & remained lying on his face bleeding terribly
& moaning loudly. And they all came upon him like that. He was picked up &
recovered consciousness, swore in the most awful way at his horse which shocked
Lionel & the Monsignor dreadfully & he was at once driven to State Govern­
ment House quite near.

The launch was waiting at the pier for us & I insisted on having Aubrey
carried to it & the dear sailors made him a soft bed on the table & we covered
him up & he soon got quite all right . . . Major H. had two great gashes right
thro’ to the skull & frightfully bruised but mercifully no serious injury & he
has gone on very well ever since . . . So ended a chapter of accidents . . . Lord
R. much better & allowed to get up & says he shall hunt Saturday . . .

28 June 1903. G. House, Sydney. Sunday

Monday. I could get no further yesterday, for we went to the Cathedral in the
morning, to the stables as usual on our return, & directly after luncheon I went
off at once with the 3 boys to the catechising. After tea we sang hymns & played
a game all together as usual till dressing time, & then we had a dinner which I
particularly dislike on Sundays, but we asked people to meet Sir George Le
Hunte & he dined with the Governor on Saturday. We have had two dinners
for him, & Mrs Bates was first-rate. One dear old fellow, a Mr Dangar, a great
gourmet, said afterwards, ‘Lord Tennyson, you have a magnificent cook.’
‘Yes, she is very good.’ ‘What! It’s a she?’ he shouted. ‘I can hardly believe
it!’ . . .

I think Mademoiselle will find a difference when she goes to be a regular
governess with the Princess of Wales & probably, I should imagine, live
entirely in the schoolroom. However, my own impression is, she is going merely
just to see what it is like being in a Royal household, for she said as much
to me, but we told her that would not do at all & she assured us she should of
course stay if she liked it, but she wouldn’t stay anywhere she did not like—
and why should she, for she is so well off now she need not do anything again.
She told me the other day in quite a grand way that she could not live in Paris
properly on £500 a year! so she should buy annuities & save. She told me too,
at first, that at her Aunt’s death she should have £18,000 a year, but I can’t
help thinking that was something of a dream, for the other day when I said,
‘Why on earth should you save with such a fortune in prospect?’ she said nothing
& went back to the £500 which she has already. Of course she may have told
me all this in confidence, tho’ she did not say so, so pray keep it to yourself . . .
I do not think she has told her parents yet . . .

Sir George Le Hunte has been staying a week with us & leaves us this
evening to go to Adelaide to take up his Governor’s duties on Wednesday. I am
sure the people will soon love him & she sounds a dear woman also, but she is
not coming out with her one little girl of 12 for some months. He is buying a pair of our horses ... & Hallam has given him our pair of white ponies when we have done with them, which I am rather disgusted at, as Sir G. was quite willing to buy them & £30, which we paid, would have been a nice sum to give me to spend on Farringford if he had it to spare.

Just fancy what a bit of good luck for Sir G.—he only had hopes of perhaps getting another small Governorship in the West Indies or somewhere, with a great question as to whether he could have his wife & child to whom he is devoted, & has been 4 years in New Guinea without them—probably a salary of £1800 a year. Now he is G. of one of the principal colonies, perfect climate, charming G. House, & most beautiful country place, & £4000 a year.

I am afraid he will have to spend it all, as H. spent thousands of his own besides; but of course, they are a much smaller party & require far smaller household. H. is delighted at having got it for him & we so rejoice for South Australia in their having such delightful people. He has a fine place in Ireland which has gone in a direct line since the Commonwealth, & they came over with the Conquest—& Lady Hutton told me his father was enormously rich & was director of a company which failed, & he paid away the whole of his fortune & sold property in Wales, to pay all those who had invested in it & left his family almost beggars. The widow is still alive but his father died broken-hearted, & he had always had to let the place & can never hope to live in it.

I have never told you anything about the Japanese fleet visit which was a great success. We had a number of the middies up one day & they gave us a fencing & wrestling performance which was most interesting & wonderfully done. Afterwards they had baths & dressed in their uniforms, had tea & then I showed them the pictures etc. in the drawing-room. My father-in-law's portrait they beamed over, saying, 'Lord Tennyson, oh we know, Charge of Light Brigade, I know—oh he taught in all our schools. We know him quite well, ha, ha.' They always say, 'ha, ha' to everything. I asked them if it meant 'I understand, I see, or, I hear', & they said yes.

We went on board their ships & whenever the captain spoke to anyone he was answered 'Ha', meaning 'Yes, sir'. They gave us lots of various presents & photographs etc. & wrote most amusing letters of thanks. The poor Admiral Kamimura was so ill most of the time he could not come to our official reception for him ... One of the little middies who was up in the afternoon for the wrestling said goodbye to me & then put his head in again to say 'I very glad I see you again tonight', & as he passed in the evening he beamed again & said 'I very glad to see you again.'

When I showed one or two of the officers Queen Victoria's photograph, they pulled themselves straight & made a bow to it. One of the captains, Matsumoto, gave me a funny little Japanese tree 50 years old in a pot, but it looks very death-like. I don't know if I can get it into a healthy state again. They all went off to Townsville in Queensland at 9 o'clock on the Sunday morning ... and now yesterday, Sunday, 5 of our own fleet with the Admiral

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steamed away for Melbourne to be away 3 weeks, & we have only a little gunboat & the Sparrow lying off the bottom of the lawn to guard us, and the harbour looks so empty . . . .

By the by, I have never mentioned H's G.C.M.G. Everybody seems to think it is a delightful thing & he has received some very nice letters about it. I can't say I care about it, considering all Governors, good or bad, used to be entitled to it if they remained out three years, & old Sir Fowell got it after 2½ years. But they say the King is much more particular, so I suppose they consider it an honour, tho' I expected it a year & a half ago. Lord Lamington got his before the Royal visit. It was rather nice its having been given on our 19th wedding day.

5 July 1903. G. House, Sydney

It makes me miserable your saying that you have had '5 miserable years', darling Mother. Of course when you wrote your last letter it was only just 2 months over 4, not 5 since we sailed from England—we shall not have been 5 years when we get home! But what is one to do—I have always said that I could easily persuade H. to throw everything up & go home, but it would not be right to sacrifice the whole of his career & the good of our children, & you would not in your heart of hearts wish it, I know. Lady Le Hunte is leaving parents over 80 & since she married 19 years ago, has only been in Europe 4 years, actually starting off to Fiji on their honeymoon; then for 12 years to West Indies, then to Mauritius & now to South Australia. Hallam has refused Chamberlain again to stay out here, C. cabling the other day asking him if it was true what the papers said, that he was willing to remain on—& a great many people out here think it very wrong of him to let personal reasons come between him & his duty to his country, now that he is doing such a splendid work for the Empire—& I do not suppose anybody realises what he is giving up here. He is in one of the greatest positions of the Empire, loved, respected & looked up to all over this huge continent by all classes—a life full of important interests—a very happy luxurious life, saving the greater part of his income for his children, which is important, as every year he gets less, & will in a few years get very little from the publishers. And tho' there are of course several other reasons, he always when we have discussed plans as to what we ought to do, said, 'Then, of course, there is your Mother—you must go back to her'. So you have never been forgotten by him, darling Mother, nor has he thought by any means lightly of your suffering in having me so far away, & he has always encouraged my writing long letters & giving up other things to do so, so as to make up to you a little for it.

Oh dear, one does want so intensely to make all those one loves happy, and especially you, darling Mother, but it seems hopeless work sometimes and I feel very sorry for my Hallam too, having to throw all this up. He feels it, I know,

11 Lord Tennyson was created G.C.M.G. on 25 June 1903.
but he never complains of anything & if a thing has to be, always makes the best of it; but we have thoroughly discussed the question over and over again and I must go home anyhow, there is no help for it and I do not think that he could get on without me. I truly think that when he leaves here the happiest & most interesting years of his life will have passed, for tho' I always hope he will be rewarded for all he has done out here by having some other appointment given to him—no other work could ever be so congenial to him or call out his powers to the same extent. I wish you could see all the letters & telegrams he has received about the G.C.M.G.—many so warm in thanks for all he has done out here.

However, all is in God's hand & if he is allowed now to pass out of sight as far as public work for his country goes, he & I, thank God, have both great power of enjoyment & we shall be intensely happy in our own homes with the interest of our children. I wish he had been made 1st G.G. as a lot of trouble would have been saved . . . .

11 July 1903. Sydney, Saturday

Such a pouring day one cannot get out & one cannot complain. On the contrary, one has to rejoice always out here, for every drop of rain that falls is really worth so many pounds to the country . . . It is heart-rending really, it only wants water to make this country the richest on the face of the earth, I should think, & instead they have years & years of drought & have to watch their huge stock & their money dwindling & dwindling, till in many cases they have absolutely nothing left.

One man at a Show we went to the other day, in good times sheared 1½ million sheep every year! This year just over 100,000, & I should think he is probably one of the few who has so many now. We in England cannot grasp such figures but they think nothing of them out here, especially up North . . . .

At Broken Hill, the great mining district on the borders of N.S.W. & S.A. there is a water famine & people are suffering terribly & mines closed etc. There is a Victorian called Macarthur who says that he has found a method with chemicals which mix with the clouds & down comes rain. He has been over there this last week & has failed, he says, owing to the sharp frosts—but he is going back when the frost ceases & vows he can make rain. In the papers today one man offers him £12,000, another £10,000 & another £1000 for rain on their stations. I say he might hope to die worth millions if he brought rain wherever it was wanted in Australia, & really nothing seems too marvellous to be true now-a-days. They use the Rontgen Rays so much in the hospitals now, & yesterday when I was visiting a ward in Prince Alfred Hospital they showed us some very interesting cases they had examined . . . .

The hospitals are really wonderful out here—such enormous beautiful buildings & so well managed—all with large grants from Government.

I am so longing to hear how you liked Lady Le Hunte. Mrs Harmer has
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written to Adelaide in great delight over her charms & they are all delighted with Sir George & gave him a very warm welcome. One is so glad & delighted they have got somebody they like and especially as Hallam got Sir G. appointed, but it goes to one’s heart a little to think of someone else in possession of G. House & taking up all one's interests etc. as if one had never been there.

I was sure they would like Sir G., he is just the kind of man that would be most popular, so kind & genial & warm-hearted, & a fine-looking man too. He also seems quite delighted with the place & people . . . .

Did I tell you we have let Aldworth for a year till next May? It's a great comfort for it is such an expense keeping it all up as we have done since September, & it will just be in time for us as usual in June . . . .

I am quite hoping we may go back by Canada perhaps, instead of that dull Colombo way. The Huttons say they shall probably go that way and tho’ it is very cold, they heat the carriages so well that one is quite comfortable in the train . . . .

20 July 1903. G. House, Sydney

I am sitting here up in my lovely sittingroom with the exquisite view towards the Heads, watching for the Harmers' steamer to come down the harbour, for they are coming to stay with us and we are all greatly excited at welcoming them & hearing about you, & everybody & everything at home . . . .

Tuesday. I got so far yesterday & then Mrs Harmer & party arrived, and then, of course, I could write no more, but sit & talk, talk, talk with her, asking every sort of question & hearing about you & everybody. It is perfectly delightful to have her back & to hear all the gossip! of everybody one longs to hear about, tho' with Mrs Harmer it is always kindly & charitable gossip & most amusing, for she always sees the amusing side of a thing, & so enjoys fun.

The dear Bishop, too, is always delightful & amusing & kindly. Mrs Harmer says . . . that they think if you knew the date of our arrival you would be so much happier—so should I, if only I could tell you, but alas, I can't. I wish, too, for my own sake, that I knew—but one has to learn patience more & more as one grows older, & I cannot think it my duty to urge Hallam to perhaps ruin his career by settling a date irrespective of Chamberlain.

When Chamberlain has found his man, you will know it in the English papers possibly before we do, at any rate almost as soon, but until then I can only tell you as I have done all along, that according to present arrangements, we leave for home the middle of November or thereabouts; but Hallam has always told Chamberlain he would not stand out for a week or two and he must abide by his words. Wives must submit to inconveniences & arrange their plans only when it is possible, if their husbands take official appointments . . . .

Your letter arrived this morning, begging me to answer your questions.

1. Newspapers are most untruthful in their reports & were never told or authorised to say Hallam is to stay on 6 months.
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2. Nell was never authorised, either, to say so to 'somebody'. If H. were very anxious to remain 6 months longer, he had only to hold up his little finger & Chamberlain would have gladly allowed him to do so.

4. Our arrangements had absolutely nothing to do with the arrangements about Roundhurst. H. wanted to do nothing till his return but Nell & Ernest thought the offer a good one, & so she was anxious for H. to accept it & its being her house, I persuaded H. to give in . . .

5. Hallam is never vexed with anybody for more than a few minutes, & still less with you. How could you have vexed him? His one wish, as it is mine, is that you should be happy, & as I have often assured you, he would be quite willing to sacrifice himself for you if I would let him—but I am quite sure you would not wish us to return home before he really feels it to be right. He often, even again this morning, urged my leaving him & starting home with the children without him, & I would do it at once to make you happy if only I could feel it would be right to leave him.

6. I am quite sure it is all right about the money. I have answered you about it in every letter, pray do not worry yourself about it . . . I am only going to ask you one thing, darling own Mother, & that is, please, please do not always write about all your infirmities & your being a burden, & begging for kindness from Hallam & me. It does make me so wretched. Of course you are old & you have, I know, a great deal to bear—but not one person but everybody who has ever seen you or known you raves about your charms & your kindness, hospitality, brightness & cheerfulness, & interest in everything & everybody; & when I feel miserable after one of your sad letters, I try to dwell on all these things I hear, & not on the letter, but it is very difficult.

Mrs Harmer said you had such a lovely home, such nice attentive servants, such a recherché little luncheon, that she so enjoyed being with you, & all her people being so devoted to you, etc. etc. So now, just dwell upon all these nice things that everybody says of you, & not on the infirmities & your being a burden etc. etc! You are perfectly wonderful for your age & have a greater power of enjoyment than most young people . . . .

We have about fifty people coming to tea & music this afternoon to meet the Harmers—a good many clergy—and go to the Freemasons' Ball tonight, & the Bishop being a Freemason, the Harmers are coming also . . . .

25 July 1903. Sydney, Saturday

. . . . There is a great piece of news, i.e. that Kingston has resigned his position of Minister of Customs in the Federal Parliament. Poor man, one can't help feeling sorry for him, for they say he broke down yesterday as his friends & colleagues said goodbye to him, & H. has always said he thinks he is really an honest honourable man, but he is a terrible bully and frightfully obstinate, & the Cabinet, according to the papers, has frequently given in to him, but in this Arbitration Bill about forcing all sailors from all parts of the world to
receive the enormous Australian wages when in Australian waters—the Cabinet said it was not constitutional & refused to put it in the Bill, so my lord resigned. There will be great jubilation all over Australia on account of the Customs but all agree he will be a great loss to the Ministry as he is one of, if not the, strongest man among them . . . .

I think you will think Lionel a very pretty boy unless he changes before we get back, which they really do from day to day. Aubrey has very pretty colouring & delightful dimples. I think him a pretty dear face, but as a rule he is not so much admired as Lionel, who has the brightest happiest expression and holds his head up so splendidly, & his whole face lights up when he goes up to shake hands . . . Little Harold’s teeth having come out, he has lost all his pretty looks and also has such a much older expression . . . .

2 August 1903. G. House, Sydney. Sunday

. . . . Last night we went to the opening of a new theatre here which has just been rebuilt, having been burnt down eighteen months ago. We had several short pieces, all very pretty & extremely well acted. ‘Mrs Butterfly’, a very tragic piece, the chief part acted by a Canadian out from home, a Miss Mollison. The next, ‘Kelly’, who is a faithful old butler & was acted by Williamson himself, the manager of all the Australian theatres more or less, who brings out all the theatrical companies, & great singers etc. He used to be partner with Musgrove but they have quarrelled & now have different companies etc. out from home. Musgrove brought Melba out last year. The third piece was ‘Cousin Joe’, a very amusing piece which I have seen before . . . .

On Friday we went to visit a sort of Home Ship for boys with no homes, or bad homes. Not a Reformatory, a most splendid place, so huge & airy & well kept. They have 400 boys on board. They all sleep in hammocks in one huge deck 320 feet long. Then they have a splendid schoolroom where half the number of boys can be taught at once; beautiful recreation rooms & huge diningroom. A short way from the ship, on an island, they have carpenters’ shops where they make the furniture for the whole of the State schools of the State, and there too they have a large recreation ground for cricket & football and a splendid swimming bath with the sea coming in each tide, but all enclosed from sharks, & no boy is allowed to leave the ship till he can swim. They have a very good band & they did all their drill for us on deck splendidly, & two smart little fellows danced a hornpipe beautifully—the whole kept up by Government . . . .

I wrote a long letter to Mr Benson at Eton who we hope will take the boys, which he must have received if he had not already left Eton for the holidays last week, and asked his advice about the boys . . . I am disappointed at not hearing from him & of course we must make plans about the boys’ schools before we reach home as there may be very little time after our arrival to get them ready & pack them off. I know that there is heaps of worry & bother ahead for me,
what with settling down again in small houses, changing most of the servants, finding a French governess for Harold etc. All the unpacking & arranging to do in houses & cupboards which alas, are already full, & chiefly with rubbish that Hallam has sentiment about.

However, things are never so difficult as they appear beforehand, & if only Mrs Bates & Sophie will remain on with me, I shall not mind so much, for they would be a help & comfort to me & would not be spoilt. Of course I have never said anything to Horn but she must guess, poor soul, that I cannot keep her on.

If only the Princess of Wales had not behaved so unkindly in taking Mdlle away from me everything would have been easier, for she is always cheerful & happy & can turn her hand to anything. However, what can’t be cured must be endured & as soon as we know what date H. will be free, we must make plans—or plans will by degrees make themselves.

I think we shall have to take a lodging in London just at first & then picnic at Farringford until we can get things into order before starting on a new batch of servants . . . .

Hallam has finished his year as G.G. & happily finds he has been able to live well within the salary & will have enough to give away good subscriptions to all the principal charities in the two States, besides to all the principal hospitals in the whole Commonwealth last Xmas, & I hope will be able to pay up all breakages etc. & presents which always accumulate at the end.

Fancy, the South Australian Government a fortnight ago wrote laying claim to Income Tax for the whole of his salary during his whole term of office as Governor, never having in any way mentioned the subject before, & not for a whole year after he was Governor there. He has written to Chamberlain about it & of course if he says it is all right he will have to pay it—but it is a great shame for of course it would have been much easier to pay it yearly than in a big sum now, when we thought everything was finished up with South Australia.

We get daily letters of the charms & popularity of Sir G. Le Hunte & I expect our name will soon be forgotten, but that is all right & as it should be. He evidently has a very different idea of the dignity of the position to what we had and does things we should never have dreamt of doing, but the position of Governor is filled now in a very different way to what it was with the set of Governors of the old regime when we first came out, & I am so glad we were here to see it as it used to be. Our staff are horrified sometimes at the things that are done now & the little petty functions the Governors attend, to what they used to do, but the whole thing is so different since Federation & the G.G. is now the big swell, to use a vulgar expression, & he can never become as popular with the people, especially the masses, as the Governors because he may never go anywhere or do anything scarcely, for fear of encroaching on the Governors’ & State rights.

I have also had to refuse heaps of things for the same reason. I only hope a strong man & not a young one will come out who will hold his own & be very
firm both with States & Commonwealth, otherwise the whole thing would soon
be in a frightful mess, & as it is, I pity any new man & his wife coming out who
will probably come with big ideas of doing everything they can to win the
people's affection etc. whereas they are really more or less nonentities, for the
States are frightfully jealous of their rights and most of the Governors too.

H. of course knew this and has been able to act accordingly & steer clear by
obliterating himself more or less publicly, and only showing himself in his own
house, & evidently from little things said now & again, even that is a sore point
with the G's! However, H., as I say, knowing all this beforehand has kept on
the most excellent terms with his G's & I too, but a new man would find it very
difficult, I fear . . . . .

Letters just in & there is nothing to answer in yours . . . . . What can you
mean about Nell enjoying 'acting as Governor's wife at a ball'? It is quite news
to us & I think Nell must have gone out of her mind a little, judging from the
impressions she has given you!!

10 August 1903

. . . . . On Saturday when the cable arrived announcing Lord Northcote as
the new G.G. I said to Hallam at once, 'Well now I hope dear Mother will be
happy & no longer have any stray reports to take hold of & worry herself
about.' We have not yet heard any date but Hallam has begged Chamberlain to
let him know his wishes as early as possible so as to be able to make his plans
accordingly. I have heard from Mr Benson at last today and he recommends
Lionel going to Tabor's in January & Eton at Easter, which will suit
very well.

We are delighted that Lord Northcote has been appointed. The only bad
part is her having such heaps of money, but Lady Lonsdale who is with us says
she does not think they will make any great display but will be able to give lots
to charities for they are most generous & very simple nice people, especially her.
He is not brilliant but plenty of very good common sense & nice manner—and
what is a great thing is that he is not a young man—56, so can hold his own &
coming from India will have a great idea of keeping up the position. He is the
tiniest of men, Lady Lonsdale says—very ugly, nothing dignified about him, but
a thoroughly good nice man & that is what is wanted out here. She is rather
plain but nice figure & dresses very well—very clever, very simple and charming
manner, so that sounds also just what is wanted—and they are immensely popular
in Bombay.

People are all very nice & kind in expressing their regret at losing us. One
of the principal women here told H. on Saturday that we had set such a good
example & that everybody would grieve to lose us; & the old gardener here,
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an Englishman, told Hallam on Saturday that it had been such a comfort & such an example the difference of the way our household behaves & those of Lord Hopetoun & Lord Beauchamp, when there was endless tittle-tattle & gossiping & quarrelling, and 'You, Sir, you've never made a single mistake.' It really pleases one more to hear this sort of praise than any other & no one watches one more narrowly in one's home life than these sort of people.

I am always trying to think of plans & what we had best do on arriving in England but it is very difficult until one knows the date and can take one's passage. I think we shall have to take lodgings in London for we shall have no servants or anybody as they will all want to go off at once. Mdlle has written about a French governess for Harold who she thinks would do very well if she is free but I should have to see her and arrange things a little first. It's a pity we shall arrive at such a horrid time of year but it can't be helped and it is no use getting a new set of servants until one has got the house etc. a little in order. I should think that corner house lodging opposite you would be as good as any, because I don't want to have the bother of housekeeping, & they feed one, I think.

All the Ministers at a Council H. held yesterday again said how much they regretted he had to go. He feels it very much I can see, poor old boy, having to throw up such a post, but he is so good, he does not say much, but I know it is a very heavy sacrifice he is making.

16 August 1903. Sunday

Well, darling Mother, I can at last tell you which I have always promised to do as soon as I could, that as far as we can at present arrange & tell, we shall take the boys' & my passage in the Orizaba the 10th December. Unfortunately she is one of the worst Orient liners which is very bad luck & the P & O the next week is equally bad—and it is too cold to go home by America & Canada. I have after all to leave Hallam behind & I need not waste time in telling you what that means to me. How women can go off & leave their husbands for pleasure is to me perfectly incomprehensible; of course for necessity it is different. I am trying to hope that perhaps Lord Northcote might come out the beginning of January & that Hallam might then come as far as W.A. with us and wait there for the new G.G. and follow us a fortnight or three weeks later, & that would be the greatest comfort & we should then leave all this part of Australia together, but nothing of that... can be settled until we hear from Lord N. The papers say he leaves Bombay September 5th, so it ought not to make much difference to him a fortnight more or less in England, & it makes all the difference to us... Hallam has just told me that he will go & stay at Marble Hill with Sir George Le Hunte when we go, so that we shall leave Melbourne together and I shall feel quite sure that he is happy with Sir George. It is all very melancholy work tho', and I shall be thankful now when it is all over & we are comfortably settled at Farringford.
I must go down & work hard to get Farringford in order for a new batch of servants & his arrival, & shall have plenty of time on my hands as I shall only have little Harold with me & he is young enough for it not to matter much if he is a little without a governess. Dear me, what a tremendous change in every way it will be ... If only Mdle had been faithful to us & stayed on with Harold all would have been so much easier ... She said the other day she would be delighted to come & help me to get the boys ready for school, but I told her she is bound to go to the Princess the moment she has been to see her people in Paris, where we shall leave her on our way thro'! *She* will find a great change in *her* life, that is certain, & not for the better, I fear.

22 August 1903. Saturday

Well, we have actually more or less decided on our steamer & bespoken our passages for the 5th December from here, the 10th from Adelaide where we shall embark and shall be due in London between the 12th & 15th January, which I am sure will rejoice your heart. We find that after all it is a fine steamer, the *Ortona*, that leaves on that date & not the bad one that we thought, and they are quite willing to do all they can to make us comfortable ...

Poor Hallam at times thinks he will come with us and let there be an Acting Governor G. till the new one comes out, but hard as it is for us to be separated, I have urged him to stay and give up the reins straight into the new man’s hands. It is very bad for Australia to have these interregnums, and most unsatisfactory for Hallam, for things might get into a mess again & they would be put down to mistakes of *his* probably, and any successes might be put down to the Acting man. And another thing not to be ignored is that for each calendar month he remains on he receives £833 and as he will dismiss all servants, horses etc. when we leave Melbourne, except his valet & 2 staff, he will be able to put by considerably ...

Tuesday. We are nearly all packed as H. & Mr Wingfield & some of the servants went last night, others go tonight, and the rest of us go tomorrow night ...

31 August 1903. Melbourne, Monday

We are settled here again, having moved from dear beautiful Sydney last Wednesday night .... Oh the contrast in every way of this place & Sydney, the delightful pretty house, the exquisite views, the sunny bright clear air & the nice people. Here, when we arrived, we might have been arriving in London, dark gloomy black fog hanging all over the town, and always is—it always reminds me of London, nasty bleak cold raw air, the house huge & bitterly cold & like an enormous smart hotel, & the people smart & valuing everybody according to their riches & smart dressing—this between ourselves ...

Lord Richard dined with the proprietor of one of the principal papers here, Mr Mackinnon of the *Argus*, & he told him that Hallam had done more than
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anybody else in making peace between the States & the Commonwealth. Everything is still in a very ticklish state & it is a mercy to think that they will have a strong man in Lord Northcote, for they say he has very good judgment & common sense, & a good head for business.

People are a little afraid of their coming from all the state & pomp and splendour of India, & she is said to hold great state in India & expects everybody to treat her like Royalty even as Governor’s wife. I am afraid she will be disappointed here if it is so, for the Australians will not do it... One feels, & most people out here are saying, that it is a great pity their being so rich, as the same difficulty will begin all over again about finding a successor, and all Hallam’s work in contenting the people & yet living quietly will be thrown away. They refuse to take our two poor coachmen, most excellent men, English, who have been for years with the Brasseys, Hopetouns & Kintores, and are bringing out 2 coachmen besides stud groom, even more than Lord H., I think, or quite as much. We have had 6 men in the stables: I suppose they will have 20....


We have been pretty busy since we came, one way & another. The Governor, Sir G. Clarke, has just lost his old father of 90 and they have put off engagements for a fortnight, which has given H. & me a chance of doing more. I am sorry they think it right to do everything tho’ in deep mourning. ‘Tho’ Lady C. says she does not think they will go to dances, but to races! And everything as usual and in two months they give a large garden party. I am all for their doing their duty & going to Committee Meetings or anything that is work & not pleasure or social, but it does seem to me that so little respect is shown to the dead out here among the majority of people, that more than ever the Governor ought to give a better example. Still there it is, & it is no business of mine, of course.....

Monday. There has been a great excitement in the house this morning. Just as we were going in to prayers Mr Wingfield told me that he had been telephoned to from the cable company asking if Hallam had heard of or sent any cables, as a Madman had been in & sent off cables about England being in great danger for Russia had declared war.

While we were at prayers we heard a tremendous peal of the bell & I thought directly it must be the Madman & I heard one of the footmen go past the door. I paid no attention till when Lionel came up for Bible reading he was laughing, & told me that there was a very nice-looking young Madman downstairs. Lionel had gone along the staff passage to speak to the staff porter in the porter’s room, & at the swing door from the staff entrance to the passage he saw this man talking to Arthur, who was barring his coming further into the house.

‘Who is this?’ he asked Arthur. ‘H.E’s eldest son!’ ‘Oh well,’ giving Lionel a letter marked O.H.M.S., ‘you must fly with this to H.E. as fast as you can. H.E. is in the greatest danger—if he is asleep you must wake him up at once.
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Fly quick", patting him on the shoulder. 'There is no time to lose—the Russians are invading England, they have got as far as Wai-hai-wai. Fly as quick as you can.'

Lionel took the note to Mr Wingfield, who communicated by telephone to the Federal Secretary in his rooms beyond the ballroom, & he came down & I do not know exactly what happened, but they got him into the porter's room where the porter sits, & an orderly & a policeman always, & they made him sit down & he had a 6-cartridged revolver loaded on him, which mercifully they procured. I don't know if he had intended shooting Hallam but he was most anxious to see him. They kept him there quite quiet & willing till a detective arrived & he walked off quite quietly with him, poor fellow, and that's all we know at present, except that he sent his card in the letter—Mr Parker from the P & O steamer which came in this morning, & on it he had written 'Travelling for health, pleasure & truth'. The P & O office, however, say he had only booked his passage from here for tomorrow. He seems to be quite a gentleman, quite young & very well dressed. It's very pathetic, poor fellow.....

The Huttons were here yesterday and they were... sorry to hear that the Northcotes were going home first, because if they see the Hopetouns they will persuade them it is necessary to keep great state and that it is impossible we can have done the thing properly etc. etc., whereas we did much more entertaining in the 5 months we were at Sydney alone, than they did their whole time, except during the Royal visit, for which he got £10,000 paid him extra.

Well of course, if they are sensible people, they will realise what a failure poor Lord Hopetoun was, with all his extravagance, and live quietly and entertain quietly, so that it may not be impossible to fill up their gap at the end of their term of office.....

I am enclosing you an account of our poor lunatic, which might have been a terrible affair, but thank God it ended all well & he is now with a doctor up country & they say he will get all right again & go home soon. He had come by the P & O from Sydney & had on the voyage here shown signs of madness on this one subject of war with Russia & wishing to save England. He is evidently a gentleman, very nice-looking & rich... The note he gave Lionel, on the writing paper of his home in England, something Manor in Cheshire. He is absolutely sane & grasps his position & everything, except on this one subject & declares he is not in the least insane & time will prove that he is right, & then his name will go down in history.....

13 September 1903. Government House, Melbourne. Sunday

..... The great piece of news this mail is that Clarke announced to me yesterday that she is engaged to be married to a young man at Sydney. I am very glad for her, poor girl, for I could not possibly have kept her on. She has become almost useless. It may be the last few months that she has been in love, but she is getting deafer every day, sees nothing, remembers nothing, & simply
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is terrible in her slowness—and declares, if I ever say a word, that she is as quick as she can be & can't be quicker, so that I am sure nobody would have kept her as a good maid... Still, it is not much of a marriage for her, I am afraid. He is a compositor in the Government printing office where they only guarantee him 9 months work out of the 12, giving him only a certain £100 a year to live on, which is very little out here where rent & food & clothes are ruinous & get dearer every day. He is 30 & has hardly saved anything—no Australian ever does, & I trust he is not marrying her for the money she must have saved. I have told her she need not come home with me unless she likes but she naturally wants to see her brother & sister & thinks she will find someone coming out to bring her for her ticket, but I doubt this very much & she would then have to pay her passage out. I told her she will find life very different, having lived in the lap of luxury as she has, waited on hand & foot, & won't stir a pin for anything she does not think her place!

Last Wednesday I told you we were starting for an expedition into the country, & Mr Bertie Miller, eldest son of some very nice people here & very rich... came to fetch us on his coach & team, the 3 boys, Lord R. & Mr Jose. Harold & I sat on the box seat with Mr Miller who drove splendidly all through the town & 13 miles out. The wind was simply awful & the dust worse. We had to stop two or three times to pick up caps, but otherwise it was great fun...

At last we arrived at their country place Mill Park, where they have their racing stables, the father, & the son keeps his pack of hounds. He is Master of the hounds...

We went to the stables & saw all the racers led out—one of them very famous, & two lovely two-year-olds—one of them raced in Sydney, most lovely creatures especially the Sydney one. We also saw one of the most famous steeple-chase jockeys called Mooney, belonging to Mr Miller... Then they had their foxhounds out for us to see & then we went to the manager's house & had luncheon in two little rooms. Old Mr Miller, a most dear old boy, kept us in roars of laughter. After luncheon we all mounted our horses—there were other guests there who had gone by road and we went out for a little with the hounds, all over the home paddocks, much to the delight of the boys especially when a hare was found...

It would all have been very delicious but for the terrific wind—one had to cling to one's hat. The ponies turned & twisted every way to try & find shelter. The reins were blown against their necks & fretted them, & it ended by all my hair coming down owing to my hat being repeatedly blown off my head. Lord Richard was as usual most kind & pocketed my pad13 that I put on the top of my head when I put my hat on to put the pins through, & held my hairpins & helped me to put my hair up again. He is such a comfort in that way, one does not mind anything with him. He constantly settles what gown I shall

13 It was the fashion then to build up the hair over pads of hair, sometimes called 'rats' from their appearance.
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wear & thinks nothing of coming into my room when I am dressing to see this or that; but he is aggravating sometimes & we answer each other most hotly, & in five minutes we laugh again & are the best of friends ....

We have been to the play twice lately. *Sherlock Holmes* the detective, played by the American Cuyler Hastings, a clever actor & nice fellow—he came to luncheon—but a horrible play. Also to Tolstoi's *Resurrection*, very awful but very cleverly acted by Mr Knight who was acting at Adelaide 4 years ago when we were there ... & Miss Maud Jeffries as heroine—the first time they had played the parts but she was excellent. They have only just arrived from England but were out here before & were very popular, so Saturday night ... the theatre was crammed & they received a great ovation ... Beerbohm Tree has sent the company out. Mr Knight says he hopes to stay out two years ....

21 September 1903. Government House, Melbourne. Monday

Of course Chamberlain's resignation came as a tremendous surprise on Friday night and one admires the man enormously for his patriotism. I am, of course, sorry for Hallam's sake, for the next man will probably know nothing about him nor take the trouble to learn, as H's career out here is so near its end. Of course, if, as the papers report, Lord Milner took the post, he is an old friend of his & corresponds with him, but I hardly think he would accept it. However, I quite expect that they will think they have done enough for H, and forget what he has done for them, & probably never offer him anything more, so that it won't be any disappointment.

Lady Hutton said yesterday that they had hoped he would have stayed on at least another year, & she is always teasing me & saying if only I would have agreed to sending the boys to school here, I might have gone home and seen you, & then he could have remained on to the end of his term—for he is sure they will never give him anything more, & nothing could be as good as this. Of course, it always makes me very nervous as to whether I have urged him right when he says this, but I don't think he means it—he only says it to tease me! ....

Saturday, Mrs Ennis & I went to hear the Hambourgs play. The cellist is far better than the pianist, we thought, but it is impossible to look at them playing, which is so disagreeable, for they are full of affectations, with long hair falling all over their faces & their heads wagging to show their excitement like two lunatics, that it really drives one nearly wild if one looks at them. Mark, the pianist, has marvellous execution & touch but most of the pieces he chose did not show much feeling ....

A telegram in this morning's paper says Lord Northcote leaves England middle of November, but he has not told Hallam so, therefore we can hardly believe it, but if so, Hallam would be able to leave by the next Orient boat after us & I should only be a fortnight without him which would be a comfort, as he
could then come down with the boys to school, a great help of course & a responsibility off my shoulders.

Imagine my disgust this last mail to get a letter from Mr Benson into whose house Lionel was to go at Easter—a man we felt certain the boy would be safe with—that he is leaving Eton at Xmas ... It really is hard, & as in his printed farewell he says he had been contemplating such a step for some time, he might have mentioned it to us at this distance ... Our next piece of bad luck, I expect, will be that Mr Tabor has no room for them at Cheam. Such is life!

I have just had the most wonderful bouquet of flowers sent me, made of seaweed, fish scales & shells. You never saw anything so wonderful ....

26 September 1903. Government House, Melbourne. Sunday

... Last Sunday I took the three boys to see an old friend of Hallam’s he knew in England, a great friend of General Gordon’s. He has a p.c. of General Gordon’s written just before his death at Khartoum. He is 85 & has been very ill and when in June his doctor told him he must be a prisoner for many months in the house, he set to work to write on Shakespeare’s Heroes & Heroines which he had always wanted to do, & he has written a book of over 400 pages, & the first proofs are now in his hands from the printers.

He says he would have been dull, only he knew that work was the only thing to prevent it, so he has done this. His name is Rusden, he is most keen about everything—perfect hearing & strong voice, snow-white hair & absolutely nothing of him, he is so thin ....

I heard from Lady Northcote the other day, saying she longed to ask me loads of questions about the Australians etc. as she knows nothing about them, so I have written her a long letter which ought to be a great help to her, if she chooses, but as Hallam says, people never will take advice from others, they always think they know best themselves; but of course the Orientals of India & even Anglo-Indians are entirely different to Australians. In fact, as I have told her, the exact opposite.

I have also warned her that she will not be treated with much or any state out here, for altho’ many people were ready at first to curtsey etc. to Her Excellency, Capt. Wallington & Lord Richard have always entirely stopped it, except by the few who like to go on. I only told her this because one hears that in India she insisted on a great deal of state and made everybody stand up as she passed. The people here won’t do that, tho’ of course they all stand up when I go into a room but they are very slack even with Hallam ....

We are giving two garden parties next month (October), the 9th & 10th, and a dinner next Sunday to Ada Crossley. I hate dinners on Sunday but she is

14 George William Rusden (1819-1903), historian, came to Australia in 1834. He was the author of History of Australia, History of New Zealand, William Shakespeare, and other works.

15 Madame Ada Crossley (1871-1929), famous Australian contralto. She was a favourite of Queen Victoria and Queen Alexandra, and had a triumphal progress on visiting Australia in 1903-4.
engaged every other night for some time & we want to show her hospitality soon after her arrival as it pleases the people as well as her. We go to her first concert on Saturday. Melba by her greed for money, and temper & vulgarity, made herself much disliked in Australia but Ada Crossley is a very different kind of woman . . . .

We hear Lady Le Hunte is not coming out till April so I shall not see her. He is very popular & liked by most people, but the cry is already beginning that he is making himself so common, going to every little petty thing he is asked to, & so lowering the position. It is a very great mistake & we warned him & urged him only to go to big things, & not call on people; but as Hallam says, 'Every man must do as he himself thinks right', but it does rather sadden one, having seen how the position of Governor was held when we first came out by Lord Lamington, Lord Beauchamp, Lord Brassey, Lord Gormanston & Lord Tennyson, and to see the difference now. We never went in for trying to gain popularity & yet Hallam was beloved & respected by all classes, & if you do try to be popular it may answer at first but it cannot last. The better class do not like it & it is quite right they shouldn't.

People think Lady Le Hunte will keep him in check & wish she would come out, but I am afraid from all accounts she will be quite as undignified & kind & good-natured . . . I am thankful that we came out under the old regime . . . .

3 October 1903. Government House, Melbourne. Saturday

Do you realise that after you receive this letter you can never write to me in Australia again, except on the chance of catching us at Fremantle . . .

If you or someone who understands, could before November 13th go and look at lodgings for us in that corner lodging house opposite to you, and let me hear by the mail leaving Novr. 13th to Fremantle or if impossible then by the next mail to Colombo (where you can write up to Decr. 4th), it would be a great help . . .

We should want nice comfortable rooms, a sittingroom, diningroom, which the children could also use; a bedroom for me, the governess, 2 boys, Horn & Harold and a maid, but the last might only be with me one night. I should wish them to feed us at so much a day a head, with deductions if we were out for dinner or luncheon. If we are close to you like that, we can run in and out—but we must be all together till the two elder ones go to school, and near you—those are the two main points and I would take the rooms for one week certain, and then would know better my plans about keeping them on . . . .

According to present arrangements, Lord Northcote will arrive at Adelaide about the 18th January and Hallam will sail the 21st, so that he cannot be back really till quite the end of February & I expect I shall go & meet him on the way at Naples or Marseilles. Mademoiselle kindly offers to come & help me shop for the boys, but alas I fear that is impossible, for the Princess would
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probably never forgive me if she heard it. So we shall have to leave her in Paris... I can get a Mdlle de Lisle who has been with Lady Morpeth, & who does not wish to stay on with her. She is an old friend of Mdlle's & sounds just the thing for Harold if only I can get her. I should ask her to come & join us at the lodgings the day after we arrive. I must have somebody to help me & shall feel dreadfully lost without Mdlle or any staff....

5 October 1903. Government House, Melbourne. Monday

.....We had luncheon early and Lord Richard, the three boys & I then drove out 12 miles to a place called [Oakleigh] where the foxhound kennels are, where we met all the horses who had gone on in front, & mounted and went for a delicious scamper all about the bush which just now is lovely with all the wild flowers... For the 1st time since we have been in Australia after getting thro' a slip panel of a fence, a man—a magnificent specimen of physique—called out & asked who had given us leave to ride there. I called out to Lord R. who had not heard him and he rode up to him & told him that it was Lady Tennyson & her three sons, and he at once said, 'Oh that's all right, but people ride here & break the fences & leave the panels down.' We promised the groom should close up everything, and on our way back we found him standing outside his cottage with his little 2-year-old daughter, with the bluest of eyes, in his arms—a delightful couple—and he greeted us again and asked if the boys were my family & how well they all looked... They appeal very much to the Australians from their good & fearless riding, and also by their great manliness, tho' Englishmen, I will say, always make the same remark about them.....

Several of the nicest of our Australian friends have told me how interested they will be in watching the careers of these boys & they feel sure they will do me credit. They are all three very different—Aubrey will be the studious one tho' at present he is very keen about all games & sport & exercise, & I do trust that will continue, for I do feel so strongly that games & sport are good for the character as long as it is not cruel sport.

We had rather to shorten our ride as we were dining early for Miss Crossley's concert, and after having tea in the keeper's cottage the two elder boys rode home with one of the grooms & Lord R., Harold & I drove home.

It was Miss Crossley's first concert and she received a tremendous ovation & the bouquets of all shapes, sizes & colours came simply pouring in, 75 in number—and she told me last night when she dined here that she had 10 more than Melba—I am so delighted.' And so was I because tho' Melba's voice is glorious & I love hearing her sing, I can't bear the woman.

Miss Crossley too was presented on the day of her arrival from the 'Lieder-tafel' with a lovely diamond lyrebird and that was the sole ornament she wore. We were in shocking places because unfortunately we have to be in the front row. The place was simply packed and everybody was most enthusiastic about her voice & singing. She was very much overcome and her accompanist begged
her to sing ‘Home Sweet Home’ and when he struck the first bars the whole audience shouted & clapped with delight; but the poor thing tried & then said ‘I can’t’, & rushed off the platform. However, she was very plucky and at the end of the concert pulled herself together & sang it.

Unlike Melba who brought out the most miserable company because she would not pay good ones, she is such a terrible money-grubber (tho’ don’t say this or I shall be up for libel)—Miss Crossley has brought out a wonderful young pianist, Percy Grainger, & a beautiful young violinist, Jacques Jacobs, so that one has treats the whole evening. We go again on Thursday to hear her.

We gave her a dinner last night . . . & we had a particularly nice set of people, quite small, only 21, but it was most cheery and went off extremely well. It is so provoking to think that really the only dull dinner, I think, we have ever had was the one we gave for the Lonsdales which we should have liked to be particularly good, but we left it somehow too much to Lord R. & he chose all the prettiest & smartest people in Sydney, & oh such dull ones!

Old Sir Samuel Griffith16 sat next me, beaming over his new great appointment of Chief Justice of the High Court of Australia, this new thing that was instituted last week, & which indirectly & privately Hallam has done much in starting. It is composed of three Judges—Sir S.G., Sir Edmund Barton, who resigned the premiership for it after a great fight with himself, poor man, as he has to withdraw entirely from politics for the rest of his life, and Mr O’Connor,17 a very able nice man. Sir S.G. gets £3500 for life or as long as he can work; the other two, £3000 for life etc. I do not suppose that there ever were a set of appointments—also Mr Deakin taking the Premiership—which have given such absolute satisfaction to all parties & creeds. Not one syllable against the appointments in the papers, and all greatly pleased.

Sir Samuel told me last night he regretted giving up the Lieutenant-Governorship of Queensland, but I said, ‘Oh no, there are plenty of L.G’s, but only one C.J. of Australia.’ ‘Yes,’ he said, ‘it is a magnificent position certainly’ . . . .

Sir John Forrest was here the other day & I was regretting to him that Hallam could not stay longer to see things more settled; that he had been so immensely interested in the arranging of everything that it was hard for him to give it up. ‘Yes, he has been greatly interested, hasn’t he, but I think his work is finished. I think everything is comfortably & smoothly settled and arranged now, and everything will go on now. The great machine has been set rolling’ . . . .

16 The Right Hon. Sir Samuel Griffith (1845-1920) came to Australia from Wales in 1854 and lived with his family in Queensland. He was a brilliant scholar, had an extensive practice at the Queensland Bar, and became the author of the Queensland Criminal Code. He entered Parliament, was Premier several times and worked for Federation. His knowledge of constitutional law was profound. He chaired the sub-committee drafting the Constitution Bill of 1891 and played a great part in framing the Constitution. He became the first Chief Justice of the High Court of Australia on its creation in September 1903.

17 The Hon. Richard Edward O’Connor (1851-1912), a leader of the Sydney Bar and strenuous advocate of Federation. He became leader of the Government in the Senate in the first Federal Parliament. Appointed a Justice of the High Court in 1903, in 1909 he became the first President of the Commonwealth Court of Conciliation and Arbitration, but resigned three years later to devote himself to the constitutional issues which the High Court had to consider. As statesman and jurist he helped to build the Commonwealth.
Yesterday was the 20th anniversary of our engagement... I have had a delightful chatty letter from Willy's Charlotte, she... has told me of her lovely carriage Willy gave her & how much you wished I had one & that I have had to manage with our old landau & no horses. I assure you quite the contrary. We have two large carriages, one was Lord Hopetoun's, for postillion, always, and a third when our party requires it. At Sydney when the Boyles were with us & we required more, we had 3½ pairs, i.e. 7 carriage horses, about the 3 finest pairs in Australia & we daily are begged by several people to sell them to them when we go—but Lord Northcote is buying the 2 remaining pairs & the 3rd we sold when the Boyles left us.

Then besides that, we have 6 saddle horses & ponies and a pair of ponies for driving or riding—but these last we turned out in the paddock after the Boyles left. But you will see what nice big stables we have had—15 horses all together & always 6 & often 7 men—2 coachmen, 2 grooms in livery, & 2 or 3 helpers...

We have Mrs Harmer staying with us now for a few days, & a Dr & Mrs Parkin, delightful people, Canadians—he has been to Aldworth to see us, in Jubilee Year I think it was. He is now travelling to all our Colonies to arrange about the 'Rhodes Scholarships', & is a most interesting man to talk to, but oh so vague. He drives his wife & poor Lord Richard nearly distracted in accepting two or three invitations for the same time, & we find it most difficult to get spare times to invite important people to meet him....

Tuesday. Mrs Harmer goes tomorrow & Sir Elliott & Lady Lewis, the late Premier of Tasmania, are coming to stay. We have asked them to come to meet Dr Parkin as it will save him going to Tasmania to discuss the scholarships....

Wednesday. Endless, endless interruptions & this is mail day. Last night Hallam took the boys & most of the party to the Observatory which is just outside the grounds to see the moon & stars thro' the telescope, & I dressed early... & must now see Mrs Bates. We have a dinner of 22 tonight. The people are so delighted that we have smaller entertainments here than have been the custom especially with the Hopetouns, because one can then manage to talk to everybody....

The Attorney-General & Mrs Drake gave a garden party 'To Meet Their Excellencies' at Parliament House on Monday & just before it was to begin the storm came on & they had to rush everything into the building which is really splendid.

I hope I told you about the Swearing-in of the High Court the other day. It was a most interesting little ceremony—and as Hallam says, he can feel that he is the only man living, he supposes, who has sworn-in & started a High Court. It consists of three Judges to settle Federal questions—the Chief Justice of Australia, Sir Samuel Griffith, a wonderfully able man, the former Chief Justice & Lieutenant-Governor of Queensland; Sir E. Barton, 2nd Judge; & Mr O'Connor, 3rd—both N.S.W. very clever lawyers. You never saw any man so jubilant over his position as Sir Samuel. He quite looks upon it as 'the greatest position of the Empire!' They all read their declarations & kissed the Bible on
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oath and each one made a very dignified solemn little speech with great reverence & simple nice feeling. Sir Edmund was evidently much overcome with the solemnity of the moment & told me so afterwards. All the members of the Victorian bar, numbering upwards of 150, were there in wigs & gowns and most of the States had representatives who made complimentary speeches of welcome. We had places in the gallery with a certain number of official men & their wives & it was all extremely well done.

Hallam has had some charming letters from Lord Rosebery and Lord Selborne this mail which have pleased him much & I really do hope that Mr Chamberlain will have found two minutes to write one word of thanks for all he has done—for he certainly deserves some thanks from his late Chief. Lord Rosebery finished his letter thus: ‘You must be pleased to be leaving your task with the sense of successful achievement and marked popularity.’

If you hear of a first-rate ladies’ maid, good hairdresser & dressmaker who is quick & fond of work and takes an interest in turning her lady out well—remember that I want one. A French Protestant who is accustomed to English ways & country life I should like, if such a thing can be found. Also a good French Protestant governess for Harold I must try & find, so you might make enquiries. I shall always owe you a debt of gratitude for having found me Mrs Bates.

Mademoiselle, I am much afraid, is not intending to behave very well about the Princess, & really makes me very angry at the high & mighty way she talks as regards the Princess. She is not going to stand this & that, & if she does not like it she shall only remain her quarter—and she shall only take her orders straight from the Princess—and the Princess is nothing to her. I feel firmly convinced that she is just going from curiosity & has not the slightest intention of staying, but she has for some time past shown a good deal of French slyness and I never quite know what she is really doing.

She made me write & say she could not possibly stay less than six weeks with her father before going to the Princess—but very kindly said she would stay on with me to help me with the boys till they went to school. This I refused, as I said I did not think it fair to the Princess, or to her father—tho’ it would have been everything to me to have her. She asked me if she should write to the Princess & I said no! she could not, she must only write thro’ Lady Mary or Capt. Wallington—and the Princess has never written to her, only to me, & I said I would send her message to the Princess. I thought she seemed rather indignant at this but she said nothing & told me one day she considered that the Princess had behaved very badly in not writing direct to her, that was not the right way to treat her, & I told her she must not expect to be treated by Royalty as by ordinary people. And then she told me yesterday after what I said to her & without ever telling me, that she did write herself to the Princess!

I am afraid she has a good deal of hypocrisy in her & should much like to advise the Princess to have nothing to do with her. I feel very much worried and hurt at her conduct altogether as regards this Princess business.
19 October 1903. Government House, Melbourne. Monday

On Saturday night we went to an Amateur performance of The Mikado. Curiously enough, I have never seen it before & it really was the best amateur acting I have seen ever. Every individual actor & actress was excellent & there was not a single hitch, so full of life & brightness & go. It is for funds for the Women’s Hospital and is to go on for three nights.

Friday we are to go to Ballarat for a succession of functions the whole day, ending up at night with Hallam delivering an address on Literature to several thousand people in the Town Hall & presenting prizes.

The Bishop of Goulburn came up to me the other afternoon & said, ‘Lady Tennyson, I hope you will not think me taking a liberty but I want to tell you that one Sunday evening I sat behind your boys and their tutor in church at Sydney and I was so immensely struck with your eldest boy that I really could not take my eyes off him—he has such a charming face & expression—a splendid specimen of a real English boy.’

Hallam is to close Parliament probably tomorrow, before we go away—if not Saturday or Monday. Our guests arrive for Cup Week on Friday 30th October—H.E. the Admiral, Mrs & Miss Fanshawe & staff; H.E. Sir George Le Hunte & staff; H.E. Sir Frederick Bedford, Miss Bedford & staff from W.A. Poor Lady Bedford heard of her sister’s death by cable last week & is going home next Monday. The great Cup Race day is Tuesday 3rd, & our ball on the 4th, & something or other every day & night for a week.

28 October 1903. Melbourne, Wednesday. 6 weeks tomorrow we sail

We are going out to luncheon at Parliament House with 40 or 50 guests, given by Sir John & Lady Forrest as a farewell luncheon to us. This, I suppose, judging from other luncheons of the kind will be at least two hours. Then we go straight off to pay an official visit... to the Melbourne Hospital visiting endless wards, which is always a most tiring thing, & this evening at 8.45 I have to be at a Girls’ Club & see over the Club & talk to the girls, which is always such a strain. I do not suppose you can have any idea of the rush life is at times, with all one’s home duties, but I love it. The busy life is certainly the happiest, tho’ at times I feel as if I should like to get away and shriek!

We went off to the Bridges’ place Thursday, arriving there about 9 at their little country station, Tawalla, where their only boy aged 19, an Eton boy, met us & we drove straight to the house. Oh the cold—we were thankful to find large wood fires all over the house, even in our bedrooms... The next morning was cold but bright and we started with Admiral & Mrs Bridges at 10.45 by train to Ballarat, where we were on the go the whole day & were very warmly received, the bells of the Town Hall pealing most of the day, & crowds waving & hurrahing all along the streets.

We had a very amusing luncheon with a killing speech by the old Mayor, who had no h’s but was just simple & genuine; and amid roars of laughter he
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told the guests they had sneered at him, saying he could never entertain a G.G. and he had spent many sleepless nights, but he was glad to tell them that Their Excellencies had expressed themselves quite satisfied with what he had done—that he had found Lord T. a man like himself and that he & Lady T. had become quite chummy! There were simply shrieks of laughter at this last expression & I laughed till I cried.

He was too funny & told me all his history which I will tell you if I have time. He was one of the very early settlers. And suddenly he rapped his knife on the table, having waited some time for his soup, & called out, 'Look here, you lady waitresses, just you come along here a little more. I haven't got any soup yet.' You should have seen the expressions of the lady waitresses, & the scowls they gave him. But he was quite right: the waiting was atrocious. There was an awkward pause all round the room at this exclamation of the old gentleman, and I turned round & talked hard to the Premier on my other side, both of us trying to conceal our amused feelings. Hallam, sitting on his right, talked to him a good deal, so I talked to the Premier, Mr Deakin. Presently the Mayor said to me, 'Look 'ere, Lady Tennyson, you're not paying any attention to me—you keep on talking to the Premier & leave me quite out in the cold!' 'Come, come,' I said, 'I wonder how many times I have turned round to talk to you & find you monopolising the G.G., which I might say, hurts me much!!' 'Oh well, that's all right then', & we talked away for some time & later he said, 'Look here now, there's my wife, she's got two gentlemen taking every care of her & so attentive to her!' 'Yes,' I said, 'and I ought to have two gentlemen attentive to me, but I won't ask you whether I have or not?'

He was quite a character & great fun. The poor old boy, when he got up to return thanks for his wife, quite broke down, saying 'If he had done any good in his life, it was all owing to her, etc.'

Well, I must stop. You will like the Parliament address to H. and his reply to them. Mr Deakin told me they could never have carried one thro' the House for Lord H., & that it is a very uncommon compliment. Also Hallam's address to the Literary Society at Ballarat. Everybody one meets now says how sorry they are we are going, & H. says at the Garden Party, several people told him how grieved they were he was going & ended with, 'And we love Lady Tennyson.' I tell him they could not say 'We love you'!

2 November 1903. Government House, Melbourne. Monday

...... After this week, we shall begin to prepare and pack or at any rate the week after, as next week when we lose the last of our guests, we must give the servants a rest. We give warning to all the Australian servants next Saturday, but Mary is determined to remain on with Sir George Le Hunte, & I have seen Clarke's aunts and they are quite determined about her returning home so of course I am bound to take her.
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I have had such a very nice letter from Mr Tabor that it has quite cheered me & I only wish Lionel could have been there two terms, but if we can get him into Eton he must go there at Easter ......

Hallam has heard from Lord Northcote this mail & apparently he is going in for the same show & splash as Lord H., notwithstanding all Hallam has urged over & over again. 3 A.D.C’s—I don’t know what on earth they will do with themselves except squabble. Endless horses & carriages—the Australians will simply hate it & do not hesitate to say so. It’s all very sad & disappointing, but can’t be helped; & if the Colonial Office will not listen to Hallam’s advice after their experience with Lord H. it’s their own look-out, & if bother arises from it, they have only themselves to blame.

H. begged Lord N. to ask Lord Richard to remain with him 6 months to put him & his staff in the way of things, & he writes & says he will be glad to keep him one month. I would not stay if I were Lord R. Nothing would persuade me to do so. They just want him to do all the drudgery work of settling their servants etc. & then he may go!!

We had a very successful Cup Day yesterday, & my—& really Australia’s—little pet racer, Wakeful, raced in it—the last race of her life, carrying a tremendous weight of 10 stone, & everybody there, I think, even those with their money on others, would have been glad she won the Cup, but I think her jockey was over-anxious & urged her on (she has never felt whip or spur) too soon, & instead of 1st she came a good second. She has won 25 great races, & run 2 years longer than is usual with racers, for they give up at 5 years. She is 7, & such a wee beloved little gentle beast. Her defeat was a very great disappointment. She is now going to become a hack, or I suppose, probably to breed from. She ran with one of her forelegs bandaged as after Saturday it swelled so much ...

We had Mr George Reid to dinner last night who was most amusing, & what with him & Admiral Fanshawe, who I had no idea before had so much fun in him—I was quite exhausted with laughing & my handkerchief sopping. I am sorry to say I have got one of my horrible colds, & my face all puffed up with cold, owing to this detestable Melbourne climate. I had not a single cold in Sydney ....

Hallam has given me the most lovely platypus rug of 20 guineas, so expensive because the poor little creatures have been so killed they will soon become extinct, but I am going to send it back. It is too much to give me & I am working now at Premiers & Governors to get them to arrange a universal close season all over Australia for all these native animals, opossums, wallabies, platypus, kangaroos, which otherwise will soon be extinct. We must have furs, I suppose, but not when the animals are with young.

18 Lord Richard, however, remained for a number of years with the title of Chamberlain to successive Governors-General, an office replaced after him by that of Comptroller to the Governor-General. Lord Richard later became Comptroller of the Household of the Duke of Connaught and of the Duke of Devonshire when they were Governors-General of Canada.
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The Premier, Mr Irvine, agrees with the proposition but writes that not many skins are exported from Victoria, only 243,000 annually!!

Well, I must stop & go & see after things.

11 November 1903

The mail is going in ½ an hour so you must really have a short letter, for it is owing to my having really felt so unwell and with such headaches for the last three days that it was an impossibility to write. Monday I just crawled into my clothes & crept down to the ballroom levee just to have a glimpse of H's levee, but only saw the very end. Then I lay down & took Ante-Kalmia till it was time at ½ past 3 to get up & go to the Review. Then I came back & lay down till 8.30 when I got up & dressed and went to hear H's most splendid speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet and then came back, took sulphonial & went to bed. I was just in my dressinggown in my armchair all yesterday & had to take another sleeping draught early in the evening, & now today I have not got rid of my head, tho' it is much better, but of course I feel good-for-nothing, and got up late.

One thing I feel intensely happy over & I know you will rejoice with me—I really could not bear the suspense any longer, so asked Mrs Bates today if she would stay on with us, telling her we would give her £60 & more if H. got another appointment which gave her more to do. She said 'Oh yes, she would only be too glad to stay on with those wages, the only thing that had ever made her hesitate was if I had only been willing to give her £40 or £45, as she has to pay out so much for Jack & she must think of him.' So I feel if I have such a faithful friend as her, all will be well & the worries very much lessened . . . . Thank you, darling Mother, for sending me all those delightful, dear, & loving letters. I am sure you ought to be a happy woman & so you would be if only you would take people as you find them & not imagine that your nearest & dearest ever mean to be anything but loving & attentive, & if sometimes they do displease you, take for granted, which I am sure it is, that it is absolutely unintentional, & don't be sensitive with them, because when you feel hurt you change so in your dear loving manner that I am sure you rebuff them when they are really anxious to be loving to you . . . You must not get vexed with me if I do not always agree with all you say, for the most loving friends cannot promise to do that . . .

It is rather tiresome Sir George Clarke just leaving now . . . it will take off a great deal from Hallam's going, as it certainly did at the Mayor's dinner. The Clarkes are perfectly overjoyed—he has done nothing but grumble & long to be home & has hated the whole thing, especially being under the Governor-General . . . .

16 November 1903. Government House, Melbourne

This must be my Xmas letter as next mail would, I think, be too late and by the time you get this if all's well, we shall be on the high seas, having even
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passed Western Australia which we are due to reach on Monday 14th . . . .
I got so far yesterday & now I am adding a little at the Hotel, Gracevale
House, Healesville, where we arrived yesterday evening with Bishop Welldon,
who has been staying a week with us. We have just come back from a long
expedition to the top of a range of hills called the Black Spur . . . Such a glorious
day, hot sun with delicious air, and the scenery gorgeous, thousands of tree
ferns of all kinds & sizes & the magnificent huge gumtrees, from 200 to 500
feet high & 50 & 60 feet round the girth - great giants. But I have twice
described it all to you, having been here twice before . . . Oh I do love all this
Australian Bush & it just tears my heart to think I shall never see it again . . . All
the scents are so delicious, of the gums etc & we heard the Whip bird quite close
in the bush track we walked along, with thick tangled scrub on each side. One
long note & ending up like the swish of the stockwhip; & the beloved native
thrush with the most beautiful of all notes woke me this morning.

It was a sudden thought of Hallam's on Sunday to bring Bishop Welldon up
here to show it to him, & we have had great fun. He & Hallam chaff each other
as in old days & when we were all (H., the Bishop, Mr Wingfield & I) seated at
our picnic luncheon, they both were so mad & foolish we were all ill with
laughter, & he kept saying, 'Oh dear, I am so happy. I haven't been so happy
since before I went to India. I wish life could always be like this.' He has
thoroughly enjoyed his day, & all the scenery . . . .

I should like to go to sleep & wake up in London. I feel nearly distracted
with all there is to do & think about & arrange, but of course the worse part
of all is leaving my Hallam & the thought of losing my boys.

They are writing to you for Xmas but I have lost a little heart about their
writing as I was told, not by any relation, that you said their letters were 'a perfect
disgrace, so badly written & nothing in them'.

I need hardly say that I have never told them, poor mites, for they can only
get through letters at odd times for they don't have much leisure time. Lionel
got up at 6 this morning to write to you. Of course, these sort of pleasant
things are always repeated & it seemed to me unnecessary to say this to a
comparative stranger, and it really pained me. But all these things matter very
little really, only I am grieved that what I hoped gave you pleasure failed to
do so . . . .

I hope & pray you won't be disappointed in your grandsons. They are very
ordinary creatures, I am afraid, even Harold has lost all his originality; but
everybody who sees them - I don't mean Australians, but English people from
home, all like them.

22 November 1903. Government House, Melbourne

I have not very much to tell you this mail . . . The boys & I went one day to
a function for me to present a library of books to the Melbourne Hospital,
collected by the Master, Mr Card, & the boys of the Preparatory School where
our boys go for games; and the boys there were particularly anxious I should present the books for them. The whole school was there, lined up the steps like a guard of honour & the ceremony took place in the operation theatre, and there were quantities of parents all seated round. I said a few words which seemed to have pleased very much. Hallam gave £100 the other day subscription, and so they have made him, me, and the three boys Life Governors, and we were presented with our certificates on this occasion. The Matron, Miss Burleigh, is a very nice woman, out from home & rather home-sick, I fear—a cousin of Charles Kingsley's.

Tuesday. I got so far on Sunday and no further, and yesterday I had my little Harold ill in bed, his temperature over 102 with heavy head and headache & very heavy eyes. The doctor takes rather a delight in frightening one & tho' he pronounced him better this morning & thinks it must be influenza which is raging here he still says of course he may be sickening for something, which I know as well as he does . . . .

The boys' nurses & Mr Jose go to Adelaide the end of next week and we go on Monday 7th for two nights to Government House & sail Thursday . . . Oh how you & I will chatter when we get together. I went on Thursday, when she was in port here, to see our ship the Ortona, & find we have delightful cabins and a very nice cheery captain & purser most anxious to do everything in the world they can. I have a large sleeping cabin & sittingroom-cabin opening into each other & all our party close by—3 extra cabins given us for our luggage, so we shall still travel in luxury & like Royalty till we get to Marseilles, then like ordinary passengers, which will be a great comedown & not so nice! . . .

Wednesday. Harold had a wretched day yesterday but is better today & has slight tonsillitis developed . . . I know you will rejoice with me to hear that I hope I have got a very nice French governess for Harold, who will be free to come to me as soon as we arrive in London, which is a great comfort to feel . . . The mother lives in Wimbledon, Madame De Lisle. I believe they are highly connected on the French side but very poor, & this one, Flora, was brought up by her grandmother in Paris. She has been for about 2 years with Lady Morpeth but does not care for her & is leaving her at Xmas . . . Mlle's mother who must be an extremely nice good woman, wrote & told me she could not speak too highly of her and she plays the violin very well so can superintend Harold's practising. I do hope she will be a success as then the boys will have French still in the holidays, but she knows no German which is a pity. Well, I must stop now . . . .

1 December 1903. Melbourne

I have really scarcely any time to write this mail, I am just bewildered with all there is to do, but as you will, I hope, have us all in your arms instead of a letter next mail, you will not care about a very long letter this time.

Poor little Harold has only got up today for the first time, having made us
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rather anxious for a few days... The Doctor feared typhoid... We were afraid all our plans might be upset as, if he had been sickening for any fever, he could not have sailed the 10th, & I don’t know what would have happened. As it is, he may not go to Adelaide with his brothers on Thursday but has to wait to go with us on Monday.

I enclose three cuttings in the paper this morning which will please you. I am longing for it all to be over, for it makes one miserable when the people all tell you that it would have made all the difference had we stayed out longer. The General was here this morning & told me he did not know how he was going to get on without Hallam who was always ready to help him & smooth over difficulties and advise him. Then this afternoon the Prime Minister was here wondering how he should get on. He is sure he can never talk to another G.G. & get the help from him that he has from Hallam, & that it would have just made all the difference to the Commonwealth having us out here a little longer. Still, we have done what we thought right & no one will ever realise at home how much we have sacrificed in giving it all up. It is delightful how one person after another tells me how keenly they shall watch the careers of ‘those dear delightful boys’, & feel sure they will do credit to their name. God grant they may....

That dear good Hallam is after all sending home all our 4 ponies & our best pair of horses & the dear beasts sail next week with one of our coachmen to look after them. The Company is taking them at £20 each on condition they may advertise it—& they cost much less than they would at home. The boys were all so miserable at leaving them that he has decided to take them, & my dear little mare....

Do find me a nice clever maid—not too young & not grand. I should not at all mind a foreigner if she had been in England... Good night, darling own Mother. It does seem almost impossible to believe that we shall, I hope, so soon say that instead of writing it.

29 December 1903. The Socotra Islands. R.M.S. Ortona

It seems such ages since I wrote to you from Melbourne, and so much seems to have happened since then.

I think I told you of Harold’s slight attack of typhoid, so he stayed up to the end with us, Monday 7th Decr, at Melbourne, the two boys & Mr Jose going a few days ahead of us to Adelaide to stay with Sir George Le Hunte. Saturday night before we came away, the Lord Mayor & Lady Mayoress gave us a farewell Reception in the Town Hall, & everybody was most kind and warm in their expressions of regret at our departure, and on Monday afternoon when we came away we had an escort 100 strong, with the General & all his staff, and the streets were crowded and the houses & windows, with people waving & cheering. Sir Edward Hutton said there were far more people & cheering than the 1st time Lord Hopetoun went away as Governor,
which is always said to have been unprecedented. But I don't believe that: Sir Edward is a great admirer of H's & not of Lord H's. Still, the people were very warm & the station all decorated with flags & palms & red cloth etc., & crowds of people to say goodbye. Lord Richard, who remained behind till next day, said it was quite touching to hear all the different expressions of affection & regret about us, and the late Lady Mayoress, a nice vague old thing without an 'H', Lady Gillott, said as the train moved off, 'There goes the nicest woman we have ever had in Melbourne!' But that too is hardly true for I believe nobody was ever more beloved than Lady Loch.

I need hardly tell you that we received a warm reception in Adelaide and the Governor gave a Garden Party in our honour to about 200 people. The night of the day we arrived, Tuesday, when I went up after dinner to the boys, Lionel complained of feeling ill and the next morning had a high temperature. I sent for the Doctor and he thought it would be nothing but of course kept him in bed & he watched the garden party from his bed by the window. During the evening he did not seem so well & I went to him once or twice during the night . . . I sent for Dr Marten early, & after taking his temperature, he shook his head & said he oughtn't to start on a voyage like that & must put off sailing that morning. You may imagine my feelings.

However, he then suggested further advice & the oldest doctor then came & they consulted & this one said of course there was a certain amount of risk—he might be sickening for an illness or it might be influenza & he might be quite well in two days. Considering all the circumstances, were it his boy, he would risk it; and having more or less arranged to stay, I then had to make all other arrangements to get leave to take him on board, dress him in bed & pack him & Sophie off with the doctor in a carriage by road to the Bay, get men from the Protector to meet him with a launch & carry him in a stretcher on board, & mercifully all went off well. He got no chill, tho' it was rough & wet—'The Heavens weeping at our departure', as Lord Richard said—and he was up on deck by the time we reached Fremantle, & two days after, playing cricket.

My Hallam a few days before settled to come to Fremantle with us, & it was just everything having him those first few days. We had a horrid time in the Bight but were all good sailors, except the 2nd night I was slightly seasick on going down to the stuffy cabin. And the next day, Saturday, we all stayed in our berths as it was really unsafe to be on deck, & we have none of us been seasick since, tho' we have had a great deal of rolling & of course we may be bad in the Mediterranean . . . .

Of course, it is most difficult to make plans till we get to Marseilles. We were told we should not get there till Sunday, & I won't travel all night with the children at this time of year & so settled to travel by day. Only one train for that, 9.20 a.m., & it was doubtful if we should reach Marseilles in time for that, so I cabled to you from Colombo, 24th, to take rooms at an hotel for us for the 12th. Now they say we might arrive Friday but most probably Saturday early, so I have more or less settled to break the journey to Paris at Avignon so as to
give us breathing time for packing & leaving ship etc., & it will be much better for the boys to see the ancient historical town than sleep at Marseilles. Then we should leave Avignon 11 next morning, reach Paris 10 p.m., go to Hotel St Romain or some other hotel where Mrs Dussau can get us rooms, & cross over Monday 11th if we can have our rooms in London... arriving, tide & weather permitting, at 7 p.m. But if our rooms can only be free on the 12th we should stay another day at Paris & cross Tuesday 12th arriving the same time... 

Please order tea & poached eggs etc. for chicks the night we arrive as they will be hungry, and I will, of course, dine with you... 

We have just passed the Moldavia that the Northcotes were to sail in from Marseilles on the 18th. The fleet from Sydney are to go to Adelaide so that Hallam may meet Lord N. on the flagship Royal Arthur for his confab. & then the Fleet will fire a salute for H. as he leaves on the 21st. Lord N. will be kept outside Melbourne in the bay on a man-of-war till 3 o'clock Thursday 21st & then land, and Hallam will sail at 2 o'clock19... 

2 January 1904. Saturday 

.... We are getting to the end of this horrid Red Sea & it is cooler & my head all right today, & shall be at Suez tomorrow morning.... 

Tuesday. Lying at anchor in Suez Canal... I don't know how long this delay means, we may be delayed from reaching Marseilles on Saturday & if so we should not want the rooms till the 12th after all... You must just stay quietly in bed the day we arrive and get a bottle of the best champagne from me & drink a glass about 7 or so. Then I will come & sit with you; the boys you shall see next day... 

19 As the office of Governor-General must not be left vacant, the outgoing Governor-General leaves very shortly—within an hour or so—before the incoming Governor-General arrives. Otherwise the country is left without a Head of State for what might happen to be crucial moments.
When Audrey Tennyson was about to leave Australia she left a letter to the Australian people for publication in newspapers. Direct and sincere, it shows her genuine feeling for them:

Dear kind friends,

Before leaving the shores of Australia, my boys and I would like to say an affectionate goodbye—God be with you—to our numerous friends in every rank of life throughout the various States.

It is with heavy hearts that we are going away, but it is a very great happiness to us all to feel that we have made so many true and loyal friends who have bound themselves to us by ties of affection.

The one and only regret we have in connection with our happy life in Australia is that it has passed only too quickly; indeed, we would gladly have it all over again.

May God bless you, is the sincere wish of your affectionate friend,

Audrey F. G. Tennyson.¹

She kept in touch with some of her friends there. Joanna Barr Smith, one of the old identities of Adelaide, although much older than Lady Tennyson, wrote frequently over a number of years—usually addressing her as ‘Ever dear Lady Tennyson’, but sometimes as ‘Dear Lady of my Heart’, giving her comments on succeeding South Australian Governors and spouses, and all the news of people, places, and things Audrey had been interested in; relaying news, too, of Mademoiselle Dussau, who used to write to Mrs Barr Smith from Buckingham Palace. ‘She seems very happy in her new atmosphere and seems to be getting an influence over the little rather spoilt Princess Mary,’ wrote Joanna.²

Hallam never had another Governorship but did not sink back entirely into private life. He became a recognised exponent of Imperial policy in its best sense, and Chairman of several important government committees and Royal Commissions.³

One of his first tasks on returning to London, arranged by Alfred Deakin, the Prime Minister, just before Hallam left for England, was to present the painting by the artist Tom Roberts of the Opening of the First Parliament of the Commonwealth of Australia to King Edward VII. The Marquess of Linlithgow, as Lord Hopetoun had now become, was also to be associated with the presentation. ‘It is not known what His Majesty’s wishes regarding the ultimate disposal of the picture may be, but if it is not to be placed in the custody

¹ Advertiser, Adelaide, 12/12/1903.
² 479/36/5.
³ Information from Sir Charles Tennyson.
of this Government, I shall be glad if you will obtain the necessary permission from His Majesty for it to be exhibited in the Art Galleries of the State Capitals of Australia,' wrote Deakin.\(^4\)

The presentation was duly made, the picture was exhibited in Australia, and then was returned to London, to hang in St James’s Palace for a number of years.\(^5\)

Reunion with her mother gave Audrey a great deal of joy. After her arrival in England, she had three years to be of comfort to Zacyntha, whether having her to stay at Farringford, or visiting her at her home at 134 Sloane Street, Chelsea. Here the old lady died on 5 March 1907 in her eighty-third year. Her son Ernest was still living with her and saw to all the arrangements consequent on her death.\(^6\)

Thereafter Audrey’s days took on a quiet settled regime as she sank back into country life, with small excitements such as when Hallam tangled with the Editor of Whitaker’s Peerage. In the edition of 1910 the Editor saw fit to remark when describing the creation of the first Baron Tennyson: ‘As the credentials of this new Peerage do not rest upon ancestry, but solely upon the poetical achievements of the first Lord, the Editor thought it not inappropriate to refer slightly to that topic. But as his so doing, and using the valued phrase “the still greater poet, Byron” caused annoyance to his present Lordship (who described the note, as extended last year, as “offensive, untrue, and displaying a lamentable want of good taste”) there remains no ground for enlargement in this instance any more than in that of any other new creation.’ Hallam’s pride in his father had led him to protest against the superiority of Lord Byron to Alfred Tennyson. Burke’s Peerage of 1970 reveals a creditably long ancestry of country gentry.

In 1911 Lord and Lady Tennyson attended the coronation of King George V, whom they had known as the Duke of Cornwall and York. There is a waist-length photograph of Audrey in her Peeress’s coronet and robes, which for some strange reason was used as a passport photograph in January 1915, and is spoiled by the passport stamp.

Her sons grew up and developed in their several directions. Lionel, who had shown such youthful promise at cricket in Australia, fulfilled it brilliantly. He made his mark in club and county cricket, and at the age of twenty-four played for England against South Africa in five Test matches there in 1913-14. Later he captained England and played four Test matches against Australia in England in 1921, making cricket history by scoring 63 against McDonald and Gregory with one hand, the other having been damaged.\(^7\) Later still, in 1926-7, he played for England against the West Indies.

\(^4\) 479/5/141.

\(^5\) In 1960 the painting was sent back to Australia from the Queen’s Collection, the intention being to exhibit it at the National Gallery of Victoria, but its size made this impossible, so it was put into storage at the Australian War Memorial in Canberra, and about five years later was exhibited there. In March 1969 it was transferred to Parliament House, Canberra, and hung in the basement.


\(^7\) Information from Sir Charles Tennyson.
Aubrey began work in the City of London, perhaps having a political career in mind. Harold, the engaging child for whom a great future had often been prophesied in Australia, and whose childish longing had been to be ‘a soldier of the Queen’, entered the Navy. He went to Osborne in 1909 at the age of thirteen and remained till 1911 when he passed to Dartmouth. In 1913 he went on a special service cruise in H.M.S. Cumberland, and wrote a series of interesting and descriptive letters to his ‘Mamie’ as he still called her, youthfully buoyant about the sea and life in the Navy.

Audrey loved to read about the sights he saw, and to enjoy his enjoyment of life. In September of 1913 he joined the flagship H.M.S. Queen Mary and sailed to Cromarty and then to Brest, in company with the Lion, the Princess Royal and the New Zealand. In April 1914 they were home again and once more up at Cromarty. In June they sailed for Russian waters, and went to Kronstadt and Petrograd, and here he did a lot of sightseeing, and wrote an enthusiastic letter to his mother to tell her he had been mixing with Royalty.

The Tsar of Russia and the Tsarina, their four daughters the Grand Duchesses Olga, Tatiana, Marie and Anastasia, and two Grand Dukes and their wives had visited the British flagship Lion, and Harold had been selected as one of four midshipmen detailed by the Admiral to show the Tsar’s daughters around. Harold escorted the Grand Duchess Olga, the Tsar’s eldest daughter, who was about his own age. He found her extraordinarily pretty and most amusing, he told his mother. All four midshipmen were overwhelmed by their charges and found them ‘the most cheery and pretty quartette’ they had ever met. Harold hoped to dance with the Grand Duchess Olga at the ball on the New Zealand but it did not come to pass, though he was presented with a signed photograph of her. The four young men and the four pretty princesses were all doomed to an awful death, and the laughter and gaiety on the swaying, brightly lit ships was perhaps their last carefree fling of life before obliteration.

Harold returned with his ship and was back at Portland at the beginning of July 1914, when no one in England was thinking of war with Germany, unless the Navy was. At the end of that month Austria declared war on Serbia because of the Sarajevo murders which had taken place in June. Events leading up to the Great War had begun. The British fleet put to sea. On 28 August Harold took part in the Battle of Heligoland. After that, his letters to his mother are all about battles and manoeuvres.

He was transferred from the Queen Mary to the destroyer Viking in November 1914 and stayed with her for a year or more as navigating officer. In February 1916 the Viking was to work up and down the Channel. Thinking to see something of their son while the ship was in port, Lord and Lady Tennyson made a journey to Dover. They had just reached their hotel when a telegram arrived, which they thought would be from Harold to say when they could expect to see him. Instead, it told them that on 29 January the Viking had struck a mine in the Channel and had blown up.

To Audrey it must have seemed unbelievable: her beloved son whom she
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had held in her arms, with his bright hair and fascinating ways, gone. Never to see him again. She may have wept or she may have gone cold and numb, but a few days later the tears must have come when they received Harold's last letter—the sort of letter written beforehand in case of sudden death. It bore no date:

My darling Mamie and Father—I have always told you I would let you know at once if anything ever happened to me. By the time you get this you will know that I have got that 'Perfect Peace' I have been longing for. The strain has been awful, 'I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do' and I have died 'with a joyful spirit.' I have continually thought of you both. My last thoughts were how pleased you would be that in no other way could I have better upheld the name of Tennyson. I have got some well-earned rest at last.

For the last time in this world I will say Goodbye, and I shall long for you both to come and join me in the next. I hope you have been spared Lionel and Aubrey. I long for you all.

Your very very loving son, Harold. 8

A solemn letter, difficult for a young man to write. To bridge the emotion he felt, he quoted words from his grandfather's poem 'The Revenge: A Ballad of the Fleet'. It was Sir Richard Grenville who said, 'I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do,' and died 'with a joyful spirit'. Alfred Tennyson had put into better words than Harold felt able to do the thoughts that clouded his eager mind. He was more himself when he went on to make a little joke—'some well-earned rest at last'. Audrey must have wept as she remembered the little boy in Adelaide explaining he could not do something for her as he had too much work to do—lots of work on Mondays, Tuesdays, every day. And when asked when he had a rest, replied, 'Oh, I shall never get any rest till I die.' And was often teased about it, perhaps, in the family. 9

She threw herself into her war work at the military hospital, Afton Lodge, on the Isle of Wight. Nearly two months later, on 23 March 1916, sympathetic as always, she was able to write to a friend from Adelaide, Lady Downer, who had just lost her husband:

How terribly you must miss him & the loneliness you must feel without him. Thank God you have your son ... We too have been called upon to suffer an overwhelming sorrow which ... has taken all the joy and sunshine out of life both for us & the poor brothers at the front—Lionel at Ypres and Aubrey at Salonika. Harold our sailor boy, our pride and centre of all that was splendid, joyous and keen, was killed by a mine striking his ship, a Torpedo Destroyer, 29th Jany. last. We were the most blissfully happy family party and God alone knows all that it means to us, the burden of the sorrow seems to increase for us hour by hour, but we know 'all is well with our darling'. He never knew sorrow & this is the first he has ever brought to anyone in his short life, only 19. 10

But the burden of sorrow did increase hour by hour for her. Letters kept pouring in from people who had known Harold. She had hardly realised how many friends he had had, both young and old. She answered what she could but it broke her heart after a while. The things she wrote seemed to be so trite, so she

8 Information from Sir Charles Tennyson.
9 Letter 20/1/1901.
10 Letter by courtesy of the son alluded to, Sir Alexander Downer.
The Years After

gave it up—she who had been such an indefatigable letter-writer. She thought of him continually. His voice echoed at all hours of the day or night. Gradually she pined away. Ten months after Harold’s death, on 7 December 1916, Audrey Tennyson died.

She was spared the knowledge of her son Aubrey’s death, killed in action in March 1918. Lionel, though thrice wounded, survived, to serve his country again in 1940-5.

A week or so after her death, a poem appeared in the magazine Country Life by an old friend of hers, F. W. Bourdillon, one of the minor poets of late Victorian times, and best known for his poem ‘The night has a thousand eyes and the day but one,’ in the Golden Treasury of Modern Lyric. This poem was headed:

AUDREY TENNYSON

Obiit Dec. 7. ‘Lady Tennyson as Audrey Boyle was the most lovely creature, but ah! how many years ago.’ (Extract from a private letter.)

Alas and alas! What word to be said
For beauty dying and gladness dead
And a world left grey?
Every year the flowers arise
Pass in a pageant before our eyes,
And die, yet they
Come again with the same sweet face,
Each again in the same dear place,
But ah! her beauty and ah! her grace
That is dead today!
Earth shall not see it again, nor tears
Wash out remembrance of her bright years
That a man might say
‘Though she is dead there shall be her peers.’
Ah nay! Ah nay!

It was a fitting epitaph to Audrey’s life among the poets of England.

After Harold’s death Hallam published a biography of him anonymously, attributed to ‘A Friend’. As it was still wartime, the book had to be censored, as a letter of 30 July 1917 from the Admiralty Office reveals. The same letter cordially approves Hallam’s founding of a prize at Dartmouth in memory of Harold.

In July 1918, Hallam Tennyson, lonely and bereaved, his wife and two of his sons gone, married again. Aged 76, he died in December 1928.

Hallam and Audrey Tennyson were perhaps the most interesting vice-regal couple Australia has ever seen, mainly because from these letters we know so much about them. They are real people, natural in manner, taking part in the

11 Francis William Bourdillon, 1852-1921.
12 Information from Sir Charles Tennyson.
13 479/5/191.
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life of the country, in Audrey’s case coming to love it, making many friends and leaving many small marks of their presence in the various houses which they occupied. Marble Hill, alas a burnt-out shell, has lost all signs of the happy family that lived there. Government House, Adelaide, shows the improvement that Lord Tennyson caused to be made to the beautiful ballroom, by doing away with a rather small gimcrack band gallery high up at the end of the room over the dais, making instead a feature of an alcove with stained glass windows backing the dais used on ceremonial occasions. This was done at the time of the visit of the Duke of Cornwall and York in 1901. The stained glass shows the coats of arms of Lord Tennyson, the State of South Australia, the King of England, the Duke of York, and the City of Adelaide, with beneath them the initials of the various personages and significant dates. The leaded lights are surmounted by a series of panels of birds etched most delicately on glass by an unknown artist.

Government House, Melbourne, was improved when Lady Tennyson, awed by its lethal coldness, commanded (and got) a fireplace in the draughty entrance hall. Guests who warm themselves there must remember her kindly. But Audrey’s real memorial in bricks and stone is the Queen’s Home, originally to be called Lady Tennyson’s Maternity Hospital, whose building was prompted by her sympathy and thoughtfulness for suffering women.

Hallam’s chief contribution to Australia was to try to harmonise Commonwealth and State relations in the critical early days of Federation, and his calm, pleasant and benign personality must have often soothed the savage breasts of politicians contending for their State’s rights. This comes through in his wife’s letters, as does so much of the vigorous life of that time three-quarters of a century ago, when people were just beginning to feel themselves as part of a Commonwealth, instead of as members of different colonies. Lady Tennyson’s letters are an historical and human documentary account of an important era in Australia as seen from a high level by a woman of penetrating and sympathetic vision.
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