

Keweenaw,
Saturday

Dearest mamma,

I suppose you are beginning to wonder when I am going home, this place is so perfectly bewitching that I don't know how to tear myself away. I am quite wrapped up in the entirely new pleasure of making winter sketches, I have to make of it from memory & my attempts are at present rather rudimentary, but it is so new & beautiful that this winter desolation is like a grand art gallery to me.

We went up to Richmond last Wednesday, I had such a nice time, but left at about

11th - I reached Melbourne
about 1st - we drove on to
Mrs Henry Cylmers (Lalla Saw)
I had lunch there, both
Mrs Kew & Katie are there the
latter looking very worn & ill
poor child she seemed so de-
lighted to see us - Sara had a
cold & so could not go with
us. Lalla was in distress
about the duets, which she &
Sophie were to have played
however Sophie agreed to play
a solo, & I was pressed into
the service to play a duet, as
it was one I used to play with
her. I was not much alarmed
we staid at Mill Vale till
about 4th & then drove back
to Melbourne to George Bennet's
where we staid to live, they have
the loveliest little house you ever
saw, nothing very costly in it
but the most made of everything
the good taste & neatness, would

have charmed your heart, I know, tho I cannot imagine how they can make up their minds to leave such a little paradise - The baby is more beautiful than ever, & as good as good can be. Both George & Lilla are so nice in their new home & it all seemed so strange, & yet so nice.

After tea we went to the concert & our performance as were quite successful, the entertainments are got up to give the people some better place of amusement than the taverns - The drive home was pleasant though the night was dark & we reached Kingsley a little after twelve -

Now about going home there is to be a grand parish tea here on Tuesday, to which I am pressing invited, & I do think it will be such a new experience all the farmers & farmer's wives & families from miles round

I am quite surprised to see it
you see I'm not at all so
busy making cakes or something
that I could not go that day
& Mr Brown has promised to
take Sophie up to stay with
Fatie, on Wednesday so I shall
go up with them as the
Baynes have begged me to go
& stay with them, I promised
to stay there one night (perhaps
two) & go into town on Thursday
it is much better so for the
trains are so often hours late
that I cannot not take
Brown to his next hand
round all that time & I
am at Melbourne & say find
out exactly when the train is
expected I suspect that a dear
little cottage is such an absolute
bliss that I long to see it again
I shall not write you
I shall hope to see you on Thursday
if all is well - but don't expect
me till I telegraph for I shall
certainly do so when I see
the weather is so unsettled that we
can never promise anything positively