

crowds, the horses and carriages - the passage was never clear of traffic, I believe a policeman occasionally took pity on the frightened child and led her by the hand across in safety. Then as in a dream we were on board the Albatross bound for Lyttelton. I was very ill and retain little but an abiding memory of the misery of the voyage with its constant cold and rain. It was mid-winter, June ~~July~~ 1864, so the weather was naturally cheerless. The Lytton Opera Troupe were on board and a large number of passengers, making a full steamer. Once or twice I heard beautiful strains of music, probably the prima-donna and the tenor giving a concert in the saloon. How heavenly it sounded in the ears of the miserable sick child who could seldom get up. My mother was very ill on the voyage and her little son occupied nearly all the attention she was able to give. One of the Opera troupe was made known to me once in an interval on deck, he wore a large

red neckerchief round his throat probably to protect his voice - or he may have had a cold. I took a strong dislike to him, he wore such a disreputable air in my eyes, accentuated by a slightly unkempt & haggard appearance and the red neckerchief. He made many kindly efforts to amuse me, they were all in vain, I shrank from his advances. But he made a profound impression on my youthful mind all the same, for ever afterwards my childish prejudices associated the theatrical profession and large red neckerchiefs as inseparably connected, much to their disadvantage in my regards. The next thing I remember is our arrival in Lyttelton, a maze of hurry and bewilderment to a young child in a strange land. We went to the Mitre Hotel for a day I think - at any rate for a meal. Then we all went away ^{one afternoon} in a waggone over the hills to Christchurch.