

to assist the choir, & I went to accompany her, but not to sing.

M<sup>r</sup>, M<sup>rs</sup> & Miss Moule, Mess<sup>rs</sup> Moule, Tayler Walstab and Turner – composed the choir: Miss Moule gave me a look enough to say “What are *you* here for”? And although I do think her voice a very nice one, still, she gave herself such intolerable airs, that she was to me, quite a matter of ridicule.

The little edifice is pretty enough; but I think the “secessionists” will soon return to their mother church across the road.<sup>118</sup> We returned by the train reaching Melbourne at ½ past 11 o’clock; Arthur<sup>119</sup> came as far as Chapel Street, where he resides: he wished to come all the way, but I had asked Tine Saddler to meet us, so I told Arthur there was no occasion to come further.

At the terminus Tine was true to his appointment; and we had scarcely started to walk home, when D<sup>r</sup> Nield also made his appearance! M<sup>rs</sup> Saddler took his arm in the most delighted manner, and he walked off – he, not even seeing Tine & me until his partner told him we were there, when he came back & said “How do you do”?

I spoke seriously with Tine on the one point, and we resolved accordingly.

The two gentlemen came in, and had some gin & water; they left the house in about ½ an hour, it being a little after 12. I felt anxious about matters, & made certain that “Juan” would return; so after taking off my dress & crinoline, and putting on a warm shawl, I went to the corner of the house and from there I soon saw the person come in very quickly at the side door & go across to the bath room window; I followed as quickly as possible and saw him vanish through the Venetian blinds. I went to the gate and there stood Tine with a big stick by him; so I knew that what Juan deserved, he would catch in earnest. In rather more than an hour, 20 min: after 2 o’clock I went to speak to Tine, and he was shaking with rage and excitement, awaiting the egress of the intruder. Just at 3 o’clock I heard cries of “What are you at, you villain”? etc and blows given in earnest; I ran round to the front garden, and there saw Tine standing over D<sup>r</sup> Nield, who was on the ground. I said “What is the matter”? D<sup>r</sup> Nield said, “It is

<sup>118</sup> After St Andrew’s Church, Brighton, split over the intoning controversy (see p. 243 n. 47), the excluded choir and their supporters began services on 11 January 1863 at the English Free Church nearby.

<sup>119</sup> George Arthur Walstab.

me M<sup>rs</sup> Dawbin, whom this wretch is beating in this manner"! I merely said "Serve you right"; and turned to the window where M<sup>rs</sup> Saddler stood in her night dress: she said she did not know how D<sup>r</sup> Nield came there; I answered that I had seen him go in two hours before: she said she could vow before God that he had not been in her room; I told her I could swear he had: In the mean time Tine was telling "the infernal scoundrel" (as he called him) to go out of this garden; and as that person seemed disinclined to go, he was assisted by sundry kicks and cuffs to hurry his departure, & then Tine saw him to the other side of the road and hammered him well all the way.

The watchman at M<sup>r</sup> Aitken's<sup>120</sup> came to me & asked what M<sup>r</sup> Saddler was doing? I said punishing a man he had found on the premises; he said "I saw that man go in there two hours ago; he's a decent looking man, Ma'am"! "Yes", said I; "he should know better". "Did he come do you think, after the servants"? "Oh no; they are good, respectable girls" – I answered.

How soon poor servants are suspected!

Tine returned with the watchman, whom I asked to follow him; and after saying "Good night" to the man, we came in to M<sup>rs</sup> Saddler's room, as she asked us to do so. She there protested her innocence in God's name; asked me if she looked guilty? (Which I answered in the affirmative –) told an immense number of lies, and disgusted me. As to Tine, I could plainly see his disgust. He left to go home, and M<sup>rs</sup> Saddler requested me to stop with her a little while, which I did.

We spoke of the matter, I told her what I had seen at different times, that I blamed her more than I did him; that she had given him all the encouragement, and that I thought she was very wrong in betraying her husband's perfect confidence in her. She said "Juan" had not been in her bed! There were the two pillows close together, & the impression of two heads distinctly visible: this I showed her; & told her to say no more about the matter, but to try & never do anything of the sort again. She said she knew she should dwindle down to her grave; she should never be able to face Tine again!

Dear Tine! he is indeed a fine fellow; & has truly acted the part of a brother.

<sup>120</sup> Thomas Aitken, est. the Victoria Brewery in 1854 in Victoria Pde, E. Melbourne.