

Flags were the supper room to which we adjourned to do full justice to the supper, the champagne & the inevitable speeches, returning again to keep up the ball with unabated vigour till 12 o'clock. In the beginning of the week I had been afraid I should have been too lame to dance, as for 2 or 3 days I had been awfully tormented with chilblains on my feet, things I haven't had since my schooldays. But luckily they disappeared in time & did not prevent my enjoying myself. The music came from the piano, not the sailmaker's violin: Mrs McDougall, Miss Wakley, Leather & Gulbrin the musicians & very good music they gave. On Thursday Mrs Atwood's charity raffle came off - a bazaar was found impracticable, so a raffle

was arranged 2/6 a ticket: so close-fisted gentlemen who pleaded poverty could get out of it at a moderate outlay. I think there were about 120 tickets, no blacks, and the prizes as great a lot of rubbish, woolwork & otherwise, as I ever saw. But the incongruities between the drawers & their prizes always raise a laugh - & so on this occasion they were thought immensely amusing. Saturday was remarkable for the fact of there being no newspaper, it being supposed that Smith's champagne at the ball has been too much for the editorial staff.

Don't suppose that I forgot the 12<sup>th</sup> of August, although I spent it on the Southern ocean, rather different to last year. I thought