

February 13<sup>th</sup> 1884.

23 Chapel Street, Palermo

My very dear Father,

I will begin my letter to you in good time, not leaving it till the last evening; last mail I made a mistake and posted my letter in a great hurry a week before the mail left, I find unless I keep a strict account, I am liable to make mistakes as to the time to write. I was glad to hear of your good health when you wrote, and was thankful to say that we are all pretty well although feeling the heat of the weather trying; we have had very unusual and unseasonable weather the last few weeks, cold and wet, just in the middle of harvest, it will result in great loss to many; we hear a very

had account from Alfred, and Charles  
five acres I suppose will produce  
very little, from Alfred it is very  
uphill work for him, they have five  
children now and expecting another  
soon, but he is of a very hopeful  
disposition, always expecting to  
do better next harvest, we are  
all of us looking forward to seeing  
Charles soon, in a few weeks perhaps,  
it is fifteen months since he went  
away. We have an members tea meeting  
to-morrow evening, we have no chapel  
but rent the Protestant Hall, for  
which we have to pay £. 40 a year,  
we have had a baptistry made in it  
paid for by the Baptist Association  
I suppose some of the denomination  
must be wealthy, one Church in Melbourn had  
paid their minister a thousand a year  
and another, eight hundred a year  
there are not many Baptist ministers  
I suppose in England who get so much,  
we can only pay Mr. Mackenzie

between two and three pounds a week  
but he lives in his own house and has  
three boarders, so that he makes it do  
I was sorry to hear of Mr. Enillie's  
health being still so delicate, if he  
goes to Reading, Lucy will lose both  
her married daughters, I shall be  
anxious to know if Lyddie comes  
of from Cardiff to spend Christmas  
together, your last was written a  
few days before Christmas, by a  
sister Mary lives in Cardiff I still  
I believe, but we have not heard  
from her for a long time, she has not  
been in good circumstances for some  
years I think, her husband was  
a good natured but indolent man  
had fine opportunities but was not  
industrious. I will enclose  
in this a portrait of our daughter  
Mary taken the other day, it is  
a fine likeness of her, we also call  
Fancy she ~~was~~ like her Aunt Mary

It is now the 13<sup>th</sup> & the mail  
leaves to morrow morning

(I will write another  
sheet as the writing  
shows through so plainly)

I have not been able to spare  
any time today to go over with my  
letter, it has been dreadfully hot  
one of the very hottest this summer  
I had to go into Melbourne this  
afternoon and only got back in  
time for the tea meeting, Ezra &  
I went, and spent a very pleasant  
evening, about fifty five out of  
our twenty seven members present.  
I don't like large public tea  
meetings, but I do like these  
little gatherings or communions  
of saints. I do not remember  
anything in your last letter  
calling for a reply but will  
look over it again in the morning  
before I finish this. I was  
kept awake for two or three  
hours last night by mosquitoes  
that is our annoyance you are  
free from, here, towards the end  
of the summer they are a great

circumstances, they are like the  
common germs in size and shape  
but they make a peculiar  
sizzling sound when they patch  
on your face neck or hands  
and sting you; they must draw  
a good deal of blood considering  
their size, for when you touch  
them there is a bright red stain.  
(Ezra tells me the thermometer  
was 103° in the shade today  
I am sure that temperature  
would not suit Mrs. Davis or  
you; it is very trying especially  
when you have a baby to nurse  
and lots of other things to do  
I like I would rather have the  
than cold weather.

Feb. 14<sup>th</sup>: The mail leaves at  
ten this morning so I must  
hastily finish the what changed  
last night from north to south  
so that it is delightfully cool to-  
day the thermometer down to 60°  
the intense heat never lasts  
many days without a change  
I am afraid we could not bear  
it, people grumble very much when  
it is so hot I say the country  
is only fit for black fellows,  
but it is a fine climate generally.  
But I must close with very  
kind love to all, I often think  
I would like to write to Mrs. Davis  
a domestic sort of a letter, but  
I am so ill I have the time, some  
times the children & my self have  
to wear hot dresses in hot weather  
for want of time to make them

I will try to write to  
Willie if possible next mail  
with kindest love to yourself  
and Mrs. Davis from

Your loving daughter  
Sarah Gouther.

Mary sends her love with her  
photo. I hope you will  
like it.

32 Munnings St. West Vale  
March 31<sup>st</sup>. 1898

My beloved sister,

I think it is two or three  
months since I wrote, not since  
I wrote to Mary & Willie in December  
although I have no business to  
attend to as you & Mary have my  
hands & head are fully occupied,  
& my heart is sad from some times  
& my strength very small — This  
I remember has been a week trying  
on, I never felt the heat so much  
before & Fattie was away with Mary  
through the worst of it, so that I  
had no help in the house, & at the  
same time she was nearly  
exhausted with the heat, you were  
suffering from the cold, I was  
sorry indeed to hear of your illness  
from Lyddie's letter & very glad  
that she did not write until you  
were better, I hope you quite recovered,  
I was so pleased to get a letter from  
Lyddie will you please tell her so  
when you write, & for the photos. of  
three of her dear children, their

Cousins think they would dearly like to see them, Winnie borrowed a camera the other day & took some photos. of us, they were pretty good for her first attempt at outdoor photography, I hope to send you one of Bye & me soon Bye looks well but I look quite an old lady, as though I had been married nearly thirty eight years; I will enclose a little uncoloured print of Katie & our little dog Fieby, perhaps it will go black before it reaches you — So many things have taken place since I wrote, I must try & remember some of them Katie went away just before Christmas with Mary & her children & stayed until the 8<sup>th</sup> of Feb. the bush fire came within a few miles of them, about a month ago the boiler of the factory was burnt & was not by bush fire, but from a spark from the engine, the owner does not intend to rebuild, so Mary's husband has lost his situation, it seems very sad just as they had got well settled down there, he has applied for another but the butter season is nearly over, he is very clever at both butter & cheese making Katie brought home a little butter & it was very much nicer than the best we can buy — I am sorry to say that Charlie has lost his situation, it was only 25/- his employer failed, & situations are very difficult to get especially now the end of the year, Charlie's wife had a little boy on the

3<sup>rd</sup> of Jan. it was two months before the (mine & state) bond, she was very ill & I was too ill to be with her, I've had the little girl look over the next day & she is with us still, each one exhibits a difference with each I smile more & the little one is very happy with us, Laura has recovered now, but one of the children has the measles very badly, Winnie went over yesterday after Sunday school & took some eggs &c. dear good. Winnie she is on good days after <sup>rest</sup> indeed, she is catching now 1/2 past 9 in the evening, extra vegetables she has brought home from two other photographers, although she is employed from 9 to 5 — we have to help Charlie a good deal, poor fellow I believe his world depends altogether, if it were not for our help?

Bye & party  
March 22<sup>nd</sup> — I am not finishing any letter tonight, I am thinking of taking a trip down the bay tomorrow to Geelong, I have not been out at all this summer & I think this trip will do me good, it costs only 1/10 I am going to see an old school-fellow who was at Mrs. Collins' school with me, her name was Paul & her husband was an apprentice of father's Alfred King — we have not seen anything of him for many years, but a month or two ago the eldest daughter called her, & said her mother was very anxious

to see why she had tried to find us  
in Palmer's & could not ascertain where  
we had gone, (if she had consulted a  
Melbourne Directory as another friend did,  
she could have found us) Miss King  
was in Melbourne visiting when she  
had a letter from her Mother saying  
that Mrs. Gutter & brother had lately  
been that she was living in West Vale  
& telling her to come & see us. I  
cannot understand why Charles should  
write to Mrs. King & I have felt  
very anxious to know, please do  
tell me something about him  
Willie has not mentioned him  
for some time if you cannot  
find time to write a long letter  
perhaps you or Mercy could  
write just a little note & enclose  
when Willie writes, especially if  
Willie wrote on thinner paper  
I don't care how common or poor  
the paper may be as long as it  
has belonged writing on it.

Winnie sends her love, she is still  
retouching, when I tell her she tries  
her eyes too much, she says she  
wants to come, I shall be very  
glad to get the audit draft, I know  
you will send it as soon as possible  
Does Mrs. Davis ever come to see  
you? I mean hear of her — My very  
kind love to you my dear sister  
& your dear children from your loving sister  
Sarah Gutter.

For Lucy

33 Mans St. Acct. Vale

March 31<sup>st</sup>. 1899

My very dear niece,

I have intended writing  
each week since receiving your letter &  
photo. of group, but have been prevented  
just at the last, so now I begin a  
day or two before the usual hour.

I was very very pleased with the  
very handsome photo. It is pleasant  
indeed to look at the faces of your dear  
Mother & yourself when I have not  
seen you nearly thirty nine years,  
and of your dear dear children  
that I have never seen.

Your garden is much admired, as  
a "real" <sup>English</sup> garden; even amongst native  
born Australians, proud as they are  
of their country, there is a sort of  
admiration for anything English, while to  
us there is now that admiration, there

is love for our native land. —  
Winnie has mounted the picture  
& we mean to get it framed. I  
am sorry that Mr. Ainsworth is  
not in yet, to make it more complete  
but perhaps you have one of him  
alones that you could send us —  
I hope to send you dear Mother  
a photo. of your Uncle & myself taken  
by Winnie in our back garden, we  
think them very good especially of your  
Uncle, it makes her look stouter than I  
am, & like most out door pictures, the  
eyes appear partly closed. I am very slight,  
the other day I weighed myself, and was  
exactly 8 stone, which is not very heavy —  
I was wondering how you had spent  
Christmas, how very nice for your  
Mother & Brother & Sisters & Mr. Baillie  
to come to Swindon, I can well  
imagine that it was a happy time  
Lily our eldest daughter joined us a  
visit in November with her youngest  
child <sup>they still live in Sydney</sup> <sup>Mary</sup> <sup>did</sup> to live so long way  
off, but for the last two months nearly,  
she has been living close to us, in the  
same street, it has been very pleasant  
to her so near, I think they are going  
to remove to Cambridge, another  
suburb of Melbourne, as her husband is

employed there, & the train costs her much,  
she has six children, the eldest a boy  
of 12 & the youngest a dear little girl of  
16 named Charice, I have  
been over there this afternoon, I nearly  
made a little shirt for one of her  
boys, I make many little garments  
for Charlie's & Mary's children, I know  
so well what it is to sew for so  
many, & they both have straitened  
means — I should very much like to be  
able to do more for them if I could —  
Lily needs no help, her husband has  
a very good appointment, as inspector  
of agents for a large insurance  
company, he has £350 a year, 12/6 a  
day travelling expenses & 1/1 per cent  
on all his business, so that altogether  
he has a fine income, I should be glad  
if they lived in a quieter way & based  
themselves, which they do not now. Fred is  
clever in insurance business but apart  
from that I do not think him very  
intellectual, but he makes an excellent  
husband, & is devoted to his wife & children —  
I hope your Mother received the photos.  
of Winnie, Charlie & Kate, I have been  
anxiously looking for a letter from her, or from  
Mary in return but alas it has not come,  
how eagerly you dear Grandpa wrote to me  
for so many years, I have very many, I  
think a hundred or two of his letters, & some  
times read a few, & always with profit; for



then people leave their houses after  
their old houses, you walk along  
& see Falmouth, Villa, Postmouth  
Plymouth, Devonshire Cottage &c. &c.  
Mr. King of Gyeong with whom  
I spent a day lately has named  
his house "Oldfield" because he  
lived in Oldfield Road Bath  
Mr. King has one a very  
interesting book 'the Bath  
pictorial' I can so enjoy looking  
at the well known places.

Please to give my very  
kind regards to Mr. Ainsworth  
I am so glad he is a strong  
advocate of total abstinence  
I belong to the W. C. T. U., but  
there is so little we can do  
against the powerful & dreadful  
drunk traffic — How I wish  
you dear Mother would write  
to me more often she does not  
know how I long for her letters  
ask her please when you write  
I do hope she has not been  
ill this winter, I see by the

'Aye' this morning that you still  
have snow storms although so late  
in March, I am sure I should  
feel the cold very much if I  
were in England, but weather suits  
both your Uncle & myself so much  
the best, I have just asked him  
if he remembers you & he says  
yes, he remembers you & Willie  
with a pleasing remembrance as  
very nice children, & sends you an  
Uncle's love, he is pretty well  
in health, but is failing very  
much in many ways & cannot  
walk except about the house  
through rheumatism.

But I must close abruptly, with  
very kind love to your children  
& to yourself from  
Your affectionate Aunt  
Sarah Goulter.

This missed our mail

2 Canterbury St. Monmouth N.J.

January 24<sup>th</sup>. 1901

My beloved Sister,

This is Sunday afternoon  
& if I began a letter to you now  
it will I hope be finished by  
Wed. Morning when the mail  
leaves, so often I mean to write &  
put it off till the day before & then  
something prevents me. Since the  
news of the Queen's death, I have  
thought of my Sister, my brother &  
myself, all of us though not as old  
as the Queen, yet we are getting  
old, & some day the news will  
go that one or other of us will  
not need to be written to any more  
This afternoon the Imperial troops

(the thousands men sent from  
home to take part in the  
Commonwealth celebration) are  
to attend a service in the Ex-  
hibition building & to march through  
Melbourne just quietly without any  
bands, there will be great crowds  
to see it & I was not going to  
allow Katie to go, but last evening  
Albert, Alfred's second son, a  
tall young man of twenty, very  
slim & combed, came unexpect-  
edly, he wanted particularly to see  
them & has not been in Melbourne  
since he was a little boy, so Katie  
has gone with him - they have  
come back, could see nothing but  
a dense crowd, only the tops of  
the men's hats or feathers, it  
was very quiet, no cheering or  
anything of that sort.

Our Chapel organs, ~~existing~~ desks  
etc. were draped with black today  
& our vicar Mr. Steete President  
of the Victorian Baptist Union  
preached from Job. 1<sup>st</sup> & 2<sup>nd</sup> <sup>the latter part</sup> I should  
suppose & hope that she was a true  
Christian & as good a Queen as could  
be, but I am a democrat, I would  
not have had a luxurious, expensive  
monarchy, while there is so much  
extreme poverty, I agree to  
differ on the subject, I used to tell  
him he was born a Tory, & I was  
born a Liberal, he believed the  
election of a President with America  
as much as England's monarchy -  
God did not give His people a  
king, but judges, until they  
wished to be like other nations  
& to have a king.  
Now I am wondering how you are

this winter, for I have read of  
extreme cold & floods in Gault  
& I know how you feel the  
cold, & from Charles, I am afraid  
he must feel the cold, did he  
get that charity he applied for? he  
was to know in Foveaux bay  
they have just passed "the old age  
pension bill" here, that those  
above sixty-five who have been  
twenty years in the colony should  
have ten shillings a week -  
there is a poor infirm old man of  
43 who comes here <sup>once</sup> every week  
selling tapes, cottons &c. I buy all I  
want of him & we generally give him  
a cup of tea & something to eat, for  
he has some tinels away, I think  
he is a Christian, a North of Ireland  
Presbyterian, I hope he will  
get it. I always pity <sup>poor</sup> old men  
they seem so helpless, so much

more so than women are, how  
did you spend Christmas? I  
hope some one would write  
& tell me, I expect you were  
all together, I had some idea  
of having Charlie's & Mary's families  
all here but gave it up not  
feeling able, so we three had our  
early dinner & then took the  
train & train to Port Melbourne  
it was the day of the Mail Steamer  
leaving & the girls had never  
seen a large ship before, it  
was very interesting to watch  
the bustle & the farewells &  
the cheering from the crowd as  
they crossed off, but it was  
almost too much for me, it  
brought back so vividly the

times, more than forty years ago,  
when we three landed at that  
same pier, & I was the only one  
left, as they moved off a gang  
on the pier called out, "think  
of your old 'ome" & I had been  
thinking of old times & they were  
too much for me 'even these  
all lie behind me' oh for a well  
tuned harp; then we looked at  
our immense German ship, the  
largest I ever saw, the "Grosser Kurfaust"  
I cut out a notice of it which I  
will enclose, they charged a shilling  
each to see over it, did not go on board,  
both went by Steamboat across the  
bay to Williams town 6<sup>s</sup> each,  
I stayed some hours in the  
public gardens, & then back to  
Melbourne & to Ascot Vale. The  
next day was too hot to  
go anywhere, so stayed at home

and rested. Sunday <sup>Feb. 3rd</sup> I just returned  
from Chapel Berris is writing home so  
I will write too for a few minutes  
for it is just four months younger than  
my Bessie would have been, my Bessie  
who is with the Lord. I was reading  
the other day of a poor woman who  
was very ill & some one spoke to her  
of Heaven, she said 'then had no  
relations there' from poor woman  
you & I have many relations there  
they say Bessie's 'best tyam' again to  
night. For ever with the Lord  
just in front of me this morning sat  
a poor young widow with her three  
young children whose husband was  
drowned last March, he was the chief  
engineer & the ship went down she was  
very much distressed, I saw the suppressed  
sobs, & her little ones looked up at her  
it is sad & lonely to be a widow at my  
age but to be left a widow with little  
ones to bring up all alone as you were  
& get out alone, for the Lord was with you  
as He promised.

Tuesday coming & my letter not finished yet, but  
I must send it tomorrow Bessie went  
home yesterday, he said he enjoyed his visit very  
much, he will about alone I will be in  
every day Melbourne is a wonderful place to  
country people some thing like London was  
to us. This evening I am all alone, so can  
write without interruption, & mine is

gone to a friend's to tea & Katie is  
at a practice over <sup>at</sup> the Chapel she sings  
very nicely, but is not in the choir, I  
don't care for her to be - I like to  
be alone some times for I have so many  
to so much to think of, this is my Mother's  
birthday she would have been twenty nine  
but she has been in Heaven more than  
eleven years when I see her of the death  
of a baby he would say 'happy baby' & I  
say happy Jesus, then it is the day  
on which grandfather told me he loved me  
most asked me to be his wife forty two  
years ago, but we spent our years in a  
state that is told & some of us are coming  
to the last chapters - I am sorry your  
minister preaches as he does, & I wish some  
of our preachers do the same - Mr. Carey the new  
minister of Collins St. church is very advanced  
in his ideas, rather of bringing science to bear on  
the reading <sup>& hearing</sup> of the Bible he is a descendant  
of Carey the missionary too, & a student of the  
Baptist College preaching for us the other day,  
beats farther than Mr. Carey does I am afraid  
it is a down grade in Widdowson as it was  
in London I saw that Gipsy Smith was  
doing a 'great good' in Bath it was in  
the Southern Baptist I saw it. There is  
an English mail to be delivered to morrow  
evening how I wish it may bring me a letter  
John's write soon I am a little better  
but very far from well, very poor appetite  
& very easily tired, my very kind love to all your  
dear ones & to yourself from your loving sister  
H. S. If Charles should still read it, please keep  
it for him to be paid weekly, my love to him & to Mrs. B.

August 23<sup>rd</sup> 1955

My very dear Percy

At last I have copied  
your dear Mother's letter & send you her  
own precious letter. I scarcely like parting  
with it, but I have many others, & I  
know you will be glad to have it. I have  
been very poorly this winter feeling the cold  
very much, I am buying for the summer  
I can bear heat so much better than cold.  
Now I can only say a few words that being  
Natie has very poorly for a few days & is  
not up yet & I must take this to the  
post myself - there is our English mail  
to be delivered this evening & another on  
Monday next. I always listen anxiously  
for the postman, whether I expect a letter  
or no, write to me as often as you can

Dear Mercy or Affie, or Lydia or Fannie  
Willie writes to me most often. I hope  
you will see your Mrs. Davis when  
you can, I am afraid she is not very  
happy, & your poor Aunt Charles, if he  
lives at Weston, it is a very long way  
for you, but if you could go to see him  
how I have longed to see all my  
loveds meet again but now I know  
I shall never take that long voyage  
I have given up all thought of it  
I feel so grateful to Mr. Moore,  
for his kindness in looking after our  
affairs; he has certainly been kind to  
the widows & the fatherless

Now I must close with very much  
love to yourself & all other dear ones  
from your affectionate Aunt  
Sarah Gouther