

in wood with chancellors wig and gown on after drawing him round the town for two hours with a mob of about 1500 people after them they burnt it in the public square For my part tho it may sound very ungracious to you I must say I am very sorry to go home I am very curious to see the country & particularly a winter in Canada I was just beginning to be acquainted with some people after having been very stupid all summer when all of a sudden here we are ordered home You must not think this is very ungracious because of course I am very glad to see you and all at home but it is tiresome after having had all the trouble of coming here to go back directly without seeing anything The Great Western which was to have been in at New York three days ago has not yet arrived so that I cannot give you any answer to your letters which I suppose will come by her You can have no idea of the beauty of the country now as I am now writing I look out of my window upon the finest hills covered with red & green forests for all the leaves are beginning to turn red which with a bright hot sun shining upon them has a beautiful effect particularly at Sunset I have the best room in the house we live in I think for tho it is the highest yet I have such fine views there is a large valley quite green at the foot of the rock on which Quebec is built with the river St. Charles winding in it quite like a rams horn which I can see for many miles and at the back of that the mountains with the forests for this country is covered with wood & water You will no doubt find this a most stupid letter but I am so out of sorts that I cannot write so give my love to all at home & Believe me Dearest Lou your aff broth Constantine."

The next of the three letters to Louisa, commenced on 7 June 1847 and continued on the 28th, was written by Dillon from Nelson, where he was comfortably established as a farmer and grazier, with a growing family. Some parts of the letter are concerned with trivial matters; their omission in the following reproduction is indicated by dots:

"My Dearest Louisa I do not believe that I have written to you for an immense age. . . . We have had a fright from the Maoris they committed a most horrible murder¹ at a place called Wanganui on the other side of Cooks Straits I send you a paper to give you an idea of it It is the first time that they have killed women & children They threatened to come here & pay us a visit as they knew there was a great deal of powder in the magazine but they have not done so & I do not think they will I am not the least afraid of them coming here myself but it creates a feeling of insecurity which is very prejudicial to the prosperity of the country However there is now going to be a large force in N.Z. & it will keep these lawless fellows in order *Our* Maoris are very nice fellows most of them wear European clothing & cultivate land To give you an idea of their civilization I need only tell you that one had the coolness to come a few days ago to me and ask me to lend him a horse