

*April 16th*

But I have forgotten Tuesday. In the afternoon, I went with Mamma to see her old nurse, Mary. She was delighted to see us and made us stay to tea and called in her husband Mr. Ward and asked him to show us over the "Burlington Copper roller works" for engraving rollers to print calicoes etc., which were invented by Mother's father. Mr. Ward and two others, Wood and Garrett, used to work with him in the cottage at Marden Ash.

Each colour of the pattern must have a separate roller and going over the works we saw men and women at work engraving the rollers by means of a pentagraph. It was interesting to see and made one feel what a busy place England is and what clever people there must be in the world to make all these wonderful machines. Ward is a sort of manager to the present owner of the works and his house adjoins the works. We came in again to a nice cup of tea with Nurse Mary and came home to dinner.

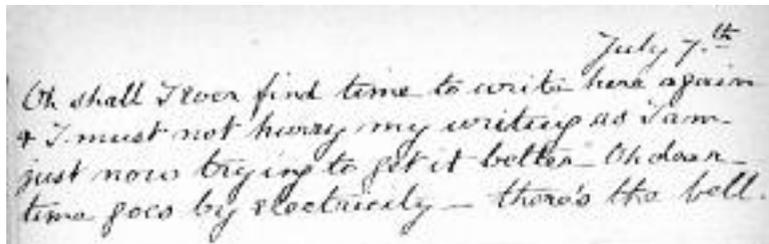
*April 21st*

Monday – In the evening I went with Miss Taylor to Salford Town Hall to hear a lecture on Canada by Prof. Boyd Dawkins, chiefly describing his journey across the continent. He thinks they will destroy the forests if they go on in their careless ways of lumbering. Also he said that buffaloes are as extinct from the line of the N. Pacific as they are from Derbyshire; their only remains are their bones, which lie in great quantities over the prairies.

*Rivers Lodge, June 3rd*

At home again – and Auntie May's out there far away on the other side of the great Atlantic [*visiting cousins in Dorval, Montreal and Canton*].

On page 49 of her journal (July 7th, 1885), Theodora feels that her handwriting needs improving.



*August 7th*

I will try to go on where I left off two months ago! [*Theodora describes Cheatham hospital and Bagnley, which she visited while staying in Manchester.*]

Well, we came home and settled quietly again. Dear Precious Auntie May came here on her way to Liverpool with Auntie Effie. We went once to the River Lea with her and found the buds of the bog-bean, to our great delight. And then she went away to join Cousin Mildred at New Brighton and on Thursday, May 21st, started in the *Sardinian* on her long watery journey. How we searched the papers every morning and what a joy and comfort it was to hear the news *Sardinian* arrived at Quebec all safe! And then what a commotion when the first letter came (to me) from across the great ocean.

*August 13th*

One day Papa, Mother, Auntie Effie and I drove down to the bog-bean field and found the lovely thing all in its full beauty. We were more than rewarded for our many visits. Papa said it looked like a bride and so do I. We pulled one root which I have given to Annie to try and grow.

“the bog-bean field”



*The feathery, star-like flowers of the bog-bean are pink on the outside and white on the inside.*