

and that their action in the matter was not only justifiable but entirely worthy of applause. But why must this subject of the Boston tea triumph crop up on every possible occasion within ten minutes of almost every conversation held during our ten or eleven weeks sojourn in Boston?

It was from no unkindly or uncourteous spirit on the part of my American friends I am sure; but, somehow, one was always being told that story and shown pictures of it, with the remark, "Of course you know that Boston Harbour was the scene of this memorable event," and so forth and so forth. Boston Harbour bade fair to become as great a nuisance as the harbour at Sydney, on approaching which some ingenious passengers are said to have slung a painted sign-board from the rigging with the words, "We admire your harbour very much."

Sometimes I felt tempted to protect myself by a written declaration beforehand, "We know all about the Boston tea that you threw overboard a century ago." But this is a digression.