

After an uneventful passage the *Marchioness* anchored in Hobson's Bay, Port Phillip on 4 May. On landing and meeting his brother, Robert was dismayed to learn that there had been a change of Government and John Anderson had lost what influence he had in obtaining a situation for him. Despite Robert's personal disappointment he was most impressed with the enhanced appearance of the town since his departure only eighteen months before.

"How different Melbourne is now to what it was two or three years ago. Then everything was disorder, confusion and misery, the streets were unpaved, undrained, and unlighted, the roads, streets and paths were dangerous quagmires, houses of all sorts were very scarce, the rents were enormous, prices of everything fabulous. Extortion was the order of the day, and a new comer's only chance of success was to consider every person in the Colony a rascal but himself – Comforts were not to be had for love or money. Men women and children were then huddled together in the most squalid wretchedness. The filth about Canvass Town, thousands of people night after night stood exposed to the drenching rain, cold, homeless and shelterless – sleeping about the wharfs like so many pigs. Melbourne has now become a London, ships and steam vessels in great numbers daily arrive and depart . . . houses, villas, shops, and public buildings of great dimensions and splendid pretensions to architectural beauty have risen and are daily rising into existence. what a mighty change . . . from the peaceful and quiet little settlement of Wellington where scarcely a sound seemed to disturb the ears – The streets are now well flagged and as well lighted as at Edinburgh or London. Gas has been introduced . . . Cabs, carts, waggons, 'flies' carriages, omnibusses and stage coaches whirling hither and thither constantly through every vein and artery of this wonderful and bustling city – Great Collins Street reminds me of Oxford Street . . . hundreds and thousands passing and repassing like a mighty hive of bees . . . The yells of the urchins singing out Argus, Argus, Herald, Age, etc., the cries of the omnibus guards and cab drivers, St. Kilda! – St. Kilda! Sandridge! Brighton, Richmond! Richmond! Here and there in the corner of every public street, men are to be seen presiding over small tables, provided with pens ink and paper, where for a small sum you can write letters, or address newspapers with perfect confidence that they will be sent duly to the General PostOffice. – In other situations men are to be seen presiding over their tools for cleaning shoes. 'Boots' is heard calling to the pedestrians for their patronage."

Anderson on the invitation of an old friend had lunch at the *Criterion* after some "shandy gaff" – "three hundred people are seated comfortably and feeding, a fountain is playing in the centre of the room, the fare is varied and excellent, and the attendance danced on us most unexceptionable . . . The 'Criterion' is only one of the numerous