

¹⁰ is hardly felt in this fine ship. From this general absence of sociability I did not make much progress in making acquaintance with my fellow passengers. Before dark however for the general benefit a very effective tableau was enacted by the Bandmann group - Scene the after gratings of the poop of the 'Somersetshire' Mr & Mrs Bandmann. Mr B. standing half turned away from the spectators, supporting the drooping form of Mrs B. who with the aid of a pocket handkerchief takes lingering looks at the fast disappearing shores of old England, & who & anon buries her face on her husband's shoulder. Night drops her curtain on the affecting scene - but the beholders feel that what they have witnessed is the original of Byron's

¹¹ "Adieu! Adieu! my native land, My native land good night!"
About 9 o'clock the last letters were placed on the landing table and you may be sure they were a very welcome good bye to me - I do hope some ship will ~~pass~~ pass us at the right place & take back some message of our safety & welfare so that you will hear of us before we get to Melbourne. Lastly before turning in I have found one man who has taken my fancy, I can hardly say by his looks for it was in the dark, but by his voice. I don't know his name, but he is an Irishman; tho' with no brogue, who has a brother with him, & they are going to Auckland N.Z. and they live next me on the lower deck. I was smoking at the after com-