

Sunday - Saturday August 22-28.

Here ~~we~~ are close to the end of the voyage. This week has done wonders in bringing us in well to our time: heavy weather all through, ~~first half~~ like last week, but improving towards the end, making some of our best runs - 300. 304. 322. This last run stops the mouths of those who cavilled at 318 as being the result of dead reckoning & that the ship would never beat it if observations were fairly got. Every one is beginning to think of land. The ship is being got ready for Melbourne, the paint work all washed clean, & the cable dragged forward to the fore-castle: while insane people like Morgan have actually packed their boxes, not that it matters much

to him for he is always packing & repacking. The parson¹⁵⁵ has been excited on another score. He has been forward, counting the sheep in the pens, & declares if anything happens to keep us beyond our time we shall run out of mutton. I think he may save himself the trouble as if all goes well we ought to sight land ~~tomorrow~~ night or Monday morning. I have been saved a good deal of this excitement, for although there was not much fear that I should delude myself into the folly of making my side of the cabin uncomfortable by putting everything away until it is good time to do so, still seeing every one else in such a state, makes one feel unsettled & unhappy without being able to help it. However leather