

Walker, W. C.

Log on board the S. S. Somersetshire from Plymouth

ZM to Melbourne

July 1 - Aug 30 1869.

295



CHRISTCHURCH CITY COUNCIL
CANTERBURY PUBLIC LIBRARY

Australian Collection

: 910.4 WAL

162016

8 February 1962

J. Summers

£ 5.00

Log on board the S. S. Somersetshire - 1
from Plymouth to Melbourne.

Plymouth - July 1. 1869.

Here I am at Plymouth having the day before me to get the little things I want for the voyage - paper collars - nails - twine &c. &c. - of course as I got here late last night I had not much opportunity of seeing the beauties, and today I am afraid I shant have time to see Mount Edgecumbe or any of the celebrated places. After breakfast I asked the waiter if anybody going by the 'Somersetshire' was in the house. He referred me to a most ill-favored looking young man to whom I introduced myself - found out his name was Draffen, that he

2. had come down from London in her - that she was very comfortable and easy under steam &c &c. He had also purchases to make, so we sallied out together, and after finding out the agents in Barbican we tried to find something to admire in the town - but failed as we kept away from the Harbour & Hoe which we were to see on our way to the ship - and on shore only could discover dirty narrow streets, as dirty as Bristol ~~don't~~ without the bustle and picturesqueness which gives the latter a very foreign look. We determined to make a start for the ship in the afternoon, so as to get on board about 4 o'clock in time to get some dinner. She was lying out about 5 miles from the jetty, and by the advice given us at the hotel

we were able to bargain with the boatmen on good terms, & prevent the unlimited swindling which in all parts of the world is the prerogative of their calling in their endeavours to "welcome the coming and speed the parting guest." We went out in a small lugger which in rough weather would have been an unpleasantly lively craft - as it was, we had a gentle summer breeze, so we had nothing to do but to admire the Sound and Hoe and ^{all} about us. Still disappointed with the Devonshire coast, which looks as parched & brown as Marseilles did last year in the end of March - quite different to what one has always fancied one of the show English countries - the garden of England - would be like; where

3

4 praises any one who has ever known a Devonshire man. especially away from Home has probably heard say till he has been sick of them. All sorts of Men of war were more legitimate objects of admiration, coming in and going out: a Danish frigate at anchor, and the masts of the Men of war showing in their own special corner at the other end of the Keel. We passed close under another ship on the point of starting for Australia, the 'Royal Dane' (we were told) crowded with emigrants & waiting for a fair wind, & less fortunate than the 'Somersetshire' in having only wind & sails to trust to. The 'Somersetshire' lying out further was soon reached & surrounded on the port side with lots of boats putting on board her passengers & their baggage - coal vegetables forage for the lion stock & every thing one can think of, through which

5
confusion we struggled up the side, & got our belongings safely on deck also, in the midst of such disorder & bustle as only can be imagined on the deck of an outgoing passenger ship. I got my traps down below and then came up to see about dinner, which was going on in the cuddy - struggled into a place and got some half cold mutton and potatoes. Even the dinner table is not reduced to order until the shoregoing people have left. As some people have a party of friends to see them off, making it impossible to guess who are the real people going, as those who go & those who are left behind seem equally to be in the way of everybody else & have left their ordinary senses behind. I managed to pick out a few of the passengers and to hear something about others - how we were taking on the famous theatrical star Mr Bandmann and his wife - that

6 that we had a parson &c &c. But the most important question to me was which was Mr. Moyman my almost bed fellow. He was with difficulty discovered at last sitting near the other end of the table, remarkable in appearance from possessing the reddest hair & whiskers I ever saw, but apparently and I think luckily wanting in the immense assurance & self appreciation generally associated with such flaming embellishments especially when the owner is an Irishman. His eyes without speculation of a neutral fishy hue, so neutral as to be hardly called blue or colour at all: and probably to this accident the sanguine temperament generally accompanying red hair has been so subdued as to be conspicuous for its absence. N.B. Mr. Distacti must have seen him

when he attributed some of the eccentricities of his countrymen to the influences of the melancholy ocean. Altogether he gave me the impression of a harmless individual whose weaknesses could easily be controlled for the mutual benefit of himself and his cabin companion. So far so good. I went up to him after dinner, & found that the Unfortunate had only just got into his cabin, having been obliged on the way from Gravesend to shift elsewhere as he could, owing to my having given over the cabin key to the bedroom steward, & that functionary having declared that I had taken it away in my pocket - the real reason being that the said Steward had mislaid it. On closer inspection I find Mr. Moyman to be of the lower middle class of Ireland, probably the son of a country

8 attorney, but luckily from the innocence of his nature without any active power of being disagreeable. The Captain is not yet on board: he will come along with the last letters and the passengers from London who arrive by the 5. p. m. express. After dinner on the poop all one has to do is to watch the scene of confusion gradually settle down: more passengers and their luggage arriving, at last the Captain & the Agent, and the last arrivals from London, among them a theatrical looking group who must be the eminent tragedian & his party, one of whom is a large poodle who gets a ducking in his hurry to jump up the ladder: the Logans (I met Mr. L. in the docks in London) among the last. Then come all the farewells which are very distressing, and as they

have to be from the circumstances all done in public, there is no way of avoiding them. And after all about 7-p.m. we get up the anchor, and are off half steam till outside the breakwater. There is no comfort on board ship till every one has shaken down into his place - meals have to be scrambled for till the Captain makes the list out where every one is to sit - no one is too ready at first to rush into friendships, but wait to see how people promise. Generally on the top of all this comes the disturbance of seasickness which makes most people oblivious to other disagreeables: but as we are starting with smooth water and the lightest of S.E. breezes very few on this occasion have the great sea monster to add to their troubles. Even the motion of the screw which sometimes is very annoying at first

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 cabin 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-

12
panion sitting on the top of the well of the screw, trying to subdue the half mandolin confessions of Mr. Draffen, who I am afraid had been trying to drown the bitterness of his reflections on leaving home by the help of the brandy bottle, when some how or another my friend with the quaintly attractive voice joined us, and I don't remember how became one of our conversation. Draffen was telling me & then as two a good deal about himself & his cabin fellow a Col. Thompson, how he had once before run away to sea & had worked his passage round the world, & on this occasion was going out to the Colonies in charge of the said Colonel having just six weeks ago been ex-

13
pelled from Sandhurst: and that the Colonel was going out to see what he could recover from a swindler who had robbed him of his property in Auckland: - my friend with the voice the while putting in the most charming commentary of the quaintest nature as quaint as his voice. I wish I could give you a right impression of it, I am afraid you will think it a comical voice, but on the contrary its quaintness gave greater expression to the innocent naive sympathy with which he assented, commiserated or lectured the young rascal to do better for the future, as his disjointed confession required. It is the sort of voice with which one could imagine Thackeray speaking his

14 long & charming moralizing paragraphs: only unfortunately
one has heard Thackeray and he had not that voice.

By the way at starting you see I get into people's private
histories very deeply, so I warn you what to expect before
we get to Melbourne. Nothing is sacred on board ship -
all is common property.

Friday & Saturday July 2 & 3.

I don't mean to write a daily log as that generally degenerates
into a mere record of the daily latitude and longitude, but as often as any
thing happens to group a few days together, I will give an
account of the proceedings; which won't be so monotonous
as the former plan, & will I think give a better idea of life
on board ship - though monotonous is what people generally
call life on board ship - to which I can't entirely subscribe,
but say that it all depends on how you take it, like a good
many other things in this world. To me it seems a sort of
lotocating existence, of which 'sufficient for the day is
the evil thereof' (& the good also) is the motto. Friendships

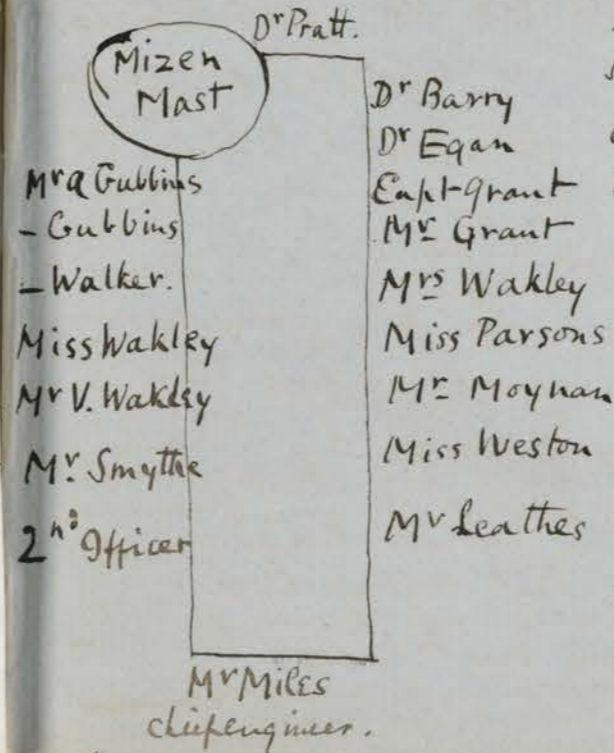
16 and alliances male & female are entered into in a
rash way, knowing that in nine cases out of ten they
are intended only to last out the voyage pour passer
le temps; & only for so long a portion of that time as they
are mutually agreeable. of course the bigger the ship
the greater the choice of companions & the more frequent
the changes of friends, if you can call such temporary alli-
ances friendships: so that the voyager who views his fellow
travellers in this philosophical & perhaps selfish light, for
it seems slightly selfish when put down in black & white, need
not find 60 ^{days} very monotonous, though the little events of the passage
may appear decidedly trifling, & what are looked upon as

genuine excitements when they happen may seem to any
one reading a log as hardly deserving so serious a name.
As I said before it takes a few days to shake passengers
together - so I will class Friday & Saturday as the recollections
of each are of the same unformed character. But first
and foremost I found out the name of my unknown friend
with the captivating voice. It is Gubbins - & his appearance
is as taking as his voice: not so his name you will say -
But he could not help his name. He is very ready to strike
up an alliance & appears well read, gentlemanly -
to have plenty of opinions of his own of the same quaint
innocent nature as his voice - but with more common

sense than his countrymen are credited with: and he talks of the colonies & of his future life there in an enthusiastic way which I hope he may find realized. He has been a good deal abroad & looks as if he had a sad history. His present troubles are connected with 2 pens of fowls & 1 of ~~Roman~~ ducks, with which he intends to regenerate the native birds he may find about Auckland. I know I am very glad a puppy is not so grave a responsibility, as my friend the butcher is very glad to take all that off my shoulders as regards the Drygrange pup. My first interview with the Captain was just before dinner on Friday. I found him at the Caddy table placing the Passengers names in their plates in the order

in which they are to sit. So I thought social self-preservation demanded an effort on my part; & with that intention approached the Skipper to find out my allotted fate. I found the slip of paper bearing my name placed between 2 with the names of Miss Parsons & Miss Weston. By great luck Logan had told me they were milliners hailing from 'Meanington & Glenview', when we were together on board at the docks, and though I had not seen them or made them out yet, I thought with horror on the notion of having to waste the inevitable petits soirs of the dinner-table on such, however beautiful & charming they might be personally. So I struck for a change. Of course the Skipper was agreeable to anything I might prefer,

20 So knowing no one else, I said I should like to be next Mr Gubbins. So Mr Gubbins' place was discovered opposite, & mine place next his, where Moyman's had been at first; & that luckless swain was by my means though only in self defence placed between the 2 Lemptresses, which what result shall be told in the sequel. As I happened to be very fortunate in my neighbours at table it will be as well to give them here but premising that on rewriting my rough log I have put in as much of their characters as will help you to imagine ^{what they are like} ~~their~~ characters, so that a good deal that follows here is the result of after acquaintance. So you must excuse the anachronism of getting so much in advance of time. ~~It was~~



21 It was the table in the after end of the saloon - arranged rather on one side, not exactly down the centre, as far as the Mizen Mast, & with a skylight above. But it was so ~~like~~ remarkably a happy family that it deserves a diagram to help you to appreciate it better. You see I was right in the middle, & in possession of a gangway, so that if sea sickness ever did appear, I could always beat a retreat with a little sacrifice of appearances as possible. I am next my friend Gub-

22 bins as the reward of my diplomacy - and by great good fortune our table comprised most of the original & amusing talent on board. Others may have originated schemes elsewhere, but they had to come to us to have them carried through, but for social purposes such talents as prevent dullness settling on 18 persons doomed by fate to meet for 60 days at breakfast lunch dinner & tea, never or hardly never changing places, without kidding I must say we monopolised ~~the~~ ~~table~~ most of what was among the saloon passengers of the 'Somersetshire'. Ladies we had not many - but those perfectly & readily accepted their position, & only struggled

23 to make themselves jolly under the circumstances. First the Wakleys, mother & daughter, the old lady said to be the widow of Colonel Wakley, whose death I remember why or wherefore I can't say - since then settled in Devonshire where the son Victor, about my own age, has been farming. All three capital sample of their class - English middle class, with a downright purpose & with about everything they say or do which stamps them as genuine. They are going to another son settled in Victoria when Victor has been on a visit. The old lady & daughter have been accustomed to travel, generally taking a trip abroad once a year & without making

So am quite accustomed to the unavoidable necessity of having to put up with all sorts of things when away from home. The daughter of perhaps 28 years, clever, intellectual, fairly good looking well read & able to form her own opinions, - & as proved in the sequel a capital musician, good tempered, & with a wonderful way of managing her mother & of opening a retreat for her from her oddities, for the old lady's love of doing everything for her self & in an independent way sometimes brings her into situations rather absurd & not very pleasant for a son or daughter to be a looker on at. But I won't sketch this family any more, else you won't believe in

my too strong shade of *couleur de rose*. Yet the understanding²⁵ of this family's character & how they must have been appreciated is necessary to that of the condition of our table, as the old lady's geniality in particular was the heaven which toned our conversation & intercourse, & being happily in the centre of one side she could distribute her favours all around. The daughter's agreeability was not so widely scattered as the old lady's which was simply maternal in its universality, but as I was fortunately near her I could appreciate her good qualities &c &c. The only thing I could regret was that in an aesthetic point

that as she attempts to do with any other natural deficiency she is conscious of. Luckily she is not given to speech so she is not a disturbing element in our society, which silence is attributable partly to an instinct that speech might betray something better hidden, partly to an absence of ideas, & partly (or principally according to the malvolence of the observer) to a notion that she is gifted with such a fine pair of eyes that she can trust them to speak in a much more unmistakable way. To have done with her for the present, she is about 28 & would probably wish that fact unknown along with the rest. Of the

gentlemen Mr. Miles chief-engineer presides when duty does not call him away - a rough good hearted fellow - fond of a joke & a yarn, but rather a bore when he gets on the subject of his engines which are his pride. On his right comes Mr. Leather with whom I struck up a great friendship, after a while, at first appearing, a quiet gentlemanly going fellow, too much of a gentleman one would say for the position he holds, that of walking gentleman to Mr. Baird's Star. Opposite to him Mr. Tichhurst gentlemanly & pleasant though short of words: next him Mr. Smythe, a mystery at present not to be unravelled for some time, but-

30
in due course the life of the table. clever + witty - been knock-
ing about the world for 10 or 12 years + was about 40: a
 pity he can't help the fact that he is neither born a bred a
gentleman, otherwise his wit would not sometimes have a
smack which leaves a taste in one's mouth. Next him
Victor lately already touched on already with his family.
Opposite him Moynan who has also had his share of atten-
tion - + next me on my left Gubbins of whom I do. On
his left his brother - quiet + gentlemanly - already of 4 years
experience in N.Z. but of so retiring a nature on board ship as
generally to be known as Mr Gubbins brother. Opposite al-

most in the shade of the Mizzenmast sit 2 brothers, ^{31.} similarly
known as Capt Grant, + Capt. Grant's brother. Both old Victor-
ian diggers, with only this difference. The captain was in the
army before he went to the diggings, the brother went out
very young + his rough life has left its unmistakable mark
on his manners. Besides to make him more awkward he is
nearly stone deaf owing to underground work among contin-
ual blastings, + both brothers have a curiously husky voice
the result of other digging experiences they must both have
gone through. When young they lived in France, + as the one
is ~~the~~ so hard of hearing they always converse together in

French as less likely to be understood when shouted in a deaf man's ear. I remember seeing them in Plymouth & took the eccentric deaf one to be a French merchant skipper. The Captain has however social qualities in abundance to do for both of them - so that I could not pass them over with less notice. Lastly come 3 doctors at the bottom of the table Dr Pratt ship's doctor young & gentlemanly - Dr Barry an old widower with a wig and dyed beard - & Dr Egan a Sydney man - none of whom did much for their country. The Mizzen Mast which shut off the other table separated us completely from

the rest, very few of whom were as well known to me as the others. To work forward, as at the first table - at its bottom with his back to Dr Pratt sits Mr O'Callaghan, chief officer - as great an Irishman as his name would lead one to suppose, & as good a fellow, only sorry that duty won't allow him to join in fun as often as he would like. On his left Mrs Atwood the skipper's wife fat & good natured - who would like to be as much in command of the saloon as her husband is on deck. Unfortunately nature forbids it, & to do her justice she is wondrously happy in spite of her inability to lead. She has one jolly little girl about 3 years old, & both wife & daughter

follow their lord & master in his many voyages round the world, & seem to thrive on it. Next to Mrs Aish Mr McDougall, partner of one of the principal printing firms in Melbourne, a very good fellow, with his wife, a nice quiet woman & cousin Miss Osborne young & pretty with 1 child about 5 on board. Next Mrs Seely, a good natured sort of woman, rejoining her husband in Melbourne, rather given to General flirtations - very large & fond of displaying the newest & highest heeled shoes in fashion - terribly trying one would think when the deck is not always level. Next Mrs Sutherland, similarly separated from her husband, quiet & ladylike & in her self-contained ways very different in her manners to her tight hand neighbour - with one nice little boy. Next Col. Thompson - poor man

awfully broken down at first by misfortune & ill as well at starting, but soon a better man in health & spirits, thanks to the cheerful entourage of board ship - has been 18 years in command of a regiment in N.Z. with a sole weakness - & that for chess. Next to him Drappen already sufficiently described, as no more cheerful features appeared during the voyage as lying ~~dead~~ beneath his somewhat disagreeable exterior - by the bye his mother was daughter of the famous Cockle of the historic & world famed hills. Next a Tasmanian family of Corbells uncle aunt & niece kept to themselves all the voyage & with no apparent love to anyone but themselves. Next Mr Gibson, a young Tasmanian native, home to Europe to buy Rams - The quietest Tasmanian

36

I was met, who are generally only given to bounce - this one only can bounce about his sheep - but as we don't give him many opportunities he does not often open out. Next to him the Railes - husband & wife - husband quite devoted to the nursing & making of paper for 2 children - wife nice little woman but spoilt by her husband - with a sweet little voice which was afterwards discovered & utilized. The husband an Auckland importer, home to marry. Next Mr Sutchiff a young man from London, with a great idea of his own funniness. Next Mr Law young fast fellow of not a bad sort - Next Mr Neill who has made his own way as Melbourne Merchant from

the early days, a jolly good hearted fellow - ready to do his ³⁷ best ~~in the early days~~ to entertain all - old & young, men or women, as ready to walk with a pretty girl or read to an old maid at her work as cut ~~out~~ a boat out of boat for the children. And lastly on that side Mr Smith, I beg his pardon Mr W. Collard Smith, Captain of the Ballarat Rangers - a great man on board ship as everywhere else, more especially at Ballarat: greater at starting fun than at contributing his fair share, but very useful for that same quality on board ship, as at first we require some one to help to throw the ice that holds tight most peoples geniality. Then to start again from

Mr O'Callaghan, on his right Mr & Mrs Reushan & sister in law
 Miss McClellan - religiously disposed Baptist family: he an
 exporting merchant on a tour of business visits to his clients
 in Australia & N.Z: the ladies not so narrow minded as their
 religious profession would make them appear. Next to them Miss
 Woolfield a young lady of 27 going to Melbourne to marry her
 fiancé a Church of England clergyman - weak & vain with
 no great charms of person or mind, but ready to utelize as
 she has with any one, regardless of the absent-clergyman. Next
 to her Mr Hutton an inoffensive young fellow with a glimmer
 but the worst carver I ever saw. Next - Messrs Jackson & Maerac

2 youngsters apprenticed to a surveyor upcountry in Victoria,
 Jackson lively & up to any lark but with plenty of ballast,
~~Maerac~~ & as a contrast, Maerac, long & solemn, of Scotch ex-
 traction & of the proverbial (according to Sidney Smith) Scotch
 inability to perceive a joke. Next to them the parson Mr
 Davis of whom plenty anon, & his wife too & more the pity:
 as they were both as well matched a couple in want of tact &
 education as ~~they~~ I ever met, & might have made much
 mischief had there been fewer good fellows on board, or had
~~Miss D.~~ been well all the voyage, for her gifts towards mis-
 chief were naturally unlimited & of more dangerous nature

than her husband: with 4 children 2 boys 2 girls, as disagreeable as children of such parents could well be. Next to him Mr Harold, an Adelaide Merchant, in more senses than one, as ^{he} was next to the Rev. gentleman in powers of boring, & letting every one hear his tongue. Next the Logans both quiet & reserved with 4 children, well looked after & kept in order. Next Mr Dunmore, son of the Edin^g D^r. quiet carrying Scotch last - sure to get on in the Colonies. Next the Moores he an old Wellington (N.Z.) merchant, perhaps 60 yrs old, with white hair & a grand white beard - plucky enough to go home & marry a wife 20 yrs younger than himself - but has chosen a sensible woman. Next the Bandmanns. he a

wonderful German, whose colloquial English is so good, that one less wonders at his setting up as a leading English actor. In manner he has the abstraction of a German who believes in himself with the ways of an actor, & therefore very unlike any one else. His wife, nee Milly Palmer, clever little woman - a terrible martyr to sea sickness - And lastly in the place of honour at the head of the table, but occasionally changing places with the other officers so as to see something of every section of the tables comes Capt. Atwood - very good skipper - short of words, & not caring to interfere with passengers unless anything goes wrong. Then we muster at table 58 adults counting the Captain 4 mates chief engineer & the doctor

42 Besides them there were 14 children, who with nurses and a Miss Jones, a girl of about 14 going back to her mother in Victoria, had their meals at certain hours before us. Our hours were Breakfast 8.30 a.m. lunch 12 noon - Dinner 4 p.m. tea 7 p.m. Then you can imagine how we sat at those important functions of the day, at 2 long tables not quite in the centre of the saloon, as you can see from the diagram of our end with the position of the Mizen Mast in it. Down the portside ran a narrow parallel side table, useful for whisk & other purposes - The prevailing tone of ornaments, the usual sham maple & gold - with green curtains hiding the entries to the cabins, 2 glass doors opening on the quarterdeck forward,

& one in the after end, leading to the bath rooms, ladies cabins &c and a broad companion ladder, leading upwards to the poop & downwards to our diggings on the lower deck. Then you will have seen that by far the largest part of us were old colonists: but still who were not very sociable the first 2 days - the Parson being the only exception, going straight bang at every one, howking after every one's previous life & destination, & bidding fair to drive the officers wild with his unreasonable questions about the working of the ship. I found out that he was a Leadham man & had been once in Scotland, usher to old Belis at Peebles, & declared he remembered Colin Mackenzie. These 2 days the weather is

43

beautifully fine, tho' chilly, in spite of our going South - but no motion to touch one up with sea sickness; even the screw works as sweetly as possible. Everything connected with the working of the ship is well run to & first class. deck & rigging splendid, all but the poop which has not recovered from the dirt of the docks & wants holystoning - engines, in spite of their size & power more like the inside of a watch for their brightness & precision - capital donkey engine with steam winches & machinery on deck for hoisting & lowering the large lower sails. & saving labour.

Sunday July 4.

On board ship there is no mistaking Sunday unless the weather is so foul that the sailors have a bad time of it shortening sail or repairing accidents. Most Sundays are peacefully marked by the entire absence of all active work except what is strictly necessary. Breakfast half an hour later than usual - a certain amount of extra smartness in the ladies' dresses to honour the service, held to day & I hope for several more Sundays on the poop - Service at sea is always striking & peculiar in its surroundings in any weather, & often very awful in bad weather. Today it wears unmistakably a peaceful aspect,

46 with the fine weather awning overhead, the union jack folded on a skylight for a desk, opposite the quartermaster at the wheel. (On board the Somersetshire just forward of the Mizzen Mast) who from his prominent position is forced into a great display of nautical dandyism for the occasion. Benches & chairs arranged round the skylight, especially to leeward of the parson. Then the congregation, 1st - 2nd - & 3rd class passengers of all ages & sorts in their tidiest - backed by a few sailors as clean if not as smart as the quartermaster: and all round as far as one can see nothing but water, today under the influence of thickish weather not so blue as we hope to have it soon for a good while. The parson wears his Oxford hood over his cassock (a clerical deskaholic

certainly never witnessed on shore) & the Captain in the brightest 47 of blue coats & brass buttons acting as clerk. We get full morning service & attempt hymns, but apparently no arrangement has been made for concerted action, & tho' the tunes are old & familiar enough, they lag dreadfully for want of a leader. followed by a sermon, which on merit at any rate of being short, though profoundly originality or logical sequence are decidedly deficient. The Parson has however a good clear voice, & reads the service admirably. The rest of the day is a lazy do-nothing lounge, wound up by a 2nd service in the cuddy after tea, which is decidedly a hot & stuffy place for so many people. Singing if anything worse than in the morn-

48
ing. Possibly the failure makes some ladies open the piano after
wards to try to elicit talent: but apparently in vain, as none
could be seduced from the modest retirement which rules still
on board of every thing which may lead to general edification.
Those few who attempt it this evening are only conspicuous for
the want of any voice at all, or gifted with such harsh ones
that the possessor evidently can't know how much other people's
ears may suffer. M^{rs} Davis is the chief offender, but one is
not astonished that such a woman, whose appearance & voice
in ordinary conversation are all so inharmonious & unsym-
pathetic, should ^{not} be able to sing in any way that could please.
If she, as Panson's wife, thinks she must ex officio be choir-

49
mistress, we shall evidently have no singing - her voice would
only spoil the attempts of others; besides she is sure before a
week is out to have disgusted and offended every one she has
to do with. The Wavies are to be pitied for the circumstance
which makes them fellow passengers of ours - that is charita-
ble at all events - so perhaps I may add other people's op-
inion that we are also to be pitied for the same accident.
T. wit - He & his family, not better off than most clergy-
men's families who emigrate, left Gravesend in the last ship
of Mary Wigram's about two weeks ago for Brisbane via
Melbourne, he having promise of a curacy from the Bp. of
Brisbane. Between Gravesend & Plymouth 1 of his children

unfortunately took the measles, & at the latter part the health officer ordered the family on shore till they could get a clean certificate - thus putting them to great expense which they can ill afford. They just managed to get rid of the infection to sail with us, & so we have them with us.

Monday - Saturday July 5-10.

This our first whole week at sea has passed off uneventfully but pleasantly: people are beginning to find their peculiar affections and to cultivate them; and as regards the body public, enterprising spirits have begun to enliven it with life. The weather in the first place has been every thing that could be wished. The Bay of Biscay has put a very smiling face on what can be ugly enough when it chooses, as I well remember, & the light breeze, tho' necessitating the use of the screw, has been as balmy in its feel as the lover of these charmed latitudes could wish. Of course our daily runs have not been much, but still such weather is expected leaving England at this time of year; & one has only to consider what would

have been our progress without the screw, or to think where the 'Royal Dane' we left behind at Plymouth must be & one sees how unreasonable it is to grumble. Simple existence begins to feel a positive pleasure, & one is quite satisfied to lounge on deck all day under the awning, with a book or idly yarning with a congenial dreamer. At night too it is almost more beautiful. There is a splendid coil of sails aft on the taffrail grating where we fit ourselves into the curls of the canvas, & over to bacco yarn away to our hearts content. Going down on these fine nights perhaps for only an hours whilst. Even in this weather there have been a few resolute invalids, who won't see the absurdity of being ill without a disturbing cause. Mrs Davis

has been one of the number, & consequently her grating voice has been less of a nuisance. Poor Mrs Bandmann seems the worst, yet after lying quiet for some time in a melancholy way, she brightens up occasionally when any one speaks to her: especially when Bianco her husband's big poodle comes up with his somewhat boisterous salutation. He is a clever beast & exhibits often the most wonderful steeple chasing. He is the only large dog ever clever enough to be loose - They are supposed to have only the time of washing decks for exercise. Unfortunately that is at an early hour of the morning - so I only see my pup when he is shut up. There are several small dogs who ~~have~~ are supposed to be harmless & run about everywhere. Their chief amusement

54 is snapping at the heads of the hens in the hen coops on the poop.
One came to grief at this game; going outside the poop rail, to
turn the rear of the foretop, I suppose, he dropped overboard.
Of course at this part of the voyage we sight & pass the usual
amount of outward bound ships; & on Thursday morning early
we passed within sight of Madeira, not very close, as at break
fast time it showed like high blue haze. The day following
we passed Palma at about the same distance, one of
the Canaries. Dolphins - bonitos flying fish & whales are al-
ways seen ~~are always seen~~ in their proper latitudes, so you may
suppose we saw our share of them all. In the beginning of the
week 6 stowaways gave themselves up; how they had concealed

themselves so long, supposing they came from London, is a wonder.
One was a boy about 11. He was given to the boatswain to slave
for him, & the other went into the forecabin. With the light
winds of course the screen was going all the week: but to show
you how accustomed one gets to its hum, on Tuesday night
about 12 they stopped the engines for 2 hours to repair some-
thing, & immediately I woke, missing the already familiar
noise; & I did not settle into satisfactory sleep till it began
again. But on Friday they lifted the screen for the first time,
& as a proof that we have caught the N.E. trades it is
matter for congratulation, tho' these trades are neither
strong nor steady at this season. The operation of hoisting

or lowering the screw does not take long, but is a very noisy one especially if done in the middle of the night, as it requires much shouting & running about. A strong rope attached to the donkey engine which passing through a block below the ^{main} top gives the necessary hoisting power - When lowered it is fixed in the shaft of the well by uprights & by a pin, so ^{that} the connection with the driving shaft cannot slip.

Gulbins & I have continued allies & as a third in the trio Leather has joined us. He kept apart for several days, by no means laying himself open to other people's advances: but one day Gulbins & I came on him studying Shakespeare, which led to converse - a proper of which he told us his position &

ambitions, & we three have become very intimate. He is a nice ⁵⁷ young fellow, very good looking, perhaps too good looking for a man, tho' just the thing for Romeo, which he hopes to make a success: musical with a good baritone voice, about 23 yrs old, & soon on the stage under Bandmann's wing. Of course it was a little while before he talked to us of everything, but he is wonderfully hot on his profession at present, & would admit it to be anything but a glory to any man. So he had not the slightest objection to his real name Donaldson being known. Son of the famous Greek scholar, master of Burg St Edmund's school. He has been out in the colonies before 2 1/2 in Otago, with the Maitlands who are his cousins. Formerly still he spent last winter in Edinburgh, attending classes, & as he used to go to

58 all the assemblies I wonder I don't remember him by sight as he is a striking looking fellow. He seems to have known Bandman for some time & has thus been tempted to go on the stage; & under his auspices will get a fair start if he really has gifts that way. One good result has proceeded from Leather & Gullbin's chumming, & that is the discovery of mutual musical tastes & abilities. Gullbin plays the piano very fairly & knows a lot of operatic music by heart & sings ditto, but having no voice or rather not having been taught to use his voice, his singing is not very good - good enough for a second. Leather on the other hand has a very good baritone which he has been taught to use well & sings with great taste & expression. "Non più andrai" from Le Nozze is a great favourite of his, & a sacred one of Guano's

"Noyaketh", a sort of Christmas carol - written for Sautley. In 59 fact he is ambitious enough to make Sautley his model, & is much given to sing the "Stirrup Cup" & his other well known songs. So here is an improvement in having some music at last. Before this the piano used to look reproachfully from its corner: even now so lately is bold enough to attempt anything, the Sunday schoolers being afraid to measure themselves with Leather. The caddy is rather hot just now to sit long in of a morning, but then one can sit above outside the open skylight, & then get the benefit of the music from the piano below. Another intimacy has begun between me & Mr Smythe, a very funny little man, as I said before rather a mystery at first, but gradually solved. His appearance is comical - short & stout - short black hair standing

up like a Frenchman's on a head inclining to be bald, & a red sun-scorched face & the wether garments generally of the same check as L^d Brougham's. He is very close about himself, but gradually there has oozed out the fact he spent 4 or 5 years in Australia 7 or 8 yrs ago, connected with the Press: but since then he has been wandering in Japan China India, the Mauritius & the Cape: but whether this tour has been in connection with the press or not I can't say yet. I suppose it will all transpire some time: the closest of mortals must have some weaker moment in which his heart will unfold itself, especially in the many-sided intimacy of board ~~that~~ life: & even if he is not amenable to the softer influences of friendship envy & malice are pretty sure to discover it with a different intent. He seems disposed to be pretty generally attentive, & does not object to playing whist with elderly ladies

which perhaps is not so much a sacrifice to him, as he is not a great player. We have a very good quartet every evening, namely Leather Gubbins & I; Gubbins is the only blot, as he only plays a very plain game, & evidently does not care much for either fortune. But if Smythe is beginning to be generally useful, what are his efforts compared with those of his almost namesake, Smith? His Ballarat enthusiasm has brought him early to the front, & has volunteered a lead in anything. He is unfortunately not very refined, & ~~is~~ evidently risen from the ranks, so his boisterous energy is not so ornamental as useful. He has displayed considerable ingenuity in starting a daily sweep on the run - 10 members, 1/4 each, on the very simple plan of each drawing 1 of the 10 numbers, 1 of which must of course appear as the last figure in the daily run & the holder of that number

62
wins the sweep: e.g. we ran 202 knots on Wednesday: the
man who held 2, won the sweep. So there is an ingenious bit
of daily excitement for the sporting mind. Others more sci-
entific ~~go~~ in for a regular book on the day's event, but as
I never see the way to make a book, not having the mathem-
atical talent necessary, ~~and~~ I leave all that hard work to those
who like it. Another enterprise for the benefit of a wider circle
got up by the indefatigable Smith is Afternoon readings
on the poop - and the Entrepreneur seems to know exactly where
his part of the business ends, as he never dreams of reaching
himself. He goes round the talent in the morning, books as many
as he wants for the afternoon, & settles the order of their per-
formance. We have perhaps an hour of it, grave & gay, poetry
& prose. I have been victimised several times but ~~these~~ these

is not a large selection of books on board, & it is rather hard ⁶³
to suit the audience. Aytoun's lays, & Bon Gaultier were my
authors, & I don't think were very generally appreciated. Gubbin
reads Vanity Fair charmingly - Leather dramatic bits very fair-
ly, Sutcliff low fun from Pickwick with great satisfaction to
himself & tolerably so to his audience. The greatest surprise
was Capt Grant, whose voice is so husky that one would say that
nature would prevent display in this line. He was announced
to read - Pickers' cheap Jack & Marygold - one of the Christmas
stories, & appearing half in character with an open waistcoat
over a red shirt & a loose handkerchief about his neck, he began
almost off by heart: & it did not require that to let us see that
it was very familiar work to him. It was really capital; all the
more that it was totally unexpected. Altogether Smith may be

64
congratulated on this effort: the readings are an event of the day, & so are acceptable, apart from the merit that many of them possess. A third project of his is only yet talked of: it will depend on some one who has the special talent, being patriotic enough to devote it to the general good: & this is unless then starting a newspaper. Several efforts of previous voyages have been handed round to stimulate rivalry in our bosoms, but really the most of them are such contemptible literary efforts that I fear they fail in that object. I expect the Atwoods are at the bottom of this move, as they like anything which can be put in print as a tangible proof of the eclat attending their voyages. I say the as an acknowledged Pressman is attacked, but he declares he will have nothing to do with the shop when he is out on a holiday. But unless he is some practiced hand under

65
take it, it will be dreadfully stupid & sure to enter into personalities which Heaven forbid.

We are now beginning to find out the capabilities of the ship, & how far we are likely to be comfortable - as far as the table goes, comfort in the rough John Bull way of ancient sailing ships is all we must look for; plenty of rough good material put on the table but no art used in preparing it. 'La Bourgogne' no doubt has opened my eyes, for there is a sad contrast between the caddy table of the one & of the other. Perhaps we could not expect such an artiste as we had on board the Frenchman, no chance of tough ship ducks being metamorphosed into savory 'cane-ton-our olives', but they might for their own sake use a little common sense in feeding us. We are 50 at table, & before we sit down all the joints poultry & sidedishes have to be brought from

66
the galley & placed on the table, by which ingeniously long ex-
ecution they are always exten half cold when we have done
our soup. No lack of good material half spoilt from the way
it is served. Besides as it is carved on the table gentlemen's
favorite joints in front of them never get any dinner themselves.
Puddings & pies are better, as they come to the table direct, & are
attacked at once. The liquors too are not very good & decidedly
dear: to my disgust a light claret down on the wine list
is discovered to be unapproachable at present owing to its being
covered with other packages. Probably it will be purchasable when
we are running down the roaring forties, & are shivering in
greatcoats. The steward & his assistants are certainly duffers,
the former from his want of management, the latter from

being mostly unused to shipboard, only working their passages.
However things above & below are kept clean & sweet, though
with great waste of work; & that is no light consideration now
we getting into hot weather. They say on board that Moneybags
have not made this big ship pay yet, & so they are very careful
about any extra outlay on her account. It is a bad plan
for owners, who wish to make their ship a favorite, giving
passengers the power of grumbling even at trifles. One ad-
vantage we have that was wanting in the Frenchman, & that is
in capital bathrooms with plenty of water. There are 2, 1 for
ladies & 1 for gentlemen: the latter begin some as early as
5 in the morning, & from then till breakfast time there is such
a string of applicants that a notice has been posted in the

70
rough weather of having the ports closed. However the weather has been as yet so fine, that we have not been worse off than those above; and at the worst we shall soon steam through the best weather. Even with ports closed we are well ventilated, & the deck is quite open from the after companion to the main hatch & there is always a splendid draught between the two. Our cabins too are only enclosed with lower boards, so they ^{get} the benefit of it all. Had I taken my berth in a cabin intended for 2 I should have had it to myself most likely, as only one of these has 2 passengers - all the rest only 1. But we have plenty of room in ours; all my traps are under my bed; Morgan has 2 large boxes along one side which serve famously for seats. His eccentricities are quite harmless; among these is a wonder-

ful mania for changing his dress 3 or 4 times in the day. I suppose he does not put on which colour harmonizes best with his hair & whiskers. He cannot learn the knack of having all he is likely to want handy: to get a clothes brush he must unblock 3 boxes at least. I have by this time learnt the necessity of order on board ship, if nowhere else; but Morgan won't learn either by precept nor example.

Sunday July 11

This day has passed off much the same as last Sunday, with the exception of really fine weather & a gloriously blue sea, which was hardly curled into white tops by the moderate to moderate trade wind. We had a similar service on the poop with the abolition of a collection for some Merchant seamen's charity. The singing still a failure. I believe Davis in despair delegated the task to some 2nd class passengers; but the result was not successful. Besides their taste had chosen tunes of the fligid old-fashioned sort.

Monday - Saturday July 12 - 17.

The great event of this week was the first appearance of the Somersetshire News. I am afraid it does not promise a great deal as yet. News of course are nil; & invention seems to be as bad; but the opening leader by Smythe is neat & to the purpose. He however still disclaims any share in the editorial committee, which so far as the public is aware, consists solely of the all-enterprising but non-performing Smith. The method of publishing is primitive & simple: it is copied in manuscript & read to all hands 1st in the cuddy, next in the 2nd class, lastly in the stowage. Tuesday the day of its appearance happened to be the first of our tropical bad weather, so we had to listen to it in a state of stew in the cuddy instead of on the poop: for that is the horrible result of wet in the

74
tropics when all skylights have to be shut down close. After
the paper Smith got some of the usual readers to give some
readings to spin out the time. This horrible weather lasted
for 3 days more, & was a fearful trial, as not only the sky-
lights were down, but our ports below were closed. Wednesday
was the worst - as a heavy head sea had got up, through which
the engines had to drive the ship with an up & down motion
popularly called piledriving. However one had to reconcile
oneself to the misery & to keep as quiet as possible was the only
plan. Gubbins & I got out mattresses & in our shirts & trousers
lay on them on the top of the line chests, which are de-
scribed to the stanchions 'ween decks, & tried to make ourselves
believe that there was a little draught. Leathers came & read
Shakespeare to us, which assisted in making us still more

resigned to the circumstances. You will see by the log how the
weather reduced our daily average run - 173 - 123 - 150 for
Wednesday, Thursday & Friday. We were just then in the lat-
itude of the Cape de Verde's, and not far to the Eastward
of St Jago: how we longed for Oranges & bananas. I thought
of my visit ~~then~~ to St Vincent last year, & made the mouths of
the others water as well by telling them of what luxuries we
were close to. I believe last voyage this ship left England in
such bad weather that they were obliged to call at St Jago
for coal: I must say we wished we could do the same thing here.
Even now if winds help us no more than they have done, the
of fruit are calculating on the possibility of touching at the
Cape. On Monday we had a reading on the poop for the
benefit of all hands. Some of the 2nd class passengers read

76
+ recited. Patchiff gave some more of his usual Pickwick & as a finale Grant gave us his inimitable Dr. Mazy old. It was a bad day for hearing, as the wind blew right across the poop & pretty strong, but ^{it was} was tremendously appreciated by the 2nd class & those who had not heard it before. It was as good as a play to watch our old man's face, as he followed the lights & shades of the story. Bandmann was to have assisted but his wife's illness, which seems never to get better was his excuse for not doing so. I dare say he dreads reading in the open air, which he fancies may lessen the effect. The evening was signalized by Smith having the impudence to give a tea party, i.e. he asked all the ladies to his end of the table, & in their honour had made pincushions with the cook to give them hot buns for tea: but to the delight of the

75
envious males not only excluded but deprived of their light particular star by ~~the~~ Capt Smith's invitation, there were no currents in the breeze, & so we suppose the ladies must have been disappointed. At all events to try to send them to the happy Smith went forward to pray for some music, & returned with the Sailmaker & Bontswain's mate each with a violin. But as Smith couldn't dance with all at once he extended his invitations to the other gentlemen. There seemed to be a general disinclination to fast dances, partly from distrust of the treacherous deck, partly from the uncertainty of the band which wants a little practice before it can play dance music in proper time. However the quadrilles were of such a boisterous nature that they bid fair to supply the want so whenever the figure admitted a gallop round was the con-

know how stupid people could be about such simple things before. but as our leader has to learn as well, perhaps it is not so wonderful. An effort in the starboard direction has already been started. Smythe suggested to Leather that he should get up something in the way of a concert: & already the suggestion is bearing fruit & getting into shape. Miss Wakley has joined us & Mrs Vaile who sings very nicely & sweetly & is a perfect musician. We mean to get Mr Carnell to sing Contralto; & Leather the only baritone has a good range of falsetto notes & has undertaken tenor, while Smythe & I do bass. We are busy seeing what Glee & part songs are procurable on board. Leather & Mrs Vaile at all events are good for Solos. At all events whether it will be a successful concert or not, it will

be a pleasant thing for the performers to have the Practising as some definite object for the day. We want it done before the cold weather begins, for as long as most people are induced by the fine weather to sit on deck, we can make whatever we like in the Cuddy: otherwise I fear their patience would be worn out by our unlimited practising long before the concert. As it is we haven't any very long interval in the day uninterrupted, as the constant succession of meals keeps the Cuddy pretty busy all day long. One can't get people together in the morning much before 11; then lunch at 12 & children's dinner at 1 occupies till 2; & at 3 they begin to lay ~~the~~ cloth for dinner: & of course in the evening some people are always below. Mrs Atwood has started feminine in-

80 dentry in another direction, so most people ought to be kept out of mischief if occupation could do so. It seems another device of hers to keep her husband's ~~name~~ ^{ship} before the nautical world as every voyage she gets the lady passengers to help her in getting up a bazaar or raffle for the benefit of some marine nautical fund. All very well for those who can afford it, but a great tax for those who can't - for they can't keep out of the way as they can on shore. However she has set all the idle fingers of the ladies going at needlework of all descriptions, slipcases, pin cushions, purses, cushions, dolls &c &c. And there is a notice stuck up requesting contributions from all able & willing.

On fine evenings there is generally some fun going on forward, so while I smoke my pipe I generally take a ~~turn~~ round to see what is going on. Some of the firemen & crew sing very

well, & those who are off duty between 7 & 8 generally set up an impromptu concert & dance, both decidedly amusing. The orchestra consists of banjo concertina tambourine & bones, the melodies of the nigger school, & between each song a polka is danced with great gusto. Somewhere there is a German concert just below the break of the poop; for there are a good lot of German passengers forward, & they nearly all sing - One girl has a beautiful voice. So you see what varieties of amusement we can have on board. At all times of the day I am about the maindeck & forward part of the ship, driven there in the first instance by the want of any better place to smoke in when there is a wind. The Poop is so exposed that it is impossible

to smoke there - but on the maindeck under the lee of the high bulwark there is more comfort. What we will do in bad weather when no doubt that will be the wettest part of the ship I don't know. Now it is pleasant enough & one makes all sorts of funny acquaintances of the forward passengers, who have that for their promenade. Among them is an unfortunate Italian, only just beginning to speak English, who must be very solitary without a compatriot to speak to. The nearest approach to one is a Swiss, & he is deaf & dumb, so his talents poor fellow don't lie in the conversational direction. Like a fool the Italian has quarrelled with the only man forward who speaks French, which he understands, so he prowls about the decks like a ghost. His French is not

the best certainly, but it is better than mine; but we manage ⁸³ somehow, & I pray the Cuddy to get him French books, so as to divert his mind from his lonely situation. Poor Peggler I pity him being condemned to salt beef & biscuit the regulation emigrant fare. For I remembered the Italian in the steerage had as much broth & macaroni as they could eat, the whole way from Buenos Ayres to Marseilles. Then there is the fore-castle not the worst place in the ship when she is bowling along under a fine & free breeze. It is glorious to watch her dipping her bows in & plunging along. Then looking ^{at} you see what she is ^{like} & what magnificent spars & grand width of canvas ^{she has}. From the poop the deck-houses spoil the view of her, & she does not look

half so fine. As she relies on steam for light weather she carries no Stun'sails, but she makes up for it in the stretch of all her canvas, & her stay sails ~~are~~ the largest suit of fore & aft sails I ever saw. The sailors have a custom of chalking every one on his first visit to the fore-castle, & expect in return a bottle of grog as a first footing. On Friday poor little Frisky Mrs Atwood's black & tan terrier disappeared, it must either have gone overboard like the others, but as it was an old sailor that is not so likely & it is suspected that it must have been thrown overboard. At all events there had been a row the day before with some of the men, & they are just the

fellows who would do such a thing, when their blood was up. Some of them had been caught Drugging grog as they were getting up stores from below; one was so violent that he had to be put in irons, & was bundled up the poop ladder, & placed on the after gratings: not a pleasant sight & much to the alarm of the imberbed ladies who dine on deck all alone, & did not fancy the drunken ruffian being so near them. The last great event of the week was the fact that on Saturday night the Southern Cross was visible for the first time. Of course the old colonists affected great glee therat (in which I can't say I joined) and the new comers wondered.

86 Sunday July 18.

Nothing very remarkable happened this Sunday except to chronicle how our choir acquitted itself the first time in public. You must understand we had no instrument to play over the chants or hymn tunes, as it was ~~out~~ ^{out} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~prop-~~ ^{prop-}. So for unpractised musicians there was a certain amount of difficulty in always making a fair start. The first ones went all right & we were hoping it was to be a grand success, but unfortunately the last hymn stuck us up entirely. The first 2 notes were the same as the old hundredth, & this was too much for our leader who could not prevent himself going off with that instead of

the right tune, & this wrong one did not fit the words, so we ⁸⁷ were soon brought to a stand still. Another try & no better result after which we looked at each other in despair, when providentially a voice in the congregation came to our rescue, gave us the right one, & off we went like steam engines & finished the hymn in great style.

88 Monday - Saturday July 19-24.

On Monday we hoped we had hit off the S.E. trades & that we would be in for a few days' good sailing; but it proved a false alarm, and we had to have the screw down ~~for~~ again for 24 hours, when we were gratified with the real thing at last, & off we bowled away with a fine breeze. In the beginning of the week I have to tell of a most romantic but ridiculous episode, and as ~~these~~ ridiculous element in it quite overshadowed the sentimental in most people's eyes, I am afraid it was ~~not~~ regarded as one which required the victim even to receive ~~some~~ considerate silence. But you will judge whether he thought it necessary himself: so I think I am quite justified in giving you the benefit of it. One evening after dinner I was smoking

on the quarterdeck with some one I forget who; & he said to me ⁸⁹
'Have you heard that some one in the cuddy has proposed to a Cuddy & been refused?' 'No,' say I, 'but who is it?' 'Oh I don't know I have only heard a rumour.' Whereon we at once ran over together the names of those who were both eligible & free: but could not succeed in thinking of any two whom we could couple together, from anything ~~that~~ we had seen in the way of a flirtation. That same evening after whist, walking with Smythe, I thought he might know; so I told him what I had heard & my puzzle as to who it could be. At first he tried to escape any answer, but to avoid any more of my questions he told me plainly that he was in the secret, but sworn to keep it. Still more provoking. Down I go to my cabin; outside I see by the

light somebody is inside - find Moynan there ~~with~~ on his bed with a glass of brandy & water in his hand, & Capt Grant on a box similarly provided. Of course I did not think of apologizing for interrupting a tête à tête in my own cabin, nor did I guess there was a secret. But to my astonishment Moynan immediately gushed it all out, & invited on reading me the whole correspondence, as he had just done to Grant. To my astonishment the object of his affections was Miss Parsons, the lady with the eyes; and though they sat together at table, and I opposite, I cannot say that Mr. M. had ever, so far as I saw, indulged in attention or conversation other than unmeaning or mild; and when on deck had hardly ever addressed a word to her, affecting rather ~~towards~~ solitary promenades the while ~~she~~ gazed

over the side at the sea in an ~~despairing~~ way. The letters ^{or} rather his letter, for the reply was simply short & indignant, was the richest effusion of the kind I could have imagined, full of appropriate bits of poetry of the Byronic school, & all through insinuating the writer's conviction that the passion was reciprocal, which no doubt had caused the lady's indignation, & had prompted the exceeding curtness of the answer. Grant was evidently relieved by my presence, as he could, under cover of my entrance on the scene, indulge his laughter without the same danger of being found out. But ^{it} was very hard work for both of us with the over-tension of our visible faculties to do our best to condole with the wounded feelings of our absurd Incamorato. As soon as I could get away, I bolted off to have

my laugh out, & stumbled against Smythe who was as relieved as Grant and myself in finding it no longer a strict secret, but a joke that the three of us at any rate could enjoy. However we were soon released from the necessity of considering it a secret confided to our joint keeping alone; as the poor creature in his desire for commiseration and partly from the weak feeling that he had been decidedly plucky in the affair, confided it to every one he came across; & for long afterward I hardly ever came to my cabin without finding Moryman surrounded by 2 or 3 fellows requesting their advice as to what should be his next step. I soon got tired of this, & was driven, at the risk of disquoting his civilities, to tell him I considered him a lucky fellow not to have been taken at his word - not adding however, what was the truth,

that the lady would have jumped at his offer had he not been and looked such a confounded fool. The lady, of course did not relish being the heroine of such a romance & to escape from any further imputations of encouraging him even with the random shots of her eyes, she got Smythe to change places with her at table so that poor Moryman lost the satisfaction of being able to help her to potatoes in an expressive manner. His desperation began to make him averse to appearing much in public, & by way of avoiding it used to keep his bed late in the morning. One morning we were up in the Cuddy going over some Sunday music, when a ^{man} belts in & sings out "The tea's in your cabin, Walker" at which I cleared the table & rushed down to find it true enough. There was Moryman drifting, & standing up in his shirt

on his bed looking like a drowned rat, & so paralyzed that the cold water had not effected the speedy cure it would have done in most cases, as he had not recovered from his first start, & had done nothing to save our joint property from wreck. I was not long however in clearing out the cabin of everything on the floor, which had about a foot of water on it playfully dashing from side to side; and luckily no great harm was done. I had nothing loose except some dirty clothes, & my tin box & portmanteau had resisted the water splendidly: & Moynan's person was the only part of his property damaged. But while he was still in his stupor down comes the Skipper, & abuses him like a pickpocket for having the port open, rather hastily conjecturing that such an idiotic victim must be to blame. I was the guilty one, however,

as the night before I had got the Carpenter when screwing up the posts to leave ours loose, as it was then a fine night: but I could not tell the Captain that as the Carpenter would have got into a fine scrape. So I advised Moynan to dress & then have it out with the Skipper, who really had roused the torpid Irish blood, which explanation came off, & as he could honestly declare he had nothing to do with the port being open, he obtained an apology, which ended the matter satisfactorily - Irish honour satisfied & the Carpenter escaped getting into a row.

Of my own doings this week - the preparations for the concert began to take up most of the time of all those interested & kept us out of mischief; what with practice at the piano when possible and copying parts, as of course we had only 1 copy

of each piece. Our piece de resistance was to open the concert, Recitative for Tenor & Bass & opening chorus of a Cantata 'The ancient Mariner' by Barnett. It is new music but very good and characteristic, though rather ambitious for so scratch a band of amateurs. However Leather proved himself a model conductor in patience & tact, and drilled us over & over again till he began to have hopes of us, more than we had of ourselves. Then there was 'Hark! the Lark' - 'See our oars' - and 'Rule Britannia' - but none of these required the same grind as our first chorus. Of the trios Gubbins Smythe & I were to do 'Drink to me only with thine eyes', which is easy enough - But the old one of 'the wreath' was harder to fit with voices. Mrs Vaile &

Leather were all right for Soprano & Bass: the difficulty was who could take the second. I remembered it in the old days at Glenalmond & had sung the treble at a school concert under Cocky Taylor: But I find I can't sing high enough for the second & won't do it, though they are making me try it now. Miss Wakley has proved herself invaluable at the piano, & with very little trouble has mastered the somewhat difficult but beautiful accompaniment of the Great Mariner chorus. The fine weather luckily continues, so we have the cuddy to ourselves when we want it. They have begun playing rope quoits on deck; at which Mrs Atwood distances all other players in consequence of much practice in her many voyages. At nights there are sometimes

dances, other nights popular concerts, which shew such a low taste in music that we are beginning to fear that ours when it comes off will fall flat, from the want of an audience worthy of real music. I suppose people are beginning to have read all their own books, as there is a decidedly loose code of morality about in the matter of borrowing other people's. It is not safe to leave a book out for a moment. I have not many, nor just now much time to read, but the other night I left out the new Edition of *Clarissa Harlowe* which I got at Plymouth in a cheap form. I left it in the dining tray behind me when at tea, & to my surprise afterwards found it gone. It is a great nuisance, as I much wanted to

read it. However plenty others have gone the same mysterious road. Some people abuse the middies, but I don't think they have any other evidence against them than the presumption that a mid-dy would bore anything. They certainly have plenty of time on their hands in this ship where ^{they} really are treated like 'young gentlemen', and are not put to all the odd dirty jobs, which is generally the fate of merchant midships. They are nice young fellows and mess by themselves at a table 'tween decks: and judging by the officers we have on board, Money Brigpam's plan of treating middies as such & not as cabin boys evidently can produce good officers as well as gentlemen.

On Wednesday the great Bandmann gave us a reading on

deck, Phyllock and Eugene Aram: both very good. His pronunciation is marvellous for a foreigner; perhaps in the former he had the art to allow his foreign accent to show itself, for he made the Venetian Jew speak much more as modern Jews speak than is usually attempted by English actors on this part. Mrs B is still unable to exert herself; she is a most determined victim to sea sickness. Mrs Davis too is still steady & therefore quiet: her illness however does not proceed from the sea. Miss Jones a great strong girl of 14 also plays the invalid. She is supposed to be under Mrs Atwood's care; if I had charge of her, I should give her a good shaking every morning before breakfast, as she only wants to be made to exert herself to be all right.

On Monday & Tuesday we had 2 visits from Neptune & his suite in honour of crossing the line, which took place on the night of the 19th. The first visit was paid after tea on that evening, being an intimation on the part of the monarch that he meant to overhaul us next morning to see who had never been that way before: and as a return compliment a hat was sent ^{round} for contributions to get his majesty & his retainers a taste of the Somersetshire Grog. New claims got off very easily by a small subscription to this fund. I remember Father Neptune when we visited the 'Evening Star' expected 1000 from all cabin passengers who had never crossed the line: but perhaps so many more now cross his dominions that he can afford to let them off cheaper. Next day the visit was

Made in all state; Neptune with his wife & daughter capitally dressed, even to the chignon of his wife, made of spungum, quite a fashionable shade. attended by his barber doctor policeman & band, paraded the poop; made an oration, shaved one victim before the ladies with dry flour only just to let them see the way, & then after a few songs retired to the waist where the real business commenced, & all who had not crossed before & were not general favourites had to undergo the tarbrush & razor, but all good humouredly enough, one of the stowaways who had been skulking all through the voyage being the only victim who caught it badly. They were determined to give it him, for tho' he produced papers to show he had been across, the seaking told him it was all gammon, & gave the wink to the barber, who certainly

shaved him in such earnest that it is to be hoped for his own sake he will be believed on another occasion. By 5 o'clock all was over. decks washed & order restored; and as the money collected for them was left in the chief mate's hands, there was no fear of their getting tight. The said stowaway was a regular schemer: before the end of the week he refused work, although he had been as fairly treated as he deserved, & in consequence was put in irons & afterwards consigned to the stokehole, to have it taken out of him as a trimmer, which was all the satisfaction he got - the hardest & hottest work on board & no pay. By the bye I was lucky enough one night to win a prize in a raffle; some passengers forward got one up with 2 prizes. a Yorkshir ham & a wiltshir cheese tickets of each. & to my surprize and em-

barassment the cheese fell to my lot. I did not want it, & so gave it to the fellow who threw the dice for me - who I dare say relished it better. Another important event, the dog Bianco has been shorn, not by Neptune's barber, but by the Cleaf & dumb Swin under Bandmann's own supervision. Bandmann's signs to tell him what he wanted were at first mistaken for an order to hunt for fleas. The 2nd number of the paper came out at last on Thursday, with some difficulty as Smyth would not write a second editorial; so they had to concoct rather a lame apology for one. I don't think its appearance calls for much comment, barring the general consternation at the editor's chuck in alluding to some passenger's matrimonial intentions, which

allusion considering that the mode of publishing is reading ¹⁰⁵ in public before all passengers, the victims included, who of course had no suspicion that so notorious mention was to be made of their position, was rather cool & cruel. To conclude the memorabilia of the week on Saturday the S.E. trades show signs of having down, & as we could not knock out the regulation minimum pace with canvas only, we had to have the screw down again.

Sunday July 25

The usual Sunday routine, but without any breakdown this time on the part of the choir. For some reason or other since last Sunday division of labour was suggested as a possible means of arriving at perfection. Perhaps Smythe wishes his energies to be kept in reserve for the hymns & hopes by that dodge to be quite certain of always hitting off the right time. However I am deputed to start the chants & be the hymns. I am sorry to have to make this confession, as it solely is caused by the disinclination of those really qualified to volunteer; and as you will ~~begin~~ begin to have doubts on the nature of the success which eventually is to crown our efforts. One great difficulty I have is to select

chants low enough for me to be able to lead, and yet high enough for Sopranos to sing. However that necessity prevents our having ambitious ones, which is no doubt a benefit. Today the trade freshened up again & we had the saw hoisted again.

Monday - Saturday July 26-31.

This week has seen us getting well on our voyage, and still much indebted to the old screw. The daily runs are getting better, our best being 238, very long behind what we will soon consider a good day's work, but still an improvement. All Thursday Friday & Saturday we were bothered with very uncertain weather, dodging the screw up & down, as the skipper does not wait long to give the wind a chance of changing its mind; and on Saturday we actually hoisted it twice. Now too that we have reached the end of the month, we may reckon that so far as time goes we have got over the longest half of the voyage, tho' if we look to distance we have the longest half to run. We have passed

several ships, 2 going North not near enough to signal, but 3 going the same way as ourselves, the *Nor* from Gothenburg for Melbourne 74 days out, & from her appearance likely to be 74 days more: the *Amitie* from Marseilles to Melbourne, & the *Jam Maria* from Pernambuco to Mauritius, all which created quite a flusation amongst us. With these we may consider our last chance of sending letters home to have expired as we are now out of the track of homeward bound ships, & there will probably be the last sails we shall see till we sight Australia. Our good sailing powers were exhibited in the ease with which under canvas only we passed some of these: tho' not such a wonder when we saw how they were labouring

der reduced canvas, while we could stand well up to our voyags. We are beginning too to feel a decided change in our weather, as we have been running all this week in colder latitudes, and thick clothes are already at a premium: ~~but~~ then we are already beginning to be making our Easting and are in lat 31°. To counterbalance last week's account of a failure in the matrimonial market, this week we have a real engagement to chronicle, but it is not half so generally amusing. The Doctor and Miss Osborne have arranged matters all right: they make a neat little couple, ornament the deck very much when they promenade together, & appear very quietly happy: & so people have nothing else to do but to wish them a speedy accomplishment

of their hopes & wishes. The concert has been the great event ¹¹¹ of the week, which gave us plenty to do up to Thursday ~~night~~ & left us little time for anything else. As the time approached the Practices became every day more & more important, & each time we attempted the great chorus increasing doubts arose as we neared the one or two hard places where ^{we} always had come to grief before & where leather had to stop us with a safe grab of his stick. However he is the best conductor I ever saw, with quite the gifts requisite, firmness & good humor & never allowing his team to see that he fears failure. So we kept reducing our difficulties one by one, to overcome them all before the fatal day, that is if we could be sure

always of taking up the parts with the proper steadiness & precision, which is so much wanted & so hard to be driven into a lot of people like us some of whom have the vaguest notions of time. Towards the end of the chorus (it is a pretty long one) there are 2 bits something of the fugue style, in the one the tenors commence, in the other the Sopranos, both on a sustained very high note, & after those notes if we get together in time we are nearly always flat. But Leathers won't think of failure till it is over, so I hope we shall succeed. Then the wreath trio has been a source of uneasiness to me at least. It was arranged last week that I should take the 2nd, which I thought absurd & begged them to try Smythe. But he is not quick at

learning & a very bad hand at keeping time - so he promised¹¹³ worse than I did. At last I suggested to Leathers he & I exchange solos, he taking the 2nd & I the bass, the two being the same, with the only difference that the bass is 3 notes lower, and that in the choruses or whatever they are called when the 3 voices sing together, when there was only 2 bars when regularly stumped me from height - by an ingenious process of thimble rigging, he was to take the music of my part - (of course the words were the same) while I sang the bass, & at the end of the 2 bars back we should each¹² to his old part. This has settled the great difficulty, if only I can get through my solo respectably, as I don't want to spoil the efforts of the other two who are first rate. Then there were the programmes. Leathers

114 I had to write the most of them, as all the volunteers we got proved duffers, and spoilt more paper than they were worth. But we did about 3 dozen and found it quite hard enough work.

But our concert was not the only one given on board our gay ship this week. The 2 classes of passengers forward had been organizing a mixed evening of readings & music, for which they had invited some of us to help. I was applied to by a man who had been very useful in the choir & whom I was very willing to oblige: & when he asked me to read something, I hardly knew what to do. But a bright thought struck me - I will get Leather to recite something & he will do much better than I shall.

115 So accordingly I told my friend that I was a great duffer at that sort of thing, but would ask my friend Mr. Leather to do so instead. And as he was agreeable - it was all right. The Parson gave them a reading from Charles Lamb - Leather a bit of Shakespear - & Sut-cliff a dreary bit of serious poetry, in which he failed so decidedly that we begin to think he is right about his own line. But we had some capital readings by some of the Steerage passengers. The music did not deserve as high a compliment. The concert room was the steerage dressed in flags, & with reader's desks lighted with the ship's coloured lights, as pretty as could be in such a place, but oh! how hot! They had been polite enough to reserve the 3 front rows for such ladies from the saloon as chose to come - so we must treat them as well next night.

On the Thursday we had nothing but a succession of boaters, till I was afraid poor Seather who would get excited, ^{W.D.} began to get quite wild. First in the morning as I was taking my smoke on the main-deck, up comes Mr. Green an elderly 2nd class passenger, & said he was very sorry to have to tell me that one of the songs proposed to be sung 'The wearing of the Green' was pronounced by some passengers forward to be offensive, & ~~that~~ they would hiss it; adding that as he believed it was to be sung by a lady, such a remark would be very annoying. It was to be one of Mrs. Baudmann's songs, & in sentiment is as disloyal & rebel a song as ever was written ~~for~~ by an Irishman. But who would have thought ~~that~~ such pigheaded brutes as these Orangemen would have objected

on board ship to a song, which Mrs. B. had sung for ~~more~~ ^{more} than 100 nights with great applause during the run of a piece in London at all courts? At a concert on the wide ocean if any where one might surely choose songs for their music, without thinking of Fenians. Of course I told Seather immediately & he was in a great way, talked of giving the concert to saloon passengers only, & all sorts of things. Then he went to Mrs. Baudmann & upset her; & she began to rave: but I did not go near her & thought I had better leave her to Seather. Then another difficulty was started by Mrs. Atwood in reference to the admission of the other passengers to the saloon. She wanted to get us to make it a charity concert, & by that means raise a certain number of shillings for her Dec

118 aged seamen's fund; which is no doubt a very good object
& deserving of the worthy woman's patronage, but why did
she wait till the eleventh hour & raise difficulties then? It
seems too the the piano belongs to her & not to the ship, so she thinks
she has another pull over our us. But if she had only set about
her purpose straight forwardly at once when the concert was first
talked of, I have no doubt it would have been as she wished,
but now after announcing a free concert, it is absurd to try to
get us to change our plans a few hours before it ought to begin.
But by this time she had got some of the ladies' backs up, &
they declare they won't sing for money to please Mrs Atwood: so
here's a nice kettle of fish. I keep as clear of it as I can, for
when women are squabbling a great deal more is said than ever

is meant, & it is much better to keep out of it all till they come to 119
themselves. And so I do until I am seized by Mrs B. & made to
listen to a long tirade against Mrs Atwood. Meanwhile Scatters
among them all gets nearly frantic, & really at dinner time
I don't feel certain whether there will be a concert after all.
However after dinner Mrs Atwood surrenders at discretion &
puts her piano at our disposal: Mr O'Callaghan gets his
orders to have the cuddy arranged & decked with flags. But
then Bandmann wakes & hears about the 'wearing of the green'
difficulty & declares his wife shan't sing at all to such
beasts &c &c. quarrels with Scatters & matters are as bad as
ever. However I see the Scatters abate, show him that Mrs B
must do as she or her husband like, but as she does not sing

in any of our part songs! we had better have the concert without her, as it can't be helped; & so it remains. but you will be thinking I ~~was~~^{you} never ~~coming to the~~^{will have the} concert: well that's what I thought too. After an important discussion as to whether Gentlemen (I mean performers) should dress, it was decided black morning coats & light gloves would do; so at 8 o'clock we led our lady performers, who of course were all smart, into the charmed circle round the piano moved forward for the occasion as far as the margin met, where we seated ourselves under a canopy of flags, while Min Wabley played the Introduction to the Ancient Manner to compose our nerves. This was a late thought of Leathes' the day before, & luckily Min

Wabley is quick enough at reading music, & was able to manage it in the short amount of time she could monopolize the piano in the 2 last days, though like so much music of modern composers its effects are produced by anything but simple means. It was all the more good natured of her as she knew the piano to be such an indifferent one that it could do justice to ~~no~~ one's playing, & that it was only intended to reassure Leathes' nervous flock. Then off we started and the chorus went so well as to astonish ourselves, never so well before, the parts sharply taken up & as true as possible right to the end. After such a beginning we could fear nothing afterwards. I need hardly copy out the programme as you have that in the 'Svensk'.

News! In it you see when Mrs Bandmann's first song 'The widowed maid' comes: as she had not joined us in the ladies' cabin which was our rendezvous for the evening, we fancied her husband really had stopped her singing, & Mr Gubbins had just sat down to accompany himself in 'Infelice', when in slips Mrs Bandmann. She was too late to ~~join~~ them, but Gubbins went on with his, & she followed, but awfully nervous & I am afraid having had a scene with her insulting husband.

Between the parts we retired to the ladies' cabin to keep the ladies up to the mark with sandwiches, port & sherry, shortly returning Mrs B. determined to brass the Orange stem & sing the bearing of the Green in spite of them. It went off splendidly

Lots of people had heard of the objection, & enquired what was thought of them; & on the score she sang it with still more spirit than before, putting her whole heart & soul (if actresses uses those organs when they seem to do so) into the words, till one was not so astonished at that the song should ever have been proscribed. In case you never heard it I give you one of the best verses, & you judge for yourselves.

'Then if the colour we must wear in England's cruel red,

'Let it remind us of the blood that Ireland has shed.

'Then take the shamrock from your cap & throw on the sod

'And never fear, 'twixt take root there tho' underfoot 'tis trod'

Our wealth went off all right, & I got through my threaded solo at an event, parrably, at any rate for all who did not know enough to see that I hurried the time; but the accompaniment was judiciously

varied so as to suit their eccentricities, & I dare say no one but ~~lastly~~ found out that every now & then a bar would be deprived of one or two triplets in the accompaniment. Afterward on our way to the retiring room, Dr Barry (it is needless to say of what country) in a state of great excitement in consequence of Mr B's song, told us he was going for some ~~other~~ ^{other} ~~firm~~ ^{firm} in honour of it, & he had the gallantry to add of the other ladies; soon reappearing with some sparkling Carlswitz much appreciated by the fair songstresses after their fatigues. They drank the Dr's health & we added 'for his a jolly good fellow' I dare say for the first time in such precincts. The next evening another bit of gaiety ~~followed~~ came off. Grant gave a tea party to the ladies at our end of the saloon, intended to outdo the one Smith gave a few weeks ago. And superior it was in

all sorts of ways: first he had gentlemen to look after them; next he had currant in his hands; & lastly he kept them amused all the evening at round games & send them to bed with sandwiches & champagne. I sat next Mrs Atwood & banked with her at the round games & had my pun of her in the end. We had ~~won~~ a few shillings & ^{she} was walking off with it, when I gravely proposed to give to the decayed seamen, which of course she had to do. So I had the small gratification of giving her a rub for her brother at the concert. Lastly we had the 3^d number of the newspaper, w^{ch} chronicled the stirring events of the past week. This time the leader was by Smythe, who was not deterred by his share in the concert from giving it unqualified praise. The paragraph on Markets was much appreciated, by Mill, in w^{ch} the shortcomings of the Somersetshire Commissioner were most amusingly criticized.

Sunday - Saturday August 1-7.

This Sunday we had the morning service in the saloon for the first time, which is further proof of our still changing weather: for now the poop is getting no place for lounging, but only devoted to short walks to warm the toes & improve the circulation or to a shaft constitutional before dinner. For the benefit of all & Sundry Smith has started a volunteer corps for the same purpose of inducing such some exercise, & whenever the decks are dry he marches them round the maindeck. On Sunday the parson in his sermon gave us a few original notions about figtrees, wholly unnecessary, & unfortunately untrue to reality. He is not above chaff on the subject, but defends himself behind the authority of all the Commentators. His notion

of the sort of composition a sermon should be is generally very distressing - the *modus operandi* being to take a parable or scripture episode, dissect it & after a good mangling put it together again which process hardly reconciles one to the exceedingly good moral he tacks on at the end. On evening he produced Isabel for our instruction, & really made of the poor lady's life & death as wonderful a medley as did the mythical undergraduate so well known in Oxford tradition.

The ship's work for the week has been steadily improving & we are rapidly running to the Eastward under an escort of a few Albatrosses & a great many Cape pigeons; & an hour about the longitude of the Cape, which is always a sort of mile-stone on our long journey: and are as far South as lat. 40°

128. further South than which we need hardly go at this Season, & if winds keep fair & allow us to sail a straight course. The Captain is very good about his chart; he generally lets it lie for an hour or two every day in the Cuddy, so that ^{all} who are curious can see our whereabouts. a most unusual civility as generally it is only by favour the chart can be inspected, most Captains ^{thinking} they are very gracious to put up daily the lat. & long. of the ship. We have still some dissipation to keep us alive & more & greater in prospect, Smith having announced that he means to give a ball. The state of the case being that the open hearted man finds himself in the possession of so much champagne that ~~the~~ very sight of it in his Cabin is too much for him.

and fancies a ball to be the only occasion on which justice ¹²⁹ could be done to it without serious consequences. The date is still open, but I trust he will take the clerk of the weather into his confidence & ensure a fine night, as some of those we have had lately would hardly have done for dancing. On Tuesday Mrs. St. Wood gave a supper party in honor of her husband's birthday; which began with an intellectual feast contributed by the Baudmanns, Mrs B. having been a new woman since the concert which little excitement has renovated her dormant energies, & let her feel how much the exertion of a little determination has to do with sea sickness. Her debut as an elocutionist on board the *Sun-Crestshire* was eminently successful, first as Porter to her husband's

130 Shylock. He then was bold enough to read Junyson's 'Chances of the
Thousand', in a way which must make all cease to doubt his
powers of being able to read our best English authors worthily. His
wife followed with ~~the~~ Rover's ballad 'Rory O'More' in a most splendid
manner. To hear that she is a Lancashire lass & never in Ireland,
save for a fortnight last year in Dublin acting, makes her imitation
of the Irish brogue & 'naivete' simply a marvel. By particular
desire Grant repeated his 'St. Mary gold' which never seems to lose
its freshness, tho' intimately with his audience seems to make the
gallant captain less able to keep his countenance when he sees all
laughing at his fun. All wound up by sandwiches, champagne
& a round of toasts commencing with those of the Captain & Mrs. A.

131 he being described as the finest Captain of the finest ship of the finest
line in the world: & every body proposing every body else's health in the
same way. After this it entered into the head of the idiot Program,
who has kept quiet for the last week or two, that duty to the Ladies
called on him to give another party of the same sort, in spite of ad-
vice from me & others that it was wholly unnecessary: but he was de-
termined, & appealing to us for assistance we felt bound to submit
through, as a sort of amende for the unceremonious way he had
been treated when in his amorous fit. As a great novelty an
exhibition of an Italian dwarf was devised in which portions
of Leathe's & Neill's bodies ^{combined} ~~perhaps~~ while I held them up behind. This
joint production was received with such bristrous applause as to

tantalizing dreadfully us in the background who could not see & could
 only imagine the absurd appearance. One of the curtained alleys
 between the cabins was our theatre & a board fixed across waist high
 for a stage. Over this Leathers' head & shoulders grotesquely costumed
 & under his elbows he'll got his arms to the front, while Leathers,
 own arms through the sleeves of a dressing gown & with silk stockings
 & shoes on his hands made the figure complete. A second curtain
 falling so as to conceal all but Leathers. The ship was rolling heav-
 ily all the time & it was very hard work for me to keep the two
 then entangled on their feet, in spite of rehearsals in the afternoon.
 Another night we victimized old Harrold, who without invitation
 came & sat down at the head of our table at tea. And as he is

by no means a favourite, we insisted on a forfeit, & fined him¹³³
 a bowl of punch to be consumed the same evening. So that he
 has taken the hint & not favoured us again. We were so elated
 by the success of our concert. We have agreed to have another, but
 after allowing some days of illness to recruit our energies nothing
 further has been done. We all enjoyed the practising, so much that
 it will be a pity if it does not ^{come off} but the saloon is now so crowded
 all day that it will not be so easy to manage. I don't know
 what has come over Gubbins; he has not expanded as most men
 would have done, under the general influences of our hithertofore
 saut voyage. In fact the moment jollity began to get general
 he all the more drew into his shell. As I remarked at first he
 looks as if he had a sad history, & people whisper he has just

lost a wife. But never will assist at anything for the public good any more than he can help & then only passively; & at other times rather avoids us. He & his brother are a wonderfully attached pair. They always are chatting & I hear them the first thing at night & first in the morning laughing away as if they always had a joke. On Saturday, the 4th number of the paper was read - mainly an amusing résumé of our week's fun; but it has ingeniously utilized the strange likeness which Grant possesses to the French Emperor & his French acquirements by the invention of an absurd telegram. An important announcement was also made that McDermott undertakes to print the paper at his office in Melbourne & generously adds, *free gratis*: So you will have a copy.

Sunday - Saturday August 8-14.

Still better progress this week to record, better runs, & more certain winds; and on Tuesday the 10th the board actually displayed the large figures 318. The only ones who looked blue were the sporting men who had bet against the ship, though they had the consolation of declaring that it was only dead reckoning for that day the weather had prevented us getting an observation, & that it was a decided case of overlogging. They even gave odds that we would do as much again; but now we've rounded. There are also all sorts of bets going as to our accomplishing our long journey within the 60 days: & it is just an open question now, as one or two bad day's work will make it almost

an impossibility. However the sailing qualities of the ship are undeniably. she carries canvas, & stands up to a gale in a marvellous way in weather that would make most ships think of reefing topsails. The skipper is determined to make a passage if skill can do it, is never afraid of losing sails, while extremely careful & always keeping his eye on everything almost every hour of the day & night. This week we have lost several large sails: the largest on ^{Friday} day night, when as we were finishing our whist we heard by some above that something had happened, evidently some large sail carried away. It turned out to be the mainsail quite new of the strongest canvas, and containing nearly 1200 yards of canvas & to the value of something like \$180. It was not entirely the wind

alone that caused it: the watch were tightening the tack ¹³⁷ & the boatswain's mate had to let it go to save his hand; but once loose it was not so easily got in again & the sail blew to shreds. The next morning there was about a third of it remaining, clewed up to the yard, & looking very melancholy with its jagged ends. The only fault of the ship in heavy weather is the amount of water she takes in over the waist, which makes her maindeck much, ^{as} way wet, & I believe is very disagreeable for the passengers in the 2 classes forward, as some water is always getting down inside the coverings of the benches, in spite of the joints being covered with tarred canvas closely battened. This has made the maindeck rather a disagreeable place for smokers, who are in den

spair for a sanctum in a dry bieldy corner. The Captain has a nice house midships, where he sleeps in bad weather with his eye on every thing, & we have endeavoured to induce him by hints and other indirect means to let us have the loan of it for our pipes. But although he is a smoker he does not yet seem to see it. So our only refuge is between the double doors of the Cuddy, when I am sure some smoke must get inside, but as it is not forbidden we continue to make the best of it, in spite of its only holding about 4 comfortably & without seats, & that when there we are always being encroached on by passers through who have to run the gauntlet of our blessings. It is a thoroughfare also for the 'two-decks', so we feel our position un-

tenable by a display of the strongest determination not to give it up. But this uncomfortable want of arrangement for smokers has caused my conscience, & when utterly disgusted with the state of things on deck I retire to my own cabin & smoke there as the ventilation below is so perfect that it can be no nuisance to any one. Some nights in desperation we have got old Miles the Engineer to light up the stairs of his engine room; & we descend into the bowels of the ship and smoke in the stoke hole 6 inches above the keel. But it is an oily draughty place, in spite of the coal fire kept up there by the engineer's watch, who are always there in bad dish weather, even when the engines are not going. Wednesday was the eventful night of Smith's

ball; and the being able to have it on that night was the greatest proof of the comparative sturdiness of the big ship, for as it was it was almost too much for us. The preparations had been great; ladies had not expected such a thing on the occasion of the voyage, & had to get boxes up from below, & look out ball dresses: and the half open doors of the cabins early in the day let one see glimpses of muslins & all sorts of finery laid out in the bunks. It was not too safe to display them in this rickety way, as a sea bigger than the rest hit her on the starboard quarter, & came into 2 cabins & did a deal of damage. One a gentleman's cabin was

regularly swimming, & the unfortunate owners had their portmanteaus completely swamped, & were driven to appear in borrowed plumage. In the other belonging to 2 young ladies Miss Woolfield & Miss Jones enough water came in to wet their muslin dresses; which shortly were to be seen lashed to the spankerboom, & luckily soon dried & not much the worse. You see by my programme card how we got over that difficulty: old fashioned lady's visiting cards did very well, & Mrs. Bushaw & Miss McLaren, worthy Puritans, actually relaxed so far as to undertake the writing them & executed the job ⁱⁿ a regular copperplate hand. N.B. This was a signal proof of her

catching in the contagion of innocent pleasures, & must serve as an excuse for much of the levity of this Log. At 7.45. pm we began early when I went to dress, I had made up my mind that it would be a failure as far as dancing went, as she was rolling so much - & so I congratulated myself on having saved myself the trouble of filling up my card as did some of the eager youngsters. But to my amazement the ladies did not get alarmed at the concussions which were unavoidable in the rolls & lurches: & as people began to enjoy themselves & enter still more into the spirit of it, the dancing was not allowed to flag, although the sea kept getting more boisterous. It was no

job I can tell you to receive the weight of 2 or 3 couples at once shop on one, as one was resting against a bulkhead: the alleys too between the cabins were awful traps, 2 or 3 couple would be shot down then one on the top of the other. You will perhaps after this sketch of the accidents be inclined to think that waltzes & galops ~~little~~ can have been little better than rumps: I really assure you we had some capital dances in spite of the awkwardness of finding oneself & partner struggling uphill one minute, only to ~~run~~ down hill the next. Our end of the Cuddy aft from the Mizzen was curtained off with flags for the dances, the tables all cleared away. The other tables forward on the other side of the

Flags were the supper room to which we adjourned to do full justice to the supper, the champagne & the inevitable speeches, returning again to keep up the ball with unabated vigour till 12 o'clock. In the beginning of the week I had been afraid I should have been too lame to dance, as for 2 or 3 days I had been awfully tormented with chilblains on my feet, things I haven't had since my schooldays. But luckily they disappeared in time & did not prevent my enjoying myself. The music came from the piano, not the sailmaker's violin: Mrs McDougall, Miss Wakley, Leather & Gulbrin the musicians & very good music they gave. On Thursday Mrs Atwood's charity raffle came off - a bazaar was found impracticable, so a raffle

was arranged 2/6 a ticket: so close-fisted gentlemen who pleaded poverty could get out of it at a moderate outlay. I think there were about 120 tickets, no blacks, and the prizes as great a lot of rubbish, woolwork & otherwise, as I ever saw. But the incongruities between the drawers & their prizes always raise a laugh - & so on this occasion they were thought immensely amusing. Saturday was remarkable for the fact of there being no newspaper, it being supposed that Smith's champagne at the ball had been too much for the editorial staff.

Don't suppose that I forgot the 12th of August, although I spent it on the Southern ocean, rather different to last year. I thought

of our pleasant trip in Sutherland last year, tho' by the way we were in rather unpleasant plight on the 12th: I hope the buck was in the midst of his grouse on that day this year without any rain & has had good sport.

Sunday - Saturday Aug. 15-21.

Another week of about the least eventful of the voyage. The cold weather has been making us sleep like dormice, & so naturally I have little for the log. Great irregularity in the appearances at breakfast; & at any hour of the day, if any one is wanted & not to be found about, 10 to 1 he is discovered on his bed asleep. Sunday was a nasty rough day, & we were shipping lots of seas - green & all colours: one just before tea created a little excitement, as it surprised the Captain, MacDoyall & Wakley standing on the top of the booby hatch. The Skipper & MacDoyall managed to hold on to the spars of the boats above their heads, but Wakley was lifted clean off & landed in the lee scuppers with a bruise

or two & wet to the skin; but so were the others for the matter of that. And afterwards when we were sitting at tea, another sea broke clean over the poop & came in through the skylight over our heads, making us skeddaddle. It spoiled a plateful of bread & jam to which I had just helped myself. It was voted too rough for evening service. On Wednesday afternoon I got a nasty rap myself, as I was standing on the main deck which was slippery with the sea which had ^{been} coming over. The ship gave a great kick & I was sent flying across, just missing the engine room skylight & the body hatch, & launched all my length against the lee poop ladder: & then to complete it down I came flat in the

scuppers, while the sea shot up through the lower hole & gave me a tidy wetting. I was bruised from my shoulder all ~~down~~ my left side when I hit the ladder, in fact the blow was so hard as not only to smash my watchglass, but to dent the 2 sides of the ^{with the 2 ends of the pin} case on which the hands work. I got some arnica & doctored my side, so that the worst was taken out of the bruise, but I felt decidedly shy of wet decks when the ship was lurching for a little while.

Leather has been seedy too, & so nothing has been done in the musical way, & my time has been divided between looking after him & a little reading, sleeping like every body else be-

tween whiles. The ship however has been going while we have been sleeping - good runs every day except Tuesday when the wind was so unsteady as to necessitate a return to the old screw for a short time. Part of Thursday she went quicker than I ever saw a ship go under canvas. Up to 5 o'clock in the afternoon the wind had slackened & we were going perhaps 8 or 9 knots only, when it suddenly freshened & we must have kept up to about 15 or 16 most of the night, for our next day's run was 279. Harrold has been useful in giving us all a little excitement both the betting men & the general public in

this state of comparative inaction; for though it began with the betting fraternity it soon became universal: though Harrold had not many supporters, and all, save his backers, would have liked to have seen him wrong. Old Harrold, who has travelled about a bit in his time, like the man in the song, & has always got his eyes open, has got a very good idea generally of what pace the ship is going; and as he is always thinking, & at sea hasn't much to trouble his head about, most days is pretty near the mark when he tries to guess the probable run. Some of the clever ones found this out & turned it to advantage; & at last Smith got 10 bold as to

offer to back Harrold's opinion against any man in the ship for as many days as they liked. He was at once taken up by plenty who dislike Harrold, but in 3 days they had enough of it & could not afford to let their dislike carry them further.

In the beginning of the week the Firemen gave us a Charity ministers entertainment in the 3^d Cabin, in which the chief performers were those who used to play & sing on the deck in the hot weather. It was pretty fair but all these negro concertos when amateurs have a strong family resemblance. By Saturday the paper had recovered itself from last Saturday's dissipation, and re-appeared. but with not much in it: except the account of the

balls which celebrates the wonderful way in which Col. ¹⁵³ George son came out on that occasion. Who would have thought that the broken down man of the beginning of the voyage could have danced as he did last week like a two year old!

Sunday - Saturday August 22-28.

Here ~~are~~ 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~~ 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

who has got all right again, bethought himself that there would be time enough to get up a farewell concert, & finding Mr Vaile & Miss Wakley ready to help, we have been occupied all the week in what practising we could venture on in the crowded saloon. But we contented ourselves with simple things - as you will see in the programme, mainly trios duets & solos which are much more easily got up than larger pieces, inasmuch 2 or 3 people are more easily got to practise at odd times than 6 or 8 when you have to hunt every one up individually. Leather produced for the occasion an original glee. Both words & music, which like

amateur music is uncommonly difficult to get to go well as they always are ambitious & have some favourite but unnatural harmony to introduce. It is pretty however & we have taken a great deal of pains with it to please him. Our male trios are all simple & familiar enough - One of them 'Of all the brave birds!' I have not seen since the old Glenasmole days. Luckily Mrs Atwood was intending to ask you to get something up for the last Saturday evening as there is always a final supper on these voyages - so our little concert will do very well. We were not favoured with the best of weather for it, as it turned out to be the roughest night we have

had yet - owing to our meeting a strong head sea, which set the ship pitching & rolling at a tremendous rate. The ladies could not attempt to stand up to sing: the piano was run down to the lee bulkhead, & Miss Wakley was sitting above it, in consequence of the ship lying over so much. And in the middle of a beautiful duet from the Ancient mariner a chair broke loose & caught leather behind the knee & nearly brought him down: however he did not miss an note, hardly allowed his voice to falter. His original she was encored by way of compliment to him, as they allowed prettier things than that to pass without an excuse, but our brave bird trio was honoured with one, as I thought

likely, as it is a jolly old bit of music. Dr Barry insisted¹⁵⁹ on producing the very last bottles of his celebrated Calowitz to keep it up as a regular institution for concert nights, & of course had his health drunk again. Then we went to supper after which an address was presented to the Captain & all sorts of congratulations went round on the rapidly approaching end of the voyage - & I returned thanks for the ladies for the last time on board - a toast which fell to my share very often during the voyage - so that I began to feel rather stumped up for something new to say on the subject.

Sunday - Monday August 29.30.

I have got at last to the final division of the voyage, which has been so successful & prosperous, as we sighted Cape Orway on Sunday evening, making our passage in 58 days much to the gratification of the Captain, & more or less of all of us though perhaps some of us had lingering feelings of regret at the approach of break up of much that had been pleasant. If last week's ~~made~~ people unsettled, of course they were 10 times worse on the last day, still service was fairly attended both times in spite of the rough weather which ~~increased~~ after the concert very decidedly has been worse than we have yet seen the whole voyage. By way of acknowledgement to the Purson a purse has been subscribed of between \$15 & \$20 for the way he has conducted the services.

Early in the afternoon the sea began to get more & more dusky grey, showing that we were nearing land: & while at dinner it is sighted, & drew most of us upwards, but the low grey cloudlike line on the port bow did not give much notion to expectant colonists. At dusk the light was sighted & at 2 in the morning the pilot came on board. Some eager souls waiting ^{up} to see him, & even came down & tried to drag me on deck at that hour, which was to say the least unreasonable at that time of night. By the time I was up about 7 we were inside the heads, & as I was dressing ^{through the hatch} I saw the mail steamer from Galles passing out to Sydney; so we have been defrauded of the

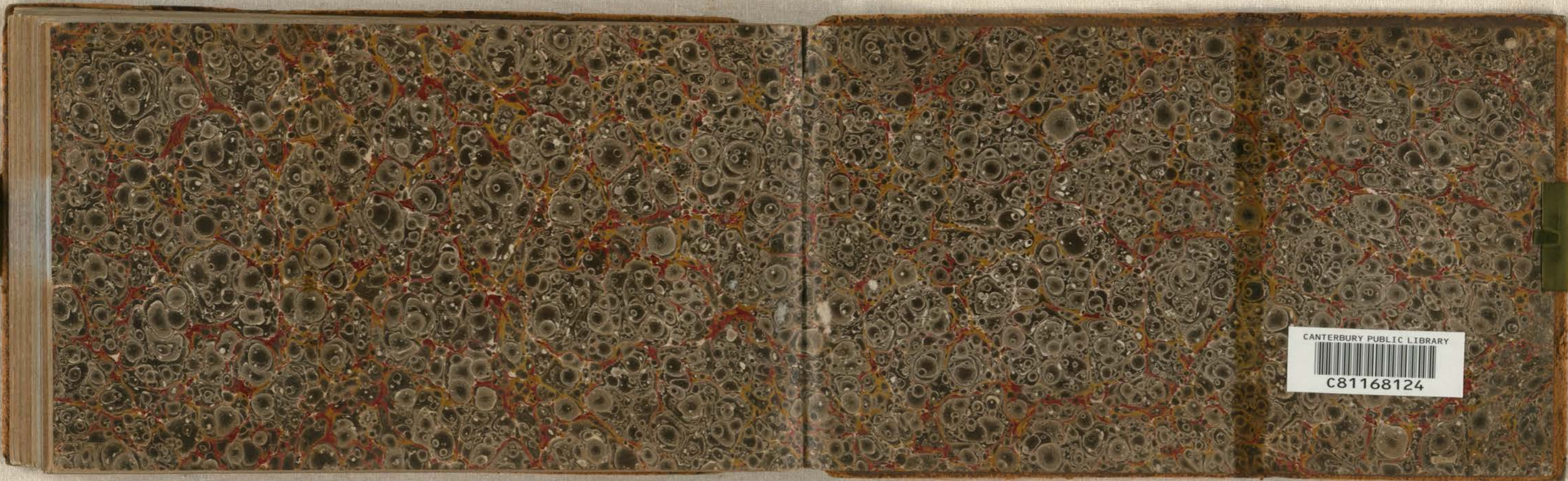
honour & glory of bringing later news from England. Port Phillip ^{inside} ~~after~~ the heads is not strikingly beautiful. A large sheet of water with no high land about it; rearing sand-ridge we see the position of Melbourne with its suburbs on the skirts of the bay. It is a nasty old squally day & not fitted to make any plan look well. By 10'clock we are along side & adieux have to be made all round, as some of us will never meet again. A good many of us who go to other ports have to wait for steamers so I shall feel solitary & without friends, while I am waiting till next Monday for the 'Orca'. Besides Hull & Mc'Dougall have added all strangers to a farewell

dinner to come off in a day or two, which will give us all an opportunity of dining together for the last time. It really is very distressing to have to break up pleasant friendships, for after 2 months on board one begins to know people as well & intimately as would be the case after years on shore. So now I must say good bye to you too, for whom the copying out of this log has given me a great deal of pleasure in recalling pleasant hours - I fear much that is interesting really owes its charm to association, & you will hardly have the patience to wade through so many lines of my scribbly hand. At all events I have tried to give you a notion of our life

164

on board the Somersetshire, & if you doubt see that it
was a jolly one, the fault lies in my way of telling
the story.

W. C. Walker -



CANTERBURY PUBLIC LIBRARY

C81168124

