

24th July 1864 Sunday

Lat 44° S. Long 23.50° E

Day fine, winds dead aft. a ship bound out about 10 miles ahead about a point on our port bow if the breeze freshens the skipper says we will over take her she has royals and studding sails set, we have our royal ^{yards} & stunsail boom stowed away below so if we now can keep up with her, in a breeze we must pass her.

Had morning service in our cabin as usual, I officiated. Mr. Brown attended.

25 July 1864 Monday

Lat 44.30° S. Long 28° E.

Damp day, wind N.W. Ship out of sight, lost her in the night, she must have been an East Indianer, and changed her course during the night.

Had some games I do it.

Howard and I for amusement today were thinking of each writing a letter to the others favourite sister to see which of us they would think the greatest wayland.