

Sunday Services

(Included in the diary on a loose sheet of paper)

Sunday

Service on Poop. 5 Bells

Sunday School 4 Bells. 2 P.M

Bible Class 3rd Class Saloon. 4 Bells. 2 P.M

Bible Meeting D^o D^o 4 Bells. 6 P.M

Monday

Singing on Forecastle. 4 Bells. 6 P.M

Tuesday

Singing Class 4 Bells. 10 A.M

Wednesday

Prayer Meeting 3rd Class Saloon. 4 Bells. 6 P.M

Thursday

Reading on Forecastle. 4 Bells. 6 P.M

Friday

Children's Class 10 A.M

Saturday

Singing on Forecastle. 4 Bells. 6 P.M

Preface to Diary

The early part of my life, until I arrived at the age of nineteen, had been spent in the pleasant ancient town of Preston, in the North of England, but my parents who had for years thought of visiting Australia at length decided to leave England and take up our abode in the opposite extreme of the Majesties dominions.

I often *in humour* said I would migrate, but I never had the remotest idea that my dreams of travelling 16 Thousand miles would ever be realised, and I shrank not a little from the thoughts of bidding farewell to a host of relatives and friends and my dearly loved Church and schools, to make my home in a far off land amid strangers. We kept our intended departure a secret for a short time, till our plans to had got a little matured, and in less than two months from the time of our decision, we had bid a long and tearful farewell to home and the loved ones. Mamma's health was not of the best and we fondly hoped that a long sea voyage would *improve it*.

We had thought of taking our passage on a clipper ship, but not wishing to remain on the ocean any longer than necessary we engaged our berths on the newer Steam Ship Northumberland, one of a line of steam and sailing ships belonging to Misters Money Wigram and Sons of Blackwall Yard.

As soon as possible Papa disposed of his business to an old friend of his, and we broke up our home and had then only a short time remaining to bid our relatives *the adieus* and take a longing gaze at all the old and familiar spots which we probably would never see again.

Oh, the pain of parting with dear ones is something past description, and the last Sunday I spent in Preston is always fresh in my mind, will I remember the feeling I had when I stepped on the threshold of my school and knew that it was for the last time, and I had a painful feeling that the scholars of my class had not had the instruction I ought to have imparted to them. I am afraid I have not implored God's blessings sufficiently on my labours, and then in the afternoon I bade farewell to two Uncles who lived in another town, and in the evening our dear Pastor spoke from the Pulpit of our leaving the Church and school we had been connected with so long. After the service we had a special administration of the Gods Supper,

to make Papa's teachers and elder scholars to kneel for the last time on earth at God's table.

Our Church was full that evening, for Papa had been connected with St. Saviours for many years and I believe beloved by all who knew him. On the evening following, there was a public meeting in the schoolroom, we had some parting presents made to us, as a tangible proof of the love and esteem they felt for us, though I think without such tokens we should never have forgotten them, *indebted we were*.

Indeed presents showered upon us on every side, we had many friends and they seemed to vie with each other, who would give us the most.

Papa and my brother started to London on the 16th September to look after the luggage and Ma, sister and I followed on the 18th. The evenings before Papa left we spent at our dear Pastors house, and he engaged in Prayer. I thought after the prayers we had that God would not forsake us, in all our perils by sea and land.

Then came the last day of our life in the dear old town and I remember the cold morning we left, and the cheerless, dim lighted, almost deserted station, as we bade farewell to those so soon to be parted from us on earth. Mamma and I stood at the open carriage window and strained our eyes to catch (in the dull light of the early morning) the last glimpse of the parks and river where I had had many a pleasant walk and sail.

We had to stay in London three days before our good ship sailed. The Uncle and Aunt who accompanied us to London took us to see some of the grand sights of the great metropolis, but the interest for sight seeing was gone from us, as our thoughts were elsewhere. Then we left London and joined the ship at Gravesend. We had visited her as she was in the South West India Docks and my heart sank when I thought I should have to *exist* in such a place. I had never been on board such a large steamer before, so I had only vague ideas of ship life, indeed I was ignorant of life on a ship.

But we forgot that for a time as we gave the last grasp of the hand, and the last kiss to those so soon to be parted from us, and as our vessel glided away (with the *Blue Peter* flying and the farewell shot from the gun) we watched the handkerchief my Aunt was holding up to show us where they were watching us. I had promised Uncle I would keep a diary of ship life. So the following is my first attempts,

and *but faintly portrays* what transpired. I beg your forbearance whilst perusing it and impute to my ignorance the errors (I confess are many) and for which I now apologise.

A . A . H

Steamship Northumberland

Outward Passage to Australia. Made in 52 Days.
Brief sketches of life on board a steam vessel

Monday, September 21st 1874

We came on board with our relatives at noon, a *little after* them as we had to pass the Doctor, I suppose to ascertain whether we were bringing any contagious disease on board. We went below to see our future home for the following two months, the first look at our berths was not so *favourable* as we would have liked but we must put up with *inconvenience* on board a vessel like the one we had chosen for the means of transport to our adopted country. We had left our native town amid the prayers and blessings of our dear relatives and friends, and I am sure no one left their country with more prayers than did my parents, brother and sister and I. We are leaving one home to make another in the opposite extreme of her Majesty's dominions.

At the appointed hour for starting, the bell was rung for the visitors to leave the ship, we had to bid farewell to our dear relatives for a time at least and as soon as possible the anchor was drawn up and our good ship, amid the cheers of the crew and the firing off of a gun, glided *elegantly* out of the harbour at Gravesend.

Smoothly she sailed down the Thames and we stood on the bulwark and viewed the scenery which was fine, we passed several vessels in and about the harbour, some were coming in from their outward voyage. The scenery was quite new and interesting to me but still in the midst of it my thoughts wandered to the dear ones I had just bid good-byes to. We retired to our berths at half past eight, very tired and sleepy.

September 22nd

Awoke in the morning to find nearly all on board sea sick, the heaving of the vessel was something frightful, *haven't* ate anything except a few biscuits, we laid in bed most of the day and tried to sleep it off.

September 23rd

We dropped anchor at 7 o'clock this morning at Plymouth to take in passengers and coals, we felt better, I had breakfast and then went on deck. I believe the amount of *passengers* on board the ship now is about 300, the view around the harbour is very fine. There are *batteries* on both sides, which makes it look quite warlike. We had a great many visitors on board, some had come to see friends off and others from the town, it was a beautiful day, quite a pleasant change from the rough night and day we had experienced before. Willie went on shore to take letters but we stayed to put our berths in order, as we had not been able the day before. Our berths are near the hatching so that we have plenty of *fresh water* which we very much need on board a steam vessel. Our provisions are as good as we can expect, considering the quantity to cook and provide for, visitors were allowed on board till six o'clock, then the bell was rung for them to leave, the anchor was hoisted and again and for the last time till we arrive at Melbourne, we bade farewell to land. As we passed along the Channel, we saw a quantity of vessels some going and some coming in, passed a lighthouse at $\frac{1}{2}$ past nine, soon after we retired to our berths.

24th September

Awoke to find it another lovely day, we had breakfast at 8 o'clock. We are now in the Bay of Biscay, and sailing along as smoothly as possible, no wind really but a rolling swell in the sea. We are now in Latitude 45 - 32. Longitude 6 - 31. Distance at noon from Plymouth, 145 knots.

25th September

I have heard it said that the Bay of Biscay was the most dreaded part of the voyage to Australia, but I must say that our passage through it was such that no one could have been displeased at. We came across some porpoises which amused us very much, dozens of them, rolling about on every side and floundering about most amusingly. We feel rather at a loss what to do to kill time, and I like to lean on the bulwarks and gaze on the ocean. I think watching the ocean reminds one of the power of the Creator, and makes one have a feeling

of awe and reverence for He who made the ocean, and I think those words are very applicable, *Such art thou stupendous ocean, that is overwhelmed by thee; Can we think without emotion, What must thy Creator be.* The log for today is Lat 45 - 58, Long 9 - 35, Distance 200 knots.

26th September

Another lovely day, and we are going at a pretty brisk pace, nothing passed today of any importance and I like watching the moon rise in the evening best, and enjoy it very much. I watched it last night and for a long time it was hid behind a large cloud and the reflection cast on the water was of a dull leaden hue, but presently she broke forth in all splendour and it was almost as light as day, it looked magnificent. I longed for my friends to have been with me and enjoyed it as I did, but intense though it was, *I found that it was all in vain.* By this time we have pretty nearly accustomed ourselves to ship diet, which as we are obliged to have or nothing, *seems to be more to our mind.* Most of the passengers have crossed the ocean before and by watching them we get more ideas how to make the best of inconveniences and set about our work. The motion of the vessel did not agree with us all this last week but now I think we all feel better, for which we are truly thankful. *You can give yourself a full week for nothing at all but sea sickness,* and it is a most dreadful feeling, I should not like to have to take the trouble to describe it. It is Sunday tomorrow and we are to have service on the Poop. Log for today is Lat 43 - 7, Long 12 - 1, Distance 202 knots.

Sunday 27th

Our first Sunday at sea, how very different from the peaceful Sundays we spent in the dear old town, in which we all joined in singing Gods praises and listening to the words uttered by our dear minister. I fancied this morning I was back in my old place in Church and could hear the organ playing and the voices of the congregation joining in the happy chorus to Almighty God for mercies he had bestowed to them. This morning we had Service on the poop, over the saloon cabins at $\frac{1}{2}$ past ten. The Captain ordered the bell to be rung and we all went and he read the prayers and the Doctor the lessons. Just imagine having Service on a vessel with the ocean rolling about us, and out

of sight of land we sang the hymn commencing *All People That On Earth Do Dwell*. The passengers, most of them except those who are utterly irreligious, were at the Service. The Captain read one of the prayers for use at sea, in a very impressive manner, all on board seem in such repose and quiet today and it makes it quite pleasant, the sailors are all in their clean dress and they are such a nice orderly crew, they seem to attend to their work well and are very able and kind. As I was writing this one of the gentlemen out of the second cabin asked us to go down in their cabin, they were going to have a Bible Class, one of the ladies from the saloon had a children's service at 2 o'clock and she said if any one wished to have singing and prayer she would be most happy to assist us in any way, she is a nice lady, a lot of us went down and enjoyed it very much. We sang some beautiful hymns and some of them offered up prayers, Ma, indeed all of us enjoyed it, it made it appear a little bit more like Sunday and we are to have the same every Sunday. I had no idea we had such good people on board, and its such a comfort to us who have been accustomed to attending Church and School, she read the 17th Chapter about the flowing out of the water, and then the 8th Chapter of *Romans* and the last of *Revelations*, and she commented on them all. We all felt better today as the wind has slightly changed, we have had head winds since we started but they are more favourable now and we shall go much quicker now than before. We are in latitude 29 - 37, Longitude 13 - 35, Distance 221 knots.

So ends the first Sunday at sea, and we trust Gods blessings may be put upon us all. Since I closed this I had an invitation to go down in the 2nd cabin to sing. They have a lot of singers amongst them and all have music books, we stayed a long time and then promenaded about till Maggie got sleepy so went down to our berths and turned in.

Monday 28th

We were all inclined to work today so have been looking through our boxes and getting out some work to do on deck, we had a good dinner today, pork and pea soup, which we enjoyed. We are gradually nearing the equator and every day it gets hotter and hotter, so we shall soon have to be in a nude state if we wish to keep cool, as it is enough to roast us alive now. We were off the coast of Spain and Portugal yesterday and tomorrow we hope to near Madeira, where I never expected being a few months ago. Perhaps we may *sight it*, I

don't know, we have seen a quantity of vessels but never spoke one yet, we are going to have some music in the forecastle tonight at 4 bells. *Miss Medham is going to teach us some hymns*, and most of the hymns we sing are in the book Willie Thompson gave me. Latitude 36 - 7, Longitude 15 - 13, Distance 225 knots.

Tuesday September 29th

Michaelmas Day. Early this morning Papa awoke me to say there was land in sight, so I dressed quickly and went on deck to have *closer examination*. We gradually passed them (the Madeira Islands) at a distance of about 20 miles off, the first one we saw had barren rocks of a considerable extent, behind which sat the main island of the group, but the other side of them are more cultivated than the side we saw, as we were between them and the mainland, just imagine after seeing nothing but water for a week to be able to see land, nearly all the passengers were on deck to have a look, glasses were in requisition and many made good use of them. I am sorry I could not sketch, but you must imagine that they were like hills and valleys. I looked through Willie's glass and could see a crack in the hill side, almost like a chasm, though we could not discern it more thoroughly. The Captain told us that sailing vessels generally go on the side of the Islands, to get some wind to help them, he said sailing ships generally made 16 thousand miles tacking about to catch wind, whilst steamers made over 12 thousand, *a long way off Mr Bradley's 25 thousands*. I stayed on deck a short time and then went down to prepare breakfast. *I have no doubt for wonder what we have to eat*, we had toast and good coffee, and ham, and for those who liked, Jam. (I will tell you a secret) Ma eats more since she came on board than ever she did at home, that is since she came round from her sickness, we are going to have bread pudding with plenty of *preserves*, and soup for dinner. I got a hot roll given to me one morning from the baker, and when I was sick the saloon cook gave me some chicken soup, they are all kind if you will not tease them when they are busy. We hope to sight Teneriffe tomorrow, another moonlight evening, and as we have any amount of music on board (of a sort) the sailors have a dance almost every night on the deck, some of them are good singers as well as dancers. We are to have a prayer meeting in our cabin tomorrow evening. *Miss Medham is going to conduct it*, we are pleased

to have them, but now I must close for today as the lights are nearly all put out, the log for today is Latitude 32 - 36, Longitude 16 - 7, Distance 216 knots.

Wednesday September 30th

Another splendid day and another peep at land, the Canary Isles, there are a cluster of them and we could see the cattle walking about on the hill side, and a short time after we sighted Teneriffe. We have every reason to be thankful for the fine weather, today we have a favourable wind and our good vessel skims the water like a wild duck. We have sails set and steam up, and are making very good progress. We have had all sorts of adventure on a small scale. Our Willie was on the forecastle and by some mischance he let his *slipper* go in the ocean, he laughed and said the fishes would be wondering where the foot was, *as it would be a nice tasty bit for them*. The weather is hotter, and I expect in a few days we shall have it like an oven. Many of the passengers sleep on deck as it is suffocating below, the forecastle deck is full of them every night. The log for today is Latitude 28 - 35, Longitude 17 - 23, Distance 230 knots.

Thursday October 1st

Nothing of importance passed today, all nearly parched up with the heat, the log is Latitude 24 - 34, Longitude 18 - 28, Distance 248 knots.

Friday October 2nd

Same as yesterday, all too hot to exert themselves even to get up a discussion on politics, all are sitting and lying on the decks exhausted, the log for today is Latitude 21 - 12, Longitude 19 - 20, Distance 227 knots.

Saturday October 3rd

Hot as ever, and still we have one consolation, we are nearing our destination rapidly and if we still have favourable weather we hope to make a quick passage. We generally (at least Willie does) rise about six and have breakfast at eight, this morning we had fish

(salt) it is cod fish, we store it overnight and then scrape it well, put spice and butter on it and it makes it nice, and for dinner we had a plum and rice pudding. Since we came on board Willie says we do nothing else but eat, sleep and wash up crockery, and he is not far wrong. We fare much better in our cabin than they do in the second cabin, and they are much hotter, they have the engine right in the midst of them, *the provisions they have don't suit all tastes and we have heard many complaints*, the log for today, Latitude 17 - 42, Longitude 19 - 40, Distance 210 knots.

Sunday October 4th

Another intense hot day. We are now in the tropics and this morning we imagined you were going to Church clad in all your winter garments whilst we are on the point of being roasted. We are not yet at the equator and before breakfast this morning it was 140 degrees. I did not go to service this morning but stayed below deck, as it almost scorches us up on deck. If it was like this in Preston, we should be sure some dreadful storm or other was coming in, still we manage to keep up our appetite even so far, we had preserved meat and bread, and bread pudding for dinner, and yesterday we made some pies for tea today. I can cook and like it very well. I make scones (a kind of flour cake raised with baking powder) nearly every day. You would be amused to see some of the male passengers cooking the puddings, that their stores of provisions allow them, of course we make what we can out of our stores, but it is an exceedingly idle life on board ship and on that account I *shall not be sorry when our voyage is completed*. It is too hot to sleep. Willie has taken up his bed and walked up on deck, and by this time no doubt he is snoring. Papa is laid outside the cabin door fast asleep. Ma and Maggie are in bed and though it is nearly one o'clock, I don't intend to turn in till it is cooler. Ma says if Aunt Margaret was here, she would very soon be reduced in bulk, as she would almost melt away, it has taken me all my time today to wipe my face and neck. Nearly all the passengers are sleeping on deck, I would have liked but amongst all the males, it would not be prudent. I suppose we are to have a week of this, I am afraid there will be nothing left of us but our apparel and a grease mark. ½ past one, I am just going to turn in and see if I can get a little sleep. Mr Wakefield, the old gentleman who is going back with us, is dangerously ill. We thought this afternoon he was dying but he

is a little more composed tonight. He had been unconscious all day, but is sensible now. He is in the hospital, at the far end of our cabin, and Dr Griffin attends well to him and we sincerely trust he will be better soon, he is the only one ill on the ship. Latitude 13 - 54, Longitude 19 - 21, Distance 228 knots.

Monday October 5th

Another scorching day. They have had the hold open today and taken up some boxes and stores, but we have not seen ours, as they cant be touched till we land (D V) in Melbourne. We are sorry we did not leave out our music, as we intend if possible getting up a concert in our cabin, the second mate said he wished somebody would *enliven them up*, for the sailors say they have never had such a dull lot of passengers on board before. The crew are a jolly lot, and every evening on the deck they have music amongst themselves. *I suppose when they cross the line*, they often play some tricks on the passengers. I wish they would, it would just be the thing and make us laugh. Oh, I wish it would rain a little, it would make it cooler. I went up on deck and walked about with a young girl who is in our cabin, she is much younger than I but is a nice girl and is company for me, I am glad for I felt quite alone. We (she and I) promenade the decks till we are tired, and then bid each other good night and turn in. We had singing on the focsle (on forecastle) tonight, and a prayer meeting on Wednesday. *Miss Medham* seems to have one object in view, to reform some of us, I suppose she will think it is required, we took up our tea on the focsle and enjoyed it very much, the log for today is Latitude 10 - 30, Longitude 19 - 20, Distance 205 knots.

Tuesday October 6th

Hot again, but there is a slight breeze up and looks likely for rain. All appears to be going along in a regular systematic sort of style, and there is not much to tell.

(Noon) It has begun to rain, and we hope it will be cooler as it is insufferable just now and the cabin smells musty having so many people down all day, it is too hot to lay in bed, we generally sit up very late, but Papa, Willie and Bert our Willie's cabin mate sleep on the tables and they trail about the ship all day without jackets and waistcoats, and in their bare feet, they look quite brown with

the sun. They call Papa the dark handsome foreign gentleman, those who don't know he is an Englishman, that is a complement both to Uncle Dick and Papa and I am sure they will be flattered. The log is Latitude 7 - 4, Longitude 18 - 25, Distance 209 knots.

Wednesday October 7th

Awoke this morning to find it raining heavily, rather a miserable day to look forward too but our folks are taking some buckets to catch the rain water as we intend having a washing day, if we are spared till tomorrow. The sailors scrubbed our cabin out this morning, they do it twice a week, Wednesday and Saturday, they use chloride of lime and it makes the boards look quite new and white, tomorrow we are hoping to cross the line and then we expect to have the trade winds, if we had been on a sailing ship, probably we should not have been any farther than the Bay of Biscay. We have some delightful evenings, and the sunsets are much more gorgeous than we see them at home. The log for today is Latitude 4 - 21, Longitude 16 - 22, Distance 188 knots.

Thursday October 8th

Crossing the line. It has been a beautiful day, and we have had a busy morning at washing. Willie and Bert have been as *thorough as possible to be*, and Ma has been superintending their work, most of the people on board take Bert to be my brother and somebody asked him how it was he was so much darker than us children. Bert told them he took after his father, meaning his own parent who is a Spaniard, but they imagined he meant my Papa, we often have fun about it. We expected to have some fun on deck tonight, however we have no one on board who care to exert themselves, or who has any fun in them except the crew, and one or two of the officers. One of the mates tried to fasten Florence Middleton (the young girl I mentioned before) and me to the rigging next to the bulwarks, but we moved away a bit too soon so frustrated their kind intentions, Bert came and told us to *beware* and not stay long in one place. We had the most beautiful sunset ever you saw, the clouds seemed as though they were floating and the colours were all mingled, but it is no use me attempting to describe it, as my descriptive powers are not equal to the task. We have had good weather up to now, and have many little incidents happen that help to break through the monotony of the dull life we lead on board ship, it is almost enough to make any one (if they felt so inclined)

in time idle, Papa wanders about quite listless, as though he had no abiding place. The log is Latitude 1 - 10, Longitude 15- 33, Distance 206 knots.

Friday October 9th

We had scarcely got thoroughly awake this morning before we had a pugilistic encounter between two of the male passengers in our cabin, they sit at the next table to us and are constantly quarrelling over their food. There are eight of them in one mess, all gentlemen with one exception, it appears to me they have been born grumbling. They take their turns, two together for a week to cook for all the lot, and today being the last day for two of them, they thought they would end in a forcible manner. They flew at each other like prize fighters but two other men quickly separated them, but they looked as though they would murder each other, they got a little calmed but I can assure you it caused great excitement on board. We had that for the general topic for the rest of the day, after breakfast, I went on deck and stood on the spar and looked over the side. The water was a beautiful colour, a prussian blue, out in the water is dark blue but as we near land it changes to pale green and is not half as nice. We see any amount of flying fishes, they are about the size of herrings and come up in schools, about a dozen of them at once, one came on the deck but they threw it over again, we have seen a great number of beautiful tropical birds flying about, but have not caught any yet. The log is latitude 2 - 16, Longitude 15 - 9, Distance 207 knots.

Saturday October 10th

We have had lovely weather up to now but today it has been windy and wet and Ma and I have been ill, we have lost our appetite and have to be waited on which is very pleasant, but the feeling is not. We hope to be well again soon, please God, and I often think how good He is to us whilst we are exposed to all the perils of the ocean, out of reach of land and all human aid, but is a comforting thought that we have God to look to, and know He is ever with and guiding us. The log is Latitude 5 - 39, Longitude 15 - 29, Distance 204 knots.

Sunday October 11th

Awoke this morning feeling wretched, managed to dress and went to see how Ma was, but she looked as bad or worse than I, so I thought there

is no Service for either of us this morning. We had breakfast, or an apology for one, and wandered on deck and sat there till dinner time, we (Ma and I) had soup given to us for dinner from the saloon cook, who is exceedingly kind. We have prayer meetings many times during the week, but I long for our quiet meetings and our dear Ministers voice pointing out the right path to gain eternal happiness, the way they conduct the prayer meetings is Methodist, and not like our dear old Church of England method. I thought of the happy Sundays spent in our school, and wished I could just see my dear scholars one moment, but I knew I could not. The log is Lat 9 - 18, Long 15 - 51, Distance 220 knots.

I have sadly neglected my diary this week, not being well and having the prevailing epidemic of idleness. We have had a few accidents and adventures to amuse us, the other morning a goose came down in our cabin, but the one who looks after the cattle and poultry was very soon down after it and took it back again, we imagined we were going to have a feast, but no thank you, we were disappointed. We saw an albatross, such a monster flying about the stern of the ship. One day some of the sailors in the steerage end of the ship had been making a boiled pudding and thought they would have it highly spiced and flavoured it with pepper, mustard and vinegar, we had a good laugh at their expense, though when it was boiled they seemed to enjoy it. Once they put some rice in a pannikin, and some water, and took it up to the gallery, of course the rice swelled up and filled it up to the top, when they fetched it, they were delighted as they thought some one had put more rice in it. I have never mentioned our fellow passengers and crew yet. Just for a slight sketch of them, I will commence with our Good Captain, who is a particularly nice man, calm and collected, especially in danger, when he never leaves his post except for a little refreshment, the crew call him the Old Man and are devoted to him. The First Mate *Mr Tyces* is very distant, but is kind to all the crew, and is a good officer. The Second Mate, *Mr Huddy*, is a nice young man and is very like Uncle Harry in personal appearance, he is much more pleasant than *Mr Tyces* (who is going to Sydney to be married and taking his new wife back with him home) and often chats with us, as he very often comes down in our cabin. The

sailors like him the best, he is kind and considerate with them. *Mr Dowler*, the third mate, never comes down in our cabin except at 10 o'clock every night to see that the lights are all out, and it is not often he speaks to any of us. The fourth mate is the merriest amongst

the lot and often has occasion to come in our cabin, he has a funny word for everybody and is a great tease, then we have three middies, and four engineers, all young gentlemen. The doctor is also a frequent visitor in our cabin, as he comes through often twice (and sometimes oftener) a day, his name is Dr. Griffin, he is tall and slender, quite young, he teases me and says he would like to see me in the hospital for a few days, but I told him I would try my very best to keep out. The saloon passengers keep themselves very much aloof from the rest and scarcely ever come on the lower deck, but spend their time on the poop, they have breakfast at 8 o'clock, lunch at twelve, dinner at four and tea at eight, and they live in grand style. We can watch the waiters taking the good things across from the galley to the saloon, sometimes I get to taste, through the kindness of one of the waiters, who often brings me some little bit or other from his share, there are 13 waiters in the saloon, all young men and all very messy, up to all sorts of fun and jollity. Some of the second cabin passengers are dreadfully stuck-up and *starchy*, and some are very sociable and one in particular, a young gentleman who is going out for his health, is very kind and often all the lot of us have long chats on deck when it is fine. Maggie is his favourite and he completely spoils her, she has made many friends, chiefly among the gentlemen. *Strange to say*, besides ourselves, there is only 2 or 3 Lancashire people on board, we have a quantity of foreigners on board and people from every quarter of the globe, many who have crossed the ocean before, the foreigners in our cabin can't, with only one exception, speak English. They constantly do something to make us laugh and are full of fun, we make the most of our time on board, there are a few nice people indeed in our cabin and on the long evenings we have chats in each others cabins, one night we had been on deck and it was getting late, about 10 o'clock, one of the passengers had got tipsy, he was singing all kinds of songs and then he said our ship was ill-fated, he came down in the cabin and took up his mattress and began reeling about, crying out, we had such a hearty laugh at him and half the folks in the cabin got out of their berths to see what was the matter, at last he got pacified and went to sleep. There are a lot of men who are very fond of playing cards, chess, etc, there is one we all call four eyes, on account of his wearing eyeglasses, we had a political discussion one night, one man is a thorough chartist and hates royalty, in every form, he says you English residents are going to have a republic. I told him I hoped it would not be in my time, and a few evenings previous, we had a

discussion about the Bible, an old man on board, an old atheist, told me we should honour our parents and then God, I told him he was wrong, and then I asked him ever so many questions and he would or could not answer me, one of the gentlemen passengers said he had not the brains to comprehend, the log since my last entry is Latitude 12 - 49, Longitude 16 - 12, Distance 212 knots.

October	13 th	16 - 17	-----	16 - 00	-----	208
	14 th	19 - 34	-----	15 - 29	-----	208
	15 th	22 - 46	-----	14 - 22	-----	193
	16 th	25 - 47	-----	12 - 59	-----	196
	17 th	29 - 1	-----	10 - 58	-----	221

Sunday October 18th

Ma and I are better (Thank God) and we went on the poop to Service this morning, and for the first time with one exception we have a favourable wind, since we left Gravesend we have had nothing but head winds, our Captain ordered canvass set on the fore part of the ship and we hope to make good progress now. The vessel rolls about like a cradle and we go sliding about, we often have a hearty laugh at each others expense. This morning during Service, there were some empty chairs on the starboard side, and as the ship rolled, away they went sliding right to the bulwarks and caused quite a sensation. We had to stand with our legs almost like a V to keep our footing, when the service was over, except the Benediction, Papa, clumsy as usual, went backward and rolled over form and all. *I can imagine Aunt saying,* just like our clumsy Tom, however we managed to get down on the deck all right, but didn't the Doctor laugh to see Papa sprawling on the poop. We got down to dinner, and after dinner went on deck and sat all afternoon though the sun was hot and directly over our heads, we hope to pass the Cape of Good Hope very soon, and then we expect some rolling when we get in the Trade Winds. As we were sat on the spar, just opposite to us were 2 or 3 young men sat on lounging chairs, all at once the vessel rolled nearly over and the chairs and men went

sliding along the deck, right to where we were sat. They looked a strange compound of chairs and people, we did laugh and no mistake, we had to hold on to the spars or very soon we should have been wandering, during the afternoon the Second Steward came out with a box full of raisins for the children, and these being something I

liked, I told him I was a child too so he gave me a double portion, and then he brought some nuts and scattered them over the deck. You would have been amused to see us all scrambling for the nuts and it reminded me of field days, though we never were on board a ship. At night a lot of us congregated on the deck, crew and passengers, and sang some of our beautiful hymns, they all seemed to enjoy it very much, tomorrow night we expect to have some fun, it is the end of the first month at sea. The Log for today is Latitude 31 - 40, Longitude 7 - 46, Distance 230 knots.

Monday October 19th

We have had a lovely day, and tonight we have some fun in store. When the sailors sign for the voyage they get a months pay in advance, and of course during the first month at sea, they are working up the dead horse, as they call it, so tonight they are going to bury the dead horse. They made a horse of canvass stuffed with straw and the bottoms of 2 lemonade bottles for eyes, and a mop (they use to dry the decks with) for a tail, and fixed it on a barrel on a wooden grating, and ropes, 6 feet long, all the sailors were pulling it around the deck, singing shanties, Will and one of the young lads carried lamps, a Frenchman sat on its back, he had top boots on and spurs made from preserved meat tins, tall hat, and stuck up collar, and his face blackened, he looked as one of the Irish girls said the very personification of his Satanic Majesty. When they got it to the saloon, they sold it by auction and one of the gents bought it for a case of liquor, they then dragged it up the poop steps, round the poop and then hoisted it to the Main Yard Arm, and then amid shouts of laughter, he was cut loose and sank beneath the waves, never to rise again, they burned some lights and went around the ship collecting and they got nearly four pounds, and the vessel then began to roll and we went below and chatted a while. I thought I would just dot it down whilst it was fresh in my memory, whilst I was writing this, 2 of the ladies in our cabin were coming down and she rolled pretty heavily and they came down quicker than they bargained for, but one of them said she had only shook herself, and the other said she would tell us in the morning how she felt as she could not quite comprehend after she fell, 2 others did the very same trick, it makes it very awkward as the ship heaves and how I wish for a good night. The log is Latitude 34 - 10, Longitude 4 - 8, Distance 236 knots.

Tuesday October 20th

Awoke about seven o'clock, dressed, attended to Maggie and breakfast, Ma commenced to wash a few articles. We had soup for dinner and we were all rather hungry so Bert said he would fetch some more, there was a young lady fetching, she had a bowl and Bert had a can with handle so he very gallantly offered to carry hers and then she would have one hand at liberty to hold fast to the hand rail. She took up our can and made for the steps, but missed her footing and rolled right down, away went all our soup and she after it, she did not hurt herself, only shook, it will be my turn next. We often see the folks sliding down stairs, as the ship rolls and heaves most dreadfully, we went on deck after dinner but it began to rain so came down again, we have half the hatching fastened down to keep out the wet, we have the prospect of a dreary night before us, but we must make the best of it. We very often see the Cape Pigeons flying about, albatrosses as well, any amount of them, they caught some on the poop yesterday. We are going along famously as we have a fair wind, we played a lot of games to keep us alive amidst the rain. Log is Latitude 36 - 22, Longitude 4 - 34, Distance 222 knots.

Wednesday October 21st

A most miserable day we found it to be when we awoke this morning, and often during the night we were awakened with sounds of crockery and tins rolling about. They have stopped steaming and set sails so we are going with the wind, only slowly, but we hope to amend our speed soon. We are rounding the Cape and expect severe weather, this morning as we were all preparing breakfast the vessel rolled tremendously and tins, pots and all belonging to the breakfast table went rolling about in all directions, we all laughed, they looked so queer having a promenade so early in the morning. I am sure Willie and Albert would enjoy it, we have to hold on to our cups, etc, or we should come short before we land at our destination. Yesterday as one of the waiters was carrying some meat dishes across the deck, he slipped, and he and the dishes were floundering like fishes out of water, the dishes were all smashed, but those are frequent occasions and we think little about them. Today is swilling day, but it being so damp, they are scraping and sweeping instead and the sailors are all busy at work, singing away. (6 o'clock) It is getting quite windy and they have hoisted more sail and they hope to have a favourable evening. We have had no rolling so the old travellers say, but my

word it is going brisk. This afternoon the pots had a second grand promenade, oh it is amusing and helps to keep us alive down in the cabins. I went to the top of the steps this afternoon, but I was glad to have some one to hold on too, as my sea legs were at fault and unable to assist me to keep my equilibrium and I had some clumsy lurches. I and Papa sat on the top of the steps and watched the water, and the water rose up in huge waves, far higher than the bulwarks. I enjoyed watching it, as the ocean, in my ideas, looks best when it is rather rough and we had many escapes from being drenched, along the side of the ship there are scuppers to empty dirty water down and the sea came up to them and floated all over the deck. (9 o'clock) I feel I have a bad headache coming on, so I must close soon, towards 7 o'clock it was scarcely fit to be on deck and there were few, except the crew, and they looked as though they imagined it would be rough, they all had their sea costumes on, boots and all, I scarcely recognised some of them, they looked much different. Half our hatch is fastened down, and once the water came over and rushed along the cabin but fortunately nothing came to harm, but this morning, one of the water cans in my cabin went rolling over and all the water on the floor, and we had to take up our boxes and mop up. My head gets worse, and I wonder how Uncle Dick gets along with his bad headache, we expect to go a good distance by tomorrow if we still keep this wind. Latitude 39 - 4, Longitude 3 - 34, Distance 239 knots.

Thursday 22nd October

Awoke about 8 this morning, but the ship rolled most fearfully during the night. I was awakened many times with hearing the sailors singing their shanties over their work. Ma came to wake me (as I slept rather long on account of my bilious headache) she said there was a ship in sight, indeed quite close to us. I managed to dress somehow and went on deck to see this ship, she was a fine sailing craft and bound (I believe) for Calcutta. We could see right on to her deck and saw the crew up in the rigging. Our Captain spoke her, but had she been homeward bound, probably we would have been able to have sent letters, but we were steaming again and soon left her behind, we would have hailed her with pleasure had she been going to the Old country, but however we cant have all we want in this world, I suppose it would not be good for us. We are going along famously, and hope (D.V) to reach Melbourne in a little over three weeks. They had

a concert in the saloon last evening, and the second steward saw Florrie and I standing looking at the door and he let us in, and put us in a little corridor where we could see and hear everything and nobody could see us. Papa got in as well but he did not stay long, but he stayed till the last. They were all in full dress and looked exceedingly well. We had a plate full of cakes given us and some sandwiches and I can assure you, it passed away a very long evening quite pleasantly, it concluded about ten o'clock with three times three for our Good Captain, now it is bed time, it is $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10 o'clock and I begin to feel rather sleepy. I hope we shall have a good night and make a good many knots. The log is Latitude 40 - 9 - Longitude 18 - 8. Distance 219 knots.

Friday 23rd October

Another fearful cold day. We are starved to death almost, our good ship rolls us about in a frightful style, every meal time we have to hold on to the tables and seats and keep our cups from wandering all over the cabin. During the night, we have been constantly on the move, first one side then the other, and we have been troubled to an alarming extent during the hot weather with a brown kind of insect, a terror to tidy English matrons and maidens, and one of the ladies in my cabin says she will pin a letter onto her berth to certify that it will accommodate a regiment of things besides a lady, *of course you will comprehend the name of the regiment*. We have fared better than the second cabin passengers, as they have the engine right in the midst of them and it made it much hotter. It would take up too much room to dot down all the mishaps and adventures we encounter, so I must be brief, we often as we sit down in our cabin see the water rising much higher than the bulwarks, and then we hear a rush and a hearty laugh, as it is too comical a scene to witness a lot of folks running out of the way of the sea, and it rushing after them and giving their toes a slight ducking, not many ladies appear on deck except if they have an escort, as it is almost impossible to stand alone, but tonight we had quite a grand procession headed by one of the officers and one engineer, we walked two abreast and pretty soon got quite warm. I stood inside the cook house to warm myself before going down and the cook gave me some cocoa, he is very kind and often gives us some little *cakes*, he says he likes to oblige the ladies, but now it is bed time and the storekeeper will be down in a minute

or two to order out the lights so I must close. Today's log is Latitude 41 - 30, Longitude 13 - 25, Distance 245 knots.

Saturday 24th October

When I awoke, I felt I would like to stay in bed all day, it was so cold and the tables looked as though all the folks almost had gone ashore, most of them took their breakfasts in their cabins, all of us had our warm wraps on and hurried our food down steam rate, after breakfast the sailors came and holystoned our cabin, they use sand and a sort of bath brick but white, it made it look so white and clean, we had to hurry over our cooking as they don't like anybody in the way. I was busy making a pudding, as we only have four days in the week when the cook boils puddings. I am sure I shan't want a plum pudding even at Christmas, as I have had so much here, it is a good thing we have good fresh bread every morning, it is really nice, in the hot weather it was rather sour, almost every day, but now it is beautifully light and soft. We had another promenade this evening and got quite warm, and then the cook gave me some cocoa and we went down to bed, which looks very warm and comfortable. Log is Latitude 42 - 38, Longitude 18 - 26, Distance 234.

Sunday October 25th

Another bleak wintry day, and we were told early this morning there was to be service on the saloon instead of on the poop. We had a much more comfortable service than the previous Sunday, but still I miss the old familiar faces and the dear old Church more than ever every Sunday that rolls by, but we hope to be able (D.V) to worship in another of Gods Temples ever many more Sundays pass over, our good Captain reads the prayers very impressively, and that tends to make it more homelike. We had a most fearful windy night, and between twelve and one, the main top sail was torn in shreds and necessitated another replacing it, being on board a ship puts people at a loss for employment and there are two persons who pass as brother and sister who are always sitting close together in a corner, what they find to talk about I cant conceive, and there are another couple who sit in another corner, they have christened the two last mentioned Romeo and Juliet. Bert and our Willie declare they will play them some trick. Tonight about ½ past nine, Mr Wakefield's nephew had been to the bar, rather too often, and was trying to pick a quarrel with everybody he came across. There is a Frenchman who sleeps in the same cabin as he,

he had gone to bed and Kingston was teasing him, so he made no more ado but jumped out of bed and threw him on his back and gave him a thorough good spanking, we had a good laugh, for in their scrummage they rolled right onto Romeo and Juliet and it was fun to watch them jump up and take to their heels, quite alarmed, soon peace was declared so now I am going to turn in and get a little sleep, if the wind and waves will allow me.

Latitude 43 - 28, Longitude 24 - 17, Distance 262 knots.

Monday October 26th

Cold and wet again, and I suppose we are to be contented with this kind of weather for about a week or two, we can not walk about the deck, as our feet and dresses get wet and we are never safe for the sea coming over, we have all the appearance of starved rats and we go stamping about the cabin to keep our feet warm. We had the main top sail split into shreds and had to be replaced, the sailors sprang up the rigging and very soon had one up in its place, that makes two in a very short space of time. One of the second cabin passengers said he thought Ma looked weak and ill, so he wrote to the Captain and said he must allow her some fresh meat, etc, so he sent the storekeeper to see about it and when he saw Ma needed it, at ½ past 4, he came down with a nice plate full of fowl, potatoes, etc, cut and put for by the Captain. Ma quite relished them and she is to have some more tomorrow, and then the gentleman who wrote to the Captain came in to see Ma. We have a heavy rolling sea today and are in danger of being swamped in our cabin, there came the sea over and down our hatching early this evening, we could not help laughing to see every body take to their heels, but we have the *upward side* so the water rolled to the other side of the cabin, and we did not get so much of it. This evening the couple I spoke about, Romeo and Juliet, were sitting as usual and Bert went and dressed in some clothes belonging to Mrs Pople, one of our cabin passengers, and Willie and he went and sat right opposite to them quite close together. Romeo struck three matches to see who it was, but Bert knocked them out every time so he did not find out who it was, but they did not sit long as Bert had to go help clean the knives for the Saloon, a job he has done ever since we got out of sight of land. Log - Latitude 44 - 3, Longitude 13 - 25, Distance 257 knots.

Thursday October 27th

The weather still keeps cold and we don't appear much on deck, on that account, Ma was not as well again today and stayed in her cabin all day. In the afternoon she had her dinner brought again, fowl, mashed potato and chicken soup, and I can assure you she relished it. We went and stood on deck right against the galley, but we very soon went down as we had no notion of being perished, or frozen, before we reach Melbourne, which at the speed we are going at will not take us long. Again tonight we played Romeo and Juliet a trick, one of the gentlemen sent a quantity of water on them out of his cabin, but previous to that, Bert had sent a paper full of flour at them, but that did not disturb them till the water was sent and then they made off to their respective cabins, didn't we have a good laugh at them, now I fancy we shall not be troubled with them again. I am going to turn in so I will close. Latitude 44 - 21, Longitude 36 - 58, Distance 284 knots.

I have just thought of something else, this morning Romeo went up to the 4th Mate and asked him what he was doing in the third cabin last night, of course he said (with truth) that he had not been down, very soon after, the 4th Mate saw Papa and Bert and asked what had been up, so they told him and he was highly delighted with the lark. They have no suspicion that it was Bert, for she spoke to him today quite pleasantly, but now it is almost bed time and I feel rather hungry, and Bert got some salmon and pudding which he has given me. Willie has got a job in the saloon helping to wipe and rub the silver, and he often brings a dainty piece of something or other, he gets his food mostly with the waiters and often spins us a yarn about the fun they have at their meals, good night, now I will really stop and see if I can get some sleep.

Wednesday October 28th

This morning when I awoke and looked up the hatchway, I saw coming down thick and fast (snowflakes) something I did not imagine I should ever see this side of the world. I went up to look at it but came down pretty sharp, it was freezing cold. I got some hot porridge given me by the cook and enjoyed it being a change. We got along famously last night, as regards speed, but this morning the wind dropped a little so we had to take in canvass and get up steam to enable us to make any headway whatsoever, some of the crew were sweeping the lower decks when they were ordered up to help sail.

Mamma said she was sorry, as it would keep us longer on the water, wont we hail the lights of Cape Otway with glee, for then we shall feel like emancipated slaves, free to go where we choose. One of the crew told me there were 2 or 3 of the Company's vessels now in Melbourne, and he said they would give us a hearty welcome to our adopted land, we only trust we shall find all well and happy, if not, it will be an alloy to our expected happy meeting. Log, Latitude 44 - 29, Longitude 42 - 33, Distance 240 knots.

Thursday October 29th

Willie came and awoke me this morning, but it smelled rather cold and I could have done very well to have stayed in bed all day and been comfortable, but Mamma is suffering frightfully and wants someone to attend to her. When I got out of my cabin I saw it snowing away at a great rate, we hope to have it a little warmer with our ship going South, we feel the cold very much, one of the lady passengers had not seen snow for 13 years as she had been at St Vincent, one of the Cape De Verde Islands, she went on deck to look at the snow but came down very soon, probably this will be the last really severe weather we shall feel so we must be content. The storekeeper got tipsy yesterday so the Captain ordered him in irons for his intemperance and sent him on the Poop all in the cold. I should think that will have cooled his brains and taught him how to employ his time better than drinking, and one of the crew disobeyed orders and was put in irons and sent to keep the storekeeper company. This morning they were both about their work, as usual, and seemed none the worse for being kept in bondage during the night, this noon some of the folks were playing snowball at the end of our cabin, it is only about three weeks since we were on the brink of being roasted alive in the tropics, it has come on us quite suddenly and many of the passengers suffer in consequence. Maggie and I went on deck for a few minutes but the decks were slippery. We are expecting it rather stormy, but we must trust in Providence. Latitude 44 - 29, Longitude 47 - 13, Distance 200 knots.

Friday October 30th

I thought I could write a little before it got so late this evening, we have had a dreadful day and I am sure our ship has hard work to keep together, you said we should have merely a pleasure trip, so we have up to last week, today for the first time we had our tea by lamp light as all the hatchings are battened down and it is very dark,

instead of us having the trade winds, we have a strong head or contrary wind and a heavy sea, most of us are sick and ill and very few turn out to meals, as I am writing this with the utmost difficulty, she quivers and trembles as though all her timbers were coming asunder, how we feel our helplessness and know what poor weak mortals we are, and how much we need God to strengthen us. Our ship is a strong built craft and we have every reason to be thankful that we have a good Captain, officers and crew, since I wrote the last sentence a sea came over and caused us all a fright, the saloon doors are barricaded and nailed down with canvass to keep out the sea, but I think bed is the best place, so will close with a prayer that God in his infinite goodness and mercy will keep us from all dangers sinful though we all are, we sadly need his help and protection now in the midst of our peril.

Dead Reckoning - Unable to take the Log.

Saturday October 31st

We have offered up our prayers this morning to thank God for the safe deliverance we have had from (what had every appearance, and what we expected to be) a watery grave, since I left off writing last night we have had the greatest storm this ship ever encountered, about 10 o'clock last night, after most of the passengers had retired, Willie among the number (Papa, Mamma, Bert and I) were sat at one of the tables. The wind was screeching and howling through the rigging, there were three men steering at the wheel, all lashed to, the wind was something dreadful, we imagined and felt thankful that you were safe in your homes, away from all danger, and we were expecting every minute the ship would go down. We were just wondering how long the storm would last and sending up a silent prayer for protection when crash went something on deck, and the water swept over the decks and down in the cabin, we gave ourselves up for lost and the people rushed out of their cabins looking terrified. Ma sat quite calm, I looked at her and could see her lips moving, she was pale as death and so was Papa, we did not know what had been the matter, some thought it was the cookhouse washed away but one of the passengers who is a Sea Captain went on deck and came and said it was only a little bit of the flimsy part of the bulwarks gone, the hatching had broken open in the second class cabin and they were almost able to bathe, as the water then had come in, they all had to get to work baling out, all hands were called up, even the waiters had to start

balancing water out of the saloon as there in some parts it was a foot deep, the windows were all smashed and the things were all floating, we in our cabin fared the best, as we had not much in comparison. One of the gentlemen has the cabin on deck next to the chief officer, he was laid on bed reading when smash went the windows and he was tossed off the bed to the other side, the water poured down in the engine house and almost put out the fires, indeed, steam has no use, only to keep the ship straight, the sea had struck her a little sideway, had it struck her broadside nothing but a miracle could have saved her, the force of the sea the time the crash happened was so strong it turned the engine backwards. We were afraid the ship had got on fire, but our fears were speedily dispelled on that point, one of the waiters was holding on to the cook house but he found himself pretty soon laid nearly under the spar, it was providential he was saved, many other narrow escapes there were, but Gods hand was guiding us and Ma says we had got to thinking too much of landing at Melbourne and He has sent this to remind us of the old adage, Man proposes but God disposes, and how weak and dependent we are. We trust this lesson, severe though it has been, will strike deep in some of our hearts and teach us to think more of him, who rules the stormy winds and waves. Of our Captain we must speak with all praise, he took the watch himself on the poop, but it blew him off, and he had to cling to the rigging, what a position on a night like we had, but he never leaves his post in rough weather, except for a taste of refreshment, we have a good commander and God guard and protect him always is the prayers of the passengers. This morning the wind has almost spent its fury though we have a heavy rolling sea, but we are gradually nearing our destination, if it please God we may ever reach it. It is much warmer today, we none of us took our clothes off but threw ourselves down in bed just as we were. I never slept at all till after we heard the bells for four o'clock, then I got a little sleep but not much, but before morning the storm had somewhat abated and we were able to go on deck and see the devastation the storm had made, it was far worse than we expected, the bulwarks along the starboard side were carried away, 44 feet by 5 feet 6 inches, and the iron down to the deck was bent and broken like a piece of tin, the sea must have been in its greatest fury to bend and break as it had done, and we shall have to present ourselves in Melbourne with a crippled ship. I was speaking to the 2nd Mate, a Frenchman, and he said there would be about thirty tons of water on the decks, the time the crash took place (tell Willie to reduce that to pounds) the sea smashed right

over the main yard arm in the place where they clean the knives (we call it the knife house), 2 of the waiters were in cleaning knives and though the doors and windows were fastened tight, the water came in and was as high as their waists, and as soon as they got the door opened, out rushed the water, knives as well, all over the deck. The Captain came down about eleven o'clock and assured us all was right and the worst was over, but every time a greater wave than usual came I said, Oh we are going now, but Ma said not yet, God will protect us. I went into Willie's cabin and asked him was he not afraid, but he said no, I know in whom to put my trust and that comforts me. I left him with an indefinable feeling of relief and comfort when he had said that and I then put more confidence in God. I am afraid we forget Gods goodness and mercy often till something happens like that which I have feebly described to bring our minds back to him, on whom alone, we can safely rely.

Latitude 44 - 10, Longitude 52 - 21, Distance 132 knots.

Sunday November 1st

This morning I am happy to say we have a favourable wind and have had a fine day, it looked something unusual to see so many persons on deck, as for the last week or two the crew have had it nearly all to themselves, but this morning everybody seemed determined to make the most of a fine day. I did not get to Service this morning as unavoidable circumstances kept me engaged till it was too late, the Captain said a special prayer of thanksgiving for our safe deliverance, and they sang the *Hymn 222* in Ancient and Modern, commencing *Eternal Father strong to save*, and also the 107 psalm. *I thought of our words*, that our ship would land safely as too many prayers were offered up for us for anything to happen. We were able to sit and walk on deck today and if the wind still continues favourably we shall have the screw hoisted and sails set, and please God we shall reach land safely.

Latitude 43 - 37, Longitude 55 - 42, Distance 148 knots.

Monday November 2nd

We have had a pleasant day, and this morning up went the screw and the sails were set, one of the crew remarked she (the ship) looked well in her dress, meaning the sails, we are going well now. This morning we had a fine commotion in our cabin. I was just about finishing dressing my hair and intended going on deck before dinner

when Florrie Middleton came and knocked at the cabin door, Oh Ally she says, whatever is the matter, here's the Captain and 1st Mate, I threw on my cloak and turned out to see, Mr Wakefield had fetched him to search his nephews box, during the time Mr Wakefield was in the Hospital, his nephew had taken advantage of his uncles illness and had helped himself to money and a handsome Albert Guard, one Mr Wakefield had given 21 pounds for in Ballarat, he said his nephew had them somewhere, he had taken it out of Mr Wakefield's box and showed it to 2 of the passengers, one of them is very fond of sketching and had for some reason or other drawn the pattern which was very peculiar and rare, anyhow, the Captain ordered him to open his box in the presence of us all, he looked as if he wished himself away, of course it could not be found, his uncle says he will *give him in charge as soon as he lands*, only yesterday he took a silk pocket handkerchief out of his nephew's pocket, one that was given to him before he left Bristow, he has missed 2 gold rings and *his nephew has been seen with them*, he must have them secreted somewhere, and as soon as the Captain had gone he took a bucket of slops to empty and some think it contained the jewellery, it caused quite a sensation amongst us, he is the black sheep of the Northumberland. I went on deck after dinner and stayed all afternoon. When we feel inclined to have tea before the usual hour we take some cold water and get it exchanged for boiling, and often we have finished tea before the others commence, after tea I went on deck again and sat and walked about till it struck ½ past 8, so came down to write a little. Our Will has just come down whistling. Maggie is just going to bed, some of the folks are playing chess and draughts and others reading and carding. Ma is sitting watching me with her head enveloped in a shawl, looking as if the fate of the English nation depended on her actions, but I am sorry to say she still suffers, we hope that will soon be all right. We shall have to put out the lamps soon, so I will stop scribbling and read till the bells give us warning. Latitude 43 - 52, Longitude 61 - 31, Distance 252 knots.

Tuesday November 3rd

When I awoke this morning, I was glad to find it a fine day, and a favourable wind which I am afraid is too good to last long, however we may hope. There has been some betting as to the length of time we shall be on the sea yet, and one gentleman has bet 20 pounds to one that we shall be in Melbourne on Saturday week, so of course he will

hope for favourable winds, as 20 pounds is not easily picked up nowadays. We are going at a fine rate now, she skims through the water like a wild duck, she has all the canvass she can carry comfortably, the Captain wants us to reach Melbourne soon, but Ma says she would rather be here another week than have it rough, as she feels rather nervous. This afternoon it began to rain and sent the folks down below, so we had to make the best of a bad night and amuse ourselves as best we could. Ma was sewing and I sat *netting* until dark, some of them got up a raffle for some pipes and that caused a little amusement, about 8 o'clock the wind got up a little and we rolled about, once a sea *smashed* over, right through the cooks galley though it did no damage. Last week we had the weather side but now the wind has changed and we are the Lee side, when the water comes down we get it all, which makes it very wet and uncomfortable. We went to have a gossip in one of the cabins across the way till the storekeeper came and told us to put out the lights so we were forced to retire. Mr Dowler, the 3rd mate, always comes down after to see that all lights are out, except one at each end of the cabin and one in the steerage, but now I will close and turn in. Latitude 44 - 00, Longitude 68 - 15, Distance 291 knots.

Wednesday November 4th

Another beautiful day, but I am sorry to say the wind has dropped considerably and at noon the fires had to be relit and steam got up. The Captain gave orders to down screw and make sail, so now we are steaming again, it looks rather bad for Mr Wills 20 pounds, the wind has changed a *point* and almost died out, I suppose *disgusted* with itself so has collapsed. We were stood on the spar tonight and saw a beautiful sunset, but not nearly so gorgeous as those we saw in the tropics, they were past description and I am sure no artists pencil could portray it, it would be but feeble, the beautiful mingling of the colours made it seem too grand to be real, we never saw them so well in England, one of the gentlemen told me to listen for the hissing when the sun sank in the water, as it looked so fiery. I stayed on deck watching the waves till 9 o'clock, and wondering and longing to know how all the dear ones were in the Old Country. Oh, for just one glance at you all, it has seemed ages to me since I bade you farewell and I think with a sad feeling that I may never see you again, but as that thought came in my mind another quickly dispelled it, that we might all meet in heaven and it is a comforting feeling,

that we shall see and know each other there and shall meet to part no more. My lamp is just dying out, so that is a signal for me to stop my writing and see for some supper, as I feel hungry with staying on deck getting the fresh air.

Latitude 43 - 55, Longitude 74 - 49, Distance 283 knots.

Thursday November 5th

Fair winds again and we expect to be in Melbourne on Monday week, if it continues favourably. Went on deck and enjoyed myself as best I could, though we all seem to be tired out with *living without working*, and I would give anything to feel I had a host of work to do and only little time to do it in. Today is Guy Fawkes day and I suppose you folks on shore have been firing cannons, crackers and rockets, and to finish up, perhaps a *join at toffee and game of snap*, and here am I, far away from you on the very day I always enjoyed so much. I remember the last time we *joined toffee* was on our birthday, Uncle Dicks and mine. I did not know then it perhaps would be the last time. There has been another concert in the Saloon this evening, and through the kindness of the 2nd Steward, Florrie and I got to see and hear all, it was as good or better than the first one and passed away a long night very pleasantly. It is after ½ past ten and I feel sleepy, so will retire, hoping we shall have a good wind all night for I shan't be sorry (and I speak for all) when we sight Cape Otway, which is the first land we sight on the Australian shores.

Latitude 43 - 50, Longitude 79 - 41, Distance 210 knots.

Friday November 6th

We are still going along as well as can be expected and nothing passes of any mention, at least not worth relating, or would interest you. They have begun to clean up the ship, preparatory to reaching Melbourne, as I fancy they wish to give the colonists a good impression of what clean and tidy people we are. Some of the crew have been right to the top of the rigging tarring it, and one of them, an able seaman, came down with his face tarred looking most grotesque. It is rather cold on deck, especially on the Lee side, and unless we walk about or wrap up well we feel it chilly, it is like the beginning of April, we are yet 6 or 7 degrees below Melbourne. Mamma says we have too much sail up and she goes on awful, I don't know whether she is not going to ask the Captain to abdicate in her favour and then we should see how she would navigate the

Northumberland. I should have been on deck tonight to learn a new piece, *one of the Moors Melodies, The Meeting of the Waters*, one of the gentlemen lent it me and kindly said he would teach me but Papa said it was too cold to stay on deck so I did not learn it, but he said a few minutes ago he would give me the music and I could learn it for myself. We have only one other stores day, we get them every Friday and all are in great excitement about landing, but I think we ought to say and think Please God. We are going fast tonight but she is almost on her side and the water dashes over the portholes, so we always keep them closed in consequence.

Latitude 43 - 39, Longitude 84 - 57, Distance 229 knots.

Saturday November 7th

First thing this morning when I awoke I thought I would see what sort of morning it was, so Ma and I went up on deck and I was speaking to the 4th Mate and said I always got up before my breakfast, talking about breakfast made me feel that I should like something tasty, so I told Ma I would go down and prepare it, but on the top step of the companion ladder, and there are ten of them, I missed my hold of the hand rail and the vessel gave a lurch just then, I fell right to the bottom on my head. I gave it an awful thump which made me see stars *in consequence*. I remember someone picking me up and seating me on a box, though many of them fancied I was died as I laid so still, they brought me water and smelling salts but I had stunned myself. Ma was following my example in her haste, but someone held her fast till she regained her footing, after I came round they helped me on to the bed and I lay down. I can scarcely tell the extent of my bruises yet, I shall feel them more tomorrow, my head and back are very painful and I have severely hurt all of my left hand fingers, someone wanted to run for the doctor, but he had teased me a little time ago and said he would like me in the Hospital for a short time, I said they must not tell him, but one of the second cabin stewards told him and when he came he laughed and said, oh it is you is it, and ordered me to be kept quiet and get some rest, so I slept a little and felt better when I awoke, but my head is dreadful and makes me feel sick and the vessel is all on one side, and being unable to do anything, I feel quite miserable. The passengers are exceedingly kind to me and send me all sorts of delicacies, and Papa says he is besieged every time he presents himself on deck with enquires after me. Ma helped me to bed and I slept pretty well, considering how I was shook, but I do

feel thankful to God for preserving my life. One of the ladies in the Saloon when she heard of it brought me my dinner and a beautiful book (which she has given me), again at night she brought me a bowl of arrowroot and fresh milk, she asked the Captain for it for me and says she will bring it till I am better.

Latitude 43 - 40, Longitude 90 - 43, Distance 250 knots.

Sunday November 8th

This morning when I awoke I felt very ill, my neck and head were at war with my body and then as a natural consequence, I was sick. The vessel rolls more than ever today and we cant keep our footing. Ma and I stay in the cabin and have our food there, we are under the Australian skies now and a favourable wind, we are scudding along beautifully and hope soon to see our dear relatives. I did not go to Service as I am too weak to stand, and they feel the rolling in the saloon more than we do. I sat in the cabin all day and read and slept, the betting runs high as to when we shall land, one gentleman wanted to bet me a pair of gloves but I declined from principal. We had a famous run today, 334 knots, as much as she has ever seen in a day, with one exception, and then it was only 335 knots. When the news came down we were at dinner, one of the young men said the Captain was wrong and many of them spoke up and said the Captain knew better than he did, when he said he did not believe we had run that distance, one of them told him to go and tell the Captain that he did not adhere to the truth and did not know how to navigate the ship, but Papa said one look at our good Captains face would speak volumes, as to him being a honest officer and gentleman. Willie told the 4th Mate, and he said why don't he go to the Captain and tell him how to navigate the ship, as he appears to know better than the Captain. Towards evening the wind chopped about and changed from North West to South West all on a sudden, so I don't think we shall have such a good run tomorrow.

Latitude 44 - 4, Longitude 98 - 26, Distance 334 knots.

Monday 9th November

We have had a wet, dirty day and all are going along in a humdrum sort of style, and many are the discussions we hear on all sides about the time we shall reach our destined port. I am still rather shaky and sore after my exploit and did not go any farther than the cook house, just on the top of the steps, but it looked most dismal

so I very soon came down again. There are very few that show their faces on deck, they are afraid of spoiling their complexions I should imagine, Papa says next time I intend appearing as a lady gymnast I must practice a little more before I appear in public, as I am not perfect by a long way, and then the 4th Mate told me my first attempt at flying had proved an utter failure. I suppose there is going to be a party for all the children on the ship, in the lower saloon, and there is to be a ball in the same place on Wednesday night, all the children are on the tip toe of expectation as regards their party. I hope it will be fine for them, as they would be sadly disappointed if it did not come off. The log for today is Latitude 44 - 12, Longitude 105 - 37, Distance 310 knots.

Tuesday November 10th

We have a fine day today and I feel nearly all right, though I might have been used as a target from the feeling of all my bones. This morning Ma and I said we would pack up all the books and soiled clothes and then we should not have to do all at the last minute, and the hold had been opened to get some of the saloon passengers boxes up, they want their ball dresses and when the hold is open it makes the cabin so dirty and upset, after dinner I put on a shawl and my hat and managed to get on deck for the second time since my adventure. I was beset on every side by congratulations on my recovery, one of the officers nearly shook my hand off and said I am truly thankful to see you are able to walk about, and another said, so you tried to commit suicide did you, but you have not done all mischief yet that you have to do. I was tired of answering all their kind enquires, but as one of them said I was the heroine of the ship, I must wear my laurels proudly. Towards evening the rain came on and the wind arose, most of the sails were set and *Miss Medham* was reading a nice interesting tale to us, crash went three of the sails all torn to ribbons, one of them was blown right away, it caused quite a commotion on below. Papa ran up to see the extent of the damage, but we know when he goes, but never know when he intends coming down till he arrives, he spends a good share of his time in the cookhouse chatting with the saloon cook when he is not very busy, he generally has his pipe for a companion. Ma says he must make the best of it now, as she wont let him when we reach land. We sighted a vessel on the starboard side, she was a long way off but was making for the same shores as we are, we soon left her behind, it was rather

cold on deck so I came down and am now going to turn in like a respectable member of society. Latitude 43 - 55, Longitude 111 - 29, Distance 257 knots.

Wednesday November 11th

During last night whilst we were in our berths, we had what I call a rough night, but I am glad to say I slept pretty well. Many a time the sea dashed over the decks and our ship seemed as though she would never get level again, as she was almost flat on her side. We were rolled about as much as ever today, *our work has to be done by degrees*. This morning one of the gentlemen out of the saloon came and put up a notice that the ball is postponed, and that the party for the children is at 6 o'clock this evening. Our Maggie came running in the cabin in a dreadful state of mind, as her hair was not crimped. Ma had to set too at once and plait it, presently Florrie came in and asked me to do hers, all the children were in an excited state when 6 o'clock came, they were all dressed and marched through the second cabin right on to the first, they looked very nice all of them. Mrs Pople and I dressed and went to watch them get tea, they had cake and jam and all kinds of treats, there were 29 of them, the ladies and gentlemen were all there acting as waiters, as soon as they were all seated and looking quite comfortable and happy, the Captain came down to look at them and said they looked nice if the ship did not lurch and roll them all over, but strange to say, though the vessel had rolled badly all day, just about the time the children went she went as still and nice as possible and started rolling again about bedtime. We were not in time to see them start tea, and there were a fine array of partly emptied plates when we arrived. We did not go inside but watched them through the doors, one of the waiters brought us each a piece of plum cake and presently *Mr Huddie* came down the ladder and called out he wanted a plate full of cake, so they gave him one and after he had had one or two pieces he gave us the rest to put in our pockets, as we stood there, the young lady I mentioned who had brought me my supper, fetched me a bowl of sago and milk to the door. I drank it and told her not to trouble any more, as I considered myself off the sick list, it was very kind of her and was quite overlooked for one of the Middies fetched me another piece of cake. The children after tea played games and sang some *pieces and hymns*, and then the ladies gave some pictures and books and sent them away highly gratified with their party, they had ginger nuts and nuts

and sweets on going out, one of the ladies said the children out of our cabin looked and behaved the best of the lot.

We have had other incidents happened today, well I may call them accidents, one of the gentlemen fell on deck when he was fetching something from the galley, and made himself a dreadful mess, swollen and bruised, it is almost impossible to keep on our feet, even the children, and they have the best sea legs, and one lady fell with her chest against a box. They had a fearful time of it getting dinner in the saloon across the deck, and the saloon was in a mess, as soup, pastry, potatoes and all were skimming about in all directions, one of the waiters fell just at the door, down came the dish, meat, cover along the floor. We have rain, hail and wind coming on in regular squalls, we hope to have a good night but it is rather a dark outlook for it, but however it is time to put out the lights so I must conclude the report of today's proceedings and turn in.

Latitude 43 - 10, Longitude 107 - 4, Distance 276 knots.

Thursday November 12th

Another day farther from old England, and another day nearer Melbourne. We are now off the most Western point of Australia and are nearly starved to death, this morning we were nearly swamped out, about ½ past seven o'clock, I had not risen but was fast asleep when the sea came quickly running over the side and down in the cabin, worse than ever we had down before, one of the hatches was opened and we got the benefit. Ma was dressing Maggie and had the cabin door closed or she would have been drenched, one of my cabin companions was partly dressed and as our cabin is right opposite the hatchway, we got it finely, she had to start mopping up and we had to take up our boxes, it made it beautiful you may imagine, pity our

misfortunes. I thought well we have started this morning finely, how we shall end today remains to be seen. I heard Papa, Willie and Bert nearly split their sides with laughing, about 10 o'clock down comes the 1st Mate and 3 of the crew, they opened the hold and got the steps they use for getting off the ship, they hoisted them on deck, the sailors set to work and secured them. One of the men says, come that looks rather like smelling land, what with cleaning and the folks getting dowsed with the sea coming over. It has been a dirty uncomfortable day, this afternoon Papa, Ma and Maggie were sat on deck when the sea came over and gave them such a splashing, our

Maggie screamed and laughed though her boots, stockings and frock were wet through. Ma came down and pulled off her wet things and put her to bed, and there she is stuck yet. $\frac{1}{4}$ past 8 o'clock. I have just been to fetch her things down from the galley where they have been drying, this is the first time she has got wet since we came on the ship and I think it is only fair she should have something to remember her voyage by, though I am sorry to say she has a touch of toothache in consequence. It is at a great inconvenience that I am writing this, as we go first from one side to the other. Ma is just calling out to know how long I am going to be yet, as she is going to descend from her elevated position whilst Papa draws out the bed frame and Maggie (or Topsy as she is called from her numerous admirers) is waiting to have her hair plaited, so here I must stop and attend to those numerous duties. 9 o'clock. We have got Maggie to bed and don't think we shall be long out of bed ourselves, as it is cold sitting outside our cabins. We have every prospect of a squally night, so don't expect to get much sleep in consequence, the wind is rising and now and then we hear the sea breaking over the decks and she quivers enough to strain all her timbers. We are beginning to count the miles by hundreds now, we are about 900 miles from Cape Otway, which is the first land we sight, it is 89 miles from Melbourne, we take the Pilot on board at the heads 60 miles from our destination. As soon as Ma heard how far we were from our destined port, she says we can eat the last of the toffee Aunt Ann made us, so we took her at her word and finished it up. We shall have to start packing on Monday morning, very early, as we shall not care to stay here any longer than we can avoid. Latitude 12 - 31, Longitude 122 - 40, Distance 226 knots.

Friday November 13th

After I got to bed last night, it came on a regular gale, worse than the night of the storm, but now we have favourable winds and then we had head winds, now we are being driven before the storm and the wind causes us to roll worse than ever we did. We went to bed about $\frac{1}{2}$ past ten but not to sleep, as that was entirely out of the question, they battened down the hatchway and then covered it with tarpaulin to keep out the sea, all her timbers creaked and groaned like anyone in mortal agony. I tried to sleep, but could not, my berth is 6 feet long and as often as I propped myself I kept sliding away in a most uncomfortable manner. I longed to be tall just then, so as to be able to keep myself straight. I was first head up and then heels, you may

imagine how pleasant that was, about 2 in the morning we had a hail storm, and somehow or other the water was coming through the ceiling of my cabin and kept drop drop on the floor, a very chilly wet carpet indeed. I dropped asleep once, but awoke up in a fright as I had gone sliding right on to the other berths. Papa said he would have to have 80 winks instead of 40 as he had missed some sleep, after breakfast I managed to wash and dress myself and then made a pie for dinner and went on deck. I just escaped a drenching as I had just moved away when over came the water. I have been trimming some hats for a lady in our cabin, to go ashore with where we land (*D. V*), we are looking forward to landing with pleasure and the crew are in high expectation of some enjoyment on land, this evening we had some music for the last time in our cabin and then we went on deck to look at some *comical* thing like porpoises only a much prettier colour. We are now about 11489 miles from Plymouth, just imagine the distance away from you all, but you know absence makes the heart grow fonder and though I am so far away from you all, my heart is still with you, far away on the shores of Old England, but I must not begin to *bewail* and think, as it only makes me feel sad. It is bed time for Maggie so I will close and get her ready, we only expect to have 5 more nights on board and then (*D. V*) we shall be on *terra firma*, the breeze is gradually dying away and the weather gets a little warmer as we near land which makes it much plesanter. *Today I finished my can of syrup, which has been an exceptional present.* Latitude 41 - 33, Longitude 128 - 54, Distance 277 knots.

Saturday 14th November

We had a much plesanter night than we expected yesterday, and woke up feeling quite happy and merry. We started as soon as breakfast was over to pack our boxes, and that took us ever such a time, we packed up all except what we shall require for the short time we shall be here. I have wished many times we could let you know how near to our journeys end we have arrived, but that unfortunately is impossible. They are going to have a grand supper in the saloon tonight instead of the ball intended, as the vessel rolls too much to allow them to dance. The Captain was in full dress, and also the Doctor, he did look nice, and all the passengers were dressed grandly. I never saw such a beautiful set out in all my life, the tables were grand, loaded down with good things. The supper is given by the ship's owners, they have one every voyage, or a ball. Florrie and I went up

to see the tables laid out, but I had quite sufficient with looking at them, I did not wish for anything, though there was every delicacy mentionable. Today we are only 450 knots from Cape Otway and if we have good weather a little longer, we shall soon behold our new country. This morning for the last time the sailors swilled the decks and they did make them white and clean, just as they were in the midst of it, the orders came for all hands on deck to down screw and shorter sail, they did not require telling twice and I can assure you the passengers put a hand too, as they knew that looked well for soon casting anchor, they have got the cable chain ready, Papa came down and said he was hungry for he had been letting down screw and shortening sail, now all we have to do is wait as patiently as we can, and in due time, we will rid the ship and crew of our company, but it is time to close and turn in and try to sleep. Latitude 41 - 33, Longitude 128 - 54, Distance 277 knots.

Sunday November 15th

This morning when I awoke, I had a violent headache but managed to dress and get breakfast, but as soon as breakfast was over, I was to lay down as I had been very sick, Bert teased me and said it was sea sickness. I had hoped to be able to attend Service, as it was the last time on the ship, but I was obliged to forgo that pleasure but appeased my disappointed feeling by thinking that by the following Sunday I hoped to be able to worship in one of Gods own temples. I managed to get washed and tidied in time for dinner after a fashion, it is quite high time for me to reach *terra firma*, as I have made my clothes frightfully dirty, especially my dresses. I have spoiled 3 dresses, so must not begin to spoil another. We had fresh potatoes to dinner today, *as a kind of luxury I suppose, all are (if I may be allowed the expression) in the air of ecstasy today,* and seem as lively as crickets, my head gradually got better, so after dinner I went on deck and took a book to read, one that I had had lent me. I stayed up all afternoon (Florrie and I) and after tea, it being dry and fine, I went up again for a little time. One of the Mates came and told me he could smell green leaves, but I told him to adhere to the truth, as that was premature, he says he will come and wake me when we sight land as we expect to do early in the morning. I intend to be up pretty early, indeed some of the passengers intend to stay up all night. There has nothing passed of importance today worth relating, so I will draw to a close as we are to be up early in the

morning to finish packing and I feel rather sleepy and tired, I am almost too much excited to sleep. We are only 192 knots from Cape Otway. Latitude 40 - 45, Longitude 133 - 57, Distance 229 knots.

Monday November 16th 1874

Welcome Tidings. Land at last. Though first I will just mention that all day yesterday, especially at service time, we could not stand on deck without holding to something, and last night just at bed time, the vessel went as still and steady, Ma said it awoke her coming steady all on a sudden and she lit the lamp and sat up, eating some cakes and raisins Maggie had had *sent her*. I suppose we had got in a calmer sea. This morning a little after three o'clock, one of the passengers came down and called out land and lighthouse ahead, but he called out don't get up - What an idea, to tell us to lay in bed when Australian shores were in sight, you may imagine with what light hearts we quickly dressed and went up on deck. Ma and I were the only females on deck, it was so early.

With what feelings I first sighted my new country I cannot describe, suffice it is to say, they were of a mingled character, joy and sadness, first of all a feeling of sadness crept over me, as when I was out of sight of Australia I felt a kind of link still binding me to the dear ones I had left behind me in Old England, but this morning I knew that our journey was almost terminated and prayed that our new home might be as peaceful and happy as the one we had in Preston. About $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4 we saw the first Australian sunrise, *first thing* the sky was bathed in one mass of bright red and then changed to green and an endless *variety* of magnificent tints, presently the sun just appeared above the edge of the water but rapidly rose to its full compass, the sky is beautifully clear and pure, far different than in the manufacturing towns in Lancashire. It is Cape Otway we have sighted, all are up and bustling about by this time seven o'clock. The First Mate has just told me that we shall be at Melbourne at 5 o'clock this afternoon, they have put out the flags and signalled, so by this time they know in Melbourne that we are not far off. What a joyful meeting, the mail from home has passed, so we expect to have letters awaiting us, by this time it is a little after 10 o'clock on Sunday evening in England, we are now 9 hours and 40 minutes before Greenwich time. Ma is as lively as possible, though she says she is excited, and wondering whether our relatives will

meet us or not. My diary is almost finished, I hope it will interest you, it has helped to keep me employed during the passage and many times I have turned to it when my thoughts would stray over the sea, and have written the account of the day's proceedings when otherwise I should have begun to mope. It is a specimen of my descriptive powers, though in many things it does not do justice to what I have attempted to describe. *Ponder and lament on my ignorance.* The first wish Ma had when we sighted land was that you were with us, all our relatives and dear friends, but please God we shall see some of you some day if it be his pleasure, but now I must stop and prepare breakfast. Since I finished the last paragraph, Mr Pople asked me to come across and have breakfast with he and Mrs Pople, of course I accepted this invitation, then after breakfast we finished packing and then dressed in our clean costumes all ready for landing, the sea was as calm as a duck pond and the sun shone out brightly which made us all quite happy, we saw a small vessel ever such a way off and watched it with great interest, it contained the Pilot, when she got a little under $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile, the Pilot put off in a small boat and rowed up to the side of the ship, didn't we give him a hearty cheer of welcome, it was just a quarter to twelve when he stepped on board, we have between 4 and 5 hours sail now and then hail our new country. As the time draws near my feelings are indescribable and I am constantly wishing we could sight Sandridge Pier, at which place we are to land, the doctor came on board at 2 o'clock just as we were sailing through Port Phillip Heads, it was almost worth coming to Australia to see them, they are so fine and being such a clear day we can discern them thoroughly. We scarcely know each other in our grand dresses, as we are all dressed to go ashore, and Florrie and I are going to bid our ship companions farewell, for probably we may never see each other again, as many of them are going higher up the country than Melbourne and we have made many pleasant companions on board, as I am writing this I hear a shout on deck (Papa, Mamma, Willie and Maggie are on deck) that there is a steam tug coming out to meet us crowded with passengers, it is of no use, I must stop writing and go on deck, excitement is at boiling pitch with everybody and all are crowding on the spar. Papa has gone up the forecastle steps, I suppose to get a better view, all are expecting the tug to contain their friends, I do hope it will have some one on belonging to us. Mr and Mrs Pople are preparing tea for us, we are going to have a farewell cup of tea together, they are going on to Adelaide so don't expect anyone here to meet them. $\frac{1}{2}$ past 3 o'clock. The tug is close up to us, and such a

crowd of eager faces pressed forward to catch the first glimpse of friends. Mamma says she cant see anyone she knows yet. We have had steam shut off, just as soon as I had left off waiting, Papa came rushing down the steps, his face lit up with joy, and called out *Will Heasdale is here*, and then we saw him and the first words he shouted were are all of you well, then we presented ourselves, when he saw us all he appeared satisfied and patiently waited his turn to step on board. Johnny Macker was with him. Papa rushed at him as soon as he got on deck and then we took him below, and presently the Captain ordered steam on and now we are rapidly nearing Sandridge Pier where my Aunts are waiting for us, what a happy reunion, and my heart wells with gratitude to God for permitting us to see each other again. We have had a nice tea for the last time on board, and now we can see the Pier overcrowded with anxious friends patiently waiting for us to cast anchor. The fine day we have had so far has changed and we have every appearance of a squall coming on, but we don't mind that at all, but are thinking of those we have yet to see.

We are anchored now, 5 o'clock, and my Aunts are here. Ma was sitting below, as it was raining heavily, and all at once she jumped up and ran off, when I looked round I found her embracing her sisters, they welcomed us heartily to Melbourne and as soon as the rain has abated we intend going ashore. I can scarcely realise it but when I look round our cabin and see the groups of happy faces in all directions, and hear the sounds of joy and welcome from all parts of the ship, then I bless Providence and think it is worth all the trouble and inconveniences of ship life to have the joy of this hour, oh, if you were only here to share it with us. We are just going ashore, I am anxious to see the others now, so I must close.

November 17th

After we left the boat we walked across the railway pier up to the station, we had first class tickets given us from the Ship Owners as our passage was paid up to Melbourne, we had to wait till a train came up and as soon as we had sat down, they came and locked us in, and off we steamed to Hobsons Bay Railway Station in Melbourne. As we sat in the train we could see along the bay all the ships at anchor, then a little farther we crossed the Yarra Yarra, and presently the train steamed into the station, then the guard came and let us out, when we got outside the station any amount of cabmen wanted to drive

us to our destination, I expect they could see we were *new comers*. The first that amused me were the gutters, as there is no sewerage and the water is allowed to run in streams along the streets, and as it had been raining they were going along at a good speed, and looked like miniature Yarra's. We walked along till we came to a cab stand and hired one and drove off through Melbourne into Brunswick St in Fitzroy, where Uncle Macker lives. We saw Uncle and cousins, and after they promised to come to Northcote at night, we drove off again. Uncles house stands in the midst of a nice garden, and overlooks one of the most romantic places about Melbourne. When the cab stopped in the road, out ran my cousin Alice, and Jenny and Lizzie close behind her, they gave us an affectionate welcome and soon had a nice tea ready for us, what chatting and laughing there was you may be sure and we delivered all your messages. How nice it is to feel that we have got in a house at last and are not obliged to go to bed at ten, or sit in the dark, we stayed up till morning talking and then as is Uncles usual custom, we had a family prayer, and retired to bed and slept well I can assure you.

Now I intend to close my diary, simply because I have arrived at my destination and the accounts of ship life are over, it is not of much account, but will be something to look back too, as sketches of my experience on board a steam vessel, and I sincerely trust that should you ever come out to the Colony, you will have as good a passage in many respects as we have had, and meet with as many kind friends, and I close with a prayer that Gods blessings may rest upon us and keep us safe to the end, if it may please to do so.

I omitted to mention that we very nearly had a fire on board during the time we were in the heat of the tropics, I forget the exact date, and did not note down the particulars at the time as I thought perhaps Mamma might take up my book (as she often did) and read it, and it was not generally known, as it happened when we were down below at dinner, we knew she would feel quite nervous so we did not let her know till we had been two days on shore. I and Papa and Willie were on deck soon after the *incident*, and noticing the hose pipe lying wet on the deck, I enquired of one of the passengers what had been the matter, he told me that some packing somewhere about the engine had caught fire and before they knew anything, the engine house was full of smoke. The 1st Mate, with the speed and promptness

of a good officer, quickly had the hose at work and fortunately, very little damage was the consequence. The gentleman who told me said they did not want it known about the ship, as it might make some of the ladies nervous, so I never mentioned it again, and some who saw the pipe thought they had been using it to swill down the decks to make it cooler, as the heat just then was intense. What a panic and excitement it would have created you may be sure, as I think there would be nothing so dreadful as to have a fire at sea, as we read had been the fate of the emigrant ship *The Cospatrick* off the Cape of Good Hope, when all perished, *with the exception of one officer and man who had existed (till they were picked up) without their comrades*, they had taken to one of the boats as the only means of safety.

88 Drummond Street
Carlton, Melbourne

My Dear Uncle and Aunt,

Now here is your long looked for diary come at last. I believe you imagined I was making fun of you when I said I would keep one, but it certainly was a great bore for a while at first, but I got interested in it as I went along, as you will probably surmise as you read it. I wont say you must let your private letters be read in public, but I do wish you to let all read this, who want to do, after you have perused it, you will be amused by many incidents I have mentioned, and I make no doubt you will put up a prayer to thank God for keeping us safe and protecting us in the midst of our peril. I shall always look back to my voyage over the sea as something pleasant, though we had a host of inconveniences to encounter. I promised *Richard Eskrigg* that if I kept a diary, that he would read it, as he said it would appear in the Liverpool Courier, wont it take the world by storm, and I think if the Preston Herald is on the decline you will only have to print in Herald circulars, in big flaming letters, Diary Kept by a Preston Young Lady, on her Outward Voyage to Australia on board a Steam Vessel, my word wouldn't they sell like wildfire, especially if they knew it was Ally Heathcote who had written it, but I hope if you print it in the Times, you will send me a copy or two.

You will perceive that this book was not large enough so I had to stitch some more leaves in, this letter you can cut out, as it does not need to be published. We got your letters last mail, it appears you have posted the first one addressed to me too late, so I did not get it till this last mail along with Pappa's. We have had all sorts of weather since I wrote last, and last Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday were the hottest days felt in this colony for 17 years, we have scarcely got properly seasoned so felt it very much, indeed, it was too hot to sleep and we did not go to bed till late, the hot winds were something frightful, and inside and out it was all the same. When we hung up our clothes to let the perspiration dry, they got quite hot and almost scorched our flesh when we put them on again. There has been a great number of bush fires up the country, and they do great damage. Ma stands the weather remarkably well and is in good health, she says she does not think she would like to go back home

even if the weather were still hotter, and last Wednesday it was 148 in the shade, any rate she would not go to England to live, she talked of writing by this mail, but it has been so hot she could not manage it but hopes to do by the next mail. We are all sorry to hear of Aunts illness, but hope she is now in good health, and give Ann my love and tell her to cheer up, as God never sends a trial without sending strength to bear it, and he has *taken her little one* for some wise purpose, you wanted to know whether we were before you or not as regards time, out in this Colony we are fast even in that, as they are the fastest lot of folks here than they are even in London. They are constantly *getting up picnics* and on a Saturday afternoon the beach at St Kilda, Brighton, and up the river Yarra are alive with pleasure seekers. Papa, Mamma, Willie and Maggie went to St Kilda on Saturday afternoon and Alice and I went to the Botanical Gardens and *mingled* in the park and the beauty of *it*, the band was playing so we enjoyed it very much. Mamma says St Kilda is the prettiest place she ever saw, and I think some day we shall get a house there (*D. V*). The post close in twenty minutes and it appears I am following the example set me by Uncle Dick in leaving it till the last minute.

Please give our kindest love to all enquiring friends and with love to all at 61 ____ I remain.

Dear Uncle and Aunt

Ever your Affectionate Niece

Ally Heathcote