

Extract from the Diary of my Father.
the "young widow" mentioned ^{to become} was my Mother later
who was dressed in her Uniform of Mildmay
Deaconess House & known as Sister Grace Henderson

It was decided I should take a voyage to Australia - My health had broken down before I had been in my first Curacy two months. I had suffered from weakness of the chest for some time, and a few months after taking my degree at Oxford I accepted a post under the Rev. Dr Mitchell. New Wortley, a suburb of Leeds. I soon succumbed to the muggy smoky atmosphere, of that great centre of industry; Catarrh of the Larynx set in, for a time I hoped against hope I loved my brain, my sphere of work was congenial - At last I went up to consult a London Physician. He told me that the weakness in my throat had extended to the left lung, that I should endanger my life by staying any longer in Leeds. He said the disease may be arrested if I took a long sea voyage at once. And so it was settled that I should go - I wrote to all my friends for hints nearly everyone advised a different place. Some suggested New Zealand, others Tasmania others Riverina - Ultimately I decided to go to Melbourne ^{in the climate} first place, and then seek local medical advice, as to the most suitable for my case. Just at this time (March 1887) a friend who had heard of my intention wrote to tell me that the Harbinger, a first class sailing ship, would be sailing for Melbourne about the end of May, and that the Captain was a Christian "Which was everything" he said "when one was three months at sea" My intention of going abroad created consternation at home. My father wrote in a very desponding strain about it. "Wearied & infirm in body & exceedingly distressed in mind, it needed but your last communication to fill my cup to overflowing, nevertheless if it is necessary for your life I must submit, although I am doubtful if I shall ever see you again in this life ... I am certainly a fit subject for your prayers, which I hope may be accorded to me, that the Almighty may pardon me and receive me into His fold ... I suppose you will come home before you start that we may bid you farewell. We are glad you can write in so cheerful a strain, and hope you may be happy wherever you go, and that you will never forget Dr Mitchell's kindness".

My father soon got to take a more cheerful view of the matter. My mother seemed most troubled by the thought that I could not turn back once I started. She wanted me to go by a ship which would call at Portsmouth, so that I could get off there.

if I felt ill. However in the end all seemed to get reconciled to my going.

An important matter was my outfit, innumerable were the suggestions I received and which to the best of my ability I endeavored to act upon. I will here put down the things which I found to be useful or even indispensable at sea.

Outfit. Take all the old undecorated things you can lay your hands on so that when you have worn a thing once you can throw it overboard. It prevents the accumulation of dirty clothes, and washing is expensive if done by the sailors, they charge 5/ or 6/ a dozen.

Then it is necessary to be provided for all sorts of weather. Blankets are best for the Tropics. In buying a hat remember that the wind blows at sea, and if your hat goes overboard, the ship won't stop for you to recover it.

Then you will want a straw, or light felt one for the Tropics.

A good Macintosh & Sou'wester will enable the passenger to appreciate squalls and tropical rains. Paper collars & cuffs, cheap handkerchiefs at about 2^{cts}.

Blacked boots are at a discount at sea. They get covered with mould. Brown canvas shoes are the best. India rubber soles well corrugated, keep the wet out, and the wearer on his legs. Pyjamas are best for sleeping - esp. if one sleeps on deck. They enable you to appear on deck for an airing first thing, and enjoy the sunrise.

The Cabin are generally fitted with bed bedding washstand towels soap hooks rack & seat - A useful thing is a series of pockets attached to a canvas backing with large and small compartments. The things should be put in before leaving home, and then when on board it will only take two seconds to hang up what will make you thoroughly unpacked at once. If the passenger intends to do some reading, a small bookshelf with netting across the front will be useful. Thus the books are more easily got at.

Above all be provided with a large comfortable deck chair - "As they are left on deck it is best to get the wooden framework that supports a movable canvas seat, which can be taken down at night & kept dry. This preserves your chair from being taken possession of by those who regard not the rights of "meum" and "tuum"; If you happen to be late in appearing on deck."

At last all my preparations were made. I went home for a few days and then accompanied by my Uncle and Father started for London May 27th. Oswin met me at King's Cross, and he came with me to look at the ship. It is not at all a pleasant experience to be in the London streets on a pouring wet day. But I had a good guide in Oswin. He took every thing in his own hands - called cabs, took tickets &c. and with characteristic Yorkshire liberality insisted on paying all the fares himself. Well, at last we got down to the S.W. India Dock, and found the Harbinger. Oswin was very much impressed at the size of her. He said he should feel quite jolly about me now that he had seen what a fine vessel I was going in. I was very much struck with the comfortless aspect of things. Boxes littered about every where. One of my own boxes open, puddle & muddle on all sides. He saw the Captain he had received two letters about me, one from Fort and one from Mrs Mitchell. He was a fine looking man, and appeared very genial. He promised to try and get me a cabin to myself. As we were leaving the ship. We saw a lady standing at the Saloon door dressed in black, with a long veil down her back. Oswin remarked. "Tell ye what my boy, you must mind your eye, there's a widder on board, you'll be married before the end of the voyage if you don't look out". Then we returned to my father's hotel. In the evening I went up to see Mrs Mitchell's Sister and stayed with her the night. Next morning - The 28th of May, the day I was to bid good bye to England - I called for my father & Uncle. And we went altogether to the ship. Oswin and another of our Leeds men were there to see me off. The ship was crowded, people were talking & crying on all sides. Friends were soon to be parted perhaps till death. I felt very cheerful. So were my friends. We explored the ship, wondered who were passengers and who were friends. At last the bell rang, the ship was cleared of visitors, the anchor was weighed - And we were off. I started to keep a diary on my voyage. I shall now follow that, writing down whatever I think worth mentioning.

Saturday.

Monday, May 28th 1888.

I shall never forget my feelings as we began to glide down the river. The tug was to convey us as far as Beachy Head. And as soon as we were clear of the Dock and were moving down the River, our friends on the bank gave us three cheers, to which the sailors gathered on the fore-castle responded. To use a homely expression I felt a lump in my throat just then. I began for the first time to realise that we were going to seek our fortunes in a new world. Standing by my side was a slight gentlemanly young fellow in uniform. In order to divert my thoughts I turned and spoke to him, and said I presume you are the Surgeon. He answered in the affirmative, speaking with a marked foreign accent. Near him stood the "young widow" also looking very disconsolate. By this time we had got so far that I could no longer distinguish my friends among the crowd on shore. So I went down to my Cabin to see if I could put things to rights there; I found my comrade there surrounded by boxes and packages and general confusion. He is quite a young fellow, not more than twenty, who is travelling on account of his health. I went up on deck again but was summoned to the Saloon at 4. p.m. by the dinner bell. We have 6 or 7 fellows on board who are only coming as far as Dover, so it is impossible as yet to find out who are fellow passengers. When those "landmarks" as the Captain calls them have cleared out, we shall get along more cozily. Dinner over I walked about exploring; I find we have a cow on board, I find myself conjecturing whether she will be sea-sick. We have also a good stock of sheep, pigs and poultry. So we shall not starve. At 7 o'clock came tea, and soon after we dropped anchor until morning. I wrote two letters one for home and the other to Dr Mitchell, then the pilot to take ashore with him. At 10.30 I got into my bunk, it being in the lower one, I did not feel much inclined to sleep. There was a good deal of tramping overhead. I could hear the bells striking the half hours. "The system at sea are divided into watches of 4 hours each. In order however that the same set of men should not always be at work the same

hours, a daily shift is created, by dividing one watch, that from 4^h to 8^h in the afternoon, into two. termed the "dog" watches. Etymologically the word is probably a corruption of "docked"; altho Theodore Hook found its derivation in the fact that these watches are "curtailed". They are called the 1st and 2nd dog watches, and are followed by the "First Watch" terminating at midnight. Middle Watch 1² am to 4 am. Morning Watch 4 am. to 8 a.m. The time is marked by bells. From the beginning of the watch one bell is struck for first half hour. Two, for the second, and so on, till 8 bells (or four, in the dog watch) mark the change of watch. At last my novel surroundings were overcome by weariness, & I fell asleep. Sunday May 29th.

I woke about 4.30. a.m. and found we were moving, I dressed as quickly as possible and got on deck. we were nearing the mouth of the Thames. The sailors were busy washing the decks and drying them with "swabs" made of rope yards, and "squeezes" or india rubber scrapers. It was clear we should have no "day of rest", Sails would have to be set and all things put straight. On deck a cold wind was blowing, & the weather was dull and miserable, so I soon retreated to my bunk and a book. I enjoyed my breakfast. No the table seemed to move about a little, I was conscious of a slight motion of the vessel up to 10. a.m. Then she became as steady as a rock. This morning the Pilot left the ship taking with him "letters" and the aforementioned "landsharks". Our last link with Old England has now gone. The Captain takes charge of the ship. The sailors are mustered before him all in row to receive his orders. Then they begin to unfurl the sails; chanting some ditty as they work. This evening I was promoted. At first I sat at the bottom of the table just opposite my cabin, But this evening (at tea, the Captain invited me up to the top of the table, and placed me between his wife and the "young widow". I felt I was getting on to dangerous ground. & Gavin's ominous words came to my mind. The Captain I find is a P.B. he told me he sometimes preached the gospel on board. He intimated that he would commence daily worship on the morrow, he remarked to one of the lady passengers. "You mustn't leave God out".

Monday May 30th - The

The weather is still very fine and the English Channel, generally so rough is as calm as a mill pond. We are now somewhere off the coast of Dorsetshire & enjoyed myself thoroughly all day. Lying on my back on deck; roasting my face in the Sun & revelling in luxurious laziness - Surely a long sea voyage is the perfection of a holiday - None of that chronic state of packing & unpacking, of catching trains and missing trains; of hurry & skurry, so incidental to a land tour. After paying your passage money, all thought of money ceases, Board, lodging & travelling for nearly 3 months, are once for all arranged and paid for, saving further anxiety & trouble. Letters, newspapers, business are all an impossibility. You are completely cut off from the world for a time. Then nowhere can you get purer air than at sea - it contains more oxygen & less Carbonic acid, is free from dust and particles of organic matter. Moreover Philosophers have in all ages agreed that happiness had some subtle connection with the stomach. This principle is certainly taken into account on Anderson's Liners. The dining is "first-class". Once the horrors of seasickness are over, there is developed in every passenger an insatiable & inordinate appetite. There is a chronic state of hunger, the intervals between the meals are filled with yearning for the next. Here, the day begins with coffee at from 5 to 6 a.m. for those who get up early, it comes in well if you get up for a bath. Then at 8 a.m. comes breakfast - consisting of the inevitable porridge, all kinds of frigs, Irish stew, Liver & Bacon, Cold Ham, Hot rolls, Tea, coffee &c. &c. At noon we have lunch - Cold meat, Sardines, Salmon, Cottage or friblet pie &c. &c. Then at 4 p.m. comes the meal of the day. Dinner. When we well supplied with soup, poultry, game, fresh mutton & pork. Immense confections. Desert (such as pumers, figs, almonds, raisins), Tea & Coffee. At 7 p.m. we have Tea. and at 9.30 p.m. we have what is put down on the "Steward's Bill" as "hot water" but it generally takes the form of ship biscuit & cheese with a glass of cold water. At 10 p.m. the lights are put out in the Saloon, and all cabin lights must be out by 10.30 p.m. -

I am beginning to find out something about my fellow passengers. The Captain has his wife and daughter with him - The young widow turns out to be of a medical turn of mind, I really think she is not a widow at all but some nursing sister, probably a member of some high Church Guild, She seemed rather disgusted this morning at the Bible-Reading. The Captain calls her "Sister Grace"; She was talking this afternoon to the Surgeon, and they seemed to be kindred spirits, for they were boring over some horrid looking medical treatise. Perhaps they'll make a match of it before the voyage is over. The Doctor is an Italian and is going out to settle in Australia. We are scarcely moving, the sea is just like oil - Away on the port side we see a French vessel. Sea gulls flying around us - A glorious sky. Everywhere a deep calm. Beautiful no doubt - but it doesn't suit the taste of an old salt. The Captain remarks "We shall never get to our journey's end at this rate". After sunset we congregate in the Saloon, and begin to get bold with each other. I venture to address the Medical lady, and by degrees wax bolder: Enquiries are made as to the musical abilities of the company with a view to future entertainments; We find we are worth a guitar & a banjo. It is rumored that the second Saloon can produce a fiddle, We have one or two pianists, so we ought to do well.

Tuesday May 31st

I turned out this morning about 7.30. and found it still very calm. Stark point was passed at 5. a.m. The last land we shall see for a long time. About noon a fresh breeze sprang up and since then we have been sailing along merrily. We took Rom II. this morning. Afternoon I looked over the Captain's library. I have not got to know much about 2nd and 3rd class passengers. Reports however are carried to the Saloon, and we eagerly catch at a little gossip. One lady who has been ill, gives out that it is not the "Watter" which has upset her, but her "stummick" & the "boil"; She has only recently married, and her husband hovers around her with a sorrowfully sentimental face. We are beginning to unbend a little towards each other, in fact at dinner we became quite sociable. The Captain, who addresses a good bit of his conversation to me, has seemed rather at a loss as to the little he should

give me. He tried "Doctor" but that was 'nt practicable as there were two other doctors in the company. So he corrected himself addressing me with the appellation "Your Reverence". I laughed and suggested that he shd call me "Father". "The very thing" he replied "Father Jones sounds splendid". Having settled my hash, he commenced a conversation with the doctor. "I should like" said he "to go to Italy and see the grave of that man you are always talking about Doctor; Garibaldi I mean". The doctor is a strong democrat, and a great admirer of the Italian hero. and of course this remark at once called forth from him a flowing eulogy on the hero of his country. "Garibaldi" said he "commenced life as a sailor boy, & died a hero. He was a great man, not great because he was bulky, but because he did a noble work. He was a noble man, for he fought bravely in a good cause, and then died in poverty". Now this did it suit the Captain, who has no sympathy with democracy, but like a true Plym lays great stress on submitting to "the powers that be". So he retorted. "Well what good did he do? he made a great fuss, but where is he now?" "Ah" said the doctor in an awestruck tone "He is gone! Yes, he is well gone". "Very true" cried the Captain laughing "I think he is well gone". The doctor was evidently getting excited. "Ah! Captain! Captain! You're joking me, I don't mean well gone" that won't come back again; but "well gone". Who lived well. You can understand me well enough if you like, the worst kind of "deaf" is that which won't hear". By way of starting a new subject, I now asked the doctor whether he could give the reason why angels are always represented in the feminine form. He at once disputed the point and said. "They're not always represented as ladies". "But" I urged "did you ever see an angel with a beard?" "No" he replied "but that is no proof, for ladies often have beards". This of course was conclusive.

In the evening it began to rain, so we stayed in the Saloon. The doctor produced his guitar, and sang several Italian songs. which had a great deal of "tra-ta-ta-ta-ta" in them. The band also appeared, but was rather out of tune, or shy. We are getting out into the Atlantic now. And the ship is rather inclined to play at pitch & toss, I go to bed with grim forebodings of seasickness.

Wednesday June 1st - My natal day.

I awoke rather early, and with consciousness of feeling rather uncomfortable. The first sound that greeted my ears, was ~~that~~^{an} indescribable sound indicating that my neighbour was in the throes of sea sickness. I listened and trembled. Then the ship gave a lurch, and a chorus of similar sounds fell upon my ear, coming from various directions. Well I thought I will put on a bold face and get up; as the imagination has a lot to do with the malady. I got up and dressed. H, looking the embodiment of misery, declined to stir out of his bunk. I straggled up on deck, there was a heavy swell on, and the weather was dull and cheerless. The first person I encountered was the Skipper's daughter, sitting "bolt upright" on a hen-coop. Now I had never yet ventured to address this young lady, but "a fellow-feeling makes the whole world kin". So I asked her "how do you feel?" "Oh" she said "I've been sick five times". Poor girl. I too felt rather queer, but I thought I would try the breakfast table. Only 9 of the passengers appeared and of those, only three were ladies; the Capt's wife and daughter & the medical lady. One by one they left the table. Miss B went first, the Captain who seemed to enjoy it, shouting after her & suggesting a piece of fat pork on a string - the advantage of which would be that if it didn't agree with her, she could pull it back. The Medical lady stood her ground well. And Capt B remarked "Bravo Sister Grace, we shall have to give you a medal". I pretended to enjoy my breakfast, but I didn't. I got through some porridge. Then I had to rush from the table the Captain waving after me "Good bye, your Reverence". I got up on deck, and communed awhile with the fishes. Then in about an hour I felt better, & went down. No one was in the Saloon except the Surgeon & the Medical Lady, who were amusing themselves with some puzzles. Then I lay in my bunk till lunch. After lunch I again felt very queer for a short time. Moving about seemed to bring on the sick feeling. As long as I lay still, I was all right. Sea Sickness is not all physical, the dread of it has a great deal to do with it. A firm resolution to get on deck as soon as possible is often the first step towards recovery. Courage to sit at table even before the nausea has quite passed off, has been rewarded in like manner. With regard to preventives, the best is a purge taken the night

before embarking, followed by a saline draught in the morning. After all sea-sickness is generally over in from 12 to 48 hours. A passenger hopelessly sick the first day will be seen at table the next. — The Sunset was very fine to night. — At 8 p.m. we "lacked ship". we turned her round. It is most exciting to watch the sailors running with the ropes as they pull the sails round shouting as they pull something like this "Keep her going. ahoy-ahoy-ah. or "Hand over hand, Hand over hand". Then the ropes have to be "coiled" this is generally the work of the apprentices. First it must be securely fastened to its belaying pin, next the whole of its length is shaken out on deck. Then the sailor begins to coil as near the pin as possible continuing his work until the end comes to hand. The coil is then upside down and must be taken by the side furthest from the pin and overturned. The rope will then be ready for use.

Thursday June 2^d

To day it has been fairly calm, most of the invalids were up and on deck. The medical lady has lent me "Dombey and Son" so I have commenced to read that. I suppose Captain B would term it "husks" for this morning as we were pacing the deck he pointed to a book lying on a seat, saying "The husks which the swine did eat". To day "fainting" has been one of the principal topics of conversation. The Doctor asserted that a great number of people carried fainting fits in their pockets, ready for use at any time. The Captain said that when he was master of an emigrant ship, they had endless trouble with the girls who were continually fainting. At last an effectual remedy was hit upon. They used to bring the hose to bear upon them, and so they soon put a stop to fainting fits. We are drawing near to the Bay of Biscay, so dreaded by mariners. Its horns are "Akhaut", and "Cape Finistere" in Spain; and these are as many miles apart as there are days in the year. Into this hollow Bay is perpetually driven the great westerly swell of the North Atlantic. Currents and tides are strong, and the result is the tumult of waters which has given the Bay its unenviable notoriety. This evening the Captain the Doctor and myself had a Bible Reading together in the Chart Room. We got skirmishing on "The Relation of the believer to the Law" The Doctor is a Wesleyan & of course he & the Captain couldn't see eye to eye.

Friday June 2nd

There was a heavy swell on to day. The Captain asked us to go up on the poop as he wished to introduce us to a "North Atlantic Swell". Most of the ladies however didn't like the swell, and kept out of sight in their cabins. I spent most of the day reading "Dombey & Son". In the evening the doctor showed us some clever card tricks, in the saloon. And entertained us with his guitar - We are well blessed with doctors in our little company. There is the Surgeon and the Medical Lady, a Dr B who is travelling for his health, and one of the other passengers is medically inclined. A Mr W. To night the Surgeon & Mr W got into an argument about the normal temperature of the human body. The former maintained it was 99°. The latter said that a medical book he had put it down at about 98°. The medical lady being appealed to maintained it was 98°. - Apropos of doctors, the skipper told us a very good story. "During a former voyage, one of the steerage passengers came to the ship doctor saying her daughter was very sick, and she asked him if she might give her a little gruel. The doctor a gruff and rather disagreeable man said "How about the bowels?". "Oh shore yer honor" said the woman "we only possessed 2 bowls, & they were both broken before we left home".

Saturday Evening We had a little prayer meeting in the Chart Room. The ship's engineer was present - alias "the donkey man" alias "Charley". The Captain calls him his deacon, and he gets him to hunt out all the "kneed chafers" (as the Xns are called by the sailors), and bring them to the meetings. The Captain does most of the talking - and tells us plenty about "What I get in such & such a place" as much as to say no one else could get it if they tried ever so. He wanders a great deal from his subject, and talks about the Jews &c. It is strange how the Rhymers give all their attention to dispensational truth.

Sunday. June 5th Trinity Sunday.

Sunday at sea! And after all it did not seem so very strange - When I went on deck there was not the usual bustle of scrubbing decks, and the apprentices were all rified out in their blue uniforms & brass buttons - At breakfast we had "Corn & eggs" as the waiter informed us. Then two of the ladies went out to beat up for service. They first encountered the lady who had been afflicted by the "boil", Mrs Saddle by name. She promised to come to the service. Next they encountered Mr Saddle, sitting in the 2^d Saloon.

in the most dejected manner with his violin, he too promised to come, but in a few minutes followed the ladies with an expression of increased melancholy on his face. "Mam" he said "I can't come to the service" "Why not?" "Oh", he replied "it's my wife, she says she won't go if I do. So I'll stay away, & give her the privilege" This was said with the air of a man who was resigned to anything. Then in a tone of desperation. "It's her nasty 'awk-ard' ways, I've had no peace with her since ever we came!" Poor man, the melancholy was fast spreading over his whole body, and reaching down to his boots. The next person they encountered was a quartermaster, smoking his pipe, on being invited to the service he said "he wouldn't for he had just been standing two hours at the wheel" poor man - he must have been quite exhausted - At 5 minutes to eleven the bell on the poop began to toll, and I got into my surplice. Then a lady passenger struck up a voluntary on the piano - And I emerged from my cabin and marched to the head of the Saloon table - which was covered over with the Union Jack. The doctor read the lessons, and we went through the whole service very religiously, even to giving out the notices, in the proper place. We sang "Holy Holy Holy", & "Thou art Father". He did not give out the "Banns of Marriage" but could have done it at a pinch. - a good number were present, and among them, the poor exhausted quartermaster - who told someone afterwards that he felt "two pieces of pork" the better for coming. In the afternoon I slept in my bunk - it is wonderful how one can sleep at sea I seem to sleep all night, and most of the day as well. Tomorrow I must turn over a new leaf - The medical lady this afternoon came out in a new character. She got the children together on the main-deck, and held a little service. Some of the sailors gathered round and helped to sing "The Old Old Story". In the evening the Surgeon conducted a gospel service in the Saloon - and spoke from the words Abba Father - Then a chat in the Chart Room till bed time.

Saturday June 11th.

We have got to the end of our second week on board. And are beginning to feel quite at home in our new surroundings. The wind has become a little fresher and we are now making steady progress. The sailors ascribed the unfavourable winds to the fact that there was a Jonah on board, meaning myself. The Skipper and the Surgeon still continue to entertain us with their chaff. The other day the subject of "love" was broached, and when the doctor was appealed to on some point by one of the ladies. The Captain called out - "What's the

good of asking him, he knows nothing about love. He has not got a heart, he's only got a gizzard. Still I think we are justified in thinking otherwise of the Doctor, for we have seen him act the gallant to perfection. The other morning Sister Grace did not appear at breakfast time. This was unusual, for she had been all along the bravest Lady of the party, with the exception of Mr Bolt. Of course we were all anxious to know the cause, and when the steward told us she was rather unwell we were at once all sympathetic. Different suggestions and remedies were proposed, but none met with such universal approval, as that of the Captain's who suggested that the Doctor should try the effect of his guitar. So the Dr got his guitar and propped himself up against her cabin door, and sang an Italian Serenade in the most flourishing manner to our great delight. We were expecting Sister Grace to open her door; if she had done so, he would have fallen backwards into her cabin. We generally have a good deal of laughing over the "Hot Water" at 9. p.m. Sometimes the Captain will concoct a tubful full of grog, and then dole it out in small quantities to the ladies, we generally get a good many yawns even over it.

Now we have got over the novelty of being on board ship, we are beginning to wonder how we are to pass the time away for the next three months. Someone suggested an Entertainment - and Sister Grace was deputed to go and see what talent the 2nd Saloon could produce. A rather oily looking man with a red face acted as spokesman - He spoke with great gusto. "Oh! yes! Madam! I will do any-thing to help. I suppose it will be quite informal. I have some overture music." This was said with a flourish and a bow, and with as much solemnity that one wd have thought he was contemplating what music shd be sung at a funeral - He had a great deal of discussion over drawing up the programmes, and some of our friends nearly lost their temper. But at last it was arranged - And the Captain insisted that we shd in our "preliminary" by the Rev Canon Jones."

This week I have struck up an acquaintance with Sister Grace. In a conversation I discovered she was a Christian, converted under Mr E. H. Hopkins, and that she was personally acquainted with the Nebbels, and Gouldsmiths.

Another of our passengers is acquainted with the Blakeney's of Bridgington & with Captain Melhams. How small - after all - the world is - so sure you will, you will find someone, who knows someone you know. And thus a link is supplied which often rivets new friendships.

Sunday June 12th - We are now getting into a more congenial temperature, and are leaving the cold winds behind us. It is really a pleasure to be on deck day and night. The sea a deep blue only disturbed by a gentle ripple. porpoises gambolling about cause much amusement - The sea is sprinkled with strange little animals called "Portugese Men of war": They are very pretty, and when the sun shines on them they reflect all the colours of the rainbow. They are constructed with a kind of sail-appendage, which they put up before the breeze, and look for all the world like a yacht belonging to fairy land. The classical name, is I think "Nautilus". Which the Captain has corrupted into "Naughty lass". One of the lady passengers captured one in a net. This caused immense excitement, but the beauty of the animal is only seen to perfection when it is in its native element. We are constantly seeing large numbers of flying fish. Apropos of which the Captain told us a yarn - "A sailor once went home to see his mother, and was telling her some of the wonders of the sea. How he had seen Neptune and the great sea serpent and all sorts of mythical wonders. The old lady swallowed it all, till he said that at sea you often see fish flying just like birds. This was too much for her credulity - 'No! no! Jack! she said I dare say you saw the sea serpent, but you'll never get me to believe you saw fish flying.' That reminds me of the story of the African Chief - who said that he refused to believe the water could become hard & solid so that men could walk across it. The evenings now are lovely. The heavens are brilliant. The air soft, and the phosphorescence on the sea is just like a pathway of light. This afternoon we passed the Island of Madeira. And had a good view of it. It rises to the height of 6000 ft and is densely covered with vegetation. The vine flourishes up to 2000 ft above the sea level. We could see the little white houses dotted here and there, and the whole scene was very picturesque. We had our usual services to day. At 10.30 a.m. Morning prayer & litany. with 2 hymns - "Almighty Father hear our cry" & "Dance ye to the Tempest". In the afternoon, Sister Grace, conducted a Sunday School for the children, in the Captain's Chart Room. And at 7 p.m. The Captain conducted a gospel service in the Saloon. which was very well filled. He preached from Col I. - Gospel. only that the Captain's mind is rather too much taken up with dispensational truth, to be clear to the uninitiated.

We have now been at sea more than a fortnight, and have got fairly into the routine of our sea life. So I will keep a record in detail of all that goes on. just for one week. That will be sufficient to give an idea how our time was spent.

Monday June 13th :: I got up at 7.30 a.m. after a splendid night's rest. After dressing I got up on deck about 8.15 a.m. for a short airing before breakfast. I am soon joined by others, and after we have compared notes about the night the bell rings for breakfast. After breakfast up on deck again for an hour. Where I have a talk with the Captain concerning the divisions among the Brethren. Next I find myself in a discussion with Mr (who has a great idea of being a high Churchman) on the subject of Confirmation. Having talked myself hoarse in a fruitless attempt to make him see that conversion is the all important thing, and must precede Confirmation, - I go down to the Bible Reading. About 12 were present and the subject was the 10th ch of Romans. I'm afraid the Captain wandered away from the point. instead of putting the gospel before them. He keeps on harping about the Law, and the Jew. As one of our ladies remarked - He always is down on the poor Jews - I'm afraid our Readings are not very profitable for that very reason. One passenger gave the following description of them - "That they consisted in the Captain and myself telling each other what we & everybody else knew". Then after the Reading I go up again on deck, and settle myself with a book. But I am to get no peace. The sight of steamers passing in the distance, produces the most intense excitement, and no sooner has that died out, when our attention is attracted to a row on the main deck. The Steward has discovered that one of the crew has been stealing Sardines. Accordingly all hands are summoned "aft", and the "riot act" is read over by the Captain. He told them that if they began that game, he would soon make it hot for them. At 12 noon comes lunch. After which I adjourn to my cabin to "make up my log", and write a letter home. At 3 o'clock I go up on deck, and read a pamphlet on the Heresies of the Plymouth Brethren. Poor Sister Grace is lying on a lounge, seeming poorly. The doctor, insisted on her coming out, gave her a dose of medicine, and told her to get up and be lively. So she is lying down on deck & crying, to show her liveliness. The ducks too (in the coops on deck) are excessively lively. They keep up a perpetual "quack

quack, quack. as tho one coop was vying with the other as to which could make the loudest row. The geese too are fearfully rowdy, and the worst of them is that they keep it up all night. Just as you are going off into a sound sleep, they will begin to scream enough to wake the dead much to your disgust. Well! we hold a conference on the subject. One lady is of opinion that if we are to put up with all this noise for the sake of a bit of stuff (meaning I suppose "duck") on our plate, we could do far better without it. However we come to the conclusion that it is our duty to eat ducks & chickens at dinner so that we may get rid of them as soon as possible. After dinner - I made an attempt to study Hebrew, but gave it up and went to the chart room & studied J.N.D. instead. At 8 o'clock we had a prayer meeting in the Chart Room. At which about 7 were present. The Captain read 2 Cor II, and waxed very eloquent on the subject, so clear to Brethren - viz "Separation from Evil". Then we regaled ourselves on "hot water" & "light conversation" & at 10 p.m. went to bed.

Tuesday June 14th Got up at 7.30 a.m. and went up on deck for an airing. After breakfast, I lay down in the Chart Room & communed with J.N.D. until the Reading at which we read Rom XI. and talked about Cor. II. Next I had a quiet little time on deck with my Greek Testament. After lunch we had some fun getting weighed. A steelyards was hung up alongside of the mast, and we were slung on to it, one after another, just like so many legs of mutton. To our dismay we found we had all lost about one third of our weight, since coming on board, so we condemned the weighing apparatus, after much hunting another - rather rusty - steelyards was found, and that worked more accurately. After the excitement caused by the weighing had somewhat subsided, I retreated to comfortable deck chair, & read "Tommy & Son". I am afraid I am not doing much profitable reading. But I have got my books, and ranged them on a little bookshelf in my cabin, which the Ship Carpenter has put up for me. The passengers are beginning to come out in their tropical costumes. The Captain has on a white flannel suit. But the Doctor has made a guy of himself. He is dressed in a shabby patch suit of brown holland, which hangs very loosely on him. And he has on a white felt hat, stuck very artistically on one side. He looks just like some wandering hobo, especially when he has his guitar. This afternoon, he played for us & then went round with his hat.

On the evening there was a rehearsal for the concert. As it was warm & dewless & sat on deck at the open skylight & listened to the performance - the night was a perfect one, so calm & peaceful, except that the ducks kept disturbing the poetry of it with their incessant "quack, quack, quack". The singing went off very well. At the end "Auld Lang Syne" was sung, the whole company, including the ducks, joining in the chorus. Mr. _____ has become Master of the Ceremonies. And he is most "particular" how things should be sung - He plays the violin with the air of "I'm Mr. _____, and I understand music"; he pounds at the piano and beats time with his bow: at one time banging the pianist's head the next moment, endangering the ceiling of the saloon. A young lady from the second saloon was pianist, and she played the accompaniment to the song in a way that said, "Oh! this is nothing to what I could do, if I liked. One of the waiters; who is to play the second violin in the "overture"; and who is very solemn looking, and plays with an absorbed air, - brought several songs with him, as if he wanted to be asked to sing. But as no one asked him, he waxed more and more solemn, & more & more absorbed. At last the rehearsal was over. - I don't quite see the consistency of the Captain's views. He refuses on principle to be present at the concert, saying "that he has got what caters to his poor heart, without taking part in the world's efforts to get happiness. And yet, to night, he sat with me at the open skylight - apparently enjoying the music, & volunteering suggestions to the performers, below. Afterwards he & I paced the deck, and had a nice talk. He told me about some Abyssinians he had in his crew. One of them named "Gilmore", was converted on board, and went several voyages with him. Another, - Binny, was converted through the instrumentality of Gilmore, in the following way. Binny had been very wretched for some time, and could not get peace. One day Gilmore was trying to help him. He sat down by his side and began. "Now Binny, look yar! You yar, Binny?" "Yes" Binny heard. "Now" said Gilmore "I be Lord Jesus for a bit. You yar Binny?" "Yes!" "Now Binny, listen 'Him as yar my word'. You yar?" "Yes I yar" said Binny. "Well", he went on "Believe what I tell him! You believe?" "Yes". "Well!; Hab got everlasting life; I shall not come into - not go down into Hell! You see Binny?" Yes Binny saw it at last and rejoiced. Then we went down to "hot water" - and bed.

Wednesday June 15th - Up at 6.30. Wrote in my diary until eight o'clock. Then went on deck for my usual airing. After breakfast we were all called up on deck to see a steamer pass. She was a German vessel bound from Australia to Madeira. She came sufficiently near for us to see the people on board. We carried on a conversation by means of signal flags. And we asked her to report us at Lloyd's as being all well. It was quite exciting to see other human beings after so long a while. And as we were all rejoicing over the passengers, a very unromantic & matter of fact young man remarked - "I think it is very disappointing. Here we came out with the expectation, of seeing neither land nor people for 3 months, yet we are continually meeting other ships, and sighting islands". Of course we all rated him for displaying such want of interest. Today the weather is lovely. The sky a deep deep blue, the sea a deep, deep blue. The surface just disturbed by gentle ripples, and a fresh soft breeze blowing. The passage has been unusually calm so far. The Mate told us he had been this voyage 15 times, and had never before got through the Channel & the Bay of Biscay without a gale of wind. This morning we took Rom XII at the Reading, and had a very enjoyable time. We stuck to our subject, and were much less theoretical than usual. - At lunch, the doctor asked a Commandant. "Why is a ship always spoken of as feminine?" Several answers were given. "Because she is governed by a man." "Because she is often unmanageable". The Captain's answer was the best. "Because she never stays". After lunch we sat on deck under the awning, and the doctor gave us a reading from Max Adler, on the subject of "Babies". On the Main Deck Sister Grace had gathered a group of children around her, and was reading to them. "A Peep behind the Scenes". In another part of the deck Mr & Mrs Saddle were sitting in the most dejected manner. Mr S. was suffering from a newly invented disease called the "Trembles". Mrs S. was still suffering from the "boil". After dinner I got into a hot argument with F. on the Temperance question. His father is a large brewer, so of course he opposed the cause. After a time the Captain came to his assistance, and he also maintained that we are not responsible for other men's abuse of drink. He said that if the sin of drunkenness was to be remedied by doing away with the drink; then on the same principle we should refuse to marry, because of the prevalence of prostitution, and shut close all banks, & do away with money, because it tempts many to be rogues. This subject came

up at the Bible Reading, a few morning later - we had been reading the 14th ch of Romans... And when we came to the 21st verse "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak" - the Captain qualified it by adding "when he is present". He maintained that a Christian could eat or drink anything when no weak brother was present to see him. The Doctor too was anxious to explain away St Paul's teaching - On the other hand Mrs W & Sister Grace both spoke very pointedly as to their interpretation of St Paul's meaning. It seems clear enough that the Captain's theory cannot hold water. For just suppose the weak brother heard of your doing things he esteemed wrong, behind your back; would not his conscience be still further grieved at your apparent inconsistency. The sunset to night was very beautiful. And we sat on deck for a long time after tea watching the after glow..

At 8 p.m. we had a meeting in the Chart Room, & a Turkish Bath all in one. Over the "Hot Water", quite a round of yarns were told, and we had hard work to part, before the lights were put out. I think Mrs W. told the best one.

"A poorly stricken looking man was once asked by a lady if she could do anything to help him. He said "Well, yes mum. I've got a button; if you could sew a shirt on to it."

Thursday June 16th. Today we sighted the Canary Islands in the distance. We are getting well into the "trade wind" regions now, and tho. they are light we are making more headway. We read Rom XIII. at the Bible Reading, and talked about John XVII. After lunch we all sat on deck under the awning, and were edified by another reading from Max Adeler. Here is a specimen. The story is called "Fenixson's Mother-in-law." After tormenting poor Fenixson for a year she marries his half brother, leaving this frightful problem behind her. "What relation is she to Fenixson now?" "I've no dear" says Mrs F. "I have been trying to think what relation mamma is to you now?" "What do you mean?" "Well: it's so dreadfully mixed up, I can't for the life of me tell exactly how she is related to you. Let's see. Your father was my father's half brother, wasn't he? Then my mother is your half aunt as well as your mother, and now she has married your half brother, who is the son of your mother's first husband, and not of your father." How was that? said F. "Well I say. Mamma's second husband, is the son of your mother's first husband while mamma's first husband was your father's half brother." "Very well, then!"

Mamma is your mother's daughter now; and consequently your sister. How can your sister be your aunt?" "My aunt! My sister, my aunt! hanged if I know!" "Don't you see, my first papa was really your half-uncle, while my second father is my half-brother, so that - that - don't it seem to you that I am somehow! mamma's half sister, as well as her daughter?" "Well Helen! To tell the truth, I don't follow you exactly. I have a hazy idea from what you say, that your mother holds towards me all the female relationships from grand mother downwards, but precisely where she stands in the problem, I cannot solve." "It is not clear to me either," says Mrs F. "Suppose we go over it again - Your father was my father's half brother, wasn't he?" "Certainly." "Well! my father's wife was my mother, wasn't she?" "How was that? Say it over again!" "My, my father's wife was my mother & your half aunt, and now that my mother is your sister -" "Yes! my sister!" "Your sister - my mother is your mother's daughter; and consequently being also my aunt, and your mother in law - and - and - let me see, where was I?" "My mother in law!" "Yes! Your mother in law! - Now what I want to know is this - how - being my mother, and your half aunt - and having married your half brother the son of another half brother, she could -!" "Helen" said F sternly "Stop right here we will pursue this investigation no further. You will oblige me by never referring to the subject again. I am now left in peace, and in the midst of my joy, you force upon me this frightful conundrum concerning half aunts & grand mothers!" - After this instructive reading we had dinner. And then sat on deck again watching the sunset. Then, when it was dark we gathered around the Saloon table, and looked at Sister G's photos & paintings - Outside, on the main deck some of the second class passengers have got up a dance - to the strains of a concertina - We had a lot of yarns over the hot water - The Captain told us of a doctor, he had once on board, who was very fond of giving his patients, sea water, as a medicine. One night, he got rather tipsy, and fell over board, and when some one asked what the splash was - one of the sailors replied "Oh! it's the doctor, fallen into his medicine chest!" The Captain told us another good story - Two sailors agreed to try their hands at making poetry - The first began "Off Cape Cat I lost my hat" "That's good" said the other, "now I'll try". "Off Cape Lewis I lost my shoes and stockings, 'tain't rhyme, but it's truth". After a great deal of laughing and talking the lights were turned out and we had to retire.

(1)

Dear Mr. Pollard. I thought I had saved
this extract from Father's diary as it gives
an interesting account of the beginning of the
voyage. But could not find it in time to
give you. Only this morning I discovered it
among some papers to be looked through.
Thank you so much for collecting the things.
Last week it has been such a relief to feel
they are in safe hands.

Yrs Sincerely
Marion Jones