

My First Sea Voyage

A diary kept by the Rev. A. W. Pain
(1841 – 1920) during his voyage to Australia
on the Ship 'SOBRAON' in 1867-8

Edited by M.D. Pain, M.C.F. Pain and A.F. Pain
1990

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Editor's note:

This diary has been produced by the efforts of three generations: Arthur Franklyn Pain, Michael Cowper Franklyn Pain, and Michelle Diane Pain. Portions of this diary were transcribed by AF Pain in the 1970s, and this work continued by MD Pain (with assistance from MCF Pain) until its completion in December 1990.

The diary has been kept as near to the original as possible with regard to punctuation etc. Any corrections or additions made are indicated by the use of italics. All AWP's original underlinings have been retained for emphasis.

Mentone 1990

Michelle D Pain

Preface

As the ink on the original diary is becoming pale, it has been thought desirable to copy the diary before the original is completely illegible. In transcribing, the days have been numbered starting from the day of departure so that the number of days at sea is quickly determined. This was not done in the original, where only the dates are given. Thus, days before the departure have a minus sign and the days after arrival are quoted as 'Day 89 + 1, 2 or 3' as the case may be.

It should be explained that Arthur Wellesley Pain was ordained deacon in 1866 and priest in 1867 by the Bishop of Norwich, the Right Reverend John Thomas Pelham. He was, however, in poor health and was able to undertake his only curacy appointment at Holbrook from 27th May 1866 when he was ordained deacon until February 1867. His doctors considered his lungs were affected and he was advised to seek warmer climates. It is not known why he chose to migrate to Australia, however, years later during his visit to England in 1899 he records referring to a book in the Cambridge University Library on 'Australian Climates and Consumption' by Dr S. Douglas Bird of Melbourne, that "...it was this book in 1867 so strongly influenced me to go". Having decided to make Australia his home he had to seek passage on a ship.

He apparently was determined to find a roomy cabin, as it was recorded that, "...his cousin Fanny Barry, niece of Sir Charles Barry, took him in hand and went around the London Docks with him looking for a ship. And none of those small cabins appealed to him until they came across the Ship Sobraon....and they found a spacious cabin which he took and furnished with his new sea chest-of-drawers, couch, wash stand and organ". He travelled out with a close friend, the Rev. Jack Spencer, with whom he shared the cabin.

They sailed on Thursday October 10th 1867 and arrived at Port Jackson 89 days later on Tuesday January 7th 1868, however activities in the diary continue until Tuesday February 4th 1868. The voyage was the second journey undertaken by the Sobraon but the first made under the command of Captain JA Elmslie. The following text is a transcription of the original log kept by my grandfather, the Rev. (later Bishop) Arthur Wellesley Pain (1841 – 1920) during his first voyage to Australia, now in the keeping of Arthur Franklyn Pain.

Artarmon 1977

A. Franklyn Pain

The Text of the Diary

To be forwarded thus:

H. P. (*Henry Pain*), Bedford and Bedford friends

{ Mrs Childe, Holbrook Rectory, Ipswich
Browne, Julius etc, etc, etc

J. F. Pain Esq. Broughton, Stockbridge, Hants.

Mrs T. Pain etc

{ Miss Barry, 5 Eliot Bank, Forest Hill, London
E. J. B. etc, etc

Alfred M. Maynard Esq., Kirk Bramworth Rectory, Doncaster

The Rev. J. Waley, Southborough, Tunbridge Wells

The Rev. G. Sarago, 1 Neildway Road, London

The Rev. W. G. Vernon, The Parsonage, Great Bass, Birmingham

etc, etc, if desired or thought expedient, eventually to be delivered to the writer.

My first sea voyage in the Ship 'Sobraon'. 2130 Tons register. Captain J. A. Elmslie.

Wednesday, Oct: 9, 1867

After a long and wearisome journey from Broughton, Hants my brother John and I arrived at Plymouth about 5pm where Mrs Spiller met us, took us to the Royal Hotel, where 5 letters awaited me (one of which was a few last lines from Jukes written before going in to the Senate House) and arranged with a boatman to take us to the Ship: this was very kind of him and a great deal of help to us. It was nearly dark before we got to the boat. The rain, added to the darkness, made our passage to the Ship (2 miles) most unpleasant. But at length we climbed up a ladder which was close to the ship's deck and found a firm footing on the deck of the 'Sobraon'. All was bustle and confusion, so much so that the reality of my position did not fully come to me; but afterwards when in my berth in the cabin I began to comprehend the fact that I was indeed aboard, and soon to be beyond the power of returning to dear ones left behind. Whilst I was endeavouring to put the cabin in order, the long looked for face of dear old Spencer gladdened my vision and I felt much relieved: we had much to talk about and arrange for I had not seen him in weeks. Such trouble about the unlucky box containing our linen, I could hear nothing of it for a long time, but a man on deck mentioned my name to Willcock's clerk and said he wanted 2/- for shipping a box belonging to me!! It appears Dr Moore neglected to ship it in London and has to send it by Passenger train to Plymouth (12/5 which I did not pay).

Thursday, Oct: 10

Rose at 6 o'clock to all letters sent to me by Mrs Stack's sister and a coat which Maria kindly sent after me by mistake. Just after Mrs Stack's sister left the ship in company with Mrs Elmslie (Captain's wife), I was startled and most agreeably surprised to see, first Mr Spiller and then John, appear on deck: gave John £40 of Spencer's in order that he might send him a letter of credit for that amount. Mr S and John had but a few moments with us for the tug Scotia was alongside ready to tow us outside the breakwater: how eagerly we watched the little boat that took them off: what a mercy I have felt it that the 'goodbyes' are obliged to be a little bit hurried and cannot be dwelt upon for long. Between 8 and 9 o'clock we began to move. I was below at the time and when I got on deck again, we were out of sight from everything I knew. The voyage (*has*) really begun now. The expectations and imaginings of the previous five weeks (*are*) being fulfilled. How helpful and sustaining is the thought to me that the all wise God of love has ordered my path! Wind very favourable and sea calm. Did not feel any tendency to sickness until the evening, but Spencer soon began to feel quite ill. He could not appear at dinner. An immense relief to all: the box brought up out of the hold and placed in one of the empty cabins which most conveniently holds our spare luggage: how I longed to telegraph to John the welcome news that it was found. I at once opened it and brought out some of the very acceptable 'medicinal comforts'.

My numerous 'belongings' are rather a trouble to us: I have too many things and I cannot find half of them. Kept just well through the evenings. Spencer and his sister very ill although the sea is calm.

Friday Oct: 11

1

One day out. Rose soon after 7 and paced the deck. The wind dropped in the night so we made but little progress. A long chat with the doctor about my health. He would not have insisted upon my taking this voyage, but would have considered my leaving England imperatively necessary. The children in the next cabin were quieter last night. We were getting a little accustomed to all the noise of the ship: at first it was startling to hear the rush of a dozen footsteps immediately overhead, and shouts and singing(!) of the sailors just when I was trying to get to sleep again. A very fine morning. On the whole I am comfortable, and things are pleasant, but I can see plainly that I should be miserable if I were quite alone. As it is I dare not dwell without checking myself upon the scenes and the people I have left behind – that they are left is a great reality now. I must get less and less dependent upon home comforts or I shall not be as happy as I ought to be. (At) 12 noon Lat. N. 49.28 Long. W. 6. 28. From Lizard 62 miles. From Plymouth, 108 miles.

Last evening just before going below for the night the doctor pointed out Lizard light which I could see with my spectacles. This was the last lands sight which my physical eyes beheld, but how many lands are ever present to my mental vision! Mr Stack has spoken to the Captain about Sunday services. We are to have two, and they are to be on deck if possible. The Captain seems well inclined in the matter of these services. Spencer and I had a very pleasant chat with him afterwards on the same subject. We are spoken of among the passengers as 'the three', 'there are three of them' etc. After dinner in the evening, cards appeared for the first time. Only a few games played and that quietly. The 'wretched' piano is played at intervals during the day, but it is only one addition to numerous discordant sounds which are always to be heard. During the card playing the Stacks and I looked through the Cambridge stereoscopic slides. This induced Earl Belmore, who was sitting nearby, to approach and talk 'Cambridge' for some time to his private secretary, an Oxford man I think. I ventured to offer his Lordship the stereoscope and slides, but was not quite sure whether or not he thought it a liberty.

After tea, at Spencer's special request, I played on the Harmonium; my first tune was the same as the last one Jukes and Browne and I heard in my little room at Holbrook. 'Hosanna'. The harmonium is not damaged, and the cover from Chappell's fits it very well although it is not made convenient for opening. The Chief Officer sits next to me at (*the*) table. He is very pleasant and communicative; he has a brother now for three years past the curate of 'Stoneham', Suffolk where Mr Griffin officiated for a time. Another brother is to go up to Trinity, Cambridge, this October. The Earl and Smith dine with us at our table. As the cabin is near the Companion we sit near the top Table.

Mrs Stack and I consider the Ship is not well 'formed'. Dinners are cold and uninviting. Certainly all I have been told about this living on Ship board is far from realised (*later addition*: I was quite satisfied on this point as the voyage progressed; things improved) there is enough but there is still want of delicacy and niceness about the serving. Plenty of bad sherry, tonic, good beer and port etc. Dressing for dinner has not been attempted, yet, nor do I think it will be. The hours are: breakfast 8.30; Luncheon 12; Dinner 3.30; Tea 6.30; and spirits afterwards. The Saloon lights are put out at 10pm, but we may burn our cabin lamps longer (*later addition*: as long as we like; Dec 16), the Steward says until 11 but last night he left ours burning all the time because of Spencer feeling so ill. We may have as much water as we want. Evidently the arrangements of every ship differ from those of almost every other ship. *Experientia (sola) docet*.

We have but very few second class passengers and very few intermediate class passengers. There is no baggage room. Luggage not wanted on the voyage is under the main hatch. I am very glad that all I shall want is in No. 22 cabin. Many things are not as I have been told they would be, I trust this will not increase the growth of scepticism generally, my character for which is already notorious. The champagne and currant cakes most acceptable. We can enjoy them in the privacy of our cabin which, however, is far from private as to sounds. We can hear much of our neighbours' conversations, especially the inarticulate strains of the ill-managed children in No. 5. Poor Mrs Cocks. She seems to have herself and these three young ones to take care of; she is brave to undertake the voyage. Saw today some porpoises and Mother Carey's chickens. We have been going rather out of our course away to a SW wind. My pocket compass is not very useful; for even on the ship will not tell us true. The Captain has to go through most complicated corrections of its reading, owing to all the metal in the Ship, her inclinations etc. Have not yet been able to use the barometer and thermometer, nor the gymnast, nor a quarter of the things I have in my possession. I want much to put up some illumination texts in the cabin but there is no room on the walls, our coats and lamps and bags cover nearly all. I have no less than 5 illuminations done expressly for the voyage; so very kind and thoughtful have my friends been! This evening the cabin has been getting into order, the gasogene is charged and has been used.

Saturday Oct: 12**2**

Perhaps now I shall be able to write more intelligibly and give a better description of various matters for what I have written up to the present time, but I was never 'graphic' in my composition. I have quite enough idea of it to know that with a little more power I could make an interesting description of things concerned with the Ship. As it is I am conscious of writing much 'twaddle'. I am still well. I've not been sick yet, but then the sea is so calm and yet many of the ladies and Spencer and one or two others are not able to appear. Our breakfast party this morning was very short.

Have remembered the Cambridge Prayer Union this morning and felt the marvellous power of communion of spirit which we possess. It is a comfort to me that I can pray for my dear friends as much as I can, and perhaps it is because they are dearer than ever through absence. Very little progress made today. Lat. 48.33. N. Long 6. 23. Distance run 68 miles.

The latitude was taken at noon and the longitude about 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ before noon, the best time for it (the longitude) is about 3 hours before noon. At 1.15 we passed the 'Lovanter' from Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, so close that our Captain could shout out our Longitude and ask to be reported. Soon after we hoisted signals to the 'Maria Luck'. Three or more other vessels have been in sight all afternoon. We have been in the Bay of Biscay since yesterday afternoon. The passengers are generally better today. I have been introducing three of my ??? on deck: the Barometer, the Thermometer and the Gymnast. Our bill of fare today was Barley Broth Roast Beef; Boiled Leg Mutton and Turnip braised Mutton; Pillaw Fowl; Roast Shoulder Mutton; salt beef and carrots; beef etc etc pudding, curry and rice; Sheep's heads; Fruit tarts; Apple Pudding; Blanc Mange (flavoured with Rum); Rice Pudding; Jam Puffs; Baked roll pudding; Potatoes; Cabbage etc. Notwithstanding the good variety, nothing is very nice.

Sunday, Oct: 13**3**

Awoke early by the noise of the stewards clearing up the Saloon. It seems to us there has been no quiet today. How much I have missed the opportunity of getting quite alone in the silence. How much my thoughts have been of England! We have no difficulty getting morning and evening service. The captain quite encourages us and the passengers do not at all seem to object. Most of the 1st class passengers attend twice and many of the others. Some were too ill. Amongst that number Spencer, who is worse than usual today. We had more tossing about today than before; the waves were grand this afternoon. They have been washing the deck. The Ship is now rolling much. I am holding to the table with one hand and writing with the other.

Morning service was at 10.30. I read all the prayers, louder than at any time since I was taken ill; Mr Stack, the lessons and preached a short introductory address on Matthew XXII, 37 etc, speaking of our position as ministers, our duty to each other as fellow passengers etc etc and giving some notices about singing, having Evening Prayer, etc.

Spencer being so ill, I began to look over my sermons with a view to preaching in the evening. Evening service at 7.30. Mr Stack prayers and lesson, myself the sermon, February 24th at Bentley I last preached; what a mercy to be allowed once more to deliver my message. I took Hebrews XIII, 8 'Jesus Christ the same, yesterday, today and forever' but the sermon was poor and certainly it was difficult to preach amid much noise both from the ship rolling and the noise overhead. Both services have been in the Saloon. We sing in the morning Psalm C and in the evening, the Evening Hymn. I doubt not some of my friends have been singing 'Eternal Father strong to save'. I suppose the day has been fairly kept here but certainly it has not seemed like a Sunday to me. Our services were the best things in the day. It was enjoyable to think of the numbers who were similarly enjoyed. Lat: N: 47.54 Long: 8.51 From Lands End, 183 miles.

Monday, Oct: 14

4

During the night we made no progress, but here rolled about most unpleasantly. I did not get much sleep. The Ship's bell is just now ringing for prayers as it did for service yesterday. The sound is quite refreshing. It's quite possible to fancy it is in the tower of a church, or belonging to some college chapel. Several were at prayers, nearly as many as at the service yesterday. I am getting used to this life now, but I am not profitably employing my time. Besides this diary I have brought nothing to pass. Spencer is quite ill whilst I have not been sick at all. We are making such slow progress that I cannot perceive any differences of climate yet. A party of four on my right are playing Whist and singing snatches of 'Paddle your own canoe etc'. Today I have been using my Gymnast a little but I cannot make much of it. It was so nice this evening to see the Captain go to the forward end of the Saloon and take an interest in getting in and seating the second class passengers, stewards etc for prayers. Lat: 47. 28N Long: 9. 0 Distance now only 27 miles.

Tuesday, Oct: 15**5**

Lat: N. 47. 57, Long: W. 10. 50, distance now 80 miles, which the Officer said when I asked him whether it was in our right course, was "all round my hat". Very well put, for certainly we have been going in all directions, part of the time back again. But now this evening we are getting on nicely in our proper course. I wonder whether the 'Lovanter' has reached England yet. I was so glad we spoke to her so that all those who are looking out in the newspapers may still have some reward for their trouble. Some passengers still ill. Our places at Table are appointed thus. They are not strictly kept.

Capt. Elmslie	Miss Gladstone, sister to Lady B
Lord Belmore	Mrs Toulmin,
Lady Belmore	Mr Toulmin, Private Secretary to
Capt Beresford, aid de camp	Lord B
Mrs Bresford	Miss Spencer
Mr Spencer	Mrs Stack
Mrs Cocks, who has three children on board	Mr Stack
Mr Pain	Miss Stack
Mr Bowen, Chief Officer	Dr Butler, Ship's Doctor
Mr Cardell, retired squatter	Miss Rose
Mrs Cardell	Mr Woodward
Mr Wallace	Mrs Woodward
Mr Tylden	Miss Harris
Mr Jelf	Miss Grovenor
Mr Robertson	Mr Blake (has crossed the line 13 times)
Mr West	Mr Jenkins, 2 nd Officer
Mr Spier	

I may as well give one more Bill of Fare Mulligatawny Soup, Saddle mutton and jelly, Boiled shoulder of Mutton and onion sauce, Salt Beef and carrots, Ham, Boiled fowl and oyster sauce, Harricot chops, potato cutlets, Mutton pasties, curried steaks, plum pudding, macaroni cheese, fruit tarts, rice pudding, cheese cakes, jellies, potatoes and vegetables. If I have written much about eating and drinking I have been consistent with our practice. Meals come so close together. Notwithstanding all the fine names above, the provisions seem to me to be as 'near the wind' as possible. Almost everything is. The Beer is not Bass's, the marmalade is not Keiller's, the prunes are old and dry and hard, and the sugar is not white, etc. But enough of this, I only have to write to give my friends an idea of how we live as to these matters. This evening I was on deck when the bell rang for prayers. I enjoyed the sound and wondered how far across the blue moonlit sea it could be heard. The Royal yards were put up today.

Wednesday, Oct: 16

6

Such a rough morning! Woke up at 4.30 again by the Ship being put about. Have been on deck but very little today for the sky has been leaden all day. We are not getting on at all. Lat: N. 46. 17, Long: W. 10. 50.

Today we passed the 'Mermaid' which left London the same day we did but did not pull in at Plymouth. We have on board 2500 tons of actual cargo, apart from Passengers and all connected with them, composed of a quantity of salt, railway iron, etc. A long talk this evening with JW Wallace, who has been much in India in the Oriental Bank at Bombay. He is a Scotchman but does not like Scotchmen. At Bombay he used to go sometimes to the English Church, sometimes to the Scotch. He says that missionaries are very badly paid, they have not enough for providing the necessary means by which to carry on their work properly, this applies especially to the Scotch. He came across Rev. W. Saumarez Smith once, and played cricket with him. Knows two Purdu native ministers and is quite of the opinion that one day, ere long, the Purdus in a body will embrace Christianity.

Lament very much the bad way in which many Europeans treat the natives. Mr Wallace likes the natives and says they will behave well to those that treat them well. He could trust a Purdu or a Hindu, but not a Mahommedan at all. The Roman Catholics bribe natives to become converts, who go back as soon as the pay ceases. If Mr Childe reads this he will find nothing he did not know but I think he will appreciate the corroborations. Today I fixed up in our cabin the illuminated text 'When I am weak, then I am strong' and thought much of the kindness of him to whom I am indebted for it. I also looked at and tried to put up others I have which have been so kindly done for me but I am afraid of spoiling them; the one put up is in a frame.

Thursday, Oct: 17**7**

A week since I watched John and Mr Spiller leave our ship in that little boat! A long week and a boring one. I begin to crave for terra firma and to be still for a few minutes. We have made more progress today. Lat: N. 44. 39, Long: W. 10.33. Distance run, 115 miles. We have been compelled to make a little eastward. Passed a Dutch Schooner from Cork to Madeira close enough to speak. Our singing class met for first time today at 11 in the Saloon. Several of the gentleman passengers attended. Some of the midshipmen want to come. Really it is most pleasant to find so much right feeling on these points. There seems to be no opposition to anything connected with our services and evening prayers. The ship's bell rings every morning for a few minutes and most of the passengers attend.

I have been looking over a quantity of old letters and tearing up some. It was a great privilege to read once again many of them, and since prayers I have been indulging in a real luxury. I have been arranging Cartes de Noite in the handsome album Mrs Burton gave me. How very precious to me are those photographs! Still, if I had no hope of a higher and perfect commissions with those they picture than they afford I should be mainly sad. There are many whom I may hope, humbly as to myself, to spend an eternity of happiness with, even if we do not meet again on earth.

Friday, Oct: 18**8**

The Ship is rolling violently. I despair of a good nights rest. In fact, I do not consider I have had much good, refreshing sleep since we have been on board. We have had a very pleasant day and have made some progress. Lat: N. 42. 10, Long: W. 11. 32. Distance run, 156 miles. These are throughout nautical miles, 60 of them being equal to 69 ½ English statute miles. There has been a little more glee singing this evening – such songs as ‘The night before the battle’, ‘Old folks at home’, ‘Hard lives etc’ and last evening I was reminded of Vincent Ryan Sothers at Holbrook by hearing the song ‘But that’s not me nor you etc’. I am sorry to say my reading easel will not screw to my chair. I am not at all sure I can alter it so as to make any use of it, but then it is next to impossible to do any reading, one is never quite alone. The Ship is being put about again and there is a delightful noise going on 10.30pm.

Saturday, Oct: 19**9**

There is not a position one can choose where muscular power is not required to maintain it, consequently it is next to impossible to get sleep. But this evening I am feeling better than I have during the day. Not that my chest is weak, it must have gained strength for I could read the prayers this evening with a loud voice, almost as loud as I used to read in Holbrook Church. There has been another practice of hymn-singing today but nothing very brilliant has been accomplished.

We have on board 'a stowaway' which means a man who secreted himself in the Ship and did not make his appearance until the Ship was so far out at sea as to prevent the feasibility of landing him. The consequences being that he gets his passage and his food for whatever work the Officers can get out of him. This is by no means uncommon. Just at breakfast time we spoke with 'Harry Ellis', a Ship from Glasgow to China or Bombay (or somewhere else).

The way in which the speaking is done is this – the Captain has a book which contains the names of all vessels, opposite to which is a number, names of vessels being divided into three classes known by three distinguishing pendants; first on the rope the distinguishing pendant is put up and afterwards flags representing figures which make up the number opposite to which is in the book is the Ship's name, then a set of flags for 'whither bound', 'whence from' etc, all being done by the same system of numbers. There is another system of signalling but I have not had it explained to me.

This evening I have realised that we are in warmer climate. In trying to picture to myself those left behind, which I do constantly, I have been obliged to think of them all wrapping up to keep out the cold and mist, and then turning in to a nice fire, whereas I have been walking on the deck this evening (it being almost dusk) and enjoying balmy breezes. At Holbrook, I should think Jeeves and Browne this evening had been glad of the comfortable fire which awaited their arrival from the Rectory after prayers where I know they have been thinking of me. We are in Lat: N. 39. 28, Long: 13. 11, distance run is W26 S179 miles. We are more distant from Madeira SSW 440 miles and from Lands End 750 miles. I suppose we are about opposite to Madrid. I hope by this time 'Jelle' is safe at Southborough and all has gone well. Spencer has not been ill lately and most of the other passengers are pretty well. What a mercy to think that I was not seasick at all.

Sunday, Oct: 20**10**

We have just had a nice orderly service on deck. The Captain's amidships was covered with two flags 'Union Jack' and this formed the Deck and Pulpit. In front of it was arranged seats of various descriptions. Spencer read prayers, Mr Stack the sermon and preached from Galatians VI.14. We sang 'Through all the changing scenes of life' and 'My God, my Father, while I stray' – two most appropriate hymns. The people joined in the service nicely. I should think about all the passengers were present, as well as a goodly number (about 2/3) of the Ship's hands. The Earl of Belmore I noticed sitting upon one of the salt water tubs. The whole matter of the service was so nicely taken up. I am almost sure the Ship was put out of her course so as to make her more steady. All was calm and most pleasant; we had our hats off the whole time., whilst sails shaded us from the sun. It seems very suitable to worship the God of heavens under the canopy which he has spread. There is much in nature to help us in worshipping the God of grace, provided we have really become partakers of His grace.

The difference in time would bring our service within about a quarter of an hour of those in which dear ones at home are joining, but they are not having such delightful weather. The sailors seemed very anxious to get hymn books. I fancy they enjoy the singing the most. Mr Stack and I went into the Forecastle to invite the men to come. Some of them were a little inclined to talk and grin during the sermon. Maria will be pleased and interested to know that the surplice she made me has been used by us on both Sundays. Little did she think that at one time it would be worn on the deck of Ship on the broad Atlantic.

The ropes on each side of the deck were coiled in pretty patterns. Even this helped us realise it was Sunday. Our Evening (7.30) Service has been in the Saloon. I have read Prayers, Spencer the lessons and preached John XXI, 17 "Lovest thou me". I thought of the Communion Table in Holbrook Church. A good congregation and the singing heartily taken up. We had 'Son of my soul etc'. During the Day watch I went into the Forecastle with some tracts and small hymn books for the men. They received them very well. One man, a Roman Catholic who I thought would not want one, asked for one and said, "I don't belong to you, but I like to look at your book". Two men were looking over a quantity of loose numbers of the Family Herald, another man seemed anxious to improve his writing etc so I offered to give him some help. I wish I had a few of the Copy Books I left behind at Holbrook. I feel very thankful at having been permitted to do even this small amount of ministering work. I had a nice chat with the second Officer on Deck and also with the 1st Officer in the Saloon. Both are sons of Clergymen. The latter told me a great deal about his father's death; he was evidently a good man. Today's reckoning is: Lat. N. 37. 28, Long: 14.35. Distance run, 129 miles.

Monday, Oct: 21**11**

A lovely day. Certainly I am enjoying the weather. What a glorious thing it would be to transplant England into this latitude. Nothing important has transpired. This journal will not be so lengthy for the future to the joy of those who are to read it, I should think. We hope to see Madeira tomorrow. We are in Lat: N. 35. 46, Long: W. 15. 40. Distance run is W. 25 S, 125 miles. From Madeira, 190 miles. The smell in our cabins this evening is dreadful. We suppose it is caused by bilge water.

Tuesday, Oct: 22**12**

The ship has been beautifully still for the last 12 hours. I am enjoying the cessation from the distressing rolling. A little diversion this afternoon watching a ship who was supposed to be a Yankee man of war (a military steamer). It proved, however, to be a Danish vessel we saw. She hoisted ensigns but no more conversation passed between us. She seemed to be cruising about. Whilst I write we are passing Madeira. If it were daylight we could see the land. As it is we can only make out a sort of dirty place on the horizon. Today's reckoning (noon) is at Lat 33. 55, Long 16. 56. Distance run is W. 29. S. 128 miles. Yesterday and today we have had some better exercise on deck – jumping and skipping, hop, step and jump etc – it is surprising what little things are an amusement to us.

Wednesday, Oct: 23**13**

The quiet of the Ship (not the people in it!) is still most enjoyable and as is this delightful weather. Certainly as to this point my expectations are already realised how much I wish my friends in England could have just a week of this weather we are getting. I do appreciate it. We have an awning spread now over the deck. I have looked out my thinnest clothing as I am in almost continual perspirations. Another little visit to the Forecastle. I quite hope to be able to do a little good amongst the men. Mr Toulmin, the Earl's Private Secretary, was at New College, Oxford and a little part of his time there was the same as part of Ballon's. A little 'small cricket' attempted on deck today reminded me of Holbrook. We are all getting quite at home on the Ship now, most of us trust each other as members of the same household. It is amusing to notice the way in which we all begin to take liberties in various ways and become more completely natural. Lat N. 31. 42 Long W. 18. 40, 168 miles.

Thursday, Oct: 24**14**

Somehow or other time does not hang at all heavily on my hands, whether it be because I can always spin out a little employment over a long period of time or because I really find plenty to do, or for both of these reasons; I will not decide. But I am very glad that my fears of having 'nothing to do on board ship' are not realised. I am generally out of bed about 6.30am.

The time has to vary according as the bath is at liberty or not. I enjoy the bath greatly. It was pleasant to take Bridges on Psalm CXIX and read it on deck this morning before breakfast under a bright, warm sun. Yesterday morning, I took Ryle's book of hymns and read some of those marked.

Immediately after breakfast every day, I take the barometer and thermometer on deck and read a little of some book until I think they have been exposed long enough. After these operations this morning, I marked up Mr Stack's chart and the Doctor's, then made some amateur copy books for the sailors and set copies, then made several copies of hymns to be sung on Sunday whilst the rest of the party were practising singing. Mrs Stack has been putting a puggie on my straw hat. We have passed today a latitude of the Peak of Tenerife but at too great a distance to see it. Today's reckoning is Lat: N. 29.9, Long: W. 19. 26. Distance run is S15W, 156 miles.

It has been interesting to notice the general conversation since we have been on board. Everybody finds out first what part everybody is going to, then there is a discussion as to the relative merits of the various places of Australia, and if either speaker has been there before, a minute description follows of various matters. The last voyage in such a case was talked over and former adventures related and compared with present ones. 'Specially there is a great deal said about various ways of getting to Australia; expressions like 'Panama route', 'Overland', 'Point de Galle' may constantly be overheard, and the prospect of our arriving at Sydney at such a day is gone into, when we cross the line etc. Always something either about this or a former journey or the place whither we are bound, the most noticeable point is the little that is said about the country we have left. All this has suggested to my mind the reflections that these features are not prominent in the matter of our journey heavenwards whither we who are Christians profess to be bound.

After luncheon I visited the Forecastle again found some new scholars. The men were very civil and I feel quite thankful for this work but I want it to lead to something higher. The unpleasantness of the Forecastle was trying; some smoking, some washing in a pail, some dressing, some sleeping, some mending clothes and two, for a few moments, playing Cribbage. One of the passengers, a young fellow, went up the rigging after dinner and because he had not paid his footing, was tied there by two of the middies. This caused us a little excitement. We are now fairly in the NE tradewinds which we hope will carry us very near to the Equator. It is such a pleasure to me to think of those I love in dear England; to imagine what they are doing. I think supper is just over at Holbrook and the tutors are leaving the Rectory. Here, it is not yet half past eight o'clock.

Friday, Oct: 25

15

Lat: N. 26. 37, Long: W. 20. 27, course S20W, distance 162 miles. Read over and destroyed a quantity of letters. Read some of the 'Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family', attended to my scholars, and in the evening, played chess with Spencer and copied more hymns for Sunday.

It appears that this is a teetotal ship. The men have not had any grog served to them since we left England, but they get 1 ½ lb meat each daily, and their wages are £2.10 a month. The Quartermaster's getting £2.15.0, the Boatswain £5.0.0 and each of his mates £3.

Saturday, Oct: 26

16

"The Sobraon Gazette and Atlantic Intelligence" made its first appearance this afternoon, published by Messrs Litter and Turo (Literature – for the benefit of the unlearned). It is to come out weekly. This first copy is not brilliant, it contains a short tale and a leading article, some pseudo advertisements, answers to correspondents etc and a table of Lat. And Long. for the week. We think we know who got it up. Spencer and I have not contributed anything at present. There was a kind of concert on deck this evening by the 2nd and 3rd class passengers and some of the Ship's hands. I went for 5 minutes but did not care to remain longer. I do not know that anything improper was sung. I have been looking over a sermon for tomorrow and I am struck with the different circumstances under which I do so now from formerly – writing on a wash stand, sitting (*on*) a chair which is much too low etc etc are rather sharp contrasts to the comfortable desk and chair I had at Holbrook – but these are small matters compared to the publicity of the scene – only a curtain separating me from all the rest of the people, which of course did not prevent me from hearing much of their conversation and the singing in the distance.

Lat: 24. 43, Long: 20. 42, S70W, 116 miles. Whilst I write we are probably entering the Tropics. I have been in a state of profuse perspiration nearly the whole evening. What would I not give were it possible, to have a peep at some dear friends in England, specially this evening.

Sunday, Oct: 27

17

A very good number present at both our services. In the morning, Spencer read prayers and Mr Stack read lessons and preached from Luke XIII 23-24. We chanted the Venite, the Glorias after the Psalms and the Jubilate and sang that Hymns so full of sweet memories to many of my Cambridge friends – ‘How sweet the Name etc’ and ‘Lo! He comes etc’. Unfortunately, most of the men in the Forecastle were in bed when I went, or we should have had, I hoped, a small kind of Bible class. This may never happen, but I’ll be hopeful.

Spencer read Evening Prayers and lessons, and I preached from Psalms CXIX 32 – ‘I will run the way of thy commandments when Thou shalt enlarge my heart’. I am afraid my heart was not so much enlarged as when I preached the same sermon at Holbrook on Oct 21, 1866. I am none the worse for the effort, what a mercy! And yet I felt beforehand somewhat of a burden.

Lat: 22. 27 Long: 20. 42, course South, distance 136 miles. Saw the phosphorus on the sea splendidly! Of course, I mean the phosphorus, which I saw on the sea, was splendid. The Hymns were sang this evening were ‘Jesu, lover of my soul’ and ‘Abide with me, fast falls the eventide’ to the tunes in the Ancient and Modern. At dinner there was on the Table an Alma Pudding, decorated appropriately with small flags in the English, French and Turkish ensigns.

Monday, Oct: 28

18

A little excitement before breakfast this morning. Part of the crew of a whaler came off in a boat alongside of us and one of them came on board, our ship being ‘brought to’ for the purpose. The whaler had been out 10 months (her name was ‘The Helen’ from Marion near Bedford in America). Our Captain said we should be in Sydney before she entered a port, however one or two risked sending letters by her. The men, some of whom were niggers, brought us two pailfuls of sweet potatoes (when cooked, something like soft parsnips or roasted chestnuts) and asked me for newspapers – they said they had lived so long without knowing what was going on in the world. We found a good number of papers of one sort or another, to which various books were added by some of our passengers. I was able to give, besides papers, several little books and tracts and a bible (at the suggestion of another!), besides one or two portions of the New Testament. Mr Tylden went off our ship into the

boat and examined the harpoons. One of the white men, on being asked whether or no he was an Englishman, replied in the negative, when some of the niggers said 'We an English Massa' – a rather singular way of assuring us of such a doubtful fact! I really felt it was rather a treat to see some fresh faces.

Much earlier than this, about 3 o'clock am, Spencer and I were suddenly awoke(*n*) by sea leaking into the cabin through the port. It was unpleasant to have to get out at once and mop up, but I am thankful to say no real damage was done to any of our things. Almost anything is preferable to being stifled through want of fresh air.

It was amusing to notice how all the breakfast tabletalk was about our friends the whalers and whaling in general. As Spencer said, "We certainly had 'whales' for breakfast". Today's reckoning is Lat: 19. 51 N., Long: 21. 9. W, course S10W, 159 miles. A continuance of very lovely weather; how much I enjoy it!

Tuesday, Oct: 29

19

We are getting along only slowly but then the ship does not roll and this is such a comfort! The Captain says we have had no good trade winds at present. Flying fish were seen this morning, but I did not get a good view of them. Several swallows have been flying about the ship today. The chief Officer says he has never before seen any. We think they have lost their way! Probably they will rest in the rigging tonight. The usual practice of singing Hymns went on as usual this morning.

Lat: N. 17. 31, Long: W. 21. 0, course South, distance 141 miles. We passed Cape de Verdo Islands this afternoon, not in sight. My chess men are continuously being used. I have played a few games. Chess seems as popular as anything.

Wednesday, Oct: 30

20

The heat is now almost unbearable. I am in a state of liquification. Therm in Saloon 81⁰. I'd have thought it were 100⁰. Lat: 14. 11. N, Long: 21. 41. W, course South, distance 168 miles.

Thursday, Oct: 31**21**

An intensely hot day. A very moist atmosphere consequently, although the thermometer is not more than 82° in the Saloon, we fancy it is much higher. I have done really nothing today. It's enough employment to try to keep cool. It is three weeks today since we left Plymouth and a month since the sailors began their work. They usually draw a month's wages before starting, consequently they work for a month, as I have often heard it expressed in England, 'on a dead horse'. This expression has a meaning also for the end of the first month, an amusing ceremony connected with it takes place. This evening we have seen it. A horse it constructed out of an empty barrel, old canvas etc, with ends of soda water bottles for eyes, and unravelled ropes for a mane, sheepskin for a saddle etc. At 8 o'clock this was dragged from the Forecastle (lying on its side with a man supposed to be riding it) by the sailors, they singing all the while a doggeral song. When they arrive aft of their mainmast, a man pretended to put the horse up for auction, after which he made an original effusion in rather doleful strains. The horse was named 'Hermit'. Then the animal (?) was dragged to the side of the ship and at a given signal hoisted up to the end of the yard arm. At this moment a blue light was set burning, the effect of which was very pretty. The horse swung out a considerable distance over the sea and looked rather ludicrous in the air. After it had hung a little time, it was cut down and let fall, with a noise, into the water amid deafening cheers. This sealed the ceremony. But not quite, for the men immediately afterwards met near the mainmast and had grog served out to them.

The Captain's wet and dry bulb thermometer was wrong this evening, so I had the honour of lending him mine. A great luxury today has been having my hair cut very short. There is a very respectable barber amongst the intermediate passengers. Lat: N. 12.8, Long W. 21. 0, course South, 156 miles.

Friday, Nov: 1**22**

Our chief talk now is about the intense heat. And then the Captain says we may lose this light breeze we have at any moment. Letter writing today in the hope of seeing a homeward bound vessel. The Doctor says I am not to do so much as I am doing on board ship, but this seems to me nigh impossible. This evening there is part of the constellation 'the Southern Cross' to be seen. A fish was caught today. Some say it is a small dolphin, but most people say it is a Bonito. Lat: N. 9. 56, Long: W. 20. 58, course South, 133 miles, thermometer 83.5° .

Saturday, Nov: 2**23**

Another very hot day. The wind fell about dinner time. We are going very slowly. A little excitement tonight in consequence of a ship being in sight. Everybody is letter writing. I have just finished off my budget, but I think there is little chance of their going. The 1st and 2nd Officers have enjoyed the fun of chaffing us all, “Now then, are the letters ready?”, “Do you want any stamps? etc”. All of this is a relief from the monotony of our life. The 2nd number of ‘the Sobraon Gazette and Atlantic Intelligence’ came out today. Lat: N. 7. 42, Long: W. 21. 20, course S10W, distance run 134 miles.

It has been such an effort as well as such a pleasure to write a few letters.

Sunday, Nov: 3**24**

Our unfortunate letters have not gone. A nice Sunday but a very hot one. Both our services have been on deck. I think I enjoyed the evening one best. Mr Stack read prayers and Spencer the lessons. Sermon – text Luke XIX ‘For the Son of Man is come to seek etc’. I had a pleasant talk with the Captain about the men. They have not attended in proper numbers. He says he does not like to enforce his authority, but will speak to them on the subject. In all his ships, he has had crew present at services. Hymns in the morning were ‘Jerusalem the Golden’ and ‘O Help us Lord, each one of need’. We chanted the Venite, Glorias and Jubilate. The evening service was at 7.30, when it was dark. (The sun rises about 6am and sets about 6pm. Have not noticed much difference in the length of days throughout the voyage.) It seems strange to have such melting weather and not longer evenings, but we have several of the Ship’s lanterns suspended from our ropes. The Officers were at some considerable pains to rig up our Church. It was elevating and grand to worship our great Creator, whom we could also know to be our reconciled Father, under such circumstances. Occasional flashes of summer lightening made the scenes more sublime.

I read the prayer in a loud voice, as loud as ever I have done since I have been ordained. Of course, I can tell I made an effort, but I am, I believe, none the worse for it. At any time, in perfect health, this cannot be done without knowing it afterwards. Our hymns were ‘When our heads are bow’d with woe’ and ‘Son of my soul’. Mr Stack preached from Micah VI ‘Where with shall I come before the Lord etc’ etc. Between the services I much enjoyed reading some of ‘The Early Christian’.

I suppose at Cambridge today the two Proctors have been sitting in the Vice Chancellor’s seat. Reckoning – Lat: N. 7. 2, Long: W. 21. 40, course S26W, distance 46 miles.

Monday, Nov: 4**25**

This has been a most relaxing day. I have done nothing but perspire. I never knew what this word fully meant until now. Everything on me has been soaking, a pocket handkerchief became wringing wet through wiping my face only in a few minutes. Not a breath of fresh air in the evening. Cabin and Saloon dreadfully close. Passed an American whaler. Great excitement before we came near her as to whether or not she was homeward bound. Kept alive in the evening by drinking (!) in close succession, three glasses of sherry and two tumblers of brandy and water. Oh! The heat. Lat: N. 6. 10, Long: W. 21. 56, S16W, 56 miles.

Tuesday, Nov: 5**26**

A homeward bound vessel in sight at breakfast time. We spoke with her, but no boat could be lowered. We were going along too well, for at 12.30 midnight a breeze sprung up, which has continued ever since. Most likely it is the South East Trades beginning. If so, it is lucky for us as we have not had too much time in the doldrums. The vessel was the 'Cornelia', a Dutchman. In consequence of the breeze, the heat has been a little less oppressive, but I have felt too languid to attempt very much. On this day last year, if I remember right, I was one of the very pleasant party who went to Harwich in a stone dredgers boat – a happy memory to me! Lat: N. 4. 51, Long: W. 22. 52, S33W, 95 miles.

Wednesday, Nov: 6**27**

Great discussion as to when we shall pass the line, and a great many stale jokes on the subject. Today, a lottery has been set up with reference to it – persons subscribe 2/6 each, then the most probable 24 hours within which we may cross are chosen and tickets are written for each hour – '12 to 1', '1 to 2' etc – then these are drawn and the holder of the ticket that has on it the hour during which we cross the line will get all the money. This gambling, Spencer and I will have nothing to do with, not Mr Stack as to himself, but he allows his daughter to join. Heat still intense. Lat: 2. 46. N, Long: 25. 43. W, S52W, 217 miles.

Thursday, Nov: 7**28**

We are going much to westward. Succeeded today in making use of my reading easel, which has in itself nothing difficult of use, only I was so obtuse – I could not discover how to fix it. At last one of the other passengers gave me the help of his wisdom and I wondered at my stupidity. The easel will be most useful on land. Here, although it is nice during use, there are many things against it, not the least being able to leave it even for a few minutes on the chair when not watched for fear of its being completely upset by some of the numerous children who are always on deck.

In the evening, the first step in the ceremonies connected with crossing the line began. A loud shout from the Forecastle ‘boat alongside’, then our Chief Officer carried on a conversation with the officers of the imaginary boat, which was supposed to come from King Neptune. This done, the officer ‘came on board’, he was Neptune’s Secretary. First he exchanged greetings, enquired after our Captain etc and asked if there were any of Neptune’s children on board – he had letters for them – where upon he dived down into a bag labelled ‘OCEAN MAIL’ etc and produced letters for the Captain, ‘The Ladies’, ‘The Earl of Belmore’, each one of the gentlemen passengers, ‘The second class passengers’ etc etc, then after a little more talk, verbally announcing the purpose of Neptune to ‘come aboard’ in the morning. He prepared to go, a boat being lowered for him (which in fact was a tub of tar or other combustible material set on fire). This floated in the water of our wake and kept alight for more than a quarter of an hour. It looked very pretty. The following is a copy of my letter:

Neptune’s Bower

The Equator

Mid Ocean

Nov: 7 / 67

Sir,

Having heard you have arrived in my Dominions, I intend paying you a visit tomorrow, accompanied by my wife and last child. I have given my secretary instructions to go on board tonight so that you may be prepared for my visit. I remain your most dutiful Father,

Neptune.

Lat: 1. 40. N, Long: 27. 50. W, distance 143 miles.

Friday, Nov: 8

29

The day of the ceremony. We crossed the line at 7.15 this morning. Grand event! The men have certainly acted their parts very well. The whole proceeding is really for their benefit. Directly after breakfast, preparations began and I felt much as I have done at Holbrook during the early morning of a Match day – all unsettled and waiting for the excitement to begin. Just before 11 am, the procession left the Forecastle. First, a man playing the violin, then several policemen, followed immediately by Neptune's carriage (drawn by 4 bears – men on hands and knees enveloped in sheepskins) containing the coachman and Neptune with wife and child. They were all dressed up – Neptune with long shaggy hair, beard and moustache, and hat thus (*a sketch of a crown*); trident too. His wife with the child – she having an immense chignon of untwisted rope. The carriage was followed by the barber and his attendants, and the Doctor and his assistants, all carrying respective implements.

Arrived aft of the mainmast, Neptune etc got out of the carriage and addressed our officer, calling aloud on his secretary to read us his speech, the purpose of which was that all who had not crossed the line were to be shaved or pay a 'consideration' in lieu. Then, all at once, the child was ill and the doctor had to be called in. This was his first performance. Neptune etc then seated themselves in state and the shaving performance began (the names had been read out by the secretary) with a kind enquiry on the part of the doctor (one of the Quartermasters, who played the best part of all who joined in the performance) after the health of the first victims, succeeded by the humorous and violent administration of various medicines out of the box which had been carried in the procession. I think the medicines were lamp oil, caster oil, sea water and other filthy things. Some of each, with a file having been given, the next thing was to seat the poor fellow blindfolded on a plank and smother his face and head with a thick white mixture like whiting, the object being to get some in his mouth; to effect which, various devices were tried (questions being asked etc). Then the fellow's nose was held tight so that he must open his mouth for breath. The last application was a lot of black stuff like tar. Then the barber took out his razor no. 1 (*which*) was with an edge like this (*drawing of a rough edge*). No. 2 had a smooth edge and (*he*) scraped away furiously. These implements were about a foot long in the blade and made of wood. After these scraping, the fellow was seized and thrown backwards into a large sail full of warm water, where were the 'four bears' ready to receive him, give him a ducking and keep him under water for a good time. This was the end, and the victim made his escape at the other end of the bath.

Several had to submit to this performance; one of our Saloon passengers volunteered to go through with it for his own gratification. The rest of us gave a 'tip' instead. The above description will answer for each person, save that some were served worse than others, and towards the last, the water became decidedly dirty. The Doctor, now and then, thought it advisable to employ a 'stomach pump'!! which was a huge thing and could only douse externally with dirty water, it has amused me much, that for some cause or other, each victim was considered to be in bad health and to require the doctor's kind attention! Once he felt the pulse, an operation performed by seizing a fellow's ankle!

If anyone would not open his mouth, the end of a hammer was inserted or else part of a turnip in a comical form filled with pins, and sometimes the smelling bottle was necessary! - a cork with the points of pins protruding from the end. The policemen had to go up the rigging for two or three who thought to escape the operation. We were all looking on and laughing immoderately at this strange and somewhat barbarous proceeding. It has made a little diversion for the men and for us. In many ships it is not allowed at all, and in many I gather, it is carried on much less decently and mildly than here. After all, nobody seems the worse for being operated on.

During the afternoon, the men had some 'village sports' - climbing up a greasy pole etc. I hear that the Captain gives them all a dinner and an allowance of grog. I wonder how it is I have been able to write such a lot about this affair, for the heat is still intense. I am very languid; it is a good thing I have no duties to perform, for I can do nothing except sit still and try to keep cool. Lat: 00.33. S. Long: 29. 18. W, S33W, run 159 miles. Out head steward has crossed the line 33 times.

Saturday, Nov: 9

30

A glorious breeze! We are going along nicely. Have been looking over my sermons, for I am to preach tomorrow morning. It is one thing to preach to an ordinary village congregation, as I have done, and quite another thing to preach to a set of people with whom I have now been living in closer contact than members of the same family do in a house and under far more unpleasant circumstances. We are going about 12 knots an hour. Of course, the ship is not steady. I am not myself at all. This evening, thoughts of home, my Holbrook home, have filled my mind and produced many longing devices. I have said an imaginary goodnight to those who there are thinking of me. Lat: 3.51. S. Long: 30. 53. W, S2 ¼ W, 220 miles. Saw today some flying fish and a 'Portuguese-man-of-war', as a pretty kind of sea fish is called.

Sunday, Nov: 10**31**

In the morning, Mr Stack said prayers and I preached on deck, my sermon on the text 'Whether therefore ye eat or drink etc', the last sermon I ever wrote. I felt it was not the sermon I wanted to preach to the sailor part of the congregation, but I am thankful to know that it was not quite lost to them. Our hymns were 'With glory clad' and 'When I survey etc'. I was told by the Chief Officer that I was heard on deck better than either Mr Spencer or Mr Stack. Then my voice must be improved. What a mercy!

The day went on as usual until after dinner when we all rushed frantically on deck to see a ship which had come close to us and would possibly take letters. We were going on fast, but our Captain shouted to the other Captain to know whether he would stop for letters. The answer was, happily, in the affirmative.

Then there was rushing hither and thither and great excitement. Fortunately most of us had some letters ready as we had a small prospect of sending some a week ago. The business of directing fresh envelopes was a short one, and indeed there was not much time. After a little time, a boat was lowered but the crew had a long way to pull. They found the vessel was an English one (London) from Manila (Philippine Islands) 106 days out (this was an unusually long time), bound for Pernambuco where she was to receive orders to go on to England or the United states. Her name – 'Sir Harry Parkes'.

Then we had sundry speculations as to how and when our letters would get to London. There is mail from Pernambuco but all letters must be prepaid. This we could hardly expect to be done as the sum would be about £10 (there being something like 200 letters). Perhaps they will be taken to the British consul and he will forward them, or perhaps they will go to the United States and be sent on there. Anyhow, there is a reasonable hope they will get home before Christmas. I am delighted. And will they not be welcomed! I hope the readers will notice the latitude is pencilled in South. We were about 100 miles from Pernambuco which, for the information of some, is one of the sea ports of that immense part of South America called Brazil. Two of our passengers went in the little boat and brought back some cigars. There was the one drawback I felt very strongly was that it was Sunday. The whole affair upset our minds. I wish the ship had come on any other day, and yet I am very thankful it did come. It caused us 2 hours delay. As soon as the boat returned we had tea afterwards – the usual evening service on deck. Spencer said prayers, Mr stack the lessons and preached from 'The word of the Lord endureth for ever'. The hymns were 'Jerusalem the golden' and 'Abide with me etc'. During the service there was a little rain and fear of more, so a little confusion was created by officers and middies attending to various matters. All day long, and last Sunday too, I have worn my cassock in place of a coat and waistcoat. It was the only black garment I could endure. Lat: 7.39. S. Long: 32. 46. W, distance 256 miles, S26W.

Monday, Nov: 11 **32**

Nothing important. Lat: 10. 39. S. Long: 33. 27. W, S13W, run 185 miles.

Tuesday, Nov: 12 **33**

Lat: 13.47. S. Long: 32. 12. W, S21W, 202 miles.

Wednesday, Nov: 13 **34**

Very light wind until 7.30pm when there was a fine scene. All hands putting ship about. We did not have prayers until 8 o'clock. Lat: 15.9. S. Long: 31. 24. W, S29E, 95 miles.

Thursday, Nov: 14 **35**

Cooler weather at last. How much I enjoy it. Another week like a few days we had near the line would have completely enervated me, I fear. The thermometer has at no time been as high as I expected it to be. Friends at home will wonder at some things I have said about the heat as it is often as high at home and yet I have suffered more than I thought possible. The heat continued uniform day and night, but I can now sit again in the Cabin and Saloon sufficiently long to do all I want to do. During the great heat, I am obliged to cease going daily into the Forecastle. It has been a great treat to me today to fix in the album Browne gave me the photographs of Holbrook, which were Mrs Childe's present. Yesterday I cut off the rough edges and today I have placed them safely in the book and, heat and all, successfully. I was afraid I would make a mess of them, but I have done them almost perfectly. I am delighted. Lat: 16. 58. S. Long: 32. 47. W, S37W, distance 113 miles. Stars very bright tonight; most of them new to me. This made me realise that we were in the Southern Hemisphere, and not a few hundred miles only from England, where the sea and sky are much the same as here.

Friday, Nov: 15 **36**

Delightful weather, but another break in those trade winds which we thought would not leave us for a week. When we got up, the ship was hardly moving, but we made a good run somehow-or-other. Lat: 19. 33. S. Long: 33. 45. W, SSW, distance 170.

Saturday, Nov: 16 **37**

Lat: 22. 38. S. Long: 32. 1, S2 ½ E, 210 miles. We shall be out of the tropics before morning I hope.

Sunday, Nov: 17**38**

Rain commenced just after breakfast, and continued all through the day making it most unpleasant for us. However, we had morning service on deck; the awnings kept most of the rain off. Mr Stack – prayers and lessons. I preached again; text – John III 14, 15. The congregation was fairly good, and I was able to feel impressed with the ‘good news’ I am proclaiming. We knitted both Litany and Communion Services. Evening service was held in the Saloon. Spencer the prayers and lessons; Mr Stack the sermon from 2 Timothy II 19. The morning hymns were ‘O Worship the King etc’ and ‘As come loud anthems etc’. In the evening, ‘Oft in sorrow etc’ and ‘Son of my soul’. I thought much about dear friends in England, and seem to be with some of them in spirit. The voyage is becoming now to be drearly long and yet not more than half the time is over. Lat: 21. 24. S. Long: 22. 30. W, S24E, 138 miles.

Monday, Nov: 18**39**

Still wet. Quite wintry in appearance, though not in temperature. I have only been on deck for a few minutes at intervals. Lat: 25. 12. S. Long: 29. 10. W, 84 miles.

Tuesday, Nov: 19**40**

Wet again in the morning, but fine about dinner time. Singing practice as usual. Lat: 28. 38. S. Long: 29. 56. W.

Wednesday, Nov: 20**41**

This morning I could not help noticing a very general feeling of weariness amongst all of us. We seem to have come to the end of everything that gave us some play and amusement. This is not true of me, although I heartily wish we were all at our journey’s end. Today the weather is lovely again; if we get many wet days, we shall all get most dreadfully out of temper. I am resuming my work amongst the men in the Forecastle; for a fortnight during the hot weather I could do nothing of this. Lat: 31. 1. S. Long: 31. 54. W, SWW, 187 miles.

Thursday, Nov: 21**42**

No progress, but this is a lovely day. Lat: 31. 23. S. Long: 31. 66. W, S, 22 miles.

Friday, Nov: 22**43**

A dead calm, the sea almost without a wave. It is said that our long passage is “All along of having 3 parsons aboard” for our passage promises now to be a long one. I find there is a tradition amongst sailors that when a clergyman is on board, the ship will not make a quick passage. Today I have had a greater treat than I have had throughout the voyage; we have had a boat lowered and I have been rowing. I feel this has done me real good. It is so difficult to get exercise that I have rejoiced in this opportunity. Our noble ship looked very jolly when we were a little distance from her. Several ladies were in the boat. They were let down from the gangway in a chair with a flag on it. So it is “an ill wind that blows nobody good”, only the proverb is singularly inappropriate. “It’s an ill calm that does nobody good” would do much better.

It was strange to see the ship lying as idle as if at anchor and yet nearly all the sails were set. One of the passengers (Robertson) caught a Portuguese-man-of-war and got well stung for his pains. Yesterday we saw some albatrosses. Tonight I hope to see the Southern Cross. It has been seen by others before this, but I have thought it unwise to stay up late enough. Lat: 31. 57. S. Long: 32. 25. W, S33W, 45 miles.

Saturday, Nov: 23**44**

Still no progress, but everybody is very good tempered about it, partly no doubt, because we are having such lovely weather. I am frequently told I am looking much better, and I am sure I have increased in weight. The consciousness that I am not obliged to require myself all kinds of restrictions is very pleasant. I have been pulling away at the ropes quite lustily, singing practice as usual Lat: 23. 4. S. Long: 32. 2. W, S16W, 70 miles.

Sunday, Nov: 24**45**

I enjoy the Sundays more than any other day in the week, but today I have felt a little unwell (nothing to do with my chest) from 10 o’clock to 5 o’clock when all uncomfotableness passed off. In the morning, Mr Stack read the prayers, I read the lessons and preached from Psalm CIII 14 part ‘He remembereth we are dust’. I feel it to be a great privilege to be able to do this; our morning service was very home-like. I think most of us enjoyed it. We had it on deck, and the evening one also. Hymns ‘O Come all ye faithful’ and ‘Jesu, lover of my soul’. About 12.30 a large number of porpoises came around the stern of the ship; we could see them quite plainly, both when they lay in the water and when they came above to ‘blow’. They are disagreeable black-looking things of the ‘monster’ kind, but not very large.

Lady Belmore has asked Mr Stack to celebrate the Holy Communion. We have often talked of this and now we hope it will come to pass. I wish it could be next Sunday when so many at home will be communicating. In the evening, Spencer said prayers and lessons, Mr stack preached from John XUIII 3. We had tea half an hour earlier and service at 7 so as to have daylight. Hymns 'Nearer my God to thee' to the Sydney tune, and 'Abide with me'. There were more sailors present than in the morning. At last I have seen the Southern Cross and am, as I was told I should be, disappointed; as a constellation, it is nothing to compare with Orion or the Great Bear, but I can fancy associations making it of much more interest.

It has been painful to see much, that was to my mind, unSundaylike going on. People reading secular papers and books and talking anything but about those holy and glorious subjects which are brought before us more plainly on Sundays than any other days. And yet it is pleasant to see the decided difference there is throughout the ship between Sundays and other days. Weather still lovely, but sadly, too calm. Lat: 33. 47. S, Long: 31. 40. W, S20E, 47 miles.

Monday, Nov: 25

46

This calm is getting serious; it will be impossible now for us to make a short passage. This morning four or five whales were in sight for some time. We saw them very plainly, but not so well as the porpoises yesterday. They were not full grown. This evening there has been An Amateur Theatrical Performance. 'Black-eyed Susan' was the subject. I was not present (I have since had good reason to be very glad I was not) although confess to having some doubts about the advisability of going. Nothing objectionable transpired and it was really scarcely more than members of a household uniting to act some charades. I separate this in a measure from Theatricals at the theatre and yet I felt it right not to go. Not in such things do I seek refreshment and enjoyment. Mr Stack did not go but Spencer did. Lat: 33. 41. S, Long: 31. 23. W, N66E, 16 miles.

Tuesday, Nov: 26

47

Still calm, but we are going a little faster. This evening a breeze has sprung up but the Captain thinks it is not much to be depended upon. The most lovely sunset of the voyage occurred this evening; the light was charming and exquisite. Of course it is impossible to describe it. Lat: 34. 56. S, Long: 29. 57. W, S45E, 104 miles.

Wednesday, Nov: 27**48**

The thermometer 10 ½ degrees lower than yesterday owing to a southerly wind; we are going on a little better. Several attempts by several of the passengers to shoot albatrosses. Our reckoning is Lat: 35. 20. S, Long: 26. 34. W, S81E, 169 miles.

Thursday, Nov: 28**49**

A handsome albatross caught with a hook baited with pork just before breakfast. From tip to tip of its wing it measured 10 foot 5 inches. It was nearly white with pretty pencillings on its back and breast. It seemed pitiable to see such a handsome, powerful bird look so forlorn and helpless. It had a string tied around the bill, otherwise it was quite free on the deck and yet there it lay utterly unable from the constriction of its wings, to fly up and scarcely able to waddle along. It was soon let loose but we feared it would not live.

Later on, another was caught and killed. Not as fine a bird as the other, and much darker. It was soon distributed piecemeal, the choicest part viz the skin of the breast, being retained by the person who caught it. This evening we have had the first meeting of 'The Sobraon Debating Society', which was called into existence at a meeting last Friday. I am President and Mr Woodward is secretary.

After a few introductory remarks from the president, Mr Spier opened the debate, the subject of which was 'That the Americans were justified in the resistance which resulted in the revolutionary war'. Mr Jelf spoke against the motion. Many of the passengers were present, but the whole affair was uninteresting. Next week, we must have a more general and easy subject. Lat: 34. 52. S, Long: 24. 55. W, E19N, distance 87.

Friday, Nov: 29**50**

Lat: 35. 28. S, Long: 23. 48. W, S, 66 miles.

Saturday, Nov: 30**51**

By the handwriting, my readers will be able to tell that from Wednesday morning has been written today. I am afraid I am growing lazy. Certainly I am growing weary and Oh! I do so long for a look at dear ones in England. Shall I ever see them again? Fancy, here we are 2,000 miles even from the Cape of Good Hope and at least 8,000 miles from Sydney. We cannot get there in less than 5 weeks from this. But I do enjoy the lovely weather. Evening – we have now a splendid wind, the best we have had the whole voyage. We are going between 12 and 13 knots (that is nautical miles) an hour. We are near to Tristan d’Acunha. Lat: 36. 22. S, Long: 19. 56. W, distance 196.

Sunday, Dec: 1**52**

Advent Sunday, but not so much like Advent Sunday for me as I could have wished. In the morning, Spencer read prayers and Mr Stack the lesson and preached Zechariah IX 9. Service was on deck but it was windy. Many could not hear the sermon. Hymns ‘Lo! He comes’ and ‘Hark the glad sound’. In the evening, Spencer read prayers, and I the lesson and preached from John VIII 34, 36 parts ‘Jesus answered and said unto them whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin’, ‘If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed’. I am enjoying this opportunity of preaching here; it is almost all I do for the spiritual good of my fellow passengers and yet perhaps one or two of them would say I am not stating all the truth. Service was in the saloon. Hymns ‘Nearer my God to thee’ and ‘Son of my soul’. There have been more sailors today at both services. I rewrote all the latter part of the sermon. The distraction here is so great that I am afraid I could not write an entire one. About 5.30pm, we could just see the island of Tristan d’Acunha; the top of which is 8,000 feet high. Had it been daylight we should have gone nearer to it than we did. We passed it about 12 miles off. It is small – only about 130 inhabitants; chiefly English. Our reckoning at noon was Lat: 36. 43. S, Long: 14. 20. W, S85E, 268 miles. But by evening we had run 2 more degrees of longitude. Tristan was 98 miles from us at noon.

Monday, Dec: 2**53**

Since Saturday morning we have been running splendidly, this fine ship is almost steady and yet we are going 13 knots an hour. We are all in high spirits at having this splendid wind; it is most favourable. Every sail is set and two skudding sails also. Lat: 37. 9. S, Long: 8. 29. W, S85E, distance (the longest yet) 285 miles. By now (10.30pm) we are much more East. Tomorrow our time will nearly correspond with Greenwich time, but the weather at home will not correspond with what we are having. The sun rises before 5am and sets after 7pm.

Tuesday, Dec: 3**54**

Still going on well. Today we have made a still longer run. Lat: 37. 49. S, Long: 2. 12. W, S82E, 302 miles.

Wednesday, Dec: 4**55**

It is not yet cold, but I suppose we shall go further south yet. I cannot quite bring myself to think of a South wind as cold. The wind has got more 'aft', consequently the ship rolls more. Yesterday morning we had our breakfast without the 'fiddles' although we were going 13 knots an hour. 'Fiddles' are things of this shape (*AWP has sketched a long narrow rectangle divided into three equal parts*) placed along both sides of the table in order to prevent plates, cups etc from slipping off the table. 'Knot' is a nautical mile ie a 60th part of a degree, as there are 69 ½ English miles to a degree. The nautical mile is just a little longer than an English mile. Lat: 38. 12. S, Long: 3. 43. E, 281 miles.

Thursday, Dec: 5**56**

The talk just now is a new order about water. Some of the passengers have taken undue advantages of the ad lib supply, so now we are to be allowanced; already there is a notice up to the effect that "In consequence of the scarcity of water, a quantity of washing utensils (mentioned in detail) are to be sold, signed (Mrs) Mace, Laundress!!!" (The sailor who has been doing our washing for several of us.) Lat: 38. 12. S, Long: 8. 26. E, 224 miles. Wet evening.

Friday, Dec: 6**57**

Lat: 38. 18. S, Long: 11. 15. E, distance 135 miles.

Saturday, Dec: 7**58**

If the letters we sent in November have reached their destination this morning, there has been a pleasant surprise in more than one place. I hope they did. I have been fancying letters being opened and eagerly read. We are not yet off the Cape, we may be 30 more days on the voyage. It seems such a long time. Lat: 38. 53. S, Long: 14. 38. E, distance 160. I have just finished revising my sermon for tomorrow morning (9.55pm). Now a short walk on deck and then to bed.

Sunday, Dec: 8**59**

Very pleasant weather but not going on much. The Captain says it is most unusual to have such a calm sea in these parts. Morning service on deck. Mr Stack read prayers. I preached and read lessons. Text – Hebrews II 3 ‘How shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation’. Not many sailors present, I suppose because they had a good deal of hauling the sails about in the early morning. Hymns ‘Hark the glad sound etc’ and ‘Lo! He comes etc’. Evening service in the saloon. Spencer said prayers and lessons, Mr Stack preached 2 Peter 1.19. Hymns ‘Jerusalem the golden’ and ‘Abide with me’.

A storm suddenly arose in the evening and soon drove us all below. Such a sudden change. We are now off the Cape at last. A ship has been in sight nearly all day. Lat: 39. 4. S, Long: 18. 1. E, run 163 miles. From Cape 282 miles due north.

Monday, Dec: 9**60**

(I am writing this on Tuesday.) Such a wretched day, for in the night, half a gale came on. Most of us were awoke(n); by breakfast time more than half the passengers were on deck. Not much to be wondered at, for we have had such a long time of uninterrupted calm; this is the first day of heavy sea we have seen. Certainly the ship did roll about. It was grand to see high powerful waves sometimes covering the whole of the forecastle, this mighty ship being played with as a boat. But she has behaved well. I am humiliated to confess that I have been sick, once, a little, and have been obliged to lie down a greater part of the day. Spencer ditto, but after all, this is a little excitement and not wholly disagreeable as it has relived our monotony. Our service tray, laden with bottles etc, came down with a crash this afternoon, putting us into hopeless confusion. Not everything was smashed. All the things in the cabin had strong objection to remaining in any one place. It is amusingly unpleasant to see all the things on the move.

Our friend the ship which we saw yesterday, but lost when the storm came on, was near us again this morning. She is the ‘Tenasserim’ from Liverpool to Calcutta, 52 days out (we are 60!) but the Captain says those Liverpool people do not always tell the truth. He made up for the mortification by passing her in fine style. Lat: 38. 32. S, Long: 20. 51. E, N76E, 135 miles.

Tuesday, Dec: 10**61**

Better today but queer, the wind has gone down and we have a head for sea. Consequently, we are nearly still – except for the rolling. One of the stewards is dethroned for being hopelessly drunk yesterday (the 12th occasion of being incapable). How sad! But what strong temptation. Lat: 38. 3. S, Long: 23. 34. E, E13N, 140 miles.

Wednesday, Dec: 11**62**

Becalmed again! The captain seems quite out of spirit. We were to be making 300 miles a day in these parts. Spoke yesterday with the ‘Alkmaar’ from Cardiff to Coleno, 65 days out. Promise of a little more wind this evening. There is a chair fitted up for the ladies to be hoisted up the rigging in the moonlight. I have been doing a little amateur carpentering in the cabin; afterwards Robertson looked over my photographs. Lat: 37. 32. S, Long: 24. 10. E, NE ¼ N, 42 miles.

Thursday, Dec: 12**63**

Singing practice in the morning instead of Friday, when nearly everybody was too poorly. Four ships in sight after dinner. We spoke with one ‘The Ostrich’ from Whitby to Bombay, 85 (!!) days out, and saw the English ensign only of another. We are going more to the south, consequently we shall get longer days, but not such lovely ones as this has been. Lat: 39. 40. S, Long: 25. 21. E, SSE, 140 miles.

Friday, Dec: 13**64**

We seemed to have ‘turned the corner’ for we are past the Cape, but the end seems a long way off. Today the Chief Officer said he quite thought we should be 30 more days – For the last 10 days we have been trying to think no more than 30 were before us. We cannot get over the possibility of this ‘30’. But I would not be impatient (which I am apt to be) for I know who is guiding us, and who as far at least as I am concerned, is ordering all for the best. One of the sailors knew a Sergeant McDonald, Colour Sergeant of the 93rd in India. His name is Lynch. He is a Roman Catholic, evidently from his description, it is the same sergeant as I know. Another sailor comes from Oxford Ness in Suffolk, not far from Ipswich (I feel deeply interested in a few of the men). When our second officer boarded the vessel which took our letters, he recognised at once an officer with whom he had sailed, and one of the passengers (Mr Tournim) discovered the first day or so after he left Plymouth that our third officer sailed with him to New Zealand some time ago. These were a few coincidences. Lat: 42. 47. S, Long: 28. 45. E, SE ½ S, 244 miles.

Saturday, Dec: 14**65**

We are decidedly more to the southward now and feel the cold accordingly; but it is not too cold yet, nothing like so cold as it is at home I suppose. Lat: 44. 40. S, Long: 34. 28. E, S66E, 275 miles.

Sunday, Dec: 15**66**

Rather colder than yesterday, consequently, we have all kept below except for exercises. The ship has been quiet but I like warm Sundays best, because there is more chance of getting alone (in a sense, we are never away from each other here). Both services have been in the saloon. In the morning, Mr Stack preached from 1 Corinthians V 708. He chose this subject because of the notice of the Holy communion being celebrated next Sunday having been given. Spencer read prayers, Mr S the lessons. Hymns – ‘Great God, what do I see and hear’ and ‘Lo! He comes etc’. In the evening, Spencer read the prayers. I read lessons and preached from John XIV 27 ‘Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth, give I unto you’. Hymns – ‘My God, my Father, while I stray’ and ‘Son of my soul’. Lat: 46. 0. S, Long: 41. 16. E, E16S, 300 miles!!

Monday, Dec: 16**67**

We are still running well, the ship is close hauled up to a NE wind and we are going about ESE so steadily and so fast. Everybody is admiring the splendid way the ship can sail to windward. Query: Where are the Westerlies which we were to have? Amongst all the myths, I suppose. A little excitement at dinner time. An iceberg in sight! We sailed abreast of it. I would not have missed this sight for a good deal. It was not very large (about 800 feet long and 180 feet high), but I still thought it grand. Neither the Captain nor the Chief Officer has seen one before on the outward voyage. Others appeared soon after at greater distances. But nothing is unreserved good, we are obliged now to have all the sails in except the topsails and one jib lest the ship, during the night, comes into contact with an iceberg. The night is very dark and also raining. Lat: 46. 41. S, Long: 48. 30. E, E $\frac{3}{4}$ N, run 310 miles. We are all very glad that our Captain is very watchful and careful. I find I forgot today that there was a debate on Thursday week ‘That smoking is a pernicious and reprehensible habit and ought to be discouraged’. Spencer opened, Jelf opposed. No-one else spoke. With this, I think the Sobraon Debating Society comes to an end.

Tuesday, Dec: 17**68**

My thoughts have much been at Holbrook today. I have been fancying all the circumstances connected with the last day of term. This is Mr Childe's birthday, too. How well I remember this time last year; how little I then thought I should soon be separated by many thousands of miles from dear Holbrook. We are all feeling the cold now, but we have long days. Lat: 47. 8. S, Long: 54. 22. E, E7N, 242 miles.

Wednesday, Dec: 18**69**

I am very glad now to wear my cardigan jacket. The thermometer is not so very low, but as we are on the water we feel the cold more, and then, we cannot have fires. How much have I thought today about the Holbrook boys going home. I hope all passed off nicely. I wonder where Jukes has gone today? Browne, of course, has gone to Norwich. Lat: 45. 59. S, Long: 60. 44. E, E15N, 272 miles.

Thursday, Dec: 19**70**

Everybody is very busy making various things out of nothing for the Christmas Tree we are to have next week. I am cutting some bookmarkers out of perforated card like the one I have which Sarah Warwick did. All admire it much. It is cold. I have been thinking much of Browne and his exam. Lat: 45. 18. S, Long: 67. 44. E, E8N, 301 miles.

Friday, Dec: 20**71**

Not quite so well today. My nose bled this morning – just a little arterial (the Doctor says) blood and I am resuming my more careful habits, but probably one day's warm weather would find us all right again. It is not as cold now as it was. We have been running along well lately; we begin to 'smell' Sydney. Probably in about 15 or 16 days time we shall be there. And when we get there, what am I going to do? Really, I do not know. This ship sails so well to windward, the other night when there was some danger on account of icebergs (the Captain and Chief Officer and several men being on the sharp lookout nearly all the night) we had only lower top sails set and one jib and yet we were going 10 or 11 knots. "There's no stopping this ship" – Mr Bowen says. Certainly if we had not had very bad 'luck', as we say, we should have made a splendid passage. Lat: 45. 6. S, Long: 74. 30. E, E ¼ N, 288 miles.

We are now more than 5 hours before Greenwich time; we lose nearly half an hour every day, so each day is only 23 ½ or 23 2/3 hours. Last night, 'Black-eyed Susan' was repeated. It was quite easy for me to not go this time. Spencer went, but some others did not.

Saturday, Dec: 21

72

Have been on deck for only about 10 minutes all day. It is now wet and rather miserable. There is talk of our seeing Sydney this day fortnight. Remembered the Cambridge Prayer Union today between 1.30 and 2pm, which was between 8 and 9 at home. I have been thinking a good deal, too, about Browne's ordination. Lat: 44. 51. S, Long: 81. 6. E, E ¼ N, 282 miles.

Sunday, Dec: 22

73

Some squally weather during the night – the fore topgallant sail was carried away, consequently today has not been so much of a rest day for the sailors. As usual, I think not one has been to either service. In the morning, Mr Stack read prayers and I preached from 1 Corinthians XI 26 'As often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup ye do show the Lord's death till he come'. We also celebrated the Holy Communion. The alms were collected before any of the congregation left. The amount was 6.12.0. There were 12 communicants including ourselves, and the Captain. We used a new white cloth of Mr Stack's, the cup belonging to Spencer, and my pocket services, a silver (?) cream jug and two salvers which the steward found. There was some care required to get everything nice, but we succeeded. All went off without any confusion. In the evening, Spencer read prayers and Mr Stack preached from Acts II 42-48. The hymns in the morning were 'Luther's Hymn' and 'My God and is Thy table spread etc' and in the evening, 'Nearer my God to thee' and 'O Come all ye faithful'. Both services were in the saloon. It seems that Holy Communion is scarcely celebrated on board ship. No-one on the ship had known it done before. Perhaps it is idle to repeat that my thoughts have been much at home today (at Norwich, F.B., and elsewhere). Lat: 44. 52. S, Long: 87. 26. E, E, 269 miles.

Monday, Dec: 23

74

A finer day than we have had for some time. There has been an unusual prevalence of northerly wind since we passed the Cape and, in consequence, more of damp and dull weather than there generally is on this voyage. Lat: 44. 23. S, Long: 92. 58. E, S83E, 236 miles.

Tuesday, Dec: 24**75**

Not by any means a happy day to me. There is much being done in order to celebrate Christmas and a good deal of it is quite distasteful to me. I shall have been glad to have allowed this season to pass without notice. There is not so much disposition to keep Christmas in the way which leads us to dwell on the event we profess to commemorate. By breakfast time the Christmas tree was upon the table and really looked very nice. More than 100 articles were on it.

The children 'drew' first, and the adults about 8 o'clock. A small pin cushion fell to my share. There was more good fun during this process. Then, after a time, there was some singing at the piano until the 'grog' came on (this was chiefly mulled claret), when the singing resumed at the saloon table. I have just left it but it is impossible to get out of the way of it. Nothing objectionable has been sung and nothing bad done that I know of, and yet it is all harsh to me. I know that many have no other way (but this false one) of 'drowning dull care' as they term it, and that is their motive throughout.

How I should enjoy being at any one of several firesides at home that I can think of, where holy joy will prevail at this happy season. Among the things on the tree were some nicely carved paper knives, a pretty wooden Oxford frame made by Spencer (and the joiner) embracing a small picture of the ship, a dozen book markers which I turned out (Spencer made one), illuminated texts, and needles on account of pincushions of all kinds, two paintings of the iceberg we saw, one of the ship 'Tenasserim' we passed, numbers of dolls and other children's toys. 'God save the Queen' was the finale in the Saloon at 10.30pm. We shall not hear the bells ring at midnight, alas! Lat: 44. 23. S, Long: 98. 24. E, 237 miles.

Wednesday, Dec: 25**76**

Last night, the 'waits' came around outside the Cabins singing 'While shepherds watched etc', this as well as the rest of the things seemed to me only an attempt at an impossibility – to make this Christmas like a home-Christmas. We had full Morning Service in the Saloon. Spencer read prayers, Mr Stack the lessons and preached from Isaiah IX 52. In the evening we had Evening Prayers without sermon. I took them all. This has evidently been more than usual quiet today and more than usual attention to the real subject of the day, but as evidently, much of it was the result of pressure and under protest; there has been a good deal of discussion as to what is the right and wrong to do today. I feel if we had not been three Clergy there would have been much more noise. As it was, in the evening, there was the 2nd class Salon a rehearsal of 'The Blighted Being' – a farce to be performed tomorrow night.

Add to this, last night one of the Saloon passengers (a young fellow) got dead drunk. Today, the cook is drunk (last night he let all the plum pudding burn, so we have not had any today), and the steward who was turned out but re-instated, got drunk again. This is 'keeping Christmas'. I am sure I have been thought of at home today. My thoughts have been there very much. Lat: 44. 12. S, Long: 103. 50. E, E $\frac{1}{4}$ N, 236 miles.

Thursday, Dec: 26

77

This evening the articles on the Christmas tree have been appropriated by their respective claimants. An ugly pin cushion which fell to my share I exchanged for a smaller one in the shape of a straw sailor's hat. There has been a lot of squabbling about the tree and many little envies have appeared. By the way, I have not said that the tree itself consists of a tub for the base, painted and filled with cake, out of which rises a stem of wire rope, from which and from the edge of the tub, some smaller wires branch out. The sides of all being untwisted and made into hooks at the end, on which some articles were hung. The flowers that decorated the Saloon (when we dock) are done up into bunches and form the chief ornament of the tree.

I have written much about all this as it is an illustration of what can be, and is, done on board a ship with but a few appliances. We are all thinking much about Sydney now it is possible we may get there in ten days. What I shall do, I know not, but I do think I'll leave myself to be guided by my heavenly Father who has, I feel, been guiding me hitherto; what will He have me to do? I quite think I shall be able to enter upon some light work soon after we land. Mr Stack is very kind in talking to me about what I can possibly do and promising me any help. Mrs Woodward has most kindly begged me to stay with them at Sydney as long as I like as soon as their house is ready. She has been most kind in pressuring me to go. I enjoy a walk on a deck with her very much indeed. We have, I am glad to say, much in common.

This evening, whilst I am writing, 'The Blighted Being' is being performed in the 2nd class Saloon, where all things of this sort have been done. Mr Stack, Mrs Stack, Mrs Woodward and I have not gone to it. I am glad Christmas is over. Lat: 45. 1. S, Long: 110. 8. E, E $\frac{1}{2}$ S, 272 miles.

Friday, Dec: 27

78

Lat: 45. 1. S, Long: 115. 50. E, E $\frac{1}{2}$ S, 246 miles. Off (a long way off) the eastern part of Australia this afternoon.

Saturday, Dec: 28

79

A gale has been blowing all this afternoon and evening. We have not seen such a fine sea before all the voyage. It was grand indeed to stand on the Forecastle and watch this noble Ship being tossed about. I saw the martingale dip in the sea several times, and huge waves come up behind, much higher than the poop. Several seas have washed over the bulwarks, and this evening, a lot of water came through the skylights down into the Saloon, causing it is needless to say, a general dispersion of all who were at the table. We have only the topsails, foresail and forestay sail set, all the rest are furled. I am feeling very well as regards my chest, but I am troubled with a rush of blood to my head, causing headaches whenever I think at all. I have been revising my sermon for tomorrow and this has brought it on. I wonder whether Browne preached his first sermon on Christmas day, or whether he will do so tomorrow. Lat: 45. 37. S, Long: 122. 18. E, E ½ N, 276 miles.

Sunday, Dec: 29

80

Quite an unpleasant Sunday. It has been rough weather all day, the deck wet with seas which we have been constantly shipping. No sailors at the services in the morning and not all the passengers. I feel sure that on many Ships there have been no service at all. In the morning, Spencer read the prayers, Mr Stack the lessons and preached from 1 Peter 1.12. The hymns were 'Oft in danger etc' and 'Songs of praise the angels say'. In the evening, service was at 8pm – about the time of the morning service at home. I preached from Psalms CXIX 59, 60 'I thought on my ways and turned my feet unto Thy testimonies, I made haste and delayed not to keep Thy commandments'. Hymns – 'While shepherds watched etc' and 'Abide with me'. This may be the last Sunday on board. Oh! That it might be.

Today I have realised as I never did before the distance I am from those I so much love in England. But it is wrong in me to murmur. We are all getting tired of the rough weather. Lat: 45. 37. S, Long: 128. 44. E, 274 miles.

Monday, Dec: 30

81

The rough weather continuing and getting rather worse. The wind is no. 10 sometimes, no. 12 is the highest number. Before 8 o'clock a tremendous sea came on deck and washed away part of the cowshed, broke into a galley, sending all the cooking utensils in hopeless confusion to the opposite side, and did various other damage. The decks are wet all the time. Lat: 46. 4. S, Long: 135. 26. E, 283 miles.

Tuesday, Dec: 31**82**

The gale was very heavy during the night and the Captain says he never saw higher seas. Certainly we were all much astonished at 1.15am by a tremendous sea on deck, which came down into the saloon, flooding it nearly all over. The crash was terrific. I now know what rough weather at sea is. Sleep was next to impossible although no water came into the cabin, it being the windward side. In Major Spencer's cabin it was 6 inches deep. Two men were bailing out the water for a long time. One of the occupants of a 2nd class cabin took 32 buckets out of his. The deck (boarded) covering the main hatch was broken in and part of the bulwark railing carried away. This will give so idea of the force of the water. Several other seas came over during the night. One end of the Saloon skylight was smashed. Almost all our cabins are very wet from water coming between the cracks of the deck planks. My portable bath is catching some of the drips. All today the skylights have been covered over with sails fast nailed down, and I've had the lamps alight all the time. We are all so weary, and everything is such a mess. But I regard it as a great mercy that nothing more serious has occurred. If our rudder had given way, we should have been in much danger. But this noble Ship has behaved herself splendidly. What a mercy that no one was washed overboard. As it was one man was nearly being so, and another was more than halfway through the hole made in the bulwark but was pulled back. Now (11pm) the gale has moderated but not subsided. We are going to remain up until 12 o'clock. We have had the extremes of weather. It is hard to realise that if all be well, we are within 3 or 4 days of bright summer weather and all sorts of beautiful ripe fruits. We are by this time south of Tasmania. Lat: 46. 18. S, Long: 141. 56. E, E ½ S, 272 miles.

Wednesday, Jan: 1, 1868**83**

We had a fine 'attempt' at watching the old year out and the new one in. At 12 o'clock there was a mingled sound of all kinds of bells. First, the bell on the poop which struck the hour (I was there at that moment), then the dinner bell was rung violently. One of the passengers rang a small bell in his cabin, another a sort of peal on wine glasses, another, the same ringing on the piano – all of which was outstripped by the ringing of a bell on the Forecastle, which went on violently for some time, supplemented by such sounds as pots and pans can produce when struck with heavy blows. The forecastle bell is the loudest on the ship. After this 'ringing' was over, we all wished each other a happy new year, shouting out to those who had gone to bed and then retired. Was this not stupid mimicry?

Today the weather has been more calm. At noon we were 700 miles from Sydney. This seems but a very little distance. Lat: 45. 23. S, Long: 147. 46. E13N, 252 miles. The Royals and mizzen topgallant and crossjacks were set after noon. They have been furled for some days now.

Thursday, Jan: 2**84**

We begin to get unsettled now. Today we have done well. Lat: 42. 4. S, Long: 150. 38, N32E, 236 miles.

Friday, Jan: 3**85**

Alas! The only wind that could be unfavourable has been blowing all day. We are all much disappointed. There is no telling now how long we may be out, and yet we are only a little more than 400 miles from Sydney. Lat: 41. 11. S, Long: 153. 42. ENE, 148 miles.

Saturday, Jan: 4**86**

This is tantalising! The unfavourable wind has died away and now we are dead calm. In fact, we have not even steerage way. When shall we get to Sydney? We have only 390 miles distant now. Lat: 39. 45. S, Long: 155. 18. NE ½ N, 114 miles.

Sunday, Jan: 5**87**

A fair wind arose at about 1.30am and it has carried us along. There are speculations about our getting in tomorrow. But I am glad today we are far enough off to prevent any unquiet or excitement today.

In the morning, Spencer read prayers and Mr Stack preached from Psalm LXV 11. Hymns – ‘How sweet the name etc’ and ‘Through all changing scenes etc’. In the evening, Spencer read prayers, I read lessons and preached from Genesis XXVII. 15 ‘And behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest etc’. Hymns – ‘The year is gone beyond recall’ and ‘Nearer, my God, to thee’. This must surely be the last Sunday on board. I really think not all we have said on these occasions has been for nought. At 12 noon, Sydney was 275 miles distant. Lat: 37. 26. S, Long: 153. 56. N20W, 126 miles run.

Monday, Jan: 6**88**

Such a busy day. The wind has been light for some time to even now (11pm). We have not reached Sydney. Early in the morning, however, we hope to see 'The Heads' – that is, the entrance to the Harbour; the finest Harbour in the world! Did not begin packing until today, and I have been busy, but I have finished off nearly everything, as well as copied out and obtained signatures to a letter to the Captain which I drew up on Saturday. It will most likely be in the Sydney Morning Herald. It is an acknowledgement of his attention, care etc. Curiously enough, I discovered during a long talk this afternoon with Lord Belmore that he knows Bedfordshire quite well. Major Magennis of Harrold was his Uncle. Lord Belmore used to stay there for a few weeks at a time. We talked over all the neighbourhood. We are now going to bed, hoping to be awake(*n*) with cries of "Sydney Heads in sight". Some far-sighted ones declared they could see land this afternoon, and I believe they could. At noon we were 104 miles from Sydney. Lat: 35. 23. S, Long: 151. 46. NW by N, 187 miles.

Tuesday, Jan: 7**89**

And so the voyage is over and we are, through the mercy of God, safely landed in Sydney. Oh! What a long, long time it seemed to me since we last left England! I did not get to bed until very late last night and then, even then, I could not sleep. At 12.00 midnight there was a tremendous noise on deck through putting the ship about, as we were too near a part of land called Bulli point. We had to put out to sea a little. The noise continued at intervals until daylight so I got only about half an hour's sleep. At about 4.15am, Spencer and I both dressed hurriedly and rushed on deck to catch a glimpse of the Sydney lights. I could just discern by dint of spectacles and field glasses a white part of the coast, and a lighthouse. We had by this time turned the ship's head toward land again, and were making straight for the harbour. Every few minutes the land became more distinctly visible.

My feelings at seeing it were really indescribable; and they were mingled feelings. I knew not (and I know not now) what for me of duty, experience and danger these new shores would prove. All was excitement. Presently we saw a steamer bearing down upon us, this was a little after 5.00am. After a little, a small boat from the steamer brought a Pilot to our Ship's side, and he soon came aboard. We then learned in a few moments such a 'body' of news which was eagerly reported from one to the other all around. The steamer, which we were surprised to see, had been out since 2am, waiting for us. It had been engaged 10 days by Captain Williams (of the 'Parramatta' now lying in this harbour; he has a large interest in the Sobraon) for yesterday when we saw land dimly. The people there saw us and sent news to Sydney. Also, we heard that the 'John Duthie' (left London the same time as ourselves – no, some days after us) had not yet arrived – that the 'Cospatrick' which took the Bishop of

Grafton had arrived safely etc etc. Oh! So strange it was to have our little world extended, and to be able to hear what was happening to others.

Gradually we approached the Sydney Heads and then entered the magnificent harbour. It certainly is grand indeed, far exceeding our expectations. Then various people in turn came on board – the Medical Officer, the Newspaper Reporter, the customs Officer etc etc. Somebody brought a packet of letters (addressed not to the Post Office, but to the Ship). And then we dropped anchor and seemed to be at the end of the voyage. Many little boats were by this time alongside into which the Spencers and Robertson and I placed ourselves about 7.45am and left the good ship. We brought enough luggage for immediate use, leaving the rest to be removed when the Ship comes up to the Quay. We were soon ashore, in a cab and at this Hotel, which is close to the landing place and is the most select in the city.

Several friends of the passengers came on board to welcome them, but of course, we had none from this stranger shore. We hastily secured beds (Mr Spiller had kindly written to engage them for us) and Robertson and I rushed to the Post Office, which is close by. But alas! We could not have letters until 9am, so we returned to breakfast and then went again when I was rewarded with 7 most precious ones, or rather 9, for there were enclosures in two. These letters have been before my mind's eye for weeks and I have, in imagination, been reading them over and over again. I was so thankful for them and devoured them eagerly; my friends must allow me a little weakness on this point now, for they have no idea what it is to be in such a far off land. I cannot analyse my feelings; only I know every word seems to reunite me to the writer. I do hope I shall hear often and fully from them all. These letters arrived on December 18th. We expect another mail in little more than a week, so there will be another treat in store.

We were amongst the first from the ship, but others soon followed us, so we had a kind of reunion at this hotel. Lord Belmore, although he came ashore privately for a little time, has the 'grand' privilege of remaining on board until tomorrow at 12 when he is to land in state. Prince Alfred is to come here about the 21st for a month or six weeks. This event takes off a little of the expected excitement of welcoming the Governor. But we have been along to the very end by no means an ordinary Shipload of Passengers: we have felt rather 'big'. The day has been spent in sundry wanderings about the city; sundry shoppings etc etc. But everything here is in a sad state on account of four months of drought. All the fruit is dried up, so is the grass. I must write more 'first impressions' tomorrow: but we have not been idle. We saw the Bishop's wife in Mr Woodward's establishment and Mr Stack has called on the Dean and told him about me. Now for bed and a fight with mosquitoes. I wish some friends at home could realise my position now. Today has been one of earnest, heartfelt thanksgiving to our gracious covenant keeping God, and of eager desire to be guided by Him for the future.

Wednesday, Jan: 8**89 + 1**

The Papers today contain an account of arrival and the addresses presented to Captain Elmslie, the first of which I drew up. At noon we went to see the Governor land and then walked on to Government House, were present at the swearing in, and were presented to him at the levee afterwards: but I will append the Newspaper Report only adding that we ought to have joined the Bishop and other clergy, but we and several other Church of England clergy unfortunately 'went though' separately. The gardens at Government House are very nice, and the view of the Harbour from the Terrace is magnificent.

After the Levee we were most kindly sought out by the clergy, one of whom told us the Bishop was looking for us: we soon found him and introduced ourselves to him. He most kindly invited us to dine at Bishop's Court tomorrow, at the same time making all arrangements for us getting there. We had luncheon with a Mr Salinier, one of the Sydney incumbents, where we met a brother of the Bishop of Grafton, a doctor, who told us all about the details of the voyage of the Cospatrick and a great deal about his brother. We think (not aloud) that all the proceedings connected with the arrival of the Governor, Levee etc were poor in the extreme. The crowd of spectators had such a common appearance.

Thursday, Jan: 9**89 + 2**

I continue this Diary at least for a day or two as it is the easiest way of recording events. This morning I tried to see Dr P. S. Jones but failed, then I called on the Dean of Sydney and was kindly received by him. At 12.30pm the Bishop's carriage came out for us. And now, tonight, we are here at Bishop's Court; about 5 miles from Sydney. Such a lovely spot cultivated just enough to make it pleasant and yet leave to the natural state of things in their original beauty.

The Bishop and Mrs Barker are very kind indeed. This afternoon we have been rambling about the bush (there are 60 acres of it) which forms part of the grounds. The House is very spacious and very nice indeed, inside and out – quite home-like inside; it is such a treat to see and enjoy it. Ever since we have been on shore, except for a few hours, there has been rain; the sky has been cloudy and heavy and the sun has scarcely shone; - all so unlike what glowing colonists tell of: we could fancy we were in Ireland or Scotland as regards the weather; but everyone is rejoicing in it and well they may. It did seem unlike England when the Bishop showed us orange trees laden with oranges out in the open air.

This evening we have been devouring home newspapers of October (fancy this in January) such as the Record containing an account of the Conference; the illustrated London News etc. It seemed so natural to do this. We had a long talk at dinner about dear Mr Childe, the Bishop of Mauritius etc etc. Spencer is to go to Newcastle as soon as he can get his luggage

from the Ship, and stay with the Bishop there until the Bishop of Grafton finds a place for him. What I am going to do, at present, I know not at all. The charges for Petty's Hotel are very moderate; only 10/- a day for board and lodging, exclusive of wine etc – and we have the use of a private room into the bargain.

Wednesday, Jan: 15

89 + 8

I must 'boil down' the events of the past few days which have been so numerous and engrossing that I have not had the time to write in this diary. On Friday last we left the Bishop's after playing a single game of croquet. In the afternoon we did a great deal and in the evening I went over to Balmain to see the Stacks. On Saturday we spent some long time on the Ship which came up to the wharf from her anchorage about 8 o'clock. We discovered that we could not get our luggage off until Monday. Spencer did not go to Newcastle.

In the afternoon (*I*) saw Dr P. S. Jones who says there is scarcely any perceptible evil in my lungs; he is tolerably sure that the insurance office would pass me. But he says, and this commends itself to me fully, that after some time or other I have had too much exertion and put my heart wrong a little (once he thought he could detect disease, but afterwards failed to do so) the consequence of which is that it pumps the blood too forcibly through the system; probably the haemorrhage last March was the result of this, rather than lung disease. This too accounts for the headaches I am constantly having, which cannot now be the result of debility, for I weighed 12 stone 4 pounds when I left the ship, being an increase of a stone during the voyage. Dr Jones says I can do nothing to prevent this forcible action and, to my comfort, that it is not likely to get worse at present. Sydney, he says, will do for me, the Goulburn district will do and others he named. The good, kind Bishop on Monday listened attentively to all this and proposes to give me some work near the Blue Mountains, a very healthy part about 50 miles from Sydney, but nothing of course is settled yet. The Bishop is very considerate toward me. It seems the Bishop of Grafton has made up his mind to get me, but I think he will be deceived.

After seeing the doctor I went to the Cathedral to hear the Organ Performance. The Cathedral is not yet finished nor opened: it is a fine building commenced 40 years ago, many stained glass windows in it; handsomely carved pulpit, throne and stalls of English Oak, and a fine organ by Hill & Sons. On Sunday morning Spencer went to preach for Mr Saliniere, and I read prayers for the Dean at St Philip's Church: a fine building close to the Hotel. I could feel quite as in England during the service, which I enjoyed very much. It was a treat many will not understand, to officiate once more in a church after 12 Sundays on a Ship. In the evening Spencer read prayers for the Dean's Curate, and I went to preach for a Mr Rogers at Trinity Church. So, our first Sunday ashore was not an idle one. The bells at St

Philip's had such a welcome sound to us when chiming for service and also the first night we were on shore they rang for some time.

We were fidgety on Monday, because that unbusiness-like Bishop of Grafton had not yet sent any instructions to Spencer. We spent some time on the Ship, lunched at the Dean's and did various other things. The 'John Duthie' came in on Sunday morning with her Captain dead: he died two or three days before reaching Sydney. Fanny Barry will remember seeing him on the Ship in the E.I. Docks. How sad for him to die under such circumstances; his wife not with him at this time; yesterday his funeral took place; many persons attended.

On Tuesday through the kindness of Mr Woodward, I sent all my 'goods' from the Ship to a house in Castlereagh St where they will be taken care of until I want them. They looked so dirty when they came out of the cabin. The Harmonium is, I believe, in no way injured; I moved it this time without any case. It is such a convenience to have the Ship so handy. The harbour is so deep close to the edge that all the big ships can come close up just as they do in the Docks at home and the Quay is not so many minutes walk from Petty's Hotel; this is so much nicer than having to go down that 'Blackwall Railway'. Then I packed up at the Hotel, having decided to leave for Melbourne in the evening.

I am now writing this on board the Steamer 'City of Melbourne', which is not the 'Sobraon'. Oh! Such a difference; the motion caused by the screw is most unpleasant, but I have not been sick. I have decided to visit Melbourne at once because just now the only place I could be at in Sydney is the Hotel, which is expensive, and because I think it will be better to do all the running about first before settling down to work. And I consider myself duty bound to see Melbourne. Before I left Sydney a Telegram came to Spencer from his Bishop thus – "Come immediately to Armidale, send sister and Pain to Grafton". This amused me; but I was glad to know before I left them that the Spencers had something definite before them; they are to leave Sydney today. As soon as I have 'done' Melbourne Mrs Woodward will receive me in their house at Sydney, and the bishop also will be kind enough to have me at Bishop's Court.

Thursday, Jan: 16

89 + 9

A very foggy morning, so we can only go half speed and are obliged to whistle constantly. It is harder to write here than it was on the 'Sobraon'. This steamer is 1000 tons, was built in Glasgow and is a very good vessel of its kind. As to our first impressions of Sydney: - we heard such glowing accounts during the voyage that we were a little disappointed when we saw the place. It is up to one of our good provincial towns of like size. But we were much amused at the similarity to one another of the people we met in the street; we remarked that every third man had exactly the same kind of face. There is an air on independence about

everybody, but we have been very kindly treated throughout; and of course we have not yet seen half the place. We constantly come across our fellow passengers; three month's living together in a small space may well make us acquainted with each other, and after arriving in a strange land, unite us together a little in sympathy. One of the passengers 'West' and our Steward's wife are on this vessel now going to Melbourne with me. The English news, by telegraph from Adelaide, came on Saturday evening; when there is a special half sheet of the 'Sydney Morning Herald' printed; we were disgusted at the alteration in the mails; we cannot send letters until February next.

Thursday, Jan: 23

89 + 16

Now for more condensation! A week's events to write all at once. The morning after writing the above, the City of Melbourne arrived safely alongside the Sandridge Pier; the place of landing for Melbourne. As it was very early (about 6 o'clock) I amused myself with 'looking about' – went on board the 'True Briton' lying close by etc. It seemed strange to see this ship here; last time I was on board her she was in the E.I. Docks; I visited her this time for old acquaintance sake. I had a long talk with the Chief Officer who knows our Chief Officer very well; the 'True Briton' is to leave for London the day after tomorrow. About 8 o'clock I came off by train to Melbourne, thence by train to St Kilda, two 6d First class Fares and a 1/6 cab one; this was rather better than paying the 10/- a man had the conscience to ask me for driving the whole distance, perhaps 3 miles by road.

I think I have not said anywhere that at Sydney I found a very kind letter from Mrs Cleveland (for the information of some – a sister to Miss Barry) asking me to make her home my headquarters whilst in this Colony. Accordingly this house was my first lighting place and here I am now, most kindly cared for and attended to: my impressions can now be given in parvo: - barring a few peculiarities which must needs be in this country, I feel quite as though I were staying on a visit with friends in England. It is impossible to feel as stranger like and alone as I did the first week on shore, for I am in this English family closely connected to my own, and we have so much in common we are constantly talking over many years of circumstances and events. This is my welcome to Australia, I consider, and such a pleasure it is to find home friends for such in a way these seem to be, although they may not have been in England for years. Locke knows them; he is to come here this afternoon; he has been at Queenscliff at the entrance to Port Phillip Bay, a long way off, an only comes to Melbourne today.

On Saturday it was very wet, cloudy all day (this to me is such a joke): my first arrival at both Sydney and Melbourne after having been duly impressed with the fact that it would be my introduction to clear skies et, to see dull days like those despised English ones) consequently I could only get out for a walk in the evening. It is strange here to find, what of course my geographical knowledge ought to have told me, that although the summer is much warmer than ours the days are not nearly so long at the longest: it is never light enough for Sunday Evening Service without gas commencing at 7pm. On Sunday morning I went to St Kilda Church (Rev. D. Seddon, Incumbent). In the afternoon, rested, and in the evening, read prayers for Mr Seddon. The church is a nice one and there is a capital new organ, built by Hill & Son, nicely played. It seems to be the rule out here to chant the Psalms on almost all occasions. The Church was not well filled, although it can seat only about 550 persons and the population of this suburb is some thousands. And oh! What a lifeless congregation! The responses scarcely muttered even. Mrs Cleveland and her daughters do the main work of the Sunday School.

On Monday morning I took my first look at Melbourne City: and, indeed, I saw a fine sight. I will send at least a ground-plan of it with this. Certainly the rapidity of the growth of Melbourne is only an equal matter of wonder with the substantial, extensive and fully developed character of it. It is far before Sydney to all outward appearances, less than half its age (a little more than 30 years ago there was barely a house here) it surpasses it completely. I cannot attempt a proper description - that will be found in books - but I will remark on a few things. The streets are wide and well built and have no appearance of incomplete or even recent growth; the shops are large and well filled, I would think 'everything' could be purchased here if one had money enough. The main streets are either parallel with or right angles to each other; this is an immense convenience. I walked to Collingwood (one of the suburbs) to deliver a small parcel to Mr Clayton whom I did not find, thence to Bishop's Palace (he was from home), thence to Mr Chase, Incumbent of St Paul's, to whom I had a letter of introduction.

After a good dinner for 1/- Mr Cleveland accompanied me to the Museum, part of which is part of a building called 'the University' - substantial, goodly building situated in some very pretty grounds. In the Museum is a large collection of stuffed animals and birds, geological specimens, skeletons, and models of machinery; the most interesting being models of gold fields and the means used for obtaining the gold. 'Gold digging' has advanced to 'gold mining', in the place of individual men seeking heir fortunes with pickaxe and shovel, large companies are formed and the work is done by steam-power. But I hope to go to Ballarat the scene of all this, about 100 miles via Geelong, for this. I also went to the Free Library - a fine building open to everybody, well-kept, clean, and with a very fair number of volumes, some sculpture and paintings; this institution alone would strike me as being the growth of many times the age of Melbourne.

On Tuesday morning, off to Melbourne again under some excitement for the mail from Sydney was expected, and it would bring my home letters which arrived there the day after I left. (How I summoned up the courage to leave Sydney under these circumstances is a wonder, but it was the thing to do). And I was not disappointed. Eagerly I grasped the 9 welcome letters which were handed to me and the bundle of very acceptable Newspapers. As all the English papers which are registered for transmission abroad can come all this way for 1d each, surely my friends will often send one. More about the letters to the individuals from whom they came.

After some more looking about Melbourne, enquiries about trains to Geelong and Ballarat etc, I returned. Yesterday I spent in manufacture of a dog kennel for a Newfoundland Dog which had been offered to the Clevelands; - in the evening went to the service at the Church; about 20 persons present, alas! This morning Mr Seddon, incumbent of St Kilda, has called, and now I am going to be diligent in preparing for the next mail.

Elections are going on here now. How much I wish that some Ultra-Reformers at home could see the working of the Universal Suffrage and voting by ballot as it is shown here. But I hear on good authority that the general tone of the inhabitants of Melbourne, excepting the very lowest, is against this equalising, low, republican, democratical feeling. Certainly the reception of the Duke of Edinburgh (very much for his Mother's sake, people say) has been most enthusiastic and loyal. He is at Sydney now, but I am afraid I am rather glad to be away at the time. Only a very few here clamour for the suppression of the 'Upper House'. It seems to me that this place and Sydney must be unlike any other place out of England: more English-like. There was here a few years ago, so to speak, a blank sheet and we have written our own name upon it. No heathen institutions, no small unenlightened towns to demolish or supplant, but an open space favourable to much that is English both as regards race, institutions, manner of living, animals, vegetables and fruit (in many parts). Consequently these places strike one as English cities in the main; and this I fancy no other places do out of England. Importations of English animals and plants is rapidly going on, and immense interest is taken in it. The House-sparrow has lately come and has already increased very much in number. All the houses have verandas to one or two stories, and many gentlemen wear Puggaries but both of the institutions could, with much advantage, be adopted at home at certain seasons. Of course they may look a little queer at first.

Melbourne is abundantly supplied with water from a large reservoir out of town at sufficient height to force the water to the top of houses. All public works are done on a large and substantial scale and carried out in a business-like way. But the time is past now for the fabulous prices and fabulous fortunes of the 'mad days' of the Colony, as they are called. Mr Seddon, the Incumbent of St Kilda, has told me that when he first came here the charge for a cab for even quarter of a mile was a Guinea. But things are quieter and less feverish now, indeed I gather that the trade of these Colonies is considered to be far from flourishing. I do not think that Sydney had any such 'mad times' – there was not such a run after the gold there. Labour is very dear here. Men can earn from 5/- to 10/- a day sometimes. A passenger on the 'City of Melbourne', a contractor, told me of a highly respectable and trustworthy man in his employ worth 4,000 pounds or more a few years back came to ask him for employment, being then almost penniless. The age of this Colony (Victoria) can be known from a letter in the 'Argus' newspaper the other day stating that the oldest native-born white man in Melbourne is only 35 years old.

If a week's knowledge of each place entitles me to institute a comparison between Sydney and Melbourne I should say the former resembles an important provincial town in England (except for its magnificent harbour), in style and in tone of people. They all seem to know one another and have common interests, they are more settled and homey (though not much of the latter) and yet the place does not seem to be so finished as Melbourne is. It has an English Cathedral, which Melbourne has not. Melbourne is a small London in pretensions, object and style: very different from Sydney in every way. To the outward eye, far before it. London tone and habits and customs prevail. People here do not know one another to the extent they do in Sydney; but then Melbourne and suburbs is half as large again as Sydney and suburbs. The Melbourne people seem bent on doing business and making money. This place, grand and good as it seems, seems not to be their home. I am told much vice prevails but I have not witnessed it. There is much more licence in drinking among educated men than at home. Constant tippling is the rule.

If I may speak so soon of the subject of religion, I should say that as to the Church of England, there seems to be a lack of earnestness and fervour here. There is much apathy and easy going. I can see plainly enough that one thing a clergyman has to fear is the possibility of getting his tone lowered and spirituality lessened by all the influences around and by contact with the current line of things. All that I have written above is worth nothing more than first impressions usually are.

Saturday, Jan: 25**89 + 18**

Yesterday I went in the afternoon to Brighton (not far from this) to see Locke who came the night before from Queenscliff, at the entrance to Port Phillip Bay, where he'd been staying with Mr Wilkinson, a clergyman whose Father was Curate of Holbrook. This Mr Wilkinson was brought up at Holbrook. I expected to see him in a day or two. There are many uniting links even in the Antipodes. Locke seems to me to be much altered. His face is much thinner and the expression somewhat different. He is not so well as he was 6 months ago, but then I think that he has not taken good care of himself. Last Sunday he preached at Queenscliff, and will take occasional work, I think, but he is not able to undertake any charge. But I saw him only for a short time. It was cheering to meet him. It brought much to my mind, many thoughts about the way in which we had each been led. We talked of the 'Double' children, amongst other things. He has found many friends here; amongst them he has been living for months without expense. He is not anxious to go home again. Although for many days the mosquitoes did not trouble me, they have at last formed a partiality for me. I do not suffer much for their bite. If I did, the numerous wounds on my arms and neck etc would be very hard to bear. As it is, they are irritating and do not disappear for some days.

Thursday, Jan: 30**89 + 23**

I have seen an immense deal of Locke all this week, he has done all in his power to make me feel at home in this Colony; - he introduced me to many of his friends etc etc and given me much information. He seems to me now to be fairly well. He is far from thin, his voice is strong and loud (he sang a Scottish song last evening) but he soon gets tired, and no wonder in this hot weather.

No true idea of the effect of heat on the human frame can be gathered from the thermometer. I suffered more on the Ship when the thermometer was 86° than I ever have since, and the paper says it was 100° in the shade last Saturday morning. But I find the sun very powerful, and I keep indoors during the hot part of the day. On Sunday I preached here (Christ Church, St Kilda) in the morning. Locke came over from Brighton to hear me, and he read evening prayers; so we, who were to have shared services at dear old Holbrook but never did so, officiated in the same church. Out here, neither of us had heard the other take any part of the service.

On Monday, Locke and I went to Melbourne and did various things, met some of the clergy, visited a poor woman whose husband was very ill (they came from Cambridge), called on the Dean etc and drove out to Toorak and called on Mrs Buckley, a friend of Locke's, at a very pretty country house close by the Governor's residence. On Tuesday I went alone to Melbourne to try to see the Bishop but failed to do so, he was too busy. However I employed my time one way or another. For one thing I saw a Melbourne Doctor who says I want 12 months on the sea and ought to do as little work as possible; this opinion of me is decidedly less favourable than was Dr Jones' of Sydney. Dr Tracy thinks that it is sea voyaging, not being in the Colonies, that does good but I do not agree with him.

On Tuesday evening I went from Melbourne to Brighton to dine at Mr Williams' (Locke introduced him to me last Friday) – he has a very pretty country house and grounds. Mrs Williams knows the Maynards, of Kirk-Bramworth in Yorkshire, very well and one of her sons lived in the same room as Alfred Maynard when at school in Liverpool. I stayed there the night and yesterday Locke and I spent in Melbourne; at 3 o'clock we attended the open meeting of the 'Church Assembly' – the Bishop presided and read an address. This assembly is a sort of Church Parliament. Locke introduced me to several clergy, and after the meeting I saw the Bishop. In the evening we dined with the Dean of Melbourne whom I like very much. We talked on the subject of the 2nd Advent. The Dean does not agree with Mr Childe on this subject.

There are in Victoria about 31 Churches and between 60 and 70 places licensed for public worship; there are, I believe, just over 100 clergy. More clergy are wanted, but it seems very difficult to get stipends for them. The Dean has, I believe, at present, no stipend as Dean. They all seem to work hard, many have 3 services every Sunday; but I have not yet found much life in the Church of England out here. The Bishop spoke out most plainly about the Ritualistic Movement. A branch or representative of the 'English Church Union' is already formed here and they publish a newspaper. The Bishop said he would do all in his power to keep out of the ministry those who would not oppose this movement and he would in every way resist it as far as he was able. Much applause flowed this statement. The Assembly was attended by Clergy and Laity (members of the Assembly) and also by anyone else who chose to go – some Ladies were there.

Today I devote to writing in preparation for the mail. I believe Locke and I are going on the Mail Steamer on the 5th down on the Bay to the Heads; this will be a treat. We shall get off the Steamer at Queenscliff. The other day a labouring man accosted me in the street at Melbourne and enquired about Cambridge; this was a 'shot' I suppose. I found out he had been a gyp at Trinity and could not get work out here. But this I don't believe, for labour is scarce and immigrants are much wanted. Labourers might do well here. High wages are the rule and the necessaries (not luxuries) of life are as cheap as at home, many of them cheaper.

Good meat can be bought for 2d a pound. In the next Colony 10,000 sheep are boiled down merely for the Tallow.

Friday, Jan: 31

89 + 24

This morning I went off to Melbourne early to breakfast with the Bishop. The dean, the Archdeacon of Castlemaine and others were there. I returned to St Kilda, and then at 2.50pm this afternoon I met Locke at the South Yarra Railway Station and went with him thence to call on the Governor at Toorak. We saw the Aid-de-Camp, Lady Manners Sutton and her daughters; afterwards Locke asked for Mr Sandys who is the Tutor in the family. We had a long chat with him in the dining room; he was ordained at Norwich the same time as C. E. Storrs and was born at Islington. It seems to be the correct thing in the Colony for strangers and even visitors to call at Government House. Yesterday, in the afternoon, Mrs Cleveland, Rose, Edith and myself went to the Botanical Gardens, which are really nice indeed. It is the place where English trees and plants are nursed and propagated. The Gardens are extensive and pretty, the free-growing weeping willows gave a sort of Cambridge look to the central part, which is a kind of basin. The band of the 14th Regiment played several pieces.

Saturday, Feb: 1

89 + 25

Last evening the Clevelands and I were at the Seddons (the Parsonage). Locke was there too. We all notice the slightest connection most eagerly. A cousin of the Seddons, Betts of Queens, was ordained Deacon at Norwich at the same time Locke was, and Priest at the same time I was. They want me to play croquet with them today. They are a very musical family; they gave us some very nice songs and glees last evening. Writing letters this morning; in the evening played croquet at the Seddons.

Monday, Feb: 3**89 + 27**

Yesterday I read prayers in St Kilda Church and the Archdeacon of Geelong preached. Mr Seddon was away. In the evening Locke read for the Archdeacon. The Sunday, I am told, is very badly observed in this Colony. I have not been where I could see the Sabbath breaking, but those who know about it tell me the desecration is very great. This morning there is a Leader in the 'Argus' newspaper on the 'Church of England in this Colony'. It speaks of low stipends of the Clergy and the numerous debts of the Church which the wealthy Churchmen here ought to wipe off at once. It notices too the apathy and general want of earnestness amongst the Clergy. All is written in a proper spirit and in a way likely I think will do good. 'The Argus' is 'The Times' of Melbourne. The Clergy are worse paid than in the Presbyterian or Wesleyan Ministries and their churches more thinly attended than those two bodies. So much for the Voluntary System when applied to the Church of England! Alas! To dinner with Mr Barlow (Incumbent of St Mark's Church, Melbourne). Writing letters all evening.

Tuesday, Feb: 4**89 + 28**

Now at last this volume must close. If it affords any gratification to those for whom it is written I shall be much pleased, and if it entitles them to think more definitely and intelligently of me I shall be gratified. I know this is full of imperfections. Although I have put names on the other side of this, I wish at all events to see the perusal of it is not limited to them. I have written much which ought to make my friends, as well as myself, render thanks and praise to our loving Heavenly Father who has shown so much goodness and kindness to me.

Epilogue

Early in April 1868, he was appointed incumbent of the Parish of St Paul's, Narellan (Cobbitty) following the death of the first incumbent, the Reverend Thomas Hassall, MA. (Mr Hassall established his home on a property of 1100 acres, which he called 'Denbeigh'.) Upon his appointment, AWP made his home at Denbeigh and was cared for by Mrs Hassall and her daughter until the present rectory was completed in 1871.

On April 13 1871, he married Annie Bisdee Thorne and honeymooned at Bathurst for a few days before returning to his parish. In 1883, AWP accepted the appointment to the cure of the Souls in the Parish of St John's, Darlinghurst, where he remained until he was called to be Gippsland's first Bishop in 1902. During this period, he was Rural Dean of East Sydney (1885 – 1902); Chaplain to the Bishop (Archbishop from 1897) of Sydney (1893 – 1902); and Canon of St Andrew's Cathedral (1897 – 1902). He was also involved in the establishment of Miss Badham's Sydney Church of England Girls' Grammar School in Darlinghurst in 1895. In 1899, he took leave from his parish and returned to England with his wife and eldest daughter (Mary), his first since arriving in the Colony in 1868.

AWP accepted the See of Gippsland, and was consecrated in St Andrew's Cathedral on 20 May 1902. At that time, his friend the Dean of Sydney was lying in the Deanery next door to the cathedral, seriously ill and nigh to death. Dean Cowper's last official duty was on Christmas Day 1901, and he passed away just before midnight on 14 June 1902. AWP was enthroned in St Paul's Pro-Cathedral, Sale, on 10 July, just five days after leaving Melbourne on the Royal Mail Steamer 'Omrah'.

Bishop Pain was offered the See of Bendigo in 1906, but to the relief of his parishioners he declined, having decided his duty was with them. In June 1910, AWP visited England to attend the World Missionary Conference in Edinburgh.

By 1917, AWP was in his 75th year and his health was beginning to fail. His resignation from the See was to date from 10 July (exactly 15 years to the date of his enthronement), but he continued to oversee the Diocese until his successor had been appointed. He left Bishops court 20 October 1917. The Bishop and Annie retired to a small cottage near the railway station at Beecroft (Sydney), which he called 'Felmersham'. From here he applied himself to his work as Honorary Secretary of the church Missionary Society. AWP was also one of the founders and the first Chairman of the Bush Church Aid Society, formed in 1919.

Early in 1919, he developed a most painful malady (cancer of the right cheek bone) which forced him to abandon all active engagements. The illness lasted 18 months (during the last few months, AWP was unable to speak and all communication was done by writing). His brain, however was clear and active to the last. AWP died on Friday 14 May 1920 and was buried at South Head Cemetery on 17 May after a funeral service in St Andrew's Cathedral.

One of the last notes he passed to his eldest son Allan reads:

I have nothing to do with tomorrow,
The Saviour will make that his care.
Should he fill it with trouble and sorrow
He will help me to suffer and bear.

AWP is described by his Archdeacon (William Hancock) in the Church of England 'Messenger', published 28 June 1920:

I have to attempt to describe the most perfect specimen of a Christian gentleman with whom I have ever been privileged to come into close contact...none of us Gippslanders had seen him before the day of his arrival – when we did see him, we felt at once that we had not made a mistake. A tall, spare man, with a grey head and beard, his appearance was in every way prepossessing. Strength, determination, intellectuality, refinement, gentleness and spirituality were all revealed in his face. Undoubtedly we had secured a leader...he was, first and foremost, a man of God.