

Notes on the early life of Nathaniel Jones

042-2



## GRACE JONES' ACCOUNT OF NATHANIEL JONES

Archdeacon Robinson once suggested my mother should write a life of my father. She started to do so but was not able to continue. I thought the account of his early life might be of interest.

M.J.

### Canon Jones —Early life

Nathaniel Jones was the son of a farmer John Jones. He was born at Wootton in Shropshire near Oswestry. I don't know who gave him his Christian name but that name suited him exactly —for never was a man since the original Nathaniel more utterly without guile as the subject of this biography. He even carried this virtue beyond the bounds of conventional politeness at times. I remember a rather pedantic tho very kind parishioner offering us a goose for our Christmas dinner when some previous kind neighbours had already given us one. "Oh thank you" said Nathaniel "we have got one." "Oh" in surprise ?? she would be ?? closed the incident.

The children —two sons Nathaniel and John Earep\_ and two daughters, Mary and Jane —were, I think, all educated at the Board school —or maybe church schools. At this time and earlier many of the farming classes and other ??? people neglected to send their children to school, and it was quite usual to meet adults who could neither read nor write.. So the government empowered shire and county councils to open schools in every district, compelling parents to have their children properly educated. These board schools had generally cut out religious education from their teaching —so that all shades of opinion could benefit. And so in many districts the Church of England opened schools where the children could be taught about God and the Bible read daily. Mr and Mrs John Jones, the parents of Nathaniel were church-going folk so it is most likely the children went to the school of the parish church.

They were also an intelligent and book loving family. Mr Jones Snr went on a trip round the world late in his life and wrote a book of his travels. They, like all Welsh and border folk were musical and the winter evenings were spent in the cosy kitchen at the farm of Bronygadfa round a big log fire in the old fashioned lounge singing [and] playing duets or acting a simple play —friends and neighbours having driven over to spend the evenings.

There were no picture shows in those far off days to entertain the young people from home so they found their amusement by the fire in this large and beautiful old kitchen. Not let me say ?? one as in the modern house —it had a ?? tiled floor ?? beamed ceiling, shining steel fittings in stove and fender. A lovely old press and dresser. On the latter was the blue willow pattern ?? set twinkling and shining in the fire glow. Brass and copper pots and pans shining on shelves and mantelpiece.

When Nathaniel was about 17 the family removed from Wootton to a farm called Braynymafusis ( Ileave the leader to pronounce it).

I should say here that the above sketch of an evening at Braygallfa really belongs to a later date but as Bronygdafa is the home I knew best, I just put down what impressed me.

All the young people helped in the work of the farm and home. There was very little outside assistance. When Nathaniel was about 17 and the family were living at Brynygnafasis the boy came under the **influence of Canon Cashel, a well-known protestant churchman.**

To quote Nathaniel's brother John, he says: "I think it was the Canon's influence that helped to make my brother the strong evangelical that he developed into.

I don't know when he was confirmed but I believe he was baptised as a child in the [CQG]rimper Congregational church. And that he was later baptised in the C of E later in his life.

I believe my brother always had a wish to be a clergyman but found it difficult to get his father's consent. About 1880 my father set him up with one of our sisters in a farm called Bronygdafa owned by our father but my brother who used to study **Latin whilst following the plough did not make a success of farming.** So in 1882 my father decided to send him to Oxford.

When living at Bronygdafa he formed [?] a troupe of minstrels and they would sing the old songs such as 'Black ?? ?? no mother' 'Keep to the middle of the road' etc. Nathaniel had a good tenor voice and could read at sight.

Bishop Walsham How was rector of Whillington but I think he had left before my brother went to the aprish. **So the young man went to Oxford and was non resended —he lived in lodgings so as to economise** and it is to be feared he stinted himself in like manner or food and comforts so as to pay his way thro."

He at once identified himself with the 'out and out set'. I am not sure when my husband's conversion took place but I believe he was much influenced by the **Open Brethren at Oswestry** —his home town. And found many friends at **St Aldate's where Canon Christopher was Vicar.** Among the church members were **Carey W Ward.** ?? Ward, Berlie Goldsmith, C. Sumner and others. The famous CMS breakfasts are connected with this time and Canon Christopher was deaf —was a striking figure with his long ear-trumpet moving about to catch any scraps of conversation. In this connection one is struck by the fact that there is little if any advance in either the treatment of this most distressing affliction (deafness) or in the instruments for assisting the deaf to hear (I speak feelingly, being a sufferer myself.) **Mr Chevasse** was also a great influence for straight-out Christianity at this time. he was afterwards **1st Bishop of Liverpool.** All these present ?youths attended **his Sunday Evening Greek class at Wycliffe Hall** (and they called these classes three C's: Corinthians, cakes and coffee.)

Mr Jones had apportioned to all his children their part of his estate, some in property or partnership. To Nathaniel he gave a sum of money (I forget just how much) for college expenses —so as the latter could afford "rooms" in a college he shared his inexpensive lodgings with one or two of his friends. Their landlady catered and cooking for them. One day an apple pudding made its appearance when only one of these of these generally hungry students was at home for lunch and he consumed it all with disastrous results to his inside!

These earnest young undergraduates would have great talks of their experience, hold prayer meetings and sing together seeking always to bring in others to the Saviour. "You get such a feeling" one would say —"ah but you lose that feeling" his more practical friend would correct —"It is faith not feelings". "Yes let's have a meeting and invite so and so. he prays like a brick". And this band of eager young soldiers of Christ were forward in every bit of work for the glory of God and the salvation of Oxford. Open air meetings, Sunday classes whilst working hard at their studies during their four year terms. Entering into all the interests of College life —debating societies, sport, A??, theatricals etc. It is ?likely he suffered many privations and may thus have undermined his health —never being very robust.

The day of the "lists" was great excitement of course and my husband said he was "staggered to see his name in the first class honour in Theology." But so it was and he had worked very hard under many difficulties.

He was ordained Deacon by the Bishop of Ripon in September 1886 and went as curate to Dr Mitchell at New Werthy, Leeds, Lancashire. The Dr and his wife continued to be our lifelong friends —both now long gone. Dr M gave up medicine for theology. In this connection I was reminded of another medico who did the same saying he "found it easier to preach than to practice". I am afraid this is common experience with us all!

While in Leeds Mr Jones developed chest trouble culminating in pneumonia and was sent to Bournemouth, a mild south coast health resort to recuperate. Here his health slightly improved but the trouble still persisted. And after much anxious thought and prayer the Doctor advised him to take a sea voyage. In those days this seemed to be the only thing for all chest trouble: no injections or open air treatment. Most doctors seemed afraid of fresh air. True, a few had the window open but against this others would order curtains around the bed of a chest patient. I recall nursing a small boy with scarlet fever in a London suburb, the neighbour telling my patient's mother that "That nurse actually had the boy's window open." Well my patient made a good recovery, fresh air or no fresh air!

Well, vast preparations went forward in the beautiful old farm house a Bronygudfu for Nathaniel's projected voyage. Piles of heavy clothing —with the thickest of ?? undies instead of, as now, the very thinnest. Thick twill cotton nightgowns (which were soon converted to other uses in Australia) all packed into huge fine lined wooden boxes, along with books, papers and other odds. And at last the day of sailing: May 28 1887 came. The "Harbinger" a clipper sailing ship of the Green

Anderson and Green" Co lay trim and taut with the sailing flag gently waving in the soft breeze. She was some distance from the wharf. Passengers were going out to her by rowing boat. All was bustle and hurry. Farewells were said and at last we were aboard.

You now may be wondering why I include myself in this scene —well you see it happened that I had been advised to take a sea voyage a a possible relief for my nerve deafness.....I expected to be back in 6 months or so. It is forty years since that day. I am still in Australia though I have been "home" several times since.....we were 14 in the first class ..... Mr Jones being the only parson on board naturally attracted some notice. More so as he looked very frail and delicate. However he appeared in fair general health. Nor do I remember him missing any meal. He interested himself in all the interests and daily doings and looking at him with a nurse's eye (I had to give up my loved work on account of deafness) I thought he looked very frail. .... I did not find the voyage tedious as I am fond of reading and besides much time was taken up with my trouble of deafness and continued noises in head and ears. And the terror of the thought of being deaf always was beyond telling. And sure enough like Job "that which I greatly feared came to pass." And though the grace of God is "sufficient" the dreadfulness of being deaf is still with me.

Captain Bolt, a sincere Christian, let me have his cabin for a Sunday school class for the children. Mr Jones took services on Sunday in the saloon alterantely with the ship's captain and doctor. There would be meeting for prayer on weekdays taken —one or other would give a helpful address.... "Father Jones" as he was affectionately dubbed by the Captain was popular throughout the ship as was also the Dr. And we all poved the Captain and his wife and daughter....

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my mother should write a life of my father.  
She started to do so. but was not able to  
continue. I thought the account of his  
early life might be of interest  
H. J.

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# Canon Jones - Early life 1

Nathaniel Jones - was the son of a farmer  
John Jones - he was born at Wotton  
in Shropshire near Aynestry. I don't  
know why gave him his Christmas  
name - but that name suited him  
exactly - for never was a man  
since the original Nathaniel -  
utterly without such as the subject  
of this short biography - he never  
carried this virtue beyond the limits  
of conventional patterns. At times  
I remember a rather pedantic tho  
very kind parsonage offering us  
a goose for our Christmas dinner  
when some previous kind neighbors  
had already given us one - tho  
oh thank you said Nathaniel he  
have got one - "oh" in surprise - from  
the word he said "Close the incident"  
The children was four Nathaniel &  
John & two daughters Mary  
and Jane - were & Charles all educated  
at the Board School - or Wake Church

Canon Jones. Early life - 2

Schools, <sup>At this time for the</sup> + many of the farming classes  
and other working people neglected  
to send their children to school -  
and it was quite usual to meet adults  
who could neither read or write. So the  
Government empowered School &  
County Councils to open schools  
in every district. Compelling parents  
to have their children properly  
educated. These Board Schools have  
generally cut out religious instruction  
from their teaching. So that all  
shades of opinion might be  
benefit. And so in many districts  
the Church of England opened  
schools where the Bible children  
were taught about God and the  
Bible read daily. Mr & Mrs John  
Jones the parents of Fulham were  
Church going folk. So it is most  
likely the children went to the school  
of the Parish Ch. They were also an  
intelligent & book loving family

Cannon Jones. Early life

3

Mr Jones Senr. went for a trip round  
the world late in life - and  
wrote a book of his travels.

They like most Welsh & border  
folk were all musical and  
the winter evenings were spent  
in the "Casy" kitchen at the  
Farm of Bryngolfa" round  
a big fire in the old fashioned  
lounge discussing playing duets  
or acting a simple play - friends  
& neighbours having dinner  
over to spend the evening.

There were no picture shows in  
those far off days & unless the  
young people from home - so  
they found their amusements  
by the fire in the large &  
beautiful old kitchen. It  
had the day cupboard one as  
in the modern house - It had  
a lead lined floor oak beam  
ceiling shining steel fittings  
on stove & fender. A lovely old

press & dresser - on the latter  
 was the <sup>style</sup> billon pattern demier  
 set-trunkling & Shering in  
 the pure Glacé. Brass & Copper  
 pots & pans Shencing on  
 shelves & that mantel piece.  
 When Nathaniel was about 14  
 the family removed from  
 Wotton to a farm called  
 Bryony Napasis - (I leave  
 the reader to pronounce it).

I should say here that the above  
 sketch of an evening at Bryony  
 Galpa really belongs to a later  
 date but as Bryony Galpa  
 is the home I knew best - I just  
 put down what impressed me  
 all the young people helped  
 in the work of the farm & home  
 there was very little outside  
 assistance. When Nathaniel  
 was about 14. And the family  
 were living at Bryony Napasis  
 the boy came under the M:

Influence of Carron Cashel - a well known Protestant Chaplain.  
To quote, Malhaule's brother John he says - I think it was the Carron's Influence that helped to make my brother the strong Evangelical that he developed into. I don't know when he was confirmed, but I believe he was baptised as a child in the Grumper Congregational Church. And that he was again baptised in the C of E. later in life.

I believe my brother always had a wish to be a clergyman but found it difficult to get his father's consent.

About 1880. My father set him up with one of his <sup>our</sup> sisters in a farm at called Brony Godpa owned by our father. but my brother who used to study Latin whilst following the Plough - did not make a

Success of farming. So in 1802  
1802. My father decided to  
send him to Oxford.

When living at Mr. Money's father's  
he joined a troupe of Minstrels +  
And they would sing the old  
songs such as "Black and white  
no matter" "Keep to the middle  
of the road" etc. Nathaniel  
had a good tenor voice &  
could read at sight.

Bishop Walsham How was  
Rector of Whittington - but I  
think he had left before  
my father went to the Parish.  
So the young man went to  
Oxford and was now resented.  
He lived in lodgings so as to  
& economize and it is to be feared  
he stinted himself in the  
matter of food & comforts so as  
to pay his way thro.  
~~At this time Oxford was closed  
with a white hearted set of out  
He at once identified himself~~

1. ed.  
Whittington

with the "out of our Sel-" I am  
not sure when my husband's conversion  
took place - but I believe he was  
much influenced by the "Open  
Brethren at Bresty - his home  
town. and found many friends  
at St. Alstons where Canon  
Christopher was vicar. Amongst  
the Ch members here was there  
Carey W Ward. Fenwick Ward  
Berlie Gouldsmith C. Sumner  
of others the Jammes C M &  
breakfasts are <sup>connected</sup> with  
this time and Canon C who  
was deaf - was a striking figure  
with his long ear trumpet.

moving about - to Carl Calk away  
Scraps of the conversation.  
in this connection one is struck by  
the fact that there is little of any  
advance in the either in the  
treatment of this most distressing  
affliction (deafness) or in the  
instruments for assisting the  
hearing - deaf to hear - I speak.

feelingly - being so a sufferer o  
myself). Mr Chearze ~~to~~ has  
a great influence for straight-  
out Christianity at this time  
(he was afterwards 1st Bishop  
of Liverpool) All these perren-  
t-  
Gonatts attended his Sunday  
Evening Greek Class - at Wycliffe  
College <sup>Hall</sup> - (and they called these  
Classes the three C. S. & R. "Corinthians  
Cakes & Coffee")

Mr Jones Lerr had apportioned  
to all his children their part of  
his estate some in property  
or partnership. To Nathaniel he  
gave a sum of money - (I forget  
just how much) for College  
Expenses - so as the latter  
could not afford "Procur" in a  
College he shared his <sup>in</sup> ~~in~~  
lodgings with one or two of  
his friends. Their Landlady  
Catering & Cooking for them.  
one day an Apple peddler  
made its appearance when only

one of these generally hungry &  
students was at home for lunch  
and he consumed it all - with  
disastrous results to his inside!  
These earnest - young Undergrads  
would have great talks of their  
experience hold prayer meetings  
& being together seeking always  
to bring in others to trust in  
the Saviour. "You get such a  
feeling" one would say - "Ah but  
you lose that feeling" his more  
practical friend would correct -  
"It is faith not feelings"

"Yes lets have a meeting and  
write so so he prays like a  
brick" & so this band of eager  
soldiers of Christ - were forward  
in every bit of work for the glory  
of God & the salvaging of the world.  
Open our meetings Sunday classes -  
Christ - looking hard at their  
studies during their four years  
terms. Entering into all the  
interests of college life - Debating

& Mrs  
Jones.

Societies Sport Accidents 10  
Theatricals Etc. It is to be  
+  
suffered many privations he  
may thus have undermined his  
health - never being really very  
robust. The day of the "dist"  
was a great excitement of course  
and my husband said he was  
"staggered to see his name in"  
the first class honor in Theology  
but so it was - and he had worked  
very hard under many difficulties  
he was ordained Deacon by  
the Bishop of Ripon in Sept-  
1886. and went as Curate to  
Rev. Dr Mitchell at New Wortley  
Leeds Lancashire. The Dr & his  
wife continued to be our life  
long friends both now gone.  
Dr M gave up medicine for Theology  
in this connection I am reminded  
of another medico who did  
the same - saying he found  
it "easier to preach than to  
practice" I am afraid this

is Common Experience with 11  
us all!

Whilst in Leeds Mr Jones ~~seemed~~  
to developed Chest trouble commen-  
ating in Pneumonia - & was  
sent to Bournemouth a mild  
South Coast health resort to  
re-cupurate <sup>here</sup> his health slightly  
improved but the trouble still  
persisted. And after much  
anxious thought. And prayer  
the Drs decided advised him  
to take a Sea voyage. In three  
days this succeeded to be the  
only thing for all Chest troubles  
No Inhalations or open Air treat-  
ment. Most Drs seemed afraid  
of fresh Air. True a few had  
the window open. but Against  
this others would order "Curtains  
round the bed of a Chest-Patient  
& call when nursing a small  
boy with Scarlet Fever - the  
in a London suburb - the

a neighbour telling my 12  
patient's Mother that "that  
nurse actually had the boys  
window open" well my patient  
made a good recovery fresh air  
or no fresh air!

well East. prepar atoms went  
forward in the beautiful old  
farm house at Bromsgrove  
for Malhams projected voyage.  
Piles of heavy clothing - with  
the thickest of Geasey woolies  
instead of as now the very thickest  
thick twill Callon nightgowns -  
(which were soon converted  
to other uses in Australia)  
all packed into huge fine  
lined wooden boxes - along  
with books papers & other  
odds. And at last the day of  
sailing May 28. 1887. Came  
the "Harbinger" a Clipper sail  
ing ship of the Green  
Anderson & Green" Co lay at.

Cancelled  
Pages rewritten

trim & "tout" with the Sailing 13  
flag gently waving in the soft breeze  
she was some distance from the  
wharf passengers were going out  
to her by rowing boat. All was  
bustle & hurry, farewells were  
said and at last we were about  
now you may be wondering why  
I include myself in this scene  
well you see it happened that  
I too had been advised to take  
a sea voyage as a possible  
relief for my nerve deafness.  
So that is how I come to be there.  
Some day O.E. of any one cares  
to read of I may tell my life story  
when all the intending voyagers  
were aboard the Harbinger has  
towed nearer the wharf & he  
could talk to our friends who  
had come to see us "off". Saturday  
May 2<sup>d</sup> 1887 was a "dull wild"  
day. There had been a drizzle  
of rain all morning - just like  
a May day in England. but as  
I leaned over the rail talking

Comwell  
Parker Sewatt

to friends - a Glean of Palam 14.  
Shone out & made a bright spot  
on the Ship. Mast. I remember  
calling out to my sister who stood  
on the wharf that the Glean was  
a "harbinger of good luck!"  
so we sailed away from old  
England - I expecting to be back  
again in 6 months or so. It is  
40 years since that day - & I am  
still in Australia tho I have  
been "Home" several times since  
then. Well after traversing the  
Coast line fade away - and giving  
casual glances to our fellow voyagers  
we walk of us bent below - & looked  
up our Cabins staterooms they were  
called I don't know what. I had a  
beautiful little one all to myself.  
with two berths a sofa - and a  
small lavatory opening out of it.  
When I think of the tiny "cupboards"  
called Cabins in some of the  
Steamers I have travelled in. The  
"Stateroom" was indeed luxurious  
The Harbinger was a beautiful little  
boat - "a Dry Ship" The Sailors, called

It shal. is it. did not get much 15  
water over the sides in rough weather.

All the "Salerooms" opened out of  
the Saloon light-came from a  
skylight which formed the roof  
rusee high off the deck. our lights  
at night was provided by oil  
lanterns secured from the  
loop. I think the floor of the Saloon  
was carpeted but there were no  
chairs beyond those fixed by the  
table. There was a very good piano  
which the passengers made much  
use of. We were 14 in the first  
class. I think about 30 in the  
2nd & 3rd. all the passengers were  
very nice & friendly. So were the  
Stewards & Crew. The Capt. was a  
fine old gentleman whom  
every one loved & respected. He  
was a most careful and skilful  
navigator - his wife & daughter were  
travelling with us. Very pleasant  
& friendly. The hours for meals  
here breakfast at 9. Dinner 12. aft-  
tea about 2.30 Dinner at 4 &

Reminiscence paper.

Samuel West

+ officers

Supper consisted of Cocoa at 9. The  
 all the food was excellent & abundant.  
 The drinking & washing water was  
 condensed & of course had to be  
 used economically. There were  
 one sheep and couple of hens &  
 ducks. Floned away some where  
 & it was necessary on a still <sup>night</sup>  
 night when the moon was up - to sit on deck  
 & listen to the splash of the water accompanied  
 by the quack quack of the ducks. & the  
 bleat of the sheep poor sheep. all the  
 ship was spatterly clean ~~and the~~ decks gleamed  
 white & ~~brass~~ brasses <sup>glowed like gold</sup>  
 I am afraid my shoe heels were a cause of trouble  
 to the Quarter Master as they  
 made marks on the gleaming deck.  
 One passenger soon made friends  
 with each other after the due &  
 usual queyging. Mr Jones. being  
 the only parson on board naturally  
 attracted some notice. More so as  
 he looked very fresh and delicate  
 however he appeared in fair general  
 health. Nor do I remember him  
 missing any meal. He interested us  
 to all the interests & daily doings

Can called  
 Re-written pages

and looking at him with a  
nurses eye I had had to give up  
my loved work on account of deafness  
I thought he looked very frail -  
I don't remember any serious ill-  
ness or accident during the three  
months of the voyage. We amused  
ourselves with games - and for  
those who liked it dancing etc  
there was no organized scheme  
of recreation as now on every  
boat. I did not find the voyage  
tedious as I am fond of reading  
and besides was much taken  
up with my bundle of deafness  
and ambulance horses in head  
& ears. and the terror of the  
thought of being deaf also was  
beyond telling. And here  
enough like Job "That which I  
greatly feared" came to pass. and  
tho the Grace of God is "Sufficient"  
the dreadfulness of being deaf  
is still with me. Capt. Bolt - a  
Sincere Christian let me have  
his cabin for a Sunday School

Class for the children. Mr Jones 10.  
took service on Sunday in the  
Saloon alternately with the Ships  
Or & Capt there could be meeting  
for prayer on week days when one  
or other would give a helpful address. The  
Dr too was a deeply taught. Saint  
& God from "At Home" with  
Christ - "Father" Jones as he was  
affectionately dubbed by Capt  
was popular throughout the Ship  
as was also the Dr. And he all  
loved the Capt. & his wife & daughters  
took ~~care~~ on board. We there  
usually young people and had  
some merry times together. We  
could take afternoon tea in each  
others stateroom and there  
was much beer and happy laughter  
as we tried to keep the Caps &  
Cakes from rolling all over the  
floor when the Ship heaved  
or pitched and in spite  
of his frail health, Walkerville  
entered into all this, as I also  
was injured it all. Potential &  
even permanent deafness ~~was~~

Voluntarily

The health of the ship was <sup>19</sup>  
good all through the 3 months of  
the voyage. The weather also was  
not at all rough - one night there  
was rather a bad sea - and the  
Kendal old Capt. came aboard  
to see that no one was overboard  
& it was comforting to hear his  
deep voice saying "Alls well  
Drench's"

Some distance from the Wharf. 13  
train and "boat" both the sailing  
plag gently waving in the breeze.  
She was a "Dry dock" as the sailors  
said that is she shipped very little  
water over her sides. She was a  
beautiful little vessel, and I think  
was the last "sailer" to bring passengers  
to Australia. This voyage was her  
final one. She was afterwards  
sold to Lord Brassey for a Tack-  
you alas she lies a "hulk" for coal.  
Mr Henry Green of the Shipping  
Co most generously gave me a first-  
class passage in the Harbinger  
as I ~~was~~ had been advised to take  
a sea voyage as a possible cure  
for nerve deafness. I may add  
that the deafness has never left me  
but my gratitude to Mr & Mrs Green  
& family (who were dear friends  
of mine). As the Larvisers are

Well live always.

So I sailed away in the Harbinger  
hoping to return to England in a  
few months - but 40 years have  
passed since that grey May morning  
& I am still in Australia & still  
burdened with griefs - withal  
finding the "Grace of God" - at  
Luffeyent -

all was bustle and hurry on  
wharf passengers were being  
taken out in <sup>rowing</sup> ~~rowing~~ boats -  
sailors shouting & Screaming  
but at last we were "all aboard"  
and we were towed nearer the  
wharf so as we could talk to our  
friends who had come to see us  
"off" Saturday May 25. 1854. Was  
a dull chilly day - a drizzle of  
rain had fallen all morning  
but as I leaned over the rail  
& called out farewells - a  
glint of pale sun made a

15

an. bright spot on the Sheeps Head  
I remarked it was a "Harbinger"  
for "good" but I much fear the  
"pun" was lost to my audience.  
2<sup>o</sup> After last goodbyes, we moved  
away. Looking towards Coast  
line fade was Dad look, but soon  
we were all busy "below" tidying  
up our cabins. I had a most luxurious one  
with two berths a sofa and a private lavatory  
These Cabins or "State rooms" as  
they were called were all opened out of the  
Saloon - and when one compares them with  
the tiny cupboard like cabins of some steamers

Extremely they seemed spacious & comfortable.  
The lighting of the whole ship was  
by means of lanterns issuing  
from the top. Glasses & Crutches  
were also kept in convenient brackets.  
Capt. officers stewards & crew were  
all fine men very friendly & kind.  
Capt. Ball was a splendid old gentle  
man of the street but sympathetic  
types he had numerous interests  
at heart. a member of the  
"Brethren" and a fine Navigator  
his wife & daughter were on board

The food was good and plentiful. The  
Sheep & poultry were killed on board.  
Drinking & washing water was con-  
densed. We had to economize  
in its use! Meal times were  
breakfast & a m (at which there  
always was that "inexorable" sheep  
dish "Irish Steep") as well as other  
good things.) Lunch 12. aft. tea  
about 2.30 - & Dinner at 4. This last  
was a treat in the tropics with a  
blazing sun beating on the glass  
top of the saloon. But there was  
always Cocoa & biscuits at 9 - for  
those who liked supper.  
We were fourteen in first class  
& I think about 30 second - & third.  
All the passengers were very nice  
& friendly. So much for the  
improvement! Then after the "necessary"  
"quitting" of each other we fitted  
into a sort of family party.  
The Rev Nathaniel Jones - being  
the only parson on board naturally  
attracted some notice. I remember  
the tall thin clerical looking cleric