Ship "Asia."

October 9th, 1871.

To begin at the beginning it will be better to tell you what we came on board on Wednesday afternoon and I felt decidedly rigid at the very small cabin that were to contain ourselves and our worldly goods for three months. It seemed a difficult matter to turn ourselves round in them. The next day we were forced down the river, and we anchored off the Bar. The tide being high enough to carry us over the bar. Early on Friday morning, before we were up, we had
started again, but could not get far — we were obliged to anchor again off Deal, as there was a brisk gale blowing against us; several Beccles ventured out into the Channel, but were obliged to put back till at last about a hundred and twenty were anchored within sight of us. The rolling about we were quite subject to was anything but pleasant. To us landlubbers. However, the trouble of sea-sickness was soon over with us and after a time we could really enjoy a walk on the deck.

On Sunday morning the weather changed and we weighed anchor once more and set off with a fair wind which soon brought us to the coast of Devonshire. And how I must really try and write a little every day though it will be a difficult matter I am afraid, for with so many in the saloon, some talking and laughing very loudly, and others on deck marching backwards and forwards like prize cart horses making the glances in the living roomattle again. This attention is not easily fixed — I should like to give
A slight sketch of our fellow passengers before closing for this time. At the head of our table we have the Doctor, who is worthy a little remark particularly as his "fairy footsteps" are even now heard over head threatening to break through into the saloon - He is not very tall but he makes up in width. Has a slight tinge on the end of his nose, rather a thick mouth, and looks on the whole accustomed to enjoy the good things of this life. The ship is beginning to sway rather more than is pleasant, so shall leave off for tonight.

Having just been told we are making ten knots an hour, I think I may as well record the same.

October 13th

Since I put away my little journal, we have all been distressingly ill, but let us hope it is all over now for the rest of the voyage - It is an undescribable sort of thing, quite intently. We were all alike, so we could neither laugh at one another nor help the other. Unre kept up bravely considering how very poorly she has been. I began to feel too soon and thought we were coming off very fairly but the fact was we had
A capital run down the Channel, and then met with an adverse wind in the Bay of Biscay. "Oh! the Bay of Biscay!"

That never to be forgotten time—she rolling about me, was unlike anything I had imagined. The waves looked as if they must swallow up the ships, as they came shaving against her. Poor Willie could not make it out at all—in the night when there came an extra heavy break, he "hoisted." (To use an expression made use of by one of the passengers.)

The poor little Baby, she had been most sweet-tempered through it all, and is getting fatter than ever, though one day she was neither dressed nor dressed, as we were none of us capable of doing it. But enough of these sorrows; they are passed.

We are not going very fast now as, having a fair wind we have to tack so frequently. And now to finish a description of the passenger, Mrs. and Miss Barker occupy the large cabin next to the Captain's. Mater bulky, filia bulky, are ladies who fully...
understand the art of taking care of women.

One—They choose of the best chairs, are not in the least particular as to ownership, have an air of authority about them, and as to appetite, well, they do justice to every thing, I suppose the sea air agrees with them.

Next come Miss Schott and Miss Ernstone; they are sisters. Though why there should be a difference in name, I don't know. They are undoubtedly clever girls, as I think, and quite the cream of the society on board.

One, especially, knows how to give a girl sharp answers when she likes. The more we know of these young ladies the more we shall like them— I think. Mr. McComb is a little Scotchman, slightly odorous in the least "good". Mr. and Mrs. Ariel have not put in much of an appearance as yet. Mrs. Ariel is an invalid. Miss Badley is a young lady who is going on a visit to her sister in Hobart Town. She is a nice little body, she and Fancy are great friends. They have found several points of
sympathy — they are not "Independants", they are both Homoeopaths, and they each have a stepmother.

Monsieur, Madame, and "Vive petite" I don't know much about, except that the pianos belong to them, and a fine fellow there has been about it, to be sure — one day the piano was going from morning till night, and Monsieur (I don't know his name) did not approve of it, so locked it up. Miss Barker, who had done the chief part of the playing, was very much incensed, and the Captain said that when the instrument was placed in the saloon it was with the understanding that it was for the use of the passengers, and requested that he would keep his word. The Frenchman said he had no objection to its being used in the evening and on Sundays, but he would not have it humstrummed upon all day. Mrs and Miss Barker were enraged, and the Captain at last said that Monsieur was not a man of his word and the piano must go in the hold. It seems a great pity, as it will be fit for nothing at the end of
Three months in such a damp place, without a proper case.
There are about ten second cabin passengers, but cannot
tell you anything about them as we never come in contact with them.

There is a rumour afloat that the doctor is going to get up a ship newspaper, but he has not asked either of us to contribute a paper; I fancy we are not exactly in his line.

(Monday, October 16th)

We have now spent our second Sunday on board. It seems so strange.
The doctor leads prayers morning and evening and fine reading it is.

Oh dear. I think I could do better myself. His chief aim seems to be to get it over as quickly as possible, and to choose a sermon as short as he can find.

The afternoons are spent in wandering about the ship and pretending to read.

Today we have at last a fair wind and we are going at the rate of about nine knots an hour; for about a day we were quite becalmed; but it was one comfort to have company. There were sixteen other ships in a similar predicament within sight.
Oct. 18th

Yesterday we were told we were off Cape Finisterre. Today we are off Cadiz and hope to pass Gibraltar this evening. Of course we have to take it all on trust as we can see nothing but water, water, water everywhere. Montagues Darrell has come to his senses about the piano and has contented to allow it to be used, and I expect we shall soon have a concert or something of the kind, for me hear a grand amount of practicing. It is rather difficult to keep on good terms with everyone.

as least I find it so. Ernest is so particularly easy and inoffensive that it would be very wonderful if any one quarrelled with him. There are one or two persons I find I have omitted mentioning. The Captain and his wife and Mrs. Wood and Mr. Dahl. The Captain is a thoroughly jolly man, enjoys a joke, is very polite and altogether good tempered. Plays with Willie, and unfortunately persists in giving him treets. He is very kind, but a little touchy, a slight thing sends her into a tiff.
Miss Wood is the most affected piece of goods I ever saw, and in consequence gets dreadfully teased. Mr. Dahl is a sickly-looking young gentleman, travelling in search of health, whose voice I have not yet heard as he never lifts it up at the dinner table, and Charles associates from the second class passengers.

Miss Collins is an elderly lady who has charge of her nephew, Clement Collins, and takes her servant also. The servant's name is Catherine, and is a great favorite with Willie, on account of being extremely energetic and frugal.

(Saturday, Oct. 21st)
We have passed the Madeira — it was so refreshing to catch even a distant glimpse of terra firma. It seems to be quite mountainous, and the sight made me wish we could land, if only for a few days. We expect soon to be in the Tropics, yet at present the weather is only pleasantly warm.

We have now a fair wind and it surprises me that we have so much movement. Still, I suppose it must be the effect of the equally heavy...
That preceded it. The ship rolls from side to side like a gigantic cradle being rocked very vigorously. You would laugh to see Willie balance himself, he keeps his feet as well as any one. He is learning to shout like the sailors, and says "Hulloa!" when he sees the Captain, because the Captain says the same to him. He is now being very much entertained by the rambles of an escaped "piggy piggy." The dear little Baby is so good, gets fat, and has a smile for any one who takes the trouble to look at her, and quite laughs if she is spoken to.

Yesterday our first newspaper came out. Edited by Mr. McCombie, and it really very amusing; it is called "The Atlantic News." There is a very flowery acknowledgment of Mr. Dardell's extreme kindness and generosity in placing a "splendid new, rich, loud piano" in the saloon, for the indiscriminate use of the passengers! One of the young ladies contributed a good natured Caricature of the Doctor and some Clever Comic verses. Highly entertaining! But I could not tell...
you all there is in it. It would take too long. Miss Collins has recommended a cheap doctor living at St. Vilda near Melbourne, she says he has cured so many of her friends who were supposed to be in consumption. Ernest does not lose his cough though his appetite is wonderfully improved and I quite hope other improvements will follow. The doctor is more amusing than we at first thought possible. The other evening he invited some young ladies from the "starboard table" to take tea with him at the "Port side table," and prevailed on the steward to get up a little extra spread at our table and persuaded Tommy and me to change our dresses and he & Mr. Moncriel put on their dress coats, much to the amusement and surprise of the other passengers, particularly as they came "out to tea" in their morning dresses, which was the sign of the thing. The evening passed off quite merrily.

(Monday, Oct. 23rd) The amateur Christy's Minstrel gave their entertainment on Saturday evening and it was quite a success; these little things make a
Tuesday, Oct 24th

Last evening we had quite an elaborate tea party. We were invited from our table to the Captain's table. There was quite a grand spread with cake, jelly, and a wind up with a dance on the deck. Mrs. Barker was quite a blazen of finery and gilt. Miss Emeline was dressed in a simply made white muslin and looked extremely lady-like. Mrs. Cunningham (the Captain's wife) gave a delicate white gauze dress with a blue poplin skirt. We are now getting up a charade for next Saturday.
But you shall hear more about that when it is over as I know dear Emma will feel interested in that, only with the mere here to take my part, she would perform it so much better than I shall

(Oct 28th)

On Wednesday we passed quite close to one of the Cape de Verde Islands. We could see great pictures in the rocks, but it is about as barren a spot as could well be imagined, not a tree, nor a vestige of grass anywhere visible. I tried to take a sketch of it, but could only manage a faint
outline, which I may perhaps fill up at some other time.

Last night we had our first real storm since we have been at sea. The heat was intense. I thought it might be the usual state of the atmosphere to near the Equator (we are not quite five hundred miles from it now.) I got up and stood in the draught of the window till I was slightly cooled and then went to bed again and slept— I suppose about half an hour, when I was startled nearly out of my wits by the most terrific peal of thunder
I ever heard in my life—it seemed to me as if the mast must have been carried away. However, it was not. Mrs. Cummings, Mrs. and Miss Barker left their cabins and came into the saloon, but could not stay, as the deluge of rain that were falling, were finding their way inter the house. The thought it was six to keep in bed, and so they did not last passed away. Towards morning the pigs, geese, etc. were turned out (I suppose to have a bath) and they wandered about the deck looking half drowned and clinging. Terrific frightened. The Captain says he was on deck when the awful flash came, which was followed by the crash before mentioned, and he never saw a more fearful flash. It came flying through the air and onto the sea, within a hundred yards of us. Was it not a great mercy we received no harm? It is a sight which we shall never forget in a hurry. There was such a strong smell of sulphur! At one time, that I was afraid something had caught fire.

(End)
Oct. 30th

This morning a shark was caught.

What an exciting day this has been!

Soon after breakfast there was a shout and a cry of “A shark is caught!” Then there was a general rush to the stern, where the tooth was out. But the creature had bitten the rope in two before I arrived. I had swallowed bait and hook too—then a second bait was thrown on a larger hook, and we saw it again approach, turn itself over, seize it, and then hang writhing.

Several men hauled it up. Then there was a scene, all the passengers kept at a safe distance, but it was as much as the men could do to hold it till the tail was cut off. Willie was in Mine’s arms. He the main deck when it was dragged from the boat, and it just knew something to talk of for a long time—he said to everyone, “We met Big fish, fall” in a most solemn way. Soon after this the boat was lowered for anyone who wished to have a look; most of the passengers availed themselves of the privilege, as, to be depended on, in the tropics is very tedious and disagreeable. The boat is exceedingly, which
Causedecural this morning to tempt danger by treading with the water, drowning with sharks is a frightful experience. Fortunately no one was bitten, but I don’t think there will be any more bathing just yet, for in the afternoon another shark was caught, such a monster! And it was such work to get it up! It measured ten feet ten inches in length, which was caught in the morning by only six feet. They are such murderous looking creatures.

When Willie saw the men leap from the boat into the sea, he was very much concerned and kept saying, “Hull, water, men, men!” Once he recognized the third mate (Mr. Graham) whom he always calls “Uncle James,” when he varied his exclamation with “Hull! water! Uncle!”

I must leave off now, as everyone is coming down from the poop, to escape from one of these two dreadful tropical rains.

Oct 31st

There has been great excitement this morning, caused by the capture of a swordfish. I have seen only the head as it was so large they could not succeed in getting...
it into the boat. The sword measures four feet from the tip to the crown of the head. The eye is most singular, and is about the size of two best put together. (That is the bone in which the eye is inclosed.) I never saw an eye inclosed in bone before. The capture of a swordfish seems to be rather an uncommon exploit for even the Captain had never seen one before.

November 9th.

My pen has been so long idle that I am afraid many little incidents have escaped my memory, but I must not my book though I certainly feel the worse.

for the attack of neuralgia from which I hope to be now recovering. This feeling of extreme weakness is very hard to bear cheerfully, and I am not sure that I succeed very well. But enough of this morning. We have actually crossed the line; but Neptune was very lenient towards us although we had just been in his dominions before. One evening a curiously dressed individual appeared, calling himself "Neptune's Secretary. He was an amusing fellow with a venerable head, a long, white beard, and he delivered a Charge.
to each of the ladies, acceding them of some curious misdemeanors. The following night, the ceremony of throwing the dead hulk overboard, took place, which I was not well enough to witness. The next night, Neptune and his wife appeared with their staff of officers. The scene was hideously in the extreme. The king and queen were seated in a car made of flags drawn by three bears (composed of men dressed in sheep skins and going “all fours.”) They made a speech to the captain, then pronounced a banquet prepared for them, and

proceeded to try the cases. When that was over the shaving process began. The culprit found guilty of entering the domain of Neptune for the first time was first examined by the doctor who felt the pulse, prescribed an immense dose of something to be taken in some cases after two or a dozen pills. Then handed ones to the barber to be shaved and shampooed in the usual manner, that is, to be blindfolded, daubed over head and face with a coat of paste, then scraped with a huge wooden razor, and then

backward into the sail.
Tank filled with water. I shored them to the latter proceeding rather refreshing than otherwise after the mess that went before.

On Saturday the long talk of Charade came off, and was a grand success — my health compelled me to hand over my part to Miss Barker. I was not sorry to give it up as I rather object to appearing in public. The first word was “Courtship.”

Scene 1. Her Majesty surrounded by ladies. She presented. The last one, an Irish lady. Who made an amusing speech to her Majesty, something in this strain, “Faith, and I’m glad to see your Majesty looking so well; they told me you were lobster thin, but I suspect I’m pleased to say to the contrary.” (One of the court ladies, “Kiss her Majesty’s hand and retire!” — “Kiss her Majesty’s hand!! Here! Here! How are you saying! Wine to her, to my hand face that I'll abide!” (embraces the Queen) and while screams of horror echo round, the curtain falls.

Scene 2. A cleverly acted ship scene.

Scene 3. Two couples being “spooned.” The ladies each...
The second word was Heritage. I was to have acted in this as a Gipsy fortune teller in Scene 1. A love sick country girl comes to have her fortune told and sets a charm to keep her lover faithful to her. The charm is a wonderful herb. Of course, some by play is introduced.

Scene 2 - Harry made such a successful old lady of herself that she was not known.

Scene 3 - Miss Ernestine was an old Irish woman with a field to let for pasture. A farmer comes to make a bargain for the grazing of his three "beasties" and the argument which was carried on was quite beyond describing. Miss Ernestine played her part so well - to our surprise we hear she is a professional actress. Does it not seem a pity with such superior education and talents.

December 10th - This morning quite early he passed Trinidad. Ernest got up to catch a glimpse of the land, but it was like a phantom shore; it was so distant. We may possibly not see land again till we get to Australia.
November 22

We thought of Emma and Julia very often yesterday and wondered what was going on at home, and of course wished them many happy returns of the day. For several days we have had a "head wind" and "chopping sea," which had not been very agreeable. We have seen several specimens of the albatross. Though have not caught one. A "Cape pigeon" was caught one day. They are very pretty birds, but have an unpleasant smell which made us glad to get out of the way till it was disposed of.
The sea — Willie grows such an engaging little yellow — he knows all the passengers by name now, and can say some very plainly. For instance, he should "Barker" when that stately name crosses the saloon, and says in his most wheedlesome tones "Feetie Georgie Barker" to Miss B. When he thinks she has some sweets, Catherine, Miss Collins' ward, he invariably styles "Miss." Of course his temper keeps pace with his intelligence, which is rather trying at times, though not so bad as might be expected.

Taking all things into consideration —

Dear little Baby, is getting such a fat little piece of goods that I think before the end of the voyage she will have to take to Will's clothes.

There has been a great misunderstanding about the newspaper. The Captain and his wife having taken offence at a letter in last week's "Staten" has made up his mind not to issue another, which is a great pity, as there are so few sources of amusement on board ship. When our entertainment is arranged for, the weather
December 6th
We ought to consider ourselves among the fortunate, for though in passing the Cape we had several days' 
facts, if the weather usually found here, we did not experience 
any real storms. We "shipped" a few 
many "heave heads", but 
that is nothing when 
you are used to it.
Ernest is the only one 
of our party who has 
not escaped a tumble, 
but then you know what 
a careful "old party" 
he is.

After such a rough 
sea, of course there came

frequently interrupts whereas nothing has 
heretofore interfered 
with the newspaper. 
I have omitted to 
say that on November 5th 
we enclosed some 
letters in a lemonade 
bottle, one for 
Motherome Villa, and one 
for Chatham Place. 
The captain then corked 
the bottle and sealed it 
and it was thrown 
overboard. We then off 
The Coast of Brazil. 
If ever these letters 
reach their destinations 
they will be great 
curiosities; and we 
shall be glad to hear 
of their arrival.
a calm of about twenty-four hours duration. If any one were to ask me the question, "Did you ever see a whale?" I could now answer in the affirmative. I saw one yesterday early in the day, long ago, but I have always before been just too late. They are great ugly black things, but they make pretty little delicate fountains when they blow. We are all surprised at the weather here; instead of the warm tropical atmosphere we had expected, we have it so cold, that we are glad to wrap ourselves up more than when we first came on board. No doubt we feel it more after the heat of the tropics. The Captain says it will get warmer as we approach the shore. We do not get on very well with Mrs. Cunning now; we cannot understand in the least why she acted to be very friendly. The Ariel's are very kind. They have given us a supply of tea & sugar so that we can have some whenever we feel inclined and the other day they gave a bottle of
calves feet jelly for Ernest.

We are all very busy making things for the Christmas tree; as of course we must have something to remind us of what is going on at home. (Dear Old England! How I do want to see some of the dear familiar faces!!)

"The difficulty we find in looking up materials for our work is really quite ludicrous. I have manufactured a little work latched out of some of Ernest's paper cuffs. Fanny has made some wrestlers, the last helped some corsets of the steward for the ladies; and the doctor provided the ribbon to dress them in, from his medals—only fancy!"

December 11th

the day following that on which I wrote last was a very eventful one, painfully so to me; for I had a severe fall which stunned me for a few seconds, and left me fit for nothing for the rest of the day. This was a great pity, for there were three beautiful Albatrosses caught, and I was not able to go up and see them while they were alive. Fanny saw them, and says it was a very pretty
ight—they are such majestic birds, and they gazed around them as if in dream—the largest measured ten feet seven inches from tip to tip of the wings; the captain has given me a piece large enough for a hat for Willie—dry albatross hat would be a curiosity in England! On the mainmast he had a very high wind, which I dignified with the name of hurricane, but was immediately told of my mistake. "It was nothing compared with some winds." You may perhaps imagine what it was when I tell you that it carried away seven of the sails, and compelled them to keep the main-sail. When I say "carried away" I do not mean taken from the ship entirely, but some were severed at one end, others on three sides, and some split, one was torn to ribbons. While we were at dinner we shipped such a sea that the spray came through the saloon skylight. Today we are going on calmly enough, and I can only hope we shall have no more "high winds." Dec. 16th.

We are going along at a capital pace now, which...
gives us the hope of being in Melbourne by the New Year, but that we are truly being “Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep”, though unfortunately we are not rocked to sleep; in the night we are rolled first to one side and then to the other of the berth. My chief difficulty is to keep from rolling over the baby. (I have found it quite impossible to use the bassinet.) This is a very rough diagram of the door between the two cabins with my dress hanging on it.
Novelties! He has been on many ships in his time, but never in his life has he seen such strange doings as on the "Asia." We are all on the Captain's blacklist, and he and Mrs. Cummings succeeded so very well in making themselves generally disagreeable, that life is certainly becoming unattractive here. To give an instance, I will tell you the last offensive act. Of course, when any one walks on the poop the cabin which are underneath get the full benefit of the noise; the Captain always comes in for his share with the others. If he had at the beginning of the voyage politely asked the passengers to keep off his cabin, no one would have objected but nothing has been said till now; when we are treated like a lot of refractory Charity Children to do the Captain justice we, Mrs. Cummings and Mrs. Barker, turn him round their little finger with such ease that he is scarcely responsible in the matter. Ernest was peacefully basking in the sun just over this very cabin, Mrs. Ariell was following his example; I was talking quietly to Mrs. A., and Clement Collins was standing by, arranging a canvas chair.
We first heard a terrific knocking below us, and at a short time after the captain appeared, in a great rage, over the railing close to us. I had my back turned that way so did not hear what he said, but it was some complaint about the noise, not being able to hear himself speak. Enrico's reply was that he thought the Carpenter was at work by the sounds we heard.

The next morning there was a high gate put around there, enclosing that part of the poop, as if the passengers could not be trusted to pay any respect to any less imposing barrier.

This affair has either amused or annoyed every one, as each happened to take it. Things have not been at all comfortable since the break down of the newspaper, and though we have always kept particularly quiet, and have not interfered with any one, nor made complaints, we seem to be specially out of favor.

December 23rd
Oh! what a sad week this has been! Nothing but quarrelling and unpleasantness; it seems such a pity to spoil Christmas in this way. We have been treated in a very unjust manner, so much so, that Enrico
had quite intended writing to Anderson & Co about it—However the Captain called Ernest onto his cabin this afternoon and had a long explanation &c &c. So perhaps he may change his mind as he really likes the Captain and thinks if it were not for his wife there could not be a more agreeable man. If they take another voyage we shall look out for a ship which the Captain's wife does not sail. I have been very busy today packing one of my numerous parcels, and we hope to be near Melbourne on the day after Christmas day; we have had an unusually good run from the Cape. This evening while I am writing there is a grand entertainment going on upon the poop. Ernest and I prefer staying in the saloon, Ernest, because he is afraid of taking cold and I, because I like to keep him company, and am in no mood for fun after what has occurred. But the noise is something dreadful, it is just as if all the harmoniums on board had met for a dance to my surprise Willie had gone to sleep at last. The Baby has
slept through all the night. I should like you to see the improvement in them both. Although Willie has not lost his spots, the doctor says it is Edema (I don't know how to spell it.)

The weather is much warmer now, consequently Ernest is better again, so I hope we shall be able to get to a uniform mild climate. We will get strong.

December 30th.

Christmas day passed off with great eclat. The morning opened with carols, by Miss Barker, Miss Ernestine, and Miss Watt. We sang outside Mr. Cummings' cabin at six o'clock. Then the young ladies with the exception of Fanny kissed the captain under the mistletoe, a great deal of that sort of thing went on all day, in which I need not tell you, our party did not participate. In the evening the Christmas tree was lighted up and very splendid it looked. Willie and Marian were allowed to see it and were in ecstacies, we all drew useful things, which was very convenient. Considering that we hope to go housekeeping again before very long.
After this came several very tedious days, we were becalmed off Cape Otway, which is a very little way from Melbourne, and yet we could not get wind enough to carry us from that short distance. On the Thursday evening, we had gone as far as the “Heads” just outside Port Phillip Bay, and after waiting a short time the pilot came on board. He approached in a small schooner with a light at the masthead (being dark) and the delicious excitement of watching it draw nearer and nearer, and then seeing a light on the water and a boat, we gave the necessary signals and at last catching a glimpse of a dusty boat with dusty sails in it, and then the quiet welcome of the Captain—it is really beyond the power of words to give any idea of our emotions at the time. Our dangers over, and our trials nearly done. The next morning early one was up with the lark, and very truly we all were parsing up. We had only just finished when Mr. Darkell came shouting to Ernest that his brother was come (which meant Uncle John). Mr. Caleb Jenner had taken a boat to come and meet us, and as soon
to the Williamstown pier
The ship was moored, we landed, then took a small boat and crossed the Bay to Melbourne.
When Willie first saw a perambulator he called out "Wee wee's carriage!"
Mr. Colet Jenner took all the trouble on himself of booking, paying fares, etc., and would not hear of being paid back, and when we arrived at the hotel, we were most cordially received by Mrs. Jenner, and had been treated with the utmost kindness ever since. (Jan. 1st, 1872)
Dear little Willie showed no signs of shyness until he was taken to the nursery. And when he found she was in the midst of a number of children without me, he then began to think some thing dreadful must have happened and began to scream "Mama! Mama!" in an agonized tone.
He is quite reconciled now, and feels quite at home; he occasionally alludes to ship life, by saying he wishes to go in the saloon, or to the cabin, at some times he asks to be taken on deck. etc.
The ship doctor recommends Ernest to Dr. Bird of Melbourne, who is considered clever in chest diseases, in fact he (Dr. Bird) has been cured of
a desired trip by a residence in Australia.
I am sorry I cannot give such a glowing account of dear Ernest as I had hoped, but there is one thing to be said, if there is a chance of recovery, in one part of the world more than another, he will get that chance here for the climate is certainly more delightful, except during a hot wind, and that does not affect us indoor much. The windows are kept shut. The brilliant skies we get at sunrise and sunset are unequalled by any thing we saw anywhere, even in the tropics. As to Fanny, she is as well as it is possible to be, and is getting so fat, and Ann too is well, and says she is quite happy and thinks she shall like being here very much. Perhaps you would like to know something about the family of Mr. & Mrs. C.J.R. There are six little girls and one boy (the baby). The three eldest girls are staying at Geelong with Aunt Ruth, but are expected to return soon and Aunt Ruth with them. Fanny has already received a letter of welcome from her. Perhaps at some time I
May attempt a sketch of this house and grounds. If so will be sure to send it to you. New Year's Day.

This day is quite a grand holiday in Melbourne, all the houses of business are closed and every one is supposed to go to the races. I need not tell you that our programme is a much quieter one; Mr. James is going there as to a Sunday school fête. I don't know how you would like the colonial driving. I feel a little tired at being whirled along at the usual pace which we English world hate to call going at full gallop.

And now I think there is really nothing more to say, except to ask you to be lenient towards the many imperfections you will find in these pages, and to assure you we shall "never forget the dear ones!"

Good bye, and may God bless you all.