

Mrs. Hart

10. Chatham Place.

Brighton.

Sussex

England

Ship "Asia"

October 9th 1871

To begin at the beginning
 it will be better to tell you
 that we came on board
 on Wednesday afternoon
 and I felt decidedly
 upset at the very small
 cabins 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 towed down the
 river, and we anchored
 off the shore, the tide be-
 ing 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 vessels 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 then subject to, was any thing but pleasant to us "land-lubbers." 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 now 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 glasses on the swinging shelf rattle again, one's 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 mostly a little remark particularly as his "fairy footsteps" are now now heard over head, threatening to break through into the saloon - He is not very tall but he snakes ^{up} in width - has a slight fringe 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's hope it is all over now for the rest of the voyage - It is an indescribable sort of thing, "quite entirely" - We were all alike, so we could neither laugh at one another nor help one another - Ann kept up bravely, considering how very poorly she has been. I began to boast too soon, and thought we were coming off very nicely, but the fact was, she 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 recurred to the forgotten
time - The rolling, about
we had to put up with
then, was unlike any
thing I had imagined.
The waves looked as if
they must swallow up
the ships, as they came
dashing against her.
Poor Willie could not
make it out at all -
In the night when there
came an extra heavy
burch, he "howled," (the
use an expression made
use of by one of the
passengers) As to

The poor little Baby, she
has been most sweet
tempered through it all,
and is getting fatter
than ever, though one
day she was neither
washed nor dressed, as
we were none of us
capable of doing it -
But enough of those
sorrows, they are passed -
We are not going very
fast now at ^{night} having
a fair wind we have
to tack so frequently.
And now to finish a
description of the passengers.
Mrs and Miss Barker
occupy the large cabin
next to the Captain's -
Mater Bulky, Julia Bulky,
are ladies who fully

understand the art of
taking care of numbers
One - They choose out
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 Erustone -
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 very sharp
answer when she likes -
The more we know of
these young ladies the
more we shall like
them - I think.

Mr Mc Colubie is a little
Scotchman, slightly vulgar -
not 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 Fanny are
great friends - They have
found several points of

sympathy - They are both
"Independants"; they are
both Homeopaths, and
they each have a step-
mother -

Monsieur, Madame, and
"une petite" I don't know
much about, except that
the piano belongs to them,
and a fine fuss 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 on the saloon
it was with the under-
standing that it was for
the use of the passengers,
and requested that he
would keep his word;
The French man said he
had no objection to its
being used in the evening
and on Sundays, but he
would not have it hum-
strummed 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 reads 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 Cadix, 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. Monsieur Dardell has come to his senses about the pianos, and has consented to allow it to be used, and I expect we shall soon have a concert or something of the kind, for we hear a grand amount of practising. - 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 Miss Wood, and Mr. Daht ^{Miss Collins} ^{Miss Barrett} 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 sweets. - The wife is likewise 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 chatters associates
from the second cabin
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 soupyish.
(Saturday Oct. 21st)

We have passed the
Madeiras - 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, the dreaded
Tropics, yet at present
the weather is only
pleasantly warm.
We have now a fair wind
and it surprised me
that we have so much
movement still, I suppose
it must be the effect
of the squally weather

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 "Kulloa" 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 miggie."

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. Mc Cormick, and is really very amusing; it is called "The Asiatic News."

There is a very flowery acknowledgment of Mr. Dardel's extreme kindness and generosity in placing a "splendid, new, trucked 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 clever
doctor living at St. Wilda,
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 Fanny and me
to change our dresses and
he & Mr. McCombie put
on their dress coats, much
to the amusement and
surprise of the other
passengers, particularly ^{our} as they came "out to tea"
in their morning dresses,
which was the fun of the
thing; the evening passed
off quite merrily.
(Monday, Oct. 23rd)

The Amateur Christy's Minstrels
gave their entertainment
on Saturday evening and
it was quite a success; these
little things make a

pleasant break in the
monotony of the voyage.
Yesterday evening after
service, we all went to
the fore-castle (or fo'k's'l
as the sailors call it)
and sat as near to the
bow sprit as we could get.
The well filled sails looked
lovely in the moon light
and we could see the keel
cutting through the water
so merrily, Ernest remarked
we were on the look out
for the Tropic of Cancer,
but it did not come in sight,
but we saw something
better - a splendid meteor
of unusual size, it looked
almost like a young
moon.

(Tuesday Oct. 24th)

(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
&c - and a wind up
with a dance on the poop.
Miss Barker was quite
a blaze of tinsel and
gilt - Miss Emstone was
dressed in a simply
made white muslin,
and looked extremely
lady like, Mrs Cummings
(the Captain's wife) wore a
delicate white Garibaldi
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, I only wish she
were 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 fissures
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



S. Antonio. Cape de Verde. As seen from the "Alca.".

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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 so 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 deluges of rain
that were falling, were
finding their way in there.
We thought it wiser to stay
in bed, and so the night
at last passed away.
Towards morning the
pigs, geese, &c were
turned out (I suppose
to have a bath) and
they wandered about
the deck looking half
drowned and seeming

terribly 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
hissing through the air
and into the sea, within
a hundred yards of us.
Was it not a great mercy
we received no harm?
It is a night which we
shall none of us forget in
a hurry - There was
such a strong smell
of sulphur that one
time, that I was afraid
something had caught
fire.
(Over)

Oct. 30th

~~This morning a shark was caught.~~

What an exciting day this has been! Soon after breakfast there was shout and a cry of "A shark is caught!" Then there was a general rush to the stern, where the bait was out. But the creature had bitten the rope in two before I arrived & had swallowed bait & 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 Min's arms on the main deck when it was dragged ^{down} from the poop, and it gave him something to talk of for a long time - He said to every one he met "Big fish, fall," in a most solemn way. Soon after this the boat was lowered for any one who wished to have a row; most of the passengers availed themselves of the privilege, as, to be becalmed in the Tropics, is very tedious & disagreeable. The heat is excessive, which

caused several this morning
to tempt danger by bathing.
However any one could be
so ridiculous as to do so
with the water swarming
with sharks is a juggle
to me - Fortunately
no one was bitten, but
I don't think there will
be any more sea 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
that which was caught in
the morning was only
six feet. They are such
murderous voracious
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
"Fall! water! Uncle!"
I must leave off now, as
every one is coming down
from the poop, to escape
from one of these ~~dear~~
dreadful tropical rains -

Oct 31st

There has been great excitement
this morning, caused by the
capture of a sword fish -
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 my two fists
put together - (That is the
bone in which the eye is
encased.) I never saw an
eye encased in bone before.
The capture of a swordfish
seems to be rather an
uncommon exploit for
even the Captain has
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
do my best - 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
moaning!

We have actually crossed
the line; but Neptune
was very lenient towards
us although we had
not 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 looking
looking low wig and beard
and he delivered a charge

to each of the ladies, accusing
them of some curious
misdemeanours -

The following night, the
ceremony of throwing the
dead horse 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 ludicrous
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 & going "all
fours.") They made a
speech to the Captain, then
promoted a throne
prepared for them, and

proceeded to try the cases.
When that was over the
shaving process began -
The culprit found guilty
of entering the domains
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 ten or a dozen pills,
then handed over to the
barber, to be shaved and
champooed in the usual
manner, that is, to be
blind folded, dabbed over
head & face with a
sort of paste, then scraped
with a huge wooden
razor, and pitched
backward into a sail

Tank filled with water.
I should think the
latter proceeding rather
refreshing than otherwise
after the mess that
went before.

On Saturday the long
tasked 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
to be presented - The last
one, an Irish lady, who

made an amusing speech
to her Majesty, some thing
in this strain "Faith, and
I'm glad to see your
Majesty looking so well,
they told me you were
looking thin, but I confess
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!" were you saying?
sure its her bonny sweet
face that I'll kiss -"
(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
"spooney". The ladies each

sang a sentimental song -
The second word was
Herbage. 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
gets a Charm to keep
her lover faithful to her
which Charm is a
wonderful herb - Of course
some dry play is introduced.
Scene 2. - Fanny made
such a successful old
lady of herself that she
was not known -
Scene 3. - Miss Emstone
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
"beasts" - and the argument
which was carried on
was quite beyond description
Miss Emstone played
her part so well -
To our surprise we hear
she is a professed actress.
Does it not seem a pity
with such superior
education and talents.
November 10th
This morning quite early
we 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 22nd

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 has 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. These sea birds

fly in a most curious manner - They spread out their wings to their fullest extent, and soil through the air. They never flap them as the birds do which we have been accustomed to see.

They have queer names which I cannot remember and are of immense size, being six, seven, and even eight feet across the wings, from tip to tip.

We all hope that the favorable wind we are so happy as to have today will last till we have rounded the Cape and then we shall feel as if ^{we} are getting on - I, for one am heartily tired of

the sea - Willie grows
such an engaging little
fellow - he knows all
the passengers by name
now, and can say some
very plainly - For instance
he shouts "Barker!"
whenever that stately dame
crosses the saloon - and
says in his most
wheedlesome tones "Fetie
Georgie Barker" to Miss B.
whom he thinks she has
some sweets.

Catherine, (Miss Collins' son),
he invariably styles "Mee".

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
Willie'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, Mr. McComb
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
an entertainment is
arranged for, the weather

frequently interrupts
whereas nothing has
hitherto interfered
with the newspapers.
I have omitted to
say that on November 5th
we enclosed some
letters in a lemonade
bottle, one for
Mottosone Villa and one
for Chatham Place -
The Captain then corked
the bottle and sealed it,
and it was thrown
over-board - we ^{went} 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.

December 6th
We ought to consider
ourselves among the
fortunate, for though
in passing the Cape
we had several days'
taste of the weather
usually found here,
we did not experience
any real storms -
We "skipped" a great
many "heavy seas", but
that is nothing when
you're used to it.
Ernest is the only one
of our party who has
escaped (a tumble,
but then you know what
a careful "old party"
he is.
After such a rough
sea, of course there came

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. Every one else saw I come, 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 genial 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. Cunningham now; we cannot understand in the least, why, as she used to be very friendly. The Ariells 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! Now 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 satchel out of some of Ernest's paper-cuffs - Fanny has made some wrestlers, she has begged some

corks of the Steward for the bodies; 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

sight - They are such majestic birds, and they gazed around them as if in scorn. 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 - any Albatross hat would be a curiosity in England! On the ninth inst. we 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

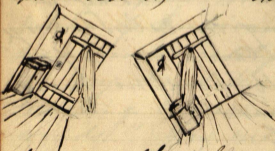
it carried away seven of the sails, and compelled them to reef the main-sail. When I say "carried away" I do not mean taken from the ship entirely, but some were severed at one end, others on three sides, and some split, & one was torn to ribbons.

While we were at dinner we shipped such a sea, that the spray came through the saloon sky-light. Today we are going on calmly enough, and I can only hope we shall have no more "high winds."

Dec^r 16th

We are going along at a capital pace now, which

gives us the hope of being
in Melbourne by the
New Year; but th^t 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 bunk.
My chief difficulty is to
keep from rolling over the
Baby. (I have found it
quite impossible to use the
bassinette.)



This is a
very
rough
diagram
of the
door
between the two Cabins
with my dress hanging on it,

illustrating the angles
between which we have
been balancing for
several days and nights.

This morning Marie
rushed in exclaiming
that all Mr. M. Combie's
Carpet bags were floating
about his cabin, a "sea"
having washed in. The
gentleman immediately
retired to rescue his
lively property.

You would have been
amused at the vivacity
of the child in telling of
the disaster as if it were
delightful to have something
startling to relate at last.

December 20th
As the Doctor remarks,
this is indeed the Ship for

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 black books, and
he and Mrs Cummings
succeed so very well in
making themselves generally
disagreeable, that life
is certainly becoming
irksome here. To give an
instance, I will tell you
the last offensive act—
Of course when any one
walks on the poop the cabins
which are underneath get
the full benefit of the
noise; the Captain ~~of~~ 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 ~~for~~
no one would have objected
but nothing has been said
till now; when we are
treated like a set of
refractory Charity Children.
To do the Captain justice
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 his very
cabin, Mrs Ariell was following
his example, I was talking
quietly to Mrs A. and ~~Thomas~~
Clement Collins was standing
by, arranging a Canvas chair.

We first heard a terrific knocking ~~below~~ below us, and a short time after the Captain appeared, in a great rage, over the railings 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, and ^{not being able to} hearing himself speak. &c &c &c. Eruest's reply was that he thought the Carpenter was at work by the sounds we heard.

The next morning there was a high gate post found 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 breakdown of the newspapers, 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 Eruest

had quite intended writing
to Anderson & Co about
it - However the Captain
called Ernest into his
cabin this afternoon and
had a long explanation
&c. &c - So perhaps he may
change his mind, as we
really like the Captain
and think if it were
not for his wife there
could not be a more
agreeable man.

If ever
we take another voyage
we shall look out for
a shipⁱⁿ which the Captain's
wife does not sail.

I have been very busy
today packing one of
my numerous parcels,
as 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 dancers
on board had met for
a dance; to my surprise
Willie has gone to sleep
at last, the Baby has

slept through all the
noise. I should like
you to see the improvement
in them both, although
Willie has not lost his
spots; the doctor says
it is eczema, (I don't
know how to spell it.)

The weather is much
warmer now, consequently
Ernest is better again,
so I am in hopes when
we get to a uniformly
mild climate he will
get strong.

December 30th

Christmas day passed
off with great eclat.

The morning opened
with Carols, by Miss Barber
Miss Erustone, & Miss Shott
sung outside Mr. Lumming's

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 ecstasies, -
we all drew useful
things, which was very
convenient, considering
that we hope to go
house-keeping again
before very long.

After this came several
very tedious days, we
were becalmed off
Cape Otway which is a
very littl way from
Melbourne and yet we
could not get wind enough
to carry us even that
short distance. On the
Thursday evening we had
gone as far as the "Heads"
just outside Abbots Bay,
and after waiting a short
time the Pilot came on
board. He approached
in a small schooner with
a light at the mast
head (being dark) and the
delicious excitement of
watching it draw nearer
& nearer, and then ~~the~~ seeing
a light on the water and

at last catching a glimpse
of a dusky boat with
dusky forms in it, and
then the quiet & welcome
of the Captain - it is really
beyond the power of words
to give any idea of our
sensations at the time -
Our dangers over, and
our trials nearly so.
The next morning very
one was up with the
lark and very busy
we all were packing up.
We had only just finished
when Mr. Dardell came
shouting to Ernest that
his brother was come
(which meant Male power).
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 James took all
the trouble on himself
of calling cars, paying
fares, &c, &c, and would
not hear of being paid
back, and when we
arrived at the house, we
were most cordially
received by Mrs James,
and have 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 he 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, & some times he asks
to be taken on deck, &c.

The ship doctor recommended
Ernest to Dr. Bird of Melbourne
who is considered clever in
chest diseases, in fact he
(Dr. Bird) has been cured of

a diseased lung 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 most delightful, except during a hot wind, and that does not affect us indoors much, if 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. P. 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.

This day ^{the year 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. Jenner is
going to drive us to a
Sunday school fete.

I don't know how you
would like the colonial
driving, I feel a little
timid at being whirled
along at the usual pace,
which we English would
~~think~~ 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.

