

England to Australia in 1890.

A Voyage on the Steamship
Ruapehu.

Philip Bamford

Edited By

John Bamford

Introductory Note

This is Philip Bamford's diary of his voyage to Australia in 1890 on the Steamship Ruapehu.

Philip Bamford's grandfather was Edmund Bamford (1802 - 1876). Edmund Bamford married Martha Lord. Edmund and Martha both came from large families in Littleborough, Lancashire, England. While the family tree from Edmund Bamford and Martha down is well known, we know very little of their brothers and sisters, their parents, and in turn their ancestors.

An outline of Bamford family history is given at <http://www.bamford.com.au/genealogy> . If you were able to provide information about the ancestors of Edmund Bamford, we would be pleased to hear from you.

Bamfords
Post Office Box 11
HALL ACT 2618
AUSTRALIA

Telephone +(61 2) 6227 5532
Fax +(61 2) 6227 5995

For Email Address See internet site below

Main Internet Site <http://www.bamford.com.au/>

This is a special eBook version of Philip Bamford's diary. It is copyright, and all rights are reserved. It is provided for personal use only, and no other use or reproduction of the diary or associated material or files is allowed without prior approval. No commercial use of this version is allowed, and no printed copies may be made.

Please contact us if you wish to purchase a printed copy of this diary, or a pdf file version from which a printed copy can be made.

John O W Bamford. Yass, New South Wales, Australia. July 2004.

Copyright

This work, together with all associated computer files and pictures is copyright. All rights are reserved.

No other use or reproduction of the diary or associated material or files is allowed without prior approval. Any such requests should be addressed to John O W Bamford.

The picture of the S.S. Ruapehu is included with the permission of the Alexander Turnbull Library, National Library of New Zealand, Te Puna Maturanga o Aotearoa, whose permission must be obtained before any re-use of this image.

The Alexander Turnbull Library, National Library of New Zealand, Te Puna Maturanga o Aotearoa, also has the Passenger List for this voyage of the S.S. Ruapehu, and other information concerning the ship. Any queries concerning such material should be addressed to the Alexander Turnbull Library.

Copyright © John O W Bamford. 1998,1999, 2000, 2001

Yass, New South Wales, Australia. August 2001.



Philip Bamford - 1864 to 1932

From a photograph taken in Rochdale, Lancashire. While the date of the photograph is unknown, it is assumed to be sometime before he left for Australia.



The Steamship Ruapehu - Built in 1883.

This image is from the File Print *Ruapehu* of the Ship "Ruapehu", Artist Unknown, Reference Number F - 16207 - 1/2 -B in the Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, New Zealand. It is reproduced with the permission of the Library.

Permission of the Alexander Turnbull Library, National Library of New Zealand, Te Puna Matauranga o Aotearoa, must be obtained before any re-use of this image.

Information about the S. S. Ruapehu comes from the following publication:

'Ships with New Zealand associations - by ownership, origin or trade', photographs collected by Rex Hardy, Volume III: New Zealand Shipping Company ships.

The S. S. Ruapehu was built in 1883 by J. Elder & Company Ltd, for the New Zealand Shipping Company Ltd. She was a three masted single screw steamer of 4163 tons gross and 2655 tons net register. Her measurements were as follows: Length - 389'0" x Breadth - 46'0" x Depth - 23'7". The compound engines were 46" x 88" x 57" stroke. 600 H.P. and steam pressure 110 lbs. The Ruapehu was sold to the Beaver Line in 1897.

John O W Bamford. Yass, New South Wales, Australia. June 1999.

Preface

Philip Bamford, my Grandfather, was born in England near Littleborough in Lancashire in 1864. In October 1890 with his brother Walter, he sailed from London to go to Australia on the New Zealand Shipping Company ship, the S.S. Ruapehu.

The route taken by the S.S. Ruapehu was from London to Plymouth, to Tenerife, to Capetown, and then to Hobart in Tasmania, Australia. In Hobart, Philip Bamford and his brother Walter left the S.S. Ruapehu, which continued on to New Zealand.

Philip and Walter then traveled by train across Tasmania to Launceston. In Launceston, they took another boat to Melbourne in Victoria, Australia. Box Hill, a suburb of Melbourne, was to be Philip Bamford's future home.

During his voyage on the S.S. Ruapehu and until his arrival in Box Hill, Philip Bamford kept a diary describing daily events and his impressions of his travels. This diary was passed in due course to my father, Clyde Bamford, who passed it to me.

My main reason for preparing this version of Philip Bamford's diary was to allow his record of the voyage to be given to his descendents and related family members. Quite apart from the words of Philip, the diary also reflects attitudes of the 1890's and of life on the S.S. Ruapehu, and may therefore also be of interest to others.

Philip Bamford spent much of his working life in the Box Hill and Ringwood areas of Melbourne, in the timber milling and hardware business. He married Alice in 1897 and they had four children, Vera, Wilfred, Clyde and Alan. After the death of Alice, Philip married again, to Ethel.

John O W Bamford. Yass, New South Wales, Australia. June 1999.

Acknowledgements

I would like to express my thanks to staff of the Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, New Zealand, and in particular Margareta Gee and Heather Mathie, for the assistance given in the provision of information about the S. S. Ruapehu.

While I had initially thought of Philip Bamford's diary as an "Australian" document, I have increasingly realized that it is also a "New Zealand" document because of the connections with the S. S. Ruapehu. The inclusion of some information about the ship therefore becomes a worthwhile part of the diary.

John O W Bamford. Yass, New South Wales, Australia. June 1999.

Introduction

The idea of taking the words in Philip Bamford's diary and typing them into a computer seemed simple enough. Simple that is, before I commenced the task. Apart from the problems of reading his handwriting, I found that I had to make many decisions about how to present or interpret his words. In the end I opted for simplicity, and have edited his writing as little as possible.

The diary was mostly written while Philip Bamford was on board the S.S. Ruapehu. Some was written in pencil, now slightly faded. Some was written in ink. Some of the original writing in pencil has been subsequently overwritten in ink. When Philip Bamford did this, he seems to have slightly changed some things to what he thought he should have written the first time. Where I have been given a choice, I have selected the words that seem most appropriate.

In a few places in his diary Philip Bamford refers to others who might read his words, for example by the use of the term "the reader". However, I think the diary should be seen as a personal day to day record, not intended for subsequent publication, and with short cuts taken in the writing when Philip Bamford thought it was appropriate.

There was a temptation for me to correct "spelling errors" and discrepancies, and to insert "missing" words. With few exceptions, and only where there were very good reasons, I have resisted such temptations. This strategy has overcome two problems. The first problem is that some of the "errors" may not have been errors in 1890. While I think I can recognize some of these things, I am sure I cannot pick all of them.

The second problem appears near the end of the diary, where Philip Bamford phonetically writes his pronunciation of words spoken in the dialect of someone else. When there is added the problem of identifying the letters that Philip Bamford used, the meaning of those spoken words is so far a mystery. The strategy of minimum change to the original text therefore absolves me from the mystery, and leaves it with you.

Philip Bamford used few paragraphs in his writing, and in the original diary each day typically appears as one paragraph. While he used many punctuation marks, his use was not consistent and it is difficult if not impossible to decide which are meant to be commas and which are full stops. Furthermore, he frequently does not use a capital letter for the first word in a new sentence. The result of this appears as very long sentences, with many commas, with changes in meaning along the way.

In keeping with the philosophy of minimum change, I initially tried to leave Philip Bamford's paragraphs, punctuation, and capitalization as I saw them in the diary. The outcome was not very satisfactory, and it made reading the diary more difficult. With some trepidation, I looked closely at the meaning of sentences, changes in topic, and the presence of some sort of punctuation mark. I then split long sentences into shorter ones, and created separate paragraphs where there was a

change in topic, but did not change any individual words. While I will never know whether I have always made the right choice, the diary is now much more readable. I am heartened by the fact that the grammar checker in my computer now feels quite comfortable with the diary.

There is one other area where I have made changes. The format of specifying days and dates in the diary is not the same throughout, and I have therefore made them consistent. Perhaps because of long days that were much the same, Philip Bamford temporarily forgot that October in 1890 had 31 days, and after 30th October his diary moved on to 1st November. The days are correct, because Service always occurred on Sunday, and I have corrected dates accordingly.

At the end of this process, there are still some sentences that seem a little strange, and there are clearly some spelling errors and other discrepancies. Despite these things, the end result is a diary that is very readable and understandable.

I have a little confession to make, but you will find out in any case. In good literary works, various Explanatory Notes are often provided. These can explain the meaning of words, circumstances, or historical events which are not well known to most readers. While there are a few such things in Philip Bamford's diary, I offer you no such Explanatory Notes. There are several reasons, apart from the work involved. Firstly, I might not explain these things correctly. Secondly, an understanding of all of them is not essential to appreciate the diary. Thirdly, I am sure you can find out such things as who Drake was, where Tenerife is, what is a Gill, what is a Pound (money) and how many Pence are in a Pound, what is a Pound (mass), and what Mr Curtis had to do to "pump ship".

John O W Bamford. Yass, New South Wales, Australia. June 1999.

England to Australia in 1890.

Thursday October 16th 1890

Leaving Albert Dock at noon after sights which somewhat oppress. It does certainly seem that however travelling may be improved there will always be a quantity of tears to be shed, and leave takings to go through. We get clear of the docks somewhere about two o'clock, and then proceed to dinner, which is nicely cooked and quite as nicely served.

Indeed the whole affair seems to be civility itself. The dining saloon is very nicely furnished in walnut or cedar and red plush. The ship throughout is lighted with electricity. If the sailing be anything in proportion to the internal arrangements of the boat then I promise myself a nice trip. The company seem a nice lot, with a fair sprinkling of ladies.

Everyone turns up well to tea, but I am told there may be a little dropping off in the eating line before very long. Anyhow it don't affect me much as yet. I could have eaten a horse to dinner, and almost a cow to my tea. To my way of thinking there may be a change in me before very long, for there is a stiffish breeze blowing, and when we get into the channel the motion of the boat may be something more decided than it can possibly be in the river. But let that be as it may, a possible chance of having to part tomorrow, with the things I take today shall not spoil the chance of a good meal. The night gathers in, it looks rather gloomy on the river as we pass down, and I don't know which is more so, me or the night.

Friday October 17th 1890

Must have had a tolerably good night as I don't recollect much before hearing six bells, which means seven o'clock. They keep us well posted up in the time, with these bells. Commencing from 12 at noon they ring 1 every half hour, until it get to eight bells which is a watch or four hours thus dividing a day of 24 hours into six parts.

The breeze has freshened up somewhat during the night and when I look out I only see one shore so I presume we are sailing in the Channel. The vessel is pitching which is something better than rolling. We passed the Isle of Wight this morning, so I suppose we are not a great distance now from Plymouth, where we take on passengers on Saturday.

There is still a heavy swell on, and only about half of our passengers come up to dine; which is a great saving every way. Since it saves the company the trouble of providing, what must necessarily be worse than thrown away; having in mind the severe strains which are made upon the system to cause its return, the same way it had previously disappeared.

Was much struck by the conversation of a fellow passenger, a colonial returning home after an absence of some ten months, during which time he has been doing the sights in Europe. He made me feel rather small, altho he must have been my junior by some years. It is surprising how one may stick at a place, all unconscious of what may be going on outside his own little circle, and how surprised he is to find all moving on very sweetly indeed without him having so much as a hand in them. With these and other cogitations, on looking at the time, I find it is time to retire.

Saturday October 18th 1890

We arrived in Plymouth sometime this morning, between two & three oclock. I thought when I awoke that the sea must have quietened down considerably as the pitching of the vessel had entirely ceased, but on looking out of the port hole I behold a fine stretch of real Devonshire scenery.

On the shore immediately opposite could be seen a ridge of hills, in some parts, wooded to the summit, and interspersed with meadows, whose light brown, almost reddish appearance, throw in relief the sombre hues of the woodlands. A pretty castle could be seen nestling among the trees.

On going on the hurricane deck we had a grand view of Plymouth Harbour, which is as nice a sight as could be wished for, with its forts, batteries, breakwater, and lighthouse and the town itself grandly situated.

After breakfast we take a boat and go to view the town. After landing, we go behind the barracks up, upon the Hoe, with its historic relations. Here we get a splendid view of the harbour and forts. On the Hoe is a monument to Drake and I see they are erecting a monument in memory of the Armada, which is shortly to be unveiled by the Duke of Edinburgh.

It is a lovely spot, and almost made me wish I lived about such a place. After viewing the places of interest, and shopping a little we made our way back, to the boat, which moved out of the harbour about two oclock. In the afternoon, we passed the Eddystone lighthouse and are now making rapid progress towards the Bay of Biscay which we shall enter sometime tomorrow.

Sunday October 19th 1890.

On rising this morning we found ourselves sailing thro the Bay of Biscay with no more of a swell or scarcely than if it had been Hollingworth Lake which was very acceptable to me as I had rather dreaded than otherwise this tough bit of sea. It is a beautiful day, and as warm as any we have had at home this summer; which is a deal better than it was coming down the Thames and out into the channel, for there the cold was something fit to cut one in two almost.

This weather is very acceptable seeing that we are only a day out of Plymouth. We have had no rain to speak of yet, and as we are almost by this out of the Bay I am expecting some pleasant sailing. Very few people seem to be sick. As for myself I am alright save for a slight headache, which I have had for about three days, but it is improving.

We have passed about four vessels today but did not signal to any of them. We passed more vessels tonight. It seems much like any other day does Sunday at sea.

Tonight I go on deck and commence stargazing, not much of Science or Astronomy about it, but to remember where I was last Sunday night and what I would have been doing, had I been at home tonight. It is something useless, not unlike writing this diary I'm rather afraid. Objects of interest come along rather slowly on the open sea; and what little there is to relate tonight seems very tame indeed to the reader. But things brighten up a little if we are expecting to see land somewhere in the distance. We did not have service today.

Monday 20th October 1890.

Another beautiful morning and by this out of the Bay of Biscay. With a fair wind behind us, and sails set, we send away at a nice rate. The weather continues to be beautifully fine, we are now making tracks across the ocean, towards Teneriffe where we shall arrive by Wednesday night or Thursday morning if the weather continues fine.

Had rather an unpleasant experience this morning. On going into our cabin at London, what should we find under one of the bunks but a couple of deck chairs, belonging to some Mr. Langford, and as they were not claimed by anyone, the matter was mentioned to the steward, who said that such a person was not on the second saloon list, and as they were marked with such a label he presumed they must be ours. Often he said did folks make such mistakes when sending stuff to friends on board.

Well Walter and I only had brought one so we deemed it advisable to use one of these. So no sooner settling down comfortably in one of them I was rather startled to find one of the officers come to me and, saying he is as sorry, but that I was using one of the 3rd class passengers chairs, and he would be much obliged if I would vacate the same and restore it to its rightful owner, which I did with as good a grace as I could muster, and not without vexation at such a thing having occurred.

We had tonight a kind of impromptu concert in our saloon, which was a great relief to me, as I was becoming somewhat bored, by the monotony of the voyage.

Tuesday October 21st 1890

This weather is something lovely, scarce a ripple on the surface of the water, the steerage have begun their games, today we have the awning spread over the deck which makes it as the cockney said very "camfirtible".

Last night we had a kind of impromptu concert which was rather enjoyable, but in which I took no part. I certainly felt somewhat outclassed, not by the music, oh dear no, but the folks somewhat they seem to be under the impression that they are at the sea side and dress accordingly, and not a few have some dignity to uphold.

We began a game of quoits in the latter part of the day, but before that had been stretched out lazily on deck chairs under the awning within whose gentle shade folks seemed to be at peace both with themselves and all the world and for what reason think you. Simply because there was nothing to do and we knew how to do it. I must include myself, being in it but I'm about to alter this state of things with regard to myself, when the luggage is got up. I mean to have my fiddle out, and practice a bit in the cabin.

Another beautiful night, the moon lighting up the water like fire. Walt and I have a little talk about future plans, marriage included, and I am glad to hear his opinions about it.

Wednesday October 22nd 1890.

Another beautiful morning, such lovely weather it is quite a treat. This morning we had rather a painful occurrence, the chief officer put a man (stoker I believe he was) in irons, for refusing duty. The man lay in his bunk and refused to turn out, so he was put on the bridge to be made the scorn of by all. I was extremely sorry for the man, of course they have to be very strict. One of our saloon was telling about a man (that struck one of the officers), being put in irons, and afterwards for six months his rations consisted of bread and water. Nevertheless I could not help but pity this man, he looked more intelligent than the run of seamen, and I had a stoker making enquiries to me about the doctor last night who resembled this man.

We are taking a fine strain of sheep over with us that belong to a Scotsman, in the 1st saloon, some of them having cost over 60 pounds, so that they ought to be worth something more than one and a half pence per pound when they reach their destination. I see they are shearing them this afternoon.

Today we have had the trunks up for a short while, and which made us feel that we had something to do. Tonight some of the fellows took to sparring on the hurricane deck, and made it quite lively for a time. Afterwards we had a little singing on deck.

Thursday October 23rd 1890.

This morning we found ourselves anchored off Santa Cruz Teneriffe. It has a very pretty appearance from the sea. The peaks of Teneriffe form a very imposing appearance, rising up almost perpendicular, at least a thousand feet in height from the sea shore, covered in most places with small shrubs. The town of Santa Cruz nestles itself at the foot of these peaks and with its houses & public institutions painted in very light colours that gives it quite a foreign appearance to my eye. I suppose from what I could observe of this Island (which by the way forms one of the Canary Islands) that it must have been the scene of terrific eruptions as everything in the way of stone & rock seems to be basaltic or molten lava in the most.

Having had breakfast we made arrangements for going ashore, at which place we managed to effect a landing about nine o'clock. Arrived on the wharf or quay we were at once besieged by a lot of young Spaniards, who when told to go home only clung to us the more affectionately, but 'twas only for the coppers of course. Making our way to the Plaza de la Constitution we found an open space or square, with a

monument in the centre, to some Spanish hero I presume. The buildings look very paltry when you inspect them closely. No architectural beauty in them whatever.

We then proceed thro the narrow streets to the cathedral, where we are shown some flags said to have been taken from Nelson, also some fine embroidered fabrics which are worn by the Bishops in this place. There is some pretty work in this place in the way of carving in wood and portals or plaster that are overlaid with gold and silver. The floor is paved with small squares of alabaster and marble. Apparently there had been some kind of service for as we entered, we saw the priests and attendants leaving the place but still remaining some few persons kneeling in front of the Holy Virgin with their hands clasped.

Leaving this place we now proceeded to view the place by walking round the town & through gardens laid out in terraces on the mountain slopes. On getting in the town again we had quite a lot of fun in trying to buy some ink. Its rather amusing to see a fellow, when addressed stand there as if struck dumb, and he commences to smile. You smile. There you are laughing at one another. Any how we managed at length with this fellow, and proceeded to the fruit market, when on entering, such a deafening jabber was struck up that my head almost split. I heard an old man say at home that he calculated 2 women to make as much noise as 40 geese, but they aint a patch on these women who look after these fruit stalls.

Having obtained what we required in the way of grapes pears apples etc, and there is all descriptions of fruit here, we made our way to the boat, where the colliers at been at work since early morn. One of these proffered to dive for money. Some of the 3rd class were foolish enough to throw some in, which having done the boatman only laughed at them and would not dive, not a bad hoax.

Friday October 24th 1890.

We are at the old bat again. Nothing meets the eye save the wide sea, rolling on with its ceaseless, swish and roar. I notice here that the water looks comparatively inky to the sky blue water of Santa Cruz, when I am told the depth is about five miles, and that pretty close to the coast.

That we are having exceptional weather there can not be the slightest doubt. We have had no rain since we left Plymouth or for that matter London, and the days have beautifully fine and clear. The nights also have been very nice indeed.

This morning we had a shoal of porpoises or sea pigs playing about our bows. They seem exceedingly frisky and shoot about in the water like a streak of lightning. Every now and then you may see them springing or flying out of the water as it were for a distance of about two or three yards. Some of them appear to be between 3 and 4 feet in length, and a pretty good thickness so that they have some bulk and weight about them.

I see we are fairly on the swing now with entertainments. What with cricket, sports, concerts, dancing and minstrels we have a full programme. I was invited to attend a meeting in first saloon tonight to arrange about some of the musical attractions that

are to take place. Tomorrow Saturday, there is to be a dance for the first and second saloons.

Saturday October 25th 1890.

This morning opens out to us another beautiful day, but fearfully hot. There is not much breeze ablowing consequently we are having it very hot and close. Today we registered 80 degrees in the shade. I dont know how I shall struggle with the Australian climate soon if it is to be like this, for even now everyone is complaining about it, and we had a couple of stokers overdone with the heat. These men have a terrible time of it down below. One of them recovered after a while a while, but the other one was far more troublesome to bring to consciousness.

The dance and cricket match came off today. The cricket match took place this afternoon. It was quite a treat to see the brine boiling out of the players. The first saloon proved too good for our men winning by about nine runs.

The dance commenced at eight and went on until about half past ten by which time all the starch was very well soaked out of the linen. The affair was very pretty but too formal. Dress suits were the order of the day, and fancy dresses for the ladies. Neither Walter or I went, but all the second saloon had an invitation to be present. I was asked to play but did not do so, but enjoyed watching infinitely better.

Sunday October 26th 1890.

We are getting the heat now and that with a vengeance. I arose early one mass of perspiration and rushed to the bath. And of which I have never failed to avail myself since we left Plymouth at least once a day, and but for which I should be almost suffocated. Some of the people who attended the ball last night seem to be in a somewhat hazy condition. In fact the only variation in their existence today seems to be dose & nap, nap & doziing.

Today we had service in the first saloon which was rather a dull affair but had one exceedingly good feature, that the programme was not by any means protracted. On Walter and I entering the saloon, a gentleman kindly invited or rather pressed us to sit amongst some of the first & second saloon who had been selected as choir, and lead the singing. So having consented we took our place amongst them, and did credit to the name of Bamford I presume.

The weather continues beautiful and the sea calm. Still we are not making the progress that I should like to see. There seems to be some disaffection betwixt the stokers about this. One of them offered to strike an engineer with his shovel, for which the captain chained this fellow the funnel a place as hot as Hades almost. It seems all the old fireman left the boat on her stay in London, and these are all new hands.

Monday October 27th 1890.

This morning the man in chains was released, and I believe has resumed work, which I was rather astonished at to tell the truth, as he seems to be, (notwithstanding

my previous opinion about him, he is the man who was in irons on the bridge for refusing duty) a very dangerous fellow.

It seems the disaffection about the old firemen who used to be on this boat is a case of Trades unionism, that the union would not allow them to ship again under the then existing relations between employers and employed. So the company being in a pretty fix had to take on such men as they could get, and a pretty rough lot they have got. Our steward was saying that none of them had been on long voyages before so now when we are nearing the equator they cannot stand, or dont like the heat; which is quite enough in the coolest parts of the ship.

Last night some of the folks from our saloon slept on deck. Now we have been extremely fortunate in the selection of our cabin for when the people below are smothered out we can go to our cabin and rest in comparative coolness. There seems to be a change indicated in weather. I apprehend some rain, in fact there has fallen some few drops already. Today we saw some big fish blowing in the distance said to be a whale, but I think not.

Tuesday October 28th 1890.

The rain has come, pouring down in bucketfuls all day long. It rains so hard that one can scarcely see before them. In compensation however the night is beautifully fine and clear, and we do not fail to avail ourselves of the same, well it is near midnight when we turn in.

There is singing and playing more or less all day long in our saloon. Young ladies working like horses to appear to the best possible advantage and the young men likewise. I look upon their labors from a supercilious height and think oh vanity of vanities, all is vanity and vexation of spirit. The way the young ladies carry on in our saloon is something frivolous and some of them going out to be married.

One in particular a Miss Robertson, she had a cold a few days ago and being on very friendly terms with the officers she mentioned it to one of them, who said that one of the mates had a special cure for the same. "What was it?" "Oh its the Essence of Nectar, but Ill go down with you," said he, "to his cabin." And proceeded thither, found the gallant mate there, willing to undertake anything impossible, so having explained the object of their visit. The mate falls into the situation at once, and offers his remedy with a kiss. There stood this innocent young lady between them while the one tries to explain to her the hidden properties of the essence of nectar.

Wednesday October 29th 1890.

Rising pretty early, as per usual, I made my way to the bath thence on deck, to see if I may possibly find something interesting to put in my log. But failing to do so, go below at the breakfast bell, and try a little of that occupation, and in which I have had so far no cause to complain, having had a good appetite so far and nothing in the way of sickness to interfere in the slightest manner. And as to sleeping they are poor hands at it that cant sleep aboard, providing of course that your bunk baint perpindicular instead of horizontal.

I see the last few days they have begun to serve out ices in our saloon, and they prove very acceptable altho the last two days have not been so very hot as the preceding two or 3 days. The days now are cloudy and they make it a great deal cooler than it would be.

Tonight we had a concert in the first saloon. Perhaps the musical talent did not range very high, but it was nevertheless enjoyable, and it had one very good feature which I admired very much namely that the steerage passengers seemed to have been invited to attend and that they availed themselves of the opportunity in pretty good numbers. If there is one thing I hate aboard ship it is the distinction some of the people make of their class according to old tradition. Father Neptune should come aboard tonight for we cross the line about ten o'clock.

Thursday 30th October 1890.

I suppose that we are now in the Southern Hemisphere. We were to cross the line somewhere about ten o'clock, which if we did, we did it beautifully for the good ship never staggered a moment, but, bounded clear over it; without so much as us knowing that we did so.

I think I know all our people in the second saloon now by name and with about two exceptions they are about as nice a lot of people as could be got together, very agreeable, and all that. We have a great quantity of Scotch folks on board. We have in our saloon an author who has had published a book by Longmans. How I dont know for I dont think much of him. He is always to the front, and is such a mediocre sort of man in any thing I have seen him try that I cannot imagine him worth reading after. We had also a Baroness in the first saloon who left us at Teneriffe. Most of the people in the first saloon seem bent on making themselves agreeable.

Tomorrow, tournaments in quoits and ball, are arranged for first & second saloons, also a cricket match in which Walt and I should take part. We have singing and playing in our saloon every evening. I am rather surprised at the evenings being dark by about 6 o'clock or soon after. We have very little twilight now.

Friday October 31st 1890.

Almost another week gone and nothing done, sounds rather pretty. I fancy we'll all be bored to death before the end of this sea voyage.

Now while we escape the heat in a certain degree on the route round the Cape, we also miss the beautiful places in the Meditteranean, and which must give such pleasure to eye. Almost constantly hugging the land until they get into the Indian and then not out of sight of land any longer than we shall be from Teneriffe to Capetown which is about 15 days. From thence we shall have a spin of 3 weeks so that when we see land at our voyage end we shall in probability leap for joy as it were.

The tournaments came off today and greatly to the honor of the second saloon be it said, that the first saloon suffered a signal defeat all along the line with about one exception, thus wiping out the disgrace we suffered in the cricket match.

We had a little more music last night. There is a Miss Neal in our saloon who plays the piano very nicely so we play and sing together a little sometimes. An old Reverend Mr Ker will come and sit beside o us and drink in the discord with great relish tatooning and beating time in a very ecstasy of joy. I could play for him hours, and I dont think he would move.

Saturday November 1st 1890.

We are having a little more breeze, consequently a little more swell. We also get it much cooler than we did a few days ago.

Today we had a cricket match with the first saloon. The was composed of 4 ladies and three gents on each side who had not before played. Walt and I played for the second saloon and gave the first saloon a good drubbing. The next time I come on a voyage like this I shall bring some flannel pants & shirts. They come in exceedingly useful especially in the hot parts.

There is now a rehearsal every morning for a minstrel troupe that have been organised among the 1st and 2nd passengers. They intend giving a entertainment on Wednesday next, Sunday and until further notice.

Dear me, this writing a log is becoming almost unbearable. Really there is so so little to relate, that is new, after one gets out into the open sea, that it becomes a task instead of a pleasure. When one is calling at ports on the way of it is the reverse, but the greater part of the time is spent something like this. You get up in the morning when you are tired of laying in bed, and I cant say that lying in bed is at all of a bad fault at sea, (except that it makes you dull and stupid) for it has this good feature about it - that it shortens the day beautifully, which is no small consideration, when you become bored to death by the length of the same. Goodness I wish I had some work to lay my fingers on, wouldn't it spin? You bet it would. I got one of my violins up out of hold after leaving Plymouth, but I cant settle down to practice, the motion of the ship, knocks one entirely off their balance.

But to proceed, for I fear I am digressing sadly. I get up in the morning, proceed at once to the bath for a refresher, for of itself salt water has few cleansing properties. Then I loll about until breakfast, at 8 oclock, breakfast over generally go up on the hurricane deck, where reading, playing quoits, walking and running about; is the order of the day, until the bell goes at one oclock for dinner. After which ditto, same as before until tea, at 5 oclock. After which perhaps we may manage to raise a little music. We have a nice pianist here, who to mend matters is always willing to play any length of time.

Sunday is about the dullest day we have, on board. True there is service to attend, but that is such a slow affair, even for a half hour, that Im about done at it. These last few days we have been practising for a nigger entertainment that is to take place, tonight Wednesday. The entertainment came off pretty successfully, the first

saloon was crowded with folks. Walt was in the troupe, and had his face blacked, which I warrant doesn't take place in hurry again, its a nasty job.

On Thursday we landed amongst a quantity of whales. They are a size and no mistake, one fellow must have been towards 30 yds long. What a lump of blubber.

Friday I was complimented on my playing last night at the entertainment. I did not satisfy even myself - so I will leave it to you, as to whether the folks who soaped, understood anything at all about it.

We have several solicitors on board, one in particular, he holds an appointment under the Bristol Corporation, who have given him nine months leave of absence to recover his health, and mind, poor fellow both of which he has lost, with overwork. He maunders up and down the ship, gets lost while only a few yards away from the first saloon. The other Sunday he went to service where they have collections every Sunday. When the plate came to him, he quietly helped himself to some of the money, (after this I rather doubted his insanity) and as service was in progress he had to fork it out afterwards.

Head winds still prevail, which is a great obstacle in our way, as we make but slow progress. I have undertaken a part in a farce they are getting up on board. My part is Bob Quorms a painter in Bowled Out. It is really a good part to play, but none of the other fellows would take it. In our saloon, they seem to have a pious horror, of anything apertaining to work. Any how I am taking the part & I mean to do it well, whether I am recognised or not. As was the case in the nigger troupe, where all the soloists pianist, had their name nicely engraved, on the sixpenny programme that were selling, but you might have looked till doomsday for the slightest trace of a violinist in the programme. Ah, well. Some get the work. Others the glory.

Friday. Everyone seems to have a tremendous amount of business to do today, as we expect to arrive in Cape Town harbor early in the morning. And it is a bit of something to look forward to with some degree of pleasure, when you have had no sight of land for 15 or 16 days.

Today the double Quoits Tournament was brought to a close by my lady partner and myself defeatin what were considered the best couple on board. Thus taking the first prize.

Saturday November 8th 1890.

This morning we find ourselves lying peacefully at anchor, in Cape Town harbour. The scene is very impressive. Ranges of mountain stretch out from our left, right round the harbour until they terminate in the renowned Tableland and Lions Head, the former towering up some 3,400 ft I understand; and consists almost entirely of solid stratified rock, presenting to our view from the sea, an almost perpendicular face. The town itself does not look very pretty from the sea, in comparison to Santa Cruz, altho in many respects they are similar.

There are several vessels we pass on our way to the quay. One in particular seems to have experienced some very rough weather (I afterwards learned that she was

hoisting signals of distress as she entered the harbor) having her bulwarks stove in on both sides, within two or three feet from the water.

Great improvements are being made in the shape of breakwaters being constructed at two different points. One thing I noticed and that was the amount of convict labor, that seems to be turned to good account. Convicts of above 3 months are set to work on these public works. Hence all the labor employed, on these breakwaters, also in street works, is with few exceptions convict labor. The authorities dont seem to have much trouble with them. Nevertheless there is on all the works, a small picket, of soldiers, with fixed bayonets.

On entering the town we find that it has quite an English flavour about it, seasoned with the Dutchman. We make our way, to Adderley or the main street, and here consult about taking the train, to Wynburg. While thus engaged, I spy a music shop and in I dart, as I have run out of strings. On coming out, I look around to see if Walt, and Mr Curtis, but hey, presto they are gone, and I dont see them again until I arrive at the wharf again ready to go back to the ship.

So making my way to the railway station, I enquire about the trains to Wynburg. But find if I go there I shall not have time to look around Cape Town, and so decide to stay in the town to look around, especially as there is nothing at Wynburg but a few gardens, that is as far as I can hear.

Making my way to market, which is a place of few pretensions; cheap mutton, dear vegetables, and fruit. The building has no beauty whatever, something like a weaving shed. The beef and mutton seems to be so plentiful that it does not pay to cut it up, for it looked as though having killed and skinned the beasts, they set about four claws into it, and tore into about as many pieces. This I noticed more particularly of the mutton, for with a shoulder might be seen four or five ribs hanging or jagged. The sheep seem to be very small, for you could have a piece of 12 pounds, in a leg and some of the side attached. I stood by watching a man selling the pieces by auction, how the man made his salt at it I dont understand, for the piece above mentioned only realized 3 3/4 d, and none that I saw him sell averaged above 3/8 of a penny a pound. The fruit was exceptionally dear, they were offering oranges at five for a shilling lemons at eight. I bought a few of each however. They are exceedingly nice on board.

After walking the streets I came upon the parliament houses, which were erected at cost of 150,000 pounds and are said to be the finest buildings in the colony. It is built of red brick with cement, facing, on a foundation and up to the first floor of Paved Granite which seems to be very plentiful, as they use it for mending the roads. I was shown through the entire building, with its 2 debating rooms representing the upper and lower houses which are nicely upholstered in morraces, red and green respecting. All the fittings are of oak. These rooms very much resemble our house, of Common. I was afterwards shown through the, committee, smoking, and reading rooms. The whole affair reminds one very much of Chatsworth with its Corinthian pillars, marble and granite pavement, though not on such a grand scale.

Next it is the Public Library and Museum but which I had not time to enter. Close by lies the Botanic Gardens. After walking through this beautiful place, which contains

some queer pieces of vegetation, I take a look at the government house which is scarcely noticeable, and make my way back to the boat, after having spent a very profitable 3 hours.

We are under way by 2 o'clock, leaving this leaving this land of the burning sun.

Sunday November 9th 1890.

We are now clear of the coast of Africa, and again there is nothing to be seen save a broad expanse of water, and for three weeks we shall see nothing else. The birds about are very varied, we have the cape pigeons which are beautifully spotted in black and white, the cormorant, molly hawk & albatross, which latter is a very fine bird indeed measuring in some instances from tip to tip twelve to fourteen feet. We don't see many fish, but as we came away from the cape last night I spied a shark showing his gills, and I must confess that I shouldn't like to come to close quarters with such a fellow.

We had service again in the first saloon this morning, conducted by the Captain. I suppose I rather would get a bit riled about the collections here, if he was steward, as we have one every Sunday in aid of some Sailors, Orphans & Widows, which realizes on an average about twenty six shillings.

Monday November 10th 1890.

Now we are in it. I suppose the sea is never quiet in these latitudes, such a rolling seas breaking over us, folks getting wet, through being venturesome and the password is hang on stranger.

I came a cropper myself, with walking on the deck. Feeling rather sickly with an indescribable sensation about the stomach, I thought a walk would do me no harm, so accordingly commenced operations. I had not been at job long, when down I came with a crash on my seat, and shot like greased lightning against the rails, to which I managed to hold on until the boat righted herself, for the masts had seemed almost parallel with the water.

This is the second time now. On the first occasion while playing at touch, I had got part of my legs through the rails before I could recover myself, to say nothing of barking my shins, which is not accounted anything. I find that indiarubber soles to your boots are the correct thing on board, thereby being enabled to stick more securely.

I don't know any thing more to record for the next two days, save heavy seas, and a dramatic entertainment on Wednesday evening, which passed off excellently. The sports should have commenced on Tuesday but could not do so owing to bad weather.

Thursday November 13th 1890.

The weather is now rather severe & is growing colder, overcoats & mufflers being the order of the day.

The sea is very turbulent, much to my discomfort as meal times come around. I not had any reprisals or upheavals or any thing in that line, but I do not doubt I should be much better if I could have some such proceedings taking place. I notice one thing, that is, the people who were sick at the commencement of the voyage, seem to be less troubled with the malady now than those who were not so. But I suppose that we have nothing to grumble at, as before the last few days we have not had, what you might call a heavy sea.

Some of the sports commenced today, the temperature being at freezing point almost, with a cold wind blowing. This notwithstanding they passed off very successfully, Walt taking the first prize for pig sticking, which is rather an amusing sport. With a pig chalked out, life size on deck, the competitor is placed blind folded, after being turned round twice, on a mark about nine yards from the pig. With a piece of chalk in his hand he proceeds, along the deck, as best he may, the mark being the pig's eye. He whose mark is nearest, the eye takes the cake. Walt came about four inches from it, he being nearest thus winning the prize.

The other sports were, boot race, donkey race, putting the weight. The boot race was rather amusing. The competitors commence from a mark, run to a tub about 50 yards distant, put their boots in the tub, run back to the mark again, while some one, shakes up the boots. Back come the competitors with a rush put on their shoes, & back again to the starting point, where the first man of course wins. The donkey race is not bad, running with a man on your back. You know what putting the weight is most likely. Simply throwing a heavy weight the farthest. Still there is more knack in this than any of the others. We also had a needle race, and which is something like this. Only ladies take part. Each one is given a needle and thread, which they have to thread when they reach a given point. One of the first saloon won this in a canter.

Friday November 14th 1890.

This morning opens fine enough but extremely cold. Whether it is with just leaving the Tropics, that makes us so sensitive, I cant say. But I can say this that I dont remember being so cold any time last winter, at home, and they do say we have another week of it yet at least. On our port side, about six or seven miles away, is the Crozete Island, one of a group of three. The mountains on this, are covered with snow. In fact I'm a bit surprised we have not some on board before this.

There should have been a fancy dress ball, tonight but it has not come off owing to the cold weather. Perhaps you wonder how that is. Well they dont allow dancing in the saloons, consequently it has to take place on the lower deck or not at all. But I suppose it will take place at a later period.

Saturday November 15th 1890.

The weather does not blow any warmer yet. Therefore dont go lounging on the deck but are content to stay in the saloon with rugs over them, to keep themselves a little. It is rather a sneezer taking bath in a morning with the thermometer down in the 30's and those who go there dont seem to want to stay any great length of time. Really I dont know whether the cold on this route, or the heat on the Suez is the most unbearable I'm sure. Walter says the latter, and I suppose he knows having tried both routes.

People seem now to be more of their own self, than heretofore at the commencement of the voyage, when every body was excessively polite so much so, as to be painful. But see our next day.

Sunday November 16th 1890.

Today one feels quite gloated, over events, which though small in them selves, serve at least to enliven the proceedings. Opposite to us, at dinner, but on the far side of the saloon, sits a lady of some 50 winters, but why not summers? Well for this reason, and that she is winter there can be no doubt on the subject, be entertained by the observer.

There she sits in lofty scorn, as tho she might have swallowed a poker, and had it substituted for a backbone, so very rigid, that icebergs aint a patch on her. Besides this peak sits a meek and lowly man, with his chin on his chest, seemingly pondering deeply, and wondering from what quarter, he may next be attacked. In short he is henpecked, to that degree, that he dare not, look into that noble visage, next him for fear he may never recover from the effects.

But enough of this, I had heard about several of our young folks having fallen foul of this demagogue but had no idea my turn was so near at hand. Most of the folks having gone to service in the first saloon, I thought a chapter out of the Bible would do me no harm, so I settled down, to read one. I had been reading some time, with the old lady a little up the table, when in comes a Mr Bredoux from the first saloon, to play a little for us.

Just a line about this Mr Bredoux. He is a solicitor, a bad job for him, as I think he is at the wrong profession. He seems to be brimful of music, so much so, that he never acquired the rudiments, but became a full fledged player at once. Until now and it is a great pity, he cant play from a copy, in fact he cannot read, but it seems impossible for him to make a discord on the piano, as to execution he is something wonderful.

Anyhow he had been for some time playing various things, when this old lady asked him to play Mendellsohn's Wedding March, of which he played a little then said he knew no more of it, but commenced another one. Why exclaims the old lady, these are one and the same thing. He said I beg your pardon madam but they're not. Oh but they are cried she, in such a tone, that I sitting close by burst out laughing, which was very rude, on my part. What are you laughing at, she exclaimed and then the fun began.

She talked to me, same as I never was talked to before, words, words, goodness, I should have liked to have sunk somewhere. Her husband tried to interfere but a wave of her hand boxed him up. So at it she went again. I wondered at, not what she said so much, as what she didnt say. She must have said everything that ever was said, or could be said, by people living or dead. My brain was all in confusion, and then I knowed no mo' as Jud Browne said.

This morning we are in sight of Kerguelen Islands, and are going out of our course to see if we can see anything of 3 or else 4 of the Shaw Seville Co's boats, which are between five and six weeks over due. We come alongside within a mile of land. The captain with his telescope sweeps the coast while we slow down. I pity any poor creatures, that by accident are forced to stay on these islands. There doesnt appear to be a shrub about the whole place, everywhere it is so bleak and cold. There are some good natural harbors to the place, but there is not a vestige of life about the places saving the birds. We have them in view all day long, and it is a goodly sight is land, of any sort in the midst of so much water.

The day has turned out much warmer towards the close, and has been duly appreciated.

Monday November 17th 1890.

This morning finds the sea, much quieter, but still very cold. The sports came off to day, and proved very interesting, creating great merriment amongst the spectators. In most all the sports aboard ship, great care seems to have been taken, to include in the game, something ludicrous, & it is a very good feature too, for things get horribly dull, with the same continuous round, of ordinary everyday life. True there is music, but who has such a repertoire that may stand a six weeks, attack daily, without having too warm some of the old up again.

One of the games today, cockfighting proved exceedingly amusing. The sports authorities, chalk out a ring on deck, about six feet in diameter. Then they plant the two competitors opposite each other, sit on the edge of the ring, with knees up, wrists tied together, and then passed over the knees. Down towards the feet as far as one can reach, then they pass under the knees, and over the arms thus a rod, making the competitors completely secure. The object then at the word "go" is to push your opponent out of the ring. When one gets turned off his seat, it is extremely difficult, to regain his position again. Walt tried for this, well should have done so, but his arms were not long enough and they could not get the stave under his knees and over his arms.

Tuesday November 18th 1890.

We get the climate a little warmer now, and shall continue to do so, until we arrive at Melbourne where I expect one may have enough of that commodity. Well it has been cold enough now for above a week, and a moderate amount of wet. So things have been by no means pleasant. We have scarcely been able to go on deck, for fear of getting wet. There is not much going off now in the way of amusements. Some of the passengers pretended to expect that we should fall in with a few

icebergs at least, owing to the temperature but I reckon it all a fallacy. We have come across quite a quantity of whales, and the number of sea birds is rather astonishing, as we are such a distance from land.

Wednesday night should have witnessed a farce, by the second saloon passengers, in the first saloon but it could not take place owing to the big sea we had on. I daresay it was as heavy as any we have had as yet, but it is coming off tonight Thursday, the sea having settled down somewhat. I am to play a bit of a ditty in the farce, representing a blind fiddler playing in the street below the dancing of people in the house. I ought to have taken a leading part in the farce but gave way to superior talent. Oh yez.

Friday November 21st 1890.

There is a nice wind blowing on our lee now, and we are now making steady progress. Yesterday & today we registered the biggest runs we have had so far viz 338 and 327 miles in the twenty four hours. Previously I consider we have made but a poor exhibition of our prowess, as a modern steamship, sometimes between 260 & 270 per diem.

Today we resumed sports aboard ship. If we dont smarten up a little, they will not be concluded by the time we arrive in Hobart which will be a great pity, as there is a considerable number of people leave at Hobart. The sports commenced with the high jump, some of the passengers quite excelled in this. The winning man Miskin, one of our second saloon passengers cleared four feet eleven inches which is very a good jump, considering, the roll of the ship. He is quite a dandy on his pins, taking the first prize in the high jump, sack race, and the mile race, in which he beat the next best man 1 1/2 laps, of the deck aft. You would be surprised to see him, either jump or run, he scarcely seems to touch the ground. There was potatoe racing for the ladies, which proved rather interesting, and which was won by one of the first saloon.

Last the farce came off I was telling about, and proved quite a success. Perhaps the hit of the piece was, where, the three ladies of the piece faint, all at once. The mirth of the audience knew no bounds, and it quickly proved very infectious, for the lady players could not restrain their mirth. There they lay in the arms of their lovers, in a dead swoon, laughing like niggers. The long deferred, "fancy dress ball" took place this evening, and proved a great success. Some of the get ups were exceedingly good, the second saloon taking the lead again. Amongst the guests were, Ladies, a Moari, a Highlander, Night, Nurse, Red Riding Hood, Servant Girl, me, Gents, a Butcher, Cook, Cricketers, Footballer, a Dunce, Russian Bear, Father Christmas, a knave, or harlequin, and others too numerous to mention. But all passed off very well, except me. I was walking about with a pain in my stomach.

Saturday November 22nd 1890.

The sports resumed today in a cold nor wester, commencing with a final in the potatoe racing, and then on to a tug of war between the first, second & third class passengers. The first and third class, were opposed in the first round, and for weight seemed evenly matched. But when it came to the tug, the third were were

overmatched entirely, the first pulling them over the line twice in succession. Some of the third class were very dissatisfied, as they had betted pretty freely on their own side, and as some said, it was beef and pea soup.

The steerage say they have not had a bit of good flesh meat since they left home, and assuredly some of them look a lot worse than they did on embarkation. I am pleased to say that such has not been the case with us. The food has been uniformly good throughout, and plenty of it.

But to the tug of war. If the third had had india rubber soles to their boots, as all the first & second had they would certainly, have won. In the case of the first & second the biggest surprise came off. I should think that the first, weighed collectively one third more of the whole more than the second. To all appearances it was a dead certainty for the first, but as the unexpected often occurs, so it did in this case, for it was plain to be seen that bulk did not mean strength. The second would pull them and beat them 19 times out of 20.

We also had an obstacle race which proved the most entertaining of any we have had as yet. Crawling under spars, over ropes, 6 feet high through buoys the same height, around and the full length of the boat, across nets and finally the worst of all through windsails. These are circular like a big drain pipe about 2 feet in diameter, 15 to twenty yards long. At end there is a bowl, which enables one to get inside, being made of canvass, the rest lies on deck like an empty sack. Now in the middle of these windsails was put a lot of flour in one, soot in another and so on, and a pretty sight the competitors were, as they finished. These conclude the sports I believe, as we now expect to be in Hobart in a few days.

Sunday November 23rd 1890.

Each day brings us nearer our destination, indeed I might have written that sentence at the commencement of our journey but then it is nearness to an object that gives one more interest in it. I am well aware of the old maxim, "that distance lends enchantment to the view", but in the majority of cases I am inclined to quarrel with the maxim.

It is Sunday again and I must confess that the difference between Sunday and week day at sea is not very great. It would be still less if some people aboard, even our ship! had their own way, and the stewards account us about as decent and quiet a lot of folks, as they get on board. And to our honor be it said, that no flagrant misdemeanors have come under notice as yet. Well with this exception.

This evening our cabin companion, Dr Taylor, (for he does as much doctoring, as the ships doctor) sat down to the piano to play some hymns from the church hymn book of which he is very fond, (by the bye I never saw a musician yet who did not relish a good hymn tune) when one of our young sparks who wanted something livelier, began to interrupt him, by twiddling some of the keys in the upper register. The doctor flew into a passion at once, poured out a volley of oaths and bad language, which seemed to be strangely inconsistent with his occupation but then he is a paradox if ever I saw one.

Sometimes on going into the cabin I find him on his knees, evidently engaged in prayer. After a while he begins to tell a very shady tale. On Saturday night he came home with just one cocktail too many inside him, and he is not particular about a big swear now and then. Against all this, he is one of the best hearted fellows I ever met, he doesn't care what trouble he puts himself to, to do another a kindness. The ship's doctor consults him as some superior authority. In getting up concerts he is indefatigable, and he seems to have a great reverence for the church.

Monday November 24th 1890.

I spent the biggest of the day rehearsing for another nigger performance, that took place in the evening, and was very successful, making the record during the voyage by way of collection for the Widows and Orphans of Seamen's institute viz about three pounds five shillings. The brothers Bamford took a prominent part in the programme, the one rendering a song in capital style the other coming to the fore with his instrument of torture. After the performance we were regaled with a little supper in the chief steward's cabin.

The Captain said it was the best entertainment he had seen aboard the ship, and expressed his deep obligation, by presenting, two bottles of Champagne to the performers.

Tuesday November 25th 1890.

Caligraphy seems to be the most important study, on board ship today, it almost becomes a fine art. So much is it practised, that amongst our lot, surely there must be a don or two. Next in importance, perhaps, is what time we shall arrive in Hobart tomorrow. Folks venturing opinions, others criticising them pretty freely. There is a bit of a swell on today but it is a beautiful day for all that. We have had much cloudy weather since we left the Cape, that when the sun does come out, it is duly appreciated.

Tonight the steerage had a concert for'ard, at which I attended, and was very highly amused. The programme consisted of thirteen songs, and a couple of recitations, not much variety you say, but there was plenty I can assure you. The songs were without any accompaniment. So you may guess what fun was like, as I don't suppose, some had ever sung before in what I might call public. One would commence singing and when about half way through, would suddenly change the key, until you might think it impossible to finish. But then singing in tune was not at all a necessity. I can't say that the steerage suits me at all, in fact it does not do so, and so long as I have money enough I don't think I shall travel that way.

Wednesday November 26th 1890.

The first thing that strikes our attention this morning is land. The islands of Tasmania, are looming faintly in the distance. It is rather a pleasant sensation, to see land after being on water 6 weeks with the exception of a few hours. Especially it is so, when one is at the end of their journey. Anyhow about dinner time we are fairly abreast of the main land, and have about seventy miles coasting to do before we get into Hobart. The coast is very broken and mountainous, for the first fifty miles,

after which the scenery is something beautiful. In fact anything more picturesque, in my idea, it would be difficult to imagine.

The rocks in some places resemble very much, what I know of the Giants Causeway in Ireland and there is a stretch miles of it. In some places may be seen caverns looking dark and gloomy, for we dont seem to be above a quarter of a mile away. In other places a creek will run back, away to the hills, which are all wooded. Then we come across a patch of green with a house or two squat around.

At last we pass what they call the Iron Pot lighthouse and are fairly in Hobart Harbor, where the sight beggars my description. Mount Wellington rears his lofty head above the clouds. We saw the summit however several times before we left Hobart.

On coming along side the wharf, I received a very good impression of the people of Hobart. There was quite a crowd of people, and all of them well dressed, and seemingly in comfortable circumstances all of them, much more so than at any of the places we have yet called at London itself not excepted, some of them looking for friends and relatives. The town itself is very pleasantly situated.

We go ashore about eight oclock, and have a good look through the principal streets, which are very good for a town of some 20,000 inhabitants. It is said that this place, of all the towns in the colonies, is noted for the beauty of the feminine gender, and I must admit that from what I saw of the inhabitants it does not belie its notoriety. The people here also are said to be very easy going. Be that as it may, I thought at the time I would not have minded settling in the place, especially so as the place is said to be extremely healthy.

After seeing about all that was to be seen in the way of streets we went back to the boat but not to sleep. We had colliers along side coaling the boat. What cranes going, and other noises on our side of the boat, they fairly bade sleep adieu. Some of party, or saloon went ashore got drunk, and one was nearly run in for insulting a policeman.

Thursday November 27th 1890.

After rolling and tossing about for most of the night, I arose to see if they had got our baggage up: (for we have to take train here to Launceston, that is, as we want to leave Tasmania today. We could have stayed in Hobart until the following Monday which I should have liked only it means expense and Mr Curtis would not stay.) Anyhow our baggage was not up yet, and no signs of it being up just yet. So I take another stroll through the town for an hour, and come back to find all bustle hurry, to catch the train, breakfast to get boxes to make up, and train leaving at 7.45 a.m.

But we pull through, and arrive at the station, after wishing good bye to friends that we had made aboard the Ruapehu. The good old boat, it is with some regret that I part company with her, she proved herself a regular don, and a pleasanter voyage it would be well nigh impossible to imagine. But when one is passing through fresh scenes former things are soon forgot for the time being at least. And soon all our attention is taken up by the beautiful country through which we pass.

We board the train for Launceston at Hobart, a distance of some 130 miles, through a country which for loveliness and real beauty of scenery, from the grand and imposing, to the peaceful and restgiving, I cant for the life of me imagine. For the first 15 or twenty, we follow the river, Tamar constantly turning round promontories as it were, which continually bring under notice fresh views. I felt that I wanted eyes all over my body, to take all the sights. In some places the river washing within a dozen yards of the railway track, and across which the range of mountains rise, beautifully wooded to the summit some twenty miles away. At other places going on the of some precipice making you almost dizzy to look down.

And again, coming across the backwoodsman in his clearing ploughing up the virgin soil, which in some places he has sown with wheat and other crops and which fairly seem to shoot out of the ground, so vigorous are they. And this latter sight is as attractive to me as any of them. The life that they lead must be one of extreme hardship. Not much comfort in the shape of home life, and the ground before clearing so full of obstacles in the way of scrub boulders, and rocks just peeping above the surface.

Also the fires that rage across this woodland for Tasmania throughout the length, and breadth of the land with the exception of the clearings seems to be one vast wood. All the way across the island we could trace these fires, more or less recent, gigantic trees standing with the core burnt out, so that you may see through them. It appears these trees set fire with the friction, and the heat of the place.

After some fifty miles we come across a fresh class of scenery, and very wild and fantastic it appears. It reminds one much of the coal forming era, or in the time of primeval man. It is the trees that make it seem peculiar. They grow perhaps to a height of 30 or 40 feet, and spread out, like trees at home, only the trunks and branches seem to be one continual twist. The trunk seems to twist itself like a rope some with the branches, but I think it is the colour of them that makes them look so weird. They are of a pale lavender almost whitish appearance, not much foliage about them either.

Any how things look a bit more civilized as we proceed. As you may gather from the fact, that at one station we called at, which was only a wood cabin, they charged us sixpence, for a glass of milk, containing about half a gill, and later on at a more nobbish place, one shilling for a cup of tea. Any how we arrive in Launceston at about 2.15 PM. Six hours and a half with travelling 130 miles at express speed, so you may judge that they are not quite "English you know" yet. If I had not been travelling first class, I suppose my bones would have been pretty sore and I was bad enough as it was. The line is only single, and the narrow gauge, it somewhat resembles a coal pit track, and about as well laid. They think nothing of going up hill and down hill, rounding curves at the full speed, and making you feel generally unsafe.

All the railways here are government property. I dont know about the expense in travelling, as the N. Z. S. Co. had to provide us with tickets, but in Victoria it is very cheap. You may travel first class at a penny a mile. There was one thing I noticed coming across Tasmania, that was the housing accomadation, in the back settlements. I saw there some of the most miserable shanties I ever saw in my life.

You would scarce think of putting a pig into them a home. Really some of them would scarcely hold a couple of pigs, yet you might see, four and five or six children grovelling in the dirt around the house, and that probably the only one for miles and miles.

We leave the train at Launceston proceed to the telegraph office and despatch a telegram to Mr Whitworth go to the boat, where we find we have a hour to spare. So we proceed to inspect Launceston and like Hobart, it gave me a very good impression. I like this Tasmania well. It seems so English, added to every thing almost, in the way of climate that would make England more enjoyable. Their easy going however nearly missed us the boat. With walking about, in the sun, we felt a drink would be just the thing so we entered a refreshment room and enquired if we could have tea, sharp, but alas such slow motion. The waitress returned wanting to know if we could wait until the kettle boiled, which we could not, so we ordered hop beer, which was set before us after some delay. Then we had to wait for change.

We had no sooner got on board than they hoisted the gangway up, and we were sailing once more. The docks here are very paltry indeed and seem to have no great depth about them either, for as we moored away, we scoped the mud up in a way that made the water look extremely nasty.

I dont know much about what the people think here of their ancestry but they all get dubbed alike, when spoken of by other colonists say Victorians for instance, who do not fail to allude to the subject when speaking of Tasmanians. Thirty six or seven years, certainly is no very great period in a country's history, yet in Hobart the principal town of this colony, at that time, Mr Curtis informs me he was the only freeman, who was not in State service. I must that what our government did in the way of transportation, the results must have exceeded their greatest anticipations. The people here seem as contented, happy, and as prosperous as you might wish.

We made our way eventually out of the river, where the scenery is truly Tasmanian, out into the open sea again where our small boat recieves such a pitching, that I feel nearer being sick, than I have done all along and I dont wish to spoil my record now. We are provided with 1st saloon accomadation which is by no means unwelcome. The boat is pretty well fit up, but sadly cramped for room. I wonder they dont have larger vessels plying between here and Melbourne, for they experience some very rough weather, very often in fact. The steward awakes us in the morning, wishing to know if will take a cup of coffee or tea and a biscuit before we rise, which we eventually do some time towards eight oclock. Mr Curtis informs me that he was surprised at himself during the night, as he had perforce to pump ship.

There is nothing particularly striking, until we enter the heads of Port Phillip, after passing through what the call the Rip which part has the reputation of never being quiet, though there was no great swell on as we passed through. On getting into the bay we are informed that from bank to bank, under the water are laid mines of torpedoes, by which at a signal they can blow to smithereens any vessels that may pass through with bad intent.

Imagine then if you can the surprise of these smart colonials one fine morn some two years, when on looking across the harbour at Williamstown they find a Russian Man

of War lying peacefully at anchor, having entered at night unobserved. For you must understand that here they are mightily afeared of the Russians, and not without some show of reason. When England granted eleven millions to Mr Gladstone to fight the Russians with, just about that time the cable broke between here and home. The colonials made sure that the Russians had cut off all communication and were about to swoop down, upon them something like a hawk, upon some inoffensive sparrow.

But we proceed up the fine bay, not so much so for natural beauty, as for commercial utility. About three oclock we standing off Williamstown where laid athwart the river lies a wreck with her mastheads just above water and which the authorities or some one else have been trying to move or raise for a considerable, but have not as yet succeeded. We also passed another just before we entered the heads of Port Phillip. She was stranded on the beach, but mostly broken up. We seem to have been exceptionally favored with good weather, for before us were some of the Shaw Savill boats missing exactly on this route. And behind us, I saw according to newspaper reports one of H M Ships foundered of the Spanish coast.

Leaving Williamstown behind we proceed up the Yarra, which is a river of rather mean dimensions, and does not by any means, smell very refreshing, to the Spencer St dock in Melbourne, where we Mr William Whitworth and his father awaiting our arrival. After passing through the Customs officers hands which proved a very light affair, he merely asked what we had in our trunks, we proceeded at to East Brunswick where Mr Whitworth resides and carries on his business. His plied me with questions respecting, things & folks at home and proved very amusing indeed. He hasn't dropped much of his dialect, aw could do betther uv we wernt so fur houfe he said. Hauus owd Black Stun Eage lookin? Ha au wish au have a sup ut shore loan spring, it ud feel gradely nise.

I find his son living in a very nice small villa of his own, standing in its own grounds. Afterwards he took over to his foundry where when he has full work. He employes some 30 hands. I should say he is in pretty comfortable circumstances.

The following morning we proceed to Box Hill our future home I suppose, in a thunder and hail storm, which I trust does not in any degree foreshadow what our future is to be, for I am fairly out of my element in such a confusion. Any how I find on my arrival that Box Hill is indeed a pretty place with an atmosphere as clear as a bell as the saying is, am accorded a hearty welcome, by the people we are to live with, also by the folks at the Church.

Providing I find work pretty constant, do not doubt but that I shall like the place. About the people, here, their manner of living, work, art music, I must reserve until a future occasion. As to myself I know, & feel that the last 3 months experience & travel, have given me a clearer insight into men and things, than the same number of years would have done at home placed in the circumstances that I was.

Finis