

## **Mystery Journal**

*This is the transcription of an anonymous journal, donated to the Saltaire Collection at an unknown date by an unnamed benefactor. Based on certain clues in the text, we assume that the writer is Marmaduke Alexander Lawson (see notes at the end of the transcription). This is further supported by the fact that his niece, Florence Mary Scarlett, married Gordon Locksley Salt in 1903, thus establishing a link with Saltaire.*

*The document is a bound copy of the original journal.*

*The superscript numbers in the transcription, and the notes they refer to, have been added by the transcriber. Comments marked with an \* are those of the journal-writer and appear as such in the text. All spellings, place names, punctuation etc have been transcribed as in the original.*

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### **Cover**

Auckland  
New Zealand  
April 12. 1861

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#### Journal

Wednesday. Sepr. 7. 1859.

In the morning I made a deposit of passage-money, & received for myself a berth on board the "Imperator", with this reservation, that, if I choose, I may, before starting, change to the consort-ship, the "Imperatriz". And, in all probability, I shall choose so to do. For, on board the Imperador, that berth which I particularly wished to have, is already secured by another person, whereas on board the Imperatriz, I can have any berth I like, & perhaps (luxury of luxuries) a state room to myself. The Imperador was "advertised": the Imperatriz was not: consequently the former ship is full of passengers, while the latter has none. It is conceded me as a

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favour that I go in the latter ship. The ships are going to Bombay with the submarine cable, & call at Madeira, the Cape, & Mauritius to coal. They are great, & as far as I can see, good ships, but rather slow, I hear, & from the nature of their cargo, they will probably roll a good deal.

Soon after 11 a.m, having transacted my business, I hastened to leave this hateful place (Liverpool), & embarked in the steamer Tynwald for the Isle of Man.

"This word" (Tynwald) "yet retained in many places of Scotland, signifies Vallis Negotii, & is applied to those artificial mounds which were in ancient times, assigned to the meeting of the inhabitants for holding their Comitia."

Compare, bye the bye, some

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remarks of Lord Dufferin's concerning Thingwalla in Iceland, & Dingwall in Rosshire.

Unfortunately, I have not Ld. Dufferin by me for reference now, because I threw both him & the excellent Dean of Westminster, & the late Samuel Rogers, "poet-banker" into the roaring Atlantic the other day. I murdered my friends, because they, being in American dresses, would assuredly have brought me into trouble with the Irish custom-house officers.

We had not a pleasant passage to-day: it was cold, & there was a high head-wind. The boat was full of passengers, almost all of whom were violently sick.

The men, in their misfortune, became scowling, swearing & selfish: the women, resigned & sympathizing. Men are horrid – women are angels.

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At the Douglas pier, where we arrived about dark, there was a great crowd of lodging-house keepers making praiseworthy but unpleasant efforts to fill their houses.

There were, moreover, inconvenient crowds of beggars. Yet I did not greatly resent their importunities. For this reason; there are no beggars in America, & as I hate everything American, so also, I believe, I love everything which even tho' in itself disagreeable, yet being un-American, serves to show me I have left that land of all that is odious.

Saturday 10. I live in a little lodging; all by myself: which is pleasant, & just what I like. After I was gone to bed to-night, hearing the waves breaking on the shore close at hand, & and seeing the full moon shining, I got up

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again to admire the scene.

I saw a man who was staring up at my window from below, withdraw into the shadow – a thing which pleased me so little that I went to sleep with a loaded revolver at my side.

Sunday. Sepr 11. I went to church - at St. Thomas's. In that petition of the Litany which begins "That it may please Thee to give & preserve" &c. I heard, inserted after the word, "earth" the following sentence: "& to restore, & continue to us the blessings of the sea."

The word "restore", had reference, I suppose, to those voracious Dog-fish; which fishes, but newly arrived as I was quitting Skye, were beginning to cause much anxiety to the inhabitants of the North. They eat all before them & leave the sea as destitute of fish as locusts do the trees, of leaves.

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Tuesday 13 A hundred years to-day since that good man, & great general Wolfe, fell at the taking of Quebec. I wonder whether there will be any commemoration of the event in Quebec to-day. They made noise enough last winter about that drunken peasant, Burns; they will surely honour the memory of the brave general, who acquired for us the noblest colony we possess.

Wednesday 14. To-day I was busy gathering mushrooms, of which there is a vast abundance in this island. The blackberries, too, are very numerous, & very fine. Everything was still & tranquil: there was a gray Autumnal appearance about the landscape. My path lay thro' high fields, from which was a commanding view of both sea & land. Clouds, at rest, hid the summits of the Kirk-Merlagh mountains; while other clouds,

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also at rest, in the sky, cast patches of shadow, here & there, on the ground. As for the sea, it

- "showed far off  
A surface dappled o'er with shadows flung  
From brooding clouds; shadows that lay in spots  
Determined & unmoved, with steady beams  
Of bright & pleasant sunshine interposed;" <sup>1</sup>

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"Calm is the morn, without a sound –  
Calm as to suit a calmer grief,  
And only thro' the faded leaf  
The chesnut (sic) pattering to the ground.

Calm, & deep peace on this high wold  
And on these dews that drench the furze,  
And all the silvery gossamers  
That twinkle into green & gold.

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Calm, & still light on yon great plain  
That sweeps with all its Autumn bowers,  
And crowded farms, & lessening towers  
To mingle with the bounding main." <sup>2</sup>

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Thursday 15. To-day I went in a steamer called Ben-My-Chree round the Kingdom of Man.

This island, however interesting, is certainly neither very beautiful, nor very grand. From an utter want of trees, there is an air of bleakness about it, & the mountains are not of that bold & rugged character which one loves to behold in a scene that is bleak.

In a scene that is bleak, I like to have jagged peaks, water black as ink,

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whirlwinds of mist, & great roarings of wind amongst precipices; but where (as here) the hills are round & grassy, there I love to have luxuriant woods & white farms, & cornfields, & wood pigeons.

First; we went to Ramsey where we stayed an hour, & where I heard 'em talking their rough & horrid Manx. I observed that, after Christian, two of the commonest names are Quine & Kerruish. Ramsey is not a pretty town, & I do not know that there is anything particularly interesting or ancient to be seen in it. Yet, on several accounts, I should prefer it to Douglas, as a residence. It is a smaller & more retired place, has a better & more extensive beach, & within an easy distance, are places of historical interest which one would wish to visit. Also one could easily get amongst the moors & glens of Snaefeldt (sic). I should mention that before getting to

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Ramsey, we passed close to Maughold Hd. where I saw a stone that marks St. Patrick's (?) well. It is not easy (from the sea) to see the well itself; but the little stream trickling down from it, can be seen in places by observing some grass – "that with a livelier green "Betrays the secret of its silent course." After an hour's stay at Ramsey, we left; & came next to the Point of Ayre, where I saw a very strong current, a fine lighthouse, & a steamer laying the submarine cable from the island to St. Bees Hd. I saw also the Cumberland & Galloway coasts.

When we got round the Point, we were in still water, & being now some way from land, there was nothing, particularly to engross our attention, so the men got drunk, & the women flirted. I sat on the hurricane-deck, & (like the parrot) thought! I observed that all the people were in little

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knots or parties of twos or threes.

The older men had their wives & families; the younger had their compeers & companions. I alone, of them all, was by myself. The inexpressible pleasure of travelling with a friend I knew once: but I shall never know it again. Solitude, certainly, is a dismal thing, but I think it is preferable to an un-congenial companion.

Bye & bye, we passed Kirk Michael where that excellent Bishop, Wilson, is, I think, interred; & then we came to the most ancient & interesting place in the island – Peel. I shan't describe what I saw; because should I ever forget it, I can best & most agreeably refresh my memory by reading "Peveril of the Peak"; & particularly Note. K. chap xv. P 753.

Tho' indeed, I think I have heard my Mother, who knows Peel, & who probably read "Peveril of the Peak" at that place,

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Liverpool. Saturday. Octr. 1.

At 11 a.m went in the tender on board the Imperador. At 2 p.m we went down the river on a trial trip, & after a farewell champagne luncheon, returned to our moorings in the Mersey:

" The King of France, with twenty thousand men  
Marched up a hill & then marched down again."

I was very much annoyed at our returning, as I fully thought we were off to sea.

In the evening almost everybody went ashore again; but two gentlemen for Madeira, & myself, having brought all our luggage on board, & being tired (no wonder) of Liverpool determined not to quit the ship.

Sunday 2. A Sunday that would quite have suited the anti-Sabbath people! a day of bustle & confusion: dozens & scores of workmen & artisans

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in all parts of the ship. The clang of hammers – the coming-alongside of tenders with stores – the getting all in readiness for sea, completely banished that "calm repose" so usual & so delightful on the day of rest. I sat all day in the cabin or on the decks, talking to the Davis's, one of whom is an old Rugbean, & the other of whom knows many of my acquaintances – the Bills amongst the rest. In the

evening an addition to our number took place in the arrival of Lady Drummond-Hay, with a perfect cargo of cocks & hens.

Monday 3. At 8 a.m the “blue-peter” or sailing-signal was run up to the foremast head, & a cannon fired. About 11 a.m we “cleared the customs”, & got a “bill of health” for Madeira: at the same time the passengers came on board.

H.M.S. Donegal 101 guns, which was anchored close to us, was getting her steam

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up at the same time as ourselves, & shortly before 3 p.m, we both began to move slowly down the Mersey. The pilot left us at 6 p.m when 24 miles from Liverpool, & we then proceeded out to the great deep & darkness. Silently, & sorrowfully, one looked, leaning over the tafrail (sic), at the shores of England, as they became indistinct & faded away in the still Autumn twilight; & when they could no longer be seen for the darkness & clouds of night, one yet stood some time longer on deck, looking toward that spot where they had last been visible.

Tuesday 4. Soon after noon, the Tusco (sic)<sup>3</sup> light off the South-East coast of Ireland was visible in the distance. I saw (for the second time in my life) the sun set over the sea in a cloudless sky.

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In the evening, I sat over the fire with Davis, & discoursed of past times:

\* \* \*

Davis, tho’ only twenty years old, knows Moscow, Lisbon, & other places which lie out of the beaten track. After he was gone to bed, I sat some time with the Bishop of St. Helena, who, like most of the passengers had been confined to his room all day. The Bishop knows Andrew Lawson<sup>4</sup>, & met him only a fortnight ago at a meeting at Boroughbridge where my cousin was taking the chair. The Bishop said facetiously – (now I hope I’m not being irreligious) – “In one respect, at the least, your cousin may be said to fill the chair well.” This he said in allusion to Andrew’s fatness.

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Wednesday 5. A brilliant & charming day; but the swell was so heavy that only two or three people besides Davis & myself, made their appearance at the table or on deck.

Towards evening we entered the Bay of Biscay, & saw a booby, a curious bird of which the sailors tell strange stories.

We are to steam thro’ the Canaries & shall have a chance of seeing the Peak.

To-day the top-gallant yards were sent aloft.

Friday 7. Sat all day with the Davis’s & a Capt. Jamison – a gentleman who knows well the West Coast of Africa, Fernando Po, Valparaiso, Nova Scotia, the Canadas, the Mauritius, Sicily, Gibraltar, [illegible 1 word], & a few other places. We have a very efficient crew, consisting of more than 100 men.

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Madeira

Monday. Oct. 10. At 2 p.m, during fair intervals, we saw the island of Porto Santo; & towards 5 p.m the great heights of Madeira looking like a bank of gigantic clouds – Pico Ruivo (6050 ft.) was shrouded in clouds. About 7 p.m, the sun being now set, we came close to the island, & turning the East Pt., were immediately in smooth water.

Then people, not previously seen, appeared on the quarter-deck, lounging in easy chairs, or leaning over the bulwarks: the band played dreamy waltzes; & by the moonlight – such moonlight as for softness & clearness, I had never dreamt of - & in an atmosphere like that of a hot-house, we went gliding on upon the still waters, the great volcanic mountains frowning down on us.

Such a delicious tropical air, scented

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with odour of orange, so soft & balmy! At 9 p.m the echoes of our salute rolled from hill to hill, & we anchored off Funchal. Rockets were sent up from shore, & presently the Portuguese health officers came off in a picturesque little boat, with a coloured paper lanthorn dangling at the stern, &, after the usual formalities had been gone thro', gave us "pratique".

Bye and bye, Lady Drummond-Hay, Capt. & Mrs. Jamison & I got into a boat to go ashore. We lay on our oars for some time, only about 5 yards from the beach, waiting for people to come down to the water's edge, to drag our boat up at the moment of her touching the ground.

At last they came; & we, mounting on the crest of a vast wave, found ourselves immediately in this Majesty of Portugal's dominions!

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Walking thro' a grove of trees, followed by the swarthy Portuguese bearers, we left Lady D-Hay & Mrs. Jamison at the Inn – (I will not use that hateful word hotel) - & then Capt. J. & I went, with many curious attendants, to the customhouse to get our luggage "passed": but the quantity of luggage we had, exceeded that allowed.

So we had to walk at least a mile, thro' such strange & intricate streets, often under shadow of sweet-smelling groves to the house of some magnate from whom (when knocked up) we got a paper by whose efficacy we readily "passed" our luggage.

At 11 p.m we sat down to bread & butter & Madeira, & duly appreciated the luxury of supping on shore. Then we sat in the verandah – the thermometer was 74 Fahr: - & looked at the splendid trees & creepers & aloes & cactuses, & listened to the surf perpetually breaking

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with a soothing noise, on the beach not far off.

Next to its thoroughly foreign appearance, what strikes one most, perhaps, in Funchal, is its intensely conservative aspect.

Tuesday 11. At 9.30 a.m Lady D-Hay, the Jamisons & I sat down to a breakfast consisting of fresh fish, an omelette & green figs, pears & bananas. Then, from a troop of Arab horses, I selected that one which pleased me best, & set off for a ride - to the Little Curral. We went by a water-course, & a colonade (sic) of pumpkins, guayavas, & passion-flowers, & between hedges of heliotrope in full flower to the Riva di Gonzala, where I paused to look down on the bay & town of Funchal which lay at our feet.

Here & there, sugar-cane & chesnut (sic) trees made shelter from the sun's intense

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rays. The Japonicas were magnificent & Bananas reared their vast fern-like leaves in every garden: the orange & citron trees were covered with fruit. The cochineal-cactus, which since the destruction of the vines, is planted everywhere, adds to the strangeness, but not to the beauty of the landscape.

We came to the most amazing gorges, into which & out of which we got by means of very steep Alpine roads. We met invalid ladies in their hammocks – the poor hammock-bearers toiling up the steep ascent very light-heartedly.

I alighted at a wine-store to drink Madeira, pick some gorgeous flowers, & observe some pretty Moorish-looking girls with classical-shaped “water-monkeys (sic)” on their heads.

We cantered past a stone wall, quite alive with agile lizards.

At a great height, the hillsides were

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dotted over with bushes of lavender; & in bushes of loftier growth there were canaries.

At a canter – others also cantering – we went over a paved way, under shade of magnolias & oaks, (I meanwhile recollecting that clever line

“Quadruped[umque?] putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.”)<sup>5</sup>

till we came to the Mount Church, which lies above Funchal at a height of 2000 ft.. There I alighted & sent my horse to meet me at the bottom of the hill.

After hearing a boy, in a grove, play on the marchette<sup>6</sup>, I entered the church, in which however there is nothing to be seen, but a fine emerald in the Virgin's crown.

From the steps in front of the church there is a magnificent view of sea & land. The descent from the Mount Church to Funchal is by means of sledges

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made of wicker. They run on a paved way & are steered by a boy who stands on a bar behind: they run to the bottom of the hill in a quarter of an hour or even less:- they do not go so fast as the ice-sleighs on the cone at Montemorenci, but they go quite fast enough. On each side of the way are very high walls & trellices (sic), covered with passion flowers & scarlet Euphorbias, & aloes & yuccas, & all manner of pretty & sweet-smelling things.

At the bottom of the hill I left the sledge, & rode back to the hotel at 2 p.m. We presently dined, having on the table green peas, which, in Madeira can be got on every day throughout the year.

After dinner I went to Ribiero's (“cabinet-maker to Her Majesty the Empress Dowager of Brazil), & bought a bracelet of Portuguese charms – the water-monkey, peasant's cap, palanquin,

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marchette & calabash.

I went next to the Portuguese cathedral in the interior of which I met the Bishop of St. Helena & his party; & where I was not a little amused at an old woman engaged at her prayers before a shrine, suddenly stopping as I passed, & without change of attitude, asking an alms!

Returning to the Inn, Lady Drummond-Hay & Mrs. Jamison in a bullock sledge, & Captn. J. & I on foot, set off together to visit a house of Mr. Davis's in the outskirts of the town.

- (A most beautiful place – where, I believe, the Empress of Austria subsequently passed a winter.) –

In the splendid gardens we saw tree-camellias, mangoes, the India Rubber Tree, Norfolk island Pine, great Euphorbias, & every rare & beautiful plant that the Madeira climate suits. The family were from

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home, so we peeped into a suite of very beautiful apartments.

A shower coming on whilst we were in the gardens, we retired to a summer-house, overhanging the sea, & possessing a fine view of the fort & Pontinha.

Our agreeable conversation was unpleasantly interrupted by the report of a great gun from the Imperador. So we hastened to the gates, & re-entering the bullock-sledge – (there are no wheeled conveyances in Madeira) – descended swiftly to our hotel.

The room we had occupied was full of the things that had been bought; these things, (with ourselves), we transferred to boats; & thus, bidding Madeira a long & regretful adieu, we regained our ship.

Till the steamer started, persons diverted themselves by throwing small coins into the water, & watching the celebrated divers, for their

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own benefit, recover them.

We were so sorry to see the great mountains fade away in the moonlight, as we stood out to sea.

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Wednesday 12. A day of head-winds, utter listlessness, & (as Lady D. Hay elegantly remarked) "dumps".

All of us so cross & so disagreeable!

- " 'Twas sad as sad could be,  
And we did speak, only to break  
The silence of the sea." <sup>7</sup>

After the moon arose, we threw off our apathy, & came on deck to look for land, as we were to pass between the islands of Palma & Gomera. But when I retired, late, there was nothing to be seen save sea & stars.

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Thursday 13. On this day, long to be remembered, I saw the Peak of Tenerife. It was a magnificent sight, in the clear morning to see that noble peak 12,300 ft. high. At the time we saw it, we were 40



miles off, & were gradually increasing the distance: yet it was in sight for many hours. On our starboard quarter – not far off – lay the high volcanic island of Ferro: & others of the Canaries, further off, were visible on our port side.

Friday 14. About noon – in great haze & heat – we saw at some miles' distance a rakish-looking schooner, which, had our ship been a man-of-war, we should have overhauled. She was probably a slaver. But it is unlawful for an English ship, not having the treaties on board, to chase or capture a slaver.

Now that we are near the tropics, the water had become so hot that washing

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is a penance. We wear white shoes, & sit under awnings, very scantily attired: endeavouring to keep ourselves calm in mind & well in body.

Whilst at dinner, a little swallow came & sat in one of the windows. We are 130 miles from the African coast.

Saturday 13: It was so hot to-day that we had side-awnings as well as awnings overhead.

Having now got well into the N.E. trade wind, we (to speak technically) “disconnected”, & went under an immense press of square-sails; 12 studding sails beside royals.

Today, we saw for the first time, shoals of flying-fish: they were very close to the ship, & kept darting out of the water very vivaciously.

They looked like whitish coloured swallows; so much so indeed, that the Bishop, who was the first to observe

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them, actually mistook them for swallows, till he was undeceived by their disappearance underwater.

Wednesday 19. The heat & glare were so great that many people were unwell. The sun was almost vertical, & there was not a breath of air: a long heavy swell meeting us with never a ripple on the oily sea. We are under full steam, with no sails set. They grease the ship's bows to make her slip thro' the water. We are going to cross the equator at 5 west Longitude, a bad place for our health & comfort, for even now we are so near the African coast (Sierra Leone) as barely to escape the influence of the malaria, should an East wind set in: & to get to 5 west long: we must draw yet nearer to those terrible shores.

My baths can scarcely be called cold at present, seeing that the temperature

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of the salt water is now 83 Fahr: - At night we sat on deck & watched the lightening (sic) which, in a cloudless sky, was truly magnificent.

It all proceeded from one point, & came evidently from some terrible storm going on off the coast of Africa. The sea was like steamy oil & full of shining phosphorus: the heat was almost insufferable.

Thursday 20. A little before noon, there came suddenly a great blackness, & rain worthy of the tropics. The clouds moved quickly round in a circle, & it was expected that a water-spout would be formed, but rather to our disappointment, such was not the case.

At night we saw at an immense distance, amid some stormy clouds, an appearance of land. If what we saw was indeed land, it was the high land a little South of Sierra Leone;

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& we were somewhat out of our reckoning: but an examination of the appearance by powerful telescopes, did not tend to confirm the idea of its being land. To be yet more sure, steam was blown off, & we sounded, & with 83 Fath: run out, had no bottom. Besides if the reckoning be correct, & almost without a doubt it is correct, we are 120 miles from land.

As we sit on deck, after the terrible heat of the day is overpast, we wonder greatly at the magnificence of the sheet lightning (sic). During the last few days, we have been visited by a moth or two & dragon-fly.

Tuesday 25. We have crossed the equator, & received His Majesty of the Seas! His visit was as follows.

Last night, when we were assembled after dark, on the quarter-deck, the ship was hailed (as it were, by a

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boat alongside.) A blue light blazed in the fore-castle, & then an Ancient Mariner – Neptune's Secretary – entered the ship from near the main-chains. At the foot of the stairs leading to the quarterdeck, he was solemnly greeted by the Capt'n. & officers of the ship, by whom he was interrogated, & to whom he handed his credentials, demanding, in the name of Neptune, a list of those persons on board, who had not previously entered the Royal Dominion, south of the line. When he had got this list, & when (with religious gravity on both sides) adieux had been exchanged, the boat was called, & the ambassador took his departure!

Next day at noon, when we were again assembled at the rail of the quarterdeck, there came a flourish of trumpets from the fore-castle. Then, in the distance & moving to-

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wards where we stood, there appeared a triumphal car, drawn by three white & one black bear, all very huge, & bigger than ordinary bears. In the car, which was covered with crimson, sat the ancient King – a crown on his head, & a trident in his hand. There was also his highly respectable wife, gaily attired, & the little trumpeter.

The car was preceded by a jester, clown, & harlequin & followed by a brass band & a great crowd.

The King & Queen were brought on to the quarterdeck, where the Queen graciously shook hands with the ladies, & would (if she'd been allowed) have embraced them more affectionately! Then the three of us, who now for the first time crossed the line, were introduced to the King, & our names were entered by his secretary in the register.

After these things were accomplished,

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& some other rites (as the feeding of the savage bears, &c) performed, the cavalcade returned to the forecandle, & proceeded to the great business of the day. We (i.e. Capt. & Mrs. Atkins, Lady Drummond-Hay, the Bishop, Mrs. Claughton, Mrs. Walker, Miss Dickens, Miss Husband, Capt. & Mrs. Jamison & I – with sundry others) went with much state to the bridge where seats & umbrellas were provided for us whose names I have mentioned, & from whence we looked down on all that went on beneath. Each man, who had not crossed before, came in his turn, & having had his name entered in the book, was delivered over to the King's doctor, who (by force) compelled him to take some horrible mixture. Then the barber received him, & having plastered him over with black grease, made a show of shaving him with a thing like a jagged saw,

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which operation being successfully performed, he was, in the end, tumbled backwards into a vast bath or pool where two dreadful amphibious creatures, swimming in their masks, caught him. When repeatedly ducked & drenched, he was, at length, allowed to escape, the hose of a fire-engine playing vigorously in his face, as he made his exit from the scene.

Wednesday 26. At night the ceremony of the "dead horse" was performed. A great stuffed thing – in shape, size & colour - like a horse was drawn by 40 chanting sailors from the forecandle to the waist of the ship. There they halted, & after songs & dirges had been sung over the creature, it was hoisted to the main-yard-arm, & after swinging there for some time, was lowered & thrown overboard, the sailors, meanwhile, standing in

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the shrouds or on the bulwarks, & cheering vociferously.

When sailors begin a long voyage like this, they receive a month's pay in advance, that they may come on board with the necessary outfit. After the first month, they are not paid in advance.

So, as they get nothing at the end of the first month, they call the work of that month, "the working of the dead horse", & the month being finished, they pitch the horse overboard, & begin to work for their usual wages.

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St. Helena

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Sunday. Oct. 30. The first words I heard this morning were "Land in sight – 16 miles off." When I rose about 7 a.m. & went on deck, we were only about a mile from the black volcanic shores of St. Helena. Clouds were on the tops of the mountains. There was not a tree, nor even a shrub to be seen: nothing but black Lava, fantastic peaks, & forts in impossible places.

We came to our anchorage off Jamestown a little before 9 a.m.

A breakfast at anchor always seems strange & uncomfortable. Everything is so oppressively still after the machinery stops, & people who, because of the screw, have during a long voyage, got to speak very loud, are now quite frightened of their own voices.

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After breakfast Lady D. Hay went ashore with one of her sons who had come on board to meet her; & the Bishop also left the ship for a time. Till 11 a.m Mrs. Claughton, Miss Dickens & I wrote letters for the homeward-bound mail which is hourly expected.

Then Captn. Jamison & I went ashore in the gig. The landing is not difficult, yet it is requisite to step out quickly & unhesitatingly.

Most of the people are negroes – liberated Africans. Close to where we lay, there was a condemned slaver brought in only a fortnight ago, with a full cargo; & there are several more hulls of slavers at the anchorage: they are all painted black.

The way into the little town is amongst forts – over a fosse - & thro' a strong gateway. On each side of the town there rise almost perpendi-

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cularly two black hills of lava, either of which is about 600 ft. high. These two hills run up into the country, gradually nearing one another till at a distance of about a mile from the shore, they meet. One of them is called Ladder Hill, because the way to ascend it is by means of a ladder of 635 steps. There is no vegetation on the sides of these hills, except some prickly pears, & a few aloes & yuccas. Their appearance is extremely forbidding, & the town lies between them, as it were, in an oven.

Captn. Jamison & I went into the public-garden, where is a very fine India-rubber tree; & there are some little wild doves, not larger than thrushes & fawn-coloured.

Then we went to church as we found the Prayers had not proceeded further than the Creed. The Bishop was at the altar in his episcopal robes.

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In the church itself there was nothing different from what one sees daily in the churches of small English towns, except that a solemn old negro or “yam-stalk” \*

(\* as the English are “John Bull”, the Nova-Scotians “Blue Noses”, the People of Gibraltar “Rock Scorpions; &c &c, so the People of St. Helena are “Yam-stalks”:) )

went about with a stick to keep the little negroes in order.

When the service was concluded the organ played the “Kyrie Eleeson (sic)” from Mozart’s 12<sup>th</sup> Mass.

Captn. Jamison & I now strolled into the two Inns, at one of which we saw, I think, the Captn. or supercargo of the lately captured slaver. Such at least, Captn. Jamison, who was long in the African squadron set him down to be from the “cut of his jib.”

After leaving the second Inn, we

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called on a Mr. Soloman, the chief business-man of the island. In his drawing-room which was full of beautiful flowers we saw his wife Mrs. Soloman & his sister-in-law Lady Ross, & some other people, all of whom were graciously disposed towards us, because being come direct from England, we were, in a way, natural curiosities; there having been during the last 4 years but one outward-bound vessel besides ours at St. Helena.

When we had given them our news – chiefest of which was the defeat at the Peiho - & when we had looked a little at the town which is a parched & dreary place, we returned to our ship, which lay rolling lazily about in the offing.

At 2.30 p.m, the Bishop returned on board, & performed divine service for the last time. After that, he with all his family finally left the ship

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the sailors giving hearty cheers as the boat pushed off. Mrs. Cloughton asked me to go & breakfast with them tomorrow morning – an invitation which I accepted with much pleasure.

Monday 31. Rose early, & went ashore in the first boat that came alongside. I went up 200 steps of the Ladder Hill, & so earned my breakfast: descending, I met the Bishop & his boy, & one of his clergy & I went with them to the garden where we made a little incision in the India rubber tree. A white, milky juice oozed out. Then Alice Cloughton insisted on my taking her to the ramparts that she might see the mailsteamer “Phoebe” which came in at daybreak from the Cape; & when we returned, it was breakfast-time. Mrs. Cloughton, officiating at her own table, looked more pretty & graceful

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than ever, & the breakfast was one of the pleasantest meals I ever sat down to. We had a strange-looking fish – called “Old-wife”. The room was quite cool & airy, opening into a shady court where was a trellice (sic) of climbers, & some chattering parrots.

After breakfast, we sat in the verandah: we bought from a negress a basket full of a fruit like yellow plums – called loquats. Bye & bye passengers both from the Imperador & the Phoebe came ashore, & I gave my Madeira bracelet to the Captn. of the latter ship who undertook to post it for me in Southampton. We got two carriages, & after bidding the Cloughtons a long adieu, I joined the party for Longwood. As we wound up the steep ascent, we saw in the parched valley below, only a few wavy palm-like date trees & some bananas. When we had got a good height, we observed rather more vege-

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-tation on the hillsides: here & there, amongst the prickly pear, were some fine scarlet geraniums, & some mesembryanthemums with very large sulphur-coloured flowers. And at one place, there was shade made by a tree called the Port Jackson Willow, a graceful feathery thing, like what poor old Mrs. Wilson gave us long ago, & which, I daresay, still flowers in the greenhouse at home. There were likewise mimosas, Scotch firs & whin at the two latter of which we looked with much complacence. And wherever was moisture, there grew a beautiful ultramarine-coloured anagallis which, as a greenhouse plant, is one of the first flowers that I can remember in my childhood.

After going some way thro’ the clouds, & looking into a valley that seemed made of hot red ashes, we descended (on foot) into a verdant dell

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where is Napoleon’s tomb, & the well out of which he loved to drink. I went down into the empty grave, at the bottom of which I found a little fern; & I drank some water from the clear spring hard-by. They said “It will make you ambitious”, but no: if anything could cure a man of his ambition, I

think it would be the seeing this lonely desolate grave! A few mournful cypresses, & an ancient weeping-willow, & a dilapidated paling are round about the grave.

We went slowly away from the place, & going quietly thro' a grove of oranges camellias (arched overhead) & other pretty trees in flower & fruit, we regained our carriages & drove to Longwood. A more dreary miserable place than Longwood it is impossible to imagine: - situated on a plateau at a vast height above the sea. Round about are the bare volcanic hills, & on the lawn are some Scotch firs, blown all to

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one side by the prevailing South East wind. The house we found in a state of utter confusion & decay, but the French, to whom the farm has been lately ceded, are already busy at its renovation. Poor Napoleon! the short half-hour I passed at Longwood was quite enough for me; how long & tedious must have been to him the years which he, as a prisoner, spent there.

I found in a little glen a mile or two from Longwood, a charming flower – an oxalis. It grew humbly with small leaves close to the ground: but its flowers, the size of small petunias, were of a cerise-colour with golden throats. As we were returning to Jamestown, we saw the “Phoebe”, like a speck in the ocean, going to England. She was very far off, under full steam & with all stu'n'sails set – running to Ascension with a good trade directly aft.

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Most heartily we wished her a prosperous voyage. To persons abroad, there is a sound almost magical about those little words “Homeward-bound!” At Jamestown, having bought souvenirs of the island, we got into our boat & left, probably for ever, the shores of St. Helena.

After dark, we got underway for the Cape of Good Hope.

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Sunday. Novr. 6. For the last day or two the sea has been like a pond & had quite an oily look. There has been a calm, save when a few “catspaws” have passed by.

In the evening a large whale came close to the ship to the great joy & astonishment of those passengers who had never seen such a huge creature before: bye & bye he spouted, which sur-

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-prised them yet more.

Monday 7. A dead calm, so that we have to go altogether by steam, & considering that the coals taken in at St. Helena, besides being bad, & so requiring more to be used than if they had been good, also cost eighty-five shillings per ton, it is rather expensive work steaming without canvass (sic).

The water has become deliciously cool now, so that bathing is again a pleasure. Some people have suffered from boils & “prickly heat” in the tropics, but I have escaped all the ailments that belong to a voyage.

Tuesday 8. The South-East monsoon does not usually set in before the 15<sup>th</sup> of this month, but to our no small loss, it has begun to blow to-day so that we have exchanged our calm for what is worse – a head wind.

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Wednesday 9. Now that we are approaching the land, many birds follow the ship, we leaning over the tafrail (sic) & hailing them with pleasure. In the afternoon, some of the passengers became seasick, which seemed rather silly after being five weeks at sea. By night it blew half a gale of wind, dead ahead, with the sea making rapidly, & the glass falling. The ship laboured considerably, owing to the strain of the electric cable, & when she fell into the trough of the sea seemed almost as if she would break her back. During the course of the day everything was made snug: the top gallant yards were handed down & the masts struck: the dead-lights screwed in & everything securely lashed.

Thursday 10. After a night of sleep under difficulties, we dressed under greater difficulties. Dressing is al-

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-ways a troublesome operation when it is necessary to hold on with one hand whilst you dress with the other. All day we were in a heavy sea with the ship making only from 3 to 5 knots per hour. The look-out man on the forecastle was thrown down by a sea that came aboard, & once during the morning, she dipped by the stern.

Friday 11. Last night, during the middle watch the gale was at its height, & the carpenters were busy in the stern cabins which were flooded to the Jamisons' great discomfort. Towards morning the weather moderated & the sea fell quickly. When I came on deck, we were in "soundings" – the water being green. Soon after, the African coast was seen, & at 9.30 a.m we could see Table Mt. & the Lion's Rump at that time distant 46 miles.

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#### The Cape Colony

Shortly before 5 p.m we came to the anchorage in Table Bay.

I should have known from the view in what part of the globe I was, so thoroughly South African was it in all its features. A great mountain (3586 ft.) rising almost perpendicularly (so perpendicularly, indeed, as to be inaccessible on all sides but one) immediately behind a ~~flat~~ white foreign-looking flat-roofed town. Further off, long stretches of parched burning sand wherein lay a wonderful deceptive mirage. In the distance, a background of gigantic mountains with jagged needle shaped peaks & spurs: & over all, such a sky, so brilliantly – so overpoweringly – bright!

When we were anchored in the bay, the heat was very great, & always, I am told, during the prevalence of

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the South-Easterns, Capetown (sic) is both disagreeably hot, & disagreeably dusty. I landed: & for a little while, the novelty of the scene kept me well amused. It was curious (to me) to see all the coolies & Malays with their red head-dresses & sugarloaf hats the size of small umbrellas. Nor was it without wonder that I beheld a wagon go past, drawn by fourteen oxen: the driver sat on the box, & with his whip whose butt was of bamboo, & in size, like a double handed salmon-rod, he dexterously enough touched up the very leaders.

\* \* \* \*

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Saturday 12 I asked a fellow who came & goes on, in the Imperador, to lunch with me & in the afternoon he & I drove to Rathfelders' which is close to Wynberg & about 10 miles from Capetown. The vineyards have a stiff formal appearance, but we drove under shade of lovely English-looking oaks. At Rathfelders' we put up the horses, & drank some Cape hock, & then being rather "plucky" went out for a walk, which, as we were unprovided with snake-antidote, was imprudent. The first thing that met my eyes on opening a Cape paper was an account of how a man & [woman?] had died from the bites of cobras, & of the precarious state in which another man was lying from the same cause.

We found such magnificent flowers! the ground was carpeted with ice plants, gladiolis, lilies, exquisite orchidaceous &

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papilionaceous things, heaths of every size, form & colour, & where we were, there was nothing to be seen of that nasty ugly prickly-pear.

When we returned to Rathfelders' we found Mrs. Jamison & Mrs. Atkins there: so we had some tea with them & walked a little in the garden, where Mrs. Atkins & my companion neither of whom had previously been in hot countries, wondered greatly at the myriads of ants.

A large & pretty white arum, like what one sees in most English greenhouses, seems one of the commonest weeds here, growing in great beds at every damp place.

One hears less English spoken in Capetown than in Quebec: but instead of French we have here "double-Dutch" & every black language. I hear the Dutch in speaking one with another, say "Baas" which means

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I believe "Master". Now, in the United States hating the word master, as indeed they do all words which express authority or superiority, the people always use the word "Bos"; which word they indeed use merely as a slang term, & on which I myself formerly looked in the same light, & so carefully eschewed it. But now I begin to think the Yankee Bos is a corruption of the Dutch Baas, for New York was once full of Dutch & even now, the "best" families in it are of Dutch extraction.

Sunday 13. I breakfasted in the company of two fellows who had just arrived from Walwich Bay, & one of them – a celebrated hunter – had penetrated as far as the great lake N'gami, having had it in his mind to cross thro' to Quillimane <sup>8</sup>.

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Sunday 20. In the morning a little Hottentot Bushman was captured in the garden: he was quite a pigmy. During the night he had been stealing out of the house; amongst the things he bagged were several bottles of ale. With these retiring to the garden, he got drunk & unable to walk; so when dawn arrived, he was seen & taken.

If he had only had the sense – (but the wretched Bushmen have no sense) to go as far as the mimosas & tall heaths outside the hedge, before getting drunk, then he would have been all right. Some silly turtles that he had taken from the pantry, were lying lazily near him.

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Wednesday 23. At 4 p.m I went on board the “Waldensian”, & soon after sunset we got under way for Algoa Bay. The Waldensian which has accommodation for 25 passengers & is only about 280 tons, has now 88 passengers on board, besides luggage & freight for Natal: & being an odiously dirty boat into the bargain, our prospects of comfort are not very cheering. The crew are Lascars & coolies, & the Captn. a drunken Scotchman. At night I slept in the cabin on a sofa berth which was more disgusting & “varminty” than any sleepingplace I ever entered before except a shepherd’s bed near Peterboro’ in Upper Canada where I once spent a night, being overtaken by storm & rain.

Thursday 24. At night I took up my quarters amongst the luggage which was piled up amidships on the main deck with a tarpaulin over it. Betwixt

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towers of trunks & portmanteaux, there were many snug & sheltered nooks to be found, into one of which I got with my coat & invaluable plaid.

By ten p.m everybody had retired from the deck as ‘twas stormy, & I after gazing for half an hour or so at the brilliant firmament, & at the phosphorus of the great waves which were breaking with angry noise, & often coming over the little ship wrapped my head in my plaid, & fell asleep. Some time later, I was awoke by a man saying: “Stop the engines” – “helm a starboard – hard-a-starboard”. A momentary pause & then “Reverse the engines! turn astern. Full speed!”

Opening my eyes, I saw above me, almost overhead, masts which were not our masts: & then I immediately understood the cause of the commotion. An immense ship was meeting us at right angles. A minute,

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which was one of great danger, was soon passed. We had seen our danger just in time, & the ship – a ship that would have run us down almost without feeling the shock – ran across our bows at a distance of some say 15ft., others 20 yards.

We were glad when we heard the Captn. say “All right - go ahead!”

Passengers, who had rushed from their berths on to the deck, retired very quickly again from the wet & storm: & I, once more wrapp’d in my blanket, fell asleep on the luggage. I felt secure, because I knew that now we should have a good look-out & lights.

What a thing a collision would have been! none of our boats could have lived in such a sea as was then running, & even if they could have lived, still more than half of us must have been drowned for want of room in them.

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“ I have doubled the Cape repeatedly in winter & summer, & never got round it without a gale, “  
“ sometimes of nine days duration. During a storm of this violence, the sea, which is raised by the “  
“ meeting of two vast Oceans, aided probably by the current on the L’Agulhas bank, is truly “  
“ magnificent: the waves resemble lofty mountains with vast intervening valleys, from which it “  
“ would seem impossible for a ship to emerge when engulfed between two of the surrounding “  
“ billows.

\* \* \*

“And here I am reminded of that singular phenomenon which has been seen off the Cape & usually “  
“ termed the Flying Dutchman, which few sailors who have navigated the Cape of Storms\* “

“ disbelieve “

\* the old Dutch name for the C. of Good Hope.

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“ & respecting which other people are very sceptical. The traditional account of the origin of the “  
“ Flying Dutchman is that during the Dutch occupation of the Cape, a vessel from Batavia was on “  
“ the point of entering Table Bay in stress of weather in the winter season when no vessel was “  
“ allowed to enter the bay: the batteries fired on the distressed ship & compelled it to put to sea “  
“ where it was lost, & as the sailors say, has continued ever since beating about, & will continue to “  
“ do so till the day of judgement. The Dutchman is said to appear generally to ships in a heavy gale “  
“ with all sails set, & when the eastern navigator is in a calm, the Dutchman appears to be scudding “  
“ under bare poles. As many persons think such an apparition the creation of fancy, I give the “  
“ following statement which “

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“ was noted down in the logbook of H.M.S. Leven when employed with the Barracouta &c, in “  
“ surveying East Africa, & in the dangers & disasters of which squadron I participated. H.M.S. Leven,”  
“ Captn. W.F.W. Owen, on the 6<sup>th</sup> of April 1823, when off Point Danger on her voyage from Algoa to “  
“ Simon’s Bay saw her consort, the Barracouta, about 2 miles to leeward. This was considered “  
“ extraordinary as her sailing-orders would have placed her in a different direction, but her peculiar “  
“ rig left not a doubt as to her identity, & at last many well-known faces were distinctly visible “  
“ looking towards the Leven. Captn. Owen attempted to close with her to speak, but was surprised “  
“ that she not only made no effort to join the Leven, but on the contrary stood away: being near the “  
“ destined port, Captn. Owen did not “

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“ follow her, & continued on his course to the Cape, but at sunset she was observed to heave to & “  
“ lower a boat apparently for the purpose of picking up a man overboard: during the night, there “  
“ was no light, nor any symptoms of her locality. The next morning the Leven anchored in Simon’s “  
“ Bay where for a whole week the Barracouta was anxiously expected: on her arrival (the 14<sup>th</sup>) it “  
“ was seen by her log that she was 300 miles from the Leven when the latter thought she saw her, “  
“ & had not lowered any boat that evening: it should also be remarked that no other vessel of the “  
“ same class was ever seen about the Cape. “  
“ On another occasion a similar phenomenon was witnessed by the Leven & a boat was apparently “  
“ lowered, as is generally the case when the phantom seeks to lure his victim. The veteran

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“ sailor was not however to be caught, & the Leven after many perils, reached England in safety.  
“ Thrice, when a passenger in a merchant ship, I saw a vessel in nearly similar circumstances: on “  
“ one occasion we hoisted lights over the gangway to speak the stranger: the third was on my “  
“ recent return from India. We had been in dirty weather, as the sailors say & to beguile the “  
“ afternoon, I commenced after dinner narrating to the French officers & passengers (who were “  
“ strangers to the Eastern seas) the stories current about the Flying Dutchman. The wind which had “  
“ been freshening during the evening now blew a stiff gale, & we proceeded on deck to see the “  
“ crew make our bark all snug for the night – the clouds, dark & heavy, coursed with rapidity across “  
“ the “

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“ moon whose lustre is peculiarly bright in the Southern hemisphere, & we could see a distance of “  
“ from 8 to 10 miles on the horizon: suddenly the second officer, a fine Marseilles sailor, who had “  
“ been amongst the foremost on the cabin to ridicule the story of the Flying Dutchman, ascended “  
“ the weather-rigging, exclaiming “Voilà le volant Holandais”! The Capt: sent for his nightglass, & “  
“ soon observed “It is very strange, but there is a ship bearing down upon us with all sail set, while “  
“ we dare scarcely show a pocket handkerchief to the breeze.” In a few minutes the stranger was “  
“ visible to all on deck, her rig plainly discernible & people on the poop: she seemed to near us with “  
“ great rapidity & apparently wished to pass under our quarter as if for the purpose of speaking. “  
“ The Capt: a resolute Bordeaux mariner “

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“ said it was quite incomprehensible & sent for the trumpet to hail or answer, when in an instant, “  
“ while we were all standing on the qui vive the stranger totally disappeared & was seen no more! ”

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If my book would hold ‘em, we’d have some more of this author whose child-like simplicity & Herodotean credulity delight me.

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Friday 25. All day I sat, for shelter, in one of the steamer’s boats. Dr. Fitzgerald’s boy, who sat in the same place, & for the same reason, as myself, amused me vastly.

I spoke to him about New Zealand & different countries where he had been. Amongst others, I mentioned the Brazils, & asked him if

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Bahia wasn’t a very beautiful place. “Oh yes” he said “very”: & then added emphatically (almost greedily) “they’ve such excellent hams there!” I couldn’t but think of the “fat boy” in Pickwick.

Sunday 27. To-day I landed at Algoa Bay thro’ a tremendous surf. One of the passengers – a Col: Rose – was drowned, & several others barely escaped with their lives.

The rate of insurance on vessels going to Algoa Bay is higher than that on vessels bound to any other port (but one) in the British possessions.

Monday 28. To-day at dinner, there was a tart of bright red berries, & the discourse turning on wild fruits, I heard a man say the most delicious preserve he ever tasted was made from a fruit like a strawberry that grows luxuriantly, strange to say,

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on the inhospitable shores of Labrador. He evidently meant the *Rubus Chamaemorus*, that pretty thing which good Miss Dix was so desirous to see, when I had the happiness to meet her in Newfoundland.

The black people here are Kaffirs & Fingoes, not, as at the Cape, coolies & Malays. The Kaffirs are tall athletic well-built savages, rather ferocious-looking, with fine open countenances that denote anything but cunning.

I believe we bring the Kaffir wars on ourselves.

The Dutch boers & English settlers on the frontier look upon the Kaffirs as wild beasts & treat them accordingly. The English are like the Chinese in this respect that they consider all other nations & people as of a grade inferior to themselves.

I never do this: I look upon all the

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nations of the earth (Yankees excepted) as forming one great family, whereof (it is true) some members are, in many respects, inferior to others, yet not on that account to be treated as beasts. \*

\*(Mind: the above was written, as it stands, at the time, & not since my arrival in New Zealand where I have become avowedly the champion of all aborigines in every country of the earth!)

About sunset I went to the jetty & watched the surf break on the shore. It was very grand & beautiful, but remembering yesterday, I found it also terrible. I saw two boats come ashore, & one of them was within an ace of being swamped.

Tuesday 29. I packed up my things, meaning to go to Uitenhage, but finding they charged exorbitantly for luggage, I relinquished my intention. I however left the hotel where I found neither the charges

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good for my purse, nor the company for my temper (my temper & my purse can, neither of 'em, stand much [riot?]) & removed to another place of entertainment.

Saturday. Decr. 3. My room, tho' on the 3<sup>rd</sup> story (sic) from the ground, was full of red dust – very small & like the dust of cheese. It came drifting thro' the walls, & was in one place so thickly strewn that it could be swept away in a shovel.

At 2 a.m, as I lay awake in my bed there was a chorus of cocks – of miserable cocks who crowed so ill & so dolefully that I quite wished their throats were cut. That chanticleer who was the leader of the gang made a noise like the sawing of a bone, & the screaming of a very croupy infant. After this bird & his brethren had "sung most loud & clear", for the space of ten

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minutes, it seemed, of a sudden to strike them that they had entirely mistaken the hour of cock-crow, & so to my great satisfaction, they became silent. Indeed, why they crowed at all at such an unreasonable hour I can't imagine, except by supposing that they had seen some meteor or flash of lightening (sic) which they mistook for the rising sun.

After my late breakfast I set off for the cricket ground which is two miles from Port Elizabeth.

On my way I saw a creature 7 or 8 inches long & proportionably thick which looked more like a bronze-coloured bracelet than anything else. I saw, moreover, two strange beetles rolling a great ball (which they had made) of dung: the way of their co-operation was very wonderful: the one pulling & the other pushing the ball: which, tho' round as a marble

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& on an uneven path, they never let go from betwixt their legs. I came to a tortoise that had been crushed by the wheel of a wagon. A most unamiable – a most atrocious monster, with a claw like that of a lobster, was feasting on him. In the air I saw two vultures. \*

(\* I think they were vultures, but they may possibly have been secretary birds.)

During the walk, I was regarded by a creature whose steadfast gaze occasioned me no little disquietude. He was, in stature about four times the height (& size) of a wasp. Altogether: legs – wings - & body – he was of an indigo colour. He was vivacious, restless & defiant; & his movements were a source of no small terror to me.

Sunday 4. Everything in my bedroom is coated daily with dust, in places a quarter of an inch thick.

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If I do not drink my early cup of coffee the moment it is brought to the bedside, I find a skim of dust on the surface. When I awake in the morning, my bed is covered with red dust: & so is the water of the bath in which I wash. Notwithstanding the heat, I must keep my window closed, lest the dust should quite suffocate me.

In England they know nothing of cold & heat; nothing of hurricanes, earthquakes or venomous reptiles: nothing, in short, of those miseries which climate & the circumstances of nature engender. It is a miserable thing to be kept awake all night by the myriads of buzzing flies that, every instant, light on one's face & hands. If you cover yourself (for protection) with the bed clothes, then the heat is so great that sleep is still out of the question.

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Thursday 8. This morning early there was a wrangling of Kaffir women outside my bedroom door. To be awoken by hearing the most jarring of languages spoken by the most hideous of women - & those women in a rage – is good neither for the nerves nor temper.

At first, on my arrival, I was sorry to be ignorant of Dutch, but now I am heartily glad of my ignorance. The town Kaffirs all speak Dutch, except a very few who know English: & the talk of these few is not edifying. The language of an ordinary Kaffir woman is, at the best, not less obscene than that of a drunken sailor in a brothel.

And, being heathens, to their obscenity they add, also, profanity.

The more I see how little good the missionaries do, the more do I admire the missionaries themselves.

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Faith is a rare & great virtue; & some day, without doubt, their faith will have its reward; in the conversion of the Heathen.

To-day there was an intolerable din in the street made by a man beating a brass tom-tom. How dreadful the tom-toms must be on the West Coast! where they are common. The Authores (sic) of "Letters from Sierra Leone" \* feelingly describes the misery of perpetually hearing these horrid instruments.

Journals of travels & voyages always seem to me pleasanter when written by men: but women are greatly superior to men in journals of Residence abroad.

For this reason, I think; that they are more observant of little things.

\* a delightful book! <sup>9</sup>

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Sunday 11. Last night, shortly before 12, a deluded cock, mistaking the brilliance of the full moon for daylight, began to crow: he was joined in his song by many other cocks who crowed all night long: so that, here at least, to talk of the "hour of cock-crow", is to talk vaguely & of no particular time.

There was music (of a sort) in the street till after daylight, when there came a noise & roaring from within the precincts of the hotel. Indeed so unquiet & so hot was the night that I did not sleep soundly till after my early coffee.

When I came down to breakfast, I was told the cause of the noise & music. Some of the waiters (all heathens) had gone to a heathen festival last night. On their return they were reprov'd for staying out so late: then they, & a Kaffir of their

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company made a furious onslaught on the man who reprov'd them, - were, with difficulty beaten back, - & are now in jail. Of which I am glad, as it will make the house quieter.

Monday 12. There was a shower early: after which I went a few yards into the country.

The mimosa bushes were spangled with the stars of the large white jasmine, (sweeter & more beautiful than our garden plant) which climbs luxuriantly over them. The scent of the ivy-geranium & other sweet creepers filled the air with a delicious perfume. Round about me grew monstrous aloes & cactuses\*, most curious of which is the melon-cactus: there were great lilies & bulbous plants; & flowers the brilliancy of whose hues & the strangeness of whose forms excited my admiration.

\* properly, Euphorbias: there are no true cactuses in the Old World.

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In the air were splendid butterflies & dragon-flies: on the ground, green beetles; while in the bushes, hidden by foliage, birds sang plaintively. In the sky were clouds – delightful clouds, so that I could walk without my monstrous hat, & without dread of ophthalmia. There was vapour & moisture, & my walk was, as thro' a steaming hot-house.

The placidity of my temper was somewhat perturbed by the importunity of two young persons – the one masculine, the other feminine – who, without a vestige of raiment, followed me, asking an alms. I gave them never a penny.

\* \* \* \*

As I returned, I witnessed what seemed to me a very sad spectacle – a pagan funeral. At the grave, the bearers lifted up the pall & whispered into the ear of the dead man.

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Tuesday 27. The steamer for Natal arrived, & I, tho' unwell, went on in her.

Wednesday 28. We got to a fort called East London - in British Kaffraria - early. The only passenger for the place, we landed (!) in a brig which was at anchor in the offing, there being too heavy a surf on to hold communication by boat with the shore. So, after having left the passenger to roll to his heart's content – for days perhaps - & not 200 yards from his destination, & after having made many private signals, we went on our way rejoicing. When I say rejoicing: I mean, cross – angry with myself & everybody else – with a fearful toothache, & without any accommodation.

Thursday 29. Sailed within sight of a very beautiful park-like country.

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Natal

Friday 30. At 3 p.m dropped anchor off Natal. The far-famed bar was in an angry mood, so we kicked our legs about & sat on deck.

Towards evening it came on a tropical thunderstorm: the lightening (sic) magnificent! We rolled so tremendously at anchor that to maintain any one posture for a minute together was impossible, almost.

We made private signals to the shore, enquiring the depth of water on the bar, &c – to which interrogations the satisfactory answer was;

“Impossible to land”!

Saturday 31. Early in the morning – the swell having gone down – we crossed the bar in large cargo-boats, & getting our luggage landed by the naked Zulus, proceeded, thro a grove

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of tropical trees, parasites, & scandent plants with brilliant flowers to D’Urban (sic). D’Urban, situated on the edge of a lovely lagoon, whose sides are fringed by matted mangroves, & backed by the wooded heights of the Berea, is quite as much like a straggling Kaffir kraal as a decent English town. At this, the hot & rainy season of the year, it is considered an unhealthy place, as indeed is all the sea coast of Natal, where tho’ sugar cane, coffee & pine apples flourish, cereals cannot be got to grow.

The low country about D’Urban is the stronghold of many insects, &, especially, of those “ticks” against which all writers on Natal bring such grave accusations.

Sunday. Janry. 1. 1860. Indigo, whose flower, in bunches, resembles a lilac phrox<sup>10</sup> & the castor oil plant, are indigenous here.

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There are hippopotamuses only a few miles from here, & all manner of odd birds. I saw a bird as large as a raven sitting on the back of one of the “trek” oxen – picking, I suppose, the ticks off him.

Wednesday 4. The rats here are horrid: they run all over my bed. During last night they ate two fellows braces – the braces being made of leather. It is dangerous to leave matches in your candle stick at night, because the rats (for the sake of the wax) run off with them to their hiding places & there the matches sometimes ignite.

To-day, on turning a corner, I beheld a monstrous lion in a cage. He had just come down the country, & looked so much finer & more lively than those poor things in the zoological gardens.

Thursday 5. In a book, called “Six Months in Natal”<sup>11</sup>, by an Oxford man,

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speaking of the two Inns at D'Urban, the author says. "Woe to the unlucky emigrant who, on his first arrival, with money in his pocket, & little power of self-control, falls among the set that congregate there! His career will be short, & its end may be easily foretold"!

Because people get fever & dysentery here, the climate is anathematized: but 'tis drink, & not the mangroves, that causes much sickness.

If this had not been the hurricane month in the Indian Ocean, & if I were not anxious to get my letters – during the last 7 months I have heard from home but on three occasions, once in Halifax, again in Newfoundland & lastly in Capetown – I should certainly, instead of returning to the Cape, have gone on next week in the "Good Hope", to the Mauritius, & there taken my

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passage in the steamer to Melbourne, for to Australia I go.

But the Captn. of the "Good Hope" is so incompetent thro' drink, that I really daren't go with him, at this season of the year, & to the very centre of the cyclone region.

Friday 6. Poor A-, who went down to Natal in the same steamer as myself, was a good sort of fellow, but rather squeamish. He was greatly scandalized at having the Zulus wait at table in a state of primaval (sic) nudity. For one fellow, to whom he took a liking, he bought a bright-coloured shirt & explained to him (as best he could) that he should wear it when he came to table. The fellow, charmed with his gay shirt, readily promised all A- required; but finding his limbs unnaturally & unpleasantly confined by so much clothing, he made his appearance

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the next evening, to A-'s rage & my excessive amusement, with the shirt indeed – but rolled up into a neat little bundle & tucked under his arm!

The Zulus & Kaffirs bore immense holes in their ears: in one ear they invariably stick their snufbox (sic) which is shaped like a "vestal" matchbox: in the other they often have a bird's egg or a piece of ivory.

A small catskin round the waist a few feathers in the hair, & sometimes an amulet or a chain of beads completes their full costume. But often, they dress in the garb of Nature alone.

Monday 9. We have pine-apples (as many as we can eat) for breakfast, "tiffin", & dinner. The only other fruits we get are bananas & granadillas; but "up-country", where it is cooler, peaches, grapes,

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apricots, &c. &c. abound.

There is a beautiful native fruit here called [martingoula?] (I'll not be certain of the orthography!) It grows on an evergreen bush with leaves rather like a laurel, & with deliciously sweet flowers in form & colour like a white jasmine, but larger.

One passes gardens of pineapples, which look about as interesting as turnip fields in England, & are without the redeeming quality of being a refuge for partridges.

The ticks here are really unpleasant: if not properly & quickly removed, they breed in the flesh, & then the place festers. Many oxen die of ticks.



The bar here is dreadful. It has been passable only once or twice since our arrival. Those passengers who did not land in the same boats as ourselves, were detained on board

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the Waldensian till last Wednesday: & some officers of H.M.S Persian, who had come ashore, could not return to their vessel for many days.

Two poor men were drowned outside the bar on Saturday.

Tuesday 10. No sailing to-day on account of the bar. All my things (save a toothbrush) being packed up, my queer bedroom presented rather a desolate appearance. The door of my bedroom is the door of the house: or rather, my bedroom, like all the rest, is a little house of itself: between which & the open country there is no passage – only a door.

The room is about 8 feet square with a floor of mud, & a ceiling of canvass (sic) which ceiling, in windy weather, flaps about horribly, showering down spectre-looking spiders.

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Wednesday 11. Last night there was a tornado. I expected, every minute, to have to rush into the open air, but luckily, the house being of one storey, & having no chimnies (sic), nothing untoward occurred. The noise of the rain falling, not in drops but streams, was grand. I heard it coming long before it arrived.

The roar, in the stillness of the night, was awful (sic), beating against the vast banana leaves.

The steamer could not leave to-day again, on account of that detestable bar: & I dursten't go & live on board, because there are in her twenty seven fever & dysentery invalids of the 85<sup>th</sup> Regt..

Thursday 12. At 3 p.m I went on board the steamer, determined not to come ashore again.

We are going to make every en-

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-deavour to cross the bar at high water tonight. If we fail, we shall miss the English mail which leaves Table Bay on the 20<sup>th</sup> inst: But there will (so says the Capt:) be a risk in attempting to cross, as a heavy sea is running, & the water on the bar is very shallow. The steamer has taken on board only just enough cargo to keep her on even keel, having refused to ship any heavy goods. If we succeed in crossing, it will be a touch-&-go affair.

Thursday Night. At 8 p.m we got underway, & half an hour later crossed the bar.

The spit of land which runs out nearly to the bar, was covered with ladies & gentlemen on horseback. They cheered us, waving caps & handkerchiefs.

The channel which has shifted

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lately, is intricate, & once, as we fell into the trough of the sea, we struck very heavily. It was a critical moment! Happily we struck forward & not aft, so that the screw escaped injury.

In five minutes more we were outside the bar, & all danger was past. We then blew off steam, & signalled to the ships which were riding at anchor, that we had provisions for them. They sent boats

alongside which we filled with fresh beef – a great boon, doubtless; all communication between the shore & the shipping (except by signals) having been cut off for many days past.

Next, we sent on board one of the ships seven silly persons who had been so busy with champagne in the cabin that they missed the last boat which left us before we got

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under way. They will now ride at anchor, looking at their homes, cursing their folly & probably seasick, till a land-wind sets in, & the bar becomes smooth.

The pilot, a prudent man, had his trunk with him in case of such an emergency as I have mentioned: - in case, I mean, of the bar being too rough for him to re-cross in an open boat. The other persons had no luggage whatever.

These things being done & it being now nearly dark, we went to the assistance of the ship “Evangeline” which had a few hours previously weighed anchor for England, but having been unable to weather the Bluff, found herself drifting on the bar, & so had let go her anchors in a bad place, & shewed signals of distress. At half-speed, & carefully sounding, we went astern of her within hail:

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But as her Capt: refused to give the moderate sum which the Captn. of the Waldensian demanded, to tow her out, we left her to her fate. She was not, I believe, in much danger unless it should come on to blow. So we, at full speed, & in the hot sultry darkness of night, went our way on the great Indian Ocean.

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\* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \*

“The broadening flood swells slowly out  
o’er cattle-dotted plains  
The stream is strong & turbulent, &  
dark with heavy rains  
The labourer looks up to see our  
shallop speed away.  
When shall the sandy bar be cross’d?  
When shall we find the bay?”

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“Now are the clouds like fiery shrouds;  
the sun superbly large  
Slow as an oak, to woodmans stroke,  
sinks flaming at their marge –  
The waves are bright with mirror’d light,  
as jacinths on our way.  
When shall the sandy bar be cross’d?  
When shall we find the bay?”

“The moon is high up in the sky, & now

no more we see  
The spreading river's either bank, &  
surging distantly  
There booms a sullen thunder as of  
breakers far away  
Now shall the sandy bar be cross'd,  
now shall we reach the bay."

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"The sea-gull shrieks high overhead,  
& dimly to our sight  
The moonlit crests of foaming waves  
gleam towering thro' the night  
We steal upon the Mermaid soon, &  
start her from her lay,  
When once the sandy bar is cross'd  
& we are in the bay."

"What rises white & awful as a  
shroud-enfolded ghost?  
What roar of rampant tumult bursts  
in clangour on the coast?  
Pull back! pull back! The raging flood  
sweeps every oar away.  
O stream! is this thy bar of sand?  
O boat, is this the bay? <sup>12</sup>

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Wednesday 18. At sunset to-day we were off the Cape of Good Hope, & close to it; with a heavy sea running, & fair wind aft.

At 2 o'clock in the night we threaded our way slowly thro' the shipping & came to anchor in Table Bay.

Never shall I forget the beauty of the scene when we got into calm water under shelter of Table Mt.

The starry firmament, the Magellanic clouds, the splendid Southern constellations, & a rising moon!

A hot air, laden with the scent of flowers, blowing from the land.

Tuesday 24. To-day I went into the country.

I embarked in a conveyance drawn by eight horses (in hand) for the Paarl which is forty miles from Capetown.

After passing thro' scenery which resembles, I'm told, that of the Alps,

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we arrived at the village of the Paarl about dusk. The village lies in a valley of vineyards, with stupendous & in many cases, inaccessible peaks on either hand.

The architecture of this village is Dutch, & Dutch architecture (at the Cape) is curious.

This village of the Paarl is one long street, extending for many miles – 5 I'm told.

The houses are all detached, & so hidden by vineyards & luxuriant foliage that they can scarcely be seen. Down each side of the street is a row of fine African oaks, & the ride thro' the Paarl is more like the ride thro' a noble avenue than thro' a country village.

The houses are, chiefly, one storey high, thatched, painted white, & with ornamented gables such as one sees in English houses of the

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beginning of the last century.

They have immense windows: I observe that in each of the chief windows of the cottage where I am staying, there are 48 panes.

The cottages stand far back from the road, & have before them a high raised walk of brick with seats of stone: this is the "stoop"; where the people sit or walk about in the cool of the evening.

Indeed, the cottages being surrounded by many terraces & flights of steps, with colonades (sic), trellices (sic), courts, columns for vines, stables &c, &c, look much more like appendages to their offices, than their offices do like appendages to them.

When I look from the window of my room, I look up into a sea of grapes: & beyond are figs, loquats & oranges.

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Monday 30. There are no ants in my bedroom here, whereas in Capetown, I used frequently to see tens – yes hundreds – at a time on my dressing-table. There, when I began to brush my hair, the ants used to fall out of the brushes in showers, & on pouring out water, I had to take off the skim of ants which had fallen into the ewer during the night. These Cape ants are not the same as the Natal ants, for they are exceedingly small, & would weigh less than fleas: but still they are quite ants in their ways & dispositions – always busy, & always ill-tempered. On the white cover of my dressing-table I have often watched them running about in detachments or in single file, exchanging (as it seemed) news with those that met them, & ready to fight on the merest pretext.

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In the evening, when it was cool enough to go out; I went out.

The great mountains looked glorious in the setting sun.

I myself was in grateful shade, going under oaks & between vineyards, past orange & mandarin-orange trees, & near rustling bamboos & canes.

I have walked in lanes made shady by peach & medlar trees.

The way in which one's clothes are washed here, is not nice.

They are taken by the blacks to a river, & there pounded on stones till the buttons come off: then they are ironed.

There is not one mangle in Paarl.

Monday Feby. 6. Left the Paarl & returned to Capetown.

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Friday 10. To-day I went to Rathfelders' where I mean to reside.

Saturday 11. One of the chief discomforts of an African life is the multitude of venomous reptiles, & of stinging or biting insects.

The ground swarms with ants: there are white ants, red ants, winged ants, ants as little as fleas, & others bigger than wasps.

The most horrid insects are tarantulas: they are of hideous aspect & dangerous ways; for they are fierce & fast, & the bite of one will lay a man up for some weeks. Such was the case with Mr. Bennett who indeed shewed me a live tarantula.

The scorpions are bad & not uncommon: Rathfelder was stung by one in bed: they get amongst the clothes, I suppose, when put out to dry.

Whilst I was at the Paarl, I drove one day with Mr. Surrey of Constantia

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to a village called Stellenbosh (sic). As I was returning, alone, thro' a magnificent pass called the Drachenstein (sic), we came to a place where the mountain-side was blazing.

I got out of the conveyance for a few minutes at that part of the road which was nearest the fire.

The army of migrating creatures fearfully driven from their fastnesses by the fire above, & now crossing the road, in haste, to the valley below, actually appalled me.

So great a multitude was there of divers sorts of hideous beasts! One was like a lead pencil, only thinner: without any visible head or tail, & walking on long attenuated legs, like a spider.

Then there were corpulent wingless locusts with vast prickly horns & ghastly mouths. From heat & over-exertion they gasped for breath in a

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manner affecting to behold.

There were others (with these I sympathized) who plodded along carelessly & down-heartedly, as if now that they had left their homes, it did not much matter what became of them; toiling on because the rest did, but not much caring I think, if the fire should overtake & consume them.

Besides all these, there were many other creatures whose forms I had never imagined or seen pictured before.

To-night I saw one of those extraordinary sheep which are peculiar to the Cape, & whose tails, wholly of fat, weigh some pounds.

Friday 17. Went into Capetown. To-day the monsoon blew with great violence, & the phenomenon of the table cloth was very grand & striking. After Tiffin, Capt: Jamison

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was good enough to take me on board a Hamburg emigrant barque at anchor in Table Bay & bound for Adelaide & Sydney. She sails next week, & I shall probably take my passage in her, especially as L<sup>13</sup> - is going by her as far as Adelaide.

Saturday 18. Having taken the night to think about it, I, this morning secured myself a berth in the barque "Peter Godeffroy" to Sydney. So now I am off to New Zealand!

"..... arva, beata

Petamus arva, divites et insulas

Reddit ubi Cererem tellus inarata quotannis

Et inputata floret usque vinea,

\* \* \*

\* \*

Mella cava manant ex ilice, montibus altis

Levis crepante lymphæ desilit pede.

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Illic injussæ veniunt ad mulctra capellæ,

Refertque tenta grex amicus ubera;

Nec vespertinus circumgemit ursus ovile

Neque intumescit alta viperis humus.

Pluraque felices mirabimur: ut neque largis

Aquosus Eurus arva radat imbribus,

Pinguia nec siccis urantur semina glebis,

\* \* \*

Nulla nocent pecori contagia, nullius astri

Gregem aestuosa torret impotentia." <sup>14</sup>

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Sunday 19. Everybody gets up early here to take exercise before the heat of the day begins, & after tiffin, those whose business is not very urgent, take a siesta.

At 6 a.m, my coffee is brought to the bedside. Soon afterwards I rise, & take my bath; then, putting on a dressing-gown stroll in the garden & eat figs – which are always best when the dew is on them.

I walk between high hedges of quinces & myrtle, the latter in full flower, the former loaded with fruit. Sometimes I walk thro' plantations of maize, or in the melon-garden: at other times I shake mulberries from the trees, pick grapes in the vineyard – or admire that most beautiful of flowers & fruits – the pomegranate.

Shy birds, of all colours of the rainbow, flit past me. There is one sort which

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I do not often see, having a body about as big as a robin, & a thin tail at least six times his own length. The other day I saw a flock of those beautiful birds - Napoleon's sparrows. They are very little, brown & beautifully mottled, with bills & part of their heads the colour of red sealing-wax. The climate of this neighbourhood is splendid: every day like the preceding - the thermometer standing early at 80 Fahr: - a brilliant sky, a fierce sun, & the refreshing "South-Easter": the evenings calm & lovely beyond description.

I do not think the Southern constellations are superior in splendour to the Northern ones; but it is the brilliant atmosphere thro' which stars are seen here, that makes them to be so celebrated.

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Friday 24. A hot steamy rain: the atmosphere was like that of a hothouse. The birds sang. American birds are dumb: African birds are not, & yet they can scarcely be said to sing. They seem rather to carry on quick & animated dialogues amongst themselves.

The nests that many sorts build are extremely curious, & of strange fantastic forms. Some are like inverted umbrellas; others have long passages or chimnies (sic) leading to the interior. The birds themselves are gay & cheerful & without exception of pretty plumage. The most blessed is the Secretary-bird: his arrival on a farm is hailed with joy. He is of the family of hawks, & preys on the dreaded cobras & puff-adders.

After tiffin, I walked to the beautiful village of Wynberg which lies close under Table Mt., & near the cele-

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-brated wine-farms of Constantia.

Saturday 25. In the afternoon I drove with a fellow round the Kloof, where the scenery is very grand & majestic indeed. Where the mountain was not quite perpendicular, there grew the silver-leafed Protea, a shrub not to be found in the world elsewhere than in this locality.

So fond (oddly enough) are dogs of grapes, that in the Cape Colony it is lawful, during the months of Jan'y: Feby: & March, for a man to shoot all dogs that he may find in his vineyard.

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Tuesday Feby: 28. 1860. After drinking a "stirrup-cup" with old Col: Sewell, I finally left the South African shore at 10 a.m. I went on board with L - , & Hawes (a brother of the under-secretary of war) came to see us off. On board the barque I bade Capt: Jamison adieu.

We did not get under way till noon, as a boy, having crushed his finger, had to be sent ashore to get it amputated.

Towards evening the Cape of Good Hope looked very grand in the distance.

In the evening we ate an ostrich egg. It was very good.

When chopped up, it filled a great pudding-dish, & served very many people for supper. It weighed 2½ lbs.

Thursday. March 1. To-day we observed with pleasure the exceedingly great & numerous alba-

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-trosses which followed in the wake of the ship. They would oftentimes come within a few yards of us, looking earnestly into our faces. Albatrosses have one more joint in their wings than any other bird; nor have they, like other creatures, marrow in their bones.

Friday 2. To-day we saw a monstrous & curious whale, quite unlike the whales that I have seen before. He had an ugly square head. The sea was full of blubber fishes which are said to be the food of the whale.

I have to sleep in my clothes, having not brought a bed on board with me.

Monday 5. An unfavourable wind. How can people who suffer from sea-sickness ever go to sea! Both Mr. & unwieldy Mrs. Wylde

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have been sick, more or less, ever since we came on board.

I have quite escaped, as indeed generally happens when we stand straight out to sea. Firths, channels, & gulfs are what knock me on the head.

During the last few days, I have seen two sorts of birds that are new to me – the *Diomedea fuliginosa*, & the *Procellaria glacialoides*; the latter – the *Procellaria* – is a beautiful silver-gray petrel, known commonly by the name of whale-bird.

We have seen also the Portuguese man-of-war; a curious sort of – I don't very well know what.

It hoists a little sail, & skims the surface of the Ocean.

We sat late on deck, & well protected from the severe cold, admired the grandeur of the full moon shining on the waves. A ship, under a

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press of canvass (sic), by moonlight, is always a fine sight.

Now that we are in high latitudes many people are laid up with bad colds. Others, again, are suffering from the queer German diet that we are required to digest. But neither high latitudes, bad diet, nor want of bed, have hitherto affected me: With foresight, I laid in a stock of lime juice. In a small sailing ship, there is not so liberal a provision as in a mail-steamer.

Friday 9. The thermometer fell to 49 Fahr: -a degree of cold which to us fresh from the daily 90 & 95 of Cape-town seemed very bitter & difficult to be borne. We wore greatcoats & the Finns\* wore furs.



\* The emigrants on board, most decent persons, were chiefly Finns.

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Friday 16. To-day, at noon, we were 640 miles from St. Paul – which little island will be a sort of “half-way house” in our voyage. The passage from the Cape to Australia is tiresome & uninteresting, for except this island of St. Paul, there is no land to be seen between the Cape of Good Hope & Kangaroo island (off Adelaide.)

Saturday 17. I have lost the little turtle of which I had got so fond. I had had him about a month, & used to keep him in a tumbler or finger-glass of water, for his shell was scarcely larger than a 5-shilling piece. The other night, because ‘twas very cold, I took him out of the glass & put him in a little box. (Land agreed with his constitution as well as water: his food was flies.)

In the morning the lid of the box was off & the turtle gone, nor have any

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traces of him been discovered since. Those confounded rats have doubtless seized him, carried him off & devoured him at leisure in their hiding places.

This ship swarms so with rats that they not only run in our berths at night, but likewise eat most unedible things which we too confidently may have left about.

Last night they devoured part of a leathern smelling-case, & also a melon-cactus.

I wish now that I had kept to my original intention, & killed the turtle before I came on board. Then his shell, at all events, would have been left me; as a remembrance of South Africa, & an addition to my cabinet.

Sunday 18. L- & I smoked on deck till late at night. L-, during the few months he was at the

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Cape, actually penetrated to Bloemfontein. He knows every part of Skye (hence my liking for him) the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, Aycliffe, Redworth, Heighington &c: York, Kenilworth, Carisbrooke &c. He is going now to Australia & New Zealand for a few months, & then back to the Cape, & so, by the Northern states & Canada, to England.

Tuesday 20. Close-hauled to the wind which was adverse.

At noon we were, by observation, very near the island of St. Paul. During the afternoon a look-out was stationed in the rigging. As at sunset, no land had been seen, & the night was setting in dark & cloudy, the order “ ‘bout, ship”! was given, & we stood away to Southward. The Captn. was not particularly anxious to sight St. Paul, having corrected his longitude at the Cape.

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Unwieldy Mrs. Wylde was tearfully anxious not to sight St. Paul, feeling sure in her own wise mind that whatever land we saw, we should be wrecked upon.

To be sure she had some excuse for her fears, having been wrecked the other day off the Brazilian coast, & detained in consequence, many weeks at Pernambuco, from which place she & her husband got a passage to the Cape, & there trans-shipped themselves into this barque which, if nothing unlucky happens, will convey them to the place of their destination – Adelaide.

But still the unwieldy lady often cries out very unnecessarily & without any excuse or pretext for doing so. She quite agrees with Ovid (at least, if she doesn't, she ought) in saying: "Aequora me terrent et ponti tristis imago." <sup>15</sup>

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Tuesday 26. Four weeks out to-day. The Ocean, on which we have sailed, has been almost tiresomely Pacific. Our passage has been, as regards time, a good one, & we hope to be in the longitude of Cape Leeuwin next Sunday. We fear the departure of the homeward bound mail from Melbourne will be synchronous with our arrival at Adelaide.

At night I saw the unwieldy lady (whom Capt: Wynyard & I always now call "Schiedam") drink three tumblers of very strong gin punch. Capt: Wynyard & I eked out our own moderate allowance of grog & played some extra games of backgammon, that we might see how the unwieldy lady when she should rise from the sofa, would stumble to her stateroom. But to our surprise & slight confusion, she rose about 11 p.m, & saying Good night, gentlemen! marched off

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in a steady stately manner.

After that, we went to bed.

Thursday 29. Capt: Wynyard & I took advantage of a calm to fish for birds, & after no little trouble succeeded in capturing two beautiful creatures: one a Diomedea fuliginosa; the other a Diomedea melanophrys. Each of them was about the size of a common goose, & their eyes were more bright & sparkling than the eyes of any bird that I had seen before. When placed on their feet on the deck, they were sufficiently secured, because from the length of their wings, & the shortness of their legs, they were unable to rise.

Good Friday. April 5. Being now very near land, we considered ourselves most unfortunate in that we were unable to "get the sun" at noon; but we had good morning & evening observations.

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Saturday 7. At 11 a.m Kangaroo island was visible from the deck, & a couple of hours later we were in soundings.

Easter Sunday 8. During the day we sailed in calm water up the gulf of St. Vincent, & diverted ourselves by copying the log, & by gazing (thro' glasses) at the farms & villages on shore. As we went on, we fired the ship's guns. At 5 p.m we lay-to whilst the pilot came on board, & shortly before 7 p.m we dropped anchor off the light-ship which is (by water) 23 miles from Port Adelaide.

At night we drank champagne out of tumblers, & read the newspapers which the pilot had brought on board.

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#### South Australia

Monday 9. After breakfast L- & I went ashore in one of the ships boats. From where we lay at anchor to the landing jetty at the semaphore was three miles.

Then we walked across a low flat peninsula to Port Adelaide, & presently set off in the train for Adelaide itself. It seemed so curiously unexpected to go in English carriages! The landscape too was thoroughly English; & what struck me more perhaps than anything else was to hear the little children talking English. At the Cape they always talked either Dutch or Malay, & in most of the British-American colonies French was what one heard them speak.

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L- & I enjoyed ourselves famously ashore, after forty days of salt pork, & forty bedless nights!

The amount of bathing, beer, 'baccy & billiards we got thro' was quite astounding. We behaved more like schoolboys out for a holiday than reasonable beings.

There is a beautiful park in Adelaide – the most beautiful one indeed I ever saw, except the Phoenix park in Dublin.

A war has broken out at Taranaki in New Zealand, & reinforcements have been sent both from Hobart-town, & Sydney.

Tuesday 10. After luncheon L- & I went down to the port, & at 4 p.m I bade him adieu on board the steamer "Omeo" in which he embarked for Melbourne. I was sorry to wish him good-bye.

The Omeo, a vast steamer, was full of

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diggers for Twofold Bay, near which on the Snowy river, a rich gold-field has lately been discovered.

Thursday 12. I found it so insupportably dull on board now that L- is gone; & moreover so much disliked the place where we are moored, with a mangrove swamp close alongside, that I packed a portmanteau & went up to Adelaide; there to remain for a few days.

In the afternoon Capt: Wynyard & I went to the Botanical gardens which are in the Park. I saw live emeus (sic) & kangaroos, & the strangest beast in the world – called woombat (sic) (or some such outlandish name). He looked like a cross between a pig & a bear. His legs were excessively short, & his head was exceedingly big.

Of the birds I saw, I liked best

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the "laughing jackass", a creature about as large as a jackdaw, - of the kingfisher family – of a dirt colour - & with a head nearly as big as his body. On the artificial water were a great many black Australian swans. They have bright red bills & black legs.

\* \* \*

Friday 13. This is the Rainy Season here, - & well is it called so: it has rained, more or less, every day since our arrival, nor do the clouds seem yet at all exhausted. The rain, too, is no drizzle: it comes down furiously.

At the port, all the common houses are built on wooden piles, & I have seen flocks of ducks sailing under houses in the which people were then living.

\* \* \*

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Sunday 15. In the morning I went to church, which I thought was only the right & proper thing to do. The service was tediously long, & the flies intollerable (sic).

After dinner I packed up my portmanteau, & drove to the station in time to catch the last train to the port. In the evening I was busy with my chart.

Monday 16. Krefft – one of the passengers from Capetown to Sydney – came down by the early train, & he & I crossed the peninsula & took a very long walk on the beach in search of shells. We were by no means unsuccessful, & returned late with some exquisite specimens.

Tuesday 17. I will never again sail under a foreign flag. It had not been that L- was with me, I should not have had a pleasant voyage in this ship. I always keep on

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good terms with the Captain of the vessel in which I sail, because it is essential to one's own comfort to do so, but it has cost me more trouble than I would willingly undertake again to keep in the good graces of Captn. Johansen.

I went up to Adelaide by the evening train.

Thursday 19. After breakfast Capt: Wynyard called on me. At 11 a.m, he Krefft & I went on the top of an omnibus to a little village called Glen Osmond, prettily situated at the foot of the Mt. Barker range of hills. We passed by extensive plantations of olive & almond trees; the former of which, with their dark leaves, & having their branches weighed down by masses of light green or purple fruit, looked pretty: the latter, with their ungraceful nearly leafless branches, & having only here or there, a few

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shrivelled old almonds, looked ugly.

We took a long walk amongst the hills. The day was very hot, & tho' on all sides there were many large gum-trees, yet we looked in vain for any sufficient shade. It is observable that Australian trees have the broad part of their leaves perpendicular to, & not horizontal with, the earth\*

Thus, except where the tree is huge, & the foliage dense, they do not afford much shelter from the sun's rays.

\* (Persistent-leaved trees with hard narrow leaves of a sombre melancholy hue, are prevalent, & there are whole shadowless forests of leafless trees: the footstalks of the leaves, dilated, & set edgewise on the stem supply their place, & perform the functions of nutrition".)

We watched little parrots of an exquisite green, dart about amongst

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the Bushes, & we heard the wild & plaintive cry of the native magpie. We caught a lizard, & killed a centipede. We went to the house of a gardener called Wiedenbach. He shewed us some beautiful paintings which he had made, when he was sent for scientific purposes to Egypt & the Holy Land.

Saturday 21. Heard from L-. The Omeo, on her voyage to Melbourne was struck by lightening (sic), & carried away all her topmasts, having encountered a terrific sea.

We sail on Monday or Tuesday. Going thro' the Bass strait, every shore is a lee shore: there is no sea-room, & if it comes on a gale we must of necessity, be hove to.

\* \* \*

Towards evening, the weather being finer, I took a stroll in the park-lands, & saw where the opossums

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had been running up the trunks of the gum-trees. Opossums are beautiful chinchilla-like creatures, with bright intelligent eyes.

Sunday 22. In the morning went to church, & after that to the Mounted Police barracks to see the horses, with which on the whole I was disappointed.

Monday 23. After breakfast – after the breakfast hour, that is; for I was unable to eat on account of my odious wisdom tooth – Capt: Wynyard called, & he & I finally left Adelaide by the 11 a.m train. The mail-boxes for England went down to the port in the same train as ourselves.

We went on board our ship, where all was bustle & confusion.

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Tuesday 24. At a quarter to two in the afternoon, we left our moorings & were taken in tow by the tug-steamer.

I saw very little of interest on our voyage down the river. Low swampy banks, & unwholesome-looking mangroves do not make a pleasant landscape.

I saw three noble pelicans sailing in the water. They looked very beautiful, rather larger than swans, with jet black wings, & such vast & marvellous bills or pouches.

We came to our old anchorage off the Semaphore, about dark, I believe; but I had retired before that time, being half mad from the pain of my atrocious wisdom tooth: & half-starved from inability to eat.

Wednesday 25. About dark, the last boat from the shore came alongside.

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Thursday 26. This morning before daylight, we got under way. There was no wind all day, so we made little progress, drifting about with the current.

Friday 27. All day we were sailing slowly down the Gulf of St. Vincent. Towards evening we saw several barracoutas following the ship, so we towed a line overboard, but were not successful in capturing any of them.

Monday 30. During the intervals between squally showers, we saw Cape Otway which is near Melbourne. Towards evening we entered the Bass straits.

Tuesday May 1. Today, with every advantage of wind & weather, we passed most favourably thro' the stormy strait, & at night congratulated ourselves on having accomplished in safety the more

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anxious part of the voyage.

During the day we saw many islands & rocky islets: some of them picturesque & of remarkable shapes. We caught two barracoutas.

Barracoutas are fierce ravenous fishes in size & appearance not unlike pike.

This I must say in favour of our barque: that she enjoys a most happy freedom from that sort of vermin which, of all others, is my grand aversion: viz: cockroaches. I never sleep comfortably when I know that cockroaches are crawling about my berth.

Wednesday 2. In the morning it blew "great guns" with furious squalls & showers. The watch was continually being called on deck to stand by the halyards.

The sea was making rapidly, & by sunset, it blew a heavy gale of wind. Soon after dark, the topsails were

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close-reefed, & we ran under them & reefed fore-sail before the wind.

Thursday 3. Last night, for the first time since leaving the Cape, people were unable to sleep on account of the weather.

The ship, having no "fore-&-aft" canvass (sic) set, rolled horribly, & also was frequently struck by heavy seas, which made her tremble from stem to stern.

After I was dressed, I went on deck, & saw a very heavy sea running – heavier indeed than any I had seen before except once in the North Atlantic, when going from St. John's to Galway. During the day we steamed for land. By evening the force of the gale was spent. It became calm & lovely & people sat on deck in the brilliant moonlight. The air was quite warm, & I sat on deck till 11 p.m when I

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retired, happy in the anticipation of a quiet night.

Friday 4. At 3 a.m the gale, strange to say, returned with great violence. At daybreak, land was seen ahead.

About the hour of sunrise, a furious squall split every sail that was set except the main topsail. Consequently, we lay-to all the morning, whilst fresh canvass (sic) was sent aloft; & by the time the old sails were handed down & the new ones bent, it fell calm, & so we lay rolling about all day in sight of Sydney Heads & about 24 miles distant from the land.

At night we gazed at the brilliant light of the lighthouse on the Heads.

Late at night we ran yet further out to sea, & when I turned in, the light had sunk below the horizon.

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These furious gales & vexatious calms have prevented us from making what would have been a very fast run; for from the time when we got outside Kangaroo island, till the time when we were within 96 miles of Sydney, we did ourselves great credit.

Saturday 5. A little before noon a favourable breeze sprung up: the ship was put about, & we stood in towards the land, obtaining fine views of that famous – that infamous – place, Botany Bay.

About 4 p.m the pilot came on board, & brought what people, after a voyage, greedily devour, the Newspapers. I care little about wars & less about politics, so that newspapers are not to me that source of amusement which they are to the generality of persons.

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#### New South Wales

Sunday May 6. This morning at 2 a.m, after having been becalmed in dangerous proximity to rocks against which the full & heavy swell of the Southern Ocean was breaking, we got inside the Heads & into smooth water. We went several miles up the harbour, tacking every quarter of an hour, & dropped anchor soon after sunrise.

When I came on deck, I was enchanted with the view, so greatly did it exceed my expectations. Captn. Wynyard, who knows Rio Janeiro (sic), tells me that Sydney harbour is, in his opinion more beautiful than that celebrated South American port.

Land was in many places very near us: there were lovely rocky

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islets, & great hills covered with evergreen forest. Bays & coves & little nooks where were beautiful villas & orange groves, & about a mile & a half ahead Sydney itself built on a slope: most conspicuous amongst its buildings was the castellated Government House, a building of fine white stone, surrounded by noble trees.

All the morning which was exquisitely bright, & (this being winter here) not unpleasantly hot, we lay lazily about, some fishing over the vessel's side, others gazing thro' glasses at the rich scenery & at the parties of pleasure which, ever & anon, went past us in pretty boats with white sails.

During the day we were boarded by the medical officers – the Post Office people - & other official personages.

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Monday 7. This morning soon after breakfast, a boat went ashore, but as the persons in her were German (I hate Germans: they are republican in their sentiments & also rationalists) I preferred staying aboard.

It was too hot & "glaring" to stay on deck.

After dinner, the harbour-pilot came on board; we weighed anchor; & got to the wharf about sunset.

Then Krefft, Vosz, Capt: Wynyard & I went ashore for a stroll.

Sydney is a splendid city, quite reminding one in many respects of London, particularly in the magnificence of its shops, & the solidity of its buildings.

It has, however, many strange & foreign aspects, foremost amongst which may perhaps be reckoned its population of Chinamen.

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We visited several Chinese shops where we bought some curiosities, & were interested at seeing the Chinamen writing their letters on rice paper with soft brushes, & with paint instead of ink.

When we were in a Chinese shop, one of our party began to bully the owner about the war the English are now waging in China.

“The English will doubtless be victorious: they will take your country.” The Chinaman, with a solemn slow yet smiling manner, said, quietly. “Much people in Pekin”!

We walked late about the town, & after having seen many sights which to me were novel & marvellous, we returned to our ship for the night. The night was more lovely & glorious than it is possible for a person who has not visited the

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serene latitudes of sub-tropical countries, to imagine.

Tuesday 8. After an early dinner, I took, without regret, my final leave of the ship, her crew & passengers.

Wednesday 9. In the morning I went to the Botanical Gardens which, in their position are so picturesque, & in themselves so delightful that I don't know how sufficiently to express my admiration of them.

In their foliage they are – as it were – a vast conservatory made on hills & in valleys, with creeks & little arms of the sea, with shady groves & open lawns, with ponds & fountains & murmuring streams.

I saw palms, guayavas, castor oil, India rubber, dates, oranges, exquisite Peruvian & Japanese things, & that lovely fern the *Cyathea medullaris*. This is not a month favourable to one looking for gorgeous flowers, but then

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in compensation, it is so pleasantly cool, that one can walk some distance without being weary.

I wandered thro' the great park in which the Botanical Gardens lie. I went into some parts of the park – (raggy knolls & promontories they were) – where Nature has been allowed to remain untouched. These places seemed to me even more beautiful than the gardens themselves. They were a paradise. Such noble trees in which bright & beautiful birds sat, & seemed like living moving flowers of gorgeous hues.

Before I came to the park, I had walked in grand fine streets full of people, & there had felt that dismal solitude – the being alone in a crowd.

Here, in these gardens, tho' all alone, I was far from lonely.

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I sat a long time under a noble exotic tree, looking down into the calm sea in which were bright-coloured sportive fishes, & such wonderful & great jelly fishes.



Gray, in his admirable book on Structural Botany is not, I think, quite correct in what he says (Sec 1.16) on the "Difference between animals & vegetables". Since the publication of his book, some new light has been thrown on this curious subject. The history of the lower infusoria; & the history of certain microscopic algae is interesting. The difficulty of deciding what is animal & what vegetable, is great.

Gray says " – animals, endowed with volition, & capable of receiving external impressions, have the power of selecting the food ready prepared for their nourishment, which is received into an internal reservoir or stomach." But it is now believed that certain animals

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or animalculae have no stomach; as also that certain vegetables wander in a way difficult not to be called voluntary. (See Gray "On the free-movement of the Spores of Algae" Chap xiii P354.)

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" There is no practical result to be anticipated from the Development hypothesis, or from that of " Spontaneous Generation, but there is a speculative result of no little interest, inasmuch as these " Hypotheses are thought to affect certain metaphysical views of Creation supposed to involve " important consequences. But, inasmuch as those views of Creation belong to a totally different " order of conceptions & are based on evidence of a totally different kind, it is clear that if these " views are true, they are independent of scientific hypothesis, & if the hypothesis be also "

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" true, any seeming contradiction must soon fall away, since no one truth can be at variance with " another. Dealing therefore with the scientific hypothesis, our first case should be to ascertain its " truth or probability, & not at all to perplex ourselves with visions of the consequences to other " truths which may arise from it. This is the only scientific attitude."

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Very fine writing – the above, but rather too full of big words for me.

It is meant to be orthodox, & is out of an orthodox book.

If the bible says the world was created in less than a week; & Geology that it was created in not less than many thousand years, we must, if we find sufficient proof of their truth, believe both the bible & Geology. And it is only the imperfect state of our knowledge which makes

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it difficult for us to comprehend how less than a week & more than many thousand years can be one & the same thing.

When we were told of the Profane History of ancient times that it was not to be relied upon & often mythical, I always thought there would come a time when we should be told the same thing of the Sacred Histories: & I was not deceived.

I used to think safe & true were words very friendly to each other; but I observe a wicked tendency in this age of reason to call them antagonistic. It is safe to believe in the bible, no doubt lest hereafter, God (if there be a God) should punish us for not believing in his word, but if we find that word to be incorrect (reason & science tell us it is) & also to contain fables (discovered by research & criticism) we will have more regard to the truth

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than to our safety, & we will reject it. In histories of these days that shall hereafter be written, there will appear sentences like the following.

During this century (the 19<sup>th</sup>) there flourished a clever but not very orthodox set: the Geologists. They professed to believe that this world was immensely older than God Almighty has told us that it really is. Allied with the Geologists were others who also objecting to a literal interpretation of Scripture \*, believed in what they were pleased to call Natural Selection. With a little exaggeration, they did not object to supposing that their grandfathers might have been apes.

The Geologists & their associates were to the 19<sup>th</sup> century pretty much what the astrologers & alchymists (sic) were to the centuries of the middle ages.

(\* " The descent of all mankind from Adam & Eve is rather a form of narrative

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into which, in early ages, tradition would easily throw itself spontaneously, than an undoubted historical fact.")

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In the afternoon I went to the Sydney museum where what pleased me most, was a collection of Australasian shells. Those from Port Curtis, & from the tropical Torres straits, were many of them remarkably curious & beautiful.

Saturday 12. About dusk, I went to the fruit & flower market which is in a covered arcade.

The stalls were just being lighted up, & the gas shone on strange & monstrous pumpkins of every description, on thousands of oranges, & green lemons innumerable, on bunches of crimson chilies & hot peppers, on pyramids of pineapples, & clusters of bananas too heavy to carry, & on

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many fruits & vegetables of whose names I am ignorant.

I saw two exceedingly great & ugly turtles or tortoises. Their heads were as big as babies' heads, & they had a dissipated listless appearance which rendered them unpleasant to look upon. So unlike my little turtle which mysteriously disappeared on board the "Peter Godeffroy"!

Sunday 13. In the morning I went to church, & after an early dinner to the race-course & then to the Park both of which places were crowded with decent & cheerful holiday keepers.

Monday 14. At 1 p.m I drove to the Phoenix wharf & went on board the steamer for Parramatta.

The sail up the harbour - & finally up the river – was one of the most agreeable little voyages that I have ever made.

The weather was perfection: nor

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can I well imagine anything more beautiful than the scenery on the banks of the river, & of the little islands that we passed on our course. There were peaceful-looking homesteads, & newly made clearances, whilst on rocky promontories, or in sunny dells, were picturesque cottages, more than half-hidden by bananas & lemon trees. The orange trees were in many places weighed down by the

abundance of their golden fruit. In only one or two places were there mangroves, & there the mangroves grew so luxuriantly, & looked so glossy & evergreen, that they rather added to, than detracted from, the beauty of the view.

The tide being high, one did not perceive their foul smell.

Mangroves act like a sieve:

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when the tide recedes, the water is strained thro' their branches which catch & retain all manner of jelly-fishes & sea-weeds.

Then when there shines forth a fierce sun, these things become a mass of corruption & emit a pestilential smell.

After I was arrived at Parramatta, & when I had deposited my carpet-bag at an ancient & pleasantly un-colonial country inn, I went out for a walk.

I walked in a park where English oaks had been planted. Their leaves were dead or dying, & every breath of air swept some of them from the branches.

I walked under these trees:

\* \* \*

Deciduous trees are a great rarity here. If I had a home (I use this word under a protest) in

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the Australian forest, one of the first things I should do, would be to make for myself an Autumn. I should plant deciduous trees. So should I hear the sighing of the wind thro' leafless trees, & the rustling of dead leaves on the ground.

From want of Autumn we lose thoughts which tho' they may have a shade of melancholy, are wholesome true & profitable.

In the midst of evergreen vegetation we are apt to forget that we ourselves are not evergreen.

We neither ask:

“What is this passing scene?”

Nor heed the answer:

“A peevish April day!  
A little sun, a little rain,  
And then night sweeps along the plain,  
And all things fade away!”

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Tuesday 15. I walked in the Bush & looked diligently, but without success for iguanas by the side of a sluggish stream: near which the maidenhair fern was growing luxuriantly.

The light of the setting sun on the glorious green of the forest – (in which ninety-nine trees out of every hundred were varieties of the eucalyptus) – was lovely indeed!

I am sorry that this is not the season of the year for the great vesperilio, to the seeing of which I had looked forward with much eager expectancy.

Friday 18. I went to Sydney for the day & returned to Parramatta at night.

Whilst going down the river, we passed one of those strange steamers which are said to be common on the Ohio; built like screw steamers but with only one gigantic paddle

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& that at the stern.

In the afternoon, whilst I was walking in the streets of Sydney, a fellow \*

- (\* of whom you will hear more in another book) –

so very like poor Kennique, accosted me with a pleasant & cheerful smile.

\* \* \*

It seems he was one of the passengers by the ship I came in, & is migrating with his parents & brothers from South Australia to New Zealand.

After my return to Parramatta, a settler of 62 years' standing in the colony, had tea with me, & was so good as to offer me a seat in his gig to-morrow morning as far as a place called Windsor which is twenty miles from Parramatta. I accepted his offer thankfully enough, being only too glad of some means by which to

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make a day pass.

Saturday 19. O wonder of wonders! O memorable day! I rose by candle-light!

Shortly before 7 a.m, the aged colonist and I were on the road.

The morning air was so fresh & bracing that I was not sorry of my thick pea-jacket.

Our road lay thro' the Bush. When we had gone about 3 miles & were come to the top of a little eminence we made a halt. "On this spot" said the colonist "many years ago, my brother was robbed & stripped by three bushrangers: fortunately, they were afterwards apprehended & hanged."

My companion had himself been three times stopped by highwaymen. Once, when he had just passed a bad part of the road, & was now within sight of a farmhouse, he

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said, turning to his wife who was in the gig with him; "thank God, we're past the dangerous part!"

No sooner had he uttered the words than there appeared before them three bushrangers.

They robbed him of all he had, & then made him drive back in the direction from which he had come. His wife, at that time, had a ring on her finger, & it would not easily be removed. "Then, by Gad," said one of the robbers, "we'll cut your finger off." But another of the gang, called Walmesley, who, it turned out afterwards, had formerly been a servant of my companion's, interfered; & so the good lady was allowed to depart in the possession of all her fingers! & with her ring into the bargain. On another occasion, this same gentleman was robbed about a

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mile from Parramatta. The bushrangers took not only his money & watch, but also his clothes even to his shirt. They said to him, "We have not had a new suit of clothes for a long time. Yours are particularly good & new: take them off, & give us them." Which he did, & received in return, a pair of the robber's old trousers & boots for the accomplishment of his drive.

Again, when one of his brothers was robbed, it was at a place inconveniently near a town, so after having kept him & his horse some hours in the Bush, the robbers took away the bridle of the horse, & the rider's boots & socks, so that the poor man had to walk slowly barefoot over a rough road, & the men had time to decamp. These were the days – the good old days – of New South Wales:

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these the days when Botany Bay was still a convict-station: these the days when a rebellious public durst depose their governor (Governor Bligh, always associated in one's mind with Pitcairn island) & make another man governor in his stead.

Bushrangers are indeed still numerous, but they keep more to the interior, not venturing so near the great sea-board towns as formerly: they dread the pistols of the Mounted Police which have sent very many of them to the devil.

But to return: - when we had gone about 10 miles, we stopped at a wayside public house for breakfast, & then, getting again into the gig, proceeded on our course.

We passed & admired extensive orange-groves – the dark green foliage dotted over with ripe golden

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fruit. It delighted me to see parrots & parroquets of every brilliant colour darting about in the morning sun. Here & there were clearances & maize-fields. About 11 a.m we got to the town of Windsor, which lies in a flat broad valley on the Hawkesbury river, not far from the foot of the Blue Mountains.

There have been terrible floods in the valley of the Hawkesbury lately, causing loss & even ruin to those persons against whose farms & orange groves they have prevailed. In Windsor itself I saw nothing to interest me.

It has that grossly practical look which is a characteristic of what Australian towns I have seen; & a repulsive feature in all cities that are exclusively protestant: in all those cities, I mean, which have been built since Martin

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Luther gave us something better than architecture to think about. At 2.30 p.m I got into the public conveyance & left Windsor on my return to Parramatta where I arrived soon after dark, having eaten, on the way, more Australian dust than was either agreeable or wholesome.

Sunday 20. After a late breakfast I took a stroll in the park of oaks & sat on a bench by the riverside. There is something very enchanting in the calm quiet & peace of a Sunday in the country.

In New South Wales a wonderful stillness often pervades the air. As I sat on a seat under oak trees, I could hear the bells of neighbouring churches, & occasionally even the voices of the congregations themselves as they rose in hymns or anthems.

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Monday 21. \* \* \*

At 11 a.m, very uncertain in my plans, & without much aim or purpose, I went into Sydney, & there seeing the "Peter Godeffroy" advertised to sail immediately for Wellington, I actually secured a passage in her. So at night I put my luggage on board, & went with Vosz to the theatre.

Tuesday 22. At 11 a.m we weighed anchor, & leaving our moorings at Campbell's wharf went down the harbour as far as Garden island where we anchored about noon.

Wednesday 23. Our society \*

- \* (Vosz & I were the society) –

has received an addition: in the persons of two Californian diggers, who being tired of the Australian goldfields have taken their passage by this ship to Valparaiso.

Thursday 24. This, being the Queen's Birthday, was a general holiday.

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Disloyalty is a vice of which my conscience does not accuse me. I have never even affected to be disloyal. In the afternoon I went ashore for a few hours.

\* \* \*

Friday 25. We got under way before daybreak, & when I arose about 9 a.m we were some distance outside Sydney heads. During the day however, we made little or no progress, & towards evening we actually lost ground. If people will sail on a Friday, what luck can they expect?

Two years to-day since I left home: I wonder where I shall be after the lapse of two more years.

Saturday 26. We were off Newcastle \*

\* - (so called, because in its vicinity are the coalfields of New South Wales) –

at 2 p.m. The pilot then boarded

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us, & soon after, the tug steamer came out & towed us round a headland that greatly reminded me of the Bluff at Natal, into a calm & beautiful basin that yet more forcibly reminded me of the lagoon at D'Urban. We anchored in the stream shortly before sunset.

Sunday 27. We were forced to stay on board as we couldn't get any boat within hail of the ship.

The water which we drink, we took on board at the Cape of Good Hope, & there is in it an aggregation of living creatures; interesting, doubtless, in a scientific point of view, but detestable to me.

I can only hope that gin, unmixed with which, I seldom taste water, may destroy their vitality.

Monday 28. After a morning of thorough ennui, I went ashore at 3 p.m in the first waterman's

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boat that came alongside. Vosz went with me, & we repaired to the beach where we looked in vain for perfect shells. We saw the remains of magnificent shells, but the surf which set with fury on the shore, had destroyed their outlines. At night Vosz returned to the ship, & I took up my quarters at an Inn.

The landlady \*, a very pretty young woman, whose husband was gone to Sydney, asked me into her own sitting-room where I spent the evening, dividing my attentions between several glasses of hot whiskey, & several amiable strangers.

- \*(One stormy night, months afterwards, I saw this pretty woman step merrily ashore at a wharf in New Zealand. She was then with some American gentlemen with whom she sailed next day for San Francisco) –

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Tuesday 29. I was up before sunrise, & at 7.30 a.m, set off for a place called West Maitland, which lies 20 miles in the interior on the Hunter river. On my way I saw two interesting plants: the cabbage-tree-palm, from which the excellent hats of Australia are made. They are as serviceable as Panama hats, & not quite so expensive. The other plant I saw was the great stagshorn fern a parasite, most unmistakably like an elk's antlers, & growing on the trunk of a particular sort of tree, at a height, usually of about 20 ft. from the ground.

When I got to West Maitland, I found there was not much of interest to be seen either in the town itself or in the surrounding country. In the afternoon, I sat in a verandah behind the house, & watched rats, which to my as-

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-tonishment, wandered about with much audacity & composure: - Their audacity consisted in their composure.

Generally, when a rat appears, we are in such a hurry to destroy him, that we really know next to nothing of his private life & ways of living. To-day, however, when, on lifting my eyes from the newspaper I was (not) reading, I beheld five large rats quite near me, & regardless of my presence, I determined not to disturb, but to watch them.

My forbearance was rewarded by the passing of a curious & instructive half-hour. At one time I counted seven rats in a very small space of room. One of them was busy taking stores to his house. Whenever he carried any big thing, like an orange, he hopped on his hind legs only, almost like a kangaroo, embracing the

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orange – or whatever thing he might wish to convey – betwixt his fore-paws & steadying it with his mouth.

I could not but admire the prudence & quickness of wit they shewed in selecting from a vast heap of miscellaneous articles, such good things only as came most within their means & powers of conveyance.

At night, a Mr. Collett, the government commissioner arrived: he was an agreeable person, & whilst I sat by the fire on one side of the table \* \* \*, he sat on the other side \* \* \* & we conversed.

\* \* \*

Mr. Collett told me some stories of Norway where he went to fish: he also knows Canada well.

Wednesday 30. Soon after breakfast I left Maitland for Singleton which is thirty miles further up the

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country. I travelled in an open stage or van such as one usually sees in these colonies, & went thro' a Bush that, tho' pretty, was yet monotonous, all the trees being but varieties of the same sort – the Eucalyptus.

There was so little undergrowth & so pleasant a sward of turf, that I am persuaded one could without inconvenience have ridden thro' the forest itself.

I got to the little settlement of Singleton in the evening, & went early to bed, but not alas! to sleep, for "those musical phlebotomists called mosquitoes \* \* \* serenaded me all night, ever & anon drinking my ill-health in libations of my own blood."

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Thursday 31. After breakfast, whilst hesitating in what direction to stroll, I was accosted by Mr. Collett who had returned to Singleton – his place of residence – last night. He asked me to his cottage. It is so rarely (no great wonder) people who are strangers, are friendly to me, that I feel, & I believe look rather foolish, when a person offers to treat me in a cordial & hospitable manner.

\* \* \*

Mr. Collett took me to his cottage which is picturesque & beautiful: he shewed me his garden, animals, horses & all that he knew would interest me. He asked me to an early dinner – an invitation which I accepted without hesitation, particularly as it was backed by a promise of as much Kaludah – a sort of hock – as I chose to

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drink.

Friday June 1. At noon I left Singleton by the mail on my return to the sea coast. I got to West Maitland in the evening, & lay there that night. Next morning (Saturday 2.) Left Maitland & arrived at Newcastle, where I saw two of the utterly degraded & wretched aborigines of Australia. I read the other day a little book called Rambles at the "Antipodes" <sup>16</sup>. It is written in a free-&-easy colonial fashion, but the author's remarks concerning the oppressed aborigines of Australasia, are so good, so unusual & so true, that I find my liking for his correct sentiments covers my dislike to the incorrectness of his style. Speaking of the native, the author says:



“He is invariably ill-used by his

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“invading civilized brother. Too often, that ill-usage amounts to everything criminal & atrocious; & I”  
“blush to say that I have long since come to the conclusion that the modern Englishman is in this “  
“respect as cruel & unprincipled a scoundrel as the world has ever seen.”

Before night I went on board the ship which still lay at anchor in the stream.

Sunday 3. In the afternoon I got into a boat with a large party of the passengers. We landed at a place where the dense evergreen Bush grew close to the water’s edge. Whilst some went shooting – others collecting shells & Natural curiosities, I myself wandered into the “scrub”, intent on the discovery of wild flowers.

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Monday 4. An English Captn. of a merchant ship dined on board. He spoke of the passage thro’ Cook’s straits as being particularly dangerous at this time of year; so dangerous, in fact, that he advised the Captn. of this vessel who has never been thro’ the straits before, to take her round the North Cape to Auckland, & pay his passengers their fare down to Wellington, rather than risk his own ship in the straits at this season.

Tuesday 5. A day of utter listlessness, ennui, & wearisome confinement to the ship.

What is this emigration, concerning which so much (all in its praise & favour) is said & written? To the emigrant himself, the act of emigration is (if I may so express myself)

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the death & annihilation, at one fell blow, of all his kindred, friends & acquaintance.

We are very dependant on old acquaintances for the acquisition of new ones; so much so that I doubt whether I at least ever became acquainted with anybody willingly & by my own voluntary act. So it happens that the emigrant, now that he is separated from all those whom he had known & on whom he was dependant for the formation of new friendships goes moodily & in solitude thro’ the world, & in nine cases out of ten, takes to exceedingly bad gin.

“But,” says all the world with one voice, “You emigrate to better your condition.” Without doubt: yet generally speaking, this is rather a hope left behind to cheer the emigrant’s friends than an ex-

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-pectation carried by the emigrant within himself to his new abode. You will more commonly hear “He goes to better his condition” than “I go to better my condition” & as for “I have bettered my condition” I question if such a sentence was ever uttered.

This is one of the melancholy facts connected with the emigration of gentlemen: they can never return to England the same that they were when they left. Imperceptibly, but certainly, they become degraded. Their whole soul longs to return, yet if their most ardent desire is accomplished, & they do return, they find they cannot return to the society in which they were born: their friends look coldly on them & blame (as indeed they must) their strange colonial ways. The end is that themselves

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being now too old again to change their habits, become confirmed in melancholy, find that what they daily nightly wished for has brought them but vexation, live all alone, or return perhaps to die in those colonies which have been their ruin, & which (tho' they detest 'em) are now (like gin) needful for them.

Energy – energy & common sense are what a man must have to do well in a colony: & let me tell you energy & common sense are things more rarely given, & still more rarely acquired, than you may suppose. Common sense is – in acts – what “tact” is - in words: it is the art of choosing discreetly & acting wisely. For my part I must confess that if two courses are open to me, I am so unfortunate as invariably to choose that which in the end turns out to be the

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worst.

I read funny & entertaining books on the colonies; but I think if I were to record that, & that only, which my own eyes have witnessed, it would be one of the most mournful books that ever were written.

\* \* \*

I have met fellows younger than myself, utterly without hope: their prospects blighted, their money taken from them by swindlers, & their health & spirits gone. Then comes the end: they retire to some miserable lodging or Inn, & there they die; un-pitied, unknown, un-prayed for!

\* \* \*

But there are fellows of a different stamp who come out to colonies, & who, equally with the others – as surely as they, tho' by blameless & irreprehensible

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paths, “come to grief”. Fellows who strive diligently but vainly, to better their condition; & finding that impossible, yet struggle manfully to keep their heads above the rough colonial waves. When such, at length worn out, despond give up, & sink un-pitied into their graves, I grieve. \*

\* N.B. On this day I had a severe bilious attack!

Friday 8. In the evening the Captn: took his departure for Sydney to “clear the customs”. Vosz also went by the same steamer on his return home - to Adelaide.

Sunday 10. After breakfast, I went ashore & took a long walk to the top of a hill the sides of which were clothed with grass-trees so characteristic of an Australian scene.

From the top of the hill, I obtained

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an extensive view both of the Ocean & of the land. I saw the estuary & the tortuous course of the Hunter river mapped out before me, & in the extreme distance, lofty mountains that run up into yet unexplored regions.

I dined at the Inn & saw many drunken people & a row at the dinner table & afterwards a fight. I do not like what little I have seen of the Australians. They are "rowdies", & like the Yankees, given to "bluster".

In the evening, after having walked on the beach & found some beautiful shells, I returned 'ere sunset, on board the vessel.

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Wednesday. June 13. When I came on deck between 9 & 10 a.m, I was overjoyed to see the blue-peter flying at the foremasthead.

The pilot came on board soon after, & a little before noon we got under way & left the shores of New South Wales.

It was then coming on bad weather, & had we delayed our departure many hours longer, we should have been weatherbound, as even when we did cross the bar, the sea was making fast.

Thursday 14. After sunset, the weather, which had been threatening all day, became very bad, with vivid lightening (sic), hail storms, & furious squalls. We went under close-reefed topsails, & very much out of our course.

Friday 15. Very heavy weather; with a tremendous sea running.

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Since last night we are hove-to under close-reefed main topsail & forestaysail. We are drifting to leeward at the rate of 2½ knots per hour. We are thankful to have given the land a wide berth (about 80 miles) before this storm came on.

Saturday 16. No sleep during last night which was one of anxiety & danger.

Two seas broke aboard, one at midnight, & the other about 2 a.m.

All this day we were still hove-to with the weather, if possible, even worse than yesterday.

The wind was not so steady, but came in the most furious squalls, with showers: the sea running mountains high & threatening to sweep the decks – a thing

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of which the Capt: was very apprehensive.

Two men, tied by ropes, were at the wheel, & the watch was continually at hand.

During the day, as the glass still fell, with the wind & sea increasing, preparations were made for any emergency that might arise.

The apparatus for lashing the helm amidships was got in readiness & placed at hand, in case the very sailors should have to retire under hatches.

The men had their tea, & also slept in our cabin, because the Capt: was afraid that if during the night, the deck was swept, the sailors' house which even now is full of water, would go over the side.

It was a curious sight, when I

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came out of my state room at midnight to look at the barometer, to see, as I did by aid of the dim oil lamp, the cabin floor covered with the shaggy forms of the sailors, lying in their wet & glistening oilskins.

The Capt: & first mate, who have not been in bed since the gale began, were engaged in consultation, & anxious examination of the charts, for we were now drifting fast on to the coast of Australia. It was not possible either to walk, to stand, to sit, or to lie, without holding on by both hands. The roar of the waves, & the howling of the storm thro' the shrouds, was awful & deafening, & the ship, being hove-to in so bad a sea, strained so shockingly that it was expected she would open a plank.

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Sunday 17. At intervals, during the day, there was heavy rain which rather knocked the sea down; tho' the ship still rolled gunwale-under.

About 4 p.m, however, the gale which had seemed partially to abate, returned with terrific violence. The wind, tho' pretty steady, blew with the force of a cyclone. At sunset the scene was truly awful (sic). The horizon seemed close to us on every side – the scud, black as ink, rushing madly past, mingled with spray from the tremendous waves which were continually breaking close at hand & threatening to swamp us.

At night, the wind having shifted a point or so, it became necessary to wear the ship: & we were hove-to on the starboard tack; that the leeway we were making might

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drift us to sea, & not towards the land.

Since the gale came on, we have not been able to "get the sun", & so ascertain our exact position, but we know that we have been drifting at a rate of about 2½ knots per hour in a slanting direction on the Australian coast.

Monday 18. We were hove-to till the afternoon when the force of this long & violent gale was at length broken. By sunset we were able to get some sail on the ship, but being close-hauled, with a heavy head sea she made little or no way.

Tuesday 19. Becalmed!

I spent the day in washing, dressing & sleeping: three things most necessary after having been, for many days, hove-to in a gale.

Wednesday 20. During the seven days we have now been at sea,

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we have accomplished but one hundred miles of our voyage.

I once crossed the Atlantic (from St. Johns to Galway) in six days & ten hours.

\* \* \*

Sunday 24. To-day we were again hove-to, the weather was so immoderately bad.

\* \* \*

Monday 25. To-day, for the first time since leaving New South Wales, we had a nice leading wind before which we crowded all sail. The tedium of the voyage has been rendered (to me, at least) somewhat less unendurable by my observations of the various birds we have on board: Australian magpie, pigeon & quails, a very tame white cockatoo &

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many parrots of three different varieties. We had a black swan on board, but he died in the late gale.

Tuesday 26. All last night there was very heavy rain: this morning furious gusts with storms of thunder & lightning (sic), & after that, it blew a steady gale aft.

Making the land in such weather requires both caution & skillful seamanship.

For my dinner I ate – a great wickedness! – albatross of which as food, the very worst that can be said, is that it tastes like good beef off a fishy plate.

At 7.30 p.m, after having run for some hours under close-reefed topsails, we hove-to: for the third time during this short & stormy voyage.

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From the configuration of the land, & our position, with the wind at W.S.W, the lee-way we made when hove-to, no matter on which tack, was directly on shore. Consequently, in such heavy weather as this it would have been imprudent to run too close in.

Wednesday 27. All day we ran as fast as we could, before a heavy gale, but were somewhat delayed by losing our fore-topsail at an early hour.

Except the suit, a part of which is now aloft, the ship has lost all her sails; & things are beginning to wear a critical aspect. By the chronometer, we were but 20 miles from land at noon. We carried on, however, without seeing it, till near 3 p.m, when in the interval between driving

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showers, high snowy mountains were seen ahead.

At dusk – (being in lat: 40.4 S. long: 170.54 E.) we hove-to, with the gale – amounting almost to a hurricane – setting dead on the land.

The lee-way we made (2½ knots per hour) was towards Cape Egmont; & tho' far from land (in that direction, at least;) yet being in soundings – (79 fath:) – the sea ran mountains high; the ship straining much, & having a very uneasy berth. The Capt: during the twenty-four years he has been at sea, was never before out in such a continuance of bad weather. He has almost relinquished his intention of proceeding to Wellington, but will, if to-morrow prove at all favourable, run into

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Blind Bay, where he will land his passengers, refit, complete his supplies, & then stand away to the Northward on his voyage to Valparaiso: “trusting never again to see the coast of New Zealand”. Well may Cook’s strait be termed “that dread of navigators.”

Thursday 28. Last night, the weather was almost as bad as it possibly could be. One could not sleep for the rolling & straining of the ship, & the roaring of the blast in the shrouds.

Also, we were not without fear that before morning, we might be on the rocks.

How long the night did appear! & how slowly the bells of the watch seemed to follow one another, as we waited for twelve anxious hours, longing ardently for daylight!

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When I arose, at 9 a.m, the weather had moderated considerably. During the course of the morning we made the same land which we saw yesterday, & stood gradually in towards it.

The Capt: himself went frequently aloft to make his observations. Not much liking the looks of what we saw – I mean, nautically, for in a picturesque point of view nothing could be more grand & admirable than the prospect of volcanic snow-clad peaks – we stood off again.

Two courses are open to us; either (now whilst we have a chance) to get clear of the strait, & run back to the Australian coast, or else to lie-to, & endeavour to make Blind Bay to-morrow.

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As, in the afternoon the weather became more settled, & bore every appearance of continuing fine, with the bar: at 29.50, we determined to wait for the morrow, & then try to reach an anchorage in Blind Bay.

\* \* \*

Friday 29. At daybreak, the wind having shifted a point or two, the Capt: resolved, at all hazards, to force a passage thro’ the dreaded straits, & endeavour to reach Wellington in the evening.

Consequently, before sunrise, every sail the ship could bear, was crowded on to her, & we flew along thro’ the boiling waters, with the gale aft: crowds or “schools” of lively & energetic porpoises keeping us pleasant company on the right hand & on the left.

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As we narrowed the strait, the wind died gradually away, & as it died away, we set sail after sail, till at last we actually had studding sails out! At 2 p.m we had passed the narrowest & most dangerous part of the strait, & were but sixteen miles from the entrance of Port Nicholson.

It is impossible to describe the anxiety with which we now watched the dying breeze, & our vexation when, half an hour later, a head wind, with every appearance of thick & heavy weather, sprung up. It was with a fore-boding of evil, that we saw the ship, after having done her best to make way, put in stays, & stand off on the other tack.

Night was drawing on, & banks of black impenetrable clouds, with

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“weather-gauges” (sic) coming rapidly up before the now increasing wind. We durst scarcely admire the glorious views of land, & the stupendous peaks of snow, glittering at a distance & all rosy in the

rays of the setting sun. Whilst it was yet sunlight, with the peaks, with us it had been, now for some time, the increasing gloom of twilight.

Those of the passengers - & they were many – who had lived all their lives in South Australia, stared at the brilliant snow as at some marvellous & unintelligible thing. I rejoiced to see it. It pleased me, that I should so soon behold in this which is to be my future home, a sight which was familiar to me in the Home I have left.

The scenery reminded me of the Highlands of Scotland, only that it was on

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a grander & more gigantic scale. We saw the Kaikoras (sic) – 10,000 ft. high, I believe.

Saturday. June 30. 1860. After a fine & clear night, during which we just contrived to hold our ground, it came on at daylight, heavy steady rain, & was almost calm: but what little air there was, being in our favour, we contrived to make the entrance of Port Nicholson by 11 a.m. When the pilot-boat put off, & when, soon after, the pilot was coming on board, & we were now certain of reaching our anchorage, the Capt: who for the last fortnight had been moody, became wild with delight. I never saw a man so thoroughly pleased before. "Now at last," he said, "is ended the worst voyage I ever made!"

\* \* \*

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We came to our anchorage in the midst of furious rain, about 2 p.m. When about an hour afterwards, the weather cleared up, I saw a view that pleased me more than I can easily describe: so strongly – so very strongly did it remind me of that little island, where, tho' long absent from it in my body, my mind continually dwells, & which I prefer – with an immense, an immeasurable preference, to all other lands I have visited or ever shall visit.

If I do not indulge in the pleasures of Faith – of looking forward, I indulge (too much perhaps) in the Pleasures of Memory – of looking backward. The view I saw to-day was exceedingly grand & striking, & I looked at it with pleasure. But my pleasure was (if I may so say) of a melancholy nature, for my thoughts, taking

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their cue from what my eyes beheld, flew back with a vain & ardent longing to that little isle which, tho' I may never see it again, is never far distant from my memory & my imagination. I am continually either thinking of what I did do there, or dreaming of what I would do, if I were there.

At night I sat late on deck, & all-forgetful of New Zealand, roamed thro' the glens & valleys of Skye!

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#### **Transcriber's Notes**

- 1 From "The Ruined Cottage" by William Wordsworth.
- 2 From "In Memoriam A.H.H. 11" by Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

- 3 Probably the Tuskar Rock lighthouse.
- 4 Andrew Sherlock Lawson of Aldborough Manor and Boroughbridge Hall, JP and Deputy Lieutenant. Born 1824. Cousin of the writer.
- 5 Probably a slightly mis-remembered quote from Virgil (Aeneid 8:596) “quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum” - hooves, with their four-footed galloping sound, are shaking the powdery plain.
- 6 Probably “machete”, a small stringed instrument from Madeira.
- 7 From "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" by Samuel Taylor Coleridge
- 8 Possibly Quelimane in Mozambique.
- 9 Possibly “Sierra Leone, Or, the Liberated Africans in a Series of Letters From a Young Lady to Her Sister in 1833” by Mary Church.
- 10 Probably “phlox”
- 11 Possibly “The Dorp and the Veld or, Six months in Natal” by Charles Barter (1852)
- 12 From “The Ballad of the Boat” by Richard Garnett (1835-1906)
- 13 L is probably Lydiard or Lydeard – see passenger list for the Peter Godeffroy

<http://www.theshipslist.com/ships/australia/petergodeffroy1860.shtml>

- 14 From Horace: Epode 16

we seek fields, blessed fields  
and rich islands,  
where earth unplowed returns grain every year  
and the unpruned vines ever flower,

honeys drip from hollow oak tree, and from the high  
mountains waters crash down with a light foot.

There the unbidden goats come to the milking pails,  
and the loyal flock brings back full udders,

and the ground does not swell high with vipers;  
and we, happy, will wonder at more things: how rainy Eurus  
does not erode the fields with plentiful storms,  
how the fat seeds are not burned from the dry soil,

No infections harm the herds, no constellation's  
blazing fury burns the flock



- 15 From Ovid Metamorphoses 11. The seas scare me and the sad image of the sea.
- 16 "Rambles at the Antipodes" by Edward Wilson 1859.

### The writer

Based on various clues within the text, census returns, passenger lists etc., it is more than likely that the author is **Marmaduke Alexander Lawson**.

He was born in 1840 in Seaton Carew, Co. Durham where his father, John Lawson, was the Vicar of Holy Trinity Church. His father educated him at home until he matriculated to study at Trinity College, Cambridge in 1858. He presumably, however, did not start his university studies that year as in May 1858 he set off on his travels (Journal entry for 25 May 1860 states "Two years to-day since I left home! I wonder where I shall be after the lapse of two more years." page 164).

The journal doesn't begin until September 1859 in Liverpool, from where he travels to New Zealand via Madeira, St. Helena, S. Africa and Australia, but it seems likely that between May 1858 and September 1859 he visited North America. He mentions later in his journal that he has been to Canada, is familiar with "Yankees" and has crossed the Atlantic from St John's to Galway. Marmaduke arrives in New Zealand in June 1860 and speaks of it as his "future home" (page 195) but he appears on the April 1861 UK census\* as a scholar staying with his uncle in Buckminster, goes on to study at Cambridge and is awarded his BA in 1862 and MA in 1868.

\* there is an anomaly here. The census is dated 7 April 1861 but the front cover of the journal states Auckland, New Zealand 12 April 1861.

His journal entries reveal his interest and considerable knowledge of plants and he does in fact go on to pursue a career in botany, becoming Sheridian Professor of Botany and Rural Economy at Oxford University (1868-1883). He left to take up the post of Director of the Botanical Department in Madras and died in India in 1896. He wrote articles for botanical journals and his name lives on in plant species eg *Combretum myrtifolium* M A Lawson.

The wider Lawson family were well-connected, with an entry in Burke's Peerage and family members with land and titles. Men entered the Church or the military, the women "married well" or remained at home, and there are connections with the colonial service in India.

<https://venn.lib.cam.ac.uk/cgi-bin/search-2018.pl?sur=&suro=w&fir=&firo=c&cit=&cito=c&c=all&z=all&tex=LW858MA&sy=&eye=&col=all&maxcount=50>

<https://archive.org/stream/genealogicalhera02byuburk#page/932/mode/2up>

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Marmaduke\\_Alexander\\_Lawson](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Marmaduke_Alexander_Lawson)

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