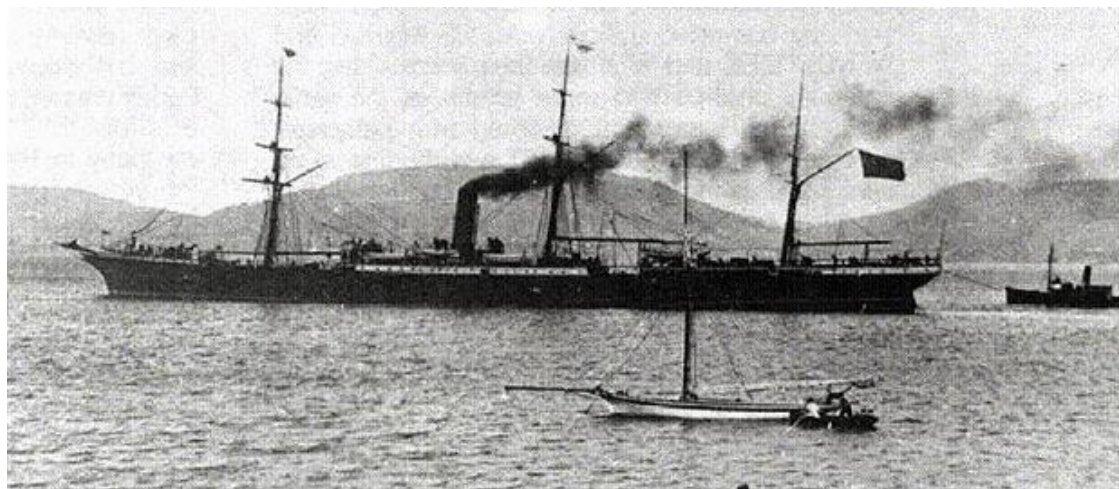


Mawhinney, Bethia, 1864-1943 : *Diary by Bethia Cromb on board the Kaikoura* – 22 October to 3 December 1887



S.S. Kaikoura - New Zealand Shipping Co. 1884-1899

Built: 1884 by John Elder & Co., Glasgow

Tonnage: 4,474/gross/2,780 net

Dimensions: 430 x 46 ft/131.1 x 14 m.

<http://www.huttcity.govt.nz/Leisure--Culture/Museums-and-galleries/Our-museums/petone-settlers-data/DisplayPerson/?Id=40243&SearchString=Kaikoura&Page=4&searchYear=1887>

4 P.M. Saturday, 22nd October 1887

We have got fairly out to sea, and to keep off thoughts of seasickness have begun to write.

We left Edinburgh at 9.20 P.M. on Wednesday. Although we had an "Engaged" carriage to ourselves (which we owed to Col. Macdonald's influence with Mr. Patton the Stationmaster) we did not sleep much. We stopped for a short time at Sheffield about 4.15 on Thursday morning and we reached Derby where we had breakfast about 5.30. The train was a slow one to Birmingham and from there to Bristol fast, stopping only at the principal stations. The country as far as Birmingham and beyond was very monotonous and anything but pretty, About Gloucester and Worcester the country began to improve. The fields are very small — hardly worthy of the name indeed — and all divided by big neglected looking hedges often growing on the top of a bank. One was inclined to wonder at the waste of ground taken up by the boundaries among so much miniature farming. The boys were amused at the mode of working the ground. We saw no smart "pair" of horses, the ploughs were drawn by three and sometimes four horses - one in front of another, tandem fashion — and usually with a man or boy to drive besides the one holding the plough. We could not help thinking that farming in Scotland could not afford so many men and- beasts to accomplish the same account of work. The horses seem lighter than our farm horses and had all long tails. Jack was always thinking they were breaking in "staigs". I have been told since that the ground is so stiff it requires three horses to turn it over, but their carts are drawn in the same way. We saw a good many donkeys - sometimes such queer yokes as a donkey first and a little towsy "staig" after. One thing we remarked - we did not see one woman at work in the fields, in all the length of England. In the southern part, a great deal of the ground is orchard. The trees seemed to have got stripped only the day before we passed, for the apples were lying in heaps, each kind by itself ready to be lifted. Where they had been removed, the orchards had got other occupants, namely the pigs, dozens of which we saw feeding under the trees, or basking in the sun; beauties some of them (If I may apply the word to a pig) I yield the palm to the English there.

We changed carriages at Bristol, and from there the country was lovely - the trees were of so many pretty shades and the bright day showed them up so well. We came to the seacoast in the South of Devonshire. The Railway skirted the shore at the foot of the red sandstone cliffs, overgrown with bramble and other bushes on the one hand, while on the other lay the calm, bright water, which was to be our home for many days to come. Dawlish cliffs are the grandest but all along it is pretty.

We soon reached Plymouth after that. We had tea at the Station, saw our boxes safely disposed of and made for the Depot, which is at the back of the Forts at the outside of the Harbour. While there we were very comfortable — crowded a little at mealtimes, but with nice comfortable beds and a nice clean yard to walk in overlooking the Harbour. We had to pass the Doctor on Friday and got our boxes searched and relabelled - keeping out what we wanted for present use. Then the men carried out our boxes to the lighter, which was to take them out the Harbour, to the Kaikoura which arrived from London on Friday night.

On Saturday morning we had to be in readiness to embark at any moment and the order came-at about 12 noon. Our names were called and as we got orders, we passed the Doctor again and another older Doctor beside, who asked us if we felt all right. We all did I suppose, I heard of no one who was turned away there, but there was a woman with two children who had whooping cough, kept back at the first examination on the Friday.

It was an ordinary large river steamer we embarked on and we soon steamed out to where our own gallant ship awaited us.

We got on board, were shown our quarters, sought out our baggage and got it stowed away -and stowing away without space to stow in is no joke. We had got out our dishes the night before at the Depot – All tin, a soup plate a flat plate, knife and fork, tablespoon, teaspoon, a jug for tea, a small tin ban to wash in and a cookpot. Pothooks I have been long acquainted with - but that was my first introduction to a hook-pot. It is something between a jug and a teapot to be used as either according to the will of the owner. Besides these there were (one for each mess) A wooden bread bucket with a lid (nothing like a pail - nicer than that) a tin water—drum, pepper, salt and mustard dishes, two dishes to take the place of assiettes and a basin for washing dishes in. Our mess were all Scotch, Miss Stewart Newburgh, Miss Kay, Comrie; Misses Alexander Edinburgh, Mother, Maggie, Jessie, and Myself.

We had to make our beds before going on deck. We found in each, a good soft mattress, a pillow and blanket, two sheets and a coverlet- all good; only the bed itself was so little. Jessie and I should have been side by side in the lower row, but Mother did not like the climbing so took Jessie's place beside me and Jessie slept above while Maggie is alongside her, over Mother. The upper berths have most room to sit up on, but I believe they are hotter.

When we got all arranged we went on deck. The steamer belonging to the "Mission to Seamen" came alongside and three gentlemen held a meeting on our deck. We had had service by a regular clergyman at the Depot the night before. The Catholics had service through the day on Friday and went to Confession in one of the rooms.

We set sail at 2.25p.m. and were soon beyond the Breakwater saluting a man-o-war as we passed - steaming on. Past Mount Edgecumbe and Lizard Point till we were alone on the green waters of the English Channel.

Many have just left those near and dear to them, yet few seem very sad. I saw one old man and his wife crying sorely as we left the wharf in the river-steamer, besides a few girls - but only a very few.

The business of the moment seemed enough for everyone. Oh believe me! It is easier to go that-to see those you love o from you. It is getting too dark to write more tonight. A good many are downstairs sick already – we shall all have to follow to bed by – and – by.

Wednesday, 26th October

I was not able to resume writing till today. When I went down to get to bed on Saturday I got very sick, and Mother not long after. On Sunday Morning we did not feel fit for rising, but our Matron, Miss Monk who sleeps in a rough little Cabin about 8ft. square – opposite to our berths came round coaxing us to get on deck if possible at all else we should have a fever - so many lying in a close little-space. The ventilation is good, but it does get a little close.

Jessie rose first. She had not been ill till then but grew bad before she was ready to go on deck. Maggie never got ill at all. She thinks that the rumble and shaking of the machinery under the workroom in Perth made her feel the ships motionless. Well, we all got struggled on deck - and a sad sight the deck was for that day — nothing but poor sufferers lying around, like some battle field- and a battle field could not have furnished mor 'ghastly subjects. However we began to get a little better — at least the others did in the afternoon — I was ill for-days myself.

Our friends from the men's quarters - which are at the very opposite end of the ship - as are also the married people's — are allowed to visit us from 2.30 to 4p.m. on Sunday afternoons, provided they ask a pass from the Doctors. our boys did not know on Sunday so were turned back at the very stair. Mother was so disappointed as there was no prospect of seeing them till next Sunday.

On Monday (24th) we were all better except about eight of us. We were in the Bay of Biscay by that time, but it was anything but rough. One gentleman who has sailed on it five or six times says that he never saw it so smooth.

The second Officer comes every day to mark on a chart, which is on the side of the stairs, our exact position and how far we have sailed each day. From the time we sailed on Saturday (2.25p.m.) till noon on Sunday we sailed 281 miles. From noon on Sunday to same time on Monday, 311 miles. All Monday there was a troop of little green birds about the wheels of the windlass over the hold, at our end of the ship. They were exactly like our Scottish "green lobbies" but so fat and so tame. They had probably come from Spain, but they left us again in the night.

On Tuesday, the 25th the sea was a good deal rougher, though we were out of the Bay of Biscay, and a great many were sick again. Mother was and Jessie; and I who had never been quite better was bad as ever.

We were nearing Madeira and our letters were wanted to be ready. I tried writing in the afternoon but was not successful, Maggie had to do it all nearly. We went 323 miles that day. In the afternoon we passed a ship — steamer homeward bound from Madeira. Our flag was run up in salutation — which the stranger returned.

The weather was getting hotter, so the sailors erected an awning over all our decks, which makes them so much more pleasant. You must understand that we live on deck and a very pleasant dwelling place it is, only not the best for getting writing done so you will overlook any eccentricities in my calligraphy here. Downstairs only means the place we sat and sleep in, we trouble it as little as possible.

Wednesday, 26th October

Early in the morning we saw land on the Port side i.e. the left—hand looking the way we are going. This was only a barren rock one of the Madeiras but after breakfast we saw on the opposite side the brown cliffs of Madeira proper, and by ten in the forenoon we were at rest in the bay. Fanchal. The waters get green when near land, out in the open ocean they are deep, dark blue.

The view from the bay is lovely. The hills rise with a slope above the town, but at some parts of the island they rise perpendicular out of the sea. The Hills are rather like our Perthshire hills – our Sidlaw Hills. I should rather compare them to - a succession of round backed heights, the sides and tops covered with trees. I was told the trees on the hill sides of Madeira were palms they certainly looked, at a short distance we were, very like Scotch fir. Lower down the slopes are covered with vineyards and gardens with little white thatched houses hardly discernible among the greenness. The houses are all white — Alabaster, Miss Monk told me. It is so common as to be the usual building—stone. The last vestige of sea-sickness-vanished with the sight of Madeira and no wonder for the scene was lovely. The smooth bay with its glistening waters - the pretty white town among its vines and orange—trees with its white Cathedral and marble tombstones crowning the nearest height; while higher and further rose the-hills, with the grey clouds creeping down their slopes - all made a picture which it would be hard to forget.

In the bay I counted ten good-sized ships besides our own. One of them a sailing vessel came in about the same time as ourselves, but from the east, possibly from Portugal.

One very large steamer there was, the "Athenian" from Cape Town to Southampton, carrying the Mails. Our errand was for coal, but before we were well into the bay we were surrounded by dozens of small boats with one or two dark-skinned little savages — for they looked little better - grinning and shouting for a "pennee". Where a penny was thrown into the water they would dive after it often down out of sight bring it up either in their hands or feet and hold it up triumphantly as if assuring us that our good money was not lost. They looked so like large yellow "puddocks" sprawling under the water, one could hardly believe they claimed one common brotherhood with ourselves.

They tired of the diving after a bit, and a new shoal of older visitors coming out, brought them dry clothes. They had not many wet ones - they took the right place about that and left the most of them at home. The men in the larger boats brought wicker chairs and baskets parrots, canaries, feather-flowers, oranges, apples, bananas, chains, filigree work, jewellery, walking sticks, embroidery, knitted silk shawls for sale on board. We bought fruit very cheap, although those who, for instance, bought oranges at fifteen for 6d were rather chagrined to see, later on, their neighbours get shirty for the same money. Everything was the same. They took down the prices amazingly rather than take them back. We bought lovely feather-flowers — pure white and coloured for going under a shade for 2/— We were commissioned to take them to a friend in New Zealand.. They are 15/— there. Mother bought a silk knitted shawl — same pattern as the Shetland shawls large size for £1. The Doctor put it all through his ring, it goes into such little bulk.

I am writing these details for the benefit of my lady friends. The coal boat soon came alongside and a hard afternoon's work the men had, stowing them in, till six in the evening. The men who stowed in the coal came from Madeira. A man came out with their dinner in baskets about two or three o'clock. They seemed to be very hungry, but in Scotland a hard—wrought man would have deemed the fare but scanty I fear — dry boiled rice seemed to be the sum and substance of it. They seemed quite satisfied, however. About 4pm the Athenian got up steam -said "Good-bye" to us, which our flag responded to and sailed away, carrying our letters home. I happened to be one of the two Postmistresses among us girls, so can tell you the number of letters we set. They were seventy—two.

We left Madeira at 6pm. The busy clamorous scene, of swaying boats dancing under the very edge of our ship of jabbering dark-skinned Portuguese of waters covered with such litter as wicker chairs and orange-baskets, of decks covered with eager purchasers and more eager venders — seems already like a dream, and yet a dream whose details do not soon leave one's mind. 289 miles today. All day the Hospital has had one occupant — an Englishwoman very had with erysipelas — "the rose" as we call it. We had five minutes of a stolen visit from the boys in the confusion today - discipline was relaxed a bit.

Thursday, 27th October

I was not well in the forenoon but have quite revived. We saw a sailing vessel on the star board side, but it was too distant to be "spoken". In the forenoon we came in sight of the Canary Islands. We passed at the back of Tenerife so did not see the town, Santa Cruz, which would have been our calling place if we had not called at Fumehal, Madeira.

The back of the island is very barren, no signs of vegetation or inhabitants except on one sloping part where there appeared something like bushes and a few white specks which probably were huts. The other side is better, I am told, resembling Madeira.

We sailed up to noon today, from the time we left Madeira — 245 miles.

Friday, 28th October

It is a lovely day, and everyone nearly seemed in excellent health, and spirits are up accordingly. The sea all along has been — to quote the official report -"Moderate". We have not yet seen a big wave today. I believe they are a little higher. This morning two waves came in at the portholes beside our berths - which are on the windward side of the ship -the first little taste of the sea water we have had. I was on deck myself, but Mother was down about. She thought someone was pouring the water overboard. They got the Port closed but not before some of the shawls got drenched, and the floor was sailing. The matron tells some story of a woman under her charge in a former voyage, who was surprised by the water coming in at the porthole on her. She thought it was a trick and kept calling out, however, another shower came over her "I'll tell the Matron, I'll tell the Matron — a threat which the billows would no doubt respect.

We brought up our beds in the forenoon to get aired on the railings of the deck. The mattresses had to be marked with each one's name as we get our things to keep, and it is not pleasant to get them mixed.

It turns out that we have onboard a stow-away from Madeira - a good big lad of about 18 I should say. They were teaching him to work today. He had hidden among the coals and did not come out till yesterday.

The Second Officer was just telling us how the men pretended to be going to hang him before he would promise to work. They are a lazy set the natives of Madeira. He has been sweeping the deck and he has taken three times as long as the other boy. He is going to Cape Town, for what for I do not know.

Today we made 328 miles — the wind favours us, and we are pushing on with both sail and steam. The weather is getting very warm but on deck it is not bad as we have a good breeze.

Saturday, 29th October

This is a busy day downstairs — all the dishes have to be scoured with sand before the inspection hour. Every day at 11am. the Captain the Doctor, the first officer, the purser and the Chief Steward go over the ship - into every corner to see that it is thoroughly cleaned. Only the Captain and the Doctor come down our stair - the other three remained at the top. The Matron has been accustomed to the whole five of them going down, but in each ship these very small details differ a little, although the printed regulations are the same in each.

About 3pm a homeward bound steamer passed us. Of course the flags spoke the usual "how d'ye do". We were near enough to see the people on deck wave their handkerchiefs.

Just before tea the men were called up for fire and boat drill. The hose kept playing bravely out at the portholes, but we could see little of the fire drill as the Saloon passengers deck was between ours and where operations seemed chiefly to be conducted.

We could see them (the sailors and a few of the men passengers called out) - could hear the boatswain's whistle and sharply spoken orders - and then each man flew to his post—two into each boat — loosening the ropes — fitting on the rudders - lowering the boats with a cool promptitude which made one feel we were in skilful-hands, even at the moment when their air of desperate earnestness made one draw one's breath with a shudder as if in the presence of a real danger. By the side of the two boat at our end stood a sailor each manned by other two - his knife at his belt, waiting for the word. These two seemed the smallest and apparently, the last to be lowered. They swing out the others — lower then till they almost touch the waves- a man has loosened the lifebuoys - It wants only the terror to complete the scene. Instead comes the familiar homely call "Tea is ready" and we go down to enjoy it.

When we come upstairs again the hurry is over. We see only our neighbours, the saloon passengers lounging about and the Captain on the bridge, beneath which, we can catch a glimpse of the distant forecastle, with our brothers (or some other bodys) - it is so far — cheerily waving their hands to us.

Two Scotch girls among us play the melodion-and one or two among the Irish girls, the concertina. After tea as we were sitting on deck watching the moon rise one of the girls who had been playing, struck up a familiar scotch reel. It reminded one so much of home - it was irresistible, so we soon got up a set. They had had dancing before a little, through the week, but this was the first-time I was able or inclined to join them. After we were tired we sat and sang Scotch songs. The Matron is very fond of them, and indeed all the English are. The Saloon passenger came along to swell the audience and seemed to appreciate the performance which was kept up almost until we had to go below. The distance up to noon today was 327 miles.

Sunday, 30th October

We got through breakfast as usual, but when we got on deck I noticed that the majority had dressed for the service which was to be held in the forenoon, or perhaps it was for the first muster which was to come before that. Anyhow we were nearly all extra tidied, and we were glad afterwards that we were in keeping with the rest of the ship. The weather had been very hot for a few days — nothing unpleasant on-deck, as there was always a good breeze, but very hot downstairs. A little before 10.30 we got in order according to the number of our berth and in a few minutes Captain Crutchley and Dr.

Jennings came along to see us. They were in their Sunday clothes too - and bravely they looked in white trousers, black coats with double row of brass buttons and caps embroidered with the New Zealand Shipping Company's badge. They merely called our name which we answered to — to prove that we had not succumbed to the horrors of seasickness, I suppose.

Afterwards, the crew were mustered on the Saloon deck, the Saloon Passengers I suppose had been mustered downstairs for every soul on the ship has to appear before the captain at the general muster — unless in hospital. Everyone took his place according to his rank. The Officers were standing across the ship at one end — Down one side were the carpenters, engineers etc. On the other were the stewards, cooks, baker and all other attendants - What they all get to do I cannot imagine. I had been told that there was a crew of one hundred on board the Kaikoura and laughed-at the idea. But when I began to count round the near side and down the other as far as I-could, and got to 65 and not nearly done, I was convinced that there must be all those. The first Officer, Mr. Easton answered for himself first, and then called the roll for the Captain. The first Officer wears three gold stripes on his cuffs, the second Officer Mr. Melwood wears two, and the third and fourth officers - one each. Dr. Jennings wears two gold stripes with a silver one between and the purser wears one of silver. There are others with stripes, but I do not know who they are. Since we came to the Tropics the officers wear entirely white uniforms, they look nice and cool.

After the muster we had Service - English Church Morning Prayer — some singing and an address from an Independent Church Minister. It was held on deck and was very reverential and home-like so far out here in mid-ocean. Far away on the starboard side we saw two ships - the first a Steamer going South east, the other a sailing vessel going Northwest. They were much too distant to be "Spoken". The boys came along at 2.30pm. and stayed till 4 o'clock. They are both looking very well and very lively. Johnnie was full of a wonderful sight he had seen that morning - a shoal of porpoises with a shark after them. I saw the porpoises - hundreds of them popping up and down in the water like a lot of black pigs. They were evidently in a hurry.- I thought, perhaps our ship had disturbed their morning nap, but though I watched them pretty closely, I saw no shark. Some of the men say they saw it, however. Later in the day we saw a shoal of flying fish. They are small compared with the porpoises. The latter are twice as big as a large salmon —(perhaps bigger still) - the flying fish appeared to be like good large haddocks only dark in colour (with short glistening fins or wings at their sides).

We sailed only 301 miles as the wind was fairly in our teeth and we had not the help of a yard of canvas. The weather still continued hot, but although in the Tropics, not oppressive.

Monday, 31st October

I do not think there is anything particular to relate of today's progress. We ate drank cleaned up and lounged about as usual. I suppose we cannot expect much variety for a week or two. We passed a large steamer between 7 & 8 pm. as we were fitting on deck in the moon light. It was all lit up of course and signalled to our ship with lights it carried-in-front of the foremost mast (I-am not sailor enough to know the masts yet. I know the backmost one beside us is the mizzenmast)

Our ship also carried a lamp on the front mast, the boys who are at the front of the ship , were astonished at the size of it. I have not seen it. All our quarters are lit with electric light. Distance for today was 303 miles.

Tuesday, 1st November

Today the Matron opened the workbox and distributed its contents. This is a box of sewing and knitting materials given by the N.Z. Government to keep the girls from wearying. No one needs make anything unless she pleases. When made the maker gets the articles to keep. Some got worsted for

stockings, some crochet, some calico for under clothing and some pretty prints for aprons. Maggie took cotton, Mother calico, Jessie, who is in my sewing class got patchwork when we began it last week, and she also got to crochet with the big people today. She is a very handy addition to the mess. If it is a question of an extra allowance of anything to the half—dozen little girls among us, she gets to share about with the others. The Matron made me sewing mistress at the beginning. My first business was to get two patchwork bags made to hold the work; they shall be mine at the journey's end. At first the six little girls did patching, now they are doing their own pinafores. I have got a couple of yards of printed calico for an apron to myself - resplendent with blue and red "cockatoos". I always was fond of them, you know. At present I am making an apron for my youngest pupil - a girl of 5 ½ years, from Stonehaven. The second officer came along in the afternoon. He challenges any of us to make a buttonhole as well as he will. I would accept the challenge if I thought he were in earnest — but he hardly ever is. Distance -306 miles. One ship in the far distance.

Wednesday, 2nd November

We crossed the Equator today a little before 11am. We heard the men at the other end cheering, but no-one here seemed much interested. The distance today is only 300 miles. The wind is still dead against us, but the sea is not rough. One afternoon we had a "chopping sea" some kind of under—swell that made the ship rise and fall from end to end — up in the front — then down, while our end would be up. Being used only of the side-to-side motion most of us got a little queer again. Mother got quite sick and went to bed. The matron says we may expect chopping seas about the Cape. All were right by-the next morning, however.

Thursday, 3rd November

I began duty as Captain of our Mess today. We are to take week about although generally the Captains hold the office for all the time, but it means a lot of work and bother, so it is only fair to take it in turn.

Today there were some revels and nonsense about the other end of the ship, in honour of crossing "the Line" yesterday. There was the usual visit of Neptune along with shaving, ducking etc. but we only hear tell of such comedies. (A girl whispered to me not to write down that we had plum—pudding for dinner so for spite I may tell you we had. We always have on Sundays and Thursdays). We get plenty of excellent food rather roughly served certainly, but excellently cooked.

We have coffee in the morning - no tea - but we get hot water to make our own with bread and butter to each with it. Besides, we have every morning another dish — oat-meal porridge, curried meat and rice, or potatoes and meat. They come in regular turn I think. The porridge is excellent — but one misses the milk. We have condensed milk of our own and are allowed one tin a week out of the ship's stores, or Jessie, but I cannot think of beginning it. We have nice bread-baked on board - a little loaf for each, both at breakfast and tea-time. We get it fresh for each meal.

For dinner, we have soup, - never two days the same kind successively. Then we always have potatoes (but they are bad,) where they get these potatoes this year I cannot imagine, with roast mutton, salt beef, roast pork or tinned meat to eat with them, and then our plum-puddings, which Miss Dally seemed so Jealous of your hearing of, come twice a week as I said before. We have our tea between 5 & 6 pm. I have just come downstairs to finish, as it is too dark on deck to write. The whole of this has been written on my lap on deck with the wind blowing pretty strong, so it has some excuse for being bad. The distance for today is 297 miles. We are far out in the ocean again with the deep Gulf of Guinea between us and land. For the last week we were not very far from the coast of Africa, the

swallows visited us every day, but now they are all gone again. We had rain this afternoon in showers, but they soon passed over, though it was very heavy while it lasted.

Friday, 4th November

The weather is getting colder again although we are still in the Tropics. The wind is almost due South and is quite sharp. The run today was 305 miles.

Saturday, 5th November

We were very busy all forenoon scouring our dishes for the Captain's inspection. He is very particular - peeps into every teapot to see if they are right inside as well as out. When I was down in the afternoon getting tea ready with the other captains, a message was sent to us to close the portholes and go on deck. We did so and found the ship's crew lowering the boats. We might have been alarmed if we had not remembered that it was the hour for fire and boat drill gone through every Saturday. The boats nearest us were manned each by two sailors while a third stood by each ready to help to lower it. The stewards cooks etc were ranked up on the Saloon deck and at a word they dispersed to hurry back in a few moments - two to each boat - one carrying a large bag of sea-biscuits the other a tip of meat. Two of each were laid beside each of the smallest boats - a can of fresh water would also go in a case of real danger. We had to stand by the rope at the inmost end of our deck - the matron at our head as usual. Our orders in a case of fire or any other emergency are - "Close the nearest Porthole — seize your blanket and hurry on deck". But we hope for better things than ever to have that order to obey in earnest.

There was no notice of the distance today. The sheet was marked "obscured".

Sunday, 6th November

We had the muster this morning as last Sunday. Afterwards we had service — by a Presbyterian Minister, this week. It was very home-like. The weather was very stormy all day, the sailors have taken down the awning we do not need it now. The boys were along in the afternoon both looking very well and in capital spirits.

The ship began to roll-very much about mid-afternoon - dipping over till the portholes were on a level with the water, so we have had them shut. The Carpenter has screwed them tight so that we cannot open them till we are in smoother waters. We sat till dark on the deck singing our old Psalm tunes over, till-we had-to go down stairs. There is no moon just now, so we do not remain-on deck after dark. The distance for yesterday and today-together was 589 miles. A little boy died in-the morning and was quietly buried in the afternoon.

Monday, 7th November

The ship is still rolling very much — A few are sick again. I have been very well since I once quite recovered at the end of the first few days.

The first Saloon passengers had sports on their deck and ours, in the afternoon. There was an obstacle race all-round the deck, over seats etc — then jumping and cockfighting. This last I have never seen before. A ring is drawn on the deck in which the two combatants sit. Each has a pole which he has to hold in a certain way so that his-hands are not-free, then each tries to upset the other, and to shuffle him out of the circle with the help of feet and the ends of the pole. The young ladies tried races with a potato in a spoon in their hands. Of course, the potato easily rolled out which hindered them so long as to replace it. Then we had our turn. Mr. Easton the first Officer drew pig on the deck, a

starting place was fixed, the one trying for the prize was blind folded - turned three times round and set off with a piece of chalk to mark the pigs eye, but it would have had eyes all over it if chalk marks meant them before we were done. The first prize was a box of sweets and I did not get it, my eye was not on the pig at all. Distance today, 286 miles.

Tuesday, 8th November

There was a continuation of the sports today. There was horse racing first i.e. running with another man on their backs, then there were plain races round the deck, children's races and another race where they had to lift an equal number of potatoes one at a time and carry them back to a pail at the end. One man was five potatoes behind one time. The Doctor bests at everything he tries — racing putting the stone (a bag of shot) etc. etc. A young Scotchman beats at running and leaping. I never saw him contend with the Dr. at running. I do not know how they would stand. After tea there was another pig's eye to chalk for a like reward, in fact they are at it now.

The distance today was 501 miles.

Wednesday, 9th November

We wrote letters for home in the afternoon for postage at Cape Town. We were just telling our friends that we had not seen a big wave but the first news after tea was that a-gale was expected and it soon came. Before bed—time half of our number were sick again. (302 miles)

Thursday, 10th November

The gale was very strong all night and the tins were rattling and flying about in an uncanny way. In the morning, a great many were very sick. Mother among the number. The other three of us kept very well. Locomotion was very difficult, if one shaped their course for the stairs they would find themselves wandering over to the hospital door in very short time. Meals were a dangerous business, teapots etc. were continually taking an excursion on their own account down the tables. The tables are fixed across the ship, so they did not go over the side but solemnly slip down the tables and over the end, at the risk of scalding anyone sitting there.

We made as little cleaning up as possible do for one day and such as were not in bed got on deck. Campstools and chairs were of no use. Writing was out of the question. It was well we wrote on Wednesday. All we could do was to sit on the deck, propped against a ventilator and try to keep steady. It was laughable when an extra bad lurch came to see everyone sliding shawls and all across the deck to the rail trying vainly all the way down to stop themselves by clutching at the smooth boards. I would have enjoyed it very much if so many had not been suffering around us. We went to bed whenever we went below, a great many had been in bed all day. The gale got worse and worse; four girls lost their hats during the afternoon. When we were going to bed we discovered a new feature in the scene. The boxes in the upper hold had got partially unpacked by the men, having taken out the great ropes to moor the ship when we came to Cape Town, and were rolling about under the floor in our corner, with a violence which made one think the ships side would get damaged.

I slept fairly well, the rocking does not disturb one at all but the noise of this falling and boxes banging made continuous sleep next to impossible, the waves came over the deck at our part as the wind was in the head of the ship. I suppose the young men were driven from the fore-castle altogether with the water. Had the waves been coming broadside on we would likely have caught it. In spite of all we made 288 miles.

Friday, 11th November

We reached Cape Town a little before six in the morning. We had orders not to go on deck until we should get notice as the sailors were to be busy there. Only a few got up to get breakfast, the invalids did not care to risk rising to sit below. We were soon peeping out at the portholes to see what our surroundings looked like - glad of a change after seventeen days of nothing but tumbling waves and the sky. On one side I could see a neatly flat with a light house at the extremity — on the other a black peak beside a square-topped hill which I could easily guess was Table Mountain. We got up the stairs as soon as permission was given and found ourselves in a calm bay, with hills all round except on the one side and even that was protected by a breakwater which the Convicts of the Colony are busy at. All round the bay for miles lay the town with its yellow sandstone houses looking as if they were finished building just yesterday. The very gardens and the trees looked as if they would take many a year to be like home. The better part of the town was at the Western side of the bay - too distant for us to see it rightly. The most conspicuous object from our station point was a huge windmill with long arms shining white in the sunlight. Immediately in front of us were the docks with a goodly number of large steamers and sailing vessels coming and going, and half a dozen more very large ones taking a rest apparently in the innermost corners. Behind the docks among some trees was a handsome yellow stone building which we were told was the new hospital. Close beside us was stationed a large leaden coloured vessel with a wheel on the prow which the second Officer told us was the telegraph ship. A large steamer - the "Gladstone" was just leaving — probably for home - and a little later a Royal Mail Steamer for Durban and the other towns on the western coast also left, exchanging the usual courtesies with us as she passed out. The next departure was a large sailing vessel towed out by a little steam tug. We soon had a lot of niggers on board selling flowers, raisins, nuts, ostrich feathers, bananas, a few oranges, and "kippered" mackerel. The nigger boys were fishing for mackerel over the edge of the pier and offered us what they caught for sale afterwards. One girl got a bunch of five as large as big haddocks for 3p. We will get the steward to coax the cook to make them ready some time. They are fresh at any rate - they shook their tails for half-an-hour after they were brought on board.

We were to get coal in, so a lot of little lorries- drawn by two mules each were soon plying between our pier and the store-houses farther ashore. The drivers were nearly all niggers, nice respectable honest looking people, a great part of the negroes seem. There were a few loafers as there are at any wharf at home, but they seem an improvement on the Portuguese at Madeira.

The report arose that the Doctor gave us permission to go ashore after 10 o'clock. The married people and the young men were already out and about, but we "single women" (nominally) were another matter. That order was soon contradicted, but the belief was that it was because the Matron would not accompany us on shore nor answer for us. The Doctor had to answer for the others and did not care to take the responsibility of us on his head as well I suppose. It did seem ridiculous since we had our Mother with us and many had both father and mother on board yet could not accompany them. However I never counted on it and the town was rather far for the short time, so I did not mind. The boys came along the pier, and by request, got along for some orders for things from the town - little things that help to make things more pleasant, such as jam, biscuits etc. etc. They came back after a couple of hours, laden with biscuits, Jam, sugar, figs, herrings, eggs etc. etc. and spent the remainder of the forenoon with us on our deck. We had bought some nuts, raisins oranges and strawberries from those who came on board to sell. The fruit is not yet plentiful as it is only very early summer in the Southern Hemisphere. After dinner I began to write on deck. I was just new begun when the men began to take over the mooring ropes and stow them into the hold, and we are drifting out of the bay again. We have only stayed eight hours, as at Madeira. Our friends the Muleteers are waving farewell from the pier already a good bit behind the screw begins its never-ceasing turn and soon send us round the breakwater. An engine is stopped on the outer extremity with six trucks of stones behind it. They have emptied them into the sea between the iron piles already fastened there, I do not know

if it still can be termed Cape Town that we see now — rows of pretty villas apparently facing the sea with striped awnings shading the front of them.

There is such another heath that we passed on the opposite side of the bay, when going in this morning, and a lighthouse also similar to the one on it. The Second Officer points out part of a wreck which has lain there for 22 years. We are still in the shadows of Table Mountain. The Table Cloth has come on it again - that is a peculiar white cloud that rests on its square black top. It was not there this morning but came down about mid forenoon — lifted again and now creeps down once more. The wind is blowing strong again that we have got out of the shelter of the bay. It was like a warm summers day there, now it is cold again. I must go down for my jacket. Addio ones Annis. P.S. Johnnie says he saw twelve oxen in a waggon in the town with horns three times as long as our Floss's, and in another place a yoke of six. Willie says they greatly resemble our Highland cattle only very such larger and very lean — (9pm.) The Doctor has just been for his usual evening visit, he tells us that one of the young men, Dawson by name has been left at Cape Town. He had met two old friends that he has not seen for twelve years and that together with the Cape wine — (which is only 8' and 9' a bottle) made him forget the time and we started without him. We also put the Portuguese boy ashore, but we found two strangers in his place - one an-Englishman — apparently well used to a sea-faring life - the other a German. We went 200 miles today up to noon, notwithstanding the stoppage.

Saturday, 12th November

We had a renewal of Thursday's storm whenever we got fairly out to the ocean again. The boxes renewed their dance down in the hold — only the ropes which had been stowed away again, made it not so bad. Those were only our small "Wanted" boxes in the upper hold which we get at every week. I do not suppose the contents of the lower hold move at all. We managed to get up enough of us to prepare breakfast and help the others to it in their beds. Bed was almost the only safe place and even there one's bones got sore rocking from side to side. I got on deck after breakfast, but it was a very strong gale and very cold. The waves were still striking across the head of the ship, so that we on the poop were quite dry, but it looked uncanny to look along the length of the vessel to the forecandle and see the water come dash over every minute, while every roll of the vessel almost made the rail touch the water. I cannot understand why the ship manages to rights herself again, it seems she must turn over altogether, but no! In another moment she seems in danger of going the opposite way.

We managed to get down some dinner. The Constables (two of the married men who carry our food water etc.) had a hard time of it for a day or two. There is one of them a stout man, and he looked a little more pitiful each time he appeared. First, when he brought the breakfast, he came minus a cap, then he came with a white handkerchief tied over his head. He had staggered against something a very common accident, and lastly he did not appear at all - given it up as a bad job. We did with a short allowance of water those few days; it was really dangerous carrying the heavy water—drums. In the afternoon, a very few of us tried the deck again, but it was cold and Mr. Easton the first Officer told us when he came to get the skylights closed that it was rather dangerous getting we might get pitched overboard. so down we went. A great many were sick again, bed seemed to be much the best place, and we all turned in early. It was another wild night. We each got out a bit of twine to fasten things with. I tied the water drum to the foot on a table to make sure of its not taking any disastrous pilgrimage through the night otherwise made things fast and turned in. Well, a narrow bed is a necessity sometime, one could not have slept in a wide one some of those nights.

We made 269 miles from leaving Cape Town on Friday at 2p.m. till noon on Saturday.

Sunday, 13th November

It was a fearful night hardly any possibility of steadying one's self in bed — and yet slept wonderfully well - awoke perhaps with an extra bad lurch but slept again in a minute and yet I was conscious all the time of the rush of the waters past the porthole near my pillow. As if we were tearing through the water, of the bumping of those boxes, of the creaking of the over balanced, over strained woodwork of the beds on the other side of the gurgling of an overturned water drum and the rattling of tins as they scuttled across the floor - truly I never imagined I could sleep among such discord — and yet I did. We were not at all frightened. There were a few who added their sobs to the other characteristic noise of a stormy night at sea, but the majority seemed to have perfect faith in our good ship. She has gone eight times before – safely. We will hope she shall have like fortune for many more voyages. After breakfast we heard some rumour of musters, but it was not attempted.

Service was out of the question as the deck is our only place of worship. After dinner we were allowed on deck to await our friends when they came on their weekly visit. It was certainly improving a little. Mother did not go on deck. She had been on the sick list for two days, but the Matron let us have Johnnie downstairs to see her. She was seasick and very weak for a few of the most stormy days but is quite well again.

After tea we had some reading and the Matron read prayers (as she does every night) and we went to bed.

The distance was 286 miles.

Monday, 14th November

The weather still is stormy and the ship rolling very much. We had to try the usual routine of cleaning etc, however on deck the wind was cold but dry. There was the usual sliding across the deck when a sudden unannounced roll came, but it was only good fun. Chairs have been discarded for a week, they have not found their sea legs any more than the rest of us, the deck is safer. We had every sail set during the day and the record was unusually high – 358 miles.

Tuesday, 15th November

The storm is abated so much as to make sitting on deck pleasant again. The wind is from the South, and very cold. There is nothing to be seen but the great swelling waves. We have not seen a ship since we left Cape with the exception of one we saw - a steamer from Australia on that same day as we left. Three great Albatrosses joined us soon after we left the Cape, and their number has increased considerably since. They keep with us - usually a little to the rear - probably wise enough to know that we have lots of refuse for them. It is amusing to watch them circling over an old box or a strayed cap left bobbing on our wake. They are grand birds — some are all brown with a blacker head but the big white ones with grey wings and head are splendid birds. I am told that some measure nine feet from tip to tip and I can well believe some of our followers are not much less.

The distance was 322 miles today.

Wednesday, 16th November

The gale is going down and the roughest of the Cape's terrors are behind us, I hope. It is dry and sunny on deck but cold. In the afternoon, the Matron had a small Dorcas Society in her Cabin, six of us sewed while one read aloud. An Irish girl - a Protestant who sleeps in our corner was telling the Matron that if she saw the Doctor (who by the way is allowed to be the handsomest young man on board) she would tell that she was very much wearied for a paper of sweets.

The Matron called her to speak to the Doctor when he made his evening call, but alas! poor Anna's bravado had dispelled and "never a word she spoke." The Matron told him on the quiet what her request was to have been and he is to tell the Cook to make us c dish of toffee. Distance today is 312 miles.

Thursday, 17th November

The day is very bright but cold. The deck is lovely, and the ship has almost returned to its accustomed glide (NB so has our stout Constable). Most of the Albatrosses have left us but a great many pretty speckled birds - black and white are still keeping us company. The Constable told me that two whales were seen on the starboard side this morning. 318 Miles.

Friday, 18th November

The weather is very cold, snow has fallen a good deal, it has drifted down to the landing deck. All day showers fell at intervals. I was not on deck except for a very short time. The log is marked "Obscured". A little boy of four years died among the steerage passengers through the night, he was quietly buried in the early morning. we did not hear of it until it was over.

Saturday, 19th November

The weather is very cold indeed and still stormy. Just before breakfast a great wave came over the deck and rushed down the ventilator on the other side of the room from our beds, drenching any who had not risen and swamped the place. Nobody seemed to know where the water was coming from. Somebody shouted "The Porthole" thinking it had been burst in. The Constables were in the act of bringing down the water—drums, but they were hurried into the Hospital, to close the suspected porthole as the water having rushed from the other side into the Hospital, was rushing out again with the new roll of the ship. Before there was time to discover where the calamity had in truth come from, another wave poured in at the sparred Hatchway right over the middle of the room, two storeys down from the upper deck. By this time mops had been got out, the last roll had sent the bulk of the water into the lavatory, where it was kept until the most of it was mopped up. The beds near the ventilator were wet and those about were drenched. Our side was quite out of the evil, we have neither ventilator nor hatchway very near us.

The first cabin passengers fared worse than us. The Doctor was telling us that it was over their ankles with them during the day. The First Officer, was telling the Matron what he considered a ludicrous story about it.

When the Cabins were swamped he went in to see if he could be of any service. An old lady called him into her cabin to help to rescue her belongings from the wet. She handed him first her bonnet-box and the other articles of wearing apparel, all of which the gallant officer deposited high and dry in some safe place. It was not till the most valuable item had been attended to that the old lady recollected she had not dressed in her care for the safety of her goods. So she informed Mr. Easton that she would dispense with further services.

They would be rather scared I daresay, more especially as they were not-out of bed. We get up at 6.30am. unless indisposed.

We had to make ourselves as comfortable as possible downstairs as deck was out of the question, we made the upper berths our sitting room, and sat very comfortably at our sewing, reading, playing cards etc. The men came to get us up our boxes, in the afternoon. We let them up once a week if we wish them - weather permitting. We have only had one box, once, they get so knocked about, if one can do without them, they are better undisturbed.

At seven in the evening Mr. Melwood the second Officer came down with the Doctor to entertain us with some recitations. He gave us "The Countess of Burleigh" ("The Village Countess" I have seen the piece called elsewhere) then a short piece about the wreck of a man-o-war in the Bay of Biscay and the self-sacrifice of the Captain, next "Edinburgh after Flodden" (the whole of it I never heard it all before) and fourth a funny bit "People will talk". It was very good natured of him. We gave him three hearty cheers and he went away to begin his watch at eight o'clock- weary work it must be on a night like this pacing the bridge from eight to twelve.

The Sailors had forgotten to shut the skylight over the stair and, after the Matron was in bed it was discovered by the draught coming from it. Three of us were sent on deck to close it. It was a wild, cold night and very dark. We had a look around for the Southern Cross but could find no trace of it. The light is turned off about 10pm. So I must stop. The wind is in our favour still. The distance for the two days was 678 miles.

Sunday, 20th November

It was still rather stormy and very cold. We were not asked to muster on deck. The Captain and the Doctor came below and called the roll there. Soon after we had service. The Officiating clergyman was Mr. Webster a Presbyterian Minister. He has been often in New Zealand and speaks very highly of it. His daughter accompanied him, of course it was downstairs - not a very commodious place of worship but we made the best of it.

In the afternoon, the weather was milder, and we quite enjoyed sitting on the deck with the boys when they came to see us as usual.

The distance for this day was 340 miles - the wind is SW now we have showers of snow.

Monday, 21st November

The weather is decidedly milder, and the ship is pretty steadier, but we find it more pleasant to sit downstairs with our sewing and writing than on deck. The weeks seem to go quickly now. We went 341 miles today. In the afternoon, the boxes were got up for those who required them. We shall not ask ours until the next time they are at it - the last time that shall be.

Tuesday, 22nd November

Nothing particular occurred today. I was on deck for an hour in the forenoon and a couple of hours before tea. I think it has been the pleasantest afternoon we have had for a fortnight. The deck is so white too since the-wind changed to blow the smoke the opposite way. We had our share of it-after we left Madeira, not the smoke really — the funnel is too high for that, but the heavier sooty particles blew right along the Saloon and our decks. Now the steerage passengers at the other end and the young men have it only not do bad as we had for the wind is a little to one side. We went 335 miles today.

Wednesday, 23rd November

The weather is colder again today. Except in the forenoon I did not go on deck. After dinner I was sitting sewing busy enough but thought I ought to go on deck for a walk. The length of our portion of the deck from the rope which separates us from the saloon passengers to the end of the ship is 35 steps of mine - not a long walk certainly but one can double it by going round the wheel at the end and down the other side if they do not mind such obstacles as a great anchor and a multitude of ropes. Well I intended having a promenade but was just preparing when we heard a splash and some screaming. We knew what it meant, a wave over the top deck where the girls were, and down they were coming all more or less wet. It had knocked down two or three and washed right over them soaking them through.

Noone went up again tonight. we had been warned that we should have 24 hours of rough sailing about today as we are opposite Cape Leeuwin the South Western point of Australia — far far south of it certainly but not too much so not to feel the force of the opposing currents that sweep round it. We sailed 339 miles today. We are all really well, Mother has been quite herself this week again. There is no seasickness now, there is one young English girl in Hospital with inflammation and one or two more have had a milder touch of something the same, it has been so cold. There have been a good many sore throats - but as yet no illness to alarm us. There were sports among the young men today.

Thursday, 24th November

It is still cold — worse, than it was on Monday and Tuesday. We did not have it rough after all, the Matron tells us we have got past- very easily. We have had a change of followers again the black and white speckled birds have all left us, but instead, we have hundreds of birds of a larger size, white underneath with grey-back wings and head. - I saw only one great albatross about today. It looked like a large swan when it alighted and sat on the top of the waves behind us. 354 miles.

Friday, 25th November

The weather is a little milder and the ship fairly steady. We made 343 miles today.

In the morning we got intimation of a long-promised event, namely a Concert which the Saloon Passengers were to give us. After tea we dressed a bit and soon after the Steward, Constables and Sailors came down to arrange things. The Concert hall, the square space at the foot of the stair was neither spacious nor convenient but it was the best available. They hung the great Union Jack over the wooden partition between our mess and the landing - it covered it all - they draped the pillars with flags of other pattern and hung others- a scarlet cuss on a white flag - a red, white and blue etc. etc. over the front of the Matron's cabin and the Hospital. Then the Saloon piano was brought down and secured and then we began to take our seats. Chairs were arranged near the piano for our expected visitors, the invalid was carried out of the hospital and placed comfortably, and we knew we might soon expect the performers. Mr. East, the First Officer was Chairman and General Manager, so he was up-and down for some time directing operations but at last he appeared with the ladies. We knew them all well by sight from our adjourning on adjoining decks - some of their names we also knew — the programme which we got before the performance told us some of the others. The programme was as follows -

Mr. Greerson — Piano Solo

Mrs. Becket - "Wait till the clouds roll by"

Mr. Wildish (2nd Engineer) - "Concertina "

Mrs. Davies - Song "Clochette"

Mr. Bethgate – Recit “Mary Queen of Scots”

Miss. Uran – Recit Piano solo

Mr. Dymond -Song "I wish I were single again”

Miss. Lissaman - song "The Flower Maiden”

Mr. Bethgate - Recit “The Collier's Child”

Miss. Thomson - Violin Valse

Mr. East - Song "Tarpaulin jacket”

Mr. Dymond Zither Solo

Misses. Thompson – Piano "Sleigh Bells"

Dr. Jennings — Song “The Midshipman"

Yes, my Gentleman friends may not tire yourselves with the next two pages.

Mr. East excused himself as having a sore throat, Miss Lissaman sang for him-another song and Dr. Jennings when encored sang "Tarpaulin-Jacket". We were asked to join in the choruses always. Mrs. Becket is a tall, lovely lady, wife of the MP. for (I think) Whitby. She was dressed in black flowered satin, heavily trimmed with jet - she sang very nicely Mrs. Davies is also very very pretty, and like Mrs. Becket quite young, evidently, newly married both. Mrs. Davies has a sister and I think, a brother (the Champion of the Sports) on board; She wore a lovely dress or cinnamon plush short sleeves etc. etc. They had just left the dinner table before coming down. Miss Uran wore a black lace dress with vest and sash of cardinal satin - half sleeves etc. and looked very pretty. So did the younger Miss Thomas who also wore a black lace dress with a white fielin and cardinal bows. One had pure white another greens. Altogether it was very enjoyable. We gave three cheers for "The Ladies" "Miss Monk" "Dr. Jennings" "Mr. East" (The Captain, who was not present, was overlooked I fear). Then we sang of "God Save the Queen" and the affair closed — about 10.30. Mr. East stayed to superintend the removal of the piano but before hoisting it up he played and sang one song - to Mrs. Quin – “A queer old Irish wife” (for whom he had proposed three cheers at the same time as the others were cheered). It was Irish of course, and very funny. We gave him an extra cheer as he finished. He is a typical "jolly tar" so nice. I think he has girls of his own at home. He certainly is married.

Saturday, 26th November

We did the cleaning in the forenoon as usual and then went on deck. It is mild enough to write on deck again but a little showery – 330 miles today,

We have just heard in a roundabout way we had a narrow escape from having a collision the other night. About midnight the watch discovered a sailing vessel running right across our bows. She carried no lights and the watch was surely asleep or they could not have missed seeing ours. Anyhow there she was seeming a merchant vessel but without any sight of life on her and in a few minutes we would have cut her in two. The Kaikoura was stopped and she sailed on without us discovering who or what she was. We would not have slept so soundly had we known what a tragedy was hanging over us.

Sunday, 27th November

It was mild enough to have muster on deck at 10a m. as usual. Then we had service held this time by an independent minister from Girvan. Mr. Wesley his name is. I was presenter, there were also hymns we sang. A number of the First Saloon Passengers joined us. After service we went down to dinner and then sat reading on deck till our weekly visitors came over. A great many who have no relatives

at this end come over now just to see the place I suppose. Willie tells us he has been helping the Cook this last week and consequently fares better than usual.

We made-a run of 323 miles only today.

Monday, 28th November

We were on the deck all day as we expected to see land before night. About 2.50pm I was on deck with two other young ladies besides our own Maggie and two younger children - We had the deck all to ourselves for a wander with the exception of Miss Monk and two visitors of hers who were on the other side. We had been running races with the children and now I was sitting sewing while they were running about. We were looking towards the North where we expected to see "Tasmania" when we happened to notice the Second Officer Hr. Millward look along — he was on duty on the bridge - and point as if to make us look for land. We went to the side and scanned the horizon but could see nothing and concluding he was only teasing set down again still watching, however. In about ten minutes I discovered two hill tops on the horizon with a hollow between. You cannot know what a treat it is to see land after nearly three weeks of nothing but sea and sky. We soon spread the good news and everyone came hurrying up on both the saloon deck and ours to see. It got nearer and soon we could trace a whole range of peaks from north to south, some of them very high so that we had been taking them for clouds at first. As we approached we found this to be great rocks rising perpendicular out of the water. The seaweed clinging to their base and covered with dark green scrub — stretching range behind range farther and higher with the white clouds in the hollows between till we could not distinguish them from the clouds which hung over them. The sun shone on the white sandstone for such it seems to be so that it looked like snow in the clefts. Farther out stands an isolated rock very much resembling the Bass Rock, with the waves dashing up its sides and the seabirds clustering about its summit. I believe it is very much like the west coast of Norway. We are watching for each new development of the scene. I have discovered smoke rising from a lower wooded part stretching down to the shore. We wonder if there is more than one — are the camp fires of some of our fellow countrymen — "on the swag" looking for "pasture new" among those interminable hills. But the Matron says it is a bush fire - how caused we know not.

We go down to tea but hurry up again unwilling to miss the pleasure of watching the ever-varying panorama opening out before us as our good ship ploughs her way on. By and by it gets dark - but the moon is nearly full and the sky unclouds so we still stay above.

About 7.30 a message came from below to say that the electric light was escaping. There was a little consternation at first as some had ideas of explosion etc. but it was soon put to rights. The covering of one of the wires had worn through and the light was disporting itself along tables etc. fizzing and flashing in an alarming way. It was turned off at the engine until the damaged wire was disconnected and all the loss was the light for one side - the opposite from ours - for the rest of the evening.

We stayed on deck till 8.30 walking back and forward in the moonlight then we went below. The last things we could see were the never-ending hills showing black behind the clouds which had hovered under the higher summits all the afternoon — white first - then pink in the setting sun and now blue — with the bush fires now far in our wake glowing red, reminding us of the whims burning on an April evening on the hills at home, and the light house at the southern proximity of the island twinkling in front of us. 326 miles was the run-today.

We shall be in Hobart by midnight — we have got not long to stay and hope we shall not have left before we get up tomorrow.

Tuesday, 29th November

I awoke at 1.30 with a great chattering in the beds near me and discovered that the ship had stopped. I looked out at the portholes and found that we were at Hobart. On one side I could see the town with a fortification and docks on the side nearest us, on the other, some pretty white houses among garden and fields. The day light was just coming in, so went to bed and slept till 5.30. When they arrived at 1.30 they fired three cannons and half an hour later, two more. We did not hear the first salvo, a proof of sound sleeping, is it not? But was awake before the second.

I got up at 5.30 only a very few were stirring, we were not sure if we could get on deck before the usual time 7 o'clock - but we did as soon as we were all ready. The neat little steamboats of the NZ SS Co. had already taken some loads of our passengers ashore to see the town, not so many went as in Cape Town where we were alongside the pier. Willie and Johnnie went and as usual we were prisoners had some little commissions for them. They were to get till 10 am when we intended leaving. There were also two large coal-boats alongside the front part of the ship giving us another supply. The town did not look half awake at first, and there were very few of the shopkeepers enterprising enough to send things on board as at Madeira and Cape Town. It is the prettiest place of the three. I think it lies in the hollow at the foot of high hills wooded to the top. The houses are all white or the colour of the yellow sandstone, but as a great many large trees have been left where the clearing was made for the town it has not the bare look of Cape Town.. The hills are all wooded but up their sides there are cottages and gardens where the ground was likely to be worth the clearing, and higher still one could see at intervals a hut shining here and there through the trees as if someone were planning further in roads. On the very summit of the highest but one there was a House and near it a flag-staff - but we could not see its surroundings, it was so far above our level.

Quite close to the water were some nice houses and lovely gardens, the flowers showed in masses of purple, crimson and scarlet even at our distance and between those and the inner harbour was a fort with turf embankments built with apertures for cannon — but within a park with seats as if in its confidence the town were using it for a pleasure ground.

At 8 pm our Union Jack was hoisted, later on the fortress flags were hoisted not in honour of our visit, however, but as we soon discovered by their being half-mast high, for some distinguished citizen's funeral. One of the first settlers it was I believe.

There were some crows about, their cawing sounded so like Dandirran. Cows seem to be more abundant than at the Cape they are very scarce there.

We brought some shell necklaces and a pair of young whales teeth - good ivory. I suppose the points are 2/6' a pair. The seller a wholesaler in marine curiosities sends such things all over the world. The boys returned about 9a.m. and by ten we thought all was ready. The Captain, who had gone ashore - had come in the last boat load, the gang way was raised and the Kaikoura started when we saw two of the little steamers hurrying-off to us once more. We stopped once more to see who or what was wanted. The first one bore a solitary passenger an old lady of the First Class. She got on board — rather flurried as a matter of course and the second came alongside. It had three distinguished passengers Mr. Beckett, his wife and his sister-in law .

It was touch—and go for them. We left a good many passengers for the Australian ports, among them two of our ministers.

We were soon going down the estuary on the last stage of our Journey. I am writing now about 1.30 on deck and we have not yet turned the last rock before continuing eastward once more. Before dinner we passed two lighthouses, one above a stretch of perpendicular rocks at the side -the other on a bank of white sand nearly in mid-channel. When we came up after dinner we were alongside a huge plateau which rose with basaltic columns out of the sea on the left side and stretches away inland. The outermost end with its broken pillars reminds me of a picture of Pengal's Cave.

We have left that behind now and are alongside the last hill – a jagged black mass of rocks rising right out of the water, with the mist on its summit and-the waves rising in white breakers round its gloomy walls. We passed one large sailing vessel an hour ago going up the channel to Hobart. There are not so many large vessels here as at Cape Town. We are all sleeping the sleep of the just with the cold November winds sweeping in the grey, while I am sitting in the bright sunlight-without a jacket and looking at the fields of cut hay and green cotton fields (There are "Skelachs" among it) it is strange. I must await the march of events before I write further. – PS: I wrote no letters from here and we shall make one do from New Zealand. 209 miles today.

Wednesday, 30th November

The weather is very dull and damp the deck is not very inviting but we do not weary downstairs for we find plenty to do gathering our effects together and stowing them away preparatory to going ashore. There is also some extra cleaning to be done so as to leave everything ship-shape when the time comes for us to leave.

The Chief Steward treated us to buns and marmalade for tea and later he came with a half a dozen of his subordinates at his back, bringing us raisins and nuts etc.

We cheered-him heartily, stimulated by the fact that each-round of cheers was succeeded by a fresh consignment of good things from the stores conveniently near the stair-top. Cupboard love was it not?

We kept these goodies till supper time and by them the Doctor had sent down half a dozen-of wine with his compliments.

Before supper Mr. Hillwood came down and with his usual good nature treated-us to a number of readings and recitations. We thanked him heartily for this and other kindnesses.

After supper we utilised the Doctors present by drinking his health, and after some other speechifying toasts etc., we concluded with some singing and now to bed.

Thursday, 1st December

There was a good deal of cleaning done in the forenoon. It was very wet, nobody went on deck till afternoon when a few ventured up for an airing.

I was engaged all the forenoon in the Matron's Cabin illuminating and writing addresses to the Doctor the Captain Officers and crew, expressing our thanks for their kindness, care and courtesy during the voyage.

The Captain sent a very gallant letter in reply immediately after receiving curs which was signed by each of us in order.

While we were busy getting the signatures in the evening Mr. Millwood and Mr. Dymond (a first saloon Passenger) came downstairs to show off their fancy costumes. They are having a mask ball in the saloon tonight. Mr. Millwood wore only an ordinary shooting costume — white trousers and gaiters, velvet coat and cap and his gun under his arm. Mr. Dymond was dressed in a white suit like a cricketers but with pink scallops round the sleeves, legs, neck etc., a pink heart labelled "A Lover" decorated his breast and on his head he wore a fiester cap and a pink mask. He looked an awful guy.

They did not stay long till we heard Mr. Millwood calling down the companionway for leave to bring down some ladies. He had three with him. One, Miss Thomson, was dressed as Queen of Night (I think) all in black net with gold moons shining out of the draperies, which were confined at one side by a large crescent. Another crescent adjoined the front coils of her hair, while a third glittered on the top of a sceptre which she carried in her hand. Another lady was in white tulle with a veil down her back. Her dress had silver moons glittering in its folds and a star glittered above her forehead. She too carried a wand or sceptre. I thought she was the "Fairy Queen". Maggie thought she represented "A Bride". Another lady was dressed in white muslin with an apron with Pockets and blue bows. I think she was a "flower girl" or something. It was a marvel to me how they ventured along the wet lower deck and down our Wet stair with their lovely white dressed (for it poured of rain) all to please a lot of girls.

Friday, 2nd December

Still extra cleaning was done in the forenoon. In the afternoon, the boxes were got up to allow us to get out our go-ashore dresses. Later in the afternoon the girls wished a testimonial to Miss Monk, to be drawn up and signed, and as before, I was scribe. She got it in the evening and was very much pleased.

We are going to bed early as we are to be up early to bundle up.

Saturday 3rd December

All rose about 4.30 and began to bundle up. I was on the sick list with erysipelas in my face, and kept my bed till 8a.m. Those who did not wish to take their mattresses etc. pitched them into the sea. Those who were to take then - and they are good useful things were supplied with thread etc. to sew them up in a bundle, which was labelled with the name and destination of the owner.

We got breakfast and cleaned up (as we thought) for the last time, but the wind which had been against us ever since we left Hobart – seemed to do its utmost to tantalize us.

We had seen land all day — green hills covered with broom or Manuka in some parts and bush in the hollows, with little huts here and there in the sheltered parts along the shire.

The sailors said that Mother's trunk was as large as some of the N.Z. houses and indeed it looks so, they seem so very small. It was very rough at the Heads just before getting in to Wellington but no one seemed discommoded. I suppose excitement kept seasickness out of all heads.

It was 2p.m. when we caught sight of Wellington. We went on deck to have a peep at it but did not care to stay as the weather was dull, cold and wet.

I heard some say, that, rain means good luck. If so, we are sure of it. The yachts with their white sails and freights of white jersey youths seemed out of season and chilly among the mists.

We had hardly stopped when a small launch came alongside bringing the Commissioner to inspect the ship and Mr. Redward, the Immigration Officer to receive nominated Passengers.

The next arrival was "the Despatch" for the mail bags. Mr. Millward checked off the numbers and the boatswain's mate (I think) slid them down the plank into the smaller boat. They are ordinary sized big; but labelled where from and where to. They count them off in tens, the numbers are sung out as the bag is let go. "One, two, three, four, five, Six, Seven, eight, nine, tally" and then "One" again.

I never imagined there would be such sacksful of letters come every fortnight, besides the other mails by other routes. I would guess them at 300 sacksful. There was quite a little steamer load. We got ashore and went off in the Waihora for Dunedin on the Monday.

To Sister Jeannie

This is the original diary, which was never finished, and though I have the complete copy I have not had time to write the remainder for your benefit as I would have liked to have done. Excuse the mistakes here, for circumstances did not often prove very favourable for writing.

Bethia

- *Digitised by Alistair Lovat Fraser on 1-4 May 2021 using FreeOCR software <http://www.freeocr.net/> , transcribed from a typed copy kept by Alistair's mother.*
- *This narrative has been left in its original format including the usage of a few words which some people may consider inappropriate in these more contemporary and politically correct times. However, Bethia won a first-class Queen's Scholarship, in Edinburg in 1882 and Alistair is sure she meant no disrespect to anyone in her writing and believes it is essential for the document to stay unaltered.*
- *Alistair is a great grandson of Jane (Cromb) Mawhinney, sister to Bethia. alistair@crystaladventures.co.nz*
- *Alistair would like to see Bethia's Diary widely distributed and read, especially by members of the Cromb family and descendants.*
- *A hard copy of Bethias Diary is held at the National Library of New Zealand (donated by Trevor Ballentine in 1996) - <https://natlib.govt.nz/records/23147026>*