



10th ~~parallel~~
~~parallel~~

parallel
 parallel
 parallel

- a Fore mast
- b. Main mast
- c. Mizzen mast.
- d. Poop.

Space between poop & main mast
 e mizen top.

- | | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------|
| 11. Fore sky sail (seldom used) | 16 Spanker. |
| 12 --- Royal | 17 Flying jib |
| 13 --- top galant sail | 18 jib. |
| 14 --- top sail | Stern sails. Stay |
| 15 --- sail | sails. Try sail. etc |
| | c. for fine weather |



- | | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Mizzen Sky Sail. (not used) | 6. main sky sail |
| 2. --- Royal | 7. --- royal |
| 3. --- top galant sail | 8. --- top galant sail |
| 4. --- top sail | 9. --- top sail |
| 5. Crodget. | 10. --- sail. |

900.

M^r Malpas

Ridgway House

Bristol

is called quarter deck.

A. M. Handley.

H. M. 19th Reg^t

Journal of a voyage from
 Bransford to Calcutta;
 per ship "Rector Castle"
 Commander Capⁿ Moorson

(10 o'clock)

Sailed. Thursday Jan^y 20th /59

Arrived

6 months
 40 days

June 29th /59

Being exactly 160 days from
 port to port.



Journal of a Voyage
from Gravesend to
Calcutta, extending
from Jan 3rd 1859
to June 29th 1859.

Left Gravesend Jan. 20th
Anchored at Deal 22nd
Sailed from Deal. Feb. 3rd 3rd
Anchored at Portsmouth 5th
Sailed from Portsmouth ... 13th
off Plymouth. 18th
off Canaries. March 9th
off the Cape. May 2nd
Anchored off Garden Reach June 29th



By finding out the degrees
mentioned, respectively, in Lat. & Long^d
and drawing straight lines from
each, the position of the ship
can be found, as it will
evidently be the point of intersection.
Always being careful to note
whether it be N, S, E or W Long^d
or Lat^d.

1 o'clock in the morning is 2 bells
2 ----- 4 bells 3 o'clock --- 6 bells
~~3 ----- 6 bells~~ ~~4 o'clock --- 8 bells~~
4 ----- 8 bells 5 ----- 2 bells
6 ----- 4 bells 7 ----- 6 bells
8 ----- 8 bells 9 ----- 2 bells
10 ----- 4 bells 11 ----- 6 bells
12 ----- 8 bells 2 so on for afternoon

Journal

January. 19 (Wednesday)
 Four days at Francisco and
 the ship, which was to sail on
 the 5th only expected; -----
 3 o'clock. Ship just tumbled into
 harbour; went on board imm-
 -ediately & to our immense sur-
 -prise were told by the Captain
 that if he had not had to
~~wait~~ for us, he would not
 have anchored at all at Francisco.
 All passengers on board except
 ourselves. Finally embarked
 at 1/2 past 10 o'clock, same night.
 Too late to put up berths &
 so slept on the ground. Had
 not been in bed ^{long} before a
 lady in the next cabin began

to cry & simultaneously a
 loud "mew" in the cabin,
 made us aware that we had
 a cat shut up ⁱⁿ it, with us.
 When the lady stopped the cat
 began, & between the two sleeps
 was impossible. Thus passed
 the first night on board.

20th. Awoke at 6 o'clock by
 Isaac's men, who had come
 to put up the berths. As the
 ship was to sail at 9, there
 was no time to spare so up
 we got. Had a row with the
 boatman who had brought us
 on board & who was waiting to
 take our servants back.

he demanding 50/. and we
refusing to give him more
than 20/1, gave him 30/ in
consideration of the late & early
hours we had employed him.

Breakfasted at 9 o'clock &
heard the anchor being weighed
during it. Felt very glad
that we were really off at
last, after so many delays.

Passed the wreck of a schooner
which had been run down by a
screw steamer, her two masts

just appeared above the
water & a green wreck buoy
to mark the spot. Anchored
off Sheerness at 1/2 past 2,
there not being enough water

to go on. Dinner at 2, when
I had to sit "vice-president"
the mate, whose place it is, not
being present. Felt awkward
not knowing the names of the
ladies. Tea at 6. Frog at
8 and bed at 10. Still at
anchor and a heavy swell
rolling all night, which made
my cot swing from side to
side in an alarming manner.
Passed a very comfortable
night.

21st Late for breakfast, at
which the Captain looked very
savage. Weighed anchor at
1/2 past 9, the wind still hard

against us. Passed several home-ward bound vessels running before the wind, but did not feel the least wish to be on board any of them. On deck most of the day. Anchored off Margate at 4 o'clock. The ship pitched a great deal in the night & made me feel a little queer, but I soon got to sleep & felt nothing more of it.

22nd. Got up at 8 & on going to the breakfast room, discovered to my surprise, that the ship had been under weigh from 4 o'clock. Wind still against us. Anchored off Deal at 11 o'clock.

in company with about 20 outward bound ships, waiting like ourselves for the wind to change, in order to get out. Here we threw off the tug steamer which had brought us ^{here} thus far & we ~~are~~ now entirely dependant on our sails. Wanted to go on shore in a fisherman's boat which boarded us, but the Captain strongly objected. Do not feel the least sick yet.

(Sunday)

23rd. Up at 8 o'clock. Strong Westery gale blowing & consequently very few at breakfast. Still at anchor. Fraser & Griberg feeding the fishes. On deck nearly all day, although

The rain was falling thick & the ship pitching heavily. Obligated to have two anchors in case the ship should part one. Pilot very anxious all day, as we had the goodwin sands ^{to} ~~on our~~ ^{mind} ~~mind~~ ^{ward} * & if the ship had parted its anchor she must have drifted upon them.

Felt marvelously well all day & was able to smoke a cigar on deck, while others were being sick in cabin.

Saw a ship driving ashore, completely at mercy of the gale. Wind changed to N.W. at 1/2 past 8 & sea became quite calm. No service on board, till we got out of the channel.

24th Fine day, Westerly wind still blowing, so remained still at anchor. Heard that two or three

* (2.1)

ships had run ashore during the preceding day's gale. Every prospect of stopping here for a week. Fine view of Wolmer castle from the deck & also of Dover cliffs. Found it very tantalizing to be so near dear old England & not able to go ashore.

25th Bargained with a Deal boatman to take passengers ashore for 5/- a head. Accordingly Fraser myself and H. & J. of the 13th, with whom we had already concluded a close friendship, went ashore. From Deal we proceeded to Dover, on the top of the coach, and had a splendid sight of old

Donor castle which stands on the top of ~~an~~ steep hill leading into Donor, which is obliged to be descended by a zigzag. Had no time for anything in Donor ^{or} except a walk in the town & returned by the four o'clock coach. On reaching the beach the sea was running so high that the boatmen refused to put off to the ship & we were reluctantly obliged to go back to the Hotel & sleep there. Nothing of interest to be seen in Deal except a spot, shown us on the shore, marked by a red lamp, where some two years ago, Lieut. Carroll of the 44th, a lad only just 19, was

murdered by a man on a false charge of having insulted his wife. The wretch followed him along the beach with a poker & in a lonely spot by the sea literally beat him to pieces with it.

26th Went on board at 10 o'clock in the morning. One boatman very drunk and the others rather shaky, but luckily no sea at all. Wind still Westerly. No chance of going yet.

(Will not waste room by a description of a tedious stay in the Donor waiting for the wind.)

27th to Feb 3rd At anchor in the Donor. With about 200 other vessels. Went on shore two or three times.

February 3. (Thursday)

Wind changed to N.E. and heavy
smell running. Beautiful sight
to see all the vessels getting under
weigh, about two hundred sail
in all. Did not weigh anchor
till two o'clock, by which time more
than half of the vessels had got
out of the Downs. It was a
beautiful day & I remained on
deck for hours with a map in
one hand & a telescope in the other
noting the different places as
we passed them. The *Hector* Castle
was running about ~~10~~ knots an
hour & every minute passing
some ship which had left the
Docks long before her.

* knot = mile.

Had a beautiful view of Dover,
Folkstone, Hythe etc & were off
Beachy head at dark. Had a very
near escape of a collision with
a large screw steamer, passing
her not further off than the
length of the cabin table.

---- 4. Wind back in the old
quarter. Nothing but tacking
all day & scarcely any way
made. Came in sight of the
isle of Wight in the afternoon.
Knew a tremendous gale all
night, the water dashing into
our cabin through the shutters.
Could not sleep all night for
the row on deck, stamping of
feet, hauling of ropes & every row

and then a loud shout from the whole crew, intended, as I heard afterwards, to give other ships notice to keep out of the way. Have not been sea-sick yet.

.... 5. Wind still against us. Beating about the island all day till at last both pilot & captain were heartily sick of it & at 5 o'clock in the evening we came to anchor off St. Helens (Isle of Wight) & were once more in calm water.

..... 6 Sunday. A magnificent day, with scarcely a ripple on the waters & a bright sun shining. Had a walk on the poop before breakfast & I must say I think

I never saw the shores of England look so fascinating. The island was close upon our lee bow & we could see the pretty little village of St. Helens peeping out from a small forest of trees, with its little church & white beach, along which the blue water was gently dashing, while some miles away to the right we could see, as if in contrast to the little island village, the crowded buildings & tall spires of Portsmouth. ~~XXX~~ Sat on deck nearly all day & was never tired of the beautiful sight. Wind got up during the afternoon & blew ^{half} a gale by bedtime.

...7. Wind still fresh & sea running pretty high. Saw a Dutchman pass bound for the docks, with her ^{fore} mizen mast & bow-sprit smashed, the former leaning against the main-mast, but the latter completely knocked away. Had seen same ship go out the day before. The captain said he thought that the ship she ran into must have sunk, from the way her mast etc was smashed. Persuaded by a boatman to go on shore, he offering to take us to Portsmouth & back for 3/. which considering it was a distance of seven miles was uncommonly reasonable. So S — m & B — r of the 23rd, H — — — & myself all went. Had a splendid

view of the Harbour from the boat & all the batteries. The boatman showed us a large buoy in the middle of the bay, round which all ships coming into harbour must sail & on this buoy alone ~~at~~ 100 guns from the 50 gun batteries are pointed, so if one can imagine what the French would get if ever they tried to land at Portsmouth.

P. — to 12th. At anchor off S^t. Helens.
...13. Wind in same quarter but the glass rising & day fine & quiet. Weighed anchor at 10 o'clock. Could not fancy it was Sunday, as I stood on the deck watching the busy preparations for sailing. Quite a calm

towards evening & seemed scarcely to have moved two miles from our former position.

14 (Monday) Beautiful day, wind N.W. & very quiet. Tacking about all day. About 12 o'clock a sudden squall came on & in less than 2 minutes the sea, before calm, dashed over the vessel's sides, while the top masts bent & creaked like reeds. Lasted about 10 minutes during which nearly all the sails were furled & then the sea was as calm as ever. Off Portland about 4 o'clock & could see the Bill plainly with the naked eye, also St. Aubans H. & Smarage Bay.

Wind more favorable towards night & ship running about 7 knots an hour. Some of the passengers sick, not the slightest feeling yet myself.

15 (Tuesday). Wind still against us. Beating about all day close to shore. Passed Lyme Regis & Exmouth so close that I could distinguish the houses with the naked eye. Thought it very curious that we should go closer to the coast of Dorset than any other coast.

16 (Wednesday) Off Torbay in the morning, glass rising to S.E. Fair & get no change. Blowing hard all day. Off Start Point at 4 o'clock.

17 (Thursday). Miserable day, damp windy & foggy. Still at the old game of tacking. Did not see the coast all day. Spoke with the "Plymouth Rock" from Calcutta, who promised to report having seen us.

18 (Friday) Beautiful day. Had a walk on deck before breakfast. Off Plymouth at 10 o'clock. Our pilot left us & took the passengers letters ashore; among them one of mine, home.

Wind a few points more favorable. Made the Lizard in the afternoon & at 6 o'clock saw the last of dear old England through a telescope, the two light houses on

the Land's end being plainly visible. Cannot describe my feelings at all, they are so mixed.

One thing we all agreed in, as we watched the receding cliffs, & that was, that we shall all be jolly glad to get back again, before we have been long in India.

19 - to - 25 Made about 300 miles altogether, four days of the six being calms. Lost my nose & ear cap over the side, as I was spiking at some young sharks who were devouring a dead cod fish ^{just underneath}.

25 (Friday) Dead calm. Captain declares he never knew such a thing ^{before} as a calm so near the Bay of Biscay.

But of 25 made between B. & L. that he will get to Calcutta in 100 days.

(~~from that day~~) from Friday 18th

21

(Saturday) 26. Still almost a dead calm; begin to feel the climate warmer, the sun seeming to have more power & the air, what little there is, hotter. Scarcely moving all day. A large man of war screw passed across our stern, we hoisted the union jack & she answered with the red ensign. Still beating about off Portugal.

27 (Sunday) Magnificent day & fresh breeze blowing, but not quite in our favour. Walking about the deck after breakfast, & could not help noticing how clean & neat all the sailors turned out in honour of the day, the mates with a decided attempt at doing

to smell & all the men with clean shirts, trousers etc, ~~which~~ showing such a nice feeling, as it is not compulsory. Church service, for the first time, at 10 o'clock, only for passengers and ship's apprentices. The Captain read the service & we were to take it in turns to read the lessons. Very glad the services have begun, as it makes the day seem rather more like an English Sunday than when we had none. Dessert & wine, after dinner, also for the first time.

28 (Monday) Becalmed.

29 (Tuesday) Little wind & against us.
March 2 (Wednesday) Up at 1/2 past 6, to get a shower bath on deck.

The batt is rigged on the main
 (Sa deck, close to the saloon door,
 so had't far to go. Very cold night, having been out 04 days,
 but beautifully fresh. Mean to get up every morning if possible. Found
 that S..... was at Cheltenham said, & consequently he should be a
 just before myself & knows nearly all time reaching his destination.

The fellows I knew there. Actually The Captain gave him two casks
 passed away three hours talking about ship bread & some sugar & hearing
 the college etc. Curious enough, too that they had no tobacco I made
 a subscription of this necessary article
 having lived near there some time for them & succeeded in getting about

Signalled a French brig about 12 3 lbs which was thankfully received
 o'clock, which sent a boat off to us & in half a minute they were all
 The mate, a fine looking young
 Frenchman, having saluted our
 captain in the most polite manner
 & remaining all the time uncovered,

explained to him that they had been
 without bread for more than a fort-
 night, having been out 04 days,
 but only took bread for 64 days.
 great many of his men were sick,
 & consequently he should be a
 reaching his destination.
 The Captain gave him two casks
 ship bread & some sugar & hearing
 that they had no tobacco I made
 a subscription of this necessary article
 for them & succeeded in getting about
 3 lbs which was thankfully received
 in half a minute they were all
 chewing as fast as their teeth could
 go. In return he promised to stamp
 & past any of the ships letters, according
 received quite a packet, among

NB Letters not posted!

them one from me. Whether he will see I expected. Part of the evening
(So post them or not seems a matter of put up. Do not find it by any means
uncertainty. His ship was the too hot yet. Dessert & wine at dinner.
D'Almeida from Mexico to Marsala (Friday) Bath at 1/2 past 7; colder
He was most profuse in his thanks than usual. Passed a large ship
as well as the rest ~~the~~ boats crew & about 10'clock & had a long talk
as the two ships stood on their with her by means of the signal flags.
course again, the tricolour was She was about three miles off & get
dipped three times as a mark of we could speak with her just as
respect. Still off Portugal. Calm well as if she was close. She
nearly all day. told us her name was "Socrates"

2 3 (Thursday) Bath at 7 o'clock bound from Liverpool to Shanghai.
First it does me immense good, we then gave her our name &
is also the walk on deck before destination. We then hoisted "How
breakfast. Wind freshening & many days are you out", to which
saw about 4 knots an hour. Saw she replied "22 days" & one of the
a Portuguese Man of War" for the passengers caused a great laugh
first time. Much smaller animals by proposing that we should

hoist" Does your mother know
you are out?" Being out signifies
the number of days since the ship
left port. We very soon passed
her & towards evening she was some
miles astern of us. Running about
5 knots an hour all day.

5 (Saturday) Bath & walk before
breakfast as usual. The "Locates"
nearly out of sight. Within two
days sail of Madeira. Begin to
think we shall never have a
fair wind, the worst business
of all being that our tobacco is
beginning to run short, as we
never anticipated a five months
voyage; thought a certain person
I know would be glad to hear
such was the case.

6 (Sunday) Off Madeira, but not
in sight of it. Bath as usual.
Wind against us as usual.
Shall not see Madeira. Church
at 10. Saw two or three "Portuguese
Men of War".

7 (Monday).

8 (Tuesday) Off the Canaries. Almost
a calm. Beginning to get very
hot. Expecting the trade winds

9 (Wednesday) Calm again.

Began to put on light clothing.
Just at this place last year
& almost the same day, the Hutton
Castle encountered a fearful gale,
had nearly all her sails blown
away and one of her boats
washed off by a wave.

(S. A great many fish round the ship,
 I suppose knowing it to be fish
 Wednesday they came to give us
 a chance of fasting if we were so
 inclined. Had a splendid view of
 the peak of Teneriffe all day,
 passing within about 25 miles of it.

It rose high above the clouds &
 we could see the snow on its top with
 the naked eye. Heating about among
 the islands all day. A large shoal
 of porpoises visited the ship & we
 had great fun trying to harpoon
 them from the bow chains. The first
 mate struck one in the tail, but
 not deep enough, the blood gushed
 out of the wound & away the animal
 darted with all the shoal after

him, one peculiarity of these creatures
 being that, if one of them is wounded,
 the rest follow him till they kill
 him & then they suck his blood.
 As many as 20 ships in sight, all
 becalmed.

10 (Thursday) Beautiful day, wind
 NW and fair about 9 knots since
 daylight. Off Hierro, one of the Canaries,
 after breakfast, so near that we could
 see the houses of a small village on
 it. Passed 6 ships in succession,
 quite close, one of them the "Agincourt"
 bound for New Zealand, which left
 Portsmouth a few hours before us.
 Took the lead of about 20 ships
 in clearing the Canaries. Fair
 wind at last, the first we have had.

2 running about 10 and $\frac{1}{2}$ knots
an hour.

11 (Friday) Wind still fair.
Made about 200 miles yesterday.
"Alger court" alone, in sight of the
many ships seen yesterday.

12 (Saturday) Fine fair breeze
blowing & running between 9 and
10 knots all day. Second appearance
of the porpoises, an immense number
surrounding the bows & leaping in
& out of the water as if they
enjoyed the fun immensely. The
second mate made a splendid strike
at one of them & must have sent
the harpoon in pretty deep for
the water was immediately red
with blood & we could see the

hewer turn on his belly; he
darted off however, pulling the
cook, who had hold of the rope, nearly
overboard & although we had him
out of the water at one time, he
disengaged himself somehow & in
another minute not a porpoise was
in sight. If the ship had not been
going so fast & the cook had held
on better to the rope, we should have
had the hewer up, for the harpoon
was covered with blood up to the
handle & must have gone nearly
through him. It was a most ludicrous
sight to see the cook hanging on
to the rope like grim death &
calling for help, for these fish
are immensely strong & would no

(S. doubt have pulled him overboard, if some men had not gone to his assistance. In the trade winds.

13 (Sunday) Wind fresh & fair. Made 250 miles yesterday. Two flying fish were caught on the deck, they abounded just in this locality, whole shoals being visible skimming over the water.

14 (Monday) Off Cape Verde islands passing between them & the coast of Africa, but not in sight of either. The warmest day we have had yet, although a nice fresh breeze blowing. The Captain begins to have hopes of winning his bet, still. Very hot at night.

Shot a "Mother Carey's chicken" but could not get it.

15 (Tuesday) Wind still fair, though light. Very hot & found a bath delicious. Saw the fin of an immense shark a little distance astern, & most likely the brute is following us now. Began a letter home.

16 (Wednesday)

16 - 20. Not at all well. Very ill from heat & want of proper exercise. Taking pills. Getting near the line, no wind, and desperately hot.

21 (Monday) Dead calm & awfully hot. Feel much better for the medicine I have taken, although the heat makes one feel very weak & languid. Got the Captain

to lower the jolly boat for us to have a pull in. Volunteered to pull an oar, which I regretted deeply after 10 minutes' pulling, for we foolishly tried it in the hottest part of the day & the sun pouring on our heads as we pulled was dreadful. Took three hours to get ~~tolerably~~ bearably ~~hot~~ cool afterwards. The boat can be imagined from the fact that even while sitting in the shade, perfectly still, the perspiration runs down one's face in streams. Had another pull in the evening which was pleasant.

22 (Tuesday) Calm again & frantically hot. In about 2°

latitudes & sun nearly over our heads. Heavy shower of rain during ^{the day.} 23 (Wednesday) Beautifully cool in comparison with the heat we have experienced lately, thanks to another refreshing shower of rain. The second mate spiked a young shark from the stern after having tried him for a long time with a hook. A most curious circumstance attended its cutting up; the head being cut clean off, the third mate was holding it in his hand, when suddenly it turned over in his hand & gave him a nip in the finger, bringing blood instantly. About three casks of water were taken.

24 (Thursday). Running about two knots an hour; these few last days very much against the captain's bet.

25 (Friday) Wind a little freshening. A large shoal of porpoises visited the ship & the mate succeeded in running the harpoon almost through the biggest of the lot. The beegar, who was about four feet long & 80 lbs weight, gave a great deal of trouble in being hauled in & when fairly lodged on deck struggled so furiously, splashing its blood right & left, that every body was glad to keep out of its way, the

deck was streaming with blood & its struggles for some time prevented anyone approaching, especially with white trousers on. At last an old "whaler" went at him with a sharp knife & not waiting till it was dead ~~it~~ proceeded to cut him up in the most scientific manner. The sailors eat the heart & liver & boil down the skin for oil; nothing else being of any use, the rest is heaved overboard. Attacked by the "Prickly Heat", as we nearly all are now, especially after my morning bath, the captain says it is a sign

of health, but it certainly is very disagreeable.

26 (Saturday) In 1° latitude, thermometer 80° on deck in the evening, 86° in the cuddy all day.

27 (Sunday) Crossed the line at 2 o'clock this morning, no appearance of Neptune yet & nothing done in the shaving line, so no violence was done to my mautache. Read the lessons at church & spent the afternoon reading old home letters, which made me very melancholy.

Hard shower of rain in the evening.

28 - 30th Fell in with the South Easterly trade winds, which are

not exactly in our favour as they are taking us right straight for America. Running between 9 and 10 knots all day. Lat 8° . Long. 26.30 . Beginning to get cooler.

31st (Thursday) Wind still S.E. Two or three vessels in sight.

A fankie whaler coming up straight for us about 12 o'clock.

Disturbed while at dinner by the cry of "Those got any letters to send?" & had just time to

add a few words to a letter I always kept ready - put it in an envelope & give it to the mate when off went our jolly boat to board the whaler.

Our boat had scarcely left the

ship when down came the
 Yankee's boat & began to pull
 towards us. The two boats met
 about half way each pulling
 as hard as they could & the
 Yankee skipper (who was in his
 own boat) had just time to
 hollow out "give my compli-
 -ments to the mate & tell him
 to make ye comfortable" as the
 boats shot passed at a rattling
 pace, manned by the revival
 crews of John Bull & Colver
 Jonathan. The Yankee boat
 soon came along side, manned
 by as villainous & looking crew
 as ever I wish to clap eyes on,
 two of them being mulattoes

of the ugliest description possible.
 The Captain, a true specimen
 of the long, calculating Yankee
 made his debut on deck just
 as I should have imagined he
 would have done. Kicking away
 the ladder which was lowered for
 his reception & seizing a rope
 hanging near, he literally swung
 himself on board, took a cool
 & deliberate survey of the ship,
 then stepped up to the captain
 held out his hand, saying, with
 a twang which must be heard
 to be believed "My name's Lyon,
 I guess; how are ye?" The Captain
 bowed. "I guess I'm come arter
 some papers, if may be you've

some to spare." says he. The Captain expressed his willingness to give him some & asked him to join us at desert which was rather going on, to which he gladly assented. He told us his ship was the "Isabella" from New Bedford, they had been out three years & a half, during which time they had killed 43 whales, so one can imagine how acceptable a bundle of Times newspapers as late as Feb. 7th, were to him. After taking 2 or 3 glasses of mine & promising to post our letters (which I much doubt as none were stamped) he left us. F... & B... who accompanied

our boat did not fare so well the mate telling them to make themselves comfortable at the same time remarking "I guess there ain't nothing but water on board". All they got was an old harpoon, useful to spear porpoises & a cocoa nut. How jolly even such a little excitement as this is after being 43 days at sea can only be realized by one who has been himself for some time an inmate of one of these floating monasteries. April 1st (Friday) All fools day, especially dedicated I should think to those who are fools enough to go to Calcutta round

the Cape when they had the chance of going overland. The Wind much lighter & a good deal hotter, thermometer up to 84° again.

2nd (Saturday). Wind fresher.

Spoke the "Jacques Securin" from Bordeaux to Mauritius. Deep in the mysteries of "Mund's Pen & Pencil Sketches in India" seems excessively well written & as far as I have gone calculated to make you in love with an Indian life. Long $30^{\circ} 0'$. Lat $10^{\circ} 12'$.

3rd (Sunday). Very hot & close. Thermometer 86° in the cabin.

Signalized a large ship about 12 o'clock, which in answer to

our question "Have you a surgeon on board?" (a lady passenger being ill) bore up towards us & hailed "Send your boat on board". A Rush was now made for letters, I just scribbled a few lines, no time for more & away went our boat for the doctor. The Captain now gave the word "All hands about ship", which brought us on the same course as the other. Our boat soon returned with a young doctor but not having any occasion to consult him, I remained on the poop to see the stranger pass, as it was evident she would quite close. She came on towards us in grand style, every stitch of

I canvass spread, her poop, main
 deck & lower crowded with human
 beings, passing so near across our
 stern that in sailors phrasing, ^{by}
 one might have pitched a biscuit
 on board & I never shall forget
 what a thrill ran through me
 as I looked on that crowd of
 happy English faces & listened to
 the deafening cheer which rose
 from stern to stern: The effect ^{day} was
 beautifully bright & just enough
 wind to make her glide over the
 water, each ship gaining about
 6 knots; for about the space of
 15 minutes each encounter once
 was distinctly visible, we
 heard the grinding of her chains

as she put her helm laid up,
 there was a waving of hats &
 handkerchiefs & the two ships
 parted for ever. Her name was
 the "Sussex", emigrant ship, from
 Melbourne to London & she had
 350 passengers on board. How
 strange if W^r. Campbell was
 one ~~of them~~ ^{of them}! Longth 37° W. Lat. 15° S.
 4th (Monday). Wind five points
 more in our favor. Alreast of
 St. Helena. "Jacques Leurin" still in
 sight. Finished Mundy's Sketches
 with great regret, it is so
 intensely interesting. The only fault
 being that it winds up with an
 account of the voyage home, which
 is rather tantalizing just at

present. Lat $17^{\circ} 5'$ Long. $33^{\circ} W$.
 I came $5^{\circ} - 10^{\circ}$ Light winds and calm
 Deck great deal of heavy rain.
 being Thermometer averaging 74° , ten deg
 stem lower than the previous weeks.
 one in Reading the "Indian Mutiny" by
 on the Mead, a very interesting book.

what 10° (Sunday). Lat $25^{\circ} 10' S$. Long 27°
 as Thermometer 70° begin to find it
 Lap. much cooler. Commenced reading
 the "Hedz Vicars" as I do not think
 from I have ever read it fairly through
 been yet. Still a calm, but heavy roll.

Monday $11^{\circ} - 12^{\circ}$ Dead calm.
 Thermometer upwards of 80° again.
 6 k Reading "Kurnah & the Kurnese",
 surprised to find how ignorant I
 am of any of our proceedings against

Kurnah in 1844. Had my hair
 cut by the boatswain on the fore-castle,
 better than ever I had it done by
 a barber. It is not everyone can say
 they have had their hair cut by
 a stone cutter & the boats' un of
 a merchantman, as I can.

12° (Tuesday) The most complete
 calm I have seen yet, so much
 so that the ship could not be steered,
 but drifted about, sometimes stem
 foremost. The captain beginning to
 despair, as there is generally a
 fine breeze just here. Spoke the
 "Crimcea", passenger ship from
 Melbourne to New Brunswick
 (Canada), she having crept up to us
 in the night & now becalmed about

3 miles off. Sent a boat off to let
 I came with letters, which the captain
 deck a very gentlemanly man promised
 being to stamp, as well as post. He
 stem said there were 30 passengers on
 one board, 27 steerage and 3 cabin.
 on board. He also told us that the former
 what were a set of fearful rascals
 as the latter were so coarse &
 disagreeable that he never spoke
 to them, so he seemed quite glad
 from to have us to talk to. A great
 became many dolphins round the ship,
 one of which was caught by the
 boat's men, they are very pretty
 6 k fish & good eating as well.
 Sent a letter, with the rest, to
 L-e.

15 (Wednesday) Little wind &
 that right ahead. Obliges to tack
 two or three times during the day.
 Saw our old friend the "Jaques
 Scurin" (page 45) again, ahead of us
 but soon passed him. Wind rose
 favorable towards night.

16 (Thursday). Bath very cold.
 Fresh breeze blowing & favorable.
 "Jaques Scurin" some distance
 astern. going 6 knots on an
 average during the day.

15th (Friday) Fine breeze
 blowing, slashing through the
 water at the rate of 11 knots
 an hour. A great deal of motion,
 ladies beginning to look uncon-
 -fortable & I - obliged to

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beat a hasty retreat from the dinner table. Beginning to feel quite cold again, especially in the evenings.

16 (Saturday). Fresh breeze still blowing, made about 200 miles yesterday. Two ships in sight; spoke one, a Frenchman, the "Jules de Monna" from Nantes to Mauritius & soon left her stern. Thermometer 74° ; quite glad to put on some warmer clothing.

17 (Sunday) Steady wind all day & two or three points more in our favour. Thermometer 71° . Almost in the same latitude as the Cape, although a good week's run from it, in consequence of having

gone so far west. Long^d 14° W. Lat 34° S; what a round it seems going as far as 27° W & then back again to 16° . (See page 49).

Three or four albatrosses following the ship, one quite white; these birds are 10 feet from wing to wing & can only be brought down by being shot in the head.

18 (Monday). Strong wind blowing in the morning before breakfast, gradually getting harder & harder till about 10 o'clock, when it blew half a gale of wind. Down came the "royals", followed shortly after by the top gallant sails & by 12 o'clock we were flying before the gale, under double reefed top sails.

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to the tune of 12 knots an hour, the water clashing over the poop & forecastle in streams. A most ludicrous scene occurred on deck at its commencement. H—g was sitting on a camp chair, as he thought sheltered from the sea, reading a novel; he has a curious habit of spanning out loud any part which particularly ^{strikes} him & was reading out a piece of Shakespeare which headed the chapter, when just as he got to "Up with my tent; here will I lie to-night" the ship gave a sudden roll, & away flew the chair & away flew H—g right across the deck, where he alighted on his

back, minus his hat & with his heels up in the air. Thermometer 60°, felt it quite cold, just like it was in the channel. Went 220 miles yesterday. Gale came on again hard about 12 o'clock at night & for two or three hours we were running almost under bare poles, the gale was carried away like a shot, torn to fragments & to use the nautical expression, she (the ship) hurried herself in water fore & aft. Did not sleep all night the motion was so violent. 19 (Tuesday). Wind moderated but a heavy sea rolling. Four or five of us were standing in a group by the poop railings when a large

47 wave broke just under the ship
 & rising high above the poop dasked
 completely over us, drenching us
 all over & actually carrying F
 clean off his legs & washing him
 some way along the deck. Did not
 think a wave could knock a
 fellow over so cleanly. Went 230
 miles yesterday in a direct line
 for the Cape. Wind from the NW
 towards evening. Thermometer 70°
 20 (Wednesday) Bath fearfully
 cold, shall have to stop the cold
 water system soon. Made 120
 miles yesterday. Thermometer 68°.
 Fresh breeze from NW about
 noon & going 10 knots all the
 afternoon & evening. Lat 34° 19' S.
 Long. 10° 1' W

21 (Thursday). Very cold day.
 Thermometer 62°. Must confess to
 being regularly frightened out of
 my shower bath by the cold. The
 second time I have missed it since
 it was set up. Calms & light
 winds all day & the latter not
 even favorable. Went 200
 miles yesterday.

22 (Good Friday) Little thought
 when at Lunbury last good
 Friday that I should be eating
 cross buns on board ship within
 700 miles of the Cape the very
 next year. How short a time
 it seems & yet how important
 in its events, to me at least.
 Thought a good deal of dear

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Amaz & of all our policies together
do hope so that when we meet
again we may not be too old
for such things. Wrote a birthday
letter to him. Very little wind
& exactly against us. This kind
of life is awful. Begin to think
we shall not reach Calcutta ^{Capt.} till
Christmas day. Shooting (at) Cape
hens, sleeping & growling all
day: can only be termed a wretched
existence. Thermometer 63°.
Made nothing yesterday.

23 (Saturday) Very little wind
& of course against us, backing
all day. Made about 20 miles
yesterday. Thermometer 63°.
Longth 5° 43' Lat. 35° 1' S.

A large Albatross & a Cape hen
caught by a hook & line over the
stern. The former ~~was~~ certainly a
huge bird, standing upwards
of 2 feet & measuring ten from
tip to tip of its tail, also very
ferocious, so much so that
the only way of getting near it
was to get hold of both wings
& keep well behind it; it had
a very long sharp beak & flew
at every one who approached it.
The Cape hen measured about
6 feet across the tail, was
equally savage, but less dangerous.
After having been carefully
inspected by all, each bird was
furnished with a collar of red

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Hunting with a long streamer
of the same & consigned once more
to its native element.

24 (Sunday) Very cold day.
Thermometer 64° . Less wind than
ever & I need hardly add, against
us. We must have some Jonah
on board I am afraid, or why
this confounded ill luck? Made
an addition to Arthur's birthday
letter. Attack of the homels in
the night, very violent though
short, followed by cat shooting
on an extensive scale. Can only
trace it to a number of almonds
which I eat at desert, unskinned.
Wind freshening towards evening.
Scarcely made any distance ^{at all} yesterday.

25 (Monday) Wind fresh in
the morning but getting weaker
& weaker, ending in a calm about
2 o'clock. Rather warmer, thermometer
 67° . Staid in bed till 12 o'clock.

Lat $35^{\circ} 48' S$. Long $3^{\circ} 14' W$

26 (Tuesday) Fine fresh breeze
blowing all day. Seven miles to
the East of Greenwich at 12 o'clock,
so that now we reckon E Longitude
& not W, as before. Went 270
miles yesterday. Long^d $0^{\circ} 14' 45' E$
Lat $36^{\circ} 54' S$. Got up a little
cricket along the main deck, which
promises to be very good fun.

Our plans for passing the time
are numerous & some would
say childish, but let such be

I can find out how little amuses them. Last night we had a ferocious ^{match} holstering on the poop, each combatant bringing his own pillow, which fun lasted till two pillows went overboard & a better set to I have not had since I was at ~~Pxxx~~ 31. Thermometer 63°.

27 (Wednesday) Prospects beginning to brighten. Made 230 miles yesterday & every chance of making nearly as many today. Heavy storm of rain about 12 o'clock. Within four days sail of the Cape, if we have anything like good wind. Another porpoise harpooned from the bow-chains & hauled on board.

Long^{de} 4° 57' E. Lat. 37° 44' S

28 (Thursday) Very cold day.

Thermometer 59°. Moderate wind blowing. Made about 135 miles yesterday. Long^{de} 8° 1' E. Lat. 38° 4' S. Another fine holstering match in the evening, with the loss of only two pillows, luckily neither of them mine.

29 (Friday) Dead calm & consequently much warmer. Shall not indulge in any more bright expectations, about good winds, making up for lost time etc but make up my mind for another good two months of this purgatorial state. Made about 100 miles yesterday. Long^{de} 10° 6' Lat 38° 17' Thermometer 64°.

30 (Saturday) Fine day, with moderate wind. Started egg hat on the main deck, a game which I know very well; feel all the better for exercise. Long^{de} 38° 34' S Long^{de} 11° 18' E.

May 1st (Sunday) A real May Day, bright, warm & sunny, but how one misses the green fields & hudding trees of dear old England.

If any one grows sick of his native land let him be four months getting round the cape & see if he does not wish himself back before he's been at sea a month;

I believe I shall hate blue as a color ever after this. Thermometer 67°.

Made 130 miles yesterday. Long^{de}

14° 38' E Lat. 39° 19' S.

2nd (Monday) Fresh breeze blowing with a heavy head sea, obliged to take in sail for fear of starting one of the masts, the motion being so violent. Off the Cape at last, about 300 miles to the southward of it. Did. about 160 miles yesterday Long^{de} 18° E Lat 40° 18' S Passed two ships last night, one of them pretty close. Thermometer 70°.

Only 27 days left for the Captain's bet, (page 20). almost an impossibility, & for us, I should say, quite so; 6 weeks more seems the general opinion among the sailors & perhaps more.

3rd (Tuesday) Steady breeze but the same chopping head sea

I can on, which would not permit us
deck to carry much sail & consequently
being greatly reduced the pace. Large
ship in sight all day, but not
one near enough to signalize. Blowing
on a very hard towards evening, but
what chiefly in strong puffs; under double
as reefed topsails all night.

Long^{de} 20° 23' E. Lat. 40° S. off
the Cape Lagullus, at least if one
can call it being off a place where
we are 300 miles to the southward
of it. Seems there is generally a
good deal of rough weather in these
latitudes, hence they are called
the "roaring forties".

4 (Wednesday) Very heavy head
sea running, with moderate wind.

Porpoise No 3, stuck & landed safely
on board, the latter being no easy
job, as the ship was jumping
so & two or three times the water
clashed over us as we were hauling
at the rope. One of the sailors told
me that they had been burning
rotting but porpoise oil in the
forecastle for the last two months,
so it is worth the trouble of
having to wash the decks of the blood
etc, to them. Caught four large
albatrosses in an easy manner
by a line from the stern, the sea
running so high that the poor
creatures were under water the whole
time they were being dragged in.
so that they were not very lively

when they reached the deck. As each one ~~was~~ arrived on board he was held head downwards till all the salt water ran out & then put in a corner to revive. When they had recovered sufficiently to stand up, a desperate fight commenced, each against the other, & each with a sailor to back him up, which was first rate fun.

After having been measured, one was given his liberty, but the other three were murdered in cold blood for the sake of their feathers & web feet, the former making first rate pipe stems & the latter, when skinned, very pretty tobacco pouches. One of them measured four yards from wing to wing. Long^d - $23^{\circ} 16'$ Lat. $40^{\circ} 21'$.

Complete calm towards evening. Thermometer 65° ; 130 miles yesterday. 5 (Thursday) Calm, with heavy swell rolling. Ship in sight but not near enough to speak. The 120 days advance pay from Cox is completed today; it will be a great comfort to know that the longer we are getting to Calcutta, now, the more pay I shall have to receive when we do get there & not working particularly hard for it either. Calms & light winds all day. Caught three albatrosses & a cape pigeon, the latter a small white bird about the size of an English pigeon, but beautifully marked on the back. Cannot quite remember

I can see that the Cape pigeons answered to this description; have a sort of idea his were black. One albatross took the bait so greedily that we actually hauled him up and let him go six times running, the sixth time we put a white collar round his neck & as it was dinner time hauled in the line & went below; on coming up again, close under the stern, was our old friend & in three minutes we had him on board a seventh time. Of course we could not be at the trouble of eternally catching him, so we put him on the main deck, upon which, instead of crouching down in a corner as the others did, he instantly made his way all along the deck to

the cook house, the cook threw him some pork & back he waddled, finishing up by going into the mate's cabin, from which he was forcibly ejected.

The sailors say he has been kept on board some ship ^{before} & they have known one kept three months on board one.

Breeze sprang up towards evening.
 $42^{\circ} 21'$
 Long^d $26^{\circ} E$ Lat. $34^{\circ} 58' S$

6 (Friday) The most beautiful day we have had for a long time, a fine fresh breeze blowing & no head sea. Feels just like one of those clear, fresh, frosty mornings in England, when one could walk for ever & here we are cooped up with a walk of 20 yards one way & 20 yards the other. Oh for

I can skate on ~~the~~ Dead man's Pond or even a walk to Wyke! going nine & ten knots all day. Long^d. 29° 33' Lat. 39° 29' S. Thermometer 63°.

If this wind lasts we shall be in Calcutta in 30 days is the answer one gets from everyone; I hope it may be so, but we must have much better luck ^{as yet} than we have had ~~just now~~.

7 (Saturday). Very cold day, thermometer 58°; strong breeze from the NW. Made 245 miles yesterday, the best run we have made yet. Long^d. 35° E. Lat 39° 57' S. Wind freshening towards evening & by 12 o'clock blowing very hard. Under

double reefed topsails all night. Could not get to sleep for a long time for the noise of the sailors, singing etc.

8 (Sunday) No gale, but a fine breeze blowing. Sailors busy all the morning taking the reefs out of the topsails & setting more canvass. Every available sail set by 12 o'clock. Spoke the "Mary Stenhouse" from Liverpool to Bombay, 25 days out (Page 27), one of the ships which we passed at the Canary islands. Went about 250 miles yesterday. Long^d. 38° 14' E. Lat. 38° 6'. Thermometer 59°.

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9 (Monday) Surprised, upon going on deck in the morning, to find that we had been running all night under double reefed topsails. The sky all round bearing every appearance of a coming gale. I had long wanted to see a gale so I on with my military cloak & took my station in a corner of the poop with F & B - r, all determined to see it out. About 10 o'clock it came on hard & from that time till 2 o'clock, we kept our station on the poop & although drenched through & through with salt water & rain, did not for one minute regret having done so. The sight was magnificent; the waves,

although not mountains high as the novels have it, dashing their white foam high above the yards, the wind actually howling & the hail & rain driving like a thick mist over the black water, while the ship seemed to be clearing her way through a perfect sea of foam, dashing it on each side for many yards as she heeled over first one side & then the other, to the waves. At 12 o'clock the gale was at its height & all hands were ordered aloft to close reef the main & fore topsails & furl the mizen, & at the same time the mizen, main, & fore sails were furled & the jibs hauled

down. It was a fine sight to see in plain words turned her head
all the men running up the rig to the wind, which eased her
laughing & joking as on any other wonderfully. About 4 o'clock the
occasion & then to see them catch wind changed round to NW &
along the yard, holding on sometimes away we went before the wind
by one leg, hauling ropes etc. while, the sea still very high, but
the very mast creaked with the not much mind. Very heavy gale
wind & ropes strained, the going all night & could not sleep
any of one of which would have for the raise of the waves striking
precipitated the whole down a the bulwarks. The mate says
light of upwards of 160 yards. he never saw so much water on
a ship's deck before; the sailors
under bare poles, every sail were up to the middle in it
taken in except the main & a spar of upwards of 4 tons
top sail & that close reefed weight, which was lashed to the
bulwarks, actually floated
soon after the Captain, seeing adrift by the rush of water.
she was labouring so & shipping from side to side. Suppose the
so much water, have her 400,

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reason of this is that we are so heavily laden.

10 (Tuesday) just the sort of day everyone wished for; fresh breeze blowing, with a nice warm sun, affording a favorable opportunity for drying the things wetted by yesterday's gale. What a contrast to yesterday the ship presents today, every inch of canvas set, studding sails, stay sails etc. We have made 265 miles since Sunday, which makes the long. $46^{\circ} 23' E$, or degrees in two days which is too good to last, I am afraid. At $60^{\circ} E$ we shall begin to shape our course more north & catch the S.E. trades. The "Mark

Starhouse" have in sight about 3 o'clock, but now to leeward instead of to windward of us. Kora steadily up & crossed our bows within half a mile, taking her old place to windward, where she was visible till night fall. Blowing harder towards evening & at 6 o'clock when the log was heaved. ~~the~~ the pace was 11 knots an hour. The log is a small triangular piece of wood, attached to a line, which runs on a reel, the line being divided into fathoms. The piece of wood is dropped overboard, where it floats & the line is played out by the mate through his

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fingers, while a man stands by
with an hour glass & calls out
"Stop!" when the sand has run
out, the mate marks how many
fathoms are run out & of course
knowing how many fathoms she
went in a minute, can easily
find how many knots an hour,
as so many fathoms go to a mile
or knot. Taking in sail like fun
just as we turned into bed &
heard them busy reefing topsails
about 12. Thermometer 65°.

11 (Wednesday) Blew very hard
all last night. Heavy squall
during breakfast, with thunder
& lightning, the rain so thick
that the fore part of the ship

could not be seen at all from
the poop. Heavy gale set in
directly after the squall & con-
tinued without intermission till
4 in the afternoon; not quite so
much wind as in Monday's gale
but more sea. All sail except
the main topsail, taken in by
12 o'clock & at 2 the ship was
hove to, which seems a last
resource in a heavy gale. It
is just the same as being at
anchor, as she does not move
except side ways & that very
little. Wind quite died away
by 6 o'clock & at 9 we were
only moving through the water,
with top gallant sails & royals set.

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Have had quite enough of hard weather, for it seems we cannot go along half or a quarter as well in a heavy wind as we can in a moderate breeze.

12 (Thursday) just such another day as Tuesday, but much less wind, in fact almost a calm, but bright & sunny. We seem to have gales & calms alternately now & cannot make way in either, although somehow or other we have gone 270 miles since 12 o'clock on Tuesday. A nautical day is from 12 o'clock at noon till 12 o'clock at noon; for instance, when I say we went 120 miles yesterday I mean from

12 o'clock at noon yesterday till 12 o'clock at noon today. Long^{de} 52° E. Lat. 37° 16' S. Sailing scarcely one knot an hour in the evening.

13 (Friday) Fine breeze from the S.W., with regular April showers throughout the day. Only made one degree yesterday; each way Long^{de} & Lat. Are just beginning to shape more north. Long^{de} 53° 16' Lat 36° 36'. There are 40 miles in a degree of longitude & 60 in one of latitude. Thermometer 60°. The Captain says that last voyage he was exactly 20 days sailing from this spot to Calcutta, I wish we could be as lucky.

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14 (Saturday) Very light wind
scarcely sending us 2 knots an hour.
Very good days work yesterday,
about 100 miles. Long^{de} $57^{\circ} 21' E$
Lat $36^{\circ} S$. Had a flare up with
~~Hxxxx~~ at the dinner table, which
threatened to be a very serious
business. He was insulting the
captain, before the ladies, in the
most ungentlemanly manner &
on one or two of us expostulating
with him in a quiet way,
he let fly at us & began to
abuse myself & ~~Fxxxx~~ more
particularly; one offensive
expression he made use of to me
took away, I'm sorry to say, all
command over my temper & I so

far forgot myself as to have a
crust of bread in his face. He
then crossed the table & before
the officer next me could interfere,
aimed a blow at my head which
I warded off & we were immediately
separated. Till he apologized to
those at the table, no one is
to speak to him. Had all this
happened in a mess room, the
result would have been very
serious. The Captain & three
of the four officers present hear
me out in all I did. It was
fortunate no glass was near, or
I might have done some serious
injury.

15th — 17th Calms & light winds.

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Was dull & fearfully tired of the voyage. Made about 20 miles.

17th (Tuesday) Fresh breeze all day & going 8 knots on an average. Beginning to make a more northerly course.

Went 160 miles yesterday.

Long^d 63° 14' E Lat 35° 32' S.

Thermometer 59°.

18 (Wednesday) Calm & light wind till 12 o'clock, when a fresh breeze sprang up from the S.E. & we began to go 8 knots. Just the wind we want now to enable us

to steer more north. Obligated to take to an afternoon snooze for a couple of hours or so, to pass the time, as books

are getting very scarce & one gets sick of standing on the poop talking. I am sure no non-smoker was ever five months at sea or he would soon have been converted to it. Going ten knots an hour in the evening.

Went up to the main top to have a look & was struck to see how small the ship looked in the midst of such a wide expanse of water. Only went 100 miles yesterday. Long^d 65° 49' E Lat. 35° 10' S.

19 (Thursday) going ten knots an hour ever since 12 last night & sometimes more, but left mind towards the afternoon. If

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This breeze will only last till we get into the S.E. trades we shall do splendidly. Went about 200 miles yesterday. Long^{de} 69° 32' E. Lat. 34° S.

20 (Friday). Variable wind all day, sometimes going 0 knots & sometimes 5 knots an hour.

Expect the trades in 26° or 27° S.

Made 200 miles yesterday.

Long^{de} 72° 4' E. Lat 32° S.

Exactly 3600 miles from Calcutta to-day; 36 days more even if we go 100 miles a day which is very unlikely for us.

21 (Saturday) Calm & light winds, average pace all day, 2 knots. Beginning to get perceptibly

warmer, so good bye to cold weather, for some years at least; from this time the process of stemming will proceed, till I again turn my back on India. Had a musical soiree in the midshipmen's room in the evening, the programme consisting of all the old English & Irish popular songs, in which everyone knows, the sentimental is so beautifully blended with the comic. One song, by one of the boys, took my fancy immensely, so much so that I must give it here; —

"Good News from home"

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Good news from home;
Good news for me;
Has come across, the deep blue sea;
Good news from those I left in ^{land} ^{years}
From friends that I've not seen for
And since we parted, long ago,
My life has been a scene of woe;
But now a joyful hour has come,
For I have heard good news from ^{home}
Good news from home.

2.

No father near to guide me now,
No mother's tear to soothe my brow,
No sister's voice falls on my ear,
No brothers smile my heart to cheer;
But though I wander far away,
My heart is full, of joy today
For friends across the ocean's foam

Have sent to me, good news from home
Good news from home.
3.

When shall I see that cottage door,
Where years of joy I've spent before,
Twas then I knew no grief or care,
My heart was always happy there.
Though I may never see it more,
Nor stand upon my native shore
Where e'er on earth I'm doomed to roam
My heart will be with those at home
Good news from home.

At These three beautiful verses, ~~now~~
sung to a sweet plaintive air by
a good voice, seemed to make an
impression on each one present.
The loud laugh was stopped &

each one seemed to be thinking to himself, whether he would get "good news from home." God grant me all may. Longth 75° E Lat. 31° 32' S

22nd (Sunday) - 23rd (Monday)

expecting the S E trades. Very little wind, till noon on Monday when a fresh breeze sprang up from the NE & which, although dead ahead of us, sent the ship along @ 2 1/2 knots an hour.

Steering direct North. Longth 77° E Lat^o 30° 30' S. ~~Harmer~~ apologised to the whole table & I apologised for throwing the bread at him, so we shook hands & are all right again. Ship head beginning to run a little short, & the men

put on half allowance.

24th (Tuesday) Queens birthday.

No loyal demonstrations till after dinner, when instead of the usual 2 bottles of port, claret was put on the table & we were told to call for as much as we wished when that was finished. Of course the Queen was drunk first, by ladies & all & shortly after they left the table & left us to ourselves. The toasts then began & followed each other in such the quick succession that I cannot remember half of them, among them were:-

"The army & navy." "Capt. Maorsorn & his ship." "Our relations at home."

"The ladies of England" "The Queens
Indian army", the subalterns toast
"A bloody war a quick promotion"
etc etc A great many people think
it wrong, if not wicked, to drink
to the last mentioned toast, but
wouldn't one of them if a farmer
drink to a rise in the price of
wheat? if a tanger to family
squabbles? or if a sugar merchant
success to the steamers? I get
we must not drink to the only
thing which can better our
condition! Went about 100^{de}
miles yesterday. Lat 27° S Long

25 (Wednesday) The most
disagreeable day we have had
yet. Raining incessantly &

blowing so hard at times as
to oblige the captain to take
in nearly all sail, while 2 or
3 hours afterwards it would
be a dead calm. Ought to have
been in the trades before this.
Very close all day & a good
deal of lightning.

26 (Thursday) Very warm day
thermometer 70° , in the cuddy,
(cabin where we dine etc.).

Long $75^{\circ} 37'$ E Lat. $26^{\circ} 54'$ S.
Scarcely any wind all day & no
signs of the trades. Had a very
good game of cricket on the main
deck.

27th — 28th. Calms, instead of
which we ought to be going

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200 miles a day with a stiff S.E. trade wind. These trades are usually met with in 26° or 27° South & here we are in 24° & no signs of them.

Began my morning shower bath again & exposed it exceedingly. Thermometer averaging 70° & sun much more powerful, still not too hot to play cricket, quoits etc. Made up a sweepstakes of 10/ each upon the day of the week, on which the pilot will come on board; the seven days of the week Monday, Tuesday etc being put into a hat & each drawing a day, the winner

to get 10/ from, the losing six. I drew Wednesday. Reading "The Song of Hiawatha" by Longfellow, which certainly is the most extraordinary poem I ever came across. Amusing up again. Linen & tobacco getting scarce, captain as savage as a bear with a sore head & everybody more or less dull. On Saturday evening ~~Phoebe~~ brought out his violin and a dance was got up on the poop, which seems likely to prove a failure, as there are only two ladies for partners among six gentlemen.

29 (Sunday). Very warm day
Thermometer 75° . Calm till
noon, when a light breeze
sprang up from the SW, which
the captain expects is the
beginning of the trades. From
this place, last voyage, this
ship was only 14 days getting
to Calcutta, how I wish we
could do it the same.

Lat $23^{\circ} 13' S$ Long $76^{\circ} 4' E$. The
100 days for the captain's bet
is up to day (page 20) & he
declares he will never bet
again as it is unlucky.

30 (Monday). In the trades
at last, and gaining 8 and
9 knots all day. Made 100

miles yesterday, which makes
the Lat $20^{\circ} 17' S$, Long $78^{\circ} 13' E$.

Men busy scraping the rails,
bulwarks etc of the ship, preparatory
to their being fresh painted,
to make her look nice again
we reach Calcutta, which
looks as if there was a very
remote chance of our getting there
soon.

31 (Tuesday). Very warm,
Thermometer 78° , exactly 20°
higher than it was this
day fortnight! I only hope it
won't increase much more
in the same proportion. Bath
delicious. Went 160 miles
yesterday. Long $78^{\circ} 17' E$ Lat $18^{\circ} S$

June 1st (Wednesday). This day last year was the first day of my examination at Kurlington house & little did I then imagine that in a years time I should be within a fortnight's sail of Calcutta. Beautiful day, with fine fresh breeze, sending us along $10\frac{1}{2}$ & sometimes 11 knots an hour. ~~At 10~~ Went 193 miles yesterday, Lat. $14^{\circ} 48' S$. Long. $70^{\circ} 47' E$. A large ship, homeward bound, in sight on our weather bow, but not near enough to signalize & about 11 o'clock at night, another vessel crossed our stern, about a mile off, so near indeed that we could

see her masts & sails plainly, although the night was cloudy. Fearfully hot at night, & heavy sea obliging us to leave our dead lights shipt, which makes a great difference in the temperature. Thermometer 79° . June 2nd (Thursday). Still a fine breeze & going 10 knots, as indeed we have been going all night. Very hot. Thermometer 80° . Made 237 miles yesterday, which makes the Lat $10^{\circ} 59' S$, Long $70^{\circ} 59' E$. If we go on at this pace we shall be in sight of the Sand heads in about 11 days, but then we may be becalmed for a week or two on the line,

who knows? Very squally towards evening, with a great deal of rain, obliged to take in royal & studding sails, which I am afraid will reduce the pace.

3rd (Friday). A very wretched day, pouring with rain & with very heavy squalls.

Temperature very close, the thermometer being upwards of 80°, so it was impossible to sit in the cuddy & on deck everything was wet, so altogether I never passed such a miserable day. Went 226 miles yesterday.

Lat 7° 11' S Long^d 78° 37' E.

Almost a calm in the evening & intensely hot.

4th (Saturday). Another wretched day. Light winds & calms with land showers of rain. Only went 70 miles yesterday.

Lat. 6° 11' S Long^d 78° 39' E.

Thermometer 82°. Heavy squall came on suddenly, about 2 o'clock, taking the ship right ahead & backing her stern almost under water; the captain said it was the most dangerous squall we have had yet & expected every minute to see his fore top mast go overboard. Luckily our stern ports were shut or the cabin would have been full.

Must take to sleeping on deck soon, the cabin is so frightfully hot.

25th 6th Calms & light wind.
 Scarcely made 160 miles since
 12 on Saturday. This looks like
 getting to Calcutta in 11 days,
 with a vengeance. No work &
 nothing whatever to do, as one can
 even smoke this hot weather,
 one pipe per diem being as
 much as I can manage. One
 comfort is that there is a north
 breeze owing to me. today. Thermometer
 83° & 84°. Home ward hauler
 in sight on Monday morning, about
 6 miles off. Lat. 3° 50 S Long
 7th Fresh breeze but too much
 ahead to send us along at any
 great pace, also a nasty head
 sea, on. Thermometer 85°.

Went 120 miles yesterday.
 Lat 1° 50 S Long 82° 34 E.
 Shall cross the line tomorrow.
 8th (Wednesday). Crossed the
 line about 6 o'clock this
 morning. About 1300 miles
 from Calcutta, which seems
 very little in comparison with
 the immense distance we have
 gone since we left England.
 Moderate breeze all day &
 not so hot as when we crossed
 the line before. Slung my cot
 under the quarter boats &
 managed to pass a deliciously
 cool night on deck, which plan
 I shall adopt as long as the
 weather is fine. Dxxxxx borrowed

a hammock & followed my example
 & we slept side by side, he
 under one boat & I under the
 other. Went about 100 miles
 yesterday. Lat. 1° N Long. $83^{\circ} 2'$
 9° (Thursday) Went 159 miles
 yesterday, Lat. $3^{\circ} 31' N$,
 Long. $82^{\circ} 51' E$; in north instead
 of south latitude. Roused out
 of our comfortable berth under
 the boats about 7 in the morning
 by a heavy squall, with hard
 rain, which obliged us to beat
 a hasty retreat or in plain
 words take up our beds &
 walk. Thermometer 83° .
~~10th~~ Moderate breeze all
 day & freshening towards evening

& at 12 o'clock we were going
 10 knots.
 10^{th} (Friday). Did not pass a
 very comfortable night in my
 quarters under the boat, so
 much rain with shortening
 & setting sail etc, consequently
 feel rather fishy this morning.
 Strong wind blowing from
 the SW, usually called the
 SW monsoon, & going 11 knots
 at 8 in the morning. Ought
 to get the pilot on board
 next Tuesday. Thermometer 84° .
 Went 240 miles yesterday,
 Lat. $7^{\circ} 20' N$. Long $83^{\circ} 10' E$.
 Off Ceylon, about 100 miles
 from it; captain tried to

sight it but the wind did not favour him sufficiently. Do not find it so hot as when we crossed the line before, suppose I am getting a little seasoned. Wind lighter towards evening & only going 3 knots an hour at 8 bells.

11th (Saturday) Passed a very comfortable night under the boat, slept well & was deliciously cool. Poor Dering was washed out of his hammock by a wave about 1 o'clock & obliged to treat a hasty retreat into the cabin; while I, lying on the lee side of the deck, escaped without a drop.

Fine breeze ever since 2 o'clock this morning, from which hour we have been going 10 knots ~~an~~. Thermometer 84°. Went 170 miles yesterday, Lat 10° 32' N. Heavy head sea towards evening, which made the ship labour very much & obliged a good deal of canvass to be taken in.

12th (Sunday) Awoke about 2 o'clock, by a great noise on deck, singing, hollering etc & received the agreeable news that a heavy gale was coming on & that I had better make my self scarce or perhaps boat, cot & all might be carried

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away by the sea, so out of it
I went like a shot & slept the
remainder of the night on the couch
in the cuddy. I believe it blew
great guns all night; certainly
when I came on deck in the
morning we were running under
close reefed mainsail & jib only,
while the rain did not fall
in drops but bucketful. The
Captain says he must be very
careful just here, as the
weather is too thick for
observations & we may be
close to land before we know
it, besides he cannot carry
much sail for the same reason;
he expects to make fanfame

at Black Pagoda (Coromandel
coast) tomorrow & then we shall
steer Easterly for the Sandheads.
Went 199 miles yesterday, Lat
unknown. A week more & I
hope all our troubles will be
over. Gale abated towards noon
& going 8 knots under light
canvas in the evening.

Thermometer 85°.

13th (Monday) Wind freshened
last night & at 4 o'clock
the pace was 10 knots, but
it became too fresh soon after
& obliged us to reef top sails.
Very thick day, but luckily
a little sun about 12, which
the Captain took advantage

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of to get an observation.

We are within about 100 miles
of Carriaga point, on the folconda
coast. Long^d $84^{\circ} 20'$ Lat $16^{\circ} 46'$
did 160 miles yesterday. Home
too at 8 o'clock & took sounding
after which we bore up
off shore, sounding again
at 12, 2 and 4 at night.

14th (Tuesday) No land in
light yet; off famfarn at
12 o'clock, about 30 or 40 miles
from it. Went 162 miles
yesterday, Long^d $85^{\circ} 37'$ E
Lat. 19° N. Two ships in
light bore the same way
as us, but both some 9 or
10 miles to leeward.

About noon we stood straight
in towards land and at 2
o'clock the coast was just
visible, very indistinct, but
quite enough for the Captain
whose only object was to know
it was there & off we stood
out to sea again. The two
other ships followed our example
& stood in shore also, so that
we passed one quite close,
within 100 yards, so near that
we heard the singing of the sailors
as they hauled the ropes &
could see a large Newfoundland
dog, running about the deck,
with the naked eye. No sig-
-naling. Wonder which of us

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will get a pilot first; tomorrow morning will in all probability decide. Saw the fuggarant Pagoda quite plainly about 4 o'clock, at least it only looked to me like a black rising in the land & might have been a gasometer for all I could see to the contrary. The famous car is for was kept there & it is still a favorite place of pilgrimage for the Hindoos. Also saw the Black Pagoda a little further up the coast, both which are very useful for landmarks. Weather looking every day towards evening & every body ex-

pecting a gale. We are just in the most dangerous place for one now & if it should happen to blow towards land, we stand a good chance of being driven ashore, at all events it will prevent our taking the pilot on board. Heavy sea on about 6, but as yet wind moderate. Steering S.E., in order to get a good offing. Thermometer 86°. 15th (Wednesday). Weather still very mild, in consequence of which we dare not go in towards shore for the pilot. May have to stop out here a week or more, beating

117 Saw a large steamer, supposed to be the Overland mail, on our up & down. weather squatter.

16 (Thursday) Fine day & wind moderate. Bore straight for the pilot station & about 12 o'clock made the floating light ship, which is always anchored at the extremity of the pilot ground.

Passed close to her & in answer to the Captain's question where he would be likely to find a pilot brig, we received the interesting & exciting reply "Stand out to sea, till the weather moderates". Horror of horrors! till the weather moderates! If this is not

(*) There is always one cruising about.

moderate; will it ever be better? A greater sell I never saw; everyone was on the tip toe of expectation, especially the youngsters, roaring with laughter at the first sight of the niggers on board & making such a row that the Captain could scarcely hear what was said, & then the change that came over all our physiognomies when we heard that we were to stand out to sea again, what a picture for Hogarth! & as we watched the ship wearing round & turning its head to seaward, imprecations low but deep

were vented against light
ships, pilots, wind etc etc
& then as if relieved by the
explosions each one settled
down into a calm determination
that we are not intended
to get to Calcutta & that we
never shall, & made up
our minds for another week
of this lively game. I am
sure job was never 5 months
getting round the Cape. Lighted
two or three ships, in the same
predicament as ourselves,
one of them the "Ladore" from
London, 115 days out. About
4. we wore ship & stood
in for the light ships again &

to our surprise she hoisted
our number & then "I will
give you a pilot; send four
boat on board". By he did
not offer us one as we passed
in the morning is a mystery,
as it was his kind proposal
came too late, the increasing
darkness rendering it impossible
to get near him till tomorrow
morning & unsafe to let go
our boat. The most probable
solution of the mystery is that
when we passed in the morning
the pilot was enjoying a quiet
siesta & of course could not
be disturbed, as the safety
of a hundred vessels is nothing

compared with one of these
vaseals comfort. Trying to
make the light ship all night
tacking backwards & forwards
etc.; she sends up a blue light
every hour & a maroon every
half hour, so we managed to
keep her in sight all night.

17 (Friday) Made the light ship
at about 5 this morning &
again were disappointed, some
more enterprising ship having
wacked off with our pilot during
the night; might have expected
as much from our usual
luck. Stood in straight for
the Sandheads, ^{as the} entrance to
the river Hoopley is called &

about 12 reached the inner
light ship, which is anchored at
the extremity of Sargour sands,
the proximity of the latter being
evident from the pea soupy
colour of the water, exactly
similar to the sea at Weston
Super Mare. As we passed her
she hailed "Steer SW" & indeed
it was time we altered our
course as we were in only 10
fathom water & actually stirred
up the mud as we went about
ship. Eleven vessels in sight &
it is supposed there must be
20 or 30, waiting for pilots
as well as ourselves. What are
the chances that we get one,

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when it appears there are seldom
more than 10 or 11 on the station
& a score of ships looking out
for them? Annually looking out
for the pilot brig all day,
plenty of sail in sight, but
no signs of it yet. The Captain
recognized a ship he knows very
well called the "Blackburne" &
as if by mutual consent we
gradually bore towards each
other till we were so near
that ~~the~~ our Captain & her
Captain had a long talk
without speaking trumpet or
anything. There were three lady
passengers on board & a gentleman
who the Captain appeared to know

very well; she kept close to us
long after dusk & ~~then~~ gave
them some airs on his violin,
which they applauded loudly.
10 (Saturday) Turned out of
my cot about 5 o'clock by the
news that the long wished for
pilot brig was in sight; went
on deck & saw the little brig
with her red pilot flag, close
ahead of us, pursued by vessels
from every quarter, only two
of them however were at all near
her, the "Blackburne" and another,
& the race was evidently between
them & us. Our luck went as
usual; just as we were
getting close upon her, she

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stood off a little to windward, we overshot her & the "Blackburne" taking the opportunity, put her helm hard down & got in first, other ship second; "Buckton Castle" third; rest not placed. The result was disastrous, for after sending a pilot on board each of the other two ships, the brig hoisted "No more pilots on board" & a second time we were sold. Fancy two pilots among twenty vessels; what makes it more provoking being that we first got sight of the brig & were chasing her all night & then not to get a pilot after all. Fell in with

the "Jane Leach", belonging to the same owner as this ship & which left London a month after us. We have to that she might catch us up & in a short time she was close along side, when what was our surprise to behold among a group standing on the poop, two of our old acquaintances in the huts at Chatham, Morris of the 75th & Watson of the 8th, the former a very great chum of mine, & who I had supposed to have embarked in the "Cridley" troop ship. How singular that they should have chosen the Lister ship to ours & that

we should have met so
unexpectedly. They have been
more fortunate as far as time
goes, but not in other respects.
Their main & fore top galant
masts having been carried
away & their main mast
sprung, so that they dare
not carry any sail upon it,
is a snail on the equator, I
believe. She kept pretty
close to us all day & we
were able to exchange com-
-pliments with them, two or
three times during it. Eighteen
sail in sight at one time
& scarcely ~~over~~ an hour passed
but we have some vessel close

along side; one which came
nearer than any, had a lascar
crew & afforded great amusement
from their various costumes,
some in a state of nature, &
as ugly a set of black varmint
as ever I set eyes on. When
the pilot brig hoisted "No pilot
on board", they hoisted "Can
you provide me with provisions,
(poor fellows! they did look
rather thin) but she took no
notice of them. About 4,
three homeward bound vessels
were in sight & the brig
gradually bore up towards
them, to take their pilots
off, as they always leave them

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as soon as they get outside
the river. Now of course the
ships nearest to the brig would
get these three pilots, so every
telescope was levelled at
her, watching her every motion,
but for a long time no ship
altered her course. Presently
the "Jane Leach" was seen to
go about & stand straight
for the brig; "All hands ready
about ship" bellows our captain
& round we went like a shot,
but not before a Dutchman
close on our lee bow, perceived
the game & followed our example
again. We were among the
first three, the "Jane Leach"

being the nearest to the brig
& me & the Dutchman, neck &
neck, behind her. Now came
the exciting moment, for as
we neared the first homeward
bounder, we could see the
brig's boat taking the pilot
out of her & we knew the
first ship in was sure of one,
anyhow. We ~~were~~ soon passed
the first homeward bounder,
a large ship, full of passengers,
among them some red coats,
most likely invalids &
were now getting quite close
to the brig, a few minutes
would decide it, when the
Dutchman tried a very well

known racing dudge, crossing
right across our bows within
a few yards & so obliging us
to make a zigzag or run
as he would, this put him
a little ahead & at the same
time the "Jane Leach" shot in
alongside of the brig in beautiful
style, backing her mizen top
sail as she came on, which
brought her to, close by & again
the "Buckton Castle" took a third
place. We then had the
extreme pleasure of seeing
the "Jane Leach" & Dutchman
each get their pilot, after
which the brig hailed us
& a pilot etc informed us to

keep his light in sight all
night & he would give
us a pilot in the morning.
Sail. Number 3 for the
Buckton Castle. The weather
looked fine & a light breeze
blowing, so of course every
one imagined we should
be certain of a pilot in
the morning, but as if
to prove the old proverb
"a bird in the hand, is worth
two in the bush", we had
not been under weigh
half an hour, following close
behind the brig, when all
in a minute a heavy squall
struck the ship, beating her

over on her side & for a short
time nothing could be heard
but the rushing of the wind
& flapping of sails as one
top sail after another was
taken in, when suddenly
it abated, the rain however
coming down in torrents,
but of course we are
miles from the brig &
all chance of a pilot
to-morrow morning, gone.

Wind blowing strong at
bed time, with fearful
flashes of lightning &
thunder. ~~was~~ loud enough
to start one. The question
flew around what we ever get

to Calcutta? "I have my
forebodings as to whether
we ever shall.

19 (Sunday) Without any
exception the most miserable,
depressing Sunday I have
ever spent. After ^{passing} spending
a sleepless night, owing
to the thunder & lightning,
the latter so vivid that
my eyes were sometimes
shut for half a minute
after the flash & the
former certainly the most
terrific I have ever heard,
I got up to find every
air hole battered down,
making the thermometer 100° in

the cabin, most of our
clothes etc drenched with
water which had forced its
way through the dead lights
& the motion so violent
that all our trunks
broke from their lashing
& were flying from side
to side, while the floor
was one mass of broken
articles of different sorts,
add to this that these
gales severally last 3
days & that we are
standing right out to
sea again & picture
the misery of it is
sable atk. Certainly there

is something in this beyond
human knowledge, On deck
nearly all day, preferring
being half drowned to being
wholly roasted, & here we
are hove to, with a fearful
sea rolling on the ship,
at times dipping her
poop rails right under
water, with a lee shore
not very far off & drifting
towards it about a mile
& a half per hour. A lively
prospect & no mistake! —
12 o'clock. Wednesday morning.
gale abated, the weather
breaking off quite bright
again, & we have up again

towards Sandheads.

Eventually got a pilot
who said ship was too
deep in water to go over
the bar! at entrance
to the Hoopley -
Just got over:
after three grinding
against the bottom!
Reached Calcutta
on the 29th of June -
and so ends one of the
longest passages on
record -

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