

TWO LETTERS

DESCRIBING

The Voyage of the May Family to South Australia

IN 1839,

And its Settlement near Mount Barker, in that Colony

EDITED BY

WM. LEWIS MAY,

OF 'MAYDENA,' SANDFORD, TASMANIA

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

JOSEPH COLEMAN,

OF ADELAIDE



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TWO LETTERS DESCRIBING THE VOYAGE OF THE MAY FAMILY
TO SOUTH AUSTRALIA IN 1839.

70 Copies printed for private distribution.

This is No. 2

To *Alfred May*

Forest Hill

With W. L. May's Fraternal Greeting

Date, *12. 7mo. 1911.*



JOSEPH AND HANNAH MAY
WITH THEIR SONS AND DAUGHTERS, BY BIRTH AND MARRIAGE.

1ST ROW (from top left hand corner)—Henry Phillips—Maria (May) Phillips; George Phillips—Margaret (May) Phillips;
Frederick Mackie—Rachel Ann (May) Mackie; Edward May.

2ND ROW—Emma Sophia (Coleman) May—Frederick May; Hannah (Morris) May—Joseph May; William May—Mary
(Cotton) May; Arthur Coleman, and Lucy (May) Coleman.

3RD ROW—Hannah (May) Barritt—Joseph Barritt; Thomas May—Margaret Sarah (Wheeler) May; Elizabeth (May)
Sanders—William Sanders; Joseph May, Jr.

Introduction.

The two following letters were written, respectively, by William May and Maria May, members of the family of Joseph May, of Hertford, England who, with his wife and children, emigrated to South Australia in the year 1839.

Joseph May was by occupation a chemist, carrying on business at a shop in the Market Place in the town of Hertford. He was a member of the Society of Friends, to which his forefathers, for at least three generations before him, had belonged. In the earlier years of his married life he had lived at Henley-on-Thames where he was engaged with his father in an ironmongery business. His wife was Hannah, eldest daughter of William and Ann Morris, of Ampthill, Bedfordshire, and a family of twelve children were born to them, three at Henley and the rest after their removal to Hertford. The youngest of these, a boy, died in infancy, but all the others, comprising five sons and six daughters, accompanied their parents to the new home in the Southern Hemisphere. Joseph May's only brother Henry, referred to in the letters as "Uncle Henry," being a bachelor, and left, by the death of a sister, without any other very near relatives, decided also to throw in his lot with the pioneer colonists. He was however at this time a man of more than 53 years of age, of a retiring disposition, and of somewhat weak intellect, so that he became a very unobtrusive member of the family circle. Hannah May, like her husband, was descended from ancestors on both sides who had been consistent Members of the Society of Friends for generations. She was a most excellent wife and mother, and a very capable manager of her household. As a true helpmeet to her husband in his business she had acquired a good deal of practical skill in the relief of common ailments, and was frequently consulted in regard to these by neighbors in the Australian bush isolated from professional assistance; and amongst all who came in contact with her she was held in the greatest respect and esteem. She died in 1860, from the after effects of a surgical operation; but her husband survived her nearly 18 years, and when his end came, on March 11, 1878, he had attained the extreme age of nearly 91 years.

The eldest of Joseph May's family was his son Frederick, born in 1815; and next in age came William May, the writer of the first letter. He was born on October 29, 1816, so that he was about 22½ years of age when the family left England. These two brothers had lived for a time with some relations of their mother's who were farmers, near Ampthill, and had there learnt something of farming methods as a preparation for their new life as colonists. To them fell the direction of all the operations connected with working the land, and rearing the live stock on the new settlement, and they afterwards remained in partnership for many years, until William finally moved away to Tasmania. He had married, in 1856, Mary, second daughter of Francis Cotton, a Member of the Society of Friends, and an early settler on the east coast of Tasmania; and it was owing to his wife's connexion with a large family of relatives in that island that William May was led to make a fresh start there, after experiencing a succession of very bad harvests on his farm near Blotchley, in South Australia. He purchased

a property at Sandford, about 12 miles east of Hobart, and adapting his employment to the changed climate and conditions prevailing in his new location, he engaged chiefly in growing fruit for export to the other Australian colonies, or to England. His death took place on November 10, 1903. Although he had then attained the age of 87 years he had maintained much physical vigor till very near his end, and his mental alertness, and the characteristically bright interest he took in all outward affairs, and in the welfare of the Society of Friends of which he was ever a most devoted member, were manifest to the last. All his surviving children remain settled on the same property, and the farm and orchard produce they continue to send to distant markets well maintains the good name it acquired during their father's lifetime.

Maria May, the writer of the second letter, was the eldest of Joseph May's daughters, and came next in age to her brother William. Born in 1818, she attained her 21st year two days after the "Anna Robertson" had cleared out on her voyage from Gravesend. In 1843, being about three and a half years after her arrival in South Australia, she was married to Henry Weston Phillips, of Adelaide, a merchant and importer, and a son of John and Ann Phillips, of Peckham, Surrey. He had emigrated to the new colony in 1840. This marriage was the first, except one, celebrated between Members of the Society of Friends in South Australia, and it took place in a building originally built and used for the purpose of a dairy, on a farm belonging to John Barton Hack, at Western Flat, between Mount Barker and Echunga. At that time it served as the local Meeting House of the Society. Henry and Maria Phillips lived in Adelaide until the death of the former in 1898, and Maria Phillips then made her home with her only son at Blackwood, about 11 miles by rail from Adelaide. About two years before her death she moved with her son and his wife to Hurd's Hill, a few miles further from Adelaide. She survived the 70th anniversary of the landing of her family in 1839, but only by a few weeks, for on October 12, 1909, she very peacefully passed away. Her long span of life, extending to 91 years and 4 months, exceeded even that of her father. Like most of the May family who reached extreme old age she preserved her mental faculties almost unimpaired, and she was able to enjoy much reading and to do beautifully fine needle work until within a few days of her end.

It may seem remarkable that such home-loving people, and so extremely unlikely to choose an adventurous life as were Joseph and Hannah May, should have ventured on an emigration to such a very distant and almost unexplored country, with a large family of children dependent upon them. Joseph May at that time was in his 52nd year, and his wife in her 50th, and both were persons to whom a severance from the social and religious associations of their native land would be very seriously felt. But the first suggestions for this enterprise arose with their two eldest sons, who had read glowing reports of the prospects of the new colony from John B. Hack and his brother, and who became filled with the desire to make their start in life in a land where there appeared such promises of success in farming and grazing pursuits. The difficulty, too, of finding suitable openings for the young people in the home-land no doubt had its influence upon the parents; and Hannah May confessed to the hope that, forming an almost self-satisfying community amongst themselves, her children, as they grew up, would be less likely to be scattered to homes amongst strangers than must inevitably be the case whilst their parents continued to live at a tradesman's shop in an English country town. And thus her strong desire through life that they might all remain settled close about her, found, in the very size of her

family, ground for the fancy that this dream of her heart might be realized in the isolation of a bush settlement.

At the time when this Family landed on its shores South Australia was not quite three years old as a duly constituted Colony. It had been first settled in 1836 by bodies of emigrants from Great Britain sent out under the auspices of the South Australian Colonization Association. In August of that year Colonel Light, with a surveying staff, had arrived to lay out a site for the future capital of the Colony, and it was on the 28th December, 1836, that Captain (afterwards Sir John) Hindmarsh, R.N., the first governor of the colony, established the government by a proclamation in the presence of the assembled colonists at Glenelg, the landing place off which the "Anna Robertson" first anchored, less than three years afterwards. The first sale of town allotments in Adelaide took place in March, 1837; so that the state of the town in 1839, as described in these letters, indicates a very rapid advancement during that interval. At a date within a month of the landing of the May Family it is recorded that 250,320 acres of land had been sold; and the white population of the colony at that time appears to have been somewhere about 11,500 souls.

The family had not been long settled in its new home when Joseph May purchased an adjoining section of land, and in preparation for the house he intended to build upon it of a sufficient size to comfortably accommodate the whole family, he laid out and planted the garden and orchard, which afterwards extended on more than two sides of the building. The trees and shrubs grew excellently under his careful management, but through long delay in obtaining legacies to which he and his brother became entitled by the death of a cousin in England, the building was postponed for many years, and it was not until near the middle of 1846 that the house was completed and occupied. It remained a charming home, and the scene of many family gatherings, until a second generation of Joseph May's descendants who occupied it had grown up and found homes of their own elsewhere. His daughter Lucy Coleman, who had bought the property at her father's death, disposed of it again in 1897; and in the summer of 1905, whilst held by other owners, the house was completely destroyed by fire. Another of quite a different type has since been built on the ruins; but through the vandalism of later occupiers very little indeed now remains of the large productive garden. Most of the fine native and English trees also, which helped to make it a residence almost unequalled in the country as regards the natural beauty of its surroundings, have been ruthlessly destroyed. Thus neither the "Fairfield" of the first settlement, which was afterwards known in the May family as "the old place," nor yet the family home so much longer recognised as a centre of social life for members of the Society of Friends from far and near, can any longer be said to exist.

The uncle to whom William May's letter is addressed was his mother's bachelor brother, Joseph Marsh Morris, of Amptill. This worthy Friend carried on the baker's business in that town which had been his father's; but after the father's death he took the management of a corn and seed business at Esher, in Surrey, which formed a branch of a large concern carried on by his two nephews, Joseph and Bedford Marsh, in the neighboring town of Kingston-on-Thames. His elder sister, Maria Morris, was the "Aunt Maria" to whom Maria May addressed her letter. She, too, remained single, and lived with her brother as his housekeeper throughout their joint lives. After the removal to Esher she was, for about 30 years, a most faithful correspondent with the May family. During most of that period her regular journal letters reached the colonists by each of the monthly

mails then forwarded from England. When age compelled the brother and sister to give up the business at Esher they moved into Kingston, and spent their remaining days together, until her death took place at the age of 83. His followed about four years later when he was in his 79th year.

Three of Joseph and Hannah May's sons, and all their six daughters were married; but the youngest daughter, Lucy Coleman, widow of the late Arthur Coleman, of Saddleworth, is now the only survivor of those numbered amongst the original 14 colonists whose voyage is recorded in these letters. She lives with one of her married daughters at Blackwood, in the Adelaide hills, and is now in her 79th year. Twenty-six grandchildren of the pioneer parents have married, and in their turn have brought up another generation of the good old stock. Most of these descendants are to be found in South Australia, but a few are scattered in four of the other Australian States or in New Zealand. With but few exceptions they may be said to have proved themselves worthy colonists, holding respected positions in town or country, and though many no longer retain membership in the Quaker Society, all of them venerate and prize their association with the esteemed family that made the long voyage to the new land, and labored so strenuously as pioneer colonists of 1839.

154 Wakefield Street,
Adelaide, March 1, 1911.

JOSEPH COLEMAN.



Two Letters

DESCRIBING THE VOYAGE OF THE MAY FAMILY TO
SOUTH AUSTRALIA IN 1839.

EXTRACT FROM "THE TIMES," LONDON, FRIDAY, MARCH 22, 1839.

For South Australia, the fast sailing first-class teak built ship, *Anna Robertson*, burden 448 tons register, Augustus Munro commander, lying in the London Docks. Fitted up for cabin and intermediate passengers, and will carry an experienced surgeon. For freight or passage apply to G. F. Angas and Co., merchants, 2 Jeffrey's Square, St. Mary Axe, or to Thomas Brown, broker, 17 London Street.

THE JOURNAL OF THE VOYAGE OF THE BARQUE "ANNA ROBERTSON," FROM LONDON TO ADELAIDE IN 1839.

BY WILLIAM MAY.

Dear Uncle,—

As I wish to give as full an account as I can of our voyage, I shall proceed without preface to note down in the form of a journal every incident which the fullest interpretation of your wish to hear everything will justify.

1839, 5th mo., 27th, $\frac{1}{2}$ -past 7 o'clock. Captain Munro has just arrived with Captain Brown, —Mills, etc., the ship is cleared and orders are given to weigh anchor immediately. Just at this instant and at the very last moment a boat has come alongside with a passenger named Henderson in it, whose wife and children are on board; the children had just welcomed their father, when another boat arrived, and a Bow street officer scrambled up the side and presented his warrant to Henderson who directly jumped into a boat and tried to row away, but the attempt was unsuccessful, the officer seized his prey, and bore him back to Gravesend. His wife and family went off to Adelaide in a situation more easily conceived than described. We are again taken in tow by the steamer, half-past 9. Cast anchor for three or four hours to wait the tide.

28th. Again in tow by the steamer. 8 o'clock, midway between the Nore and N. Foreland, wind N.E.; 10 o'clock, rounded the N. Foreland, and are now in full sail; the wind laying across us causes the vessel to roll very much on one side. Steam tug has left us, and we are now fairly out of port; 4 o'clock, off Deal—the pilot has just left us with three letters of ours, he is gone ashore with three Deal boatmen who came alongside two hours before we rounded the N. Foreland 20 miles from Deal, no doubt according to orders. Mother, Maria, and the four little ones sick and in bed. 7 o'clock, off Dover, we had a most beautiful view of the cliffs, castle, and town, running within two or three miles of the shore, the cliffs of Calais indistinctly seen in the distance. We are now, being round the S. Foreland, going in splendid style, right before the wind with all our sails

set, including stud sails. The whole of our party are ill this evening, except Uncle Henry and myself.

29th. 8 o'clock in the morning off the Isle of Wight, the cliffs very indistinctly visible, getting on famously, wind and tide in favor at the rate of eight or nine knots an hour, we could none of us eat anything to-day at dinner except uncle, who seems scarcely affected by the motion of the ship, and eats all his meals well. Mother, Maria, and the five younger ones very poorly indeed and in bed all day. The committee appointed by the intermediate passengers to form the messes, and to see to keeping all things clean and in order between decks, etc., etc., met this morning—Father is one—and I hope we shall soon get into more regularity about meals and the distribution of rations than hitherto, the steward is very ill, which makes matters worse, some of the passengers being obliged to do his work, the cook holds up well. I have had a touch of sickness this afternoon, indeed we are now all ill except Uncle. Reading the Scriptures, and prayers begun to-day in the intermediate dining room, morning and evening, by the Rev. Quaike.

30th. 8 o'clock, off the Eddystone, but not in sight, ship's course almost due west, wind due east. A most lovely morning. We are all better and were up on deck, with the exception of Maria, who is much the worst; by 8 o'clock mother has had breakfast on the poop, and she, as well as the children, is all the better for the fresh air. 9 o'clock, Maria has just crawled up, but she cannot eat yet. Peggy is fairly well, and with the men folks of our family made a good breakfast, and has kept it down well, she is able to stay below and keep things in order. Uncle seems quite as well as on shore. Busy this morning serving out a week's provisions to each mess. Our rations are so much in quantity, we have some difficulty in getting things to hold them all. Some of the passengers having inadvertently left their scuppers open, a wave rising higher than usual, came into two or three cabins, drenching the bedding, etc., so the deck is enlivened with sheets, counterpanes, and blankets flying in the wind. 2 o'clock, off the Lizard light. 7 o'clock, the wind has almost entirely dropped, and we hardly move along on the water, but the little air there is, catching the topsails makes the vessel rock backwards and forwards very uncomfortably, and has soon sent our invalids to bed. 9 o'clock, the wind has increased a little, many of us have been trying to catch mackerel this evening with baits of red rag, and raw beef, but without success. We cannot have seen less than 20 sail to-day.

31st. 9 o'clock, quite clear of the land now, still almost becalmed, the mate says we have not made more than 100 miles in the last 24 hours. We must be content however that we are going on in the right way though slowly, he has been three weeks doing what we have this time in three days. It is curious to see the various passengers essaying to concoct a pudding; as we still have fresh beef, most are attempting a sort of Yorkshire (on the Atlantic) pudding to bake under it, and a rare mess some of them make in the business, we find the cook very civil, making toast and boiling water for us when we want it. 2 o'clock, the captain having trimmed the sails and braced the yards one way or another to no purpose, declares there is no wind, and is gone to his dinner to wait its pleasure. The ocean is as quiet and flat as a river, without so much as a ripple, but the rocking of the ship from the same cause as last evening, still keeps mother and Maria ill. They were up most of the morning but have been obliged to go to bed again. Margaret is pretty well but cannot eat, the rest have enjoyed a tolerable dinner. The intermediate dining

room has been cleared out to-day and the floor well scraped. The mate is very obliging and attentive to any requests for his aid, and our captain, instead of changing for the worse on board, is more agreeable than on shore, when the perplexities of freighting the ship annoyed him much. This evening a swallow flew into our cabin much exhausted, we gave it some fresh water and it flew off again after remaining about a quarter of an hour.

6 mo. 1st. Still becalmed, the sea is like agitated quicksilver and from the ground swell there is a great deal of motion. The mate tells us we have not come 20 miles in the last 24 hours. A few vessels have been in sight to-day. The captain has hung up a paper requesting none of the intermediate or steerage passengers to go on the quarter deck. The cabin passengers having it all to themselves are killing their time by firing at a board with candles, at some dogfish which have appeared in sight, and at corked bottles floating in the water. We are rather less quaking (?) to-day, but some of our provisions are so bad that we can hardly eat them, the biscuit is exceedingly hard and worse and universally complained of, and the sugar is such filthy stuff that it spoils everything it is put into, if in each case they had provided us with one half of the quantity of superior quality it would have given far greater satisfaction; 8 o'clock, a slight breeze is springing up.

6th mo., 2nd. First day. A pretty fair wind carrying us on four or five knots an hour, but with vast swell, which has made several of us worse again. Mother and Maria have not been out of bed to-day. We had meeting and reading in our cabin this afternoon accompanied by R. Marriage and Joseph Barritt, the two Everitts were too unwell to join us. Spoke a brig this afternoon at some distance steering W. Wind S.W. We cannot have seen less than 25 sail to-day.

6th. mo., 3rd. Ship's course S.W. by S., wind W. Mother and Maria are very poorly to-day, and the morning having been showery has prevented them from getting on deck, the appetites of our family generally are returning, but not being free from some feeling of sickness we have great difficulty in eating our meals, as the articles provided are so very inferior in quality. The surgeon (a very active and agreeable young man) kindly parted with a pretty large tin of mixed biscuits to us for mother's use, which are a very valuable acquisition, as in her present state it was difficult for us to find anything she could take. A young man named Thompson from London having been very ill ever since we left the Downs, and being quite alone wretchedly low-spirited, has obtained the captain's consent to re-ship him in the first homeward bound vessel we fall in with that he may get back to England. He has sent word to us that he shall be glad to take a letter for us. I intend therefore to send what I have here written by him if he has the chance of returning, but as the notice may be very short you must not be surprised at an abrupt conclusion. Lest I have not time to write more before this letter is despatched, I may just remark now that on the whole we are proceeding on our voyage favorably, if dear mother was not so unwell, as I am sorry to report she is (for I hope all the rest of us will be convalescent in a few days) and as I fear she will be for a considerable time, and if some of our provisions were less objectionable I think we should not have much cause to, tho' of course we feel as all others do the monotony of our situation and the discomfort necessarily incidental to a sea voyage, in the foregoing particulars there is very little of any interest, but as you desired to know whatever circumstances befel us however trivial, I have endeavored to comply therewith. Father is pretty

well, but troubled with headache from the motion of the vessel, Uncle H. has not been affected at all.

6th mo., 4th. A pleasant day, wind S.W.

6th mo., 5th. Off Cape Finisterre, Lat. 42deg. 53min., Long. 10deg. 15min. west. The wind still continuing directly in our teeth we are obliged to tack every few hours, running N.W. and S.E., which is very disagreeable, when on the starboard tack the vessel lies so much on her side that it is almost impossible to stand, our scupper windows are frequently under water, and the waves come bounding over the fore-castle making the deck wet and slippery. In the evening it blew a gale, we saw large shoals of porpoises which seemed quite to enjoy the roughness of the sea, jumping quite out of the water in their sport, but it affects those who have not yet got their sea legs sadly.

6th mo., 6th. Wind still S.W., pretty fine day but squally, the brig which has kept company with us since we left the Channel lost her foretop royal mast in the gale last evening.

6th mo., 7th and 8th. Wind as foul as it can be.

6th mo., 9th. 1st day. The wind having almost dropped we hope for a change. It has been very warm to-day, but as there has been much less motion, mother and Maria have improved wonderfully, we all sat down to tea together to-day, which is the first meal we have been able to do so since leaving the Downs, and while enjoying the preserved milk with our tea which Uncle Beck so kindly provided for us, did not forget the dear friends we had left in England, we had a meeting in our cabin in the morning and reading in the evening.

6th mo., 10th. Our prognostication yesterday that the wind would change in the night has been verified, a delightful breeze right in our favor has sprung up, which I trust will last some time. Off Lisbon this morning. Mother continues nicely, all the rest are well. This evening was most beautiful, I went forward between 9 and 10 o'clock, and sat across the bowsprit, the sky was as starry as in England on a frosty clear night, the air warm and pleasant, and the sea splendidly luminous, the foam as it dashed forward on each side the bows of the ship as she ploughed through the waves looked like brightly illuminated smoke, sprinkled with sheets and stars of light, the water when drawn up and agitated exhibited the same appearance.

6th mo., 11th. Getting on well. This morning off Cape St. Vincent. All well, as our appetites return we begin to look forward to our meals with greater pleasure, the biscuit, sugar, tea and coffee are bad, the rest is pretty fair. We can make capital plum puddings, and bread every day, we procured some leaven to begin with from the cuddy cook, and leaving daily a piece of dough to ferment, keep it up ourselves. We breakfast on oatmeal gruel in which we sop the biscuit, and occasionally treat ourselves to a rasher of bacon. Always enjoy the dinner, either of excellent salt pork, preserved meat, beef, or a meat pie, potatoes or pease pudding, and plain suet, plum, or baked or boiled rice pudding. At tea we have soft bread and butter, and for supper soft bread and cheese, with beer or porter, and I can assure anybody if we don't get fat it won't be for want of food, or an appetite to enjoy it. The captain told father privately yesterday that he should give us an opportunity of seeing Madeira as we passed, if he does so and I can send this letter there I shall, if not I must wait till Thompson leaves us, which there does not seem much probability of his being able to do until we get about the Line.

6th. mo., 12th. Progressing with a steady breeze.

6th. mo., 13th. About noon passed the Madeira Isles, but without seeing anything of them. We have seen many nautilus sailing along.

6th. mo., 14th. The wind high but variable, between N. and E. The ship has given several such heavy lurches that threaten to set everything on the move, and doing damage to many passengers' crockery, we have hitherto escaped well. At 12 o'clock this day we were in Lat. 30deg. 32min. N., Long. 19deg. 38min. W. A pair of turtle doves settled on the rigging to-day, one was cruelly shot and dropped into the water.

6th. mo., 15th. Passed the Canaries, but did not see the Peak of Teneriffe, being at 12 o'clock in Lat. 27deg. N., Long. 20deg. W.

6th. mo., 16th. 1st day. We had our usual meeting and reading; service was performed on deck, the day was beautifully fine, and as there is as little work done on this day as possible, it had more the appearance of a Sabbath than I expected to see on board ship, the same may be said of this day last week. The Lascar sailors adorn themselves gorgeously in their native costumes, looking very much like a troupe of mountebanks. The thermometer this morning stood at 78deg. in our stern cabin, but only at 71deg. in the poop cabins, so that they are cooler after all than we are. I expected a very hot day to-day, but owing to the air being brisk and the sky occasionally cloudy, it is not uncomfortably so.

6th. mo., 17th. This day we entered the Tropics, and as the sun is almost as far north as it ever shines vertically we are now passing under it. We have seen both yesterday and to-day large and very numerous shoals of flying-fish, they are much smaller than I had expected, not appearing larger than sprats, or whittings, but they skim along the water very rapidly, occasionally touching the crest of the waves for 20 or 30 yards, they are as pretty a sight as we have seen yet. Although we roll about a great deal we are all in good health, and quite free from sickness, neither father or mother have much appetite, in other respects they are pretty well.

6th. mo., 18th. In Lat. 23deg. N. Thermometer 76deg. To-day the sun at noon appeared exactly overhead, looking straight down upon us, which is of course a novel sight to us, our shadow being just round our feet. We have seen no vessels for several days now, so that the cry of a sail in sight, when such a sight happens will set us all agog to see it, as there is very little to attract our notice beyond the bulwarks of the vessel save the sea and sky, our whole attention is taken up by what passes on board, so much so that the idea of our being afloat seems scarcely ever to intrude itself; I fancy our life is most like that of the inmates of the King's bench, or Fleet prison, for prisoners we certainly are, though not confined to ourselves but allowed to amuse ourselves with catering for our stomachs as far as possible, and walking backwards and forwards or skipping in the prison yard. Not that I find it more disagreeable than I expected, for now we are all quite free from sickness, and not at all affected by the motion of the vessel the time passes as pleasantly as I should think possible on shipboard, at the same time I think the life of a sailor is a very monotonous one, and one in which the pleasures and pursuits are very much restricted. I thought even worse than that of it the first week or ten days, but I know the cause of that now. I should advise all landsmen when they intend performing such a voyage as this, not only to make up their minds to a fortnight's sickness, but the effect of the sickness on the mind producing miserable dullness and ennui, which causes things to wear a very so-so aspect, therefore everyone should refrain from passing sentence on the comforts of the ship, and of life at sea, till the health is restored. I like our captain better every day, he conducts himself remarkably well, and is on

very good terms with us. The quietness of the officers and crew is observed by all, we hear no swearing, nor do the officers ever get out of temper; a few nights ago owing to the light in the binnacle (over the compass) suddenly going down so as to give a very indistinct light, the man at the helm mistook his course and steered the vessel in such a way that the wind caught the sails as though it would have torn them in pieces, and gave the ship such a shake as made some people think we were going to turn over, the captain was on deck in an instant, and soon set everything to rights, but he was so calm that the sailors afterwards expressed their astonishment at it, saying that many would have stormed and sworn like madmen at such an occurrence.

6th mo., 19th. A flying fish came on board to-day and gave us an opportunity of seeing one closely, it was about $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, which was larger than they look on the water, the fins 6ins. long. The thermometer this morning was at 77 deg., but hitherto the weather has not been uncomfortably warm, there is a delightful air, I have felt the heat more oppressive in the 9th and 10th months in England. To-day Lat. 21deg. 30min. N., Long 25deg. W. Our water is still very good, particularly when filtered, we have lime juice served out to each passenger, which, when diluted with water and sweetened, makes a most agreeable drink.

6th mo., 20th. Cloudy day. Therm. 79deg. Lat. 16deg. 55min. N. Yesterday evening the sailors caught Edward and me half-way up the bowsprit, and, as usual when out of bounds for the first time, commenced tying us to the rigging; but finding it of no use to expostulate we soon came to terms, paid our footing, and are now free to go anywhere about the ship. Before this day week I hope we shall cross the Line.

6th mo., 21st. We had a good wind last night, which carried us along well, but it has almost died away to-day. The captain expected it would, as we are just on the verge of these Trade Winds. We get into the S.E. Trades a few degrees south of the Line. Having very little to do except to read all day, I employ my time now for two or three hours every morning by writing for the Captain in his cabin, copying the Log, etc.; so that I have an opportunity daily of seeing how we get on. The ship's course is marked down every day on the chart; and the Captain pointed out to me to-day the course which he intends to take from this point to Adelaide. We shall cross the Line as near 20deg. W. Long. as may be, and then, winding round by the little island of Trinidad in Lat. 20deg. S., make for the Cape of Good Hope and then across to Australia. This is the longest day in England. It will not get dusk till a quarter-past 9 with you, while here it is dusk at 7 o'clock. This day we were at 12 o'clock in Lat. 13deg. 1min. N.; Long. 24deg. W. We passed the Island of Brava, the last of the Cape de Verde's, yesterday evening about 10 o'clock, distant 20 miles—steering S.E. Ther. to-day, 78deg. in our cabin, $76\frac{1}{2}$ deg. in the Captain's above.

6th mo., 22nd. Ther. 78deg. Cloudy and not too hot. Lat. 11deg. N.

6th mo., 23rd. First Day. Meeting in the morning and reading in the evening as usual. A very fine day, hotter than we have had it yet. Ther. 80deg. in our cabin, 87deg. on deck, in the shade. It was, however, very pleasant, there being a nice air. An awning is raised every day between the main and mizzen masts, and, with the addition of a sail on each side to-day, makes the deck like a large tent. Mother is very well now, unless the motion of the ship is more than usually great—which is a great comfort. The chief mate has lent her for the voyage a comfortable

arm-chair to sit in on deck; and the Captain invites her on to the poop almost every evening to take the air, which is of great service to her, enabling her to sleep much better this warm weather.

6th mo., 24th. This morning, when we got up, was pretty fine, though rather cloudy, but about half-past 8 the sky blackened, it became dark and close; the therm. stood at 82deg.; it was evident a heavy shower of rain was coming on and in a very few minutes it did come in regular tropical style—not in drops but bucketsful. About half the male passengers were on deck, and finding we must either get wet through or go below, where, from the hatches being closed, they were steaming away like a lot of pigs, we all preferred the former alternative, and with two or three exceptions took all our clothes off except trousers and shirt, and enjoyed for 1½ hours a most delightful shower bath. There was plenty to do to keep us from getting chilled in carrying the bucketsful of water as they were caught to the large water casks, of which they nearly filled four, besides as much as the passengers could convey away. We filled our cask, and all our empty cans. The water stood, or rather ran about the deck in a sheet 3in. or 4in. deep, in which we splashed about without shoes or stockings, like young ducks, throwing buckets of water at one another, etc., etc. I have not had such a bit of fun for some time. About half-past 10 the rain abated, and ceased about 1 o'clock, after which we had a bright afternoon.

6th mo., 25th. We had another fall of rain almost equal to yesterday's, but accompanied by a gale of wind. It occurred between 11 and 2 o'clock. The wind was for about an hour very powerful, and the scene altogether very exciting. The loud shouting of the captain and his mates giving their orders to take in one sail after another until none was left unfurled but the fore-sail; the roaring of the wind and rain, which came across the vessel as if it was sent from the mouth of a cannon, and the raging of the sea, which was changed in a few minutes from a surface as smooth as the Thames to the semblance of a boiling cauldron, the spray from which, mingling with the rain, prevented us from seeing more than 20 or 30 yards from the ship—formed altogether a scene of great interest. When the wind subsided a good deal more water was caught.

6th mo., 26th. Fine day, with occasional showers. In Lat. 8deg. 16min.; Long. 19deg. 40min. We have not got on 3deg. of Lat. since the 22nd. Ther. 81deg. in our cabin. About 2 o'clock a shark was spied in our wake. Preparations were soon made for his capture, by baiting a hook with meat, which he very soon snapped at, but without being hooked. We were afraid he would not venture again, but we under-estimated his courage, for in a few minutes he was seen coming forward again, and a bone being thrown to him he swallowed it like a dog, and again retired. But he did not keep us waiting long, for in a few seconds he was seen making boldly for the bait, which he this time laid hold of as if he meant to have it. The hook instantly went through his upper lip, and with loud shouts he was hauled out of the water, and suspended in mid-air until he should be dead, right opposite our stern windows, from which most of those of our family who were not on deck saw the sport, and from which Edward sketched him as he hung. He was by no means large, not measuring more than 5ft. in length. From his inside were taken the entrails of a sheep which were thrown overboard five hours before he was caught, so that he had been following us some time.

6th mo., 27th. Becalmed 7deg. from the Line. Made 8 miles of southing in 24 hours.

6th mo., 28th. Still becalmed. Made 24 miles since yesterday. Heavy rains both yesterday and to-day. Caught another shark, 7ft. long, and had a good piece of his flesh baked with pepper and vinegar, and we all pronounced it most excellent, except Father and Mother, who would not have anything to do with it. I forgot to mention that on the 24th we saw a ship 10 miles off. We hoisted our colors, but she took no notice of them.

6th mo., 29th. Showery. Ther. 79deg. Standing still. Caught another shark.

6th mo., 30th. First Day. Wind south-west, though running against us. I hope we shall get away from this part soon. Caught several bonitas.

7th mo., 1st. Still becalmed. Ther. 80deg. Caught more fish.

7th mo., 2nd. About midday a brisk wind sprang up from the S.E., on which we are running S.W. at noon to-day in Lat. 5deg. 54min. N. I trust we are now in the S.E. Trades, and have done with the tropical calms. We are only 5deg nearer the Line than we were 10 days ago.

7th mo., 3rd. The wind continues steady. In Lat. 4deg. 42min. N., having run 150 miles the last 24 hours, 72 of them southward. A few fish are speared daily, but no event worthy of record happens.

7th mo., 4th. Lat. 2deg. 56min. N. Fine weather.

7th mo., 5th. 10 o'clock. The cry of a sail in sight has sent us all below to find our letters in case there should be an opportunity of sending by her. We expected to cross the Line at 3 o'clock to-morrow morning, the 6th of 7th mo., being six weeks from leaving the London Docks, 5 weeks and 4 days after sailing from Gravesend. The shaving of those of the crew who have not passed the Line before takes place to-morrow. The passengers contribute each something in money, which is to be given to the Captain to take care of for them, and is to be spent in clothing, not in drink. If we are fortunate enough to be able to send letters by this ship I must once more conclude this first part of my journal. Father and Mother are both quite well to-day, but Mother is always affected when the motion of the ship is increased, and it is evident she will never make a good sailor. Uncle Henry has had uninterrupted good health since he has been on board. Maria and Margaret are well, as are Fred, Tom, Edward, Joe, and myself, and the girls. The whole ship's company and passengers are well except the wife of one of the cabin passengers, who has been ill ever since we left the River Thames. Our captain we like better and better every day. He is getting quite intimate with us, and the mates are very civil. To sum up, therefore, we are getting on very comfortably. Of food—the beef and biscuit are not eatable, and consequently we never receive our allowance of either. I don't know whether the young man Thompson will go home now or not. He changes his mind daily, but that is of no consequence. Father has written to W. Manser, Uncle Beck, and Aunt E. Clark; Mother to Cousin A. Merrill; Maria to Cousin Christiana Clark. Mother hopes Aunt Maria will excuse her not writing to her, but she has so seldom been able to stay below to write that she could not manage more than one letter.

7th mo., 5th. About Lat. 1deg. N. This morning a ship hove in sight, which proved to be bound from Batavia to Amsterdam. A boat was despatched with the letter-bag containing six letters from us. I, to my great regret, omitted to send my love to Uncle Charles Morris in the hurry at last, as my letter was directed to Ampthill. I sent my love and that of our family to those of our relations who reside at A., and Uncle C. was for the

moment forgotten. Father, we find, forgot to mention Uncle T. Morris. I hope our relations who may not be named will excuse it, and believe that it arises from no want of love on our part. In the afternoon a booby was shot. It unfortunately fell into the water, but appeared a beautiful bird, apparently 5ft. from the tip of one wing to that of the other.

Lat. 1deg. 25min.; Long. 20deg. 30min. Had damson pudding for dinner—such a treat! This afternoon four sailors and boys belonging to the crew, who had not crossed the Line before, were shaved, and buckets of water were dealt about pretty liberally, but the captain would not allow the usual mummery to take place. The parson got three or four bucketsful, which wetted him to the skin, greatly to his vexation and mortification. About £8 has been subscribed by the passengers as a tribute to Neptune, which the captain is to keep till the sailors get ashore.

7th mo., 6th. At noon in Lat. 0deg. 9min. S.; Long. 20deg. 29min. We crossed the Equator at 9 a.m., in Long. 20deg. 20min. W., exactly six weeks after leaving the Shadwell Basin, and 39 days after sailing from Gravesend. Ther. 79deg.; most delightful weather. Our fresh water keeps remarkably well, and when filtered is really very good. The filter answers admirably, taking away any unpleasant taint there may be in the water.

7th mo., 7th. Yesterday afternoon spoke another Dutch ship. This day being the first of the week, we had Meeting and reading as usual. At 12 o'clock in Lat. 2deg. 23min. S. Therm. 80deg. Splendid day. See abundance of flying fish daily.

7th mo., 8th. Lat. at noon 4deg. 37min. S. Therm. 81deg. Two sails are in sight, outward bound, both of which we are rapidly gaining upon. I believe I am correct in saying that we have passed every vessel going the same course that we have come in sight of yet.

7th mo., 9th. Lat. 6deg. 45min. S. Therm. 80deg. Showery.

7th mo., 10th. Lat. 9deg. 16min. S.; Long. 26deg. W. Therm. 80deg. Weather fine.

7th mo., 11th. Lat. 11deg. 57min. Therm. 79deg. Fine. These last three days we have got on gloriously, but very quietly.

7th mo., 12th. Lat. 14deg. 16min. S. Therm. 76deg. Fine.

7th mo., 13th. Lat. 15deg. 53min. A whale has been seen both to-day and yesterday, but not distinctly. A specimen of the flying-fish was taken on board this morning, measuring 11¼ in. in length; 1ft. 1½ in. from the tip of one flying fin to the other. Each fin measured 6¼ in. This is the largest I have seen.

7th mo., 14th. Lat. 17deg. 2min. S. Saw a brig this evening ahead. We see every night the Southern Cross constellation, but are quite disappointed as to its grandeur. It consists merely of four stars, by no means as bright as many around them. King Charles' Wain, without the horses, is just as splendid; and it does not bear to be mentioned with Orion—that is my opinion.

7th mo., 15th. Lat. 18deg. 18min. S. Therm. 78deg. The American brig still in company.

7th mo., 16th. The sea very calm, with scarcely a breath of wind. Lat. 18deg. 57min. We have lost the S.E. trades.

7th mo., 17th. Lat. 19deg. 31min.; Long. 32deg. 22min. Ther. 76deg. We saw a whale to-day spouting away within rifle shot of the ship. Lost the American brig.

7th mo., 18th. Ther. 73deg. Lat. 20deg. 20min.; Long. 30deg. 34min. Sun sets at 6 o'clock. We have seen several whales to-day.

7th mo., 19th. Ther. 73deg. Lat. 21deg. 42min. S. During yesterday and to-day there has been a sensible change in the weather. It is much cooler and very squally, giving us a foretaste of what we are to have round the Cape. The crew have been employed changing our fine weather sails for stronger ones. The fresh water is very good. The only fault to find with it is a little smell when first drawn out of the hold, which is removed by filtering. I can drink it with pleasure, and without any jam or jelly. As I have said before that the salt beef is not eatable, it is but fair to contradict it now that, driven by necessity (the mother of inventions), we have discovered how to cook and prepare it. We first soak it in two salt waters; then digest it in water in the oven (having sliced the joint up), and lastly make it into a sort of pie, with slices of pork, sliced potatoes, and batter poured over the whole. Well peppered, it is a savory dish, and well relished at our table. Such a pie as this, and a large rice pudding with raisins in it, and wine sauce, serves for a makeshift on beef days. Are we not in danger of starving? Oh! the miseries of ship fare!

7th mo., 20th. Lat. 23deg. 30min. We passed the Trinidad Isles on the 18th without seeing them. This morning we passed the Tropic Capricorn, eight weeks from London; 53 days from Gravesend. We have seen many whale-birds, and one or two Cape pigeons. The weather has been very rough to-day; a gale from the S.E. blowing steadily, with heavy rain--the sea running higher than we have seen it yet. As dusk came on the wind and rolling of the sea increased. During the whole day the waves had broken over the vessel, the forecastle was covered with water at every pitch, the main deck was constantly wet, and occasionally a wave came quite over the poop. About 9 o'clock p.m. we were sitting on the quarter-deck, and the whole scene was delightful. Our good ship lay every now and then down on her side. I should think the deck was at an angle of 65deg. The captain, as he stood by the binnacle, in maintaining his perpendicular, frequently leaned with one hand upon the deck. Such was the strain upon the vessel, for we were going along at between eight and nine knots an hour, that it was necessary during the whole of the night to pump ship every two hours. A gale of this sort is the most agreeable style of sailing. A calm is wretched; a steady run is monotonous; but a gale is really good fun. There is so much to do with the ropes, and so much rolling about among the live and dead stock, as keep us all alive. And as for danger, I don't hear the children mention such a thing.

7th mo., 21st. First day. We have had a rough night, as was to be expected. I slept till midnight, and was then awoken by the combination of noises that existed. On crawling to the door of our cabin to look out, I was just in time to see three or four waves, one after another, burst down the hatchway, and, by the number of passengers who were engaged with mops and pails, I guessed they were not the first. I found this morning that the hatches had been taken partly off to allow a little fresh air to get below, and when they wanted covering again the passengers could make no one hear, until the water was deep enough in some of the midship berths to float the boots and shoes. In the midst of all this tumult the number of passengers was increased by the birth of a little boy, the son of the person who was arrested at Gravesend. This has been another stormy day; wet and windy. We have shipped two or three seas in at our stern windows; but are all pretty well. Even Mother stands it uncommonly well. At noon we were in Lat. 26deg. 20min. S.; Long. 32deg. Ther. 74deg. We were under the necessity of giving up our usual Meeting this morning; neither could service be performed on deck,

7th mo., 22nd. Lat. 28deg. 36min.; Long. 30deg. 54min. W. Ther. 72deg. Wind moderate.

7th mo., 23rd. Lat. 30deg. 15min. S.; Long. 28deg. 56min. W. Fine.

7th mo., 24th. Long. 25deg. 30min. W. Ther. 66deg. Feeling very cold. The south wind is keen.

7th mo., 25th. Lon. 21deg. 26min. W. Cold.

7th mo., 26th. Long. 19deg. 30min.

7th mo., 27th. Quite becalmed again, which I had hoped was not to fall to our lot any more. We see many sea fowl daily. To-day an albatross (said to be so) visited us—apparently 7ft. across. Passed a Danish brig, homeward bound.

7th mo., 28th. First day. We held our usual Meeting at half-past 10 a.m.; and reading at 6 p.m. At noon in Lat. 30deg. 2min. S.; Long. 16deg. 7min. W. This morning Mrs. Morton, who, as I believe I mentioned before, was taken ill the first day of our sailing, and who has been gradually sinking away—being unable to retain sufficient food on her stomach to sustain life—died. It is a great stroke to her husband. He was very desirous to set his wife on shore at Rio, but Captain Munro did not consider himself, of course, authorised to put in, having no other ground for doing so. It is very unfortunate that they came in a vessel that did not touch anywhere. Mr. Morton very much wished the remains to be buried at the Cape, but as that also is impracticable they are to be committed to the deep on third day. They are cabin passengers. He has been brought up a sailor, and had crossed the Line 30 times before, but is now going out to settle in South Australia. They were married a few months before leaving England.

7th mo., 29th. Wind light: slow sailing. We see a great many birds—albatrosses, Cape pigeons, Cape hens, etc., but we do not succeed in catching them.

7th mo., 30th. Showery; almost calm. We came to the end of our potatoes to-day, which have lasted much longer than I expected. It was such a bad time of year to take them on board. It is about full moon now, and we have beautiful evenings, both moonlight and starry; but the Southern Cross is still at zero with us all. The body of Mrs. Morton was consigned to the deep at 5 p.m. The ceremony was conducted with great decorum. The chief mourner was much to be felt for—without one relative or old friend to stand by him on the trying occasion. It seems much more trying to witness the turning adrift of a corpse to float about the restless ocean than committing it to a quiet grave.

7th mo., 31st. Lat. 32deg. 51min. S.; Long. 10deg. 30min. W. Wind light and cool.

8th mo., 1st. Fine breeze. Nice bracing weather.

8th mo., 2nd. Lat 33deg. 52min. S.; Long. 6deg. 50min. Ther. 65deg.

8th mo., 3rd. Both yesterday and to-day we have had most beautiful weather and very light winds, which are equally unusual in these latitudes. Nothing but sunshine from morning till night, and the air is so fresh that it reminds me of the fine days that are frequently enjoyed in October in England. We see albatrosses of the brown species in abundance, but we have not yet seen the Wandering Albatross. The Cape hen, or Nelly, is frequent in its visits, and Cape pigeons, in considerable numbers, follow the ship from sunrise to sunset. We have altogether lost the flying fish, which appear confined to the Tropics, or nearly so; but a few days since I saw three porpoises, none of which I saw in the Tropics.

8th mo., 4th. First day. A brisk wind, very favorable for us, sprung

up yesterday evening, which is pushing us along seven or eight knots an hour. Lat at noon, 35deg. 11min. S.; Long. 3deg. W. So we are now in the latitude of Adelaide and longitude of England. To-morrow we shall probably dine at the same time with you at Ampthill. The day is delightful as usual. We have had Meeting and reading. I have not for some time reported the health of our family. I am happy to say the reason has been because we have all been well. At the present time Mother is as well as when she was at Ampthill. She has become quite a good sailor. Father and the rest are well. Uncle Henry has had a cold the last two or three days, but he has all along enjoyed good health.

8th mo., 5th. Lat. 36deg. 37min. S.; Long. 0deg. 9min. E. (?)*. Two large white wandering albatrosses visited us to-day—10ft. across.

8th mo., 6th. Lat. 37deg. 30min. S.; Long. 3deg. 4min. E. (?)†.

8th mo., 7th. Long. 7deg. 12min. E. A Cape pigeon was caught yesterday by one of the passengers, which measured 14in. long—stretch of wing, 2ft. 9in.

8th mo., 8th. Bitter cold to-day, the wind being very strong from the south. The thermometer on deck at 48deg.; with a long swell. Hundreds of Cape pigeons, Nellies, and other birds are in sight, their numbers increasing as we near the Cape.

8th mo., 9th. The wind last night chopped round to the east, blowing right in our teeth. We meet with such a succession of light and foul winds that it is plain our voyage will be by no means a short one.

8th mo., 10th. Lat. 37deg. 5min. S.; Long. 13deg. 56min. Wind light, but still east. The day fine and warm.

8th mo., 11th. Long. 16deg. 39min. E. Before noon to-morrow we shall pass the Cape. Though it is the latter part of winter in these latitudes, this day (First day) has been so very fine and warm that even Mother has been reading on deck most of the afternoon. This morning we saw an immense flight of sand-birds. There must have been some thousands. I never before saw so many birds together in my life. Albatrosses and Cape hens and pigeons in plenty.

8th mo., 12th. About 2 o'clock this morning we were off the Cape of Good Hope, 76 days from Gravesend. Weather fine and wind fair. We have got through a good part of the voyage now, without anything of a storm, never having had the thermometer above 83deg. or lower than 48deg.; and with plenty of good fresh water and a tolerable stock of provisions there is nothing in a sea voyage to be minded but the tedium of imprisonment. At noon Lat. 38deg. 33min. S.; Long. 20deg. 22min. E. We have run 226 miles in the last 24 hours. All well. A birth in the steerage this morning.

8th mo., 13th.—Wind moderately brisk. Lat. 38deg. 44min. S. Lon. 23deg. 55min.

8th mo., 14th. A lovely day. Thermometer in our cabin with doors and windows open, 68deg., quite hot in the sun. But the worst of this fine weather is that the winds are light and variable, instead of the boisterous blowing weather expected at the Cape which would carry us on our way

* There is some mistake here in the Longitude, as it is written in the copy of the Journal from which this is taken. It reads "59deg. E.," which is, of course, impossible. It may be that 0deg. 9min. was the correct reckoning.—J.C.

† Here again there is a mistake in the Long. The copyist of the original Journal has written 30deg. 4min. E. I have supposed 3deg. 4min. may have been intended, from comparison with the figures for other days.—J.C.

in good style. The wind is light and balmy, and changes daily. Lat. 38deg. 42min. S., Lon. 27deg. 54min.

8th mo., 15th. Soon after writing my remarks yesterday the wind increased, and having a strong current in our favor, we have been going at a tremendous rate. At noon to-day our Long. was 34deg. 33min., Lat. 39deg. 36min.—having made the astonishing run of 400 miles in 24 hours—upwards of 16½ knots an hour. The weather fine and warm. Altogether our run round the Cape has been wonderful. Captain Munro says if he were to tell many captains that he rounded the Cape without reefing a sail, which we have done, they would not believe him. The Hacks were round here three months later, in the beginning of summer, yet they complained of chilblains, and longed for Gloucester boots. Chilblains are as much out of the question with us as snow in harvest. Thermometer 67deg. Yet it is not often that ships go so far south as we are now. The wind being from the north accounts for the warmth we enjoy, together with the bright sunshine. Thomas and Edward have both procured specimens of the Cape pigeon, which are skinned and preserved.

8th. mo., 16th, 17th, 18th. Cloudy, mild weather.

8th. mo., 19th. Lon. 44deg. E. Wind east. Patience is a virtue! A four months' voyage is a good exercise of it. I amuse myself daily by writing for Captain Munro. We are on such very good terms with him, and he is so fond of the children that he comes down now into our cabin almost every evening to play at dominoes, etc., with them, and it is quite amusing to hear and see how heartily he enjoys the games. He sends out every day a large plateful of fruit pie and pudding for the children, and R.A., H.S., and Elizabeth take tea with him at the cuddy table every afternoon, and this they have done for the last six weeks, besides eating some jars of preserved ginger, orange marmalade, etc., for him. We have found one of the cabin passengers, a young man, a farmer, from Cambridge, a very agreeable fellow, and as he is very fond of talking about farming matters Fred and I often spend an evening with him in his cabin, and always reckon on an hour's walk in the course of the day. So the time wiles away.

8th. mo., 20th., 21st. Fine dry weather, but the wind being eastward prevents our getting on in even course.

8th. mo., 22nd. Wind changed to S.W., and the barometer falling nearly an inch, indicates a heavy gale. Another birth on board.

8th. mo., 23rd. The wind was so high last night that we carried only three sails, reefed up. In our cabin, and below generally, there was more noise than before. Hardly any one slept during the night. It seemed impossible to lash things tight. Our water cans turned upside down, emptying their contents on the deck, and some things were broken. The following day two of the hatchways were battened down for almost the first time, for the waves rolled over our high bulwarks. The swell from the S.W. is so great that the captain is convinced the wind was much stronger than we had it, farther south.

8th. mo., 24th. The S.W. wind died away, a N. wind succeeding it.

8th. mo., 25th. First day. Wind west. Making 7½ knots. Rolling heavily from side to side. We are obliged to have our stern dead lights up, as the water comes in if they are open. The things in the lockers have been pretty well soaked both to-day and yesterday. Lon. 59deg. 12min. E., Lat. 41deg. 5min. S. Fine overhead. Sea very fine.

26th. A lovely day, and a fine breeze.

27th. At daybreak a ship discerned, about five miles behind. It has furnished matter for conversation all day, numberless being the speculations

as to its name, etc.; some affirming it is the "Dumfries," which has caught us up, and others that it is the "Recovery," which they say must have put in at the Cape. The most feasible guess is that it is the "Duncan," for Sydney, which lay off Gravesend with us. But up to this hour—3 p.m.—it has refused to answer our signals, though we shortened sail for two hours to allow it to near us. It is now about two miles behind. At noon—Long. 67deg. 1min., Lat. 39deg. 41min. S. About 4 o'clock p.m. the ship came up with us, at about a quarter of a mile distance, and we immediately commenced a most amusing conversation by signals. The other captain however plainly was not used to signals, for he made two or three most laughable blunders. To the question, "How many days have you been out?" he answered, "I am going to anchor." To another question he answered "She is ahead," and said his name was the "Legal Tender." After playing the game of cross questions and crooked answers for half an hour he got tired of it, and ran up almost within stone's throw of us; and then we learned by the trumpet that the name was the "Lascar,"—bound to Batavia, from Greenock—out 68 days. We have been out 92. His Lon. he gave as 65deg.—ours 67deg. It was a beautiful ship, apparently quite new; much lighter of course than ours, and carrying more sail. I cannot describe to you the pleasure the near view of the faces of other men afforded us. We gave them three hearty cheers, which were returned with merry shouts from our countrymen. The captain seemed quite a young man, and neither he nor his mates were to be distinguished from the men. We ran alongside till near dusk, when, making one beautiful sweep almost close to us, he ran off to leeward, dropping astern, and then skimmed along, keeping the ship close to the wind, until he had got to windward of us. Sailing faster than we do, he will soon get ahead. Never was there a finer opportunity of admiring the full sailing of a beautiful vessel. There is a splendid breeze.

8th mo., 28th and 29th. A strong westerly wind, which increased last night to a gale. The vessel shipped so much water that the hatches were fastened down. This morning a very heavy sea running, the ship rolled till the jolly-boat hanging over the starboard quarter dipped into the sea. Lon. 75deg. 32min. E.

8th. mo., 30th. Squally, with rain. Passed, at 8 a.m. between the Islands of St. Paul's and Amsterdam. The former island, distant about 10 miles, seen tolerably plain, affording a high rocky outline. Out from Gravesend 95 days. Rolling abominably all to-day. No sail set, but close reefed topsails and foresail. Our seeing St. Paul's exactly when the captain predicted shows the correctness of his reckoning. Unless the captain of the "Lascar" keeps better reckoning he will jam his toes against a rock some day. Yesterday W. Everett caught a Nelly which measured 3ft. in length, and 6ft. 2in. in extent of wing. They do not look near so large at a distance. The albatrosses which we see constantly sailing about cannot measure less than 12 or 14 feet across. Excuse bad writing. Our dead lights are put up close, and the scuttle lights go under water with every roll of the vessel.

8th. mo., 31st. Lon. 82deg. 12min. E., Lat. 36deg. 16min.

9th. mo., 1st. Both this day and yesterday the wind has been high and boisterous, so that we have not been able to carry more than three sails; and the water breaking constantly over the ship, we have had the hatches closed the last three or four days, giving us a taste of rough weather with which we are quite satisfied.

9th. mo., 2nd. Weather quite stormy. Wind blowing a gale from the S.W. Battened down all day, the only exit being through the steerage. The sea has been breaking over the ship, both fore and aft all day, and in spite of

the hatches gets below deck in such quantity that it is ankle deep in the intermediate berths and public space. I should advise no one to take a berth near midships. The "Anna Robertson" is I believe a thoroughly seaworthy vessel, but her main deck is so leaky that all those cabins which are not protected by the poop are annoyed by water getting through! This has been the case for the last four or five weeks. Some of the passengers' beds are literally rotting under them. Our cabin being under the poop, and higher than the cabins in the midship, is generally dry; but not so with the rest. The Everetts (whose cabin is next to ours), carried up seven buckets full of water in one day, which they had baled up from the floor. Yet the passengers are very healthy. The sea broke over with such violence to-day that it burst in the cuddy doors, and rushing in rolled backwards and forwards 10 or 12 inches deep under the chairs and tables. Some of the passengers were alarmed, and thought we were going to the bottom. The rolling was tremendous (for even the sailors said there was a very great sea on), and the blows which the waves struck the ship sounded as though she had struck upon a rock, and made the old girl quiver from head to foot. At night meteoric lights were seen on the masts and rigging.

9th. mo., 3rd. Fine weather. Lon. 92deg. 51min. E., Lat. 37deg. 19min. S. The gale has left an immense swell, but is gradually subsiding.

9th mo., 4th. Wind fair and moderate.

9th. mo., 5th. Fine, steady, favorable breeze. This day we made out a list of the rations which have not been drawn, and find there is owing to us, and which we shall take ashore—5cwt. of biscuit (of bean meal and bone dust—very useful for pigs); a small cask of good split peas; a cask of oatmeal; 3lbs. of tea, 12lbs. of coffee, 16lbs. of cocoa, besides butter, sugar, etc. There will be five bags of biscuit (1cwt. each), for all our biscuit has been from bags, though Brown assured us it was in casks before we sailed. The Cape pigeons have left us, except one or two stragglers. They disappeared about the meridian of 90deg. East of Greenwich. We first saw them about 30deg. W. Lon. These pretty birds therefore enliven the ocean for 120deg., or reckoning 50 miles as the average of a degree in this parallel, they extend over a space of 6000 miles. We see more white albatrosses now than ever, and many other birds of which we know not the names. I quite forgot to bring a synopsis.

9th. mo., 6th. Getting on famously to the place where we would be.

9th. mo., 7th. Wind fair.

9th. mo., 8th. Lon. 112deg. E., Lat. 39deg. 30min. S. Unfortunately just as we reach the land of Australia the wind has sprung up in the east, right ahead; and, more discouraging still, has set in with a new moon, thus stopping all our calculations, for everyone had settled in his own mind the day that we were to drop our anchor in Holdfast Bay. Some had even calculate the hours. It would be vain for me to attempt to describe how anxiously we watch every variation of the wind. Such a complete dependence on the most unstable element is very unpleasant. I shall be glad when we are rather less dependent on it.

9th. mo., 9th. Wind east; blowing softly.

9th. mo., 10th and 11th. Wind east; almost calm.

9th mo., 12th. A wind from the west sprung up yesterday; so now we are off again. I hope another week will find us in Adelaide. The last two or three days have been beautifully fine. Saw a large sperm whale to-day very near the ship.

9th. mo., 13th and 14th. Lovely weather; a sample of Australian spring. We all hope to see Holdfast Bay on 4th day next. Preparations are going

on in all directions for landing. We saw to-day a large shoal of porpoises, paler in color than those in the Atlantic. Albatrosses are in abundance, and Cape pigeons have made their appearance again in as great numbers as ever.

9th mo., 15th. First day. The wind dropped almost to a calm; but the weather is very fine. Six Cape geese were caught to-day.

9th. mo., 16th. Wind N.N.E. Another Cape goose caught. Edward has stuffed one for himself. It measures 7ft. 3in. from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other. Lon. 128deg. 20min. E., Lat. 37deg. 24min. S. We shall not anchor now before 5th day. The sailors got the anchor chains up to-day.

9th. mo., 17th and 18th. Wind variable. Very fine days, with rain at night. Lon. 133deg. 7min.

9th. mo., 19th. All up betimes to look out for land, though Kangaroo Island is not likely to be seen before 10 a.m. At a quarter past 10, as the captain prophesied, land was seen in the direction of east by north, our course being east half north. We were at first puzzled to know what land it was, as it was expected Kangaroo Island lay S.W. of us. As we got nearer, however, and the land became more distinct, it was found to be Cape Bedout, the southern point of the island. We have therefore been running due north, and are now, whilst I am writing, just doubling Cape Borda, the north-west headland. We have a famous breeze from the west, which, if it lasts 20 hours longer, may leave us quietly at anchor. The western coast is very beautiful—high cliffs, scored with deep gullies and ravines, and some of them as white as the cliffs of Dover. The land beyond the cliffs is high, Mount Torrens* being visible in the background. A good run in the afternoon carried us along the north coast of the island, which is very precipitous.

9th. mo., 20th. Up at 5 o'clock to see the first view of South Australia. We were in Aldinga Bay—the land rising gradually from the sea, and looking green and fertile, and finely timbered. It was not until 3 p.m. that we came to anchor in Holdfast Bay, into which we were guided by the flagstaff at Glenelg. We found the "Recovery" lying there, having only arrived the previous afternoon.

On 7th day morning, the 21st of 9th mo., Father, Fred, and myself landed at Glenelg. The landing is awkward on account of the surf. The sailors had to carry us as much as 30 or 40 yards through the water; but the sand is very firm and dry when you reach the margin of the water. We looked about the place a little while, and then walked off to Adelaide. Glenelg is merely a signal station. There are not more than a dozen houses and huts, including a public hotel where gin is sold at 6d. a glass. The road to Adelaide is across a perfectly level country, and, with an exception in one or two places, where brooks cross it, is excellent. The ground is covered with a great variety of pretty flowers, but nothing at all splendid. The soil is light, sandy, and of a reddish white color. It is sprinkled over pretty thickly with trees, but they are all very small, and contain a great deal of dead wood. They appear cut by exposure to westerly winds. Emigration Square is the first part of the town seen from the Glenelg road. It consists of about 40 cottages in which the free emigrants are accommodated for a time, and is about a five minutes' walk from Adelaide. We called and left letters with J. B. Hack, and afterwards with Rachel Deane—her husband being from home—with whom we took dinner. She said they were very well satisfied with having come, and liked the country much. After dinner we called at Flaxman and Rowland's (Angas and Miller's

* This must have been Cape Torrens (near Cape Borda), behind which there are high hills. There is no Mount Torrens marked on any map of the Island I have seen.—J.C.

partners), and found that Rowland had, in obedience to A. and M.'s instructions, and very promptly too, hired us a house, which we looked at. It is in Halifax street, near Hurtle Square—a good, five-roomed brick house, with cellar and loft; well papered and painted; with a large yard containing a detached kitchen, a pigsty, and hen house; likewise a garden with very little in it—and all well fenced in with palings. In the afternoon we walked back to Glenelg with several others of the passengers who landed in the morning. We did not reach the beach until 6 o'clock, when it was too dark to see a signal at the ship, and the man at the station had no blue lights. We found the crew of a whale boat, who offered to take us at 10/ a head, but that being exorbitant even at colonial prices (there being seven of us) we beat them down to 5/; but as all would not pay so much, and they refused to take a part, we were obliged, for there were no beds to be got in the place, to be content with a bush fire. Father, being afraid of the night air, sat all night on a bench in the one room of the public house—the rest lay on the grass round the fire. As we none of us had great-coats it was very cold on that side away from the fire, and a very heavy dew fell. However, we took no harm, and got on board by half-past 8 next morning. They told us before we started that we should feel so strange at getting on solid ground again that we should not be able to walk steadily, and that our legs would ache before we got half a mile; but it is all stuff. There was nothing strange about it. If my attention had not been drawn to it by others I should have forgotten that I had not been on land the day before; and not only Fred and myself, but father, actually walked 16 or 17 miles, and we all thought we never were less tired.

On First-day we moved round to the head of the creek preparatory to unloading at the port, but as our ship draws too much water to allow of her going over the bar until she was lightened the captain sent nearly all the passengers on shore on Fourth day, including all our family except myself. I stayed to get ashore the drawers and other things in our cabin which were left after the first trip. This was not accomplished until Sixth day, when they and myself were taken up* the creek in a lighter. It was 12 miles from where the ship lay to the port, and we did not get to the port till the tide had fallen so low as to prevent our landing until morning. So here was another cold night to pass on the goods on board the lighter. But Captain Munro, who was with us, having plenty of ham sandwiches, etc., kept things pretty comfortable. I landed early and walked to town to breakfast. We have appointed an agent at the port to land and warehouse our goods, which is the only way to have them taken care of. The creek is beautiful, but the port is a wretched place. They are beginning a new one, a mile or so lower down, which will I doubt not be more worthy of the Colony.

As provisions are enormously dear we set to work to get into the country as soon as possible, which we find must be a long way from town. Fred and Mr. Hallack (the young gent from Cambridge, before mentioned) hired horses and went to the southward to look at Uncle R.L. and E. Beck's land. They found some very fine land, particularly in Hurtle Vale, about 12 miles off, and on the Onkaparinga River, about 22 miles; but all the good land is taken and the Becks' land is all in sections a long way apart. Consulting with J. B. Hack about this matter he advised us to go and look at land in Mount Barker, up by their domain which is in a special survey now being taken, and which contains so much good land that a great deal will be

* This reads "down the Creek" in the copy of the Journal from which this is taken, but the course was certainly "up" from the sea to the Port.—J.C.

left for public competition. This we determined at once to do, and being fortunate enough to borrow horses, Fred, Hallack, and I went by Stephen Hack's invitation, and under his guidance, up to their farm.

On 4th day, the 2nd of 10th mo., we started, accompanied by a young man named Lines, who rents a farm at 12/ per acre under them, and which we are in treaty for if we can get our own land by it. The ride is beautiful. About three miles from Adelaide you reach the foot of what may be called the pass of Mount Lofty. You first ascend the "big hill," a monstrous steep place, and which few horses will draw up, and after that ride up and down hill through far finer mountain and forest scenery than I ever saw before. The hills are crowned for 14 miles with a magnificent forest of stringy bark and white gum trees. We found the land rich and beautiful beyond description. We left the plains round Adelaide dry and dusty, and found this land so wet that in the middle of the valley the horses plunged half way up their legs in the rich black soil. We have since agreed to take Lines's farm. It is in a valley, S. Hack says 1800 feet above the level of the sea. The climate is more temperate, and the seasons are at least six weeks later than at Adelaide. At the latter place nothing will grow except during the four months of winter, whereas at Mt. Barker things grow luxuriously [sic] during the six months of summer, but not in winter, just as in England, and they have over the mountains a vast deal more rain. Our valley is covered with the most beautiful grass, and is now as yellow with buttercups as any English meadow I ever saw. Down the middle is a chain of water holes, some of them large and very deep, and they are now connected by a beautiful stream which runs great part of the year. It is finely timbered, but not too thickly, and the hills on each side are crowned with wood. The whole scene is equal to the finest and richest English park I know. There are on the farm two cottages, a stable, dairy, double stockyard with calf pens and milking bails, pigsty, poultry-house, dog kennels, pigeon house, a large garden fenced in, and three acres of land ploughed up, and which we are going to plant with potatoes directly. The farm is about 27 or 28 miles from Adelaide, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from S. Hack's. J. B. Hack and his family are coming up there this summer, as Adelaide is unbearable as a place to live in, in hot weather. The dust already begins to blow in such clouds as I can only suppose to be equalled in the Great Desert. J. B., and S. Hack have promised, if we cannot get land out of MacFarlane's survey, near that we rent of them, to let us have two sections out of their own survey. We are to pay 12/ per acre for the 80 acres we rent of them, and have in addition the very valuable right of run for 100 head of cattle on their territory. J. B. and S. Hack have upwards of 2000 head of cattle, besides horses in number about 50, and working bullocks. Their survey is for 15,000 acres of which they will take care to buy all the good land in the valleys and by that means secure the whole tract for £4000 or £5000. People are not very particular what sort of houses they live in in the bush. S. Hack has just finished one in which he now lives. It is built of slabs of wood set upright, but so rudely put together that you may almost get your hand between each slab, which makes the house nice and airy.

Sixth day afternoon, 10th mo., 18th. We have made one journey with our cart and four bullocks up to Mount Barker. At the big hill we had to unload and carry up half the load, and were two hours getting up. A

‡ This is an over-estimate of the distance. By the present road, through the Township of Mount Barker, the distance from Adelaide is not more than 24 miles, and a more direct route may have been taken at that time.—J.C.

few miles further on the cart rolled right over. We got about 11 miles, to a roadside inn the first day. The second day we started at 8, and reached Hack's station at 9 o'clock, having done about 14 miles in 13 hours, with only one more upset. In nine instances during this day we had to fasten trees behind the cart on going down hill to prevent it from tumbling over the bullocks' backs; and in many instances to ford through rivers and creeks when the bullocks were up to their bellies in mud and water. We arrived at our journey's end about 11 o'clock a.m. of the third day. Fred and I came back the next day, having left father, Tom, Peggy, and Rachel Ann up there. Finding it impossible for us to draw up our goods, the Hacks have offered the use of their teams and drays, and I hope next week all our family will be up there. The man who is leaving the farm wishes us to take his 11 cows, from which he makes 40lbs. of butter per week, at £1 per week, and S. Hack will let us have as many heifers as we like for the trouble of breaking them in to milk. Butter is worth now, wholesale, about 2/6 per lb., potatoes £25 per ton, maize 10/ per bushel.

We are all quite well, and all desire our dear love to grandfather, uncles, aunts, cousins, and friends in England. The "Dumfries" arrived three weeks after us. I am sorry to hear so poor an account of J. Bennell. Trusting this will reach you all well and happy, I remain dear uncle,

Thy affectionate nephew,

WILLIAM MAY.

Put into the Adelaide Post Office 10th mo., 20th, 1839.

A LETTER FROM MARIA MAY, OF FAIRFIELD FARM, NEAR MOUNT BARKER, SOUTH AUSTRALIA, TO MARIA MORRIS, OF AMPHILL, BEDFORDSHIRE, ENGLAND.

Fairfield Farm, 12th mo., 29th, 1839.

My Very Dear Aunt,

I am really quite ashamed to let thee see the date of my letter, but we are so very busy it seems almost impossible to find time to write, much as I wish to let thee know how we are going on. Oh! dear aunt, if thou wast with us how delightful it would be; but that is not possible, so that I must endeavor to tell thee all that we do, that thou mayst fancy us exactly.

I think from the long letters William wrote he must have told you all particulars of the voyage, so I shall begin at the time we landed at Port Adelaide, which we did on the 25th of 9th mo. We, our bedding, and a few other things we could not do without, were landed in one of the ship's boats, and most thoroughly did we enjoy that row. The day was fine—the sight of the green trees that grew on the banks of the beautifully winding channel, with the thought of soon being on land again, and of beholding our new and adopted country—all united their charms to make that long wished for time delightful. We saw no odious mangrove trees, nor were we carried through the mud on the sailors' backs as James [†] talked about in his book, but we stepped from the boat on to dry ground.

[†] I do not know who this "James" can be if it is not James Backhouse; but in his "Narrative of a Visit to the Australian Colonies," chap. 43, describing his visit to Adelaide, he never refers to the mangroves as "odious," nor is there any reference to being carried ashore through mud, for he landed at the Patawalonga Creek, Glenelg.—J.C.

At Port Adelaide, which is a most curious, disagreeable place, and does not give a very favorable impression for the first sight of the country, we stayed by our baggage whilst Fred went to engage two bullock carts to convey it, and such of our party as could not walk, to the city of Adelaide. He soon got some, and we saw our things safely packed in, and mother, uncle, and the four children, with father as their guide to our house (the drivers not knowing the street) seated on the top. The rest of us set off to walk, with the exception of William who was left behind at the ship a few days longer to see to the landing of the rest of the things that were left in our cabin. We had a very pleasant walk, and amused ourselves by picking a variety of wild flowers which we found in great abundance. They were most of them very different to any we had ever seen in England. Those that had any resemblance were more like the garden flowers. They were nearly all very sweet-scented. We passed a great many yellow wattle trees in full bloom. The blossom is exactly like the English mimosa, with the same almond-like smell. The leaf is more like that of the oleander. It looked very pretty to see the trees covered with large bunches of yellow blossom, and the air is so filled with the perfume that when the wind blew off the land we smelt it on board the ship while we were lying at anchor though we were some distance from land. There are several other sorts of mimosa such as we used to have in pots in England, and one that I have seen only in the conservatory at J. Warner's, of Hoddlesdon, growing wild as shrubs in the streets of Adelaide.

We had not walked far before we saw somebody walking very fast behind us, as though he wished to overtake us, so we slackened our pace, and on his nearer approach who should we find it to be but Joseph Cook. He had come over from Van Dieman's Land on business, and was going back the next day. He does not like Adelaide at all, so that he did not give us a very favorable account of it; but perhaps it was a true one, for I should not like to live there at all. I think I never saw such a dusty place before. J. Cook walked with us the rest of the way, and warned us of the short twilight; but we did not seem much inclined to hurry, this being our first walk for such a length of time, so that it had become nearly dark before we reached Adelaide, and Fred, who was the only one of the party that had seen the house before, having entered the town quite in a different direction when he visited it before, was rather at a loss, and although we were in the town we saw very few houses, and nobody seemed to know where Halifax street was, so that we were some time before we found it; but we did succeed at last. We found father and mother had arrived some time before us. A kind woman who lived in one of the nearest houses saw them come, and concluding they had but just come on shore, came over to know if she could render any assistance. She fetched some of her own wood, lighted a fire, and filled our tea kettle at the nearest well, which they would have been troubled to find had not she come to their assistance. So that by the time we got in the tea was ready for us, and to taste baker's bread, and to drink tea made with nice, sweet, clean water, was a great treat. It really felt quite strange to be able to sit still after being rolled about so long. We spread our beds upon the floor, and were glad to get into them pretty early, where we all enjoyed a good night's rest.

We were up early the next morning, anxious to see about us. We found we had quite a splendid house, being one of the best in Adelaide. The rooms were neatly papered, and there was a verandah both front and back. The rent was very high, but that we had nothing to do with. We were all high busy the first week receiving our goods from the port, and finding places

for them. Father bought four bullocks, so that Frederick and William brought most of the things up, which was a great saving, as carters charge 25/ for every load they bring, though it is only five miles.†

We were now getting anxious to be doing something. Provisions being very dear it would not do to be idle. So Frederick and William set off to Hurtle Vale, to see the sections of land belonging to Uncle Beck, etc., but finding the best of them was let, and that all the land in that direction was bought so that there was no chance of getting our own near it, which would have been very inconvenient had we settled there, they concluded to give it up altogether. They went next to Mount Barker, to look at a section which belonged to J. B. and S. Hack, and was occupied by a young man named Lines, who was wishing to leave. They were so much pleased with this, and it appeared in so many respects advantageous, that an agreement was soon made with the young man, and we had to prepare for another move. We stayed about four weeks in Adelaide. That was quite enough, for it is not a nice place to live in, and we were so swarmed with fleas that after the first night we could get very little rest, and it really hindered so much time to look for them that we did not know how to get on at all. We used to find 20 or 30 in each bed when we got up in a morning. We thought we must be a great deal worse off than other people, and could not make out how it was, until one day we were telling G. and R. Deane how we were troubled, and they said it was the same with everybody. They had endeavored to get rid of them by giving their little girls so much a score for killing them. Poor William was so persecuted with them that he was obliged at last to sleep on the table, for they came through the cracks in the boards, and were sure to find him out if he was within reach.

We went to meeting on a First-day in a large parlour of J. B. Hack's. They had been used to meet only once a day before we came, but they considered as there was no week-day meeting it would be better to meet twice on First-day, which we did at 11 and 6 o'clock. After the morning meeting J. B. Hack read some portion from the "Book of Extracts."

E. and C. Coleman live about six miles from Adelaide. They came to town once whilst we were there, and called to see us. They had their two daughters with them—the elder a very nice girl, about 15 or 16 †—the other quite a little thing. They met with a small accident on returning home. They stayed in Adelaide rather later than they intended, and their road crossed the River Torrens, which was very shallow just at the crossing, but there was a deep water hole a little distance further. They had just got across when the horse began to back, and E. C. being unable to stop it, they were all precipitated into the hole. The eldest daughter, and the horse, which was worth £100, were drowned; the others managed to scramble out somehow, though it seemed wonderful that any of them escaped. We attended the funeral, which took place the following First-day. Poor E. and C. Coleman were almost inconsolable for the loss of their daughter. She seemed from what we hear, to have been prepared for such an awful event, which may tend to reconcile her parents. The burying ground is in North Adelaide. It is a piece of ground belonging to J. B. Hack. He has built a sort of lodge, where a person lives to look after it.

We took several pretty walks round Adelaide. The banks of the Torrens are in some parts very beautiful. It is very winding—in some places deep, in others very shallow. It will require an immense deal of

† An under estimate of the distance. From the part of the river where the "*Anna Robertson*" was probably moored, to Halifax Street, Adelaide, would be at least 8½ miles.—J.C.

† This girl, Charlotte Fowler Coleman, was only 13 years and 8 months of age at the time of her death under such sad circumstances.—J.C.

labor if it is ever made navigable. There are some good buildings in Adelaide. The bank and the Governor's house are the best. I must not forget the Methodist Chapel, which is quite an ornament to the place. There are many very good shops and stores; quite as handsome as we see in an English country town. They do not quite come up to London yet, but the people here are not inclined to be much behind the Mother Country if they can help it. Most of the houses are low, having only the ground floor, which gives the place a mean appearance until you are used to it, and they seem stuck about amongst the trees without any apparent order, though care is taken to keep to the line of the streets, and there are hand-posts at the corners of the streets with their names on them. It looks at present like a large and flourishing village. We used often to say, when returning from a distant part of the town, loaded with firewood which we picked up on the way—"What would they say in England if they could see us walking through Victoria Square, and some of the principal streets of Adelaide, loaded with wood?"

We now and then saw some natives about, but they are not at all numerous. They seem very quiet and inoffensive, and by no means so ugly as we expected. They are very short—particularly the women—and have remarkably slender legs, short curly hair, and very white teeth. We found it best to take no notice of them, for if they have anything given to them once they come so often that you cannot keep it up, and then they get angry. J. B. Hack told us that most of the disputes between them and the settlers had arisen in this way, so that they are now supplied weekly with rations from Government. They do not like to be called "Blacks." We were out for a walk one day, and one passed us. Bessie said, "There is a black!" He turned round quickly, and said "Me no black; me aboriginee."

Now, dear aunt, I think I have told thee all that is worth relating of our stay in town. I must next give thee an account of the journey to Mount Barker, for we did not all go together. The first party consisting of father, Thomas, R. Ann, and Margaret, and Frederick and William as their drivers, set off on 2nd day morning, 10th mo., 17th, with our own cart and four bullocks, loaded with bedding, cooking utensils, clothes, and provisions to last until the next supplies could arrive. The distance was 21 miles. They started from Adelaide about 7 o'clock in the morning, Margaret and R. A. riding in the cart, father on a Timor pony, which he had bought, and the rest walking. I must now tell thee that the section of land to which we were going, although it is called Mount Barker, is in a very extensive valley, or flat—as it is called here—between the Mount Lofty and Mount Barker ranges. The valley itself is beautifully diversified with hill and dale, and we had the Mount Lofty range to cross.

The party got on very well till they reached the bottom of the first hill, which was about four miles, although it had begun to rain, and seemed likely to come on much faster. This first hill, which generally goes by the name of the Big Hill † mother says is about as steep as the Lewes Hills, and very long. Margaret and R. Ann got out of the cart to walk up, and having made everything secure they tried to make their team mount the

† Mr. E. W. Hallack, a son of the Cambridgeshire farmer who is mentioned by William May as being a fellow passenger in the "*Anna Robertson*," tells me that this is what is now known as the Green Hill, and is the next hill north of Waterfall Gully. The track followed in 1839, however, was not on the site of the present road up this hill. The inn that the travellers reached the first night was no doubt the well-known Crafer's Hotel, on the present road to Mount Barker; and to reach it the party may have passed from the ridge of the Green Hill round by the eastern side of Mt. Lofty. It can be readily understood by those who know the locality that the route *via* Glen Osmond, and the Eagle-on-the-hill Hotel, was impracticable before any road was made through that glen. Mr. E. W. Hallack, who lives in Wakefield Street, Adelaide, is an authority on the topography of the Hills District of South Australia; and has written various articles and pamphlets descriptive of this part of the country, which have appeared first in the "Register" newspaper.—J.C.

hill. But they soon found it was no use, the poor bullocks being quite unable to draw the cart up so steep a place; and thinking it would never do to give up, they determined to unload the cart, and carry its contents up themselves, which (to our astonishment when they told us) they succeeded in doing. Some of the luggage consisted of heavy packages that had not been opened since we left England. The rain too was descending very fast. This difficulty over, they got on pretty well, though very slowly, to a rude sort of inn, which was about half way. Here they concluded to stay for the night; but the accommodation was miserable indeed, they being obliged to lie down in their wet clothes.

They started again early in the morning, but this day's journey proved more disastrous than the last. As it was nothing but up and down hill it was quite unsafe for anybody to ride, so poor Margaret and Rachel were obliged to walk all the way, sometimes up to their knees in mud. They tried the pony, but not having a side-saddle they slipped off. The poor cart was upset three times, and then they had to stay and reload, and they cut down a tree in two or three places to tie behind the cart as a drag, in going down some of the hills. So that it was quite dark before they reached Stephen Hack's, which was still three miles from our own place. Here they took up their abode for the second night, which was rather more comfortable than the night before, as they got their clothes dried, but he has only one sleeping room, so that Father, Thomas, Margaret, and R. A. slept in that, and the rest in the sitting-room downstairs. But they got nicely rested, and were quite ready to finish their journey the next morning, which they did in safety, and were glad enough to get to a house they could call their own, after being without a home for so many months. I shall give thee a description of the house and land presently.

Thou must now go back, dear aunt, to us who were left in Adelaide. We found plenty to do in getting ready everything we should want in such an out-of-the-way place. Frederick and William returned with the cart in a few days, and ventured to try the journey once more with a load (S. Hack having lent them two more bullocks), and taking Joseph with them this time. But although they had six bullocks they got on very little better, upsetting the cart several times. Once it turned so completely over that the wheels were twirling round in the air instead of supporting it on the earth. F. and W. now gave it up as a bad job, and agreed with S. Hack to send down drays and bullocks to bring up the rest of us, and our goods, at once. Fred returned to help us clear the house, and to settle about the rest of the goods which had just arrived in the "Dumfries," but were not unloaded.

Everything ready, we all quitted Adelaide on Third day, 25th of 10th month, looking quite a formidable cavalcade. First went a waggon drawn by 10 bullocks, in which were Mother, Uncle, Frederick, Edward, the three children, and myself, with our beds to sit upon. Then came two drays drawn by eight bullocks each, and lastly another dray with six bullocks. Having heard such a description of the road thou mayst think we did not much like the thought of the journey; but we soon found we had not much to fear, as we had such an excellent driver. † He is considered the best bullock driver in the Colony. It was quite admirable to see how he managed such a long string of bullocks, guiding the waggon through fallen trees that were so close that sometimes there were only a few inches between them and the wheels. We all walked up the first hill, which was

† It seems from the mention, a little further on, of Stephen Hack welcoming the party at his house, that this excellent driver was not he himself, as might have been supposed.—J.C.

really the Hill Difficulty. It seemed almost impossible that a loaded cart should ever be got up it. We watched them slowly winding their way amongst the trees, as we frequently stopped to rest.

On reaching the top we had a most beautiful view of the surrounding country. We could see the whole extent of Adelaide, the creek with all the vessels lying at anchor, and the sea stretching beyond as far as the eye could reach, whilst before us was a most romantic scene. Our road now lay on the tops of the mountains, so that we had deep valleys on each side, with other hills rising directly beyond them. These hills, as well as those we were on, were covered with trees, and beautiful flowers. Oh, dear aunt, how I wished thou wast with us! Thou would'st have enjoyed the beautiful views. It put me in mind of the scenery described in the "Lady of the Lake." But I did not wish thee to have the jolting ride we had. There are so many dead trees and branches lying about, and deep water courses, that our driver was obliged to keep calling out to us to hold tight when we were going over anything. The poor children became so frightened at last that they all began to cry when he called out, and it really was with the greatest difficulty we could sometimes hold on. One of the water courses was so deep, and the descent so sudden, that the waggon gave a pitch down into it, so that the front wheels were completely buried, and gave us such a shake that we thought the waggon was broken to pieces. We remained in that position about a minute to give the bullocks time to muster all their strength; but it was a great effort to get it up again. After a great many joltings we reached the Cattle Company's station, where a good-natured Scotch woman, who manages the dairy, brought us out plenty of new milk, and I enjoyed a good draught for the first time since I left England. They sell it at 8d. per quart in Adelaide, so that we were obliged to make very little do when we were there.

We had now only a few miles to go to reach S. Hack's, but it was nearly dark before we reached there. J. B. and S. Hack came to welcome us in for the night, and we were glad enough to leave our uncomfortable seat in the waggon for one on S. H.'s sofa. He told us he had a most splendid house, so that we were hardly prepared for such a one as we found, for whilst I was sitting on the sofa I could see all that went on in the yard through the cracks in the walls; but he seemed to think that was rather an advantage than otherwise. He was very kind, doing his very best to make us comfortable for the night, which we should have been had we not been too tired; and, having had some green tea into the bargain, neither mother nor I could get to sleep till the light of the morning began to peep through the numberless spaces in the roof.

Father walked over to breakfast with us, and as we were in a great hurry to reach our own home, we did not stay long after that meal was finished. It is a very pretty walk. We pass one farmhouse between S. Hack's and ours, which belongs to Captain Field, who is our nearest neighbor, being about half a mile off, which is considered very near for the bush. We occasionally call upon them, for the captain has such very poor health that it makes it very dull for his wife. We reached home about 11 a.m., and found our house, though a very poor place, rather better than we expected, as father had done a great deal to it to make it a little more wind and watertight. I must in future call it our farm, as I cannot call it a house, for it consists of four detached buildings, the largest of which is the sitting-room, with a bed at one end for father and mother. The next largest is divided into two rooms, in one of which Margaret and I sleep, and in the other the four children. The next building is one room, in which uncle and my

brothers sleep. They are rather too close, but they manage pretty well by having their three hammocks hung up over the other beds. The other building is the dairy. We have a very pretty view from our farm. It is exactly like a gentleman's park in England, and I think none that I ever saw excelled it in beauty. We have had several visits from fresh comers, and persons from Adelaide, and they all unite in admiring our "park," as they call it.

I must now tell thee the composition of our houses. The sitting-room is built of the stems of young trees cut of an equal length and nailed as close as they can be together, but of course the trees are not perfectly straight so that where there is the least curve it leaves a hole. Some of these holes are large enough to get one's hand through; but with plastering some with mud on the outside, and nailing up old sacks within, we have stopped up some of the worst. The roof is pretty respectable. It is boarded, and only lets the wet through in a very few places, where it runs down between the boards. The floor in this, as well as in all the other houses, is the bare earth, which we do not much mind this dry weather, as it gets trodden down quite hard, and we lay a carpet over it. But we had a few days very wet; then it was miserable indeed, for the wet trod in and made it so muddy that we could not keep ourselves clean at all. It is so uncomfortable that father has concluded to build a nice large sitting-room, with a boarded floor, before winter. Our rooms are of turf, so that if we rub up against the walls the mould comes tumbling down. We have hung matting round as far as we can, which makes them more comfortable—indeed thou wouldst be surprised to see such rough places look so tidy as they do. We do not intend to settle down contented with such places. Father means to build a good substantial house on our own land, which we have but just purchased, so that it is too late to think of building this season, but we hope to do so next summer. Thou wilt wonder, no doubt, why we did not put up the house we brought out with us. We found that the expense of getting it up here would be so great that we could build a much stronger one cheaper than that would be with the carriage added to it. So we left it in Adelaide to be sold, which they think may be done pretty well, so that we shall not lose by it. We have kept the doors and windows for our house up here.

I will now give thee an account of our day's employments, and as they go on pretty regularly, only varying the work as each job is finished, thou will be able to fancy us pretty correctly. We rise at 5 o'clock. William goes off directly on the pony to find the cows, for we have no fields as in England to confine them. They wander about just where they please. They have the calves out with them in the day, but they are shut up at home in the night, so that we are pretty sure of not losing the cows in the morning, and Joseph is careful to look well after them in the day. We have been very fortunate, having only lost them once for any length of time. One day, soon after we came up here, Joe was prevented fetching them up at the usual time, when they strayed away so far that we did not find them again for three days. Now to return. The rest of my brothers employ themselves until William's return in feeding the pigs, fetching water from the creek at a short distance from the house, and getting the calves into their pen to prevent them sucking their mothers before they are milked. Mother is busy in the dairy getting the tins ready for the fresh milk. I skim, and set the breakfast table. Margaret makes two large saucepans-full of porridge, just such as we used to have at Ackworth. Father works in the garden, and the children feed the poultry. We breakfast at half past

six. Directly we have finished, Frederick, William, Tom, and Edward take their pails and begin milking. It is Joe's business to get the cows tied up ready for them, and to let the calves out as they are wanted. The whole management of cows is so different here to what it is in England; even the cows themselves seem different. Very few English ones like to be touched when they are out in the fields, but are quiet enough when being milked. It is exactly the reverse here. Father generally has some carpentering job in hand. Uncle amuses himself by fetching home wood, and sawing it up for our fires. We have no lack of wood. I could not help wishing that some of the poor people in England could have all the dead trees we have burned up because they looked untidy lying about. Father sometimes has two or three great bonfires burning at once. Mother, Margaret, and I are busy about our domestic concerns, which we generally manage to get done so as to sit down to needlework for an hour or two before dinner, except on washing and churning days. Fourth-day is churning-day. Tom or Edward churns, and I make the butter. We used to make about 40lbs. a week, but the time for which we hired Lines' cows has just expired, so that for a few weeks, until more of our own cows calve, we shall have much less. The people in Adelaide are very particular. They do not like the butter in plain lbs., so we have to make it up into $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. pats, and stamp it. We get 2/6 per lb. for it. We have just finished washing up the things that were used on board ship, having been three months about it, but as we could not get any help we were obliged to do it very gradually. The boiling answered very well, taking out the mildew and making the things very clean.

When my brothers have done milking they are generally engaged in some agricultural employment. They have ploughed four acres of ground, two of which are planted with maize, and two with potatoes. The latter look very fine, and are almost ready to dig. It was almost too late in the season for planting anything when we came up here, but they did not like to lose so much time, so by great exertion they got so much into cultivation. We have had two men employed for about two months putting up a fence, which they have nearly completed. It will enclose 20 acres. F. and W. have just commenced ploughing it up. We long to see it all in cultivation. One o'clock is our dinner hour, when we generally sit down to a famous great pudding, a joint of meat, and vegetables with which we are well supplied from our own garden. We drink nothing but milk and tea. The latter we have with all our meals. It seemed rather strange at first to drink it with our dinner, but we soon got used to it. It is the common drink of everybody in the bush. Even our two workmen bring their tea-kettle up with them when they come to work. They have built themselves a tent, a short distance from the place where they are working. We unite tea and supper together, and have it at 7 o'clock, and all retire to rest at 9, and having been busy through the day, enjoy a sound sleep at night.

Thou dost not know, dear aunt, how often we think and talk about you all during the day, and wish we could see you again. We are just nine hours before you, so that when we are going to bed at 9 on First-day night it is 12 at noon of that day with you. I have not told thee how we spend First-day. We contrive to get all our jobs done very early on that morning, and sit down to meeting in our own parlour at 11 o'clock, and sit about an hour and a half. In the afternoon we sit down quietly to read to ourselves; and again meet at 6 in the evening, when father reads two or three chapters in the Testament, and some Psalms. Then, after a pause, William reads a part of some Friends' book. I think we all enjoy First-day. Whenever thou thinks of us, dear aunt, fancy us very happy, and enjoying number-

less blessings which we do not deserve. Oh, that all our beloved friends in dear Old England were with us!

I have written parts of this letter at many different times, but have not put the dates. I am now arrived at the 16th of 2nd mo., 1840. We have had A. H. Taylor [†] staying with us for two or three days. He left us this afternoon for Adelaide, but talks of coming up this way again in a few days to endeavor to get employment, until a situation which J. B. Haek is trying to get for him under Government is ready. I do not know whether he will get anything to suit him up here, as he does not like hard work. He told us that his uncle J. J. Lister particularly wished him not to stay in Adelaide. Father urged him to follow that advice, which he said he quite intended to do, as he dislikes Adelaide very much.

We have not been at all inconvenienced by the heat this summer, although the thermometer has often been above 100deg. It is only just in the middle of the day that it is so very hot; the nights are cool and pleasant. We have had three blankets on our bed all through the summer, and have not been at all too warm. Father feared the sudden changes would affect us, but they do not, for we have all had remarkably good health, not having had even colds since we came on shore. To give thee some idea of the sudden change of temperature, I must tell thee that on the 17th of 2nd mo. the thermometer at 6 o'clock in the morning stood at 42deg., and at 9 the same morning had risen to 86deg. It hangs quite in the shade. The most uncomfortable weather is when we have a hot wind. It feels just as if it was blowing off a furnace. It is generally succeeded by rain. We heard a short time since that they had a very plentiful harvest in Sydney, and an importation of wheat is expected daily, which we are very glad of, as provisions, particularly flour, are extravagantly dear. We use a great deal of rice, which is much the cheapest thing we can buy. We have six sacks full of it by us now, for some of which we gave 1d. per lb. We feed our pigs and poultry upon it, as well as using it in a variety of ways ourselves. Our mill grinds it very nicely.

I must return thee a great many thanks, dear aunt, for thy nice long letter. It made us almost fancy we were within reach of you again. I hope thou wilt write us as many as thou canst, for they cannot possibly be too long, or come too often. Please urge a'l our dear relations to write. You have so many opportunities of sending, whilst we find it very difficult to get a letter off. There is nothing in the Colony to freight vessels with at present, so that they all go either to Sydney or China for cargoes, and it is a long time before they get back to England. We were talking about it a few days ago, and were afraid you would be blaming us for not having written sooner, but we have really done our best. We have sent letters

[†] Anthony Harris Taylor, here referred to, afterwards had a farm at Charleston, South Australia; and his membership in the Society of Friends was transferred to the Two Months Meeting of South Australia early in 1862. He died on 13th February, 1870, leaving a widow, two sons, and two or more daughters. His widow afterwards married Mr. Mellor, the agricultural implement maker, of Adelaide. From the fact that Joseph Jackson Lister is spoken of as being his uncle, I think A. H. Taylor's mother must have been a daughter of Anthony Harris, of Maryport, Cumberland, a sea-captain who lost his life at sea, and whose widow, Isabella Harris, was principal mistress or governess of the Girls' wing at Ackworth School for nearly a quarter of a century. This admirable Matron also certainly had a daughter, Isabella Harris, junr., who occupied the post of Girls' Reading Mistress in the School, and was, in her turn, unsurpassed in the excellence of her reading, and her general influence with the children. She married, in July 1818, Joseph Jackson Lister, F.R.S., the wine merchant, of Tokenhouse Yard, London, who was the discoverer of most important principles in connexion with the manufacture of microscopes. They were the parents of Lord Lister, the celebrated London surgeon, who discovered the anti-septic treatment so invaluable in surgery. Anthony H. Taylor was 52, at the time of his death.—J.C.

in several different ways, in hopes you might receive some before a very great while.

I am preparing this to send by the "Katherine Stewart Forbes," which is to sail direct home, laden with oil and wool. I believe Stephen Hack, after changing his mind a great many times, has at last concluded to return to England in her, on a visit to his relations. He has kindly offered to go to any place to which we choose to send him, to tell you all about us, but I must give you warning that it will not do to believe more than half he says; he exaggerates so very much. For instance, he called upon us after we had had a great deal of rain, to ask how we got on. We told him we managed very well. The wet dripped from the roof in one or two places, but not enough to inconvenience us at all. Father went down to Adelaide a short time after, and called at J. B. Hack's. As soon as he had sat down they began saying how sorry they were we had been so troubled with the wet. Father looked quite astonished, not knowing what they meant. They then told him that Stephen had been down, and told them we had been completely washed out of our house. Father said it was quite wrong; that we had got on very well. Stephen makes out such strange stories of everything.

We have had a great deal of the grass burnt round us this summer. It is a beautiful sight when burning. We went out one evening when it was dark. It looked like a large town on fire, for it burned not only the grass but the brushwood, and flamed up to the top of some of the old decayed trees. We could enjoy the sight because we knew no one was suffering from it. When it had reached as near us as we wished to have it, we all set out with boughs to beat it out, so as to turn its course another way. The grass is generally set on fire by accident, either by the natives, or by travellers in the bush not leaving their fires safe. The long grass gets very dry at the end of the summer, and easily catches fire. Thomas Corder nearly had his tent burnt down lately. He lives about six miles from us. He walked over to dinner a few days ago, and told us that the day before they set fire to a large tree they wished to get rid of, at a considerable distance from the tent. The grass caught, and the fire ran along so fast that it burned down their haystack, which they had just completed, and it was with the greatest difficulty they saved the tents. His partners (named Bond), were from home. He looks as stout and well as ever although he works very hard.

Margaret and I went for a walk last 3rd day, and got into such a beautiful place. We thought we had never seen anything to equal it. We directly wished for thy company to make it still more delightful. We wandered on, admiring each prospect as it opened to our view, and talking very earnestly about you all at the same time, till we were completely lost. We then mounted to the top of one of the highest hills to take a survey of the country round, hoping that we should see something by which to direct our course. But we could see nothing but Mount Barker at a very great distance, which we knew was on the left of our house, and from the time of day the sun should be on the right. ‡ So we steered our course over hill and vale by these, until, to our great joy, we got into the right track again. We mean to take better care in future.

‡ From this it is evident that the two girls were wandering amongst the hills to the north or north-west of Fairfield, and it is very likely the beautiful spot alluded to may have been what was sometimes called Fern Gully, in the Stringy-bark Range in a direct line between Fairfield and Hahndorf, or the German hamlet of Friedrichstadt. The fern-covered gullies amongst the hills in that direction would, no doubt, in 1840, be very beautiful.—J.C.

Please give our very dear love to Uncle Charles. We should be much obliged to him for a letter if he can find time to write. If he cannot, we hope, if he meets with anything in his journeys likely to interest us, thou wilt not omit to tell us in thine, for we like to know what you are all doing.

We should like our love given to all the Hertford Friends when thou hast an opportunity. Tell our friends the Lucases we long to come and take tea with them as we used to do, but they must not think we at all regret coming here. It is only the thought of having left all our friends behind us.

John Godlee lives at Stephen Hack's. My brothers see him almost every week when they go over. He is so busy that he has had our mangle-wheel to repair for three months, and has not had time to do it yet. The poor mangle was sadly broken in coming up, for it was in one of the drays that was upset. Father is carpenter enough to mend the woodwork, so that it only wants the wheel.

I am now writing in my own room on the 1st of 3rd month, with the thermometer at 105deg. in the shade, and am not so hot as I used to be shut up in our parlour at Hertford on a summer's day.

I must now give thee a list of our live stock, as I fancy thou will like to know how our farming goes on. We have six working bullocks—great favorites—15 cows, 3 calves (at present), a bull, a pony, 7 pigs, 28 fowls, and two broods coming off very soon, a cat, and a magpie. We are to have a dog that is just come overland with some sheep. They have not quite got up yet. We are to have him as soon as he is at liberty. Our bullocks' names are Punch, Brandy, Farmer, Rodney, Captain, and Blucher. The first four were named when we had them. Poor Rodney had a sad accident about six weeks ago. He fell down going down hill, caught his horn, and broke the bone down his forehead, so that the horn hung down quite loose. S. Hack told us it was quite impossible he could live. He never saw a bullock so injured before, and advised us to have him killed. But as he was the flower of our team we were unwilling to take such advice. So he was bled, and his horn bandaged up, having a piece of wood as a support to prevent it shaking about when he walked. It has answered very well, as he is now quite recovered, and the bandage was removed last week. It has altered his face very much, and his horns are uneven, so that he is not quite such a handsome looking fellow as he was before, but he is as gentle as ever. Since writing the above our stock of fowls has increased to 50, one hen having 13, the other 9.

We hear a rumor of the Queen being likely to marry. Should such an event take place we should much like a newspaper containing a full and particular account.

I hope I shall be able to collect some seeds of the beautiful wild flowers next spring for thee. I should like that thy little garden should be gay with Australian flowers. I cannot help fancying they would grow. Our garden is well stocked with all sorts of vegetables and herbs, and a little fruit. We have some nice melons, and a great many Cape gooseberries, which very much resemble the winter cherry. Father wishes me to say he planted the fir cones soon after he came up here. They came up nicely, but the hot and dry weather in the summer was too hot for them, and they are nearly all gone off. He would therefore be obliged to thee for some more.

Father and mother unite with us all in very dear love to dear grandfather.‡ Oh! if he could but see how happy we all are!

I must not omit to tell thee that we left our troublesome neighbors, the fleas, behind us in Adelaide.

With very, very dear love from all our family to all our relations and friends, I conclude—and accept an unbounded share for thyself

From thy ever affectionate niece,

MARIA MAY.



‡ This, of course, was William Morris, who lived with his son and daughter—Joseph Marsh Morris and Maria Morris—at Amptill. He died on 3rd of 5mo., 1843, aged 89 years and 5 months.—J.C.



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