

DIARY OF

Mother Gonzaga Barry

1875

PART

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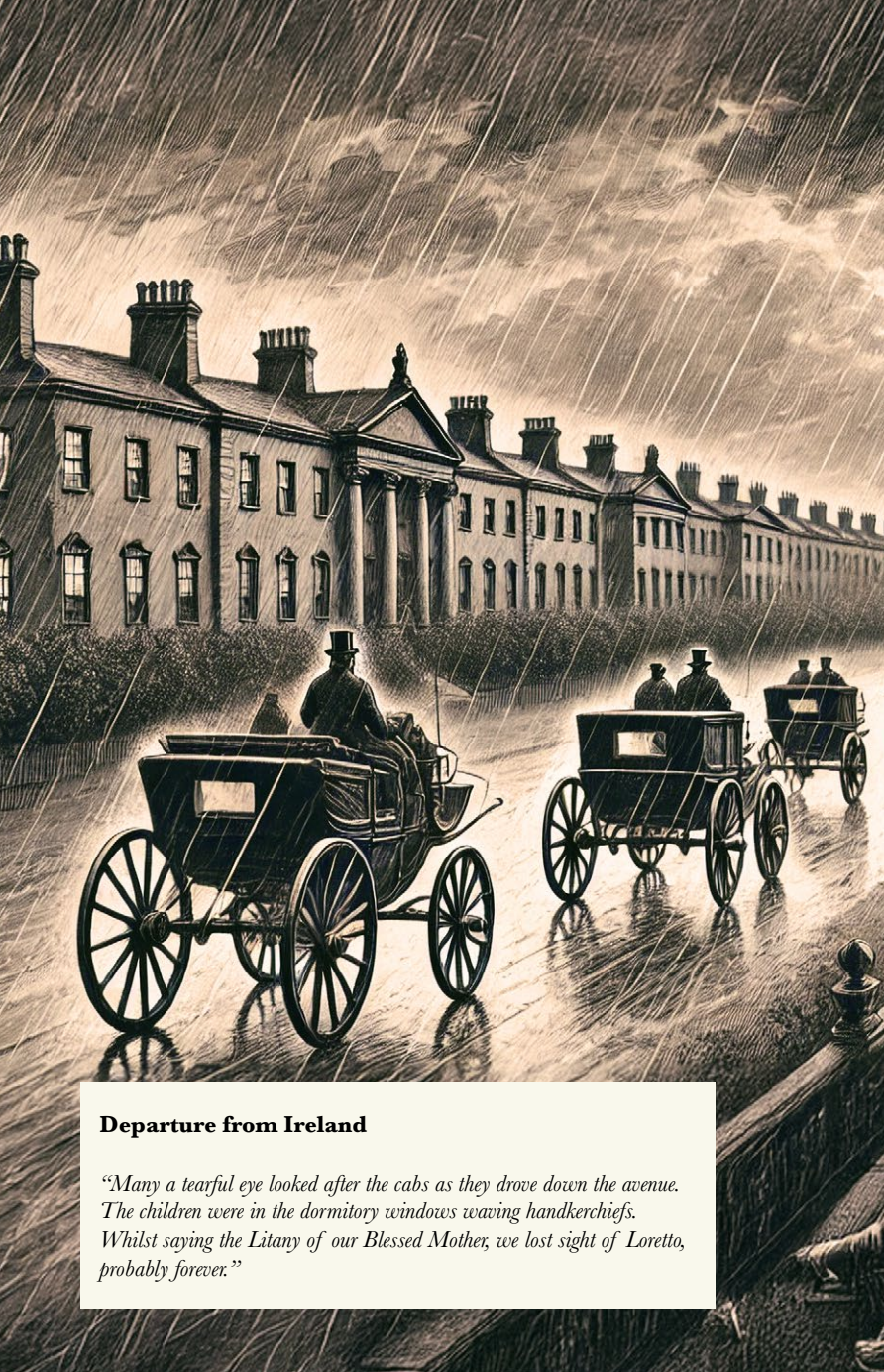
They are the precious record of an intrepid journey the ten women made from **Dublin to Melbourne in 1875**. In the diaries we are given a window into the remarkable relationships they formed within their own little band of **Loreto Sisters** but also as they engaged with the other passengers and crew on the S.S. Somersetshire.

The original handwriting can be almost legible to a keen eye in the digitised copy, but reading requires patience and imagination. So a transcript is provided alongside this resource and at various points along the journey, a recording and illustration is provided to bring the encounters to life.

Thursday 20th May 1875 Wakened
from our last rest in dear Loreto
Walthamstow at half past
three A.M. as Mass was to be said
at 4 a.m. for the "Missioners" by
our good Friend Father Hanly, who
wished to give us Holy Communion
before Mass, that our departure
might be hastened. The last
Mass in the Abbey was, it is said,
the saddest and most lonely scene
in the whole journey. - The nine
poor emigrants in the large Church,
the Community had been desired
not to rise at so early an hour,
and all affectionate adieu's had to
be said the evening before. Mother
M. Angela, Raveria, Conception, and
a few of the sisters who had per-
mission to rise, were with us, and al-
though some tears were shed at the

moment of parting with such
 dear loving hearts as they had
 always been to us, the courage
 and calm joy of the Missioners
 surprised even the men from the
 Convent who drove the cabs; they
 said they could not understand
 the Sisters being so cheerful, seeing
 how they often seemed so sorry to
 leave for other Missions near home.
 Many a tearful eye looked after
 the cars as they drove down the avenue.
 The children were in the dormitory
 windows waving handkerchiefs.
 Whilst saying the Litany of our
 Blessed Mother, we lost sight of
 Loreto, probably for ever. The skies
 and trees were weeping plentiful
 rain-drops. At Westland-Paro station
 we were met by several friends and
 relatives of the Sisters, - Mrs Dalton

and Kelly S. J. and my brother John, travelled down in the train with us to Kingstown, and saw us on board the steamer; there we met S. M. Aloysius' sisters and brother, they had secured a nice little Cabin for us, and their kindness and attention during the passage shall ever merit a grateful remembrance. The bell rang for departure, a hasty farewell at the cabin-door, a blessing from the priests, and we went on deck to see the last glimpse of Erin, except S. M. Raveria and myself. I began already to feel so ill that I had to lie down, and soon had the unclancholy satisfaction of knowing that every lady on board, with the exception of Mrs. M. Raveria and Berchmans, was as sick as possible. The



Departure from Ireland

“Many a tearful eye looked after the cabs as they drove down the avenue. The children were in the dormitory windows waving handkerchiefs. Whilst saying the Litany of our Blessed Mother, we lost sight of Loretto, probably forever.”



Stewardess had great compassion for me, and announced each hour as it passed; she begged a beads, or some little remembrance of us, that she might pray as she said for our safe arrival in Australia. I gave her a beads, some Agnus Dei's, a medal of the Jubilee, which she promised soon to try and gain. Arrived at Holyhead 11 o'clock a.m. Father Scully made us all take some Champagne, very reviving. Can't know much I took, as my glass was a tin.

There was a rush for the train, - Mrs Macken and Mrs Phippin invaluable, - all the carriages full. After great debating with the porters seven of us got into a 1st class carriage, to Chester, - very comfortable. Mr and Miss Macken and Mrs Phippin (S. M. Ploysius' brother and

sisters left us at first station. Mr. Macken sent a telegraph from Holyhead to Porthamlham, informing dear Rev^d. Mother of our safe arrival so far. Seven hours of railway travelling; scenery through Wales lovely; regretted not knowing the different beautiful spots we passed. Changed into 2nd Class at Chester; - one lady and gentlemen in carriage. The lady proved to be sister to S. M. Clemens Hogan, she was going to Chatham with her husband, a naval doctor. We had a chat about old school-times in Porthamlham as she, Maria, and Margareta her sister, were at school in my time. We took turn about resting our heads on her portmanteau; this rested me very much; she also had been extremely

ill crossing the Channel. As we
 travelled through England per express,
 there were very few stops; we sped by
 pretty villages, manufacturing towns,
 whole net-work of railway lines, crossing
 and recrossing, perplexing to look at,
 and very suggestive of a Crash at any
 moment, or a meeting, more unexpected
 than pleasant, of passengers in neigh-
 bouring trains. Saw illustrated ad-
 vertisements at some stations, of the
 "Somersetshire" and Melbourne Herbs.
 At last, after 5 o'clock p.m. we arrived at the
 Euston Street station, London, very weary.
 Found a Mrs. Murphy and daughter,
 pupil of Hartford, waiting to
 receive us, also St. Gertrude Dorman's
 mother, it was pouring rain. Frs.
 M. Aloysius and Berchmans went
 with Fr. Hanly to secure luggage. 3
 cabs taken possession of, and then

off to Ford's Hotel, Manchester Square.
 Ford's Hotel reached, we disembarked,
 were received by 3 waiters and shown
 to our apartments, consisting of a
 nice drawingroom, and two bedrooms.
 Up on the other storey, We found a
 Waiter Charles explaining to Mr. Hauly
 the geography of the beds and rooms.
 S. M. Berchmans could not contain
 herself when Charles pointed to a bed
 in centre of room, saying "Large
 enough for three, Sir, brought down ex-
 pressly, Sir." Mr. Hauly responded
 that the Sisters would arrange that
 themselves. It turned out there
 was one large bed capable of con-
 taining 3 in each room, but we
 only required to put two in each
 vast plateau. Helen Hughes
 and I had two nice little rooms to
 ourselves. All slept pretty well &c.

after their fatiguing day.

Friday 21st May. Father Carey's arrival announced; he and another gentleman, Mr. Naughten, a friend of his and also going out in the Somersetshire travelled by the night-mail from Kingstons. Poor Fr. Carey intended to leave by the same boat as the Venus, and had even taken the precaution of sleeping at Kingstons the previous night, but was not called at the Hotel, and had the mortification of arriving at the pier just as the steamer was moving off. Frs. Dalton and Kelly had a great laugh at him, but told him he could get to London by the night-mail, and join us next morning. Fr. Scully and all of us were anxiously looking out for our Chaplain; he was very tired after his night's journey, but set off with

To. Hardly to see if we could get on
 board the Somersetshire that day, we
 heard in Dublin we could do so at
 one o'clock, Friday. We were lodged
 in the private Hotel, and found it
 remarkably quiet; all the ^{ladies} sat
 down to write letters home. I should
 mention we had not put quimpes
 in our travelling-bags, and so appeared
 in a strange but not unbecoming
 costume. We all had nice fine cloth
 cloaks and large white collars, and
 I thought the whole imparted
 quite a dignified effect, especially
 to the small people. Mr. Murphy
 and daughter called, and took Helen
 Hughes out to see Regent Street and
 the Park, and to make some pur-
 chases. Shortly after their departure
 a servant came to enquire at what
 hour the Misses Gorman could see

the Sisters. By some mistake we understood him to say Mrs. Downant, and, though surprised at Sr. Gertrude's mother sending a stylish servant to enquire, we said, any time at all we would see her. In about an hour two ladies were announced, they said something about their being cousins of S. M. Aloysius Arthur of Hatfieldham. - A scene of confusion ensued. - The Priests' lunch (soda-water, brandy, and biscuits) was on the sideboard, and the Srs. were just finishing a little lunch of cakes and oranges from their private stores; - some of the Srs. thought the ladies came expecting to see S. M. Aloysius Arthur, and politely intimated that she was not among the Missioners; - others wished to bring S. Aloysius Macken forward.

but she resolutely refused to acknowledge any acquaintance, and felt rather embarrassed, owing to her having under her apron the remains of our Luncheon. I at last apologized for our deshabille and confusion, they said they feared they had disturbed us at our office; However, order being restored, they proved to be nice kind old ladies, who sent us an envelope full of pictures and prayers for the sisters; they bade us farewell in the court style, kissing our hands. We had a long visit from M. Doyle Sr. Clare; she gave us an interesting account of Mrs. Tayler her Prec^{de}. Mother's sojourn in London, particularly in the "Isle of Dogs". Mrs. Tayler had all prepared to receive us the day before at her Convict, but our letters went astray somehow. One

or two friends and relatives of the
 Sr.^s called. For Hanly returned to
 say we could not go on board till
 next day at Gravesend. Dinner
 ordered of meat. Friday, slightly
 to the amusement of "Charles" who
 is a Frenchman and a good Catholic.
 Sr.^s Hanly explained. He took fish.
 We read lecture, said beads, worked,
 talked, and read, and so the evening
 wore away; very wearily for poor
 Sr. Bruno, Margarel the postulant
 and Sr. and Ellen Fogarty, a protégée
 of Dr. O'Connor's, coming out with
 us to Ballarat, they were in a
 back room, tired doing nothing, they
 wrote home. Another night in
 the "Express" beds.

Saturday. May 22nd Rose early, had
 breakfast at 8.30 and started for
 the Somersetshire, Gravesend, at

10.30. Just before leaving, Mrs. Murphy and daughter, and Miss Gorman, came to say good-bye. We drove through Oxford Street, Regent Street, Cheapside, admired the magnificent shops, saw St. Paul's (exterior), Post-Office, Mansion House, Theatre Royal, and other fine buildings, the names of which we did not know. Wondered at the crowded procession of people, cabs, hansomcabs, and other vehicles, full omnibuses, so unlike our Tramway cars, we often had to go slowly in line for a considerable time. Arrived at the railway station for Gravesend, found Mr. Naughton very useful, a powerful young fellow about six feet high, who had his wife about him, and thought nothing of taking 3 of our travelling bags in

Crossing Over Boats to Board the Ship

"I got into the nearest boat and was about to sit down when I was politely informed that I should step onto the farthest off boat. So stepping and stumbling over five boats, the first section of our party at last reached the boat which was to lead the procession to the Somersetshire."





each hand, and any other amount of small things. He sold out half of his farm to settle his sister comfortably, and is now on his way to make up his losses in Australia; may God prosper him; he is a good Catholic; when he and Mr. Carey were late for the boat in Kingstown, he went and heard two Masses, and said he gained a great deal by being late for the steamer. He is in Second Class.

In the train to Gravesend nothing very interesting, - large tracts of low land with cattle grazing on them, and divided into rather small fields by wide deep drains like small mill-streams; in Ireland this would probably be bog.

Gravesend - We went down on a kind of wharf, with gantries.

of small boats at each side, the boat-
 men all stretching out their hands
 and crying out to us to let them take
 us to the Somersetshire. It was a
 little Babel, but F.^r Hanly had been
 introduced to a waterman by the
 London agent of Mess^{rs} Wigram & Co.
 and received his card the day pre-
 vious. He was now in attendance
 and conducted us to the place where
 his boats and men were waiting
 for us. With the help of a sailor's
 hand I got into the nearest boat
 and was about to sit down when
 I was politely informed that I should
 step on to the farthest-off boat, so
 stepping and stumbling over five
 boats, the first section of our party
 at last reached the boat which was
 to lead the procession to the
 Somersetshire. I should observe

that in all these transitions from
 the porch at Pratchamham to
 this moment, we were accompanied
 by two flowerpots, one containing
 an Irish yew (quick-growing tree)
 and the other Arborvitae. I think
 it was, besides S. M. Boniface's flower-
 garden in a tin box. The boats
 took their way, and we got a good
 dashing of spray, but it neither
 alarmed us nor spoiled our good
 humour, and the boatmen
 seemed to like their cheerful and
 steady freight. A steamer ran up
 to us, and nearly ran over us, as
 the rowers had their backs to it;
 we called out to them, and they
 slipped round just under the bows.
 We came at last to the Somerset-
 shire, and arrived first much against
 our will, for we did not ambition

being the first to mount the ladder, and wait on board to receive the two Priests and the rest of the party. It was not fair to have the two Priests in the same boat, but as it was so, I reminded them, just before starting, to keep their eyes on our boat, and in case of an upset, not to forget the "absoloo".

Several boats had already arrived and lay alongside the ship, so we had to cross them all, and step and step with the aid of a railing of sailors' hands, to the ladder; the boots and gloves so carefully selected by dear Mother Angela appeared to perfection. The ladder was not so bad after all, it was more like a wooden stairs; up it we went, and then stood on the lower deck to receive the second boatful; we

should have been more stared at
 only their arrival divided attention.
 All safely on board; J^r. Hanly led
 the way up to the poop deck, through
 the upper saloon, where some ladies
 were writing, down to our Cabins;
 they are all side by side on a row,
 and I think a minute description
 may interest, as some of our dear
 S^s may in ages to come be inspired
 to follow our example, and commit
 themselves to these little dens as a
 place of rest for 50 or 60 days. The
 cabins are nearly all the same size.
 I measured ~~ours~~ with the old tape
 so often used in buildings, real and
 ideal, in Gorey and Dinniscorthy.
 the following is the result. Size
 Height. Berths, 2 over each other
 just like the small mahogany
 beds in children's dormitory, only

there are two beds in the space of one, one lets down and fits over the other, like the tray in a trunk, it is laid across the same way too where the little floater bed fits.

Measure of Beds.

There is a little sofa or bed on opposite side, this goes the whole length of cabin, and is the state bed in each apartment, being more roomy and airy. Two port-holes in some cabins, one in others, opened by ship carpenter whenever there is no fear of the sea dashing in. There are cabins over ours, and off the upper saloon, better in every way, windows larger and higher, which can in consequence be more safely left open, but to return to our little cabins. There is a solid metal basin stand, with basin inserted.

plug and chain to it, to let water
 flow into a deep tin set under;
 3 painted tin vessels for water; a
 little mahogany shelf with craft
 and glasses fastened securely to
 it; a shelf all down one side of cabin;
 a good-sized looking-glass fastened
 to the wall; a little piece of carpet;
 no chair or anything to sit on except
 sofa bed, but every S^{ts} got her trunk
 after a little delay, (they having been
 sent in mistake to the Hold) and
 they were useful as seats, and prin-
 cipally as mounts into the upper
 berths. We disposed of ourselves as
 follows; In the first cabin, S^{ts} M.
 Laveria on state bed. S^{ts} Bruno and
 Margaret on the shelves. 2nd cabin
 A. S^{ts} M. Gertrude, Berchemans, and
 Dorothea, 3rd cabin. C. Miss Hughes,
 and Ellen Fogarty as her maid.

1st Cabin. Mr. Michel Gonzaga, Sr.
 M. Aloysius and Boniface. 5th Cabin
 Mr. Carey, he fortunately had it
 all to himself, quite a luxury and
 convenience for for week-day Mass.
 Mr. Hanly went to see Captain,
 Stewardess, and Agent, to recommend
 us all to their tender mercies. The
 Stewardess and Agent came to us,
 both most polite, the latter gave
 orders to have everything provided
 for Ellen Fogarty in Miss Hughes's
 cabin, as she was to go as servant to
 the nuns; this saves her more than
 she can now imagine in the third
 class where she intended going.
 Everyone on board seems to wish to
 please "the stout gentleman" as they
 call Mr. Hanly, and promise to do
 all they can to make the Ladies
 comfortable. Sooner than expected

we set sail for Plymouth, so there was great hurrying of last arrangements and messages. Forgot to give letters and parcels to Father Hanly, must try and send them from Plymouth. Bid good bye and got his blessing, and felt we only really said adieu to Ireland when we parted with our warm-hearted kind friend; may God and Our Lady reward him.

In route to Plymouth, very soon after starting dinner, the dreaded dinner, was announced, and imagine our joy when we discovered we had a table entirely to ourselves, Dr. Carey presiding, and a large partition in the saloon screening us from secular observation. We appeared in coats and collars at dinner, our trunks not yet

having appeared. Dinner consisted of - soup, made, we thought, with a special view to oblige us to be very sea-sick; 'twas rich, and all kinds of vegetables hashed up in it, red, white, green, and yellow; - about six or seven dishes of meat, vegetables, pickles, etc; then as many kinds of pies and puddings. The water had a greenish tinge, not inviting to look at, and soft to the taste, we heard it was made artificially. There were two more courses of bread and cheese, and fruit, but we did not wait; we were free to go when we pleased, and felt it prudent not to remain much longer in the rocking dining room. Went up on deck, all were sickish except Mr Boniface and Kerehuan. Tea at 7 o'clock, very simple, - bread

toast, tea, Went to bed, and had a very sick night.

Sunday. May 25th First thing in the morning heard Fr. Carey intended to say Mass in his cabin at 8 o'clock, got up and sat it out, all I could do was to offer to God what I felt. Frs. Ploysius and Gertrude had to leave before Mass was finished, only Frs. Boniface and Dorathica were well enough to go to Holy Communion. We went up on deck and recovered a little. Breakfast bell rang at 9 o'clock and we went to Saloon; it was trying to our feelings to see on the table four dishes of hot meat, one of which was Irish Stew, viz. mutton, and potatoes; beef, bacon, meat-pie, chops, potatoes, mixed vegetables etc. etc. after a time, tea, coffee, toast, bread; - some had to escape just

in time to be very sick. All day
 very sick, towards evening came
 on deck, being persuaded to do so
 by S. M. Aloysius, who was just as
 sick herself, and found it better
 up there than in the close cabin.
 Met two Steerwardesses, sisters, the
 elder had crossed the *Lise* 20 times
 and was now going to retire in fa-
 vour of her sister, and take a little
 rest, which she said she felt she
 required. On her first voyage she
 had care of the *Good Shepherd* when
 going out to Melbourne, we thought
 it strange that her sister on her first
 voyage should have charge of the
Loretto minus; she seemed pleased
 at the coincidence. They are both ex-
 ceedingly unlike persons of their class, being
 very quiet, and most ladylike in
 manner and appearance. Another

weary sick night for all except S. M. Werhman, all day she was going about ministering to all. S. M. Gertrude was very ill, and amused us by her constant aspiration: "Oh! to think we are suffering all this, and we only going to Plymouth!" We got into the harbour during the night, and heard in the morning the glad news that we were resting at anchor in Plymouth.

Monday. 24th May. "Our Lady, help of Christians" Got up on deck early, rolled up in shawls, which proved treasures on many occasions; so thick a mist hung over the shore that we could only perceive that we were near land and that the ship rested quietly on the water, this was a blessing in itself. Soon the fog cleared off, and the shore ap-

peared really beautiful, Plymouth
 harbour is very fine, the scenery
 round, interesting; it appeared
 beautiful to our weary eyes; -
 high hills with remarkable look-
 ing buildings on them; we did not
 know what they were. Someone
 asked a steward, and he said: "This
 is a place which they call Plymouth.
 I don't know more of it." There was
 one beautiful hill planted from
 the shore to the summit, and a
 kind of Castle at the foot. We had
 quiet day; boats came to the ship,
 same as at Gravesend, and several
 of the passengers went on shore,
 new passengers also joined us here.
 There was a large Australian vessel
 lying in the harbour; it had been
 95 days out on the voyage, and as
 all provisions were exhausted, it had

put into Plymouth; but so much did they suffer on the voyage, that there were two corpses on board, one a lady who died just as they entered the harbour. The crew cheered loudly for the good provisions they got, and they cheered us to wish us better fortune on our way than they had had. A vessel without steam is an awful thing to sail in for so long a voyage; it may be delayed any length of time in the Tropics, and particularly at the Line.

We were all pretty well to day, as we were standing still. Towards evening the harbour looked beautiful. The Stewardess said they often stop two or three days at Plymouth; she did not know yet if the Captain should leave to-day or not; we all hope he will leave on the

Feast of Our Blessed Mother.

St. M. Aloysius discovered just in time that the elder stewardess was about to leave the ship, and she promised to take our letters, and post them; there was quite a scramble to get them all into envelopes right. 'Tis a wonder if they are so, as the Learer was seated in the small boat, and in a great hurry to push off. One good thing is we are to steer our route into the Ocean to night, under Mary, our Blessed Mother's care. The sailors commenced to weigh anchor, singing some kind of song. After supper, we all went on deck to take our last look of land, it was a beautiful May evening; we took our seat looking towards the west, and as the sun went down behind the wooded hill with the castle at the base.

sky, trees, and sea were all united
 with a golden light, and made a
 lovely scene; I am sure all our
 sisters thought of Ireland, and
 the loved ones there. We said to-
 gether the Litany of Loretto, a
 prayer to St. Joseph, and recom-
 mending ourselves to the Sacred
 Heart and the Holy Angels, whom
 we begged to accompany us on
 our way, we steered quietly out
 of Plymouth Harbour. The
 light-house with its red light
 looked so pretty rising straight out
 of the water. We lost sight of it
 with the last points of land, and
 were indeed alone upon the sea; yet
 not lonely, thank God, - our hearts
 were full of confidence in our Heavenly
 Father, whose work we were going
 to do, and in our Blessed Mother's

sweet protection.

Tuesday 25th May. After a very sick night found it very hard to rise and dress, but accomplished the task in course of time; got on deck, rolled up in shawls, and sat there in a state of endurance, - sick in the morning, sick during the day, and sick at night, and no inclination for writing my diary.

After the 26th May came to the conclusion that instead of repeating last day's diary in the form of do. do. do. it would be better to leave it so and tell you once for all I was very sick, in fact, only making an effort to exist, exerting myself to eat only in a helpless way, feeling it would do me no good, but might make the sea-sickness easier. S. M. Hogenius much the same, S. M. Laacra





The Captain's Care for Mass

"During Mass he stationed himself at the foot of the stairs to keep silence, and if any young midshipman came running down, he caught him by the collar of his coat and sent him speedily up again, without speaking a word."

ditto, S. M. Gertrude ditto, S. M. Konigsmann
 now and then squamish. S. M. Werthe-
 mans very well, S. M. Dorothea do
 keeping up the credit of the Noviceship.
 Fr. Bruno and Margaret very sick oc-
 casionally, poor Helen Hughes always,
 the Doctor took her under his care.
 I too was surprised one morning
 before I got up by the Stewardess
 coming in and announcing that
 he was following her into the cabin,
 which he did, and sat down very
 unceremoniously beside the bed.
 I forget the prescriptions, but
 that is no matter, and now, instead
 of giving more details on sea-sickness
 I left a few pages blank, and in-
 tend to fill them up with some
 account of our new friends, the
 Saloon passengers; but first a
 word for our Captain.

Captain Targuher Holt is a great
 man so far as bone and sinews go,
 tall, but not stout, a quiet Eng-
 lish manner, at all times very
 gentlemanly; his voice is scarce-
 ly ever heard in the ship, but he
 is liked and respected by all the men
 in his vessel. A lady passenger
 who has made many voyages, says
 we are most fortunate to have so
 nice a man for Captain, some are
 so rough. He is son of a Church-
 of-England clergyman, and went
 as far himself as Deacon. He asked
 Mr. Carey how far the Lady Ann
 would condescend or mix with the
 passengers, as, on the one hand, he
 did not like to seem wanting in
 civility, and on the other, did not
 wish to intrude. Mr. Carey told
 him we were a very strict religious



The Lighthouse and Last Sight of Land

*“The lighthouse with its red light looked so pretty rising straight out of the water.
We lost sight of it with the last points of land and were indeed alone upon the sea.”*



order, and that even if a visitor came to our Convents the Nuns could not go to the parlour or speak without leave from the Prio^r Mother. This impressed the Captain so much that he never spoke or bowed to us till we were three weeks on board; but he watched us well, and during Mass he stationed himself at the foot of the stairs to keep silence, and if any young midshipman came running down, he caught him by the collar of his coat, and sent him speedily up again, without speaking a word. We never saw him on guard, as he made the sailors nail up a screen to shut off the rest of the Lower Saloon from the officers' quarters, so that Mass might be said more quietly.

and respectfully. He told Fr^{re} Carey he admired very much the unity of our Church, and said he regretted that there were so many in the ship who probably had no religion at all but were free thinkers. He took the greatest pains with his own service a bell tolled every Sunday at 10.30 a.m. and he was very anxious that all who were not Catholics should attend; he read the service himself and the sermon. He reads beautifully, I heard, - but anything to equal the pains he took to have a little singing!! He had the little harmonium brought into his own cabin, and had practising there and in the saloon for several days. The gentleman who played the first Sunday was a Dane, a Mr. Seble; he discovered

that he and some of his audience
 did not agree in matters of faith,
 so he refused to play or attend again.
 The poor Captain was greatly dis-
 tressed, but found out a lady M^{rs} Mace,
 a Minister's daughter going to Brillat,
 who could play the Chants and
 Hymns, and anything to equal the
 Compliments he put himself
 under to have her play. She told
 me, although she did not like to
 play, she could not refuse the
 poor Captain. He got a long sweep-
 ing-brush handle fastened to the
 bellows of the harmonium, so
 that a gentleman could blow for
 her, and so save her the exertion.
 The contrivance is very simple,
 it could be put on any harmon-
 ium, I think, and might be of
 use, however it wants the sympathy

between the fool and the hand, so necessary in harmonium-playing. Mrs Scott sometimes comes with the Captain, but she is extremely delicate, and suffers much in the Tropics, then, I hear, the Captain cares and feeds her, and even saves her the trouble of brushing or settling her hair. One could scarcely imagine this of so serious and stern-looking a man, but his Kindness to us shows he has a good heart. Dr Carey said to him last night he wondered how he could always be so patient, and never scorn put out. The Captain said: "Wul out!" you should see me sometimes, when I have to bite my lip and walk away until I get cool; but a golden maxim was always impressed on me by Canon — "No man is fit to command

others until he can command himself".
 Mr. Kebbe, the Dane, and his Mama. —
 Mrs. Kebbe is an old lady 75 years
 old, going out to see a son of hers in
 Melbourne; she has left her children
 and grandchildren, to go see this
 son once more before she dies, he
 is very delicate, and not able to bear
 the journey or fatigue of going to
 see her. She is a wonderfully active,
 clever, and kind old lady, pious too,
 and told us the other day she had
 made all her preparations to go to God
 any moment he calls her: at her
 age one is detached from the world".
 But she was grieved during the
 storm to see so many jesting and
 thoughtless about the Eternity they
 might so soon have to enter. We
 hope she is in "invincible ignorance".
 she always says such a Catholic

"Thank God," when she says she is well, or hears we are better. She calls the son who is with her her baby; at least says she considers him as such, as he is her youngest, and only 47. She speaks English very well, and in appearance would remind you of Madame de Chazourmes. Mr. Teebe (baby) is a strange character, tall and thin, extremely delicate, a great artist, a painter, he studied at Rome, and has travelled much; very bad at the English, and gets himself into all kinds of difficulties by the things he says, particularly to the ladies; his mother says "he is very good and clever about many things, ^{especially} painting, but he is a scoundrel at the languages!" Some one told him one of the ladies had a great

deal of "Pluck"; he did not understand, but went to his dictionary and found that "Pluck" meant "sheep's head". There was no making him understand until Captain Backhouse came to St. Boniface, and asked the German for "Slang"; they then explained to him it was a kind of slang word for courage or spirit. He wears a strange kind of glass in his eye, and with this he would walk up and down for an hour before us, looking at us, but never daring even to bow; at last he got some kind of an introduction and was quite satisfied to bow 3 or 4 times a day, or ask if we were "a little better". He speaks German well, and had a conversation with St. M. Boniface in that language; he and I had one or two very unim-

intelligible religious conversations, though
 he said they did him good. He com-
 planned to Helen Hughes of being
 misunderstood by the ladies, and
 said the men are the only ones
 who do not laugh at him; he
 measured on his arm how long
 he would like to speak to them.
 But then showed her with a span
 of his fingers the little bit they speak
 and then all get off. He promises to
 come see us at Ballarat "when we
 are settled comfortable, but not to
 be afraid; he will bring his Modar
 with him."

Captain & Mrs. Mackhouse and baby.
 The Captain has been many years
 in the army, and was out in New
 Zealand with his regiment, during
 the war there; he is much older
 than his lady; very kind and

polite to all the Nuns; he was the
 first gentleman who spoke to
 us, and always made it a point
 to come say good morning, and
 have a little chat before breakfast.
 He was a most affectionate father
 and kind nurse to his only child,
 little Emily, only 16 months old,
 a beautiful little child, and so well-
 trained to obedience by her Nema
 that she does at once whatever she
 desires her. Mrs. Blackhouse is
 daughter or niece to the late Lord
 Chancellor for Ireland, she is very
 young, most affable and agreeable
 to everyone, and possessed quite an
 affection for some of us. She has
 really been very kind in little things,
 such as bringing us fruit, Eau de-
 Cologne, and insisting on our sitting
 in her easy chair on deck when

we were more than ordinarily ill. The Captain was very attentive this way too, and took a special interest in my taking exercise and having at least one walk every day; as for himself, he never ceased walking, and we amused Mrs. B. one day by telling over she made a calculation, and decided that the Captain had walked half way to Australia, or at least to the Cape of Good Hope. Mrs. B. worked a rice bag, and hung it up over our berth to hold loose things. She was glad to read some of our Catholic books, and says she thinks the Captain will end by going over to Rome; both are very High Church. She went attending leave of us, and left her address, with a request that we would write

to her. She is going to Sidney, to remain a year for her health, for which cause the voyage was undertaken; it certainly improved little Emily, or, as her father calls her, Sandy, so much that she is not the same child. They were stationed in Cork, Limerick etc, and knew several of the O'Connell family well.

Mrs. Proue.

Mrs. Proue is a young widow (26) with two children Bertine (3) and Philip (2) both are pretty children, but they look so sad in their little black and white dresses. Bertine's hair is like gold coloured floss silk. Lippa is not so pretty, but the most affectionate child with his mother I ever saw; he cannot bear her out of his sight, screams and roars

whenever she goes down from deck²,
 and leaves him with the maid. In-
 deed, he frequently gives us a rather
 loud "Voluntary" on the lungs, but
 is perfectly quiet and happy if al-
 lowed to sit at his mother's feet,
 playing with his toys, and getting
 a kiss every few minutes. Poor
 Mrs. Howe left Gallarat with
 her husband and children for a tour
 through Europe, and principally to
 see Rome, Mr. Howe was so very
 anxious to see it; but he got a
 fever in Genoa, and only lived to
 reach Rome, and go see St. Peter's
 once with his wife; he is buried
 in Rome. Mrs. Howe told me
 with many tears, of his illness
 and death, and of the kindness
 she experienced from some Catholic
 Priests in her great sorrow and

loveliness. He was only 20 when he died, and seems to have been a good and upright man. She has suffered much from sea sickness and low spirits. She is daughter to Archdeacon Skotch of Ballarat, and is returning now to her family; she says she must come see us when we are settled in our Convent.

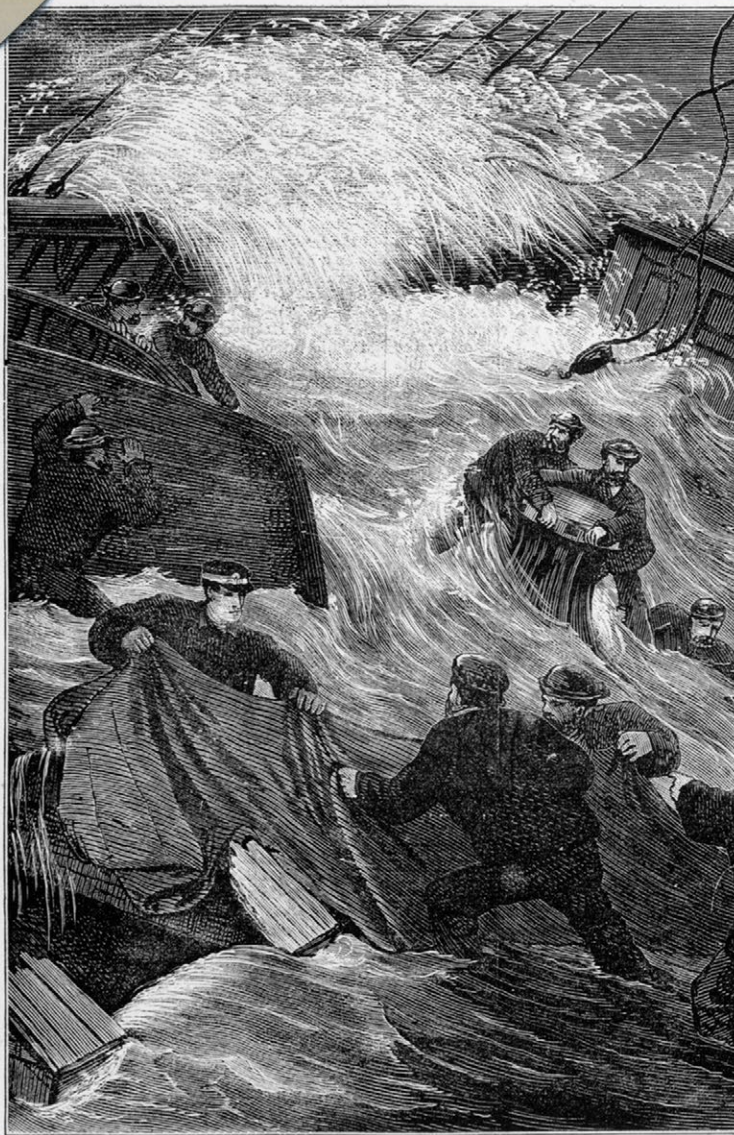
Captain and Mrs. Burton.
 Captain Burton and his lady were our kindest friends, they often spoke to Mr. Carey about us, asking him if they could do this or that for the nuns, they frequently sent us some choice wine they had brought on board themselves. Mrs. Burton is a native of New Zealand - that is, she was born there. Her mother, Mrs. Hobson,

and a niece, were also of the party. Mrs Hobson is a widow, a very nice lady: she had the grief of seeing her husband buried in the sea, as he died of consumption during a voyage he made for his health some years ago. No wonder Mrs Hobson does not like the sea; she seldom comes on deck, when she does, she likes to come squab to us. They made a voyage to Europe last year to have London Doctors' advice about Mrs H's health, she is returning much improved. Captain H. was in the army, but has retired, and is now about to enter the Law with a view to a Judgeship in New Zealand; he has long studied, and in appearance would make a splendid judge. He was the Judge on the mock trial, and was very

anxious we should go to it, but as we refused, although everything had been left out that might shock us, he came to show himself to us in his wig and scarlet robes. We remained in the ladies' cabin, but Captain Holt brought all the characters in the trial to the door, that we might see them; they were all admirably "got up." Before leaving the ship, Captain and Mrs. Burton came to know if they could do anything for us; they gave us their Cartes, and made us promise to write to them when we got to our Convent in Ballarat.

Monday 7th June. Passed the night in a vapour-bath, felt sometimes so sinking into the other world, that I calculated the probable effect on

my cabin companions when they should find me in the morning gone. Sr. Bruno brought Sr. M. Aloysius and me a cup of tea and a biscuit got through with it, and then tried to get up; was an hour dressing, but got up on deck, and found some of the Srs there, we all felt still in the "Doldrums" Sat till breakfast; - it was impossible to pray, only offer up the passage through the "Doldrums". Mrs. Backhouse insisted on Sr. Aloysius having her chair down where the motion of the ship was not so great as where we always pitched our tents (round the Cabin stairs where a seat ran round three sides, and we could all be together). Some of the Srs had to go with Sr. Aloysius who was very weakly, and only recovering her



DECK OF THE S.S. SOMERSETSHIRE

Storm and Torrential Rain

"A cry went up, A storm is coming, get down as quickly as you can." All on deck rushed for the cabin stairs, but before we could get down, torrents of rain swept the deck and a high wind carried off one lady's shawl into the sea."



IN THE GALE OF 17TH NOVEMBER, 1873.

strength slowly. The gaps in our
 ranks were availed of. Mrs. Mc
 Caffie got her chair near St. M.
 Laocria, and gave us her history.
 She is a nice old lady, speaks so
 like S. M. Francis Prose, Prach-
 famblers, that everyone remarks
 it. Our friend "the Dane" seated
 himself beside me; and began a very
 animated and interesting discussion
 on religion by praising the way we
 pray daily, "speak to Christ so
 frequently"; he envies us Catholics
 our daily Mass, or service, as he
 says 'tis all his religion wants, he
 says they forget on Monday all
 they say to God on Sunday. He
 told me of a Danish friend of
 his, a great artist, who was con-
 verted, and became a friar in Rome,
 and who told him when he last

saw him that he was unhappy and is now perfectly happy. We had a long conversation on many disputed points, which with his broken English, and imperfect comprehension of that language, must have been a strange medley; however, he finished by saying that what I told him did him good, and I should, he said, be glad of that; I must look out for a good look for him. He has read and travelled much, and was more edified at the Catholics in Germany than in Italy. I tried to explain this.

About 3 o'clock we saw a strange appearance on the sea, it looked like distant land with the sun on it, but it seemed to rise in the air and there was a cry "A storm is coming get down as quickly as



Mrs. Rowe's Story

"Mrs. Rowe is a young widow (26) with two children Bertine (3) and Philip (2)... she told me with many tears of his illness and death."



you can." All on deck rushed for the cabin stairs, but before we could get down, torrents of rain swept the deck, and a high wind carried off one lady's shawl into the sea. We were not able to get up on deck after dinner, and the ladies' saloon was occupied by Mrs. Howe, the young widow from Ballarat. She suffered to-day for her exertions at the harmonium yesterday, as she had to play at morning and evening service; she could not sleep with a bad headache, and told me she cried herself sick, her two young children were crying too, and she got no rest. If she had our Holy Faith to console her, poor thing! Some of us sat in our ^{hot} little cabins. Mrs. Caverin, Berchmans and I sat for a long

time on the trunks in the corridor
 and got a little breath of air. After
 tea went on deck for a short time
 had to come down, all was so wet
 with the evening rain; went to our
 cabins, took off everything we could
 to try and get a little cool before
 going to bed. No one but those who
 have experienced it could form an
 idea of the heat of those cabins du-
 ring the night, no bed-covering
 but a sheet, and still the bathes of
 perspiration increasing for 6 or 7
 hours. During the night we heard
 great hurrying to and fro. The Officers
 appeared not to have left the deck,
 they frequently passed by our cabins,
 the voice of the Captain was heard;
 there was a row, certainly something
 was the matter. I thought we
 might be passing the line. St. M.





The Mock Trial

“Captain Burton came to show himself to us in his wig and scarlet robes.”

Laveria thought there might be fire, and said the prayer to St. Agatha more than 30 times. About 4 or 5 o'clock a.m. the Officers came to their quarters, and our mess told us they had all a glass of Grog, then there was quiet.

Tuesday, 8th June. Got up early, said morning prayers in cabin; Saloon occupied, Mrs Howe slept there. Came on deck, made Meditation, heard spiritual Mass, said Office. Little Baby Backhouse and Nurse, who sleep on 2nd deck said that we had a fire in the ship last night. Serious danger at one time; small boats got in readiness. Cause of fire, spontaneous combustion, and something about the gas from the cattle, and the intense heat. Gentlemen resolved to keep the thing secret from the

ladies. Mr. Carey was cold and warm
 When Captain Backhouse said "Good
 morning," we asked was it true we
 had a fire last night; he said there
 was always a fire at night in a
 steamer; "the engine, you know",
 added Mr. Carey; he said he believed
 there was a kind of general row in
 the steerage. He used a mental reserva-
 tion he told us afterwards. We
 had a laugh at both during the
 day, when we informed them we
 knew all about their grand Secret
 Captain W. begged us to tell him all
 about it when we found out all
 particulars; his lady came and
 gave us much information.

I took my first bath, and enjoyed
 it very much; I did not feel able
 to attempt it until today; several
 of the L^{ds} have taken them. Mr. Carey

bought a very nice chair, and had my name put on the back of it; it was very kind, but he wanted it much more himself; there are few seats on deck, but all experienced travellers are provided with these chairs, they are like ^{Sr} Simm's in ^{Sr} Gertrude's room in Gorey. We have invented seats, tin boxes covered with black, and packing seven up in the covering of our trunks looks like a large cushion bound with scarlet. The dear Ps who are to come out after us are recommended to bring out little stools, or wooden boxes which could be stuffed and answer for seats; at lecture time and whenever we wish to be together, a bis-a-bis is desirable, Travelling rugs are spread out on deck for the children,

to play and roll about on. I counted about 20 of these folding-chairs on deck the other day; the owners of them are all most anxious the Nuns should sometimes occupy them, but we decline, as we are faithful to our seats at the cabin door, and no one ever goes there, or else stands up the moment we are seen coming.

My dear Sisters I wrote the above half page after being obliged to lay the Diary aside for eleven days, the events of which I must give not in "Diary" fashion but "notes from memory". I found it ^{almost} impossible to write or even read more than a page or two of a book without getting sick, although I could do a little needlework, a great change

from the old getting "buried in boots".
 To-day is the eve of S. S. Peter and
 Paul, you are perhaps preparing
 for your Renovation Picquet, ours
 is put off until we arrive in Wallarat
 it will help us to begin with ferocious
 please God. You are, I am sure,
 busy preparing the children for the
 Concert, etc. and I am at my ease
 in our little Cabin, wishing I
 could help you; perhaps I could
 by a little prayer now and then.

To resume the events of our voyage,
 there was some danger from fire
 for two or three nights during the
 intense heat, but our good Captain
 took every precaution; he remained
 up with the Officers, and had the
 entire stock of coal removed. He
 is so liked and respected by the
 crew that they told him there was

not a man among them that would not willingly go through the fire to please or serve him; this devotion is a great security, under God, to the passengers. Captain Scott is indeed a kind and excellent gentleman, but can be strict and even severe when there is cause, as the following will show. A few days after the fire, in fact, one day after, the Captain had been up all night watching, he went to his cabin to take a little rest; - we were to cross the Line that day, and our good young "Middies" thought proper to take advantage of the Captain's absence to play some tricks on a young Midshipman who had never crossed the Line. They offered to let him off if he would treat them to a certain

amount of brandy, but he stoutly
 refused, and so they seized on the
 poor fellow, made up a mixture of
 treacle, mustard, and I know not
 what else, and rubbed it all over
 his face, into his eyes and down
 his throat, then they tried to shave
 him with some old piece of iron.
 He roared vigorously; all the
 gentlemen passengers rushed for-
 ward to see, as the performance
 took place on the 2nd deck. The
 1st Mate's attention being thus at-
 tracted, he ordered all the young
 gentlemen who had taken part
 in the affair, up to the poop deck
 where the 1st-class passengers were;
 they were stationed quite near us,
 and looked like children in a
 scrape. There are 6 midshipmen
 on board, and a little boy who

looks about 10 or 11, but is much
 older; he is called "the Commodore"
 in jest, and was expelled from 3
 schools for his wild pranks before
 the Captain took him in hand
 to reform him. He is the son of
 a Church of England clergyman;
 indeed we were told all the young
 "Middies" on this ship were the
 sons of Ministers, and I suppose
 most of them are, as Captain Holt is
 himself, and is a Deacon too, whatever
 that signifies. He did not come on
 deck till 5 o'clock p.m. so - no dinner
 for the young gentlemen; they
 consoled themselves by punning
 with great energy, and singing a
 song about "Melbourne Town".
 While we were at dinner they
 ran about the deck, frightening
 the babies, and stuffing bread and

cheese into their mouths to keep
 them from roaring, much to the
 amusement of the Nurses. At
 last the Captain appeared, heard
 a short statement of the case, sus-
 pended his judgement until night,
 when he was to hold a court-mar-
 tial on the culprits; but found
 there were only 3 guilty of the act,
 so he ordered them to go aloft on
 the 3 masts of the ship, and
 there wait future orders. Not a
 sail was up, and they looked like
 3 crows stuck up on the desolate-
 looking masts; one poor fellow
 got the mast beside the chimney
 that sent up volumes of thick
 black smoke, which sometimes
 made him invisible, but did not
 add much to his comfort in the
 Tropics, I think. All the ladies and

gentlemen went and stared and
 laughed at the poor prisoners un-
 mercifully. The Commodore sta-
 tioned himself near us on the poop
 and commenced a lively conversa-
 tion with his friends on the masts,
 by means of the Dumb Alphabet.
 Little thinking all he said was per-
 fectly intelligible to us through S.
 Werclunans, so accustomed to
 speak to her Aunt Mary in that
 way. Among other things, he in-
 formed them that the Skipper,
 meaning the Captain had gone
 down to the cabin, and that
 after dark he would go up and bear
 them company. He did go up, and
 earned a flogging for himself; while
 on the main-mast he took an
 indian-rubber tube that communi-
 cated with the scull-house, where

the steersman always stood; he signalled to him, and put the following question: "I say, is the Skipper near?" The reply was scarcely a consolation to him, when the Captain's well-known voice answered from the other end of the tube: "Yes he is, and will see you to-morrow." He did see him and made him feel the weight of a rope's end. Before noon, he bet 5 shillings with one of the officers that the Captain had not flogged him, and had the face to go with the man to the Captain to prove it; I believe he got a second edition. The Captain says Commodore will yet be either very good or very bad, but he does not like his habits of telling fibs. The Doctor had to come to the poor.

young fellow who had been nearly blinded and smothered, he was a soft, innocent-looking English boy who had sobbed and cried himself sick when parting with his mother at London, and he had a little quiet cry over the side of the ship near us when he came up late on deck. No one would speak to him and all blamed him for getting the lads up on the masts into trouble, but he was right not to break the ship's rules, and give drink to get himself off the shaving. I did not hear the result of the Court-martial, but it was certainly no light verdict from Captain Scott.

Our next event was approaching the Canary Isles; we passed the Lameriffe during the night, and

and when we went up on deck before breakfast, was visible
 nothing but a bleak, desolate, rocky coast, no sign of habitation, or even vegetation, no green spot to rest upon. Some said they saw something like trees in the distance but even with a good glass, they looked to me like clouds; we were about 2 miles from the island. A ship appeared in sight 1st June near enough to signal; it was very slow in replying, and did not seem inclined to answer at all; at last our Captain found out it was a German man-of-war vessel; - we told St. M. Boniface it was M^r. Wisniewski coming to rescue her, as a German subject, from transportation. She looked at the ship with great interest, saying it was the last bit

of Germany she should see. Still
 in the Tropics. Passed the Line.
 Heat intense all day and all night,
 evenings and mornings pleasantly
 cool; sails up over poop-deck,
 otherwise the sun dangerously hot;
 do not know how the poor people
 on 2nd deck and in steerage can
 bear the boiling heat, no shade,
 deck so much lower down, three
 stoves constantly engaged by 3
 cooks in cooking, besides the
 boiler and engine-room. A woman
 in 2nd class dangerously ill; her
 husband came for Dr. Carey; she
 is a Catholic and an American.
 Dr. Carey's account description of
 the way all the passengers in 2nd
 and 3rd Class are lodged is sufficient
 to make us very grateful for our
 accommodation. The Stewardess told

us the same, and ^{said} we might really see how the people are there, yet the Captain, Doctor, and all the 1st class passengers are continually going to P.^r Carey to tell him how uneasy they feel about us; we do not take sufficient recreation, we apply too much to study, to work, to devotions; — little they know how much happier we are than they. After some time they began to wonder at our constant cheerfulness and how we can always keep up looking so happy and gay, whilst they suffer so much from depression of spirits, these are only the ladies of course.

Sr. M. Moysins, Margaret and I still keep up the sea-sickness, with occasional assistance from S. M. Koveria, who suffers a great

deal, but tries to persuade us she is so strong she can bear any amount while she thinks I can bear nothing being so weakly. She can scarcely sleep at all at night, found it necessary to remove her from Mr. Wynn's and Margaret's cabin into Mrs. Merchman's and Dorothea's, gets on much better there, put Ellen the lay-sisters, Mr. Gertrude with Helen Hughes.

Captain Wurtton remonstrated with Mr. Carey on the necessity of our taking a little Champagne as a cure for the sea sickness, and offered some in such a nice way that we could not refuse; it was put in the hands of a waiter over our dinner table, stewards brought up some to me on deck, as I could not sit out the dinner in saloon, the stewardess generally



Champagne being given for Seasickness

“Captain Burton remonstrated with Fr Carey on the necessity of our taking a little Champagne as a cure for the sea-sickness and offered some in such a nice way that we could not refuse. ... It certainly must be good, none of us have been so sick since we commenced to take a little in our cabins after dinner.”



brought the sea sick people their meals on deck; it was the only chance of our getting or keeping a bit. When we went to Saloon, it was always necessary to beat a speedy retreat, so we christened their beautiful room the "Chamber of Horrors", which amused some of our friends very much, as they said they considered it a "Chamber of Delights"; their good appetites made them think so. Shoals of flying-fish seen, but I did not see them. Two of the Sts saw a Nautilus.

A Concert, or rather Entertainment given by 2nd Class Passengers, and Crew on their deck; we did not care to attend and continued our walk on the Waage; - beautiful moonlight night; heard the song "Thou art so near, and yet so far."

sung by a very fine woman's voice
 "Commodore" mounted the mast, and
 sang "Red, White, and Blue", with
 variations of his own. There were
 some other songs and Readings,
 amongst them the "Little Vulgar
 Boy" in Bell's Reader, but we could
 not hear. The ladies brought us
 their chairs, and made us sit in
 them; after a little while we ex-
 cused our retiring so early, thanked
 them, and went down to our little
 vapour-baths in the Cabins. In general,
 we made our Examen on deck whilst
 in the Tropics, not to remain rolling
 about too long in our Cabins, it
 made us so sick, there was no
 chance of sleep.

Whales were announced to be in
 the vicinity of our Ship at the Star-
 board side (the left hand side of the

Steersman is called the "Port," the
 right, the "Starboard") I saw a
 good deal of spouting going on in
 the sea, but could not distinguish
 whales; felt disappointed, as my
 conscience told me that if ever any-
 one should hereafter implore me in
 the usual way "Did I ever, ever, ever
 see a whale?" truth would oblige
 me to give the long answer "No, I never,"
 but the whales behaved better than I
 expected, for most day three fine
 good-matured ones came after
 the ship quite near; they seemed
 to be out for a holiday, for such
 jumping out of the water and
 plunging down again and rolling
 about and frolicking and spouting!!!
 no one ever saw whales in better
 humour; they really seemed to
 enjoy being looked at. They did

not appear very large to us, yet they were 30 feet at least; the Southern whales are not so large, but are more valuable being what are called Sperm Whales.

More Champagne. - Captain Burton, afraid to offer it lest it should be refused, sent M^{rs} Burton to negotiate; she came to the S^{rs}, they tried to get out of it by saying they were sure I would not like it; she then came to me, knelt down on the deck like a little child to beg of me, and at last said I should, whether I liked it or not. It certainly must be good, none of us have been so sick since we commenced to take a little in our cabins after dinner: when S^r M. Pleydell was so very ill the Doctor

ordered it to her, and I got some, but not so good as Captain Burton's, although very dear, 4/6 for a small bottle. Dr. Carey gave me an exhortation on the necessity of taking it, and, very much against my will, kept us well supplied from his own resources. At first I could take any amount without feeling the least effect; but as I got well I could only take a little sip as in Gorey, and even then paid for it by a headache, so wine and my health, I see, can never agree.

Sunday 20th June. We made an attempt to celebrate the Feast of St. Ploysin in a spiritual way: at Mass and Holy Communion, but very sick during the day and evening. To the next day 21st. Was wished very

affectionately a happy Feast. Fr.
 M. Aloysius presented me with
 dear Most Mother's "Cadeau" given
 for the occasion. I did the same
 kind office for her, but indeed Fr.
 Aloysius did not act very generously
 to his Clients, except in the way
 of suffering or mortification that
 he loved so well for himself; we
 were as sick as sick could be. I was
 not able to go to dinner, and sat
 rolled up in shawls in a corner of
 Ladies' Saloon until bed-time; then,
 notwithstanding being very sea sick
 just before lying down, I slept
 well, thank God, and awoke feeling
 better. I particularise this day, as
 I know all the fervent and affec-
 tionate prayers offered on this day
 for the souls on the sea: - and the
 fruit of them and their answers





The Southern Cross and Icebergs

"The Captain says we may meet icebergs when we go further south, but he will try and avoid them."

appear to have been given recent
 day 22nd (St. Gonzaga's) as since that
 to the present Eve of St. Peter and Paul's
 none of us were ever sea-sick (except
 Margaret) and all of us feel much
 stronger and better, than I? God.

The weather has become very cold,
 and it is necessary to put on all
 the warm clothing possible; the
 Captain says we may meet ice-
 bergs when we go further south, but
 he will try and avoid them.

Can't go on deck any more after
 dinner, too cold and dark, at the
 end of May and beginning of
 June the nights were beautiful
 moonlight and starlight. Drs. M.
 Gertrude, Moniface, Werchmanns,
 and Dorothea great astronomers
 they amused us all very much
 one night by an extraordinary

discovery; after a long contemplation of the heavens, they declared they thought the "Little Bear" had got two tails, otherwise they could not account for the Polar Star. By degrees we lost sight of the Northern Constellations, and the Southern ones appeared; the only one remarkable to my eyes was the "Southern Cross", it is very striking but owing to the stars in one arm of the $+$ not being so bright or visible as the rest, it looked to me more like a triangle ∇ than a regular $+$. Mars looked a beautiful star as long as visible every evening appearing beside our ship, a beautiful rose-colour, and so bright; I was sorry to lose sight of him, and thought of Longfellow's beautiful lines "To Mars" "And earnest thoughts within me rise



Mrs. Burton Begging on Deck

“She came to me, knelt down on the deck like a little child to beg of me.”



When I behold afar,
 Suspended in the evening skies
 The shield of that red star,
 O star of strength, I see thee stand
 And smile upon my pain,
 Thou bearest with thy mailed hand,
 And I am strong again.
 The Star of the unconquered Will,
 He rises in my breast,
 Serene, and resolute, and still,
 And calm, and self-possessed."
 We had three or four beautiful
 sunsets, it reminded me of
 sunsets over Irish mountains
 long ago. The sun, as it went down,
 in beds of the deepest scarlet and
 brightest gold behind masses of
 dark clouds which it tinted with
 its rays, made one think without
 much stretch of the imagination,
 that it was really setting behind

mountains, hills, and trees; a yellow shade of light stretched in a line across the sea looking very like a sandy beach; at other times we had towns, castles, trees; the colours were very bright, but I think the sunsets of rain on sea or mountain cannot be surpassed.

Wednesday 23rd June. Ladies in the Saloon gave a musical entertainment, with Reading and Recitation; there was supper afterwards, and Captain Holt sent the Doctor to our Saloon with a decanter full of wine. Only some sips of the wine had been taken, and the decanter had been laid on the table, when the ship gave an unexpected roll to one side, and over went tray, plates, glasses, and the entire contents of the decanter into the velvet cushions.

Whales Spotted

"Next day, three fine good-natured whales came after the ship quite near; they seemed to be out for a holiday."

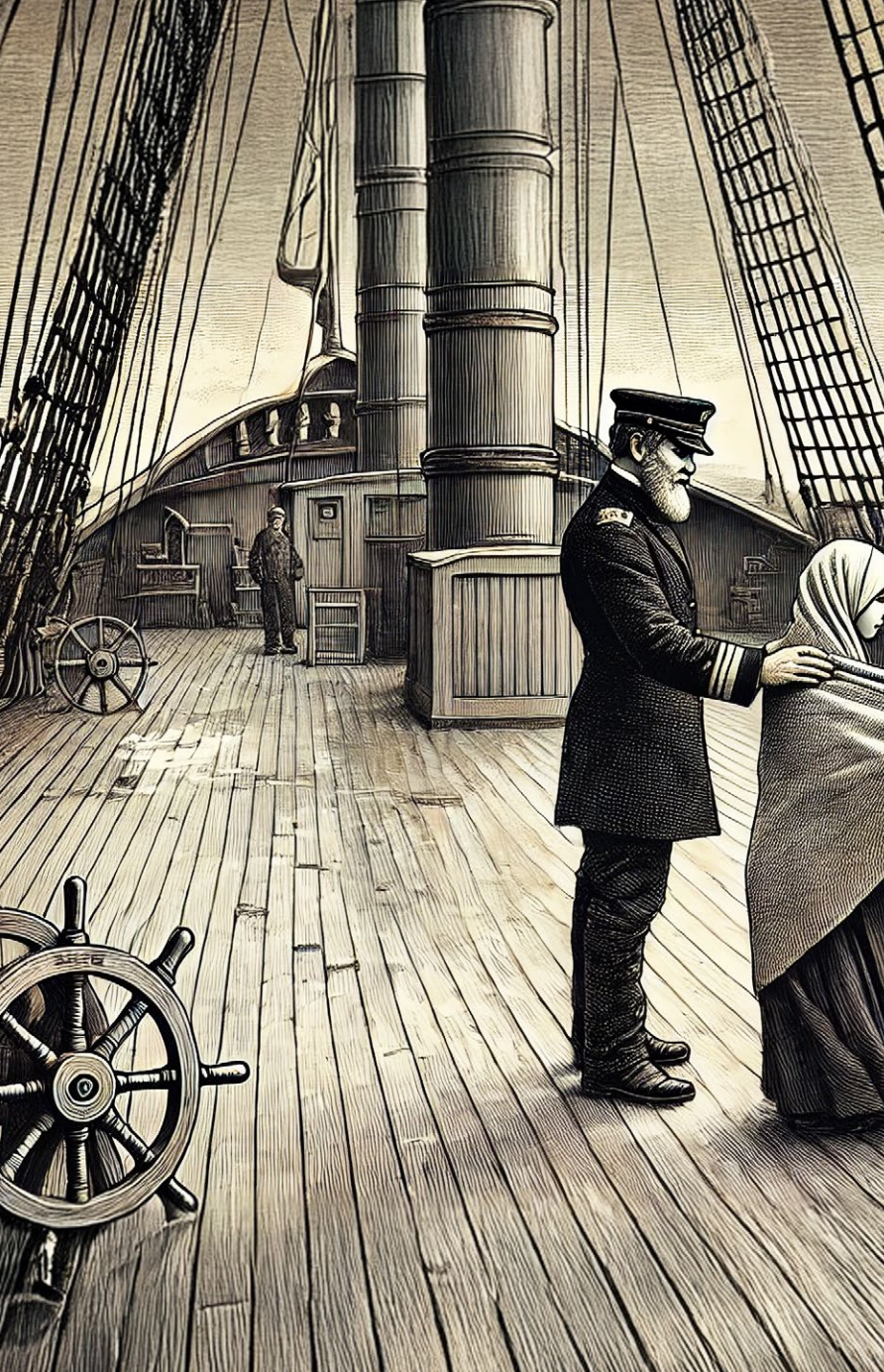




of the Ladies' Saloon. We felt greatly ashamed of having finished our wine so completely and expeditiously; we called the Stewardess, gave her the things and explained, hoping she would do the same to the Captain. But we were disgusted to see her coolly hand all to a steward who was going into the Saloon. However we told the story ourselves next day to Captain MacRae and Mrs. Hurton. Knowing the Captain and all would hear it, for whatever you say to one seems to go the round of the saloon. interesting news is so very scarce on "this 'ere ship".

Saturday 26th June. A poor man died in the steerage, of bronchitis; he was a Protestant, and working his passage out to Melbourne, his death was rather unexpected; the

Doctor was only with him the night he died. he and the Captain were called up suddenly, some of the Drs heard him going by; the Doctor could do nothing. The Captain read the prayers, and stayed with him till he died at 2 o'clock a.m. he was buried at 3 o'clock p.m. Saturday, in a canvas coffin with sand and coal to sink it, but it did not sink, and was visible for a long time; those who were there said "this was a good sign" of what, I wonder. Of course we were not present, but I heard the Captain read the service, and the ship's flag was taken out for the occasion, as a pall, I suppose. There is another man very ill too with Bronchitis, the great cold and damp here generally make an





The Captain's Gift of a Warm Shawl

"The sisters were surprised by the Captain coming behind them and enveloping them in a large warm shawl, telling them they should take care of themselves in such weather."

attack fatal; the last voyage, two gentleman passengers died. Saloon passengers feel uneasy lest the S^{rs} should get cold, but thank God they are wonderfully well.

A curious ceremony took place the 21st June which I forgot to mention before. The sailors had entered into their agreement that day month, but were to receive no pay till they returned to London again, lest they should leave the ship. So the Crew wanted a few shillings to spend in Melbourne, and they generally try, as they say "to sell the old horse"; this is a wooden frame they dress up like a horse; it has a moveable head; a man mounts on it and the sailors push it out

pull it along with ropes, and even make it jump and caper; in the dim evening light it looks very natural, they say. The horse was not brought up on the poop deck until 8 o'clock in the evening, the gunn mounted on its back began a song, something about hoping this old horse may be sold, all the sailors joined in the chorus, twice it went round the deck, and then the Auction began; several gentlemen bid, at last it was bought by Captain Burton for £3, but this was a kind of subscription from the gentlemen to the crew, who cheered loudly for them, as it was more than they expected. The horse was then raised up with pulleys to the middle of the mainmast, the

man sat on it, some lights were struck round it and then it was let fall with a great splash into the sea; this account was from those who witnessed the scene; I was in bed sick during the performance.

The Captain has a great eye on the *S^{ts}* since the cold weather set in, he seems to think they do not come on deck sufficiently muffled, and the other day *S^{ts}* M. Boniface and Berchmans were walking together; they had their shawls on, and were surprised by the Captain coming behind them, and enveloping them in a large warm shawl of his own, and telling them they should take care of themselves in such weather. Although a very gentlemanly man,

he is very distant and reserved in his manner to all the passengers, and this was quite a wonder among them; we were three weeks on board before he attempted even to bow to us; the first time he attempted it was after the Ps^{ts} had sung Mass for the first time; he approached Ps^{ts} M. Werchmanns and Laveria, cap in hand, and told the former what pleasure she and the "Lady Nuns" had given him that morning by their beautiful singing; he was at his usual post, the foot of the stairs behind the screen to keep all quiet during Mass. He did not say anything of this himself: the stewards told St. Carey.

We passed a ship bound for Melbourne about the middle of

June, it had started from London 12 days before us, and we left it behind and out of sight in a very short time; it was a sailing-vessel, and we counted 20 sails up.

Tuesday 29th June Mass at 7 o'clock very rough, but all able to assist at it (S.G.) in honour of S. S. Peter and Paul. Thanks giving after Holy Communion in Cabin, Office and Meditation in the Ladies' Saloon. Not so stormy or cold as yesterday, some appearance of sun, and deck pretty dry; the S^r had a good walk. I wrote the "notes" in Diary all morning till luncheon-time, then had a walk with S. M. Boniface. Lecture in the Ladies' Saloon, about the middle of our reading. M^{rs} Feeble, the old Danish lady, came in, and as we

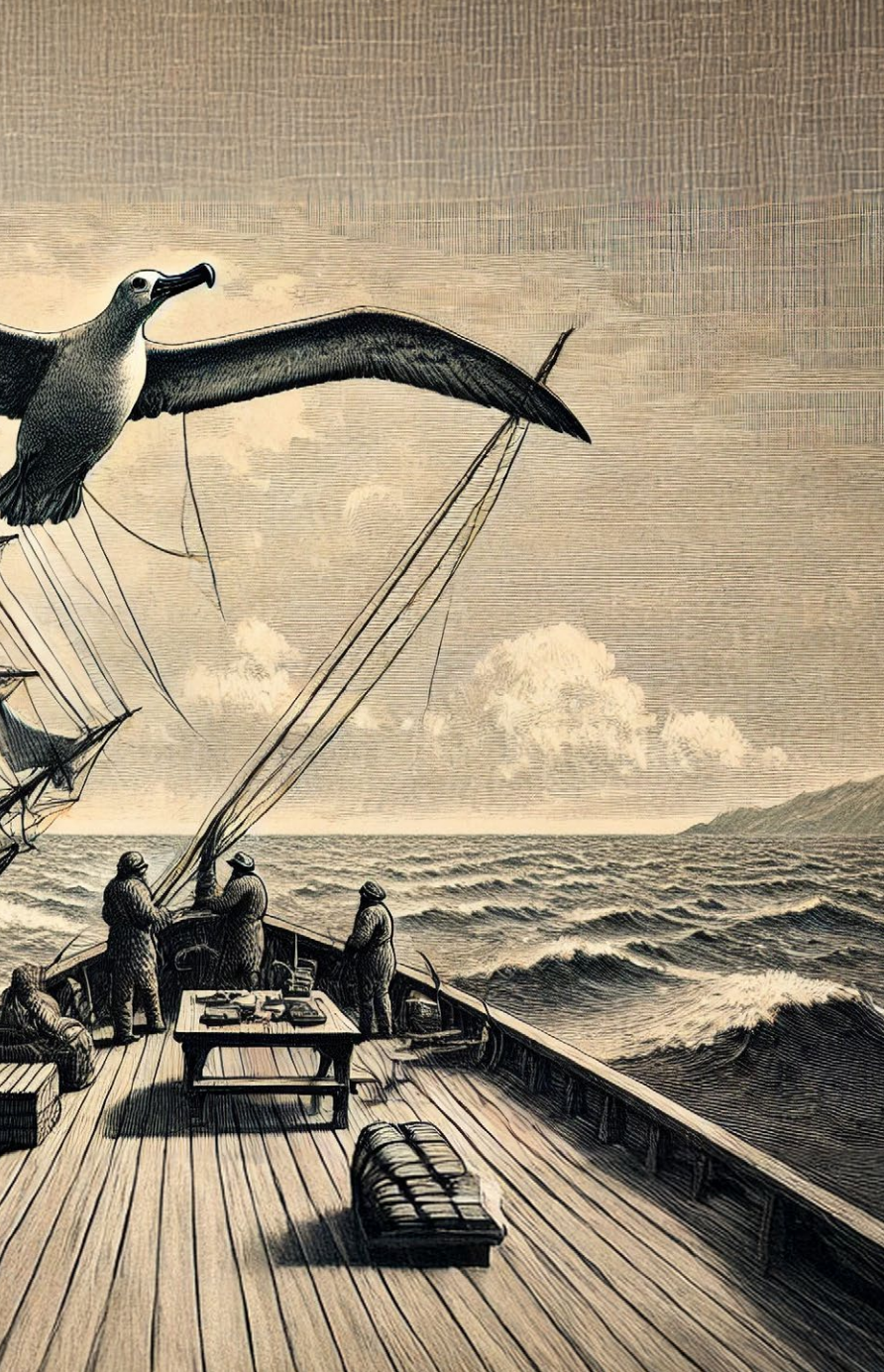
then still continued, she seemed to like what she heard, and remained to the end; it was a very nice lecture about the patience and charity of the Heart of Jesus, and a Chapter from Fr^{re} Faber's "Growth in Holiness"; I hope it ^{may} do her good.

Mr. Syles (Chief Stater) sent the Stewardess up with his pet of a little dog; it is just like a lump of white fluff - sick, I never saw such hair as "Flora's"; something like M. Joseph's "Snub" but not half the size. Helen amused herself with it a long time. Recreation after dinner and tea in Ladies' Saloon, amused ourselves with proverbs and puzzles etc, went to bed in good spirits, grateful to God, all save but poor Margaret. I thought of our Penovation Pictorial last



The Albatross and Seabirds

“The Albatross and a kind of bird, yellowish breast and brown wings, flew around the ship in great circles. If they catch an albatross, they tie a little label of wood on its neck with the name of the ship and the latitude and longitude, then let it free.”



year, and Mr. Carnell's arrival in Ennisorthy, and prayed before I went to bed for you all as fervently as I could that God would love and bless you and make you every day dearer to His Sacred Heart. Amen.

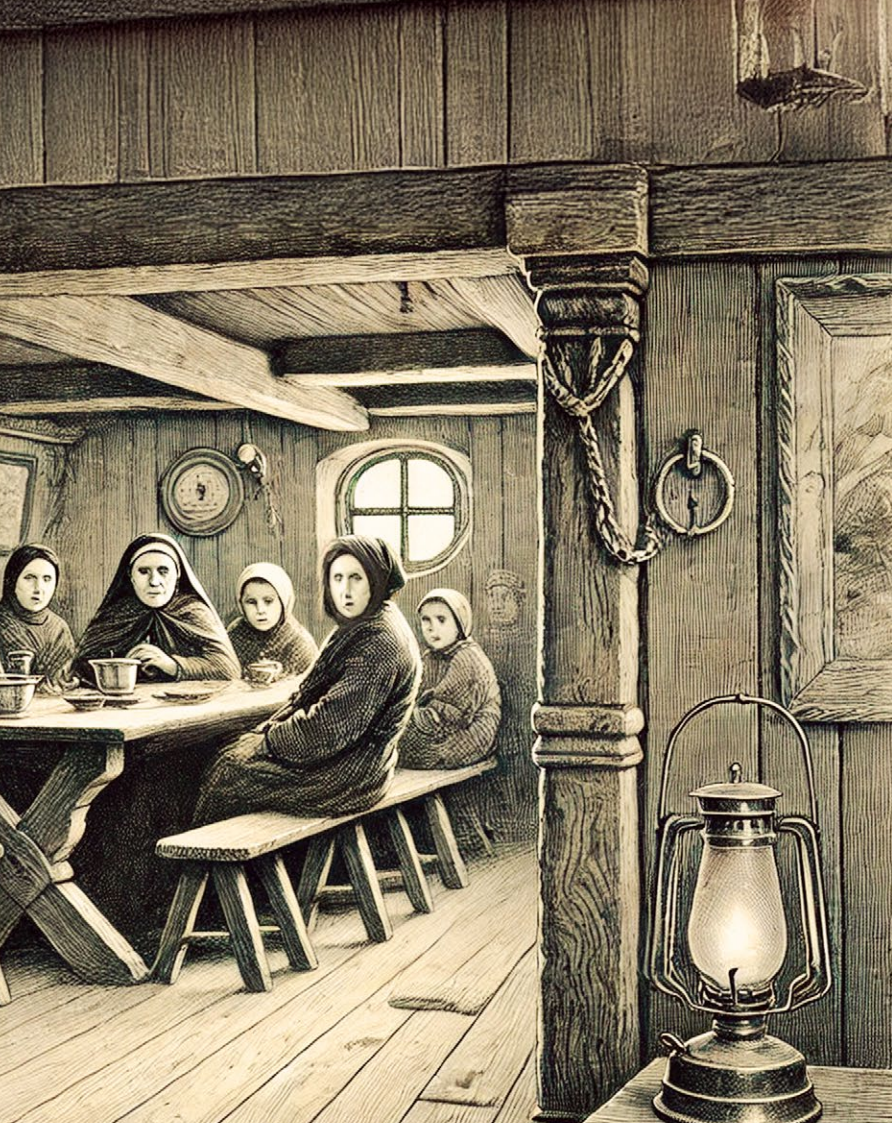
Wednesday 30th June. Finer day than even yesterday, more sun visible; passed Prince Edward's Island early in the morning: it was covered with snow. The Albatross, and a kind of bird, yellowish breast and brown wings, flying round the ship in great numbers, the gentlemen have lines and cords out to try and catch some of the birds, up to this time they are unsuccessful. If they catch an albatross, they tie a little label of wood on its neck with the name of the ship and the latitude and longi-

tude, then let it free; they say if it once got on deck, it could not get off without help. It measures about ten feet from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other, they do not look so large on sea.

The first-class passengers gave an entertainment in saloon in aid of a Charity for Seamen's Orphan. Reading, Recitation, Songs, and Piano-Vieces played by Mr. Tibbe the Dane. July 1875

Thursday 1st July. Wet, cold, dull day, no getting out on deck, S^{rs} busy studying and working, several little presents made for our lady friends and the children; S^{rs} M. Mogens and Werchmann at point lacc. M. Werchmann made a very pretty little paper basket for Mr. Brown's (The Ballarat lady) little girl Bertine; it was filled with green wool





A Child's Fear of the Nuns

"She got frightened at seeing us all sitting round and could only bow and kiss hands from the door."

moss and Everlastings; when Helen
 Hughes took it to her, she threw her
 arms round her neck and kissed her
 with delight, and said she would go
 and kiss all the nuns, but when she
 came to the door of our saloon, she
 got frightened at seeing us all sitting
 round, and could only bow and kiss
 hands from the door. She is a beautiful
 child about 4 years old, but is greatly
 afraid of the nuns; however I met
 her a while ago, and she gave me a
 good kiss; her Mamma says she
 must often come to see us in Walland.
 I wish she would let us teach her
 for her soul's sake. Her little
 brother Philip got his cadeau also,
 as he is two years old to-day; he
 is never happy but when with his
 Ma; at all other times "He is a terrible
 roarer, so he is", and would want

to be taught by M. Agnes' boys "the first lesson of her little school - Obedience".
Friday 2nd July. Feast of the Visitation, a dull November day in appearance, damp, drear, and cold, no wind out, all the sails furled, and we are only creeping along; as the Captain has to be very saving of his coal, there is only half steam up; - a great deal of his coal was wasted and rendered useless by the Fire we had in the Tropics, this makes the supply short, and the calm we have in this latitude is quite remarkable as the Captain expected a smart breeze and is every day disappointed; - he took up the screw twice in two days, and had to put it down again; it is much pleasanter sailing without the screw, but anything is better than standing still and rolling about.

The Sisters are all entreating St. Michael to get us a favourable wind. We sent a little box to-day to Mrs. Burton, it contained some nice samples of point-lace, sprigs of leaves and butterflies on handsome boxes of ribbon and silk, also a pretty pin-cushion and marker, all the work of Sr^s M. Aloysius and Berchmans. Mrs. B. has just come to Ladies' Saloon to thank us; she and Captain B. were so kind I am glad we had some little thing to give them. I have been thinking of dear Sr^s who may have renewed their vows to-day, and united with them in spirit. I hope our Blessed Mother obtained for them all great love and fervour.

Saturday 3rd July Last night before going to bed, we all agreed to say the Little Crown of St. Michael and the St. Angels

we said it together in Ladies' Saloon.
 The consequence was, the scree was
 taken up, the wind got up too, and
 by the time we went to bed, the sea
 was so rough that we were nearly
 thrown out of our berths. To make
 matters worse M. Lucier's bed and
 mine had been so damp that the
 mattresses were removed and put
 on trunks for the night, so not
 having sides to keep us in like the
 berths, we were in danger of finding
 ourselves on the floor more quickly
 than gracefully; however I was
 propped up, and felt safe. The wind
 and sea continued to rise during
 the night, and boxes, barrels, and
 bottles, began a noisy dance; - some-
 times a loose tin trunk would take
 a caper, and come smash against
 one of the cabin doors; a library

over S. M. Lacroix's head, or rather a quantity of books on a shelf, rained down over her; she tried to stick on to the bed, but was not so successful in keeping blankets and quilt on. A large bottle of Holy Water slipped across the room; it was broken against the opposite wall; a large wooden box or rather chest of St. Bruno's that was over two bruntles came down with a great crash bringing with it a cup and saucer which it left in pieces on the floor. A good deal of glass, chiefly bottles, was broken through the ship; we heard great laughing occasionally from the neighbouring cabins. St. Michael gave us a snowy night, but as there was no great storm nor any danger, we felt most grateful to him when we found the ship had made such

progress during the night. Snow and hail had fallen during this time, and someone made a snowball on deck, brought it down to saloon, and said to one of the ladies, "Now you may boast of having had a snowball in your hand in July". The sun came out beautifully after breakfast, everyone went on deck; I delayed a little, and when going upstairs met a lady who said the snow was beginning again, still persevered, and had a good walk in the snow. A very delicate lady, Mrs. Caudwell, who had not left her cabin for a fortnight, was seated on deck rolled up in a large fur rug; on her head her husband had put a bit of an old sail to keep off the snow it had a strange effect; - this lady

has a fortune in diamonds worth I forget how many thousand pounds, Mr. Cantrill showed them to Mr. Carey, necklaces, bracelets, a kind of tiara etc. he said they were so bright he could not look at them. Took another long walk on deck, had a very pleasant recreation, sang the Litany of the Blessed Lady all together in Ladies Saloon after supper had a little music, said the Coron of St. Michael and the Angels again, and went to bed.

Sunday 1st July Mass at 7 oc. sea so rough it took 40 minutes, had some very nice singing, and the usual attendance of Catholics and Protestants. Going rapidly along, Mr. Rowe came to our Saloon, and said Captain Holt expects to be in Melbourne

Saturday fortnight, we told her we expect to be in Friday 16th she rather wondered we were a day before the Captain, but we calculated on the assistance of the Angels and their Queen. During service in the Saloon there were some droll scenes of tumbling and climbing on, we were told; the Harmonium was brought into Saloon during breakfast; it remained standing for a moment or two, then fell flat on its face; just as it was raised up and tied to a rail, an armful of cups and saucers our little waiter was carrying went down and changed their form on the floor much to the amusement of Bally Bachelhouse, who was sitting near. Mr. Carey sent us his Sunday's dessert; it

consisted of sugared strawberries
 and jellies and preserved ginger,
 nearly every Thursday and
 Sunday he gets something specially
 good, and sends it to us. After
 dinner every day we have about
 eight different dishes of pies, pud-
 dings, tarts and sweets, it is nearly
 an hour before we come to the end
 of this course, and we thought in
 the first days this was quite
 long enough to sit, indeed, too
 long for most of us, so we all moved
 off; after a while we discovered
 there were two more courses, bread
 and cheese, and fruit or preserves,
 but we never waited for either, it
 was as well not as we had a table
 to ourselves, and could do as we
 liked, and did not drink wine
 as at the other table. I think

the seculars rather admired our not staying, from the remarks they made. We had a quiet walk on deck instead during the fine weather, but the Steward George often brought to Dr. Carey's cabin a sufficient supply for himself and the nuns. Miss — has had a severe attack on her chest, she is a delicate little thing: the Doctor ordered her to remain near the fire when she got up, and as the stove is at the end of our table, she came to ask my leave to sit at our table for a few days. I told her she should be a nun if she came to our refectory, she was amused at this, but only stayed 2 or 3 days. She asked if I knew and liked Thomas à Kempis, of course I said yes, but surprised her by

telling her the same as I did to Mrs
 Mackhouse on a similar occasion
 that in the Protestant edition of the
 Imitation, one beautiful part had
 to be left out; viz. the 4th Book, but
 as it was all about the Blessed
 Sacrament and Mass, of course it
 would not suit them; both ladies
 said they never knew there was a
 4th Book, and it was a pity to omit
 it. I said I should show it to them,
 as I will when an opportunity
 offers. Did not forget S. M. Scholae-
 stica's anniversary in Gorey. R. I. P.
Monday 5th July. We all said the Little
 Crown last night in Ladies' Saloon,
 but could not kneel, owing to the
 dancing propensities of the table,
 which is not fastened to the floor,
 as all those in the large saloon
 are, still as they go with the

ship, they sometimes present a strange appearance, but "Table-moving" has ceased to be a wonder to us. The Captain told Mr. Kack-house a sad story of a table on one of his voyages. The tables were not well fixed, and whilst at dinner one of them fell on the Doctor of the ship, and absolutely cut him in two, he was killed on the spot. I could well believe it, for the tables, chairs, and all the furniture, are immensely heavy. They seem to be weighted; there are wooden frames placed on the table in rough weather, and the plates, etc. are kept from slipping pretty well by them, provided you are careful to slant everything contrary to the slant of the ship, or the way it heaves. I am often

afraid, when I see everything on
 the table tumbling down to my
 side, lest the table should come
 after them; at breakfast this
 morning the moment S^r Carey's
 tea was laid on the table, away
 it went between S^r M. Gertrude
 and himself; the same happened
 to his soup at dinner, and he and
 the S^r next him felt very nervous
 during the repast, owing to a large
 dish of some kind of hash swim-
 ming in a rich gravy, the steward
 placed it for safety in a dumb
 waiter over their heads, and it
 swung to and fro in rather a ner-
 vous way for those beneath to
 look at, but really safe, as these swing-
 shelves and the lamps are hung on
 scientific principles so that they always
 keep their centre in equilibrium.

Tuesday 6th July Last night very rough, but not so noisy as the night before. However, Bernice gave one grand contribution, she had two cases of starch, flour, and tea, with a smoothing-iron on a shelf which ran along the cabin and projected into the passage; all these boxes ran out and tumbled over, with some soap and the iron, making a noisy din. M^{rs} Benwick sent us one of the largest and most beautiful Photographic Albums I ever saw, filled with cartes of all living celebrities, and two packages of large photographs, views of Rome, Florence, Venice, London, and copies of some beautiful pictures. The smallest of these were the same size as Lawrence's views of the Convent, and nearly all much

larger. M^r B. got them wholesale to sell in Ballarat, where he has a large drapery establishment; he has a Photographic Gallery of it too, and told M^{rs} Mackhouse the building of it cost £20,000. A few days before he left London, he received intelligence of the death of his wife, and a large young family await him in Ballarat; the youngest an infant, he is very anxious to arrive home quickly. The Captain announced a small storm to-night, or, as he calls it, "a sneeze", all things in the ship are secured, and so we go to bed, not expecting to sleep.

Wednesday 7th July Before going to bed we heard that one of the sails of the ship had been carried away, still they say there is no storm, only

a "stiff breeze," - anything to equal it! the cabins seem to turn upside down, it would be impossible to describe it; the waves are dashing up over the windows every few moments, darkening the room until they pass; during the night there was great noise, when the ship gave two or three great heaves then sometimes there would be a great crash of bottles, plates, boxes, and I know not what; the Stewards, Midshipmen, and all loungers about would cry out and laugh, sometimes run up and down the corridor, so that we half suspected some of the crashes were made up for the occasion, and for the benefit of the passengers trying to doze in their cabins.

Thursday 8th July. The storm, or

"sweeze" has increased; last night before going to bed we heard one of the sails had been carried away. S. M. Boniface had her bed on the floor in our cabin, as she found it impossible to hold her high position over S. M. Aloysius' berth; few slept any during the night with the addition of an empty barrel rolling about. Sr. Gertrude Aloysius and Boniface went to bed after breakfast to try and get a little sleep. Helen Hughes too, they were worn out for want of rest. I got in between a bed and a trunk on the floor of our cabin and commenced my letters "Home" stopping every now and then when a great heave of the vessel would turn the things upside down or a wave dashing against the

window left us all in darkness
 until it passed; during these
 little interruptions it was neces-
 sary to seize the ink-bottle in
 one hand, and hold on to the bed
 or trunk with the other. S. M.
 Moynier, seeing this going on from
 her berth, asked me gravely had
 I tied myself to the bed, as she
 did not know otherwise how I
 kept from falling; however I got
 the contents of the ink-bottle into
 my lap on one occasion, and I
 hope my dear friends at home will
 take into consideration the diffi-
 culties of my "pursuit of letters"
 when reading them.

A gentleman's servant was washed
 over the 2nd deck to day by one
 wave and fortunately dashed
 back by another almost im-

mediately, so he escaped with a cut head, and of course a great shock. The little Commadore had a bad fall also, and was brought down stairs crying like a baby. As a small consolation for all these accidents we are going at the rate of upwards of 300 miles in the 24 hours and if we could keep up that speed we should land in Melbourne on the 18th, we are still distant from it 2500 miles. The Captain is in great spirits.

Friday 9th July. Beautiful day, sea calmer, so that we could all have a nice walk on deck. Mrs. Backhouse took a few rounds with us she told me we have quite upset all the saloon passengers' previous ideas about nuns, and even her own; she thought we should be

very austere melancholy creatures who really accepted of conventual life as a kind of last resource from the sorrows and disappointments of the world, and here she sees the Sisters at every hour of the day, the picture of content and happiness, always occupied, cheerful and without restraint when spoken to, pure and free from the world; and a great deal more, which she says quite puzzles her. I promised to give her Dr. —'s Lectures on Conventual Life; they will enlighten her, as they were written more for Protestants than Catholics.

Saturday 10th July. Rather rough this morning; confessions at one o'clock. Fear we cannot have Mass and Holy Communion to-morrow if it is not calmer. To-day a

pair of ducks scampered off our table before we went into dinner, and ran into opposite cabins. Helen Hughes was sitting in saloon, saw the race, and recaptured, all moccasins kept dancing during dinner.

Sunday 11th July. No Mass, walking difficult, felt very much as if my old friend "Oh my" sea-sickness was returning, but kept it off during the day. Captain had his service as usual, morning and evening in saloon.

Monday 12th July. Very sick, got up and dressed, then lay down on the floor which was up on one side like the slant beside the terrace (Gorey) and there was as sea-sick as anything. M. Moysins got the brandy and water, it burned me going down, as usual, but no

matter, felt all the better after, I was not able to go into saloon today for meals, but had them in cabin, stayed in bed nearly all day rolling about, but felt my headache much better after getting rid of so much.

Tuesday 13th July Father Carey came to cabin last night to know what hour would be best to say Mass in the cabin in the morning. settled on 8 o'clock. Had Mass and Holy Communion in Fr^r Carey's cabin. Day very fine, and knew I should have a walk on deck, although I am as disinclined for walking exercise as ever. Fr^s M. Aloysius and Dorothea are famous walkers, and S. M. Aloysius always manages that I should take a walk every day.



Sick and Sea-Sick with Remedies

“Very sick, got up and dressed, then lay down on the floor... M. Aloysius got the brandy and water; it burned me going down but felt better after.”



that it is practicable, and indeed sometimes when it would seem not to be so from the fact of the deck being on such a slant that Captain Backhouse says we learn by it to walk like flies on the perpendicular, he is the most incessant walker himself, being accustomed to it in the army, and takes the greatest interest in my perambulations, enquiring how I had my walk, and recommending the *P.^{re}* to make me take it. Poor *S^r Aloisius* sea-sick to day, but she has more energy than I have to shake it off or get over it: she was able to go to saloon, and had her walk on deck.

Wednesday 11th July Gave our good Captain Holt his long promised treat of a little sacred music for himself

He came to Ladies Saloon at half
 past five o'clock (by appointment)
 and brought Father Carey with him
 who never saw it before, as no gen-
 tleman ever comes in there. The
 Captain said that on other voyages he
 always had the Choir for Church
 service to practice there, but he
 did not this time, lest he should
 inconvenience the Nuns. We got
 the photographs of Pradymann
 and Gorey, and showed them to
 our visitors, both were very much
 pleased with them. It was easy to
 see what a love for Music the
 Captain has, his whole heart and
 soul seemed in it; the Sisters sang
 some of Mozart's 12th Mass, which
 is his favourite, a "Tantum" "Salu-
 taris" "Ave Maria" "Te Prego" "Amen
 Vingo" "Memorare" & "O Voices"; the



Captain's Memories of Windsor Chapel

"He spoke of her Majesty's Organist and hearing Mozart's Mass at Windsor."



Captain said he would much rather
 have that singing than the best Opera
 London could give him; that in
 fact he would not compare any music
 with Sacred Music, but that of Sa-
 cred Music he preferred Masses,
 nothing, he said, made him so
 forget this world and all his troubles,
 and lost him so out of himself.
 He often went to hear her Majesty's
 Organist (I forget the name) play
 in the private Chapel at Windsor,
 he says it is the most beautiful or-
 gan in England, and beautifully
 played; sometimes they have Mo-
 zart's music, but Haydn or Weber,
 it is all the same to him, so as
 it is a Mass. I told him he
 must hope for a special enjoy-
 ment in Heaven, where there
 is endless beautiful Music and

we should all be able to sing so sweetly. He told us of his father who died of softening of the brain and nothing was able to tranquillise him but Sacred Music; it was not unusual for his sister to play the harmonium all day long for him, then he would remain calm and at rest, but at all other times he would continue raving; - the poor Captain said he often thought he should be like him before he died. We asked which was it better to come out to Australia in May or November; the Captain said November decidedly the best for many reasons which he gave us, but remarked he never had so decidedly favourable a voyage at this time of year as the present; we laughed





Captain Holt's Sacred Music Soiree

*"Gave Captain Holt a treat of sacred music in the Ladies' Saloon...
His whole heart and soul seemed in it."*

about the superstition of sailors not wishing to have Priests or Nuns on board, - he would not admit it was a general belief, particularly with regard to Nuns. We said we hoped some of our Sisters from Ireland would get come out with him in the Somersetshire, of course he said nothing would give him so much pleasure, and indeed I hope if any of the Sisters will be inspired and get the permission to come to us, they may sail in the Somersetshire, for, with a view to make people be kind to them, we have tried to make friends for them in "their own ships" - Captain Holt was only two Christmas at home in twenty-five years, he returns to England

next month, will leave for Melbourne again in November, and when he arrives in London next April, thinks this ship is to be enlarged, and get more powerful engines; being an iron ship, it will be easy to do this; then she will be swift as well as sure, she has the name of being very safe but not swift. I should tell you the Captain had his dress coat with gold lace and buttons, on for our soiree; he wears this on Sundays and state occasions! he thanked us most warmly on leaving, and we thanked him for all his kindnesses since we came on board.

Thursday, 15th July. Was aroused very early this morning by a man chopping sticks outside our cabin door;

yesterday it was some compatriot
 singing "God save Ireland"; - last
 night while I was asleep there was a
 long piece of Scottish poetry recited at
 the lamp by a M^r Smith to an
 admiring audience, but one gets so
 accustomed to all the noises, one
 knowing the other that they do
 not keep such good sleepers as I am
 awake. Our cabins in Lower Saloon
 are much quieter than those in the
 Upper, as they are next the deck and
 have all the noise of the people
 and sailors working over their
 heads with the pulling of ropes,
 sails etc. We are under the upper
 saloon, of course we have some
 inconveniences also; but I agree
 with the Captain, who says that
 as a passenger, he would much
 prefer one of the lower cabins; - this

is a hint for our successors in this ship.

Friday 16th July. Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Mass and Holy Communion, thank'd God; prayed for M. Carmel. All feel so happy at the thought of being near our journey's end. The distill of Saloon dishes grows nearly as strong as when it was a "Chamber of Horrors"; - great betting on day and hour of arrival at Melbourne. I say we shall arrive in Ballarat on the 20th, St. Joseph's Feast.

Saturday 17th July. Packed up all the morning... don't mean to say by this that I succeeded in getting the early hours of the day packed up in our trunk; but got all loose things in the Cabin stowed away, and felt as if this were a

great advance towards land; went
 on deck for a long walk, and some
 of our lady friends came to express
 their regret at our approaching sep-
 aration. The Captain told F^r Carey
 that he intended to give a Cham-
 pagne party and supper to the sa-
 loon passengers this evening, and
 he would be glad to know if the
 Nuns and F^r Carey would honour
 the saloon with their presence.
 F^r Carey said he did not think
 we would, but could ask the nuns,
 of course we begged to be excused,
 particularly as we should all
 retire early, to rise early for Mass.
 Some of the stewards told F^r Carey
 that the party would not break
 up till about 2 or 3 o'clock a.m.
 also, that there would be no tea
 at seven in the saloon, as the

supper was to take place at 9 oc.
we made up our minds we should
not be down after our tea. After
dinner our waiter (Benjamin)
informed me during dessert that
there would be coffee if we would
wait, "as there was to be no tea".
I told him calmly we could
not take supper and dinner at
the same time, and that we in-
tended to have our tea in the La-
dies' Saloon, so we were suffered
to depart in peace. At seven
Benjamin appeared in Ladies' Sa-
loon with tea cups, bread, etc the
Stewardess also assisting; they
brought in a white table cloth,
and I thought we were going to
have something special, but no,
the usual bread, butter, and jam
and toast. The sea got very

rough, and the little table commenced to quiver about, to the no small danger of Fr^s Berchmans and Dorothica's heads; they were sitting on the floor, and had their picnic on a box where the Bibles and service books were kept. When going down to our cabins, we met some of the guests, visibly decked out for the party.

Sunday 18th July. Ship rolled fearfully all last night, difficult dressing in the morning, but all got up early with the hope of Mass. Fr^s Carey held a consultation, and we decided to wait till half-past eight, to see if it might get calmer. S. M. Berchmans made several attempts to arrange the Altar, but at last we abandoned the idea of hearing Mass, much to the disappoint-

ment of some ladies, particularly
 Mrs Burton, and Mrs Provo, who
 had risen early after their late sit-
 up, to assist at our last Mass,
 perhaps I should say hear our
 last singing, but I think it is
 a good thing to bring poor wan-
 dering souls into the Real Pres-
 ence of our dearest Lord, when
 they know how to observe a be-
 coming reverence, as all our visi-
 tors did. Each one heard her
 own Mass in private; - there
 was no church service to day.
 A long strip of land visible, but
 very distant; they say it is Port-
 land, diocese of Ballarat. Every-
 one hopes we may arrive at Cape
 Otway before dark that we
 may be telegraphed to Mel-
 bourne, and get the pilot on





Rough Tea and Dangerous Tables

"The sea got very rough, and the little table commenced to pitch about."

board. Saw the lights on Cape
 Otway about eight o'clock.
Monday, 19th July. Last night we were
 awakened by the ship stopping,
 and great cheering of the crew for
 the pilot, who came on board:
 the night was so bright, with
 moonlight. When we woke in
 the morning we were safe at
 Sandridge Pier, and crowds of
 beautiful ships round us. Said
 grateful prayers and hurried up
 on deck, a pretty sight was to be
 seen from it, a large man-of-war
 just beside us, all the guns
 mounted and pointed, we were
 told it was the Melbourne train-
 ing ship; small boats and
 skiffs coming over the Bay to the
 Somersetshire, some of the vessels
 moved aside, and ours came up

close to the pier, a railway for luggage comes along it up to the side of the ship, no climbing down a ladder, but you just step from the ship to the pier.

Friends of passengers had already come on board, and when we went down to breakfast there were several new faces, amongst them some of the children of Mr. Bewick; it must have been a sad meeting. Newspapers were eagerly read by the gentlemen. We enjoyed beef-steaks and fresh eggs for breakfast. The officer of health came on board and Doctor gave a favourable account of the health of the passengers and crew; all were indeed, thank God, well, so no fear of quarantine at Sandridge. Immediately after breakfast





Melbourne Pilot boat Arrival

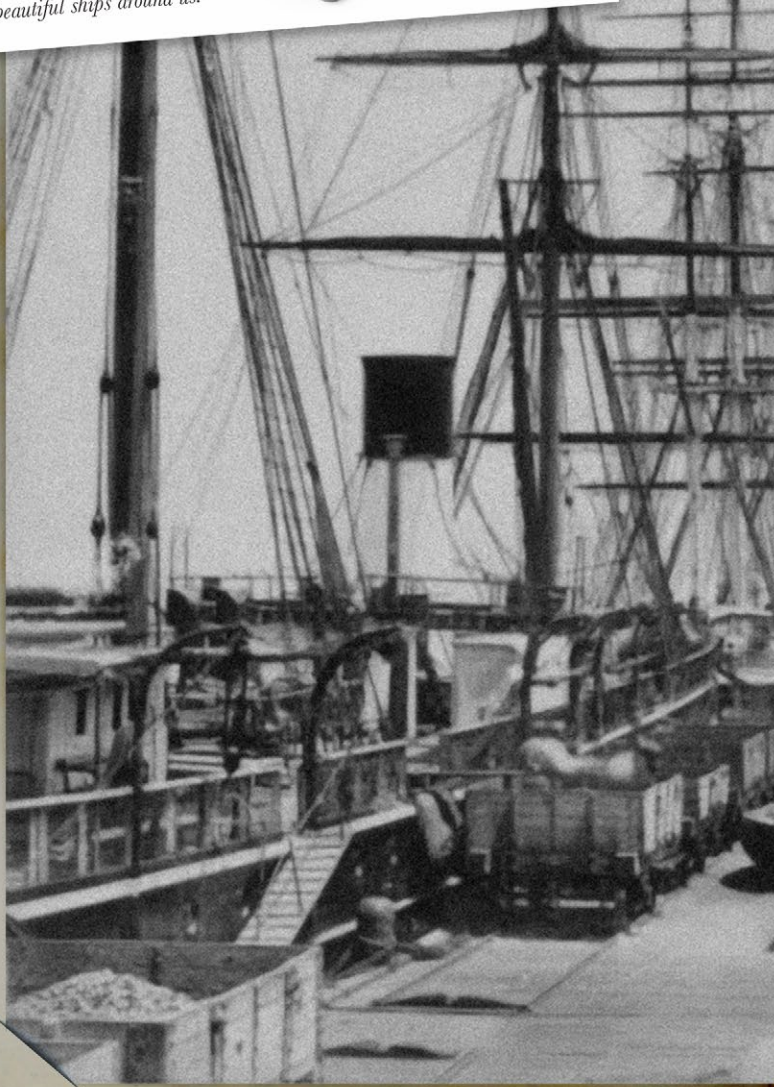
“Last night, we were awakened by the ship stopping and great cheering of the crew for the pilot boat who came on board.”

we hastened to put the finishing touch to our packing. Trunks were corded, addresses looked to, the Stewardess rewarded with £1. George dined, little Benjamin 10p, Helen and Father Carey contributed their share, and all Officials were particularly attentive and obliging. We put on Communion veils, Kid gloves, and boots, took our shawls on our arms, and went on deck to look out for the Bishop, although we were told that unless a telegram was sent from Cape Otway the evening before, our arrival could not be known. Our friends came to take leave of us, none seemed so affected as Mrs and Captain Burton, Mrs Hobson (her mother) Mrs McCaffey and Mrs Backhouse;

the ladies shed tears. Poor Mr. Hobbs "the Dane" met a severe trial; the old lady had great fears she should die of joy on seeing her son on board the ship, and now the news came that he had left Melbourne and gone to India; both mother and brother were in great grief, and we tried to console them by every thing we could think of, while the kind-hearted Mr. Caldwell went into Melbourne to find out the truth of the report. Before we left we had the satisfaction to learn that Mr. C. returned with the good news that Mr. Hobbs the elder was in Sydney, and would return in a few days. In the meantime, two strange priests came on board, and I was

Arrival at Sandridge Pier

"When we woke in the morning, we were safe at Sandridge Pier with crowds of beautiful ships around us."





called forward to be introduced to them; they were, Father Cahill, Superior of the Jesuits in Melbourne, and Father Watson S.J. Fr. Cahill said he was commissioned by Dr. O'Connor to meet us, and give us welcome whenever we arrived, in case he should not be on the spot himself; - so now he welcomed us to Australia for our Bishop, as his Lordship could not be in Melbourne before the 4 o'clock train. We were to go with him into the city, or rather with Fr. Watson, and he would go on and provide carriages for us by the time we reached Melbourne, as he wished us to go to the Archbishop first, and then to the Good Shepherd Nuns at Abbotsford, so, recommending our luggage to the

special care of the first Officer,
 Mr. Ayres, bidding him and all
 others adieu, we left the ship
 ship same way as we entered it
 except there was no ladder nor
 stairs at the side of the ship,
 which was on a keel with the
 pier. Father Watson led the way,
 and impressed on us that we
 need not wait quietly, but fol-
 low slowly after him, this we
 did, three and three, like a pro-
 cession, only we carried little
 black bags with things for our
 immediate use, this was a wise
 precaution. Sandridge Pier is
 about ten minutes' walk from
 the railway station; arrived
 there we had a delay of half an
 hour, I begged Mr. Watson to
 take the purse and get the tickets.

there was such a number of us
 but he would not, said I?
 Cahill would scold all; this good
 I^r returned by the up train with
 a I^r O'Sullivan from the Arch-
 bishop's. We got into the train, and
 in about seven minutes arrived
 in Melbourne; here two large
 waggons received us all, they
 were covered overhead. The I^rs
 sat outside with the drivers, and
 pointed out the principal public
 buildings as we passed; some
 of them were magnificent, as
 the Treasury, the Governor's House,
 etc. Streets large, and wide at
 the sides. We drove up a hand-
 some avenue and stopped before
 the Archbishop's residence; it
 has a most imposing appear-
 ance, the usual veranda that

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