

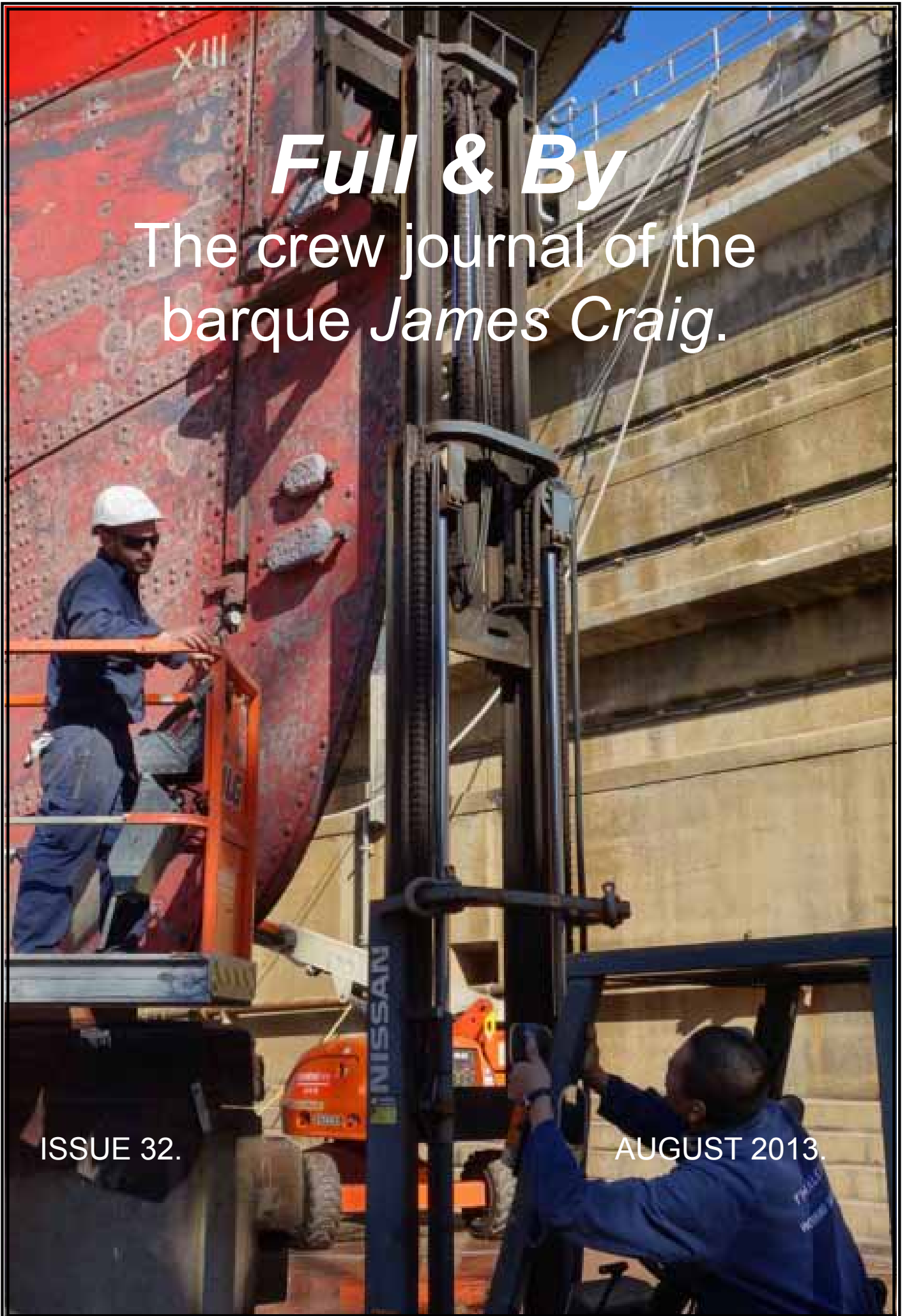
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Full & By

The crew journal of the
barque *James Craig*.

ISSUE 32.

AUGUST 2013.



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barque *James Craig*.

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Web site: www.shf.org.au/JCraig/JCraig.html

Compiled & edited by: Peter Davey.
pedavey@gmail.com

Contributors: various.

Sub-editor & Layout: John Cowie.
pescelino@ihug.com.au

Cover photo: Fork lift to lift the rudder. Patrick Chandler.

The opinions expressed in this journal may not necessarily be the viewpoint of the Sydney Maritime Museum, the Sydney Heritage Fleet or the crew of the *James Craig* or its officers.

Rigging Blocks.

At the beginning of the Napoleonic wars, rigging blocks, for the Royal Navy, were made by hand. A rigging block consisted of a shell – a hollowed out of solid block of oak within sat a pulley wheel fitted with a bearing slotted through the shell. The bearing and wheel were traditionally made of *Lignum Vitae*¹. The Royal Navy used a hundred thousand in a year or two million for the Napoleonic wars.

The rigging block's main use was in the management of the sails of the ship. The development of the pulley block was fundamental to the workings of a ship as it meant heavier loads could be carried with less power. Increasing the number of pulleys increased the weight that could be moved. When combined with rope and two or more blocks it formed a tackle (pronounced takle). This was used to multiply the power exerted on a rope. The gain in power is equivalent to the number of ropes, which enter and leave the moving block of the tackle. The lower yards of a ship of the line carried: jear blocks, bunt-line blocks, leach-line blocks, lift blocks, topsail sheet blocks, clew-garnet blocks, tricing blocks, preventer-brace blocks, pendant blocks, studding sail-halyard blocks. Blocks are named and distinguished by the ropes which they

carry, and the uses they serve for, e.g. bowlines blocks, clew-lines blocks, halyards, blocks, etc. The blocks consisted of several types of wood (including *lignum vitae*), iron, bronze and they all required hand-finishing, assembly and were therefore very complex and expensive to produce by the traditional methods.

Marc Isambard Brunel, father of Isambard Kingdom Brunel², born in France in 1769 had a talent for drawing, mechanics and engineering. He left France, because of his royalist sympathies, and fled to the United States where he became an architect and civil engineer. Hearing about the Royal Navy's problem with the supply of rigging blocks Brunel studied their design and devised a way to mass produce them. He was so confident of his method that he resigned his position in New York and sailed for England in 1799.

At the time, the contractor, Fox and Taylor, was being paid £24,000³ a year to provide blocks for Royal Navy. Brunel offered his designs to Fox and Taylor, whose workforce of over 100 block-makers worked by hand. His offer being rejected, Brunel combined with one of

the greatest mechanics of the day, Henry Maudslay. He eventually won the contract to install the Brunel/ Maudslay block-making machinery at the Portsmouth Block Mills in 1802. By 1805 a total of 45 machines were installed at Portsmouth; drills to drill the holes, circular saws to trim the blocks, planes to shape the sides of the blocks and trim the corners, and scoring machines. The machines initially powered by 12-horsepower steam engines were eventually replaced with 30-horse

power steam engines. The Portsmouth Block Mills were the first to be powered by steam and the first production-line factory.

It took Brunel several years to complete and install the highly complicated machines. Mainly they were made from cast iron and English cast iron of the day was considered too brittle (English wrought iron was even rejected for Government contracts such as anchors). Brunel spent £2000 of his own money to develop the project but it was not until 1808 that the Navy Board finally consented to pay him £1,000 on account. In 1810 the Navy Board consented to a further payment of £17000. His designs and a set of beautiful working models are now in the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich.

THE MACHINES.

Up until the introduction of Brunel's block-making machines the components of most blocks were manufactured individually which resulted in a slight variation between similar components. There were 22 different processes required to manufacture a single block and Brunel's machines were purpose-built to produce standard components in large quantities. His designs were highly innovative and the machines, being constructed of metal rather than wood, produced components of an exceptional accuracy. There were 3 series of block-making machines set up in a production-line configuration for the manufacture of small, medium and large blocks. The first set, for medium-sized blocks, commenced production in January 1803, the second set, for small blocks, in May 1803 and the third set, for large blocks, in March 1805. Brunel also introduced the idea of registration marks being impressed into the wooden shells by the boring machine at the beginning of the process. These indentations were registered on corresponding projections on the subsequent machines



Photo: John Cowie

to ensure the proper alignment and accuracy. Among the many advantages to these machines was that they allowed production methods to become far less labor intensive. As Richard Beamish wrote in his book, *Life of Sir Isambard Brunel*: "...so that ten men, by the aid of this machinery, can accomplish with uniformity, celerity and ease, what formerly required the uncertain labor of one hundred and ten." When in full production the 45 machines made not less than 200 assorted type and size blocks and almost overnight the 110 skilled artificers were replaced by 10 relatively unskilled

Portsmouth Dockyard has been in the forefront of technological development for over 500 years. The dockyard introduced the world's first dry dock (1495), the first rolling mills were developed locally to make iron bands to reinforce wooden masts, Marc Brunel invented the first steam powered industrial production line for the manufacture of wooden pulley blocks - and the revolutionary steam turbine. An expression that has become common usage in the English language is Chock-a-block (in seamanship this means the position when two blocks come together so as there is no more



Photo: John Cowie.



Photo: John Cowie.



Photo: John Cowie.



Photo: John Cowie.

workers. The only manual labor required was simply to supply the wood as needed and to transfer the block from one machine to the next machine in the production line.

The Portsmouth block-making machinery proved to be exceptionally reliable and enduring. At the peak of production, the machines were able to turn out 130,000 blocks in a year, easily meeting the Royal Navy's entire requirement for blocks. The machines were so well made that many of them were still operational up to the mid-twentieth century when the landing craft in the D-Day invasion, in 1944, were equipped with blocks made on the Portsmouth production-line.

IMPACT.

From the moment it took over block production in 1805, the Portsmouth block-making machinery caught the public imagination. Described in *Rees' Cyclopaedia* in 1819 as "the most ingenious and complete system of machinery for forming articles from wood, of any this kingdom can produce", it was a magnet for sightseers at Portsmouth. So much so, that in 1805 Marc Brunel erected a fence around the block mill to keep visitors out. Despite all the public admiration the machinery received, the mass-production principles that Brunel's machinery embodied were not widely applied in British manufacturing until the 1850s.

movement is possible {also called two blocks and block-and-block}). Richard H. Dana Jr. *Two Years Before the Mast*, 1840, he refers to "Hauling the reef-tackles chock-a-block". The common meaning is crammed so tightly together as to prevent movement. *James Craig* carries over 350 blocks aloft. HMS *Victory* carried over 1000 blocks. *Cook's Endeavour* carried approximately 900 blocks. A 74-gun ship of the line needed 922 blocks. The mighty five-masted ship-rigged "*Preussen*" (the largest ship ever made) used 1,168 blocks.

Peter Davey.
Seaman (sail).

Sources:

- Brunel, The Man Who Built the World. Steven Brindle. Orion Books St. Martin's Lane London.
- The Sailors Word Book. 1867. Admiral W.H. Smyth. Blackie and Son, Paternoster Row, London & Glasgow & Edinburgh.
- Nelson's Favorite, HMS *Agamemnon* at war 1781-1809. Anthony Dean. Chatham Publishing Frith St, London 1996.
- Falconer's Marine Dictionary 1815.
- Patterson's Illustrated Nautical Dictionary, 1850.
- Two Years before the Mast. Richard Henry Dana Jr. 1840.

Endnotes:

1. Lignum Vitae is one of the hardest and heaviest wood (three times as hard as Oak) is commonly used in mallet heads, rollers, sheaves etc. It is durable and has a naturally lubricant. In modern times it has become the preferred wood for propeller bushings and other underwater applications.
2. Isambard Kingdom Brunel - Architect, civil engineer, mechanical engineer and ship designer of the famous ships *Great Britain*, *Great Eastern* and *Great Western*. and responsible for the Thames Tunnel, many railways and bridges throughout Britain
3. It is hard to arrive at today's equivalent but to give some idea the HMS *Agamemnon*, (Nelson's favorite ship), a 64-gun ship of the line, cost £20,570, a figure that did not include the cost of sails, cordage, copper plating, hardware and armament.

DAY SIGNALS BY FLAGS AND HOISTS.

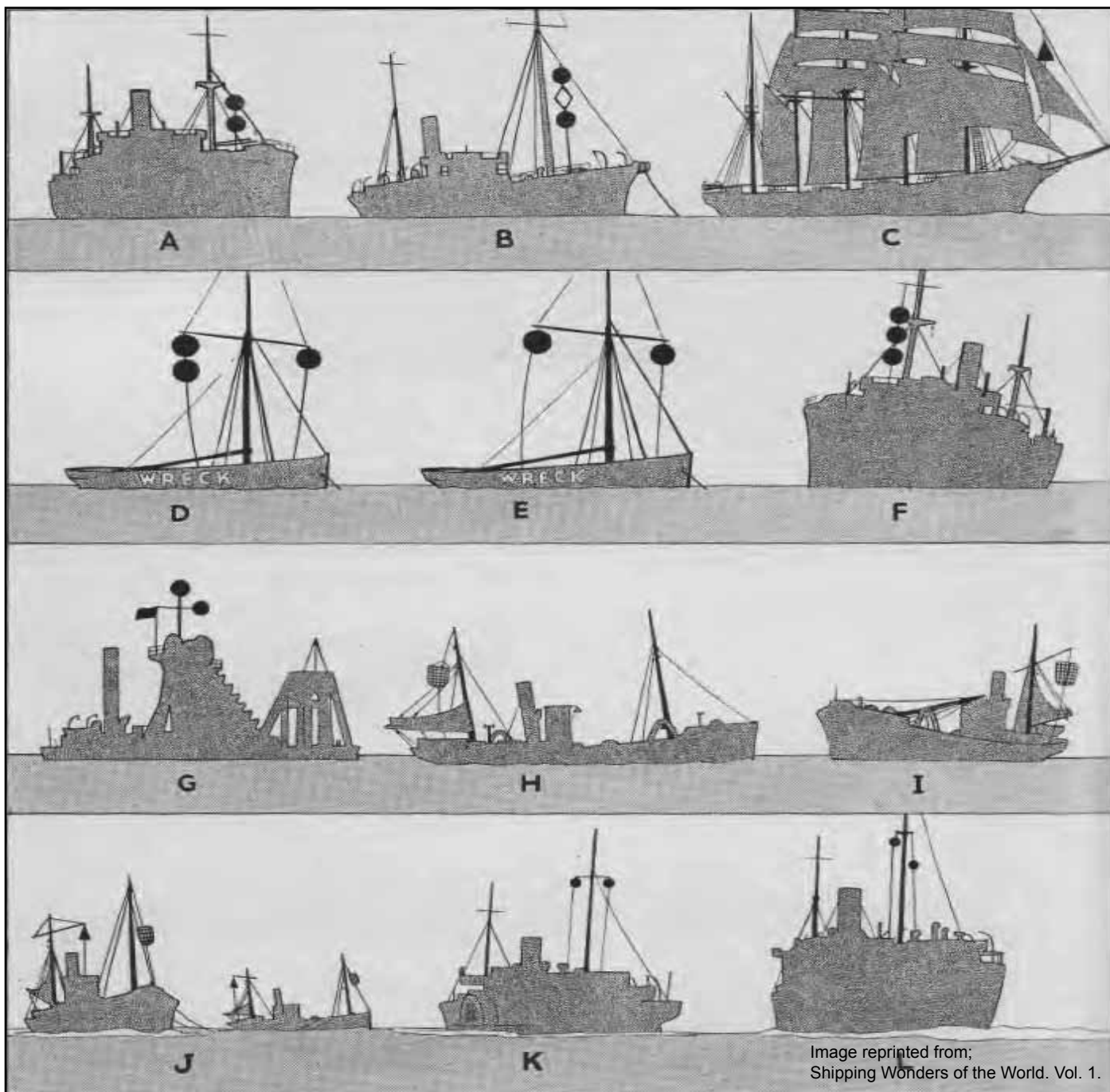


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Shipping Wonders of the World. Vol. 1.

A. Vessel not under command through accident showing two black balls (each 2 feet diameter) or shapes, vertical.

B. Vessel employed in repairing or laying telegraph cables, not under command, showing two red circular shapes, vertical with white diamond shape between.

C. Vessel proceeding under sail and also under steam or other mechanical power shows one black cone 2 feet in diameter at the base, forward where it can best be seen.

D. Vessel marking a wreck. Can be passed on side showing two green balls.

E. Vessel marking a wreck, two green balls indicate that vessels may pass on either side.

F. Vessel aground in or near a fairway showing three black balls in vertical line.

G. Dredger at work, two black balls, red flag indicating the side on which wires and cables are out and it is unsafe to pass.

H. Fishing vessel showing basket by day indicating its occupation to an approaching vessel.

I. Fishing vessel at anchor shows basket signal at the side on which a vessel can pass safely.

J. Seine net-fishing vessel showing basket, black ball, or shape forward and black cone at the mizzen yard-arm on the side from which the net is being worked.

K. Vessel navigating astern flies two black balls on main mast at either end of yard-arm.

L. Unofficial signal carried in liners showing black ball on either side of mainmast, or a special mast, indicating movements of the rudder to port or starboard.

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NIGHT SIGNALS BY LIGHTS AND FLARES.



1. Steam vessel under way shows two masthead and port and starboard side lights.

2. Steam vessel towing another vessel shows two masthead lights vertical, also port and starboard lights. There are three white lights when the tow rope is over 600 feet long.

3. Vessel not under command through accident, if not making way through the water shows two red lights vertical.

4. Vessel employed repairing or laying telegraph cables shows red, white and red lights vertical; and port and starboard lights when making way through the water.

5. Pilot vessel on station shows a bright light at masthead, and a flare-up light at short intervals of not over fifteen minutes.

6. Steam trawler under way shows combined lantern - white light ahead, red light on port and green light on starboard side; below, a white light shows all round.

7. Vessel aground in or near a fairway shows two red lights and 2 anchor lights when 150 feet in length (one anchor light only if under 150 feet).

8. Open boat fishing gear extending not more than 150 feet, shows all round white light. When outlying gear extends more than 150 feet, a second white light, 3 feet below, 5 feet horizontally from first light, is shown in direction of gear. Fishing vessel at anchor with gear down shows the same lights, lower of gear.

9. Vessel desiring to attract attention shows flare-up light, or she may use a detonating or other efficient sound signal, in addition to the light she is required to carry.

10. Thames dredger at work; three white lights in a triangle indicate that it is safe to pass her on either side.

If one lower light is red it indicates that cables are out and it is safe to pass on the opposite side of the dredger. Anchor lights are carried also.

11. Steam pilot vessel at anchor shows red globular light under the usual masthead light, visible all round, but not the usual side lights.

12. Light vessel out of her proper station shows red light at either end, and red and white flare-up lights, shown simultaneously every fifteen minutes.

13. Vessel marking a Thames wreck, shows two green lights, one at either yardarm

14. Vessel at anchor, exceeding 150 feet in length, shows two globular lights visible all round, the lower of which is aft. When a pilot is required, a blue flare is burnt on the bridge at intervals.

15. Vessel being overtaken shows a white light astern. A flare-up light may be substituted for this white light.

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Diary of a Voyage to Queensland.

by

Margaret Carter Inshelwood.

Extracted from The Jedburgh Gazette

December 22nd, 1883 to December 29th, 1883, January 5th, 1884

Monday 21- Left Jedburgh amid the tears and good wishes of many kind friends, and arrived in Glasgow about noon. Proceeded to the Standard Temperance Hotel, where we were treated with every kindness, comfortable sleeping rooms, and a good supply of plain but wholesome food. parted with Mr. Easton with sincere regret and gratitude for his great kindness and attention for our great comfort. Seemed like breaking the last link of the chain which bound us to our dear old home.

Tuesday 22- All early astir getting ready for embarkation. Tender left Broomielaw about 10 o'clock A.M.;

enjoyed the sail down the river; reached the Tail-of-the-Bank, and were all safe on board the "Nebo" by 2 P.M. She is a splendid vessel, with the berths for 400, all full. We are exactly midway between Greenock and Helensburgh, and they form a fine picture in the gathering twilight, with the sea all around them, and the sun setting over the peaceful scene.

Thursday 24 - Have slept soundly our

first night on the deep, and were taken in tow by the pilot at a quarter past eleven this morning. Spent the day on deck admiring the grand scenery on shore. We passed in quick succession Gourrock, Ailsa Craig or Paddy's Milestone, Island of Arran, Plade Lighthouse, and the Mull of Cantyre when darkness, and a sensation of giddiness about the stomach sent us below. We are speeding down the Irish Channel at a fine rate, and our Captain promises, if all goes well, to land in Rockhampton in ten weeks.

Friday 25 - A change has come over the spirit of our dream. The well-dressed, respectable company that left Glasgow are to be seen reeling about in all stages of intoxication. I heard a Hawick lady remark she never saw sae many drunk folk a' her life, the vera bairns werna sober. But the day was not far advanced ere we were all in the same miserable condition, aggravated by the roughness of the sea and consequent ceaseless rocking of the vessel. I think I shall never forget the sensation of loathing I felt every time our food was presented.

Saturday 26- No improvement in our condition, quite unable to leave our berths and bitterly disappointed when told the pilot had left us without the letters we had

promised our dear ones at home. It will be a subject of regret all the voyage, and a subject of prayer that our Heavenly Father may comfort and enable them to trust us to His care.

Sunday 27- We may long remember our first Sabbath on the deep: our sickness at its height, with the waves breaking over the deck; the ship rolling from side to side by the force of the cross seas we had to encounter; each family clinging together in their berths, unaccustomed to such an experience, thinking it a terrible storm, while the sailors laughed at our fears, though

admitting we had it very rough all the way. It was very sweet to hear the many hymns of praise from different parts of the vessel ascending to the Lord of All during that wild and stormy Sabbath, and the many childish voices reminded me of that beautiful hymn- "Joyful;" "Little children will be there who have sought the Lord by prayer from every Sabbath school".



Cannongate, Jedburgh.

Tuesday 29 - The weather a little calmer, tho' cold and sunless. I was glad to find each family had a berth to themselves, tho' pinched for room. Small families, with one or two children, had one bed, while two beds - one above the other - are provided for larger families. The young men above twelve occupy the fore part of the vessel, married people the centre, and single women the poop or aft part.

(At this point, one typed draft page is missing- the diary then resumes at (it seems) Friday 1st)

... told us to prepare any letters from home, as the first ship we had seen hove in sight. Every pen was busy, but alas! she turned out to be an American outward bound. But we must keep our letters and wait another chance. We are all feeling the want of baking soda and tartar, the oven is at our disposal three days a week. We have plenty of flour, sugar, butter, treacle and pepper, but no soda. Bring pounds of it.

Saturday 2 - The Doctor ordered us all on deck this morning, as there is a case of measles. School held on deck, 70 scholars, not very attentive, Mr. Innes, late of Nisbet, is Doctor's Assistant, kind and pleasant, a great favourite on board. We passed a fine Norwegian in

full sail. We are not making much progress as the days are too calm and the night winds contrary. Measles have broken out among the children; three ill next berth to ours; can hardly expect to escape them.

Sunday 3 - Rose at six as usual. Felt strangely homesick as the sound of the Sabbath bell pealed over the blue waters at ten o'clock for worship. Every soul on board whom health permitted joined in the service. Very solemn and sweet sounded the hymn, accompanied by the ceaseless murmur of the sea. Dr Eccles, the conductor, read the fourteenth chapter of St. John, in a clear voice, his pulpit a small table, with the Union Jack for a cover. After prayer,

and singing the Hundredth Psalm, in which all joined with fine effect, the short but impressive service closed. At half-past two, parents and brothers were permitted to visit sisters and daughters on the poop. Found Lizzie and Bessie M. in better spirits; felt sorry for the girls who had no friends on board. At half-

past three the doctor called "friends leave the poop"; and seizing Tommy by the clothes like a kitten, said "Now curley, we'll take the lead, good-bye till Sunday".

Tuesday 5 - A red-letter day in the history of our voyage. Our boxes were brought on deck, over six hundred of them, and all our possessions overhauled for the first time. We might have brought anything we pleased, there was no inspection what-ever. The doctor only told the police to inform him if they saw any spirits. Such a day- its been like a fair or New Year's Day, everyone running with gingerbread, current loaf, oranges, sweets etc. The north country people were well provided with oat cakes, barley bannocks and cheese, in fact eatables of every description. There are either "more" or "better" spirits on board, to judge by the amount of music and dancing to-night. My youngest boy down with measles. There are several cases on board, but mild and favourable as yet.

Wednesday 6 - Still a prisoner 'tween decks on little John's account. Went on deck for air at twelve last night, keenly enjoyed the pure soft breeze. First mate told us we were in sight of Madiera, have made 1,000 miles in the last four days, will make better progress if we were into the trade winds. The sea is of the deepest blue I ever saw. I could never tire of looking over the ship's side at dusk, watching the white foam fly from her prow; it minds me of snow glistening under moon or starlight, the phosphorous flying like balls of fire from the ship's side; a strange, weird but beautiful sight.

Thursday 7- This has been a busy day among housewives. We are allowed plenty of flour, suet, raisins, for plum duff, but as our allowance for soft bread is very small, those who are fortunate enough to possess a little soda can make excellent bread. William Dorrity came

to our berth this morning and made me two nice loaves with flour, sugar and butter, all of which are liberally supplied. The great want is baking soda and tartar, or any acid, both for baking or drinking as our water is very bad. We get preserved beef and mutton twice a week, and we use our suet and part of our flour in making pies in our tin wash-basins, the oven being at our disposal three days a week. I would strongly advise others to bring as much bread as possible; put plenty of butter in it and it will keep.

Friday 8 - Admired a most gorgeous sunset. The western sky resembled a lake of blue, with a margin of

shining gold, while the fleecy clouds piled above were like mountains of purest snow, a most lovely scene. Saw the hills of Madiera in the distance, about forty miles to our west. I am often struck by the soundness of our world. Looking from the deck, we seem to be in the exact centre of a round ball of sky and water. We



Hills of Parma.

Photo: Zeitrafferfilm.

have daylight at about four in the morning and sunset about seven. We lose ten or twelve minutes of time every day, thus our watches are always behind time.

Monday 11 - Came on deck at six this morning, and saw the hills of Parma, an island of the Canary group, about fifty miles to the east, there were two mountains, one rugged and lofty, rearing its crest far above the white morning clouds, while they hovered like a vapour far below the hill top, forming a strangely beautiful background, while the calm sea rippled between us, lit up by the bright tropical sun. We are fairly within the tropic now, and the heat is getting daily greater. Last night at sunset it was 79° in the shade and Captain Milne tells us it is nothing compared to what it will be.

Tuesday 12 - Intensely hot, everybody going about almost naked, sitting or lying about on deck. W. Dorrity has on his trousers without braces, a white cotton shirt, all open at the chest, and a felt hat. I am almost suffocating below, as John is still prohibited from going on deck, though getting over the measles nicely. I have been ten days below and am feeling the effects of it very much, but the doctor has ordered me half-a-pint of best porter every forenoon, and Tom takes turns with me, so that I feel better. I always go upstairs the last thing before going to bed to see the moonlight on the sea- it is lovely.

Wednesday 13 - Still going very slowly, we have little or no wind. One hundred and thirty miles in twenty-four hours is slow work for such a fine vessel as the "Nebo"; the speed of which is 316 miles per day. We saw a large shoal of porpoises this afternoon, sporting in dozens on each side of us. They are most ungainly creatures. They seemed to be chasing some fine fish resembling our salmon, which leaped out of the water

to avoid them. However they were pursued in turn by sharks, and before evening we had entirely lost sight of them. A whisper got abroad among the mothers, and those whose children have measles seem doubly anxious.

Thursday 14 - Great preparations going on for a grand concert to-night in front of the cabin door, so that the young women on the poop might see and hear without leaving their quarters. There were three fiddles and a melodion. The performers had a platform erected on the bridge. There were some capital songs sung and recitations given by sailors and passengers. Mr. John Innes, late of Nisbet, occupied the chair and sang "Scotland Yet" in fine style. Mr Dorrity gave the "Soldier's Tear" in such a style as to make us exclaim "Jethart's Here!". After singing "Auld Lang Syne" the company separated, after two hours and a half of real enjoyment.

Friday 15 - What a strange world we live in, one weeping and another rejoicing. Last night the sound of mirth and music rang from fore-castle to stem, and before dawn the wail of sorrow swept over the peaceful sea. A fine little fellow of eighteen months was seized with croup and severe bronchitis in the night, and though the doctor tried every remedy it was of no avail. The poor mother was nearly frantic, it came so suddenly, so unexpected. I could not go on deck to see the little body consigned to the waves. I felt it would be more than I could stand. The captain desired as much quietness as possible, as there is so much illness on board.

Saturday 16 - Still oppressively hot, as we are about the hottest just now. We entered the tropics on the 11th. and passed under the sun yesterday the 15th. We are about 900 miles from the equator today. The sun is on our north today instead of our south. I was awakened this morning by a poor woman laying her trembling hand on my shoulder saying: "Will you come Ma'am, my baby is dead." I went with her and prepared the little one for the watery grave. She bore up bravely but broke down terribly after the funeral; that makes two within twenty four hours.

Sunday 17 - A calm, beautiful, but solemn Sabbath. No serious cases today.

Monday 18 - Although leaving the sun, it is still very hot, while measles and scarlet fever are on the increase. The captain is most anxious to get quickly out of this, as he calls it one of the most unhealthy parts of the globe. The heat during the night is so great that we can scarcely sleep, and our blankets are folded beneath our sheet to soften our mattress. The doctor admits we are overcrowded. He came from Devonshire two days before we sailed, and all the arrangements were made before he came. There was such a press of travellers so near the term. This is a splendid merchant vessel engaged for the trip, consequently the berths were temporarily fitted up between decks, to be taken down when we reach Rockhampton, as they intend going to the East Indies for merchandise, and may not come home for two years; but if we are not so comfortable below as in a regularly organised ship, it is fully compensated for by the well trained company on deck. The officers and crew are all intelligent, well educated, kind and obliging; I never have seen a cross look or heard an angry word from one of them; they will their plum duff or lime juice among the children at any time.

Wednesday 20 - This has been a sad day among us. One of the finest looking highlanders aboard who used to amuse us by playing the pibroch in the moon-light, was seized with inflammation during the night and died at noon. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-nine, and his young widow is terribly distressed. They were only six months married. The funeral was at dusk, and she insisted on being present. The body was sewn in a canvas coffin and carried aft, with the Union Jack for a pall. The poor woman stood with her hands on his breast while the service was being read, and few of us shall forget her cry of anguish which followed the dull splash of the heavy body into the twilight sea. It was a most trying scene, and every heart bleeds for her. She pleaded with the captain just to let her follow him and she would be happy. Poor thing, she sits at the foot of the hatchway wringing her hands and talking to her dear Neal Gillies as if he were present with her. She is to be removed to the young women's quarters tomorrow, where she will find a true Christian friend in Miss Laund, the matron, who will do her utmost to point her to the one source of comfort, the widow's friend. Miss Laund is a wealthy Christian lady, and goes to look after the welfare of the girls. I do delight to hear their hymns every evening.

Friday 22 - I am thankful measles and fever seem to be abating, and my little one is able to be on deck every day, and I am truly grateful that none of our other littles have taken them as yet, but are playing on deck healthy and happy as we could wish. There are still two little lambs in a very low condition, but not any fresh cases. The doctor expects our health to improve as it gets colder. The sky is cloudy, and we have every prospect of rain, and when it rains in the tropics, it rains indeed.

Saturday 23 - A wet morning for a change after the scorching heat of the past fortnight. It is very welcome and refreshing, especially as the sailors expect what they term "a strapping breeze" to follow. They have had little to do during the calm, and they seem heartily tired of their idleness. They are making great preparations for crossing the line, as there are seven apprentices to shave, and several others whom they wish to remember the "Nebo".

Sunday 24 - Another little funeral at dawn this morning, that is four in ten days. I am truly sorry for the parents.

Monday 25 - A fine cool morning after two days heavy rain, and our speed increasing rapidly. The last voyage the "Nebo" crossed the line in 18 days, and we are 250 miles from it on this our 32nd. day out. We spoke a vessel this morning, "The Ironsides" of London, which left four days before us, and we are still ahead of her. The sun sets very early and the children are all asleep by six o'clock; they are up before six every morning. Tom and I enjoy the evening on deck till nine, where the petty officers, all educated gentlemen's sons, entertain us by recitations and accounts of their past voyages, and we pick up much useful information and never find time to weary.

Tuesday 26 - Another little one has passed away during the night, and was buried at six o'clock this morning. The deaths have all been among small children under two years; but I am thankful there are no fresh cases of measles amongst us. This is a strange life. I often wonder how we are getting into ways and

customs so new and strange. It reminds me of a whole town pressed into one large house - a death, a funeral, and a concert following each other in rapid succession, one never gets time to be impressed by anything.

Wednesday 27 - Going on deck this morning I found the sailors busy preparing for the great ceremony of crossing the line. I send a copy of a notice posted on the bath house door, as it may be interesting to friends at home:-

PROCLAMATION

"His Majesty King Neptune, by indicator, finds the good ship "Nebo" is rapidly

approaching his territories, and as he is aware that several novices are on board who have not gone through the initiative ceremony necessary to being admitted to brotherhood of sons of the sea, His Majesty and Queen Amphritite, with their retinue, propose paying the "Nebo" a visit to greet their old friend Captain Milne, after which the initia-

tion will be proceeded with. Those novices who do not wish the razor applied to their tender faces can escape the same by paying a fine of five shillings. King Neptune will take measures to have the line opened for safe transit of the good ship "Nebo". Given under our hand and seal at this our marine residence."

Form 2848s

"Neptune" His Majesty is supposed to come on board during the night, and at two o'clock this afternoon the deck was cleared for the grand procession. The women and children occupied the poop, the men the side rails, boats and far up in the rigging, where ever they could find footing. The King and Queen and Royal Baby mounted on a gun carriage, His Majesty's long bare arms and legs dyed a bright crimson, he wore a sheep-skin fastened on the shoulders and hanging loosely round him, a long hemp beard, a brass crown and sceptre like a pitchfork, with a red herring transfixed. The four constables wore topcoats, long tin hats with any amount of droll sentences painted on them, with beards and hair reaching below their wrists and long soft battens. The doctor and the two barbers in clean white shirts and trousers, painted and bearded, brought up the rear. The carriage, drawn by four shaggy bears with long hemp skins, passed aft from the seamen's quarters, dismounted at the cabin door, and solemnly shook hands with the Captain. Passing up the stairs on to the poop, across the bridge to the hurricane deck in front, which was fitted up as Neptune's shaving saloon. Two strong poles were laid between them, from which a large sail was suspended by four comers, and this filled with salt water formed a splendid ducking pond. Then commenced an exciting chase after the first victim, up the mizzen rigging and top mast stay like a cat, two of Neptune's constables after him. After half-an hour's

chase they brought him in triumph to the hurricane deck, where the doctor, feeling his pulse with mock solemnity, pronounced him in a fit state for the operation. He was seated on a box at the very edge of the platform just over the bath. After a horrid quantity of flour and treacle painted over his face and neck, and dry flour dusted from a large pepper box over his head, and plenty of water from a watering can, each constable seized a foot, and toppled him heels over head into the water, where the two sheep-skin bears were waiting to duck them again and again. In this manner twelve were shaved

and ducked amid roars of laughter. Then followed a live black pig which bore the unusual process with wonderful composure, giving vent to its feelings by an unearthly squeak when tumbled into the water. One of the barbers, Mr. Chivers, first mate, fell, seemingly by accident,



Crossing the Line.

Photo: SHF Collection.

into the large bath. In a moment king, queen and baby and retinue were all sweltering in the water - eleven at once, such a scene as I never witnessed! The conclusion came rather suddenly, one corner of the sail giving way, precipitating our august visitors on to the main deck, amid roars of laughter, and a perfect deluge of salt water. After tea we finished the day with a grand concert of vocal and instrumental music; His Majesty disappearing in a flash of fire (alias a flaming tar barrel) while the captain fired several magnificent rockets as a farewell salute.

Wednesday 4 - I have been confined to my berth since the 28th., by illness, and I could not observe what was going on around me. I have filled up the space with an account of our festivities. My illness is mostly the result of weakness, as I have had little or no appetite since I came on board. The large pieces of pork and beef set before us every day completely satisfied me without tasting them, while others around me are living like lords on the same fare, which is really plentiful, but requires a strong healthy stomach. But I must say the Doctor has been truly kind to me. I am getting port wine twice a day, arrowroot and even soup from his own table.

Thursday 5 - I have received another great kindness from Dr Eccles to-day, for which I feel very grateful. He sent Lizzie down from the young women's quarters to nurse me and look after the children. This is quite an unusual indulgence, and she had to promise to carry no letters or parcels between the young men and women. He is very strict, but once convince him you mean to do as he wishes and he will show you every kindness in his power, while Captain Milne and his wife are bright examples of courtesy and kindness. Our Sabbath afternoons they gather the children (over a hundred) round them,

and get them to sing hymns, while the steward prepares a whole trayfull of bread and jam as a reward.

Friday 6 - I feel a good deal stronger to-day, and wish to note some little things which ought to have been down a week ago. While to the north or homeward side of the equator, we steered straight by the north star. Mr Beckett, one of the junior officers, told me to watch it when we were within three and a half degrees of the line, as it was seldom seen nearer, and never after crossing. We crossed the line about two in the morning of the 29th., and the next morning saw in full splendour our new guiding star, the Southern Cross, four brilliant stars in the form of a cross. We steer towards it, so that an all-wise Providence provides for the mariners at all times. It is seen in close proximity to the Milky Way, seen in white pools or patches, as if a quantity of milk had been poured across the deep dark blue of the sky, giving a strange appearance.

Saturday 7 - I have been surprised at the rapidity of the seasons we are passing through. As we approached the tropics we had a fortnight of mild spring weather, then three weeks of fervent heat. It is now getting daily cooler like autumn, and we expect to reach the Cape next week and feel the full severity of their winter. Of course we are always passing through those seasons, and thus shortening them. At this time of the year, nearest the line, we have twelve hours darkness and twelve hours light, and no twilight.

Sunday 8 - A quiet Sabbath. Almost becalmed. The sea is like a lake, scarcely a ripple.

Monday 9 - We are a long way out of our course, almost as far to the west of the Cape as we are to the north of it. We are not many hundred miles from the South American coast, while our proper course lies nearer Africa. We are all expecting a long passage. The Cape is considered about half-way, and we have a long sail before we reach it yet. However we have seen the Cape pigeons for the first time today, also a large whale spouting clear up into the air like a fountain. The sunsets are most peculiar here, ever since we crossed the equator. There are no rays before setting. It drops suddenly as it were into the water, after which the sky is gold for a few minutes, then darkness till the moon rises.

Tuesday 10 - The sailors are in better spirits today. A fresh breeze rose during the night, and we are flying along dashing up the foam as the stately "*Nebo*" treads the water like a thing of life. I was amused at the way in which the seamen pass the moonlight evenings on deck. They congregate at the open space at the top of our hatchway. They each sing a song in turn, and when anyone was proposed to sing, whether they will or not, he generally runs for it, with a score after him round the deck. He is brought back in triumph, and they must either sing or receive ten lashes; but they seem to understand each other and never lose temper.

Wednesday 11 - We are drawing near the latitude of the Cape, but we have several hundred miles of longitude to run down, as we have kept far to the west to catch the winds. The breeze has increased to a gale, and it is almost impossible to write. Our water flasks are all tied, and it is quite common to have our tea flung into our laps. I got a basin of oatmeal rocked off the table into bed, but we are glad to put up with the rolling, as long as we are making good speed, as we

are all wearying for the end of the voyage, or at least a sight of land. As it is a month to-day since we passed the Canaries, and have seen nothing but sea and sky ever since, I sometimes don't even know the day of the week. Note: As I have been unable to write daily during the coarse weather, I think it may be useful to give some account of our culinary arrangements. We are divided into messes, with a captain over each mess, which includes ten adults. This sometimes means four parents and twelve children. Tom is captain of our mess, comprised of ourselves and an English family with five children. The two men take week about to seek in provisions, and it is a constant run, especially on Saturday, when we get two days' provisions. We get flour, suet and raisins, and make our own duffs. They have to be in the pot by eight on Sunday morning, and boil till one o'clock. We also get preserved beef for Sunday, and can either eat it cold or make a pie, which, with the plum duff, makes a good Sunday dinner. We are allowed tea, with bread and biscuit and butter, for tea and breakfast. The purser calls the number of each mess, beginning with the young women, of whom there are eight messes that is eighty girls. There are constables who receive their allowance and take it to the cook. As they are not allowed forward it is carried to them when cooked, and they are allowed to bake what they please, and they use the vinegar off their pickles for want of baking soda. We are pinched for nothing but flour. I would strongly advise intending travellers to bring two or three stones of it, plenty of baking soda, a cheese, plenty of jam instead of the large quantity of clothing we brought. We have never used a sheet of our own yet. Just wash the ship's sheets and save our own.

Monday 16 - The weather has been so rough for the last four days we would scarcely keep our seats, so that writing was quite impossible. However, it is much milder today, and we are all on deck admiring the large and beautiful birds hovering above us in all directions- the first we have seen for many weeks. We are all delighted with the majestic albatross, measuring twelve feet across the wings. We expect to see them fully sixteen feet as we get further we get south. They float through the with a graceful swimming motion, with wings extended but never flapping. Number 9 is the first of the married people's mess, each having its own press or cupboard for the larger utensils, the long seat in each berth forming a private bunk or cupboard for each family. We are obliged to hang our sugar and raisins in a pitcher to the roof, to keep them from the children, as a white cotton curtain is all the door we have to our dwellings. On Monday we get a large piece of pork with pea soup and hard biscuit. On Tuesday, porridge for breakfast, preserved mutton and potatoes for dinner. Salt beef on Wednesday, with pickles, Pork and pea soup on Thursday, Preserved beef on Friday, and pork and pea soup on Saturday. We get rice at tea time on Monday and Thursday and porridge on Tuesday and Friday for breakfast, but as we have always plenty of tea in our possession we can get a cup when we wish it. We get about 2 lb. of loaf bread for our family three times a week, the same quantity of flour the other three days, which some bake themselves, while others get the cook to bake it for them. If we only had a little flour of our own to put to our allowance, we could do nicely;

but of course we have always plenty biscuits if we could only chew them, but we grind them to powder through a coffee mill, and mix with our flour and treacle - like gingerbread. This is the place to learn economy.

Thursday 19 - The board is put up every day at twelve. To-day we are in latitude 36, longitude 3, and have sailed 210 miles since yesterday at noon. We still have 21 degrees of longitude to run down before we properly round the Cape. The weather has been very cold during the last four days. Our lamps are lit between four and five p.m., and it is dark below till seven in the morning; most unlike what it will be like at home just now.

Monday 23 - After a succession of stormy days this has been the worst. The sea ran mountains high. The hatches were covered, the iron covers for the port holes closed, so that we were obliged to light our lamps at midday. The waves were dashing over the deck like thunder since midnight on Sabbath, lasting a full fury twenty-four hours. A sea dashing over lifted the hatch above our berth.

Tom was sitting with little John immediately below it. He was knocked down, and the little one actually floated away from his side. He was looking out from under the bed on the opposite side, half drowned and wet to the skin.

Tuesday 24 - The sea is some-

what calmer to-day, at least it is not dashing over us so often. We entered the Indian Ocean yesterday, and are now leaving the stormy Cape behind us. While the sea was so rough yesterday we ran 310 miles in 24 hours, with almost bare masts. Today we have made 240 miles. We are bearing direct east now, but we are nine weeks out and still have 6,000 miles before we reach Queensland. I should have liked to come by steamer, as we should have seen so many more places of interest than we do by sailing vessel. Yet I never tire of watching the mighty ocean, sublime in its tropical calm, or in the grand magnificence of the storm.

Wednesday 25 - After a sleepless night with ceaseless rocking, always expecting to be flung out of bed, we found it much pleasanter on deck than it has been for some time past. I never felt the value of faith so much as in the dangerous weather we have lately encountered. I have had such a firm conviction (even before we left home) that all would be well on the voyage, that if I awoke with a start of alarm, as soon as I got clearly awake the thought came back like a promise, dispelling every shade of fear; and I am as sure of reaching our destination in safety as if we were standing on the shores of Australia. I cannot tell the comfort I derive from this conviction.

Thursday 26 - The sea much calmer. The cold is not so severe. The Captain caught a fine mollahawk or Cape hen, a large and beautifully coloured bird, the wings measuring four feet across. It resembles the mag-

nificent albatross in shape of body, web feet and form of the bill, but in size it comes between the albatross and the Cape pigeon, a most beautiful bird about the size of a sea gull. The colours on the wings are as clearly defined as those of a butterfly. There are hundreds of them flying about the ship today. It is a fine sight to watch them rise and fall in the great waves.

Friday 27 - A beautiful day, Mild and breezy. We seem to be leaving the "Cape weather" as the sailors call it, behind us, and no wonder, as we have run 1260 miles in five days. Mr Chivers, first mate, caught a splendid bird this morning - a giant petrel or American eagle. The breast was pure white, the back a pearly grey, the wings almost black, measuring seven feet two inches tip to tip, the web feet were as fine as silk, and are used as fancy pockets or purses after the bones are carefully extracted. The sailors seem to have a good use for everything. Poor William Dorrity has been very ill with pains in his stomach. We applied mustard poultices, and the doctor gave him a sleeping draught, and he is much better this afternoon.



ex Nebo -1894, ex Forthbank-1909, ex Leonida-1911

Photo: State Library Vic.

Saturday 28 - A general holiday in the afternoon, with cricket matches between the married and the single, or between the crew and passengers. After tea, three fiddlers and a flute play in the married quarters till eight o'clock, when all loud noise must

cease, as the sailors retire to rest who are on duty at twelve. But we may chat while the men play draughts till ten.

Sunday 29 - Two young men from the Paisley Home Mission, conduct prayer meetings in the afternoon.

Monday 30 - We were suddenly overtaken after midnight by a severe thunderstorm. The carpenter came below and put the shutters on the portholes, as the children were all frightened; I went on deck about nine o'clock when the storm was at its height. The night was pitch dark, and the lightning came, three or four flashes every minute, with such vividness I could see every rope and spar to the very top mast. While the huge rolling waves seemed almost touching the sky in the lurid momentary brightness. It was a fearful yet magnificent sight, and I enjoyed it thoroughly.

Tuesday 31 - I find we are by no means clear of the cold weather yet. We have got some fine tossing since we entered the Indian Ocean. As the sailors say, this is the place for rollers. We sometimes seem to be down in a hollow with the sea all above us; but our good ship keeps bravely on her course. We expect to be in sight of Australia in ten days or little more, though we are still five thousand miles from Rockhampton.

AUGUST

Wednesday 1 - The weather is still damp and cold, and whooping cough has broken out amongst the children. I was washing on deck today and caught a chill. I am obliged to lie down for heat. Even the doctor is so

hoarse he can hardly speak.

Thursday 2 - Still in bed with a severe cold, while Tom is kept busy among the little ones. The captain has been busy teaching the boys to play cricket, and named them the Young Australian Cricket Club. Our little Willie is a member, and is also getting drilled as soldier. It is most laughable to see the little fellows meeting at the cabin door. The captain brings out three rifles and gives them in turns. After putting them through their exercises they march around the deck, with a whole crowd of little ones at their heels. They are all fond of Captain Milne, he is so kind and humorous.

Friday 3 - We are about halfway between the Cape of Good Hope and Australia to-day. We are passing the islands of St. Paul's and Amsterdam, but will not sight them, as we are 40 miles to the south. Little Tommy was seized with croup in the night and I was much alarmed. However, it was taken in time, and he is much better this morning. Bessie Middlemist also confined to bed with severe sore throat.

Thursday 9 - The last five days have been a blank through illness and stormy weather. Tommy and I are still in bed, but improving. We are glad to keep to bed for heat. The sea got gradually rougher since Saturday, but seemed to reach a climax about four o'clock yesterday morning, when we were all roused from sleep by a huge wave coming down the main hatch, and completely flooding the inmates of the berths on the lea side of the vessel. We were all in darkness, and when they leapt out of bed, they stood knee deep in water. The screams of the women and children were terrible until they knew where the water came from.

Friday 10 - The storm increased all day, and many tons of water came down among us. The hatches were closed and our windows darkened in case the heavy seas should break the glass. One of the lifeboats was smashed to pieces, the hen house carried away. I shall never forget the sound of the wind during the night. Tom was on watch and got two severe falls. The accidents were numerous as we rocked so much. Though we had no canvas up, we made 268 miles, fairly flying before the wind. The captain never was in bed for two nights and stood at the wheel himself.

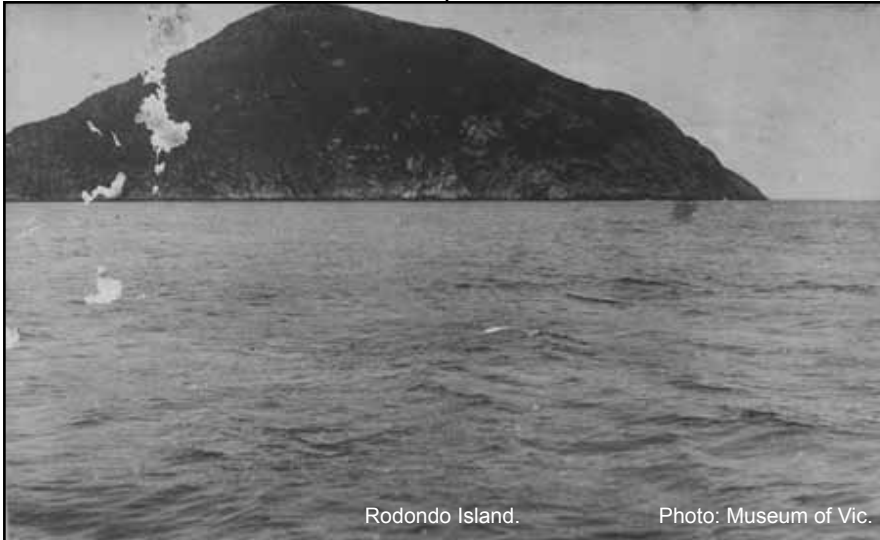
Saturday 11 - Towards morning the storm lulled and the water gradually ceased coming over. Tom is still in bed from the effects of the falls. Whooping cough is still prevalent among the children, but we hope soon to be into warm weather, which will help them greatly. The winds and waves are still subsiding, for which I am truly thankful. The captain tells us to expect heavy rolling for five or six days, as we are now on the Australian coast, and it is their winter.

Wednesday 15 - We have indeed had some fine rolling, so that we could scarcely lie in bed, but it is much better to day. We have a fair wind and are bearing straight for the Bass's Straits, which we expect to enter tomorrow night or Friday morning, and we are all eager for the sight of land, as we have seen nothing but sea and sky since the eleventh of June.

Thursday 16 - We are driving for the straits at great speed. The Captain will be up all night as the wind is so high, and as the chronometer was put out of order the last storm, he is anxious to slacken speed till daylight for fear of running against the coast. It is like a wild

night, but the moon will rise about nine, and he expects to enter about midnight.

Friday 17 - We have got over our danger in safety. Thank God and our good skipper. We have plenty of land on each side of us; Australia on the left like a great chain of mountains. I counted nineteen peaks in a straight



Rodondo Island.

Photo: Museum of Vic.

line. Tasmania on our right, but not so near. We saw several hills, but no low land, and two lighthouses. We have passed several barren rocky islands, in the middle of the straits, the first called the Rodondo, exactly like a great beehive; then the Kent group, an immense flat rock, covered with grass and heather. Our joy was dampened by the death of a fine little fellow, a year and seven months old. That makes seven deaths and four births.

Saturday 18 - We have cleared the straits, and are steering direct north for Rockhampton. Since we have entered the Pacific it is almost as calm as a river, and much warmer. The young women have a grand tea party tonight, while the young men have a concert, as they expect this to be their last Saturday night on board; but that is an open question as yet. I only hope we may be ashore for the anxious readers of the "Scotsman".

Monday 20 - A busy day, setting up our boxes for the last time. We have put away all the clothes we don't require, and taken out respectable clothes to go ashore in. Our deck is a very roomy one, and it is literally covered in boxes. They were pulled up from the hold by a steam windlass, and lowered in the same manner. The gay dresses displayed are something marvellous. The poor sailors have had a hard work fixing the rope and carrying them aft. The young women are allowed on deck, but a rope was drawn as a fence to keep them from mixing with the young men.

Tuesday 21 - A wet day, everybody catching fresh water and washing clothes. Mrs. Captain Milne told me how much she enjoyed the young ladies' tea party. They invited her with the matron. She sent down 8lbs. of jam and a lot of sweets. There were seventy-two girls with Miss Laud and Mrs. Milne. They had a pretty large party.

She was quite delighted with their kindness. There are some fine singers amongst them. They have each got a small present books, scissors, sewing materials, and all the work they had done during the voyage, the Government having provided cotton, print, wool for knitting, and everything for their amusement.

Wednesday 22 - We passed Danger Point, the first part of Queensland, at midnight, and now we have come to the most delightful part of our voyage. The sun is shining with unclouded splendour over the calm blue waters of the Pacific, with rugged hills and vast sandbanks in the distance. We have passed Morton Bay, the entrance to Brisbane Harbour. It forms a fine picture- the round wooded hill, with its fine lighthouse on the summit, as like Penelheugh as it can possibly be. We have been scrubbing our berths and mess utensils to-day.

and everything is shining, as we expect to cast anchor to-morrow or Friday morning.

Thursday 23 - It is exactly three calendar months since we left dear auld Scotland, and we are rapidly nearing our desired haven. We passed Maryborough in the night and Port Curtis this evening. It has a fine light-

house, with the largest and clearest revolving light we have seen. About nine o'clock we reached the entrance to Keppel Bay, which runs round Port Curtis and Keppel Island on both of which are fine lighthouses. It was beautiful to see the signals between our captain and the coastguard - rows of coloured lights on shore and rockets on board. About ten we cast anchor, and the pilot came aboard on a small boat.

Friday 24 - I rose at four this morning, and the river steamer came for us at six. We all had to pass the Government Inspector, and were each asked if we had any complaints. However, everyone seemed satisfied. We were packed into the boats by eleven, and I felt sorry to part with Captain and Mrs. Milne. I promised to go down the river and visit them while disloading. The steamer could only hold half the passengers, so that the single men and fifteen married couples are left till Monday. We had forty three miles to sail up the river Fitzroy, which is about a mile wide, and full of wooded islands and strange windings.

Saturday 25. We reached Rockhampton at four in the afternoon, and proceeded straight to the depot, where we were supplied with bread and tea. We were very tired and glad to be on shore, even amid our strange surroundings. We now feel the great folly of bringing so much luggage. It is such an encumbrance to carry about so many bags and boxes. I would advise others to bring as few heavy clothes as possible, as they are of no use here.

Sunday 26 - We had a beautiful appropriate service at the depot by the Rev. Mr. Hay, late minister of

Leitholrn.

Monday 27 - The weather is very hot, though only the first spring month. I fear the summer will be terrible. There has been no rain for seven months, and everything seems burned up. There is little or no milk. and the butter is 4/- per lb. The cattle are dying in hundreds for want of water. Living is very dear just now. Sugar, tea and beef, are the only cheap commodities. Cheese is 1/2d. per lb., candles 2d. each, eggs 1/6d. per dozen. We paid 6/6d. for a tin kettle, 4/6d. for a small pot, 9/- for a tub, 7/6d. for an axe, the same for a saw, 12/- for a larger pot for washing; but the wages are good accordingly.

Tuesday 28 - We had a splendid reception from the Caledonian Society last night. All the passengers were invited to tea in the School of Arts, which was



finely decorated with flowers and banners, the Scotch tartan predominating. I never saw such a richly spread table in my life. The confectionery and fruit must have cost a large sum, while eggs and milk are so scarce and expensive. The refreshments were all provided by the ladies of the So-

cietly, who also presided at the table each having some article of Scotch tartan about her dress. The Rev. Alex. Hay who has been indefatigable in his efforts for the benefit of the Scotch passenger, and whom we are all very much indebted took a leading part in the entertainment, and with several other Scotch gentlemen occupied the platform. The music was delightful the songs all Scotch while the addresses by Scotch residents of twenty and thirty years were full of hearty welcome, encouragement, and good, useful advice. They advised us to take the first offer of work whatever it was, and look out for a better opening as we got better known. Rockhampton is a thriving, but strange - looking city to European eyes. The houses are all wooden erections, some spacious handsome buildings, with verandahs running around both stories, shaded by creepers and tropical plants and flowers or green gauze curtains. The roofs are all covered with tin or zinc, shaped in sloping, hollow ridges, so that the water may run off. Every house, however small, has a zinc water tank for rain water which is carefully kept for drinking. It is pure and good, while the town water is so bad I cannot drink the tea made of it. The very smell sickens you. Working men's houses are pretty four-roomed cottages, with verandahs in front, and small garden or green between the street and house. Every cottage has its own entrance gate and a yard or court behind, in which the kitchens built, no fires being used inside. They are like a large dog kennel with a brick chimney; three or four bricks are laid on the hearth at each side, with two iron bars, about three feet, laid across. The fire is lit on the hearth, and the pot or

kettle boiled on the iron bars, where the hard, dry wood soon makes a good fire. There is no coal used. The cottages described above are rented at ten to twelve shillings weekly, and though rents are so high, they are let long before they are finished. The streets are broad and handsome, with many fine shops and public buildings, with long wooden roofs covering the whole pavement to shield their goods from the sun, while, unlike our cities at home, you will find great patches of ground in the principal streets covered with dry yellow grass, on which horses and goats are contentedly grazing.

The whole town has the appearance of a place unfinished, but still in progress; and I am told by those who ought to know that Rockhampton will, in a few years, become the finest and richest city in Queensland. There is a very handsome suspension bridge connecting North and South Rockhampton, built at a cost of £54,000.

The river Fitzroy is sixteen feet deep at the wharf, and there is a great deal of steamboat traffic carried on for both passengers and merchandise. The one great drawback is the want of rain. Everything seems scorched. It is eighteen months since the last steady rain fell, and about seven since there was a shower. It is the whole cry at present, and I fear will suspend not a few of the principal industries. As this is a market day, there has been a large number of ladies and gentlemen at the depot. The young women have been nearly all engaged, mostly to go far up the country, or the bush as the colonials say, at a pound or twenty five shillings a week. They are taken to the place at the expense of the employer, but if they don't get on well, it takes them sometimes all their earnings for a long time to bring them down again, and they have to pay a pound a week for boarding in an hotel till they get another place, so that I would not advise any young woman to come out unless she has friends to give her a home when she needs one. I would not hear of Bessie M. going away so far from us. I think it is much better to take smaller wages in town at first. Eight, ten and twelve shillings are the ordinary wages in town at present. Married couples without children were all engaged at once to take charge of stations hundreds of miles up the country at sixty-five pounds a year, with rations, free house, and all found. Carpenters and tailors were readily engaged, at 10/- per day, but alas for the masons, there is not a job in town. But Mr. Hay assures us it will soon be very different. They were offering fifteen shillings a day last year and could not get them. There is a prospect of a new bank and cathedral of stone and brick, and the Mayor has forbidden wooden erections in the principal streets. Tom has just got the offer of employment for himself and the two boys, also Willie M., in the immense meat preserv-



Fitzroy River Bridge, Rockhampton 1881

Photo:Qldpics.

ing works at Lake's Creek, three miles down the river. The wages are not so high as in town, but they are constant, and we can live at less expense when we are all together. Tom and W. Middlemist get each twenty seven shillings a week and their rations, or thirty shillings without food or tucker, as it is called here; while the boys have fifteen shillings each, and as much beef, bread, and tea between them as nearly serves us all. We could not get a house, so we bought a tent for £2/8/-. We are thus rent free, and our wood and water are plentiful at our very door. There are dozens of tents beside us,

and they are cool and pleasant in a climate like this, and we will be quite contented to stay in it till we can afford to build a house of our own. The children go to a school free of charge, granted for the people of the works, while a general store for provisions is quite near. We have no forenoon service without going to

town, but there is a Sabbath School at three on Sunday afternoons, and Mr. Hay conducts service in the school-room in the evening at seven. There is also a conveyance three times daily into town for ninepence, so that we have many advantages. I should like to give you some idea of the beauty of our surroundings notwithstanding the barren state of the country in its present condition. We have placed the back of our tent to the public road, which, by the way, is three times wider than Bongate, while beyond is a range of lofty wood hills, forming a fine background, while in front is a yellow grassy slope down to the creek, or lake, which supplies the works and reaches to the river, upon the broad bosom of which the steamers of many nations pass up and down every day. Just before our door, on the opposite banks of the Fitzroy, as far as the eye can reach, stretches the primeval forest. On the sloping hills on our right are Chinese gardens, where we get our vegetables, which form a strange contrast to the scorched land all round them, while their picturesque huts and white tents form a quaint but interesting picture.

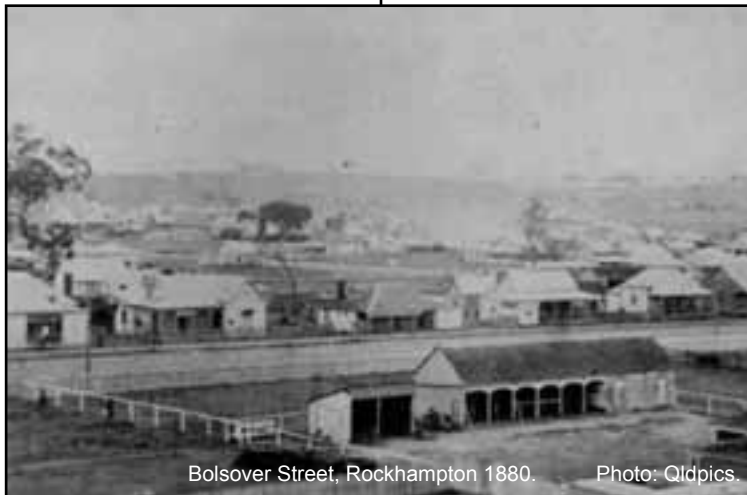
Thursday 13 - This is a sad morning at Lake's Creek. Last night fully five hundred men and boys dropped their work for the night, leaving all things right, and at one this morning, we were roused by the alarum bell, to find the works in flames. I shall never forget the sight. Five acres of wooden buildings were consumed in less than two hours, and the quantity of tallow and other combustibles made the conflagration really fearful, while the sight was magnificent beyond description. I stood on the banks of the creek till daylight. While the works are on the opposite bank, every spark was reflected in the calm depths of the silent water which showed every building as it crashed in as faithfully as a mirror. I counted twenty-five buildings catch fire, blaze a few minutes,

and fall in one after the other, till nothing was left but the engine room, which the men made strenuous efforts to save. If it had been destroyed it would have been many months before the works started again, as the engines are brought from home, and cost over £20,000. They have no clue as to the origin of the calamity, and as yet no proper idea of the amount of damages. The works of course are insured, but I hear the stock was not, and there were shiploads of beef destroyed. I am told this is one of the worst disasters that ever happened in Queensland, and will fall heavily on all classes, especially those newly arrived. Employment has been scarce owing to the long continued drought, and this fire throws five hundred men idle, while four ships have arrived in Rockhampton during the last six weeks, and I fear unless rain comes there will be hard times for many a poor family. As yet the labourers and tradesmen willing to labour have a few weeks' work clearing the ruins for re-building, which will go on as soon as possible. There were a few hundred tinsmiths employed in the works, earning between four and five pounds a week. The Manager offered them 30/- a week and rations to stay and labour, and they refused it, preferring to go idle rather than accept such low wages, as they considered them. Public indignation is pretty strong against them.

Tuesday 18 - I cannot close without telling you what a narrow escape from drowning our little Tommy and his father had last night. While returning from work he saw Tommy standing at the edge of the creek at the deepest part, where it is twenty-two feet deep and of a treacherous sandy bottom. He called him to come back, as he was still several yards from him. Tommy went away backwards laughing, and in a moment he was in the water. His father leapt in and caught him, but his feet sank in the mud trying to get out, and both went down, coming to the surface far out in the water. Tom was so exhausted he let the little fellow go, but caught him again as he went down for their last time. By this time the other workmen had reached the spot and succeeded in rescuing both. I shall never forget my feelings when I had to stand helplessly watching their struggle for life, and my feelings of joy and gratitude for their deliverance. Tom says he never expected to reach the river bank alive; and if assistance had not arrived in time, they never could.

Thursday 20 - We have been ordered to shift our tents since the accident, as we are too near the water. There are numbers of empty houses belonging to the works since the fire, so Tom's foreman or "boss" as they are called here, offered him a house. Tom told him we would like a house in case of heavy rain coming after such a long drought, but he was afraid he would be paid off soon. Mr Swadling told him there would be work for him for six months to come, and by that time we expect the works will be starting again.

Friday 21 - We have just moved into our first new house in Queensland where I think we will be very comfortable. We have a large kitchen, parlour and bedroom, roomy verandah, and wood shed to the back for 2/6d pr week. It is the house occupied recently by a Batavian priest, sent here for the purpose of sanctifying the meat before it is sent to Batavia. We are surrounded by Scotch, English, Irish, Germans and Chinese, but they all seem very quiet, industrious and civil. We have been as yet particularly fortunate, for many of our shipmates are paying ten shillings a week for rent and have never got into work yet. I really believe the country was never in such a bad state as it is at present, but there is no doubt it will be a fine country in the future, if they could only manufacture their own goods. I would advise people who are fond of comfort not to leave their homes; but those who like ourselves, are struggling on with a



Bolsover Street, Rockhampton 1880.

Photo: Qldpics.

small income and growing family would do well to come here, but they must make up their minds to endure hardships of many kinds as we have done. But when I tell you our united earnings for last fortnight came to £7/10/- you will not wonder at people coming to Queensland. I promise, if spared, to write a letter to the Gazette a year hence, when I will be able to give a more accurate account

of the Colony, and I will faithfully record our progress during that time, when I expect things will be in a more prosperous state than at present. I will close with a word of advice for intending voyagers, in the first place, bring as few articles of heavy clothing as possible, as even an ordinary tweed suit is felt very heavy here. The colonial dress is light grey trousers, white shirt, no vest or coat, no collar or tie, but a thin white silk or fine linen jacket, and large white felt hat, females all print or muslin dresses and great white hats. I wish we had given half our clothes to people at home. They are a great encumbrance. One warm dress or suit for the voyage is quite enough. Pack away all good clothes, only wear old things on the voyage. Two stones of flour, if it could be divided into three clean pillow cases or bags - one taken out at Glasgow, the other two each month when the boxes are up - a good handful added to the ship's allowance, would make a wonderful difference to their quantity of bread. Above all things, take plenty of baking soda and tartar, both to drink and to raise your bread, as there is nothing of the kind on board. A few tins of condensed milk, a small cheese, and a good supply of jam and marmalade will be found most useful, also a few lbs. of white sugar. Thus provided, with the addition of a clear conscience, a good courage, a hopeful spirit, and a firm trust in Providence, the voyage from Jedburgh to Queensland will be found to be both pleasant and useful.

M.C. HINSHELWOOD.

Lake's Creek, near Rockhampton,
Queensland.

SHF Collection Accession No . 05/29.

Docking of the *James Craig* and the HMB *Endeavour*.

In May, as part of her ongoing maintenance the *James Craig's* foremast yards were taken down. This gave access to the T'gallant and Top masts so they could also be taken down for inspection and maintenance. With their successful removal (see Bringing down the yard: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kZqxwgRby1U> and Bringing down the foremasts: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=N9g1iczx83w>) the *James Craig* was ready to make her way to Garden Island for her scheduled scrape and paint. Crew call was 0645hrs Monday 03 June and the *James Craig* got under way by 0715hrs. An additional crew call had gone out from the Master of the HMB *Endeavour* for assistance. Without a second thought, a couple of the *James Craig's* crew put their hands up and crossed to the other side.

The *Bronzewing* and the *Harman* were in attendance, the *Bronzewing*, to turn the HMB *Endeavour* as she was to enter the dock stern first and the *Harman*, to take the *James Craig's* crew back to Wharf 7.

The short trip to Garden Island was accomplished in perfect weather – sunny with a chill in the air and, on arrival at Garden Island, the *James Craig*, with elegant simplicity, made her way into the dock. The Thales staff secured her, used the dock crane to lift a gangway into position and then commenced the bump-in of their equipment. The crew gathered on the quarter deck to watch the *Bronzewing* turn the HMB *Endeavour* and then nudge her into the dock. Being of such a broad and rounded stern the *Endeavour* encountered some difficult keeping her line as she went astern. However the *Bronzewing*, with gentle,

precision nudging, kept her to the line all the way into the dock. One positive result from this manoeuvring was the *Endeavour's* Master attaining his accreditation for "Steering A Tennis Ball"

For the first time in their respective histories the *James Craig* and the HMB *Endeavour* were both docked side-by-side in the Captain Cook Graving Dock. The *Harman*, which had been waiting out in

Woolloomooloo Bay, fulfilled her duty by collecting the *James Craig's* crew and transporting them back to Wharf 7.

When Corrosion Control inspected the Hull and the depleted anodes it was decided to replace the old anodes, including the shaft anodes, as well as investigating the possibility of Stray Current Corrosion around the riveted and rudder area of



Steering a Tennis Ball.

Photo: John Cowie.

the vessel. A bonus propeller polishing was offered by Thales.

During the two- week docking a dedicated band of *James Craig* engineers removed, overhauled and

refitted all the ship side valves for the main engines, generators and the emergency fire pump. The seawater inlet strainers were opened up, cleaned, fitted with new anodes and closed up. The sewage overboard discharge valve was opened up and found to be clogged with the string from floor mops and remnants



Engineer at work.

Photo: Patrick Chandler.

of a chux cloth. Both the propeller shaft glands were repacked after being cleaned and repainted. All the cooling pipes from both generators as well as the starboard generator heat exchanger were removed and

inspected. Being found to be badly fouled with iron oxide they were thoroughly cleaned.

The ship's engineers remove the old anodes from the hull and later fit the new ones. This was a great help to the budget but played havoc with the muscles of the engineers when they and the Fleet's Operations Manager carried the new anodes down into the dock. The void spaces in the galley and the Chief Steward's broom cupboard were opened up, the main engine and generator exhaust sprays were removed, cleaned and fitted with new gaskets.

The deck on the starboard side was rust-busted and painted.

The un-docking took place Wednesday 19 June with an 0800hrs crew call at Rozelle and an 0830hrs call at Wharf 7. The *Harman* did the honours of

transporting the crew back to Garden Island with the rain as an accompaniment. The *Endeavour's* Master put out another call for crew to assist in her un-docking. Once again a couple of the *James Craig's* crew went to the other side, one of whom left the *James Craig* around 1200hrs and as he approached the *Endeavour* he was piped aboard. This was possibly in recognition of his return to the Active Crew after a long absence.

The engineers were already on board, having been there since 0700hrs, when the crew arrived for the undocking. The Artist-in-Residence was already on board also. She was on the *James Craig* for the trip to Garden Island so she could record the docking and she also spent some time at the dock recording the work being carried out.

When the crew arrived at the dock it had been flooded to check height so the engineers could check for leaks – there were no major leaks found. To board the *James Craig*, the crew had to take the stairs on the dock wall down to the gangway which was then removed and the dock flooded to Harbour height. On reaching Harbour height the gangway was replaced and the Thales staff came back on board to

bump-out their equipment and to oversee loading of some pallets of berthing lines recycled from HMAS *Tobruk*. The caisson was then raised and removed by two tugs allowing the *Bronzewing* to enter the dock and assist the *Endeavour* to depart first. On seeing that the *James Craig* had already raise her Red Ensign the *Endeavour* did the same, however, it was accomplished with braggadocio in the form of the statement "our flag is bigger than your flag". The immediate response from

the *James Craig* was "that is about the only thing that is bigger". Silence descended over the *Endeavour* and laughter echoed around the *James Craig*.

Once the *Endeavour* had cleared the dock the *James Craig* exited by going astern. As the *James Craig* has a much finer and more elegant stern than the

Endeavour, in fact her overall lines are finer, "Steering A Tennis Ball" was not necessary. She was turned in Woolloomooloo Bay with gentle nudging from the *Bronzewing* and she then made her way back towards Wharf 7. The *Endeavour* went down the Harbour as far as Bradleys Head before turning and coming back up the Harbour.

The *James Craig* slowed her progress as she approached Kirribilli Point so that the *Endeavour* could catch up and they could enter Darling Harbour in tandem. It was not quite in tandem as the *James Craig*, not burdened with a broad and blunt bow, berthed ahead of the *Endeavour*. In response, the *Endeavour* fired a broadside at the *James Craig*, in an effort to have the last word, while passing by on her way to her berth at the ANMM.

The *James Craig*, being a lady, did not feel it

necessary to respond to such a blatant attack, after all, the *Endeavour* behaved the same way on her return from her 13-month circumnavigation of Australia.

John Cowie.

With an engineering contribution from Martyn Low Chief Engineer - *James Craig*.



Artist-in Residence

Photo: Patrick Chandler.



Moving the caisson.

Photo: John Cowie.