

This is largely the story of Harry Loveluck the half brother of my father James Henry Porter. Not much is known of his early years prior to 1905 when he and his wife emigrated to Tasmania. The family relationship is sketched over leaf. Next are newspaper cuttings from the Middlesex County Gazette ~~concerning~~ concerning his and his half-brother's schooldays. These publications drew forth two further letters from old readers addressed to my father James Henry Porter. These follow letters from Harry Loveluck to my father from about 1910 to the 1930's. After Harry Loveluck's death letters follow from his children up to the mid 1940's. These letters and in particular a diary of his journey to Hobart make interesting ~~reading~~ reading.

This collection of letters and other items have been assembled by myself from the personal effects of my father James Henry Porter.

Chas Porter

In Loving Remembrance of
HARRY GEORGE LOVELUCK,
Who Died April 3rd, 1885,
AGED 25 YEARS.
INTERRED AT EALING CEMETERY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

The reading of letters from those whom I have known and loved, together with the examination of photographs and little mementoes from the past has proved an emotive experience. The taking of this mental journey into the past evokes many memories forgotten for many years and past events became very real. A feeling of kinship developed for even those who died before I was born. At times I felt quite wrongly that the past was becoming more real than the present. I became aware that others who follow me might experience similar distress when reading this history in later years. One cannot and should not live with the dead, but must live with an eye always to the future and with feet firmly planted in the present.

I started compiling this account when my children expressed a desire to know about their past heritage. I have always felt that the lives of those who have gone before us should not be forgotten and so pass into obscurity and oblivion just for the want of its telling. After all their loves, hopes and aspirations are no different from those of the present. If their stories can be set down for others to read and if their names even occasionally lie on the lips of others then surely they are not truly dead.

How then shall we think of them? On the adjoining page is a poem. It was written by a 19 year old soldier killed by an IRA bomb in March 1989.

George Loveluck
(Coachman) died 19th May 1863
at 35 Adams Mess
Grover Square.

(Wife) Martha Loveluck
died in 1895

George Harry Loveluck - died 3rd April 1885 (Stationer) aged 25
at 2 Castle Terrace
Falmouth
Elizabeth Loveluck (formerly Rice) - Born 1860

Died 9th June 1934

Harry Loveluck / Mary Eldridge (formerly Abbott)
married 8/6/1905
Died 29th March 1944.

Elizabeth Porter (formerly Rice)
James Thomas Porter (died 4 Oct 1921)
aged 73

Born 1st March 1906

Phyllis
Loveluck

Frank Brindell

Harry
Arthur
Loveluck.
Born 20th Aug 1910

Garry Loveluck
born 25/5/39

Brenda
Born May 1931

Kay
Born 10/9/37

James Henry
Porter

Fredrick John
Porter

Edward Langellian
Porter

Leslie
Porter
died 9th Nov 1908
in his 20th year.

Frankie
Porter

Ann Dorcas
Porter

Edith Kathleen Po

James Henry Porter
Constance Gladys Wellard.
died 19 June 1960
married 19th Feb 1918
died 26 May 1939
Born 20 Aug 1888

Alan James Porter
Doreen Violet Peggy Cantor
married 7 Sept 1946

Timothy Mark
Porter

Kathleen Victoria
Porter

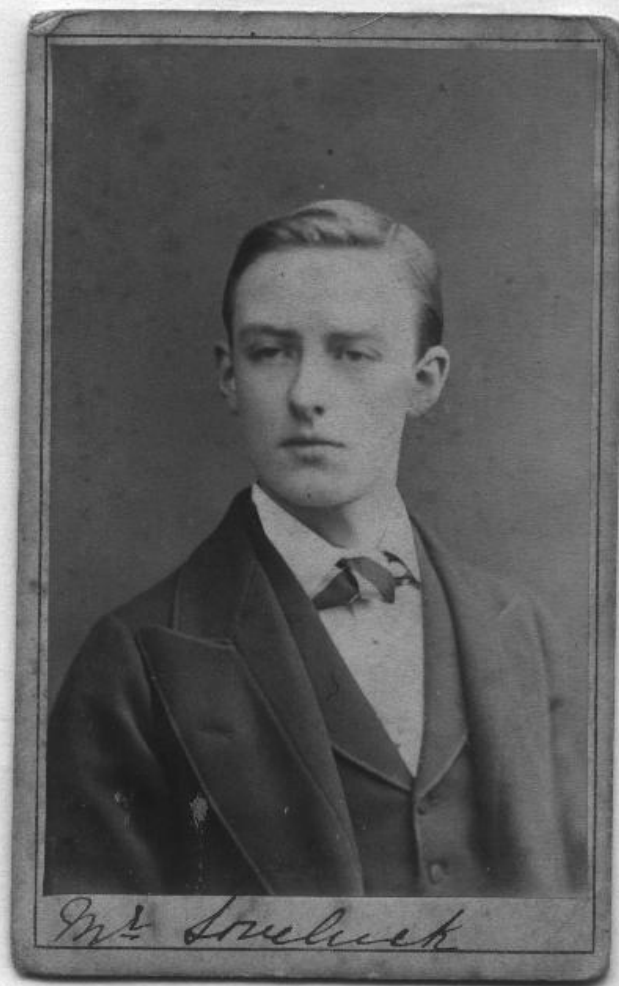
Steve Quickenden

Julie Porter

Michael Raymond Porter B 6 Nov 1991

Philip
Martyn
Debbie
Faith

To all my loved ones,
Do not stand at my grave and weep,
I am not there,
I do not sleep,
I am a Thousand winds that blow,
I am the diamond glints on snow,
I am the sunlight on ripened grain,
I am the autumn gentle rain,
When you awake in the morning's hush,
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circled flight,
I am the soft stars that shine at night
Do not stand at my grave and cry
I am not there
I did not die.



George Harry Loveluck, my
grandmother's first husband.

FUNERALS



FURNISHED.

The Representatives of the late

Mrs. Martha Loveluck.

June

1895

44 Oxford Road

To Benⁿ Myring, HOUSE AGENT.

ESTABLISHED 1825



BUILDER, UNDERTAKER &

Monumental Mason,

VICTORIA WORKS.

ADJOINING THE DISTRICT POST OFFICE.

BROADWAY. EALING, W.

ALL KINDS OF WORK PHOTOGRAPHED.

MEMORIALS PACKED FOR EXPORTATION.

VALUATIONS MADE FOR ADMINISTRATION OR OTHERWISE.



1895
March 15

To Carrying out the funeral arrange-
ments of the late Mrs. Loveluck - taking
according to instructions & price agreed -

14 0 0

To payment of Fees of interment

1 4 0

To painting & cleaning down Memorial Stone and
reblackening the previous inscription also to cutting
& blackening new inscription

2 13 9

£ 17 17 9



E. C. Porter

EALING.

suppose the age somewhat
rather than 13/15/61.
[Letter to the editor]

● By the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Colcott, of Woodlake House, Osterley Park, members of the Hanwell Board School's Football Team, who contested and won, Mrs. Coode's shield, and who played in the final for the Lilley and Skinner Cup and were beaten by the Wesleyans, were entertained to tea and games yesterday. The day was unfavourable, but the boys enjoyed themselves very much. At the close the members of the 1st. and 2nd. team presented to Mr. Gauntlet, the teacher who has taken a great interest in them, a handsome gold pin on the occasion of his marriage.

FIREMEN CHEERED SOCCER CHAMPS— SIXTY YEARS AGO

SIR,—Under the heading of "60 Years Ago" of May 13 you refer to the entertaining of the Hanwell schoolboy footballers by Mr. and Mrs. Colcott.

I was one of the fortunate boys to have been a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Colcott on the occasion and I still carry pleasant recollections of a very fine lady and gentleman.

If I remember rightly we played a game of football, one side being chosen by L. A. Louch, known as "Dice" among us, the other side was picked by Jimmy Rose.

The presentation to Mr. Gauntlet was a small token of the great respect and affection we boys had for him.

The following year the Hanwell "Nats" lost the Coode Shield Competition for the first time in 12 or 13 years—to the Wesleyan team.

Greatest tussle

The greatest tussle for the "Shield" must have been in 1899 (or thereabouts) when the "Nats" played the Ealing British Schools in a final. It was played on the Ealing Dean ground by the "Green Man," West Ealing, and resulted in no goals scored after extra time both ways.

It was replayed with the same result on the ground of the Ealing Football Club in Gunnersbury-avenue after extra time both ways.

It was replayed once more at the "Green Man" where the game went full-time and extra time each way with no goal scored until three or four minutes before the close of the second half of the extra

time when my half brother (H. Lovelock) kicked the ball over his head, from well inside his own half and we saw it sail through the air to enter the "British" goal. It was a big kick, but a lucky one

On fire engine

I remember, on leaving the ground, seeing my half-brother sitting on the funnel of the Hanwell Fire Engine with the "shield" on his lap and a fireman supporting him on each side, and with all the team aboard, race off towards Hanwell for a tour of the streets. I was filled with envy.

The team, I think, included a Calcott, a Barville, a Scarman, a Dod Griffiths and brother, a Bennett and not least Alex Field, who some years later I met on his way through London to take up missionary work in South Africa.

He never reached there for he sailed on the S.S. Waratah which was lost without trace, after passing the Scillies. My half-brother lost his life as a result of a bush-fire in Tasmania.

J. H. PORTER,

154, South-avenue,
Abingdon,
Berks.

Extract from
M. C. Times May 11/7/1961.

and Domestic Engineers.

SIXTY YEARS
M.C.T. AGO 27/5/61

Sir,—With reference to your article dated May 13, stating Mr. and Mrs. Colcott, of Woodlake, entertained Hanwell school boys, I wondered if it would interest you to know that one of those boys became an amateur international, playing in many foreign countries and shaking hands with four crowned heads.

He captained Middlesex at the age of 18.

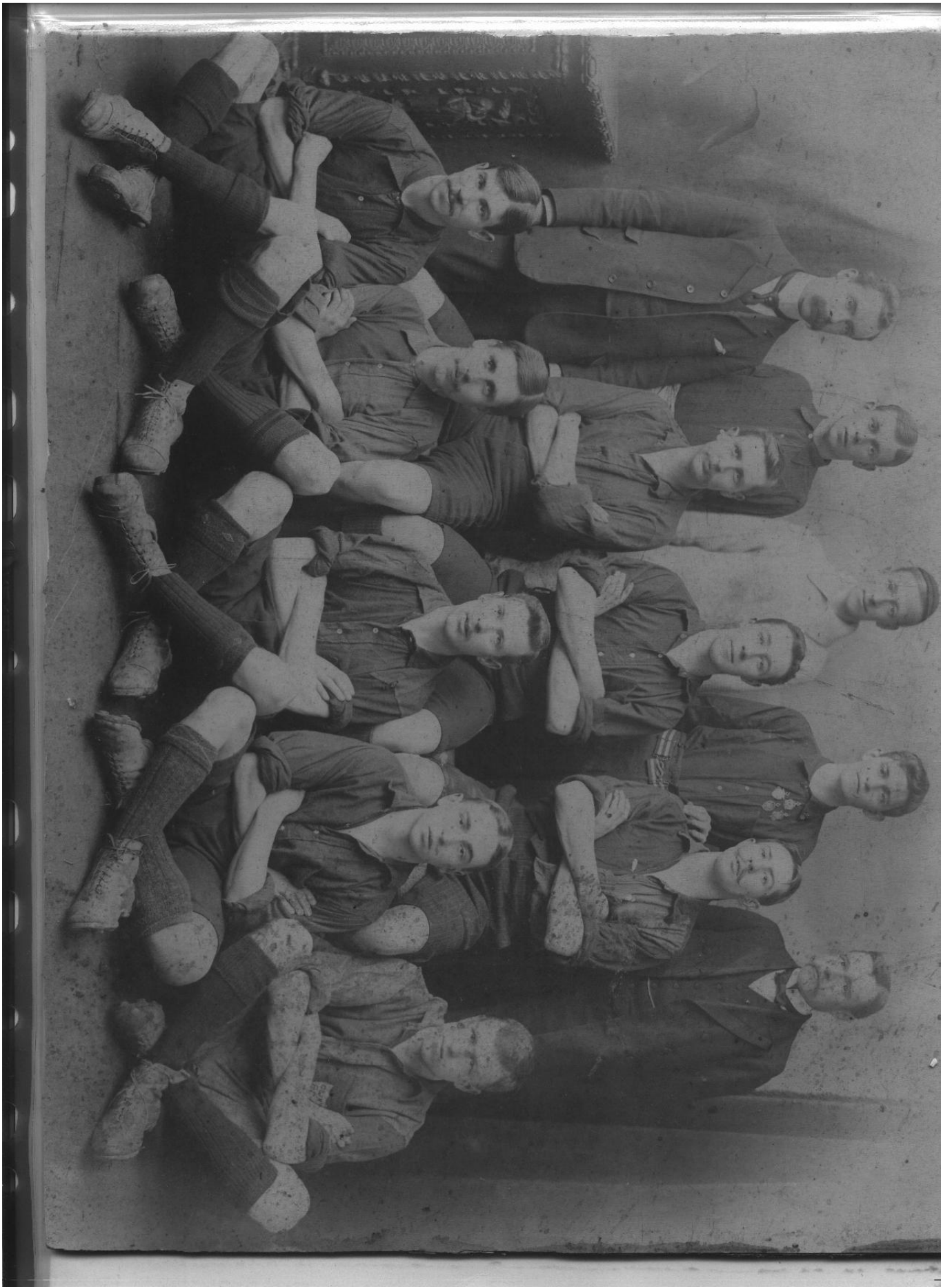
He was a great centre-forward and a very skilled player.

His name: Lionel A. Louch, who wrote many articles on football for your paper.

D. M. FRANCES.

74, Elers-road, W.13.

RADIO DEMAND



1) Alice Field, Edna Beard, Angelen Luntz,
Harry Foulsh, George Barville, Frank Taylor, J. Winter
Percy Bond,
2) Noble Cunningham, Harry Russell, Tom Emery, Howe Griffith
Nob. Hickell, J. H. Ross, Bart Partridge.

3) Arthur Schmitt, Jan Cannon, Harry Still, H. Bailey, Ted Peckington
Fred Woodward, Ted Peckington, Dickie Bird.

4) J. Snelgrove, A. Pittrell, Tom Field, Tom Avery, Jack Barker
Gusker Meers, Stevens.

5) Bob Shrimpton, Myself, Alf Bennett, Dod Griffiths,
L. Dailey

The Editor
M. C. T. Gazette.

25/6/61.

Dear Sir,

First to congratulate you on the continued excellence of your paper and to express the wish that long may you continue to publish those articles under the heading of "60 years ago etc" which must revive many memories to your older readers.

Under this same heading, in your issue of 15th May you refer to the entertaining of the Stanwell Schoolboy Footballers by Mr & Mrs Colcott which prompted a letter to you from a Mr Francis which you published on 27th May. I was one of the fortunate boys to have been the guest of Mr & Mrs Colcott on the occasion. I feared to I can say I still carry pleasant recollections of the very fine lady & gentleman whose guests we were.

If I remember rightly we played a game of Football in which a touch or 'Dice' as he was known among us, picked one side & Jimmy Rose the other. The presentation to Mr Cauntlett was only a small token of the great respect and affection we boys had for him. He was our trainer & very good friend indeed.

The following year the Stanwell Mats lost the Coode Shield Competition for the first time in 12 or 13 years. This we put down as due to a 'loo-doo' placed on us by one of our team-mates named Bertie whose father was our teacher at

time. Bertie threw an ink well at his father while in class. I missed Dad but smashed a stained Photograph of the Shield. That means bad luck for us we told Bertie & so it was we lost to the beasels the following Reason.

The rest as per the Paper

Keynsham 13 Chelsea Close
2873. Keynsham
Bristol
9th July 1961

Dear Jimmy

In the words of
the song I am able to say!!
"Thanks for the memory!!"
my old friend Frank Parker
has sent me a cutting from
the M.C.T. which is a letter
that you had sent to the Editor
I am out of touch
with things there days, having
left the Borough - Hamwell &
with some 6 years ago. We
went to Tring, Herts. a few
months ago I came here to be
near my Daughter & family.

Your letter has stirred up
many memories, to better still
enabled me to make contact
with an old school fellow. First
to the letter - the poet has said
"The thoughts of youth are
long long thoughts"
How refreshing to have them
quickened from time to time

Your letter Jimmy recalled
for me that Final Cup Game that

has almost ² forgotten altogether
what a game! what excitement
what a goal!!! It was a tidy
+ compact little ground that
green man pitch wasn't it? I'm
wondering Jim whether it wasn't a
bit smaller than 1899 for in 1900-
I got my district Cap - have it
now - & I think the players then
were a year or so older than
ourselves. I think "Dodger" Frost
was in that team too wasn't he

I am sorry to hear that
Harry lost his life so tragically.
He was a great fellow, much
respected by all who knew
him. I have often wondered how
he got on in Tasmania. He
was the type for that new life
there. I think you will like

to know that Alec Field died
actually some 18 months
in Nigeria at Lagos. He
came home just before the 1914
war & offered for military service

but was told he was not
needed at his momentary post.
He returned in the S/S Falaba
which was drowned when the German
torpedoed the vessel just off the
west coast. (see book "The Falaba")
I met some survivors, but they could
give me no news. They had left

Liverpool on the Saturday Evening so
has not got to know each other

He was to go up Country in
Nigeria to a place called Ibadan
but was cut short a splendid
work for him so valuable &
loved friend for us. What a fine
chap he was too. His Generals
seemed to have been a fine one
man, too. You tho, made fine
impressions upon their content
-Nigeria.

By the way, how welcome
we were at Okeley as friends
of the oldest boys, what pleasure
we enjoyed together. We had
all the gadgets or easy
Entertainments as today, but
we had great friendships &
associations. Dear old
"Jimmy" Starwood did a good
job for us, of his day.

By the way, I remember
you had, I believe twin brothers
One was "Tongie" eh? How are
they? I always thought you
boys were heroes to come from
Calcutta to our school: may be
we did each other good.

My brother Ted died just
over two years ago & still is
at Okeley (Surrey).

I hope that you are keeping
well. Am I correct in thinking

that you were with the G.W.R.
I am, I am thankful to
say, quite fit & well. We like
the Post very much. Being
so near my Daughter & two
Grandsons makes so much
pleasure.

Take good care of
yourself Jimmy. It has been
a great pleasure to get
into touch again through
your letter.

Yours sincerely
Jimmy Rose

July 4th 1961

105 Trinity Rd
Southdale
Middx

Dear Sir

I have read with very great interest your letter re "60 years ago" in our local paper.

You are no doubt Jim brother of Les Porter & of course Harry Lovebush whom I rate as one of the greatest school boy full backs of his day. The incidents you describe are well remembered & the names you record are familiar to me.

As a matter of fact I have before me a photograph taken at school of 35 boys with Mr Harwood our master & teacher (I believe) Mr Elliott but for some unknown reason our old friend Mr Gauntlett is not in it.

I attach a list of the 35 and no doubt you will recall a good many.

By the way am I correct in thinking that you joined the old G.W.B. like myself, from which I have been retired nearly 14 years.

Of Mr Gauntlett I cannot speak

too highly and have watched his
career although he departed
from Hanwell.

You may know he was Mayor
of Wembley a few years ago and
was very active on behalf of
their Hospital.

Today dear old Hanwell is part
of Baling with which I am
not too pleased, so I say with
much pride that "60 Years Ago" were
the days.

Yours sincerely

G. Palmer



Harry Loveluck.

Diary of events from the time of leaving
England on the 18th August 1905 until
we settled down in Hobart on October 2nd 05

We left Ealing Broadway station by the 9-50 am train and journeyed to Liverpool St Station where we were to catch the special train to the boat. We had over half an hour to wait for the train, so we went and looked at the shops in Liverpool St and endeavoured to purchase a workbasket but could not get one to suit, and as we could not spare any more time we made our way back to the station, and there we met Mr Kenner (the gentleman who had attended to our luggage sent in advance) and had a chat with him. After we had taken our seats in the train we were very agreeably surprised to see Mr Aries who had come to say a final good bye. Just before the train left I suddenly remembered that I had forgotten my field glasses, and Mr Aries kindly promised to write to Mother asking her to send them on by registered post to catch us at Charseilles. After we had had a parting drink together we again took our seats and immediately afterwards the train started out of the station, and we had time to notice our fellow passengers. There were only two gentlemen and one lady in the carriage beside ourselves and as we learned afterwards one of the gentlemen was sailing by the boat and the other gentleman and the lady were going to see him off. The boat passenger turned out to be a Mr Moxon who was very useful to us when we went ashore at the different ports, for he knew all the places, and acted as the guide to our party on each occasion. The train ran into the docks right alongside the Steamer and we only had to get out of the train and walk on to the boat. The black stewards on the Steamer

met the boat and carried the luggage we had brought with us to our cabin. After arranging the various packages under the bunks, we went on deck and had a look round. Almost the first thing that met our eyes when we came up from below was a large pile of deck-chairs, and having found the man who was selling them we bought a couple, and having marked our name on them we went to the side to see the people who had come to see the other passengers off. After we had been aboard about half an hour the bell went warning all non-passengers off the boat, and about five minutes afterwards we began to glide slowly away from the wharf. Before we got out of the dock the bell went for dinner and so we went to the dining saloon and took our seats. The meal consisted of several courses and was very nice. We had a black steward the first two days, but after that we were moved to another table where we had an Englishman. After dinner we went on deck and made the acquaintance of two ladies who afterwards formed two of our party. They were very nice, and before the day was out Chary was racing one of them round the deck and we were on excellent terms with them both. We had meat tea at 6.30 p.m. and spent the evening on deck. By this time we knew several of the passengers, and the feeling of loneliness was beginning to wear off. Until we had tea we could see the coast of England all the time and after tea we could see the lighthouses of the different towns on the South coast and also one or two on the French side. We turned into bed about 10 o'clock but did not have a very good night's rest, I suppose the reason of this was because we were in strange beds and also because the throb, throb, of the engines was new to us. We stopped for a minute or two just off the Isle of Wight to let the pilot get off and then headed southwards towards Cape Finisterre.

August 19th In spite of a poor night's rest we were up early the next morning

and had a stroll on deck before breakfast, After breakfast we again went on deck and chatted with the other passengers. It was not long however before we began to get some fairly large waves which made the boat roll considerably and consequently made us feel seasick. As it gradually got worse, we were obliged to retire to our cabins for the rest of the day seasickness getting a very good hold of us. The steward and stewardess brought us everything we fancied and we found it was not so bad being sea sick as we imagined it would be. We did not feel bad when laying flat on our backs in bed, but immediately ~~we~~ attempted to stand up we had the giddy feeling peculiar to seasickness.

August 20 The next morning I felt considerably better and was up before breakfast being greatly refreshed by a bath, but Mary was still queer and had breakfast in bed. After my food and a stroll on deck for an hour I was quite well again, and was able to go down to the saloon to my meals in the usual way but Mary, although well enough to get up on deck, would not venture down stairs to meals but had her food taken up on deck to her. About one o'clock in the afternoon we sighted Cape Finisterre, which was the chief item of interest during the day. This was, of course, the first land we saw after leaving the shores of England behind. We had a pleasant afternoon on deck, and after tea we were not long before we went to bed.

August 21 There was nothing of particular interest during the day. We were both quite well again and had a look over the ship. I cannot start the description of the ship at a better place than in our cabin. On the whole it was very comfortable, the only drawback being the want of room. Our bunks were one above the other with a distance of about three feet between them. They were very comfortable, and the bedclothes were everything that could

be desired. For the reception of small articles of clothing &c we had a small chest of drawers, and another drawer in the water bottle rack for articles of a smaller nature such as jewellery, tie-clips, studs, combs &c, and in the corner we had a small stand with three shelves. For the convenience of dressing we had a permanent water basin and a nice large looking glass over it. This completed the fittings of the cabin with the exception of a large rack at the top for the reception of larger articles. Upon this rack also we had two life belts in case of need. There was a water bottle and two glasses fitted in the rack which I mentioned above. The Dining room was large enough to accommodate about 150 people and was fitted up very well. It was laid out with small tables holding 10 people each and had ^{two} larger tables at the end nearest the door. There was a couch running all the way round the room, which came in very handy for the ladies to sleep on during the hot weather when the cabins got too hot. The deck was a good size, and would have been better if it had not had a portion raised on either side of it about a foot higher than the deck itself. This was rather annoying as it interfered considerably with several of the deck games. The first class accommodation was the same as the second with the one exception that everything was on a larger scale. After looking over the boat we enjoyed a lounge in our deck chairs.

August 22. Before breakfast we came in sight of land on either side of us being the south coast of Spain and the north coast of Morocco and we kept in sight of both until we reached Gibraltar which port we entered soon after breakfast. We had a splendid view of the fortress as we entered the harbour. We did not go on shore as we were only staying a short time but I had a turn at fishing from the boat but did not have any luck. Many purchased a silk shawl from one of the men who came aboard selling

all manner of things. Leaving Gibraltar we started on the voyage to Marseilles. The colour of the water in the Mediterranean Sea is of a most beautiful blue and is very noticeable. We saw a shoal of porpoises during the morning, they were jumping right out of the water in beautiful curves, diving in again without making a splash.

August 23 We played several games during the morning, and in the afternoon we had a cricket match ladies versus Gentlemen, the gents playing left handed. The match was a great success, the ladies winning the match by one run. The score was, Ladies 51 Gents 50. It was most funny to see the left handed playing of the gentlemen and the actions of some of the ladies when batting. Mary was very unlucky, being caught by myself at her second hit without having made a run. I was more fortunate as I was able to make 20 runs and then retired. The match, being the first game which had exercised our limbs to any extent, made us feel rather tired and it was not long after we had had tea before we went to bed.

August 24th We were up early the next morning and after breakfast we played deck games until about 12 o'clock, when the pilot came aboard to take us into the port of Marseilles. When we got alongside the quay it was nearly one o'clock and so we only had time to have a look round the wharf before lunch. After stretching our legs along the quay we returned to the boat and made enquiries for any letters that might have been posted to Marseilles for us. We received three or four from various people but nothing had been seen of the parcel containing the field glasses. After reading our letters we went in to dinner. After dinner a party of nine of the passengers, of which we made two, went for a drive all round the town. We started about half past two from the boat, and hired carriages

just outside the docks. We drove along to the principal street and there we stopped to have a drink at an hotel. The hotels in Marseilles have a number of small tables out on the pavement where we could sit and have our drinks or ices, whichever we preferred, and watch the people passing. After quenching our thirsts we again entered the carriages, which had waited for us, and drove through the most pretty parts of the city. At every place of special interest we got out of the carriages and had a look at it, and at the same time had another drink to refresh us as it was very hot. Towards the end of our ride we passed a very pretty grotto, which we walked right under and could see the water falling from the rocks above our heads into an ornamental lake at our feet, and the sun shining on the water made a truly magnificent sight. After leaving the grotto we came almost immediately on to the sea front, where we stopped at a cafe and, while again quenching our thirsts, we watched the people bathing. We then drove back to the hotel at which we first stopped and while the gentlemen sat at one of the tables the ladies went and looked at the shops. Mary purchased a pair of slippers and had a good deal of amusement trying to make the shopgirl understand the kind she wanted. Again entering the carriages we asked the men to drive us back to the ship by a different route to that by which we came. The way they took us was through the poorer part of the city situated near the docks, and it was strange to see the people outside their houses selling fish &c which they had spread out on the pavement for inspection. I think this part of Marseilles was the most dirty place I have ever seen and we were not sorry to get out of it. We got back to the boat at seven o'clock. We enjoyed our ride very much, and returned to the

boat very hungry. After we had had late tea, which the steward very kindly arranged to have ready for us, Mary & I and another couple left the boat with the intention of having a stroll along the dock, but when we reached the gates and saw a tram coming we could not resist having a ride, so we jumped in. We had not the slightest idea where we were going to and as it was quite dark we could not see the way we went. We handed the conductor a sovereign when he came for the fares, and he gave us change in French money, and our tickets which we could not read. These tickets took us to the end of the journey, which we judged to be about four miles. We got off the tram there, and went to get a drink. When we returned we found that we could catch the same tram back again so we got in and tried to make the conductor understand that we wanted to get down at the same place at which we got on. Then our difficulties began. Not for love nor money could we make that conductor understand where we wanted to go. We tried all manner of ways to point out to him that we wanted to get off at the dock gates, we even drew a plan of the tram lines with a large dot to represent the place we got on at and then drew lines away from the dot and back again to it, but it was of no use, and we found ourselves at last about a mile from the docks. It was very dark and we had a good deal of trouble getting back to the ship. We were greatly aided by recognising a party of the ship's stewards who were returning to the boat, so we followed them and thus got back safely. During the ride we were all full of fun and the French people on the tram must have thought we were mad the way we were laughing and enjoying ourselves. The chief thing that amused Mary during the ride

of the afternoon was the street boys who ran along by the side of our carriages singing french words to the tunes of English songs. One in particular amused her by singing to the tune of Hiawatha, and every time the poor little chap left off singing for the want of breath, she started him off again by singing the tune to a jumble of words which she intended to represent french. Altogether we had a splendid time in marseilles. Just before turning in for the night the package containing the field glasses was handed to me, and this relieved my mind to a great extent, as I thought, when I did not receive them with the other letters, that they were probably lost.

August 25th We were up early the next morning and after breakfast we went ashore, and Mary enjoyed herself by trying to make bargains with the women who were selling silk near the boat, while I strolled about the docks enjoying a smoke. The result of Mary's bargaining was that she purchased a silk shawl at a very low figure, but could not get a low price for the silk material for dresses, of which the women had large quantities. About a quarter to ten a.m. the bell went for all passengers to get aboard, and soon afterwards we glided slowly away from the wharf and started on the voyage to Port Said. After leaving Marseilles we spent the rest of the day playing games, and reading. During the night we passed through the Straits of Bonifacio, between Corsica and Sardinia, but being night time very little could be made of the land on either side.

August 26th We passed the day in the same manner as usual, playing games and resting in our deck-chairs. It was now beginning to get very hot and both ladies and gentlemen were beginning to sleep on deck. During the night, to be exact at 11-30, Stromboli was sighted

and was in eruption. The captain remarked that it had not been in eruption to such an extent for some years. Unfortunately we were in bed at the time it was sighted and therefore we did not see it, but we heard all about it the next morning, and it must have been a grand sight, and I was very sorry we missed seeing it.

August 27th (Sunday) We had three services during the day, one at eight o'clock (Holy Communion) one at 11 o'clock in the 1st class saloon and the third at 8.15 p.m. on the second class deck. The collection at the 11 o'clock service amounted to over £5, which went to the Seamen's Widows Fund. There was no collection at the evening service. It was now very hot and we spent the best part of the day sleeping or reading in our chairs.

August 28th After my morning bath I had a stroll on deck and during a chat with one of the fellows who had slept on deck I learned that there had been a good deal of excitement during the night. It appeared that one of the chaps who had been drinking rather heavily during the afternoon and evening of the day, woke up in the middle of the night, and yelling like an Indian pounced upon the chap sleeping next to him on the deck, and started punching and kicking him, thinking no doubt that he was one of the snakes he imagined he could see. To make matters worse one of the other fellows, who said he had been dreaming, when he heard the yelling of the other chap, started yelling also. The night watchman, who was in the fore part of the ship when he heard the noise, came running to the stern to see what was the matter, and

eventually succeeded in restoring order. As may be imagined there was a good deal of chaffing going on during the day. We passed Candia about 11-30 a.m. The Island seen from the ship looks very barren. The weather had cooled considerably during the night and we were able to play the deck games with some degree of comfort, and we occupied our time in this manner during the greater part of the ~~game~~ ^{day}.

August 29th There was nothing of special interest today until we arrived at Port Said. early in the afternoon. We formed our usual party and after paying a visit to the largest shop in the town where we made several purchases, we hired carriages and drove round the native quarters. The houses (if I may call them by that name) seemed composed of rough brickwork and timber, thrown together, and they look as if a puff of wind would blow them down. Add to this filth all over the place and the natives selling their goods (such as dried fish) in the streets and you have a good idea of the native quarters of Port Said. The children, as a general rule, are quite nude and run about the streets in this condition. We went into the mosque during our drive. At the doors the natives made us put on a kind of rush shoe over our boots before they would allow us to enter. One of the passengers slipped this rush affair off now and again and pretended not to notice he had done so, but it was not long before one of the natives noticed the shoe, and came running up with it telling him to put it on again. We saw several curios in the mosque, among others being a book written in Arabic, a native sword, and some flags. Leaving the

Mosque we continued our drive and saw several ^{Arab} married women with their faces covered. The lower part of the face from the upper lip downwards is covered by a kind of black veil, and attached to the nose is a kind of straw made up in the shape of a small bundle, which completely hides it. In this manner they cover their faces leaving only the eyes visible. Mary would hardly believe that it was part of their religion to hide their faces after marriage. We drove back to the English portion of the town and went to an hotel and had a glass of iced coffee each. I rather liked the coffee which had a peculiar taste, but Mary and the other ladies did not care for it. Leaving the hotel we walked back to the ship, looking at the shops on our way. Port Said is supposed to be the quickest coaling station in the world and it was interesting to see the way the natives worked. A large barge full of coal was moored alongside the ship and a couple of very long planks about a foot wide were placed from the barge to the ship. These planks were about three feet apart and while some natives (men and women were all mixed up together) in the barge filled baskets with the coal, others picked them up and ran up one of the planks, and upon reaching the top shot the coal out of the basket into the ship, and then ran down the opposite plank. To give some idea of the quickness with which they worked, I must say that the natives followed each other up and down the planks at a quick run about three feet apart, and there was not a stop the whole time, as if to aid them in their work the whole gang (and there was

About a couple of hundred at work) were singing at the top of their voices, and made a most deafening noise. After having something to eat, we went on deck for the remainder of the evening.

August 30. We left Port Said about half past nine, and immediately afterwards entered the Suez Canal. The canal runs right through the desert, and as far as the eye can see there is nothing but sand and salt water lakes, except along the canal bank, and there we have a few small bushes and some grass which grow because they are fed by fresh water from a trough which runs along the canal to supply the people at the stations with fresh water. The railway line from Port Said to Cairo also follows the canal for some distance. When I mentioned Stations I did not mean railway stations as there are none near the canal, but the houses which are built by the side of the canal, for the inspectors of the different portions to live in. Each inspector has a certain part of the canal to look after and it is his duties to see that the dredgers are at work in the proper places, and inspect the banks to ascertain if they are safe. The rate of travelling through the canal is limited to five miles an hour, and we find this rather slow especially as it is very hot and at this rate of speed the ship does not make any breeze. Occasionally too, we had to stop to allow another ship to pass us. This does not sound as if there is much in the stoppage, but when I have described the process it will be admitted that it is rather more tedious than it sounds. The ship that is to pass us is sighted perhaps a mile up the canal.

and we immediately had to stop and draw into the bank. after the ship had come to a standstill ropes were passed over pulleys on the side of the canal, and then the capstan was set to work to pull the boat towards the bank where she was made fast. This making fast business took perhaps five minutes before it was done satisfactorily and then we had to wait 10 minutes or a quarter of an hour in the terrific heat waiting for the other boat to pass us. When at last she had passed then there was the process of getting away again. Two or three ships passed us in this manner and, as I said before, we found it very slow indeed. I had always imagined the canal to be rather wide, at any rate, wide enough for two or three ships to pass each other, but I found it was only about 20 to 30 yards wide, although in places it ran through one of the salt lakes, and there of course it was wider.

August 31st When we ~~came~~ went on deck the following morning we learned that we left the canal about 2 o'clock in the morning after a very short stay at Suez to land mails. The heat was now getting very intense, and we could do nothing but idle the time away in our chairs. Games of any sort were now out of the question, in fact, the slightest exertion made us perspire freely. We ran down the Gulf of Suez all the morning, and about the middle of the afternoon entered the red sea. After tea we saw a good many flying fish, but they were very small. They look very pretty when they fly in a shoal. Some of the larger ones fly for a distance of nearly 20 yards. I am told 20 yards is a very short distance for them to cover, some having been known to fly for 50 or 60 yards.

September 1st The heat today is very great. I had a bath this morning as usual but instead of the water being cold it was quite warm; indeed it seemed as if it had been heated on the ship instead of being pumped from the sea straight into the bath. We spend our time lolling about on deck, occasionally changing our positions to where we can get the full benefit of the breeze which is made by the steamer. We pass one or two ships but apart from that we had nothing to interest us.

September 2 The heat during the earlier part of the day was even hotter than yesterday. A bird, something like a dove, came and settled on a rope near where we were sitting, and after staying a short time flew away again. Towards dinner time a cool breeze sprang up for which everyone was thankful.

September 3 The heat was still very great. We reached Aden about six o'clock in the evening, but we were not allowed to go ashore. To while away the time I had a little fishing and managed to catch one or two. We landed the mails at Aden and left about 12 o'clock. During the early part of the morning (about 2-30 am) the night watchman heard a lot of shouting and crying but could not tell where the noise came from. After procuring assistance a search was made all over the ship, and the noise was at last located in the hold. After the hatchway had been removed the watchman went into the hold and discovered a little black boy there. It appeared that he had been working on the mails which had been landed and had hidden himself away and gone to sleep. He had no intention of stowing himself away but had overslept himself and when he

awoke the boat was out at sea, and the hold all shut up. Of course being in darkness he could not see where he was which frightened him and caused him to shout and scream to attract someone's attention. Upon asking the Captain what would be done in the matter he told us that the little chap would be taken to Colombo and sent back again to Aden by the first boat going to that place.

September 4th The heat was still very great, and the sea was getting rather rough. The boat was rolling rather much for sports, so we could only play off two games of a quoit championship which had been arranged. We were feeling the Monsoons and it was getting rougher every hour. We had the fiddles on the tables at dinner for the first time. The fiddles consist of a framework of wood which is fastened all round the edge of the table, and has several cross pieces going from one side of the table to the other. This of course divides the table into three or four spaces. The object of the fiddle is to prevent the things on the table from slipping about when the boat rolls. Of course it does not stop them rolling altogether but reduces the length of the slip. The following is a rough plan and shows how the fiddle is fixed



September 5 The sea got very rough today and most of the passengers were sick. The ship rolled so much that when sitting on deck we were sliding backwards & forwards in our deck chairs. This was rather exciting while it lasted but at the same time rather distressing to those who were ill, and also to those who were

not blessed with a good supply of strong nerves. It was now so rough that the waves were breaking over the upper deck, and two gentlemen who were sitting near the side got a wetting, and there was a good deal of joking over it. For myself I rather liked the motion of the boat now that the feeling of sickness had left me. It was, to my mind, rather a welcome change to the steady movement of the boat which we had experienced since we left Gibraltar.


September 6th The sea if anything was worse the next day and we stayed in bed most part of the afternoon and evening. We had our meals brought to us and were eating well. I had some books with me and so did not mind the enforced idleness much, but it must have been very slow for Mary.

September 7th The next day the sea had moderated considerably, but the boat was still rolling very much, and it was difficult to walk on the deck so great was the angle. During the day I played one or two deck games. Most of the passengers were on deck, but only one or two would venture to play games the others having not sufficiently recovered from the seasickness of the previous day. In the evening things brightened up considerably and we had some music in the saloon.

September 8th The next day the sea was much better although the boat was still rolling. During the morning we had a cricket match against the first class passengers and won by about 30 runs. This was the first game of any importance we had had for some considerable time and we all enjoyed the game very much. It was quite impossible to play good cricket on account of the rolling and we found the best policy was to whack at every

ball that came along and trust to luck. The game was not very exciting but afforded a good deal of amusement. In the afternoon some more heats of the quoit championship were played off. After tea, as we were sitting chatting on deck, we saw a small boat under full sail, but carrying no lights. It was a dark night and we could only make out that she was only about 30 feet long but she evidently carried a tremendous lot of sails as she was getting along at a great pace. The curious thing about the boat was that there was not a light to be seen aboard her, and no one could make anything of her. She ran close under our stern and passed out of sight like a phantom. Soon after sighting this strange craft we all made our way to the upper deck where we enjoyed a very nice concert, in fact, I think it was the best we had had up to that time. I forgot to mention that the piano was now ^{on deck}.

September 9th The following day after we had had breakfast the quoit championship was played off. Mary was defeated in the first heat and although I was more fortunate I did not survive the second. After dinner we all went on deck to have a look at the land which had now been sighted. As we drew nearer we noticed several native boats which were travelling at a great speed.

The following is a rough sketch of a catamaran, as the natives call their boats.  I have given this rough illustration to enable the following description to be more readily understood.

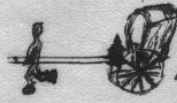
The catamaran is built with a very long and narrow body, not more than a couple of feet wide, with three curved arms about two yards long attached to one side of it. At the end of these arms there is fastened a narrow log of wood about the

same length as the boat and about a foot wide. This piece of wood is to prevent the boat from turning over. These boats have a tremendous sail and sail at a great rate. I was told by one of the passengers who knew Colombo well that they often sail at the rate of 15 miles an hour and I can quite believe him when I think of the rate those we saw were travelling. Taking up my tale again where I dropped it to give an explanation of a catamaran I must inform you that the land we were so fast approaching was Ceylon, and soon we were in the harbour ^{of Colombo}. As we entered through the breakwater the waves were dashing against it with great force, sending showers of spray high into the air and making a magnificent sight. We went ashore with our usual party and after a drink at the Bristol hotel we hired carriages and drove to Mount Lavinia a distance of about 6 miles. The road lay through several native villages and was exceedingly pretty. In the first place we drove along the sea shore for some distance and then branching off we got on to the road leading to Mount Lavinia. There were tall palm trees on either side of the road through which we caught occasional glimpses of the sea on the right and pretty European houses on the left. Every now and then we passed through a native village, where the people were sitting outside their huts selling dried fish and other food stuff, or sleeping. They were not very interested to see a party of white people driving through, I suppose, because they have so many visitors along this particular road leading to Mount Lavinia, the children being more curious than the adults. Mount Lavinia

is a large hotel overlooking the sea and is a very charming place to visit. We had afternoon tea there and strolled about the grounds and enjoyed ourselves very much. After a nice drive back to Colombo we had dinner at the Hotel Bristol and then made our way to the wharf. When we arrived there we met several of the passengers from the Britannia who were leaving us to join the boat going to China. This boat was anchored in the harbour some little distance from the Britannia but this did not stop us from going on. the tug which was taking passengers to her. After saying good bye to our friends we asked the Captain of the tug, which by the way was owned by the P & O Company, if he could take us to the Britannia, but he told us he could not do so as he had to go back to the wharf for other passengers. We did not wish to go to the wharf when the Brit was no great distance from us, so I asked a man in a small boat if he would row Mary & I across to her if we paid him for doing so. He said he would for a shilling each, but I told him we would rather go back to the wharf and get on the tug going to the Britannia than pay that price. After some argument he dropped his price to 6 each and we agreed to this and were accordingly rowed across. We stayed on deck until about 10-30 pm at which time the "Lusan" (which was the name of the ^{for China} boat) left the harbour. We exchanged shouts with our friends on board her until she was out of hearing and then we turned in for the night.

September 10th The next morning all kinds of natives came aboard selling goods, and it was amusing to note how they dropped their prices when they found they could not get the price they asked in

in the first place. I bought one or two little things from them such as ivory elephants and some pieces of glass which he wanted to tell me were precious stones. In the first place he asked me to give him 25/- for the 3 stones (beg pardon I mean pieces of glass) but when he saw he could not deceive me, he gradually lowered the price until at last I gave him 2/- for them. Mary purchased one or two silk handkerchiefs. Whilst at Port Said we had native boys swim out to the ship to dive for coppers which the passengers threw into the water for them, but at Colombo they were more daring and would get on the ship and dive into the water from great heights. As far as I can judge the distance would be about 35 feet. The younger boys came to the side of the ship on logs, and there were great scrambles after the pence thrown to them, as many as six diving after the same penny. Down under the water they would go together and presently up they would come, one of them holding the penny between his fingers, and after showing it to the passenger who threw it to them would place it in his mouth. Some of them had their mouths crammed full of coppers and could hardly speak. It was at Colombo where we first saw a rickshaw. This is a kind of magnified mail cart, with very large wheels, and is drawn by the natives, who can run for miles at a steady trot without feeling tired.



This is a very rough idea of a rickshaw

Speaking of rickshaws reminds me of a tale which one of the passengers told us, and which might be interesting. A gentleman and his wife and daughter were visiting Colombo and made up their minds to drive to Mount Lavinia. They hired a pony cart

but this only held two persons, and the daughter said that instead of hiring another carriage she would go in a rickshaw. This was agreed to and they started off together. During the drive however the native with the rickshaw began to draw away from the pony cart and when he was some distance ahead and was still increasing the distance the young lady began to be frightened and shouted to the man to stop and wait for her father & mother. The native not understanding English took this to mean that he was to go faster and he accordingly increased his pace. This thoroughly frightened the lady and she poked him in the back with her sunshade to make him stop. Instead of this having the desired effect he went still faster, thinking that was what was required of him. The distance between the young lady and her parents was now very great and she was seriously alarmed. She did not lose her nerve however and again making use of her sunshade she hooked it round the native's arm and pulled him up with it. Thus the adventure ended all right, but that young lady made up her mind not to venture into a rickshaw again unless she had an Englishman pulling it, and as the climate is extremely hot she is not likely to find a white man between the shafts, and it is therefore very probable she has had her last ride in a rickshaw.

We left Colombo soon after 12 o'clock and started on the run to Freemantle which is 10 days sail. This is the longest distance without sight of land during the voyage.

September 16th to 19th There was nothing of special interest during this run. We played the usual games on deck each day and had

some music now and then, but apart from these amusements we found the time hang rather heavily, and I was glad to get something interesting to read. On Sunday the 17th we had three services as usual, and on the previous day Mr Buxton delivered a lecture on Japan and the habits of the Japanese. Mr Buxton was a mission worker in Japan and was therefore well able to give us an interesting lecture. To my mind, as well as those of most of the other passengers, Mr Buxton dealt rather heavily on the spread of Christianity in Japan, and did not give us any information as to the social life of the Japanese. However the lecture was well delivered and was enjoyed by everyone present. The Captain dines in the saloon with us now and again and at other times we have some of the officers.

September 20th He arrived at Fremantle early in the morning (about seven o'clock) and we had time before breakfast to study the harbour. This was our first sight of Australia and in the early morning did not look at all nice. The sun had not risen and there was a slight mist over everything which made the harbour and the surrounding country look very cold and uninviting. After we had had breakfast we took the train to Perth. The carriages on the railways of Australia differ in only one respect from those of England and the difference is in the windows. The side windows as well as those of the doors can be lowered and we could therefore get an uninterrupted view of the country we passed through. The view on either side of the line to Perth consists chiefly of Australian bush with here and there a pretty little farmhouse nestling among the trees. Arriving at

Perth which is about 8 miles from Fremantle, we had a stroll along the principal streets looking at the shops and getting tired of this we took the tram to the Queens Gardens. These gardens are about a couple of miles from the city, and although very small are extremely beautiful. Water plays the most important part in making them attractive. The lakes, which are of course artificial, are in the shape of shamrock leaves joining each other by narrow channels, over each of which there is a rustic bridge. The lakes spread over nearly the whole of the Gardens and are filled in between with flower beds, making a very pretty sight. As I said before the gardens do not extend for any great distance but are well worth a visit. The water is well stocked with gold fish, and swans geese &c may be seen on the banks. After spending some time walking about the gardens we took the tram back to Perth, and had some lunch. After another look round we bought some fruit and made our way back to the station and returned to Fremantle and thence to the boat. We put down a good many passengers at Fremantle, but we picked up more than we lost. We had a good many people to say goodbye as we steamed away from the harbour about half past three in the afternoon.

September 21st to 24th After leaving Fremantle we ran down the west coast until about mid-day on the 21st when we turned eastward and entered the Australian light. We expected to get some rough weather in the light, the reason for expecting same being as follows:- While at Fremantle we learned that the "Victoria", in passing through the light homeward bound, had a

a very rough passage, having had two of her boats washed away
 so it will be readily understood that it was with no pleasure
 we looked forward to entering the "bight". However it was not
 nearly so bad as was expected although it was quite bad
 enough, and all the way to Adelaide there was a tremendous
 roll on the boat which made most of the new passengers
 sick. So great was the roll that it was almost impossible
 to stand on the deck without holding on to something. Most
 of the passengers being sick made the passage to Adelaide very
 quiet, especially so as those that were well could not play any
 of the deck games because of the rolling of the boat. On
 the 24th September about midday we ~~we~~ arrived off Port Adelaide.
 The Britannia anchored about three miles out from the wharf,
 and tugs immediately came out to her to convey the passengers
 and the mails to the land. After dinner we boarded one of the
 tugs and after a very rough passage over the three miles we
 landed at the jetty. Port Adelaide is on the sea coast but the town
 of Adelaide itself is some miles inland. A train was waiting
 on the jetty to take passengers to Adelaide and so we went
 by it. It was amusing to us, being used to English railways,
 to travel by this line from the wharf to the town, as it runs
 for some distance along the open streets, and the driver rings
 a bell to warn ^{to} passengers of the approach of the train. Arriving
 at Adelaide we went for a walk round the town, which, being
 Sunday and the shops all shut, appeared very dull. We looked
 at several places of interest, such as government house and the
 Cathedral, and also went into the Museum, and at last found.

ourselves outside the Southern Cross Hotel. We had promised Mr Jowett (one of the passengers leaving the boat at Adelaide.) that we would meet him at the Southern Cross and have dinner with him. It was now nearly time for him to keep his appointment so we kept a sharp look out and presently saw him with two other passengers who had accepted his invitation to dinner, and we all entered the hotel together. We had some time to wait before dinner was served, so we sat in the drawing room and had a chat and some music. At last the dinner bell went and we made our way to the dining room. The menu contained several courses but we only partook of two items those being cold roast pork and turkey. I cannot tell you how we enjoyed that meal. It was quite a treat to us after being used to the dishes on board, and we did full justice to the dinner. After the meal we again went to the ^{drawing} ~~dining~~ room and chatted until it was time to catch the train back to the boat. We then all walked down to the station and after saying goodbye to Mr Jowett we jumped into the train and at last arrived at the port. The train did not land us at the end of the jetty but we had to alight in the street and find our way to the tug as best we could. This does not sound very much, but when one considers that it was quite dark, and we being strangers to the place did not know which way to go to get to the jetty and when at last we did find it, it was in total darkness and had railway lines running all over it, it sounds a little more formidable. Add to this a wind so strong as to make walking difficult and you will have some idea of our walk to the tug. However, we struggled along with our bodies bent nearly double to escape the

force of the wind, every now and again stumbling over something or other until at last ^{we} reached the jetty when our difficulties increased. The wind, now that we had no houses to shelter us, seemed to have doubled its strength and we could hardly get along against it. Stumbling over the railway lines and the uneven planks which formed the jetty we struggled on our way and at last arrived at the tug with nearly all our wind knocked out of us. We were very glad to have got so far without mishap but we looked forward to the passage across to the Britannia with no small misgivings. Shall I ever forget that journey from the jetty to the Brit.? I think not! The tug put off soon after we got aboard and then commenced to jump about like a cork. All the way we were pitching and rolling until every moment we expected the tug would capsize. Every time we pitched the waves broke over the bows and came swirling along the deck to where we were standing wetting our legs considerably. However we arrived alongside the Britannia, safely and then began the most difficult task, that of getting from the tug on to the ship. The Britannia, on account of her size, was quite steady but the tug was rising and falling five or six feet with every wave and the difficulty of getting from one to the other may be imagined. We had to wait our chance and then make a spring onto the gangway where a sailor was waiting to catch hold of us and help us into safety. We were very thankful to feel the Britannia under our feet once more

September 25th Early in the morning we left Adelaide and after an uneventful voyage we arrived at Melbourne in the afternoon of the 26th September. It was about 5 o'clock p.m. when we ran alongside

the dock and after making enquiries about having our luggage transferred to the boat which was to take us on to Tasmania we went ashore. At Melbourne as at Adelaide the town is some miles from the port and we accordingly took the train to the town. We enjoyed our look round the town, which by the ^{way} was the largest we had visited since leaving Marseilles. After we had wandered down most of the principal streets we had tea, and then went to a music hall and saw a very good entertainment which we enjoyed very much, especially as it was the first place of amusement we had been to since leaving London. Leaving the music hall we took the train back to the port and then made our way to the Britannia, we having previously arranged to sleep aboard her that night.

September 27th In the morning we said goodbye to all our friends and again went to the Town where I had to go to the Steam Ship Company's office to arrange our passage to Hobart. After completing my business we again strolled round the place, and at 2 o'clock we went aboard the "Waikare" which was the name of the boat in which we completed our journey. I had been fortunate enough to book our passages in the "Waikare" which sailed the day after we arrived in Melbourne, and we therefore had no long wait. I rather expected to have to wait four or five days in Melbourne and was glad to find we could sail the day after our arrival. The new boat, although of course smaller, than the Britannia, was much ^{more} handsomely fitted up. Our cabin was on the main deck and was quite the size of two of the cabins on the Brit. thrown into one. The dining saloon was also better appointed, and I may also mention that the food was altogether better. We left the.

town about half past three in the afternoon and after running down the river for half an hour we entered the harbour at the port and looked about for the "Britannia". She was due to sail at the same time that we left the town and so would have half an hour's start of us. but she must have been late in sailing for as we ran out of the harbour she was just a short distance ahead of us. She did not get within speaking distance but gradually increased her lead until we lost sight of her. After dinner (which was served at six o'clock) we had some music in the saloon and afterwards retired for the night.

September 28th The next day passed very quietly most of the passengers being sick and we contented ourselves with strolling about the deck. It must not be supposed that the boat was steady, in fact, she was rolling very considerably, but we had found our sea legs long before this and did not mind the roll at all, but rather enjoyed it. After dinner we had some music and retired early with the pleasing thought that when we woke the next morning we should be at the end of our journey.

September 29th Upon going on deck the next morning we found that we were indeed moored alongside the quay at Hobart, and after breakfast we had our luggage taken to the Imperial Hotel where we intended staying until we could find lodgings. During the morning and afternoon we walked round looking for rooms but being unable to find anything to suit, we determined to put an advertisement in the local newspaper. This we accordingly did, and after another look round we returned to the Hotel and had tea. That night we had the best rest we had had since

leaving home. and the consequence was we slept late the next morning

September 30th It was after 10 o'clock when we had breakfast. We were curious to see our advertisement in print so I obtained a paper directly we had finished breakfast and looked it up. We had now to wait patiently until we could call for the answers, so for something to do we took a train to Newtown. Newtown is a small place about 2 miles from Hobart. We enjoyed the ride very much and returned to dinner with good appetites, and consequently made a good meal. During the afternoon we again went round to see some more people about lodgings but we found nothing satisfactory, and so returned to tea. We had some songs before turning in for the night

October 1st (Sunday) In the morning we went out into the "Domain" (what we should call a park) and sat on a seat there for some time, and then strolled along by the side of the river. We very much liked the views as we walked along. Everywhere we looked, fresh scenes met our eyes and each seemed better than the last. In the afternoon we went up to Glenora by excursion train. The distance, I believe, is about 30 miles and the scenery all the way was very beautiful. Glenora lies in the valley of the Derwent and the line to it follows the river nearly the whole way, in fact, it scarcely leaves it at all, and the scenery with mountains as a background cannot be described. The journey took two hours and as the river is very winding we had fresh views at

every bend. Coming back we managed to get on the opposite side of the carriage to that which we occupied going up, and thus saw the scenery on both sides of the line. We arrived back in Hobart about 7 o'clock and had tea, and then, being very tired we went to bed.

October 2nd After breakfast we went to the office of the newspaper, and enquired for any replies that might have come in in answer to our advertisement. Then the clerk handed me about thirty letters. I was very astonished, and I went back to the Hotel and commenced to wade through them. After looking through them all we selected the one we thought best, and went to see about it. We liked the look of the house very much, it being a large one with a balcony. Upon asking about the rooms we were shown those we are now occupying, which are very nice indeed, the bedroom being especially large. They are well furnished and the bedroom has two windows which overlook a small park known as the Barracks. To the left we have an extensive view of the harbour. The drawing room, although smaller, is very comfortable, and contains a nice new piano by Collard. The terms we considered suited us very well and we decided to take the rooms, and consequently had our luggage conveyed from the Hotel.

October 3 We had a stroll down the town, and in the afternoon took a ferry boat across the river to a small place called Beltana (another name being Lindsfarne) and from there walked into the bush. Instead of being as we expected a

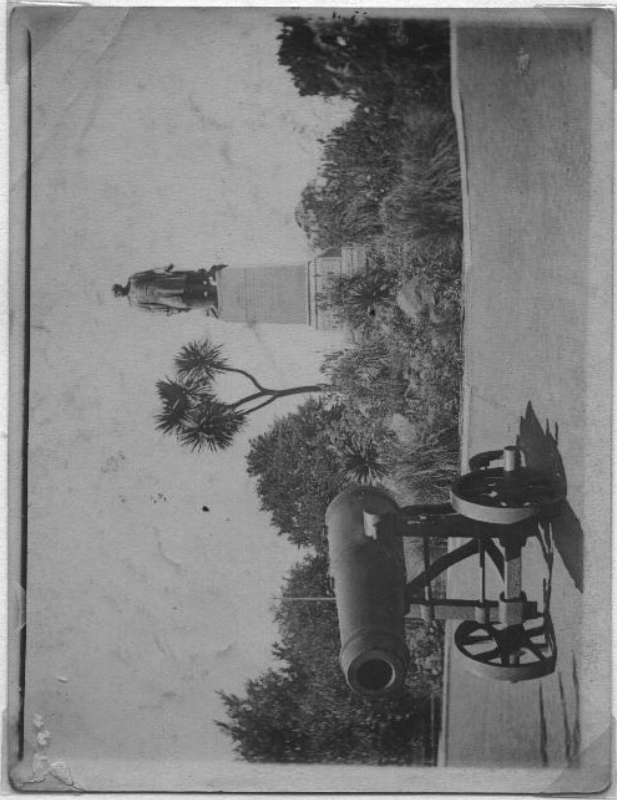
jumble of trees and bushes through which it would be difficult to walk, we found that we could walk with ease although in some places the trees grew very thickly. The wattle (called in England *Mimosa*) grows in profusion, and all kinds of other flowers which we never saw in England could be gathered at every step. We gathered a very large bunch and to give an idea of how nice the bush looked, I may say that among those we collected there were quite a dozen different kind of flowers of all colours.



We have all kinds of means of enjoying ourselves out here such as fishing trips, rabbit & bird shooting, trips by water &c and are enjoying ourselves very much. We have a game of cards of an evening when we do not go out, and we have also several games (including Ping pong) with which to amuse ourselves of an evening.

And now, having given you all the events of our voyage up to the time of settling down here I must bring my diary to a close hoping it will prove interesting to those who read it

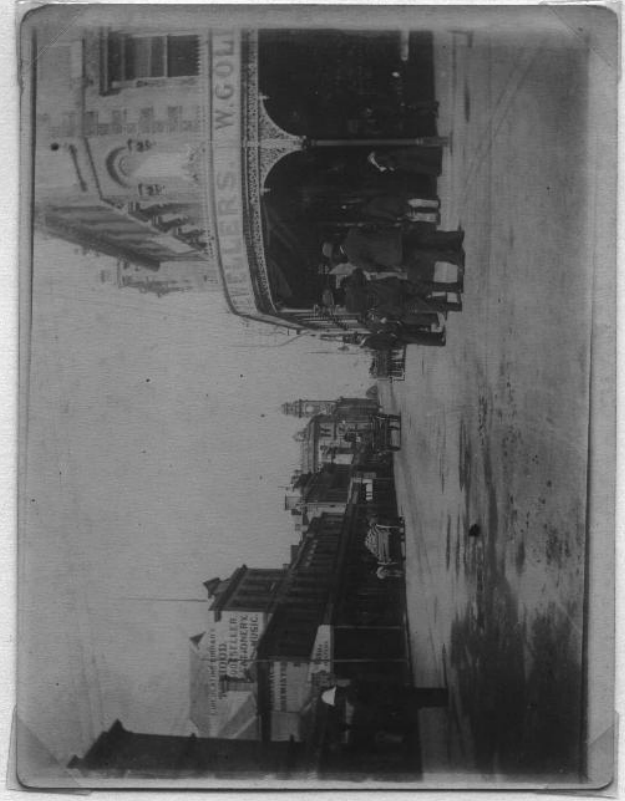
— Finis —



Public Square Hobart.



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Elizabeth Street Hobart.




Falls M^{nt} Wellington
Hobart.

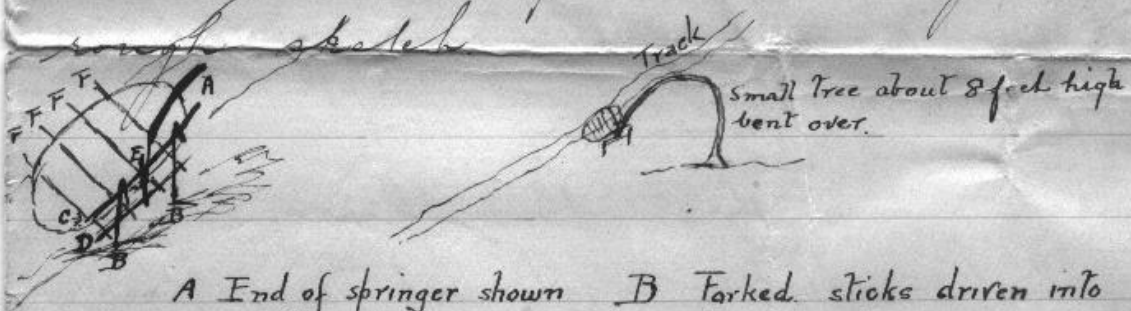
Tyenna
Tasmania
7th Oct. 1907

My dear Jim.

Your letter of the 22nd August last reached me about a week ago and I am now sitting down to write an answer to it. In the first place let me say that I like to receive a long letter such as yours as it is so easy to write a nice long letter in reply. You ask me several questions and I shall try to answer them in the order they appear in your letter. In the first place about the Opossum skins. I did not do so well as I expected but I must not grumble as mine was the best catch of the district. I bagged exactly a couple of dozen.

You are right about the opossum
spending most of their time in the
trees. They sleep during the day and
come out directly it gets dark to
feed. After supplying their "little
barys" they spend the rest of the
night playing in the trees, and are
back to "roost" just before daylight.
They make their nests in hollow trees.
With regard to the traps we set
for them, it depends upon what trace
we find. For instance if we find a
tree in which they play (they always
use the same one, and we spot it
by the scratches on the bark) we put
a pole up against it with a snare
attached as per rough sketch, and
when the "possum" goes up or 
down the tree (always choosing the
slanting pole) he puts his trapper through

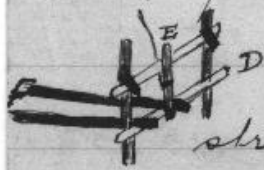
the loop which draws tight round his neck & there he is the next morning. Another method is to place some bread upon the ground and set a trap by it. The trap used are those by which rats are caught in the Old Country. ~~It~~ If we find a track upon the ground we set rather a complicated trap which I think I can explain better by a rough sketch.



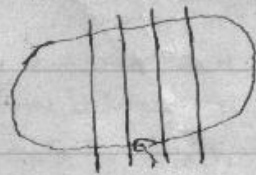
- | | |
|---|--|
| A End of springer shown in other drawing | B Forked sticks driven into the ground. |
| C Piece of stick placed across B's under forks. | D Piece of stick placed across B's about 1 1/2 inches lower than C |
| E Piece of stick placed across C & D to which snare is attached | F Pieces of stick touching ground one end and resting on D the other |

Of course the snare is attached to the end of the springer and about three inches from the end a piece of stick marked E is tied. after getting the

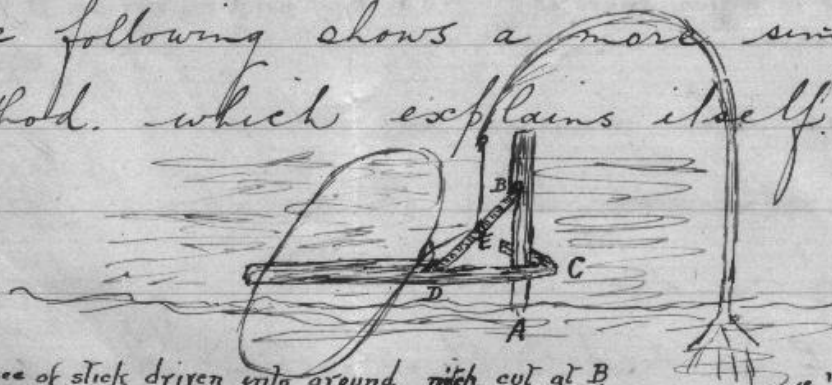
(marked B).
 forked sticks, driven in the ground.
 and the two pieces marked C & D
 ready the springer is bent over and
 the piece marked E. placed as follows



You will now see that the
 strain placed on E. by the bent
 springer keeps D in place but directly
 it is pushed down it allows the
 springer to fly into the air. As
 explained the sticks F have one end
 on the ground and the other resting
 on D so that when any weight is
 placed upon them they press down
 D which releases E and up goes the
 springer.



The following shows a more simple
 method. which explains itself.



A Piece of stick driven into ground. notch cut at B

C Forked stick with notch cut at D.

E Piece of stick to which snare is attached and which sits in notches in A

I should like to give you a bit of advice about these snares, and that is. If you try to set them be careful you do not let the springer fly up and hit you in the "chiv". It hurts.

I've had some so I know. Enough about snares. Your next question asks how many acres I shall have at work next spring. As far as I can say. Just over 30. (Question No 2 soon disposed of) Answer to question No 3. Most of the railways out here belong to the State. The one to our district was to have been built by a private company but I am sorry to say it has fallen through.

I was very pleased to hear that you are getting on well on the G.W.R. and I read with interest your account of the

like this.

"With a grand piano on his back. upstairs
he tried to run

Trod on a stair that wasn't there
And his days work was done."

However so long as you benefited
by the change what matters if you
did roll in the mud and get wet
once or twice.

I was sorry to hear
that Amy was gone but was
pleased to know from mother's letter
received since yours. that she was
on the mend.

As you say Teddie must
be getting a young roscab. if
he gets up to many pranks such
as the one you mention about the
eggs. Was the missing egg ever
discovered?

I am sorry to hear that

such wild stories are floating
round Paddington concerning myself
but no doubt you put an end
to most of them by saying that
I am still alive and kicking although
I do not do so much kicking as I
used to when at Paddington. In fact
I haven't played a game of football
since leaving the Old Country! The only
kicking I do now is at the dog when
he does not do as he is told.

I am glad to be able to
inform you that we are all well
and looking forward to coming home
next year for a holiday.

Please excuse writing as baby
is sitting under the table (which is
rather shaky) playing with some cards
and she keeps on bumping her head
against the leg.

With love to all I am
Your affectionate brother
Harry.

And

