

TRANSCRIPT OF THE DIARY KEPT BY NORAH POWER IN 1866 AND 1867
DURING HER VOYAGE FROM LIVERPOOL TO VALPARAISO AND RETURN TO
LIVERPOOL ON HER FATHER'S SHIP, THE IRON BARQUE, "WORRALL".

Abstract of a Voyage from England to South America
From thence back to England
On board the ship WORRALL.

Kept by Norah K Power
1866 to 1867.

Cruising the Tropics

Where the Whale spouts high,
And the porpoise roll.
And the Dolphins show,
Their backs of Gold.

The Flying Fish skim,
O'er the bright blue sea.
And hurry away past,
Our sunny Lee.

Around our bow,
The Bonitos play.
And the Sea Gulls,
Follow on our way.

Start of Voyage.

July 8th 1866.

Sunday. Commences with light winds and gloomy weather, but being moderately fair, we were called by papa at 4 a.m. Snatched up an early breakfast, hurried into a cab with Aunt Eliza, Mamma, Papa, Fred and myself, and drove down to the Princes Landing Stage. Here I had to bid them a painful "Good Bye".

From this moment I date the beginning of our future voyage, as I now began to feel that I was leaving home. I stood on the deck of the Steam Tug beside Papa and we both had our eyes fixed on the dear ones we were leaving behind, waving their kerchiefs until they were lost to view. At this time my heart beat fast but low, and it may not be amiss to shew that even the poor animals felt more than one could imagine (I mean Topsy the dog and Puss) as they too kept their eyes fixed on the shore apparently, if you may judge by their movements, were in a low spirited, miserable, nothingless sort of state. Whether it was the smell of the Steam Boat or not I can not tell, but they appeared to be so thoroughly disgusted and out of sorts at the moment that they looked each other straight in the face and vomited; after this there appeared to be quite a mutual understanding between the two; I fancy I could read it in Topsy's face and saying, "Now come, you and I have a long way before us so do not go spitting at me, for as I have no other companion but you, we had better understand each other at once, so be good friends like a sensible cat. It appears Pussy took the thing quite in the same light, as they agreed pretty well after this.

At 9 o'clock the anchor was hove up and the Steamer took the Ship in tow and at 11 a.m. we were outside of the Bell Buoy, and the Pilot then left us, taking with him the few hurried lines of "farewell" on shore for us. About this time my mind was filled with a thousand ideas mingled together upon the whole causing me to feel very low spirited indeed.

July 9th 1866

Monday. A smart breeze and cloudy weather, the vessel still in tow. Did not get up this morning, not feeling well, but still not sick (but very home sick). 4.30 off Great Ormes Head. 8.30 parted with the Steamer. Saw the Sherries Light, bearing S.S.W 10 miles. I still feel very low, which to cheer me up papa wound up the Musical Box and that, instead of making me a bit merry, made me still more sad which ended in a downright good cry. After that I felt much relieved, but thinking I would only make Papa miserable I had to hide the rest of my tears (or put them by for another day). Night coming on, the lamps were lit in the Cabin which made me still more miserable missing the gas light very much at home and everything to me looking so gloomy and desolate; but I went to bed and tried to forget my troubles in sleep.

July 10th 1866

Tuesday. Able to get up more refreshed this morning after a good night's rest. Ate a little breakfast, after which I went on deck and looked around; a moderate breeze and cloudy; saw a large vessel keeping company with us; called the Sylhet, bound to Callas (sic); 9.30 – saw Bardsey Island – Noon ends with a moderate breeze, but thick foggy weather.

July 11th 1866

Wednesday. Light breeze clear weather, began by this time to feel myself really at sea and to be reconciled to my fate. Went on deck and saw Topsy who came bounding and jumping up to me as much as to say: "where are we now?" I soon discovered that she had had a nice little house made for her and quite at home in it. Only on my coming down again into the cabin, she of course followed me but was soon given to understand by the Steward that the cabin was not her Apartment, by the words, "Go on deck", with which she immediately vanished, and was not again seen entering the cabin that day, whatever she might do afterwards. Noon ends, light breeze but foggy, the Sylhet still keeping company with us.

July 12th 1866

Thursday. Begin to have serious thoughts of doing something as the time hangs rather heavily, so go to my work box and get some pocket handkerchiefs that want hemming and after finishing 8 of them considering that to be very fair for one days work;(sic) I go on deck and find that there is still a light breeze, but the weather continues foggy. Everybody on deck appears to be very busy and, as I fancy I am only in the way, I go below, (using the nautical phrase), which of course I must now, and find the Steward preparing Tea. Then after taking a little, Papa and I go on deck again to enjoy an evening walk when, lo and behold, to our astonishment we find them dancing and our carpenter, being of a musical turn, is engaged playing Quadrilles for them on a tin whistle which he plays very well. Then, being tired of dancing, they have a concert for a change. When it grows dark Papa and I go down below, have a bit of a chat and then go to our nautical couch to dream of home and the dear ones there.

July 13th 1866

Friday. Very busy today finishing the rest of my Pkt handkerchiefs with which I feel very much gratified at the thought of having finished them all and put them nicely away, intending if fine to wash and do them up next day. I go to the piano, and have a tune, being the first time after leaving home that I could make up my mind to touch it. The top of the skylight being open, I happen to cast my eye up and spy several of them on deck looking down, no doubt thinking what a fine thing it is to have a piano onboard. I practice for about an hour or so, but hearing them pulling at the ropes, I go on deck. A smart breeze blowing but very thick weather. Thinking and wondering how it would be off the Horn, the terrible, dreaded Cape Horn. Noon ends, smart breeze but cloudy. Midnight, dark, nasty weather.

July 14th 1866

Saturday. Not being the finest of mornings, I put off doing my washing till a better opportunity, so go about mending my stockings (I dare say my readers will laugh and think that my stockings wanted mending very soon after leaving home) but they must please remember how soon I was packed off and the short time that there was to get my things ready, and then there will be every excuse for me. Well, I darned my stockings and put them away and said to myself, "There's another job done", not that it was much of a job, for it was only two pairs, but still a job is a job for all that, and I was glad to think that they were done.

July 15th 1866

Sunday. A week from home today. Thought how quickly the time had passed. Had some breakfast and went on deck. Rather a nice morning. Saw all the crew nicely dressed and cleaned. Thought of my little brothers at home going to Church and ear Mamma. Thoughts of home as strong as ever. Wondered whether Mamma would miss me very much and wondered how the children would get along Saturday nights. Who would wash them. Everybody employed more or less reading, nothing to do of course Sundays (sic). Take my Bible on deck in the afternoon and fancy myself sitting very comfortable with my old friend, Lilly, in her pew at Chapel only rather a harder seat on deck of course.

July 16th 1866

Monday. All at work again very busy on deck, fair light winds. This day for the first time I saw our good ship under full sail, flying along like a thing of life about 10 miles an hour, with many sea birds keeping us company, a sight which many on shore would give the world to see; evening amusements as usual, the crew dancing quadrilles to our "German Band" (as Papa styles it). Dancing from 6 to 8 o'clock, after which follows the concert which finished at 9.

July 17th 1866

Tuesday. Fine pleasant weather. I now begin to feel myself settled down in my Floating Home. On looking around the decks I see all the sailors busily employed doing something. I never could imagine what they could employ themselves about in fine weather at sea, but it appears there is always plenty for them to do onboard of a well regulated ship to be kept clean and in good order, which seems to be Papa's main object; evening fine, had a nice walk up and down the deck talking of those left behind, for we do enjoy to talk of home.

July 18th 1866

Wednesday. Went on deck and had a look around, after which I came down and set to my washing and got done and hung out to dry, being a nice fine day. Ship still going along with light fair winds. Evening amusements as usual.

July 19th 1866

Thursday. Light winds and very fine clear weather. I go on deck till dinner time when after having that I set to ironing my things but do not finish till tea time when I am called up on deck by Papa to see a large porpoise puffing and blowing in the water and being a beautiful moonlight evening we enjoy our walk up and down the deck very much.

July 20th 1866

Friday. This morning a light breeze blowing, still clear fine weather. Ship going along 10 miles an hour. Midnight sees us with a moderate breeze but rainy weather.

July 21st 1866

Saturday. Light breeze but thick dirty weather. O some rug work today. Noon light winds rainy weather.

July 22nd 1866

Sunday. Two weeks at sea today, begin to wonder how many more Sundays we shall be before reaching Valparaiso. Light unsteady winds, rainy weather. Saw an English Barque, so thinking it would be a nice chance to send home letters Papa had the boat lowered and sent away a great many, with which all onboard felt delighted at the thought of having sent word home again, hoping the Captain would deliver them safe for us. – The Barque Tomoron Sound from Tomoron to Liverpool.

July 23rd 1866

Monday. Light unsteady airs and dark cloudy weather, wonder how far the English Barque Tomoron is on her way with our dear letters. Midnight light breeze clear moonlight night. The sea looking like a pane of glass so smooth really beautiful to see.

July 24th 1866

Tuesday. Light airs and fine clear weather. Begin to wonder how mamma feels at home and whereabouts the 2 Toms are, whether they are nearly at their journey's end.

July 25th 1866

Wednesday. Moderate breeze cloudy weather, the ship flying along under all sail, all busy on deck. I go to the piano and practise, after which I go to my drawer and rearrange all my things and do many little fiddling jobs.

July 26th 1866

Thursday. Nice fine weather, have breakfast, and go on deck; find Topsy and Puss, having a game of tick round the skylight. Topsy having caught Puss. Pussy puts up her paw and gives Topsy a scratch on the nose, which Topsy does not seem to relish, and seems to ask Puss, "is that what you call behaving like a sensible cat?" But notwithstanding the scratch on the nose, she chases her again which of course makes everyone on deck roar with laughter to watch their capers.

July 27th 1866

Friday. Smart N.E. Trades and fine weather. I begin to be very interested in a book called "Kenilworth", one of Sir Walter Scott's novels that Papa has advised me to read. Go on deck, take with me a camp stool and sit under the awning. Topsy making herself particularly cosy at my feet. Pussy frisking about goodness where, here, there and everywhere, first watching this, then that, and wondering at the same time what in the world it all means, and where we are going to, till at last she spies a little bit of rope rolling about the deck, gets hold of that and amuses herself, Topsy watching her all the time closely, and waiting for a good opportunity to pounce upon her, unawares. Midnight cloudy, but moonlight: begin now to look forward to fine weather.

July 28th 1866

Saturday. Quite at home now onboard ship. Do not relish sleeping in a berth all alone by myself so today Papa sets the carpenter about arranging and making a bed in his berth for me so that I can be near him. So I have a board made to put across the sofa in his berth and a nice little curtain to draw across at night, so that we are very comfortable indeed, in fact

could not be more so, without I had Lilly with me or Katie to chat with, but Papa a very excellent companion talking and laughing all day long both of us and part of the night too.

July 29th 1866

Sunday. This day I generally feel rather dull having not anything to do but read. Now is the time I would like Lilly with me, think to myself what they would say if they were here, whether they would have liked the sea, whether they would have been sea sick and a great many other little things; wonder how Harry, Hiram and Fred get on and how Mamma is, whether they are thinking of us or not but that I am sure they do, mamma especially. Noon ends beautiful weather; off the west end of Madeira. Midnight light breezes fine clear weather.

(There appears to be a page from the Diary missing here – Ed.)

August 5th 1866

Sunday. Light fine weather 4 weeks from home today. I hope all the remaining weeks will pass as quickly as these have appeared to do. I wonder what they are doing at home. Finished Kenilworth at last and enjoyed it very much indeed. Go o deck, have a romp with the dogs, Carlo & topsy but Carlo being rather old he does not seem to care much for play except for running after sticks and belaying pins. He seems to have been trained to that, a nice old dog more steady in his behaviour than Madame topsy.

August 6th 1866

Monday. Very busy looking over a lot of things with Papa and the Steward and taking account of them. Spent the rest of the day in work on deck under the awning which I always enjoy.

August 7th 1866

Tuesday. Much the same as usual. Ship going along under full sail. Put the fishing lines out to catch some fish which however proved a failure. Spent the day as usual.

August 8th 1866

Wednesday. Breakfasted of a Flying Fish which flew onboard about 4 a.m. and oh! It was delightful. I did so enjoy it. They look such pretty little things flying through the air, to get clear of the larger fish. Weather fine and clear. I must not forget to mention the extreme beauty of the tropical skies and the beautiful colour of the water, but more especially by night the water, as this is indigo. If you throw anything overboard you can see it go down for miles and miles.

August 9th 1866

Thursday. Smart breeze but thick rainy weather. Went on deck but could not stay long for the rain. Noon change of wind accompanied with heavy rain. Midnight light breeze and cloudy.

August 10th 1866

Friday. Light breeze and cloudy weather all plain sail set by the wind. Employed much as usual.

August 11th 1866

Saturday. Very busy making a cover for a pin-cushion that I have made for Papa's Stateroom. Go on deck, smart breeze cloudy weather. Midnight increasing breeze and a cross sea.

August 12th 1866

Sunday. Smart breeze and cloudy weather. Breakfasted of 2 flying fishes one very large and one very small one. Finished the cover for pin-cushion. Get the carpenter to make a stand for it; then it looks so nice that I am tempted to make one for myself.

August 13th 1866

Monday. Smart breeze and cloudy weather all plain sail set by the wind.

August 14th 1866

Tuesday. Light breeze and cloudy weather. Breakfasted again of a beautiful Flying Fish. Went on deck afterwards, saw the two pigs for the first time taking their morning rambles about the decks. Topsy now and then chasing after them when the fit took her. Midnight light breeze and fine moonlight night.

August 15th 1866

Wednesday. Strong breeze and squally weather all possible sail set by the wind. Finished my own pin-cushion not quite as pretty as Papa's. Midnight rather cloudy.

August 16th 1866

Thursday. Strong breeze cloudy weather, wash again today which I find a great bore onboard ship. Get that done and hung out to dry. Practise as usual and do my work. Ship going along 6 or 8 miles and hour. Midnight moderate breeze.

August 17th 1866

Friday. Saw another ship at a great distance off, too far to signalise her, for which I am sorry as I always like signalling very much. Moderate breeze fine clear weather. Midnight light breeze clear weather.

August 18th 1866

Saturday. Smart breeze and fine weather. In great anticipation of crossing the line tomorrow, but sincerely hope I shall not be shaved. Midnight light breeze clear weather.

August 19th 1866

Sunday. Fine weather. Our ship crossed the Equator while we were sitting at breakfast, so that by the time we had finished we were in the other hemisphere. Sunday is a very quiet day onboard ship (in fine weather). The sailors generally have what they call their Sundays rigging or sitting about the decks in different places reading books or smoking their pipes, as it may suit their fancy.

August 20th 1866

Monday. Strong S.E. Trades and fine weather. Papa prevails on me to read “Diary of a Late Physician” which I begin today and so far it is splendid.

August 21st 1866

Tuesday. Strong S.E. Trades and fine weather. Saw another Barque but too far off to signalise, bound home.

August 22nd 1866

Wednesday. Strong S.E. Trades and very squally weather.

August 23rd 1866

Thursday. Strong breeze and squally weather. Noon signalised the American ship “Valentine” (?) from New York bound to California.

August 24th 1866

Friday. Strong breeze and squally weather. Midnight squally unsettled weather. I feel very frightened of course not being used to it, and keep on bothering Papa which at last I give up as he does not like being teased about I so I make up my mind not to be timid which I find very hard to do, and can not go to bed. Strong breeze and squally. Get very interested in my book. Spend most of my time now reading as there is no possibility of doing any work. Vessel knocking about too much for that.

August 25th 1866

Saturday. More settled weather today, strong breeze. Go on deck again under the awning. Walk for a while. Afterwards go below and practise till tea time.

August 26th 1866

Sunday. Take my book on deck and sit on the Poop enjoying a read, Topsy wanting me to play with her, which she shows plainly by every now and then giving my dress a switch, but I can not be bothered with her. I am otherwise engaged so I send her off to her house. Most beautiful day.

August 27th 1866

Monday. Light breeze clear weather read as usual till tea, after which Papa and I have our evening walk and find Puss walking on the sails again. Papa creeps behind her with the end of a rope intending to give her a (rope’s –ending) as the sailors call it for disobeying orders, but she happens to turn round just in time to save herself and makes her exit as quick as she can, Topsy after her, down in the cabin; poor Puss, she suffers martyrdom from Topsy, she thinking nothing of taking hold of poor Puss by the neck and running up and down the deck with her, she at the same time mewing for her life, but not able to defend herself in the hands of such a monster.

August 28th 1866

Tuesday. Light airs and fine weather get the Steward to make me some toffee. Spend the day as usual. Midnight clear weather.

August 29th 1866

Wednesday. Light breeze and clear weather. Find "Diary of a Late Physician" to be a very interesting book. Do not feel at all homesick now, not but that I think of them at home just as much as ever.

August 30th 1866

Thursday. Light breeze and fine weather. All the crew employed painting Papa's pretty little gig, for when we get to Valparaiso. Papa appeals to me and asks what colour shall she be painted? I say blue, accordingly she is painted blue and looks very handsome, white outside, blue inside, with her name in pretty gold letters in a blue ribbon on the stern.

August 31st 1866

Friday. Very busy today copying Poetry which Papa setts(sic) me to call Meditations at Sea. Moderate breeze and fine clear weather.

September 1st 1866

Saturday. Light breeze clear weather smooth water. Finish my book having been highly pleased with it.

September 2nd 1866

Sunday. Many Sundays now since we left dear home. How are they getting on by this time I wonder! Seems a very long time now since we left. Very strong breeze and cloudy weather. Great squall accompanied with much thunder and lightening rain. Midnight increasing to a gale.

September 3rd 1866

Monday. Hard gale with heavy seas. Ship labouring heavily and shipping a deal of water, under close reefed topsails.

September 4th 1866.

Tuesday. Hard gale and heavy seas. Ship labouring heavily shipping a deal of water. Sprays flying in all directions, causing no small fun at the Cabin dinner table. Each one has to look after his own plates, knives, forks, spoons, &c, &c, &c, &c; all smashing together. Papa one day unfortunately got some of his soup in his waistcoat pocket at the same time our settee (sic) and down we both fell, soup and all, stern foremost on the Cabin floor; Pa thought it about the wisest plan to sit where he was and finish his dinner on the floor.

September 5th 1866

Wednesday. Light breeze and cloudy weather. Begin another book entitles "Dombey and Son". So far so good.

September 6th 1866

Thursday. Smart breeze cloudy weather. Noon increasing breeze. Midnight stormy.

September 7th 1866

Friday. Hard and heavy sea, ship again labouring heavily and shipping a deal of water. Midnight hard gale and heavy sea.

September 8th 1866

Saturday. Hard gale and heavy sea shipping a deal of water.

September 9th 1866

Sunday. Smart breeze and dark cloudy weather.

September 10th 1866

Monday. Smart breeze and cloudy weather. Midnight increasing.

September 11th 1866

Tuesday. Light breeze cloudy weather. Make some toffee today. Do a little work afterwards. Read "Dombey and Son" which I think equals my last book. Midnight hard gale and squally.

September 12th 1866

Wednesday. Strong breeze with a heavy sea. Shipping a deal of water over all. Midnight grows moderate.

September 13th 1866

Thursday. Unsteady squally weather. Topsy does not know what to make out of the continual tossing about. As soon as she gets nicely settled one side of the ship, away she goes to the other and looks up to me as if I could help it, making Pa and I roar with laughing. Midnight unsteady and squally.

September 14th 1866

Friday. Light breeze and cloudy weather. Noon squally accompanied by thunder, lightening, and rain; get very frightened at the lightening, pity the poor sailors having to go up aloft in the midst of it all; can see to pick up a pin on deck, quite an illumination. Thunder very loud and the rain coming down in torrents.

September 15th 1866

Saturday. Smart breeze and cloudy, off Rio de la Plata, today, begin to expect rough weather.

September 16th 1866

Sunday. I hope not many more Sundays now, before we reach our destination. Moderate breeze fine weather. Midnight the same.

September 17th 1866

Monday. Smart breeze fine weather. Midnight thick and cloudy.

September 18th 1866

Tuesday. Strong breeze and thick cloudy weather. Almost finished Dombey, such an amusing book; in some parts making me laugh so. Midnight light breeze thick and cloudy.

September 19th 1866

Wednesday. Make more toffee today with which I am in great fears of the pan tumbling over every minute as the ship gives a lurch. Consequently it proves a great bother and I say to myself that it shall be the last for the passage out at all events.

September 20th 1866

Thursday. Light breeze and fine clear weather. Midnight ends the same.

September 21st 1866

Friday. Fine clear weather. Midnight same.

September 22nd 1866

Saturday. Strong breeze weather. Midnight ends cloudy.

September 23rd 1866

Sunday. Strong gale and heavy seas, but I go on deck prepared for it as I have Papa's oil skin coat on and Sou'wester and of course I look a regular "Tar". Ship shipping a deal of water over all. Topsy had several baths.

September 24th 1866

Monday. Strong gale and heavy seas attended with squalls. Ship under close reefed topsails. Sighted the land, Cape St Vincent.

September 25th 1866

Tuesday. Sighted Cape St John. Papa called me on deck 8 o'clock this morning to see Cape St John with its hills covered in snow. Nobody lives here, can not in fact for the severity of the weather, terribly cold.

September 26th 1866

Wednesday. Saw the Cape Pigeons. Put out my line over the stern and George the Apprentice caught two beauties for me, killed them and took the wings of very pretty birds that follow the ship for miles and miles sometimes Papa tells me even to Valparaiso. But it seems a pity to kill the poor things, catch them with a fishing hook, a line, and a piece of pork. Of course they come after the pork little thinking the hook is attached to it; consequently they get caught immediately. When they drawn on deck they can not fly off again. They are helpless. Midnight fine.

September 27th 1866

Thursday. Hard gale with heavy sea. Midnight ends moderate.

September 28th 1866

Friday. Hard gale and heavy sea, ship shipping a deal of water. I happen to get wet several times, but am perfectly resigned to it now. Midnight heavy squalls, wind whistling through her sails, very loud making such a mournful sound.

September 29th 1866

Saturday. Hard gale and very heavy sea. Go to my drawer and look over my things but find it will not answer, as things go flying here and flying there. Midnight moderate.

September 30th 1866

Sunday. Very hard gale with heavy cross sea, can hardly stand on deck, have to hold on by the rails, find it very cold, begin to wonder what Cape Horn can be like at all, if this is the first impression of it, which I am sure is not at all a favourable one. Get wet literally through and through. Have to go down below and change everything, all through trying to catch Cape Pigeons. Expect soon to see the Albatrosses, beautiful large birds. Midnight moderate breeze.

October 1st 1866

Monday. Hard gale with a heavy cross sea, ship labouring heavily and shipping a deal of water – under close reefed canvass. Midnight hard gale accompanied with squalls, sleet and hail.

October 2nd 1866

Tuesday. Got my work out this morning with the intention of doing a little but find it quite impossible, reel of cotton rolling away first, then the scissors following the example, last of all me going with them, just I was taking pity on them and picking them up. I only fancy how some of them at home would laugh to be here, for after all it is fun and no mistake; no one can imagine on shore, but on goes the old ship not caring a button whether she knocks you about or whether she doesn't – all the same to her as long as she gets to Valparaiso some way or other; on she goes dashing the spray around her and riding so gracefully over the great waves that come up against her seeming to bid defiance; but she soon knocks them down, and the poor miserable victims on deck too. As for poor Puss, I do pity her, for she looks perfectly scared and Topsy has given it up as a bad job long ago, and goes in for a snooze. Tremendous heavy gale ship shipping a deal of water. Midnight hard gales with sleet and hail.

October 3rd 1866

Wednesday. Hard gale ship labouring heavily. Saw the Albatrosses but did not succeed in catching any, ship going so fast through the water, also the ape Hens. Midnight increasing gale.

October 4th 1866

Thursday. Today occurred the remarkable event of killing one of the pigs which made a most fearful noise onboard. Hard gale with heavy sea, increasing sea. Noon signalled the ship "Emily Waters" bound west from Swansea. Midnight very hard gale accompanied with heavy squalls, sleet and hail.

October 5th 1866

Friday. Hard gale and heavy sea. Caught a very large Albatross, very busy picking off the feathers, lovely white birds. Keep the head as a curiosity. Midnight hard gale with heavy sea.

October 6th 1866

Saturday. Hard gale with heavy sea, ship labouring heavily, shipping a deal of water inasmuch that we lost three shovels overboard. Poor Carlo begins to be very sick and bad. He loses his coat. Midnight strong winds and cloudy.

October 7th 1866

Sunday. Strong gale with heavy sea, ship labouring heavily. Caught two more very large Albatrosses. Spent Sunday as usual reading, finish *Dombey & Son*. Midnight moderate but cloudy.

October 8th 1866

Monday. Unsteady squally weather with a heavy head sea. Papa begins to feel very low spirited thinking what a long voyage we are having. I feel very much the same, but pass my time practising and reading. Commence another book called "Vilette", a French novel. Do not care for the beginning very much, seems rather dry. Midnight ends increasing sea and squally.

October 9th 1866

Tuesday. Moderate breeze and cloudy. Sight the Diego Ramiries Islands, bearing N.N.W. just off the Horn. Frightfully cold.

October 10th 1866

Wednesday. Smart breeze and cloudy weather; noon hard gale with heavy sea, shipping a deal of water. Midnight the same.

October 11th 1866

Thursday. Poor old dog, Carlo, grows worse and worse every day. A pitiful sight to look upon now; frightened that poor Topsy has caught the same disease; hard gale with heavy increasing sea, ship tossing dreadfully. Now is the time for thinking of home. I only fancy what they would say at home now were they to see us. Of course I am not the least timid, quite used to it. I come on deck muffled up with Papa and quite prepared to meet anything, but we both have to hold fast to the railings for support. Midnight thick weather with heavy sea (sic).

October 12th 1866

Friday. Strong breeze with increasing sea with thick rainy weather. Ship shipping a deal of water. Midnight hard gale and heavy squall.

October 13th 1866

Saturday. Hard gale, ship labouring heavily with a cross sea, everything onboard playing "tick" again. Papa and myself got up about 3 o'clock this morning and repaired a great deal of damage that had been done, no end to smashing upsetting here and another upsetting somewhere else. We would no sooner get one thing settled comfortable when away the ship rolls to the opposite side and down, smash goes something else, making me of course roar

with laughing, while Papa and the Steward take it in a more serious light. But even Papa can not help laughing in spite of himself, and passed some dry remarks which of course makes one laugh all the more; get into bed again and get all nice and comfortable but have not been there above minutes when Bang goes two bottles under the lockers, get out, and Papa says “now my little dears, can I do anything for you”. It happens to be two bottles of ale capsized over the floor swamping everything. Such, readers, is the state of things at sea.

October 14th 1866

Sunday. Hard gale and increasing heavy seas. The quiet once again, everything onboard does not seem to think so, for they are rattling about at a furious rate. They are determined to have their fun in spite of the Steward jamming them together. As to poor Puss she sits on top of the piano, ever and anon rolling herself as the ship rolls, there she sits a quiet spectator of the scene, and seeming to wonder each minute when anything falls. Wherever are we going to at all, and what is all this fuss about – this is a pretty state of affairs indeed. Such I suppose are poor Pussy’s ideas on the subject.

October 15th 1866

Monday. Hard gale accompanied with heavy squalls; but go on deck but can not stand the cold, so have to go below to the fire, where I sit toasting my feet reading “Vilette” and cracking toffee (great baby of course but nothing better to do in rough weather). About 9 o’clock at night the Steward and I make gruel over the fire to warm Papa and I after being on deck in the cold, Papa at the same time amusing me with some jokes of his, nearly making me upset it. Enjoy our gruel very much (as it is nicely spiced and got several nice things in it) enjoy it very much. Then we go to bed where we are rocked to sleep like an enfant in his cradle.

October 16th 1866

Tuesday. Unsteady squally weather with a heavy sea. The Steward this day assassinates another pig. Midnight moderate breeze but cloudy.

October 17th 1866

Wednesday. Strong breeze but cloudy. Midnight squally.

October 18th 1866

Thursday. Moderate breeze and fine. Manage to do a little work today. Midnight moderate accompanied with passing showers. This night I had an opportunity of seeing what many sailors have not seen, “Compazantes” fixed on the yardarm and royal mast-head, termed on shore “Jack O’Lantern”, or Will O’ the Whisp”. This electric fluid shews a bright brilliant light like so many powerful large lanterns hung up.

October 19th 1866

Friday. Moderate breeze with passing showers. Caught 2 more Cape Pigeons. Midnight light unsteady winds and squally.

October 20th 1866

Saturday. Increasing breeze and squally accompanied with snow and hail, which falls in feathery particles much to the annoyance of those on deck, who can not succeed in their endeavours to keep themselves warm, though they stamp their feet on the deck and fling their arms about their breasts with an energy truly surprising.

October 21st 1866

Sunday. Strong breeze and cloudy weather. Signalise a ship called the “Maipu” bound to Valparaiso. Midnight strong gale and squally.

October 22nd 1866

Monday. Strong gale with a heavy sea, ship pitching heavily today. Poor carlo the dog dies after crying most piteously. All the efforts to save him have been to no avail. He is dead at last. Midnight strong gale with heavy squalls, consign poor carlo’s remains to the deep.

October 23rd 1866

Tuesday. Hard gale and heavy seas, ship pitching heavily and shipping a deal of water. Expect very soon now to be at Valparaiso. Midnight grows moderate.

October 24th 1866

Wednesday. Strong breeze and cloudy weather. Midnight the same.

October 25th 1866

Thursday. Strong gale with heavy sea, ship shipping a deal of water over all. Had a game of snow-balling with Mr Millburn, the Mate, in which I come off victorious. Midnight hard gale and cloudy weather.

October 26th 1866

Friday. Strong breeze with fine weather. George today catches another large Albatross and gives it to me, so I am busy for the remainder of the day pulling off and arranging the feathers. I want very much to preserve the skin but Papa tells me that it can not be done, so I of course have to banish that idea. Midnight sudden change of wind.

October 27th 1866

Saturday. Strong breeze and squally weather. Papa today marks her off on the Chart as usual and finds that if all goes well we shall be at Valparaiso in about another week or 10 days, if the wind keeps as it is now. Midnight strong breeze.

October 28th 1866

Sunday. Caught six very large Albatrosses two in particular were very large. On one we tied a piece of yellow bunting round the neck of it and let him fly off again, and as he flew away he looked so pretty. But he took care to keep at a respectful distance afterwards. Midnight, light breeze and fine weather, expect fine weather now again for which we are all very thankful.

October 29th 1866

Monday. Light breeze and beautiful weather. All the crew busily employed scraping the ship for when we arrive, I myself polishing the furniture in Papa’s State Room. Steward busy cleaning the cabin, not one on board that is not employed in something. Carpenter making

me a nice box to take my music in on shore, which will I dare say prove very handy. Midnight smart breeze and fine beautiful weather.

October 30th 1866

Tuesday. Employed busily, all the crew on deck as yesterday cleaning the vessel and she really looks pretty. Midnight very clear fine night.

October 31st 1866

Wednesday. Crew employed varnishing the deck. Thinking the steward would not be done in time, I set to and help him but have not been so employed above half an hour before I fall down in a fit and feel very ill, so of course I have to cease. Midnight beautiful night and starlight, ship going along 10 knots an hour; Papa and I walk the deck as usual; expect to arrive at Valparaiso about tomorrow night.

November 1st 1866

Thursday. Very fine beautiful day. I feel very much better today, expect to arrive about dark. I am very nearly frantic at the idea. Midnight saw Corunnilla Point, shortly afterwards the light, which you may easily imagine gladdened our eyes, after seeing nothing but water and sky for 119 days.

November 2nd 1866

Friday. This morning we entered the harbour of Valparaiso and about ten o'clock let go the anchor and furl'd the sails for the first time since leaving Liverpool. A great number of ships were lying in the Bay, both Merchant ships and ships of war, which with their colours flying, the sun shining on the hills and town (which faces the shipping) looked much prettier than I can describe, a very pleasant change after so many days at sea. Papa being so well known here, the anchor was no sooner down than many boats came off from shore alongside, and the decks and cabin were both filled in quarter less than no time with inquiring friends. Now commenced the shaking of hands without end and many inquiries about the folks at home, in the Old Country as they call it. As this is one of Papa's busiest days, "The Day of Arrival", I remain onboard until tomorrow – altho' of course longing to go ashore. Just fancy how agreeably I was surprised when from some kind Apostle I received a large basket of Strawberries sent off from the shore. You may readily imagine what a treat for me, especially as I did not know they were coming; and this was shortly afterwards followed up by a lovely Bouquet of flowers, such bouquets as you never see in England, such beautiful flowers, and so tactfully got up; not a thing the size for a button hole, but a magnificent bunch (as large as one's head); I mean a good sized head (not a pimple).

(Note: this entry has been underlined, in the first sentence, in pencil. A pencilled footnote in a different hand at the foot of the page reads: "117 days out from Liverpool – sailed July 8th").

November 3rd 1866

Saturday. Several came off onboard again this morning and among them one gentleman who bought us all glad tidings from home. I could almost have gone wild for joy. I had one letter from Mamma and one from Lilly, also one from up the Coast, from dear Tom my brother, telling Papa and I that he would be with us on the 11th. Just fancy my feelings when reading

this; I can not describe them; the thought of our meeting in Valparaiso. This day I have spent on shore. I find Valparaiso a pretty, stylish place; my first introduction was to a Mr Livingston and his only daughter, Virginia, who appears to be a warm hearted affectionate little creature, one that I already feel as if I could love. They wish me to stop with them during our stay in Valparaiso, in town or at Quillota, their country seat. From thence I went to Messrs. Williamsons on the Hill, who also appear to be fine and affectionate family. I received another pressing invitation to stay with them, in fact all the people here appear to be of the same stamp, they can not do too much for one. Papa and I stay the night on shore at Mr Williamson's house, but in the evening about 3 o'clock Sophie, his daughter, and I went out shopping. Saw some fine shops and the beautiful Ladies with their dark eyes, dress'd very beautifully, and wearing nothing on their heads but a long lace veil, their hair being done up beyond all description really splendid; and they seem to stare at the English wearing hats and bonnets.

November 4th 1866

Sunday. This morning I was up with the Lark. I was too eager to see Valparaiso to sleep long. This day also we have spent with the Williamson family but about 1 o'clock we all went onboard to dine, spent two or three hours there, after which we again went on shore, got into an omnibus and went down to the Public Gardens from thence down to the Railway Station. Feel very tired, so ride back again to Mr Williamson's where we have tea. Spent the rest of the evening with them, then came onboard. Mr Williamson's house is situated upon one of the highest hills in Valparaiso, affording us a lovely view of the ships in the Bay and all the surrounding country. This day also is my birthday.

November 5th 1866

Monday. Called on Mrs Livingston this morning but did not find her at home. Called at several places with Papa and was introduced to a great many gentlemen. Went with Papa into a restaurant where I had a splendid ice-cream; and Papa also bought me a large packet of their comfits which were very nice. From there we went to a Dr Bates. I was introduced to him and found him to be a very pleasant gentleman. Of course, there was another pressing invitation. From there went up the hill to Mr Williamson's and spent the day with them, as it was his daughter Norah's birthday, rather a singular occurrence, her birthday the very day after mine, and both bearing the same name. Evening coming on they had a Grand Party (introduced to several nice ladies and gentlemen). About 8 o'clock a Conjuror came and did a great many wonderful things. Enjoyed ourselves very much indeed and spent a very happy and comfortable evening. Got to bed about half past three, Sophie and I sleeping till about 12 the next day.

November 6th 1866

Tuesday. Got up very late, the effects of going to bed late. Found that Papa had gone on board, so got ready and Sophie, Aurora and myself went down to the Gardens, enjoyed ourselves very much, had a splendid walk, rode back and had dinner, after which Papa made his appearance. Stayed tea with them, then went onboard but had not been onboard above half an hour or so before the Purser of the Man of War, in company with another

gentleman, called. They were both very pleasant. They stayed a long time with us having some music and singing. When they were leaving they asked me was I fond of riding, to which I answered "Yes", being very fond of it. They gave me an invitation to go out riding with them and also to come to visit them onboard, saying they would send their boat for me, which I thought very kind. One of them also left me a beautiful volume of music, "Moore's Irish Melodies".

November 7th 1866

Wednesday. Not been on shore today not feeling well. Had a visit from Mr Livingston and Mr Williamson, first time of seeing Mr Livingston. Quite alone onboard as Papa had to go on shore early this morning on business, so could not be bothered with me. I am in great anticipation of seeing Tom, four more days longer yet to wait.

November 8th 1866

Thursday. Captain Williams, a friend of Papa's and also a Captain Price called onboard today with two other gentlemen. All went to the Gardens, also several ladies. Had great fun at the Gardens with Mr Terrie, his wife and his daughters, they dancing the "Saruaceuca", the country dance so pretty and playing and singing on the guitar. Came home about dusk and spent the remainder of the evening onboard having some music and singing.

November 9th 1866

Friday. Went on shore with Papa, called at several places with him. Met Captain Williams and his wife and all had dinner together at the English Hotel, after which we took a very long walk.

November 10th 1866

Saturday. Invited to go onboard "Pembroke Castle" to see Captain Price away (as is customary). See him sail away off to Tongoy away down the coast.

November 11th 1866

Sunday. Expect dear Tom today. Can not express my feelings. I am all excited and feel delighted. One o'clock as we are sitting at dinner we hear a gun go off. Ran on deck and there saw the "Panama" sailing in so beautifully. Felt as if I would like to jump overboard and swim across. There being two gentlemen onboard of our vessel at the time, and knowing Tom, one of them went off to see him and brought back the message "that he would be with us in about 20 minutes" (sooner than expected), so I went below and waited patiently and in about 10 minutes as I happened to be looking through one of the berth windows there I spied the dear fellow coming in his boat from the "Panama". So I called out Tom, not being able to contain myself any longer, and there he was looking everywhere to see where the voice came from. At last he spied me and didn't he look delighted? He did so. The next I heard was him coming down the cabin stairs so I did not stay longer at the window but rushed out. Neither of us spoke for about five minutes but stood with our arms round each other. I actually cried for joy, but sure enough I did. After staying onboard for about a couple or three hours and chatting to Papa about business and different things, we dressed ourselves and went with him onboard the "Panama" to dine. Tom introduced me to several onboard also passengers and Mrs Meynard, one lady, and I were friends directly. Spent such

a delightful evening, Tom singing the old songs that we used to sing at home, when at one o'clock in the morning we had dancing. I danced right away down the Saloon with the Chief Officer, Mr Craig. Papa also sang several songs. In fact we enjoyed ourselves very much indeed; got onboard our own vessel about half past three, Tom coming with us and sleeping onboard.

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November 12th 1866

Monday. Tom and I got up this morning before papa but Papa was not long after us. Had our breakfast, when Tom went onboard and Papa had to go on shore, so we separated looking forward to the evening. So I went down to the Cabin and managed to pass away my time till about six o'clock when Tom sent off the boat for me to come on board, and when I got there he put a beautiful little dog into my hands and said "there Nora that is yours", after which he took me into his pretty cabin and shewed me all his little things, shut the door and we had a long long chat about home. Papa came onboard about half an hour afterwards, then we all go down to the saloon to dine. Tom introduces me to Mr Madden, a very nice gentleman, who asks me to go riding with him the next day; all came onboard again (our own ship) about 3 o'clock and have some fun there.

November 13th 1866

Tuesday. R and Mrs Meynard, Mr Madden and myself all went out riding today, to the racecourse right away up over the mountains, 10 miles from Valparaiso. Spent a most delightful day, got home at dark. Had tea at the Hotel with Tom and Papa and several other ladies and gentlemen.

November 14th 1866

Wednesday. Got up this morning about half past nine, feeling dreadfully stiff and sore after riding yesterday, can scarcely move, so do not go on shore. 6 o'clock all of them from the "Panama" came off onboard the "Worrall". Has some music, singing and dancing, in fact a regular "jollification". Propose riding tomorrow.

November 15th 1866

Thursday. Mr and Mrs Meynard, Mr Madden and myself (poor Tom could not come) all go riding today again. Mr Madden and I loose (sic) Mr and Mrs Meynard so we go galloping off at a furious pace by ourselves. Get back about 9 o'clock, meet Papa and Tom, Mr and Mrs Meynard. Go onboard about 12 o'clock, Tom coming with us and sleeping onboard.

November 16th 1866

Friday. Mr and Mrs Meynard go away today down the coast to Coronel where they intend staying five years, give me an invitation to go and see them if I go with Papa next voyage. After seeing them off, Tom comes onboard wanting me to go onboard the "Panama" with him and overlook his things, as he sails tomorrow. Of course I go but I do not do anything towards repairing, as we sit talking about one thing and other. Poor Mamma was frightened that Tom would forget his Spanish ut I had the pleasure (Although not the first time) of hearing him speak it, with a very pretty young Spanish lady. We were all sitting together in his Cabin and Tom and her were talking so, their tongues running in Spanish (nineteen to the dozen) as the saying is). He speaks it beautifully and no mistake. As to the Spanish ladies, am quite enchanted with them, they are all so beautiful, and it is just like listening to so much music to listen to them talking. They are also so free and affable in their manners. There is very little English spoken onboard the "Panama", for they all mostly converse in Spanish. Dinner being at last announced, we all adjourn to the saloon and after that being over we have some dancing and music and spend another most delightful night. Tom of course coming onboard with us when we come away from the "Panama".

November 17th 1866

Saturday. I got up first this morning leaving Papa and Tom both sleeping. I got up at 5 o'clock and was very busy finishing my letter home to dear Mamma, also one to Lilly (the Panama carries them). Tom shortly afterwards goes onboard, comes back in about half an hour to bring me onboard – I go. This is the last day with poor Tom, so of course I spend a very long day with him. Have a nice walk up and down the Panama's deck with Mrs Thomas, the Captain's wife. We leave Papa and Captain Thomas in the saloon together and we have our bit of fun to ourselves. Mr Madden makes me a present of two lovely bouquets (or buckets⁰ as Tom (for fun) calls them (a slight difference 'twixt the two I must say). Also a beautiful vase and any quantity of Pine Apples and Oranges. I quite forgot to mention that when Tom arrived he brought me a large basket full of Pine Apples – real beauties, also a large quantity of "Cheremoyas", a most beautiful but very luscious fruit, also a large quantity of beautiful white Coral. At length about seven o'clock in the evening Papa and myself have to bid Tom a sorrowful Goodbye, poor fellow it was as much as ever he could do to bear up against it; as to me I had to give way and had a good cry. To think our joy should be so short. On parting with him, he gave me a very pretty little keepsake. We had a hope, but rather a faint one, of seeing each other again before we left the coast, but as Tom will be 5 to 8 weeks away, I scarcely think we shall be here when he returns. Papa and I get into our little boat, feeling very very sad, push off from the "Panama", and at last she's off too. Away she goes and there's such a waving of handkerchiefs and Goodbyes without end. Papa and I go onboard, get our tea. I then take my dear little dog Cheeca in my arms and go on deck for a walk, being tired. Then I come down and go to bed to dream of brother Tom and the Panama.

November 18th 1866

Sunday. Get up this morning feeling very low spirited on account of losing Tom. I want to stay onboard all day, but Papa wants me to go with him to the Livingston's so we dine onboard but just as we are finishing dinner Mr Livingston makes his appearance with his son John. So of course we all go off together direct to his house. I see Virginia and stay all night with her. Papa stays at the house also.

November 19th 1866

Monday. Get up this morning and go into the sitting room where we have what we call the "Morning Concert". Afterwards we go shopping which I always enjoy. Evening we have music and dancing, several visitors calling.

November 20th 1866

Tuesday. Being up late last evening, we get up very late this morning in consequence. Have some music, playing duets together and pass the time pleasantly enough between ourselves as we are always left alone during the day; several gentlemen call about 3 o'clock, have some music and dancing. Get to bed about 1 o'clock.

November 21st 1866

Wednesday. Go onboard this morning to get a few things that I require, stay onboard for an hour or so. Papa goes on shore and leaves me. I set to and write to dear brother Tom a long letter. When I have just finished Papa comes back bringing Captain Linley and Captain

Price. They stay for a short time, when Papa and I go on shore to dine with Captain Price at the French Hotel ("Hotel Aubry"). From there we go to Mr Livingston's, where we spend the rest of the evening, getting onboard about 12 o'clock.

November 22nd 1866

Thursday. Got up this morning 10 o'clock. Did not go ashore but Papa did, promising to call back for me at 3 o'clock; 3 o'clock Papa has not yet come back. – 6 o'clock business is detaining him I suppose; go down in the Cabin to get my tea, when Captain Williams with his wife and Captain Greenwood called to take me to the Teatro (theatre) with them to a grand Concert. After arriving on shore we meet Papa in company with Captain Price, who both join us. Enjoyed ourselves very much. The music was really delightful and the ladies dress'd beautifully. Came away 1 o'clock but it was not over till 2 or half past. Went to the Hotel Aubry which is a beautiful place, and took up our abode there for the night intending to go onboard in the morning.

November 23rd 1866

Friday. Got up this morning 8 o'clock. Mrs Williams and myself have a lovely bath which refreshes us very much, after which we have breakfast and go onboard.

November 24th 1866

Saturday. Make up my mind to stay onboard now, for two or three days to have a good rest. Several ladies called onboard today.

November 25th 1866

Sunday. Spend today in writing letters home which Papa and I always enjoy very much. Finish them about 9 o'clock.

November 26th 1866

Monday. Do not go on shore. Several people calling onboard.

November 27th 1866

Tuesday. Go ashore today with Papa on business, call at several places. At last go into the Bolsa where I have a feast of strawberries and ice-cream. Come onboard again 6 o'clock.

November 28th 1866

Wednesday. Go on shore to Virginia's this morning, who wonders where I have been so long. Papa leaves me and goes away, promising to come back in the evening but does not make his appearance.

November 29th 1866

Thursday. Get up at six o'clock this morning. Mr Blackwood, Virginia's cousin John, her brother and myself all go out for a ride as far (as what they call) "Pliancna" which is the Lighthouse. Come back for breakfast about half past nine rather tired, but with fine rosy cheeks having enjoyed the ride very much. About 1 o'clock we take the omnibus and drive down to the Baths. Have great fun there. Get back to lunch about half past two. Spend the rest of the day reading and practising. Several visitors call in the evening when we have fine fun.

November 30th 1866

Friday. This morning we go to the Baths which we intend to do every morning, as we find it does us so much good. Ride home and have lunch, after which we go out for a walk. Come home and find Papa there waiting for me. Spend a very pleasant evening dancing and singing.

December 1st 1866

Saturday. Spent today the same as yesterday.

December 2nd 1866

Sunday. Virginia, her cousin, Mr Blackwood, her brother Duncan and myself all go onboard of the Worrall, Virginia not being onboard 20 minutes before she is sick which she thinks remarkably pleasant. Have some strawberries then go ashore. Have lunch, after which we go for a drive. Get back about 5, 6 o'clock, have dinner then go to Church (which is a pretty little place on top of a hill). Hear a very good sermon, when we come back and have our tea. Spend the rest of the evening asking conundrums and chatting.

December 3rd 1866

Monday. Go to the Baths as usual. Have a walk looking at the shops. Spend the day in sewing – rather industrious today (for a change).

December 4th 1866

Tuesday. Go to the baths six o'clock this morning and being a long way from Virginia's house we always have to ride (which we have not the slightest objection to). Come back, have our breakfast and put ourselves to rights. Take a nice book each and go into the Balcony, a beautiful place overlooking all the Bay and the shipping and the beach. Sit there all the afternoon reading till about dusk when we can read no longer. So we talk about home (at least I do) and several other things till 6 o'clock when we are summoned to dinner, after which we all adjourn to the Drawing Room and spend the evening as usual dancing and singing, Virginia being a splendid singer, also player. Several people call (which is the case every evening nearly). Someone is sure to call so that we are never dull.

December 5th 1866

Wednesday. Mr Livingston tells Virginia and I that tomorrow he intends taking us and several other ladies on board the Peruvian Man of War, the "Independencia", which we look forward to very much.

December 6th 1866

Thursday. Get up in high spirits this morning about 10 o'clock. We get our breakfast and dress quickly as we have to be ready by eleven o'clock. Mr Livingston calls for us, go down in the omnibus to the Mold (which is the landing place for the boats) where we meet a great many Chilean dress'd beautifully, and we all go off together. We board our ship first, stay there for an hour or so, then off we go two boats full of us on board of the "Independencia". They make a great fuss of us there, the officers being very polite, doing all they can for us and explaining everything. Have a nice walk on deck when the Band begins to play which is

beautiful indeed. Have all kinds of fruits onboard, enjoy ourselves very much. From there we come onboard of our vessel to lunch and have dancing on deck, some of the ladies with the officers dancing the "Samacena". About 7 in the evening we all go on shore to Mr Livingston's house and spend a very jolly evening.

December 7th 1866

Friday. Get up this morning very tired so can not go to bathe. Hearing the report of a gun we go to the Balcony and see the "Independencia" sailing away off to Juan Fernandez.

December 8th 1866

Saturday. Virginia and I go to a Pic-Nic (sic) today away out in the country to a place called "Quilpue" starting at 11 o'clock a.m., expecting to arrive home at 6 the same evening. But the engine breaking down, we are detained till 3 in the morning. But we enjoyed the sport nevertheless, if only the novelty of the thing out in the country so many miles from Valparaiso, at that time in the morning. Only I was frightened of what Papa might think, perhaps that something had happened to us.

December 9th 1866

Sunday. Can not get up this morning at all, feeling so dreadfully tired. Do not rise till about 11 o'clock. Virginia and myself fall asleep all day over everything we do. Go to Church about half past 6. Coming home have a walk being a beautiful moonlight night; go onboard 9 o'clock.

December 10th 1866

Monday. Stay onboard all day today.

December 11th 1866

Tuesday. Stay onboard today also.

December 12th 1866

Wednesday. I stay onboard till 4 o'clock when Papa promises to call for me as we are invited on shore to spend the evening; but whether he will come or not I can not tell. 4 o'clock Papa calls and we both go off to meet Mr Goble with whom we are going to spend the evening. Drive up in a cab to his house, have dinner and spend a most delightful evening, having any amount of dancing, music and singing. I also make the acquaintance of two French ladies and their Mamma who are such jolly lively girls. Enjoy ourselves very much, stay all night, getting onboard about 10 o'clock the following morning.

December 13th 1866

Thursday. Remain onboard today until after dinner, when I go ashore to Mrs Ryder's on business, remain there all day, but feeling rather sleepy, through being up so late last night; get onboard 7 o'clock.

December 14th 1866

Friday. Call for Virginia this morning and both of us go to see Mrs McGregor, on business. Come back and spend the rest of the day with Virginia, spending a very pleasant one, amusing ourselves as we generally do. Get onboard 11 o'clock.

(A day is missing here).

December 16th 1866

Sunday. Papa and I do not go ashore today but stay onboard writing letters home. We expect to start next week for sea again. Rather sorry to leave Valparaiso, having had such merry times there.

December 17th 1866

Monday. Stay onboard today, not feeling very well.

December 18th 1866

Tuesday. (At this passage in the Diary the dates, as written, become confused. They are thus shown corrected according to the 1866 calendar). Do not go ashore today either. Several persons calling onboard.

December 19th 1866

Wednesday. Go ashore today with Papa, and after having called at several places, Papa puts me into the Omnibus and I go down to Virginia's, leaving Papa to attend to his own business. After arriving at Virginia's we go for a walk together, buying several little things. Stay with her all night. Expect every day to go to sea now, but want Papa very much to stay over Christmas.

December 20th 1866

Thursday. Go to the Baths this morning 6 o'clock after calling for another young lady (Miss Harvey) a native, but speaks English beautifully. Take a coach and off we go, have fine fun, in fact we always do – get back to breakfast 8 o'clock. Spend the day as usual, only talking a great deal about Christmas day and how we shall spend it. Mr Davies, a friend of the Livingstons', is trying to get up a large riding party and we think he will succeed; but still have great doubts about Papa going away either on, or before Christmas Day; but we both hope not.

December 21st 1866

Friday. We go to the Baths 6 o'clock this morning as usual. Have great fun as usual; get back 8 o'clock. After having breakfast we go into the Balcony and sit there reading, after which we go to the Drawing Room and practise Duets together.

December 22nd 1866

Saturday. Only four days more now off Christmas Day. We go to the Balcony after coming home from the Baths and to our surprise we find the "Worrall" moving out of the Bay and the Steam Tug alongside. She moves out to the Point so as to be ready to start with the first breeze. I feel certain we shall go soon now, so make up my mind to that. Virginia is very sorry to think I am going and presses Papa very hard to let me remain in Valparaiso with her.

December 23rd 1866

Sunday. Three days now off Christmas Day. Went to the Baths this morning. Came back and spent the remainder of the day in the house, did not go out at all. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon Mr Davies called saying he had engaged horses for us to go to the Race Course 8 or 10 miles in the country. Of course we are filled with joy in one moment and look forward to it very much.

December 24th 1866

Monday. Nothing worthy of note. Very busy today altering a Riding Habit to make it fit me properly, and getting sundry little things ready. Looking forward to tomorrow when up comes Papa, saying that he sails tomorrow at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, but after a little coaxing from Virginia, and myself, we at length prevail on him to stay.

December 25th 1866

Tuesday. Here's Christmas day at last, long looked for. This is now two Christmas days that I have spent from home, the last one being in France. I hope I shall not be away another one. 11 o'clock arrives and with it the horses and all our delightful party, being about 12 in number. So we mount on their backs and off we go, make such a chatter along the street, Virginia, myself and another young lady and nine gentlemen (one of them being an old schoolmaster of my brother Tom's at the College in Shaw Street, Liverpool). Papa and Mr Livingston intend to follow us in a coach, so we're off at last. We arrive out there about 2 o'clock when we sit down to a splendid dinner prepared there for us and having a most delicious Christmas pudding. After finishing this part of the business, we all got on horseback again and went to the race-course where we formed ourselves in couples and had racing; oh! What glorious fun we did have to be sure. Had tea about 6 o'clock and came home by moonlight singing songs on the way, after spending one of the happiest days that possibly could be. We arrive home about half past 11 o'clock awfully tired and dusty. Go to bed very soon – expect to leave Valparaiso tomorrow.

December 26th 1866

Wednesday. Papa being in town today sent me up a message to go onboard, Virginia and I; so we go, accompanied by one of the gentlemen from our riding party and her brother Duncan. Go onboard where, to our astonishment, we see a regular congregation of friends, come to pay us a "farewell" visit. We spend another jolly evening, not breaking up till 4 o'clock in the morning, it being so beautifully fine and the moon shining down upon us. We went for a row in the boat, Virginia, myself, her brother and two other gentlemen. It was really beautiful, so peaceful and quiet, and the water so smooth, Virginia and I of course rowing and allowing the gentlemen to take it easy (as things ought to be). About 9 o'clock Papa and I went on shore for the last time and then only for an hour to get me some fruit. A great number coming to see us off. At last we set sail and away we went after bidding all our dear kind friends a sorrowful Adieu. I felt it nearly the same as leaving home, for no one can help being attached to a place where they have had so many kind receptions and treated as Papa and I have been. Oh! How wretched poor Tom will feel when he arrives and finds that we have gone, poor fellow.

A pencilled footnote in another hand here reads: "after 54 days in Valparaiso".

(No entry for December 27th 1866).

“The Homeward Bound”

Hark! To that merry joyous song,
That floats o’er the water far.
It springs from the light and bounding heart,
Of many an honest ‘Tar’.
Each nerve is strained as they sing “Heave on”,
And the windlass tinkles round.
And the ponderous anchor comes to the bow,
To the song of the “Homeward Bound”.

“Then hoist away lads the swelling sails”,
As they fill with the warm south wind.
Then soon will the lofty “Chil’n Hills”,
Be left in the distance behind.
T’was done, and away flew our good little ship,
Dashing the spray around.
All was done, with a right good will,
For they knew, they were “Homeward Bound”.
For after long absence from all that’s dear,
Oh! Tell me where’s the man?
Whose heart does not leap with unbounded joy,
When bound for his native land.
See! Our Pilot now leaves in his little skiff,
And as he twirls his hat around.
He cries “Good Bye, God speed”,
The lives of the “Homeward Bound”.
By Thomas Power.

December 28th 1866

Friday. Here we are once more upon the sea, going along with a fine breeze.

December 29th 1866

Saturday. Still going along with the same breeze. I heartily wish we may have a quick passage home but whether wishing will do it any good or not I can not say.

December 30th 1866

Sunday. Ship still along with a good breeze. Very quiet today, being Sunday.

December 31st 1866

Monday. Ship gong along very fast. Busily employed making wool mats and trimming them with beads. I think they will look very pretty.

January 1st 1867

Tuesday. New Year's Day. A Happy New year to all at home. May we be with them soon. Ship today scarcely moving, being becalmed.

January 2nd 1867

Wednesday. Ship still becalmed.

January 3rd 1867

Thursday. Still becalmed, a light breeze but not much.

January 4th 1867

Friday. Sailing along again very fast with a good fair wind after us. Employed crocheting a piece of work for a Pin-cushion.

January 5th 1867

Saturday. Fine magnificent day. Ship becalmed with scarcely a breeze of wind.

January 6th 1867

Sunday. Very fine beautiful day. Still becalmed.

January 7th 1867

Monday. Dark and cloudy day with a very light breeze; raining a little.

January 8th 1867

Tuesday. Light breeze and beautifully fine. Ship going along about 4 or 5 knots.

January 9th 1867

Wednesday. Today a nice breeze sprang up. Ship going along 3 or 4 knots an hour. Finished two of my mats. Breeze dies off 6 o'clock and becomes calm.

January 10th 1867

Thursday. Becalmed again today which becomes rather tiresome.

January 11th 1867

Friday. Calm still continues. Tom will have arrived in Valparaiso today. Wish we were back again to see him.

January 12th 1867

Saturday. Strong breeze today. Ship going along about 10 knots an hour which seems to put everybody in a good humour to what it does at other times.

January 13th 1867

Sunday. Still going along with a lovely breeze 8 or 9 miles an hour (sic).

January 14th 1867

Monday. Becalmed today. Ship rolling and knocking about, to the great annoyance of all onboard.

January 15th 1867

Tuesday. Nice fine weather and strong beautiful breeze. Saw a vessel bound in the opposite direction.

January 16th 1867

Wednesday. Breeze still continues. Close to Cape Horn.

January 17th 1867

Thursday. Breeze still continues. Everyone appearing delighted.

January 18th 1867

Friday. Saw two ships today, both bound outward. Did not signalise.

January 19th 1867

Saturday. Very fine weather buy very cold. Have a fire lit in the Cabin.

January 20th 1867

Sunday. Off Cape Horn this morning. Very cold but not so much so as when coming out. Saw another large vessel this morning. Still fine.

January 21st 1867

Monday. Fine clear beautiful day. Ship going along 5 knots. Noon saw the island of "Beauchene", one of the Falkland Isles. Looks to the eye very pretty. No one inhabits this little spot.

January 22nd 1867

Tuesday. Long way past the island this morning. Ship going along with a splendid breeze 8 or 9 knots.

January 23rd 1867

Wednesday. Papa today gives orders to the Carpenter to make my little dog Cheeca a house. I myself busily employed crocheting.

January 24th 1867

Thursday. Carpenter today commences the house. I practice a good deal today. Poor pussy drowned and Topsy dead. No pets onboard now to have fun with but Cheeca.

January 25th 1867

Friday. Went up on deck this morning and saw her chasing the two pigs round and round the decks creating roars of laughter.

January 26th 1867

Saturday. Do my work as usual and wash the dog, after which she looks very nice.

January 27th 1867

Sunday. Going along with a splendid breeze but shipping a deal of water.

January 28th 1867

Monday. Hard gale with a heavy sea. Shipping a deal of water overall. Ship rolling and tossing dreadfully. Employed darning some of Papa's stockings.

January 29th 1867

Tuesday. Darning stockings today also.

January 30th 1867

Wednesday. Today going along with a splendid fair wind. I am busy making mats. Finished one set which looks very pretty.

January 31st 1867

Thursday. Today saw a large vessel outward bound, but do not signalise.

February 1st 1867

Friday. Fine beautiful day. Ship going along about 6 knots on hour. Busy washing today.

February 2nd 1867

Saturday. Lovely day. Crew all employed sewing and mending sails. I wash my dog Cheeca, do my nails and read.

February 3rd 1867

Sunday. Becalmed today. I go on deck and sit there until I am called down for dinner. Having some fun with the dog and the pigs.

February 4th 1867

Monday. Ship spinning along again today with a splendid breeze. Getting near to the Tropics. Begin to dread the insufferable heat.

February 5th 1867

Tuesday. A most miserable uncomfortable day, about one of the most uncomfortable I have felt for the voyage; vessel rolling heavily by reason of what sailors call a heavy, cross, or confused sea, which they consider very much worse and more distressing to the ship than a high, mountainous, noble sea. One neither gets any rest by sitting, standing not lying down and everything on the move. A sad rebellion indeed in the Steward's pantry, among dishes and spoons, &c, &c, &c. The dog and pigs were thoroughly bewildered, you could see from their restless and stupid look, each fancying t'was the other's fault. To add to the extreme comfort of this day, the fore-going amusement was attended with pelting showers of rain, one drop enough to knock in the crown of your hat, giving everything a particularly damp and moist appearance. Papa at this moment pointed out to me one particular advantage of coming to sea: that here we get our baths Gratis, whereas ladies and gentlemen on shore have to pay for them.

February 6th 1867

Wednesday. A most beautiful day. In fact our weather is glorious, very much like an English summer, and as yet not warmer. But we must not boast, however, for we are still at some distance for the tropical line. The chief peculiarities in external objects are the sky and stars,

the flying fish and the phosphorescent appearances in the water. The stars shine out in much stronger relief than in England; at home they are too like candle ends set in wet blankets; here they seem literally 'eye holes' to let glory through. The position of the constellations is entirely changed. Earth there is none but we are often tempted to believe that we are under a 'new heaven'. The flying fish have shown themselves repeatedly during the last few days. They are of the size of a herring and fly along the surface of the water for a considerable distance, glittering like silver fish in the rays of the sun.

February 7th 1867

Thursday. Beautiful weather. As we are approaching the Equator the weather gets warmer and warmer every day.

February 8th 1867

Friday. Very busy today washing, which fatigues me very much on account of the excessive heat.

February 9th 1867

Saturday. Embroidering my petticoats today. Have a very good mind to drop it altogether; the heat really is something dreadful; talk about the summer's at home no more after this.

February 10th 1867

Sunday. Beautiful fine weather, this being the Sabbath day of course everything is very quiet onboard.

February 11th 1867

Monday. Went on deck this morning but did not stay long, nearly scorched to death with the sun. There are few things more amusing to one who visits the Tropics for the first time than the heat – amusing, for heat is really a friend to good temper, more so at all events than cold. You wake in the morning before sunrise. You begin to wash and by the time you have dried your face and hands they need drying again! You put on your stockings and though they be (as they ought to be) quite clean, you are obliged to have recourse to the towel again or fall back on your pillow thoroughly exhausted, and so on till, at the end of an hour your toil, and toilet, are ended. Then the heat of walking on deck begins. You sit under the awning, stretch out your neck to catch the breeze and absolutely perspire with the effort. Your walking done, such as it is, you descend to breakfast – chops, rice, eggs, tea, salmon, &c. All eat and perspire, and perspire, and eat again: the only interruption, "oblige me with that chop". "How dreadfully warm!" and such like interesting communications. The walking on deck is resumed and all is done to remind you that it is not winter. The sailors are at their work clothed in at most three garments, including a hat, and all scanty. The heat of the Tropics is really very amusing.

February 12th 1867

Tuesday. The lines today have been put out to catch fish. None, however, has been captured. Yet the water is as blue as indigo and beautifully clear, making one long for a bathe. Several fish have been seen playing around our bows but somehow or other they are too knowing.

February 13th 1867

Wednesday. This day we have passed under the sun's zenith. Consequently everything is shadowless. Although the weather in the Tropics is glorious, yet it becomes rather monotonous, the same unchangeable sky and the same smooth sea, the ship gliding along at the same easy speed, the sails not requiring to be touched from day to day. The crew are sitting under the awnings sewing sails, the Carpenter trimming the Captain's Gig before being painted. It is astonishing what a quantity of work there is to be done at sea in keeping the ship in nice trim.

February 14th 1867

Thursday. Nothing worthy of note. Weather fine.

February 15th 1867

Friday. Fine weather.

February 16th 1867

Saturday. Weather fine as usual and sea smooth.

February 17th 1867

Sunday. Quiet day, fine weather; on deck all are reading.

February 18th 1867

Monday. Drawing very near the Equator. There is no describing the heat. It is intense.

February 19th 1867

Tuesday. Continual fine beautiful weather, smooth water, much smoother than in the Mersey, and the colour transparent. It would be vain for me to attempt to describe the colour of the sky and the ocean. There is only one great drawback and that is the insufferable heat. The starry nights are much more pleasant even than the days. We have at present a full moon which affords us quite enough light to see to read with.

February 20th 1867

Wednesday. Saw a large vessel outward bound but did not signalise. This day we crossed the Line once more, 3.50 p.m. Weather excessively warm, winds light.

February 21st 1867

Thursday. Continuation of light fine weather. Having crossed the Equator yesterday, we have now the satisfaction of being in our own Northern Hemisphere.

February 22nd 1867

Friday. Nothing worthy of note.

February 23rd 1867

Saturday. Caught a flying fish today, or at least one flew onboard, which was given to my dog Cheeca. Weather find.

February 24th 1867

Sunday. The weather begins to get colder now, as we are leaving the sunshine behind us. I am not at all sorry because it is far more comfortable and just as fine.

February 25th 1867

Monday. This day I was summoned on deck by Papa to see the Bonitos playing around our bows in great numbers, jumping at a great height out of the water, chasing the flying fish. It was a pleasant sight.

February 26th 1867

Tuesday. Fine weather and much colder. Crew all employed painting the ship. Cheeca's house also is painted and looks very pretty.

February 27th 1867

Wednesday. Weather fine, ship going along at a fine rate 7 or 8 knots.

February 28th 1867

Thursday. About 10 a.m. saw a sail ahead and by three o'clock in the afternoon came up close within signalling distance. She proved to be the English Brig, Gertude, bound in the same direction as ourselves, but as the Worrall was the best sailing ship we very soon left her in the distance behind, so that at sunset she was a mere speck on the water, nearly out of sight astern.

March 1st 1867

Friday. Fine beautiful day. Ship gliding along in smooth water.

March 2nd 1867

Saturday. We are certainly having a splendid time of it and by all appearances now we shall have a very speedy passage home. We are out 64 days today from Valparaiso.

March 3rd 1867

Sunday. Smart fresh breeze. We are now about one thousand miles north of the Equator or what we commonly call our side of the Line. The air now begins to be a little more agreeable.

March 4th 1867

Monday. Very fine beautiful day. I am busily employed washing. Ship going along 6 or 7 knots.

March 5th 1867

Tuesday. We are now entering into that tract of water called the Sargossa Sea, which is covered by innumerable patches of sea plants, called by the vulgar, "Sea-Weed", better known as Sargossa Weed, deserving the name of "Flowers of the Sea". It's most singular

where those beautiful little branches come from, as they are never seen in any other part of the world, yet are always found here in this Latitude, 20 degrees north of the Equator, forming a line from East to West from the shores of Africa towards the southern states of America.

March 6th 1867

Wednesday. Fine beautiful weather. 8 o'clock this morning saw a large Barque going in the same direction as ourselves. About 2 o'clock she came within signalling distance. She proved to be the Barque "Vencidora" bound from Chile home to Swansea. After the usual number of questions being asked and answered on both sides, we parted and about dusk we had quite lost sight of each other altogether.

March 7th 1867

Thursday. Saw another large full rigged ship this morning going in the opposite direction. Did not signalise.

March 8th 1867

Friday. Blowing a hard gale, ship knocking about terribly and shipping a deal of water over all, the wind moaning through her sails and making a very doleful noise – seeming to ask, "what do you here? And where are you going?" We meekly reply, "Home we are going. Please do not harm us!" Home! What know I of home? However, you may pass on.

March 9th 1867

Saturday. Blowing a hard gale with a heavy sea. Ship shipping a deal of water over all and knocking about terribly. No rest for one, go where you will. If you sit down you get tossed off your seat. You go to lie down and you are rolled off your bed. Everything in fact is on the move. I quite agree with the song:

Oh! What a row,
What a rumpus and a rioting,
All those endure, you may be sure
Who go to sea.
For a ship, she is a thing
That you never can be quiet in,
By wind or steam it's all the same.
T'was so with me.

March 10th 1867

Sunday. Light winds with a heavy sea knocking the ship from side to side. 6 o'clock the noise and bustle ceases and we are going along with a splendid breeze, 10 knots.

March 11th 1867

Monday. Dirty unsettled weather, first rain then sunshine then rain again. Neither one thing nor the other. Expect to be home again soon now. How are they all by this time, I wonder? I only fancy how glad they will be to see us.

March 12th 1867

Tuesday. About 10 o'clock this morning we spoke an outward bound vessel, the Barque "Athlena" from Cardiff, bound southward, which is the opposite direction to our own course. The two ships soon separated and in a very short time were out of sight of each other.

March 13th 1867

Wednesday. Hard gale with heavy squalls. Ship pitching heavily and shipping a deal of water.

March 14th 1867

Thursday. Saw another large vessel this morning outward bound called the "Isabella Dobson", bound west.

March 15th 1867

Friday. Unsteady squally weather attended with frequent showers of rain. Expect now to be home in a short time.

March 16th 1867

Saturday. Smart breeze, cloudy weather. All the crew employed painting the ship so that she may be in nice order to make her appearance in Liverpool again.

March 17th 1867

Sunday. Hard squalls from the N.W. increasing to a gale. At 6 a.m. struck with a heavy sea and started the port main sail.

March 18th 1867

Monday. Fearful gale with terrific squalls and heavy sea running. Ship hove to under close reefed topsails, labouring very heavy and shipping heavy seas frequently. Afternoon blowing a perfect hurricane. Both topsails blown away from the yards in fragments. Shipped a heavy sea that started the Long Boat and spare spars, and actually ripping the tarpaulins off from the hatches. Parted several new lanyards from the lower rigging and loosened the wedges of the Main Mast.

March 19th 1867

Tuesday. Hard gale with heavy sea. Ship labouring heavily and shipping seas frequently. Both the ship's pumps choked up.

March 20th 1867

Wednesday. More moderate today. All possible sail set by the wind. Saw another Brig but did not signalise, being too stormy.

March 21st 1867

Thursday. Strong breeze with passing rain squalls.

March 22nd 1867

Friday. Hard gale accompanied with heavy squalls. Crew employed clearing the pumps of grain.

March 23rd 1867

Saturday. Hard gale with very heavy squalls. Ship rolling dreadfully. 8 o'clock we have heavy showers of rain, accompanied with thunder and lightning.

March 24th 1867

Sunday. Fine beautiful day and smart breeze. Expect, if all be wee. To be at home this day week. Hope to see Cape Char and the Irish coast tomorrow.

March 25th 1867

Monday. (This is left blank and the Diary ends here).

Editor's Note: Below this last entry the following pencilled notes appear in another hand:

1866

"Left Valparaiso December 26th 5 days

1867

January 31 days

February 28 days

March 31 days

95 days

"(Diary only up to March 24th but expected to arrive Liverpool "this day week" – March 31st)."

1866

"Left Liverpool July 8th 23 days

August 31 days

September 30 days

October 31 days

November 30 days

December 31 days

1867

January 31 days

February 28 days

March 31 days

Round Voyage 266 days

Editor: The remaining pages of the book are blank with the exception of the following piece of verse, photocopied from the original. (My photocopy was very hard to read and so I have typed it in).

Venture.

Venture, though the path be rugged,
Venture, though the sea be rough.
Onward, upward, be our motto,
We can never do enough.
Venture in the path of duty,
Fear not, shrink not, in its causes.
Nobly brave the idle censure,
Of the world's unequal laws.
Venture in the paths of virtue,
Higher rise from day to day.
Treat at first although you may be,
Strength you'll gain upon the way.
Venture, though the world's against you,
Break the fetters of its chains.
Write your name on freedom's banner,
Glory waits you for your pains.

END