

Hilliard feel safe in using the Sunday service to rub home a moral: 'Read the Morning Service at 12 in the Cuddy to the Gentlemen & such Emigrants as chose to attend [Greenwood wrote 'They (the Cuddy passengers) had Service in the Cuddy about one P.M., they sent down to let us know just when we were set down to dinner; they Change the time for their own *convenience*'] and in the afternoon read the Evening Service to the Emigrants below & one of Bradley's Sermons on the miracle of our blessed Lord feeding the multitudes of 5000 with 5 barley loaves & 2 small fishes. I thought it a very appropriate discourse for them, as they have done nothing but express their dissatisfaction & complaining of the small alteration I had made in their dietary table & Mr Bradley explains in very plain but forcible language the duty of all who would follow Xt. to be moderate & temperate in their appetites, content with food sufficient for them, grateful for the blessings they hourly receive & how certain all who trust in Him are to receive even temporal benefits & casting all their care on Him that he will ever provide for all their wants in this world & the next.' No comment from our spokesman.

Troubles of various kinds arose and subsided like the mercurial sea. A midshipman was flogged for writing a rude letter to one of the Gentleman Passengers; children died; water poured on to sleeping passengers (at which Greenwood caught a Cold which became persistent); food continued to deteriorate (Hilliard: 'The Beef is very inferior that the Emigrants are now eating—very coarse black meat looks more like Horse flesh than anything else.');

vulnerable bits of the ship failed to withstand the weather and broke away; mutiny hung in the air. But there were pleasant aspects of life at sea too. Hilliard gives a good deal of space to sunsets, sunrises, the moon and clouds, while Greenwood is clearly fascinated by the animal life swimming in the sea or flying above it. ('They caught a Paupus' he writes, using the most endearing of his mis-spellings.)

By 11 February they were hoping to reach Hobart Town in 10 or 11 days. But on this day a quarrel broke out in the Cuddy between the hard-drinking Gentleman Passengers and the Captain, over his refusal to allow them more wine. 'A great many angry words passed' wrote Hilliard, 'Captain Santry saying that hardly a day past but some of them were drunk etc.' The following day 'I called Captain Santry into my Cabin and asked for a little chat with him.' As the Captain's senior by ten years, Hilliard (who was on the brink of 40) felt it his duty to advise the Captain to avoid clashes at all costs, and to give way to the passengers for the sake of peace. He then called the most important passenger into the cabin to make peace with the Captain. 'I had the Happiness of seeing good feeling and harmony once more prevail and we are now again in "smooth water & sunny weather" at least as far as the inside of our Cuddy is concerned.' Thus Hilliard glossed over certain other unpleasant aspects of the case, but to no avail for the silent scribe was at work. The