

they ¹⁹⁰ have ever green. O than Blessed Jesus who art like the
Green fir trees, may our fruit ever be found in Thee, and may
Thy peculiar mercy, and favours and benefits and blessings rest
upon this interesting little Colony. Bartholomew one of
our poor prisoners who was sent on shore to sick quarters,
on our arrival, died yesterday — We have received
much kindness from Mr Lord and Mr Mitchell who
accompanied us on our shooting party.

Thursday 17 June 1819

Still laying at anchor off Hobart Town, every exertion making
to enable us to prosecute our voyage, a great quantity of Wood
Water, potatoes &c have been taken on board. Employed variously
it is said we shall sail on Sunday.

Friday 18 June

Went on shore with Jooi Teetooe W Butter and Son and Mr
Kemp. we waited on the Governor by invitation, and took a
lunch with him. we afterwards walked round his garden.
Examined an overfall water Mill for grinding Corn upon a simple
construction. such an one we hope to see in N Zealand
Mr Kemp again very sick and poorly more so than she has
been since on board.

Saturday 19 June

Heavy rain almost all day, remained on board. Emp.
Emp. reading writing &c. The Ship preparing for sea and will
sail tomorrow or next Day. Poor Mr Kemp is very ill
keeps her bed and is in much pain.

Sunday 20 June

A fine serene day. Mr. Butler read prayers in our Cabin and
afterwards went on shore with Mr Cross to dine with the Rev. Mr
Nopwood — It grieves me that Jesus is not preached in this
Island — There are about 5000 Souls, and there seems to be
shearings of teeth for lack of the bread of life. May the God
of Truth soon send a faithful labourer or two into this Vineyard
It is pleasing however that a Bible Society has been set on foot.
Mr Kemp is better, more free from pain, but still keeps her
bed. In the Evening we had prayer in our Cabin as usual.

Monday 21 June

A Delightful fine morning. light breezes from the N E —
About 12 pt 11 weighed anchor and made sail down the river.
Another of the Convicts named Brown, who was sent on shore to
sick quarters on our arrival, died last night. Mr Kemp I
hope continues to mend. In the Afternoon the wind freshened
and was fair for sending us out of the river. At 8 got
clear of the Land, but the wind blows strong from the quarter
we want to go. We must therefore tack, and tack again,
till it pleases the Lord to alter it. It came on to blow
during the night, very hard and directly against us, which
the Sailors call a dead muzzler. The main sail was
split by the violence of the wind. Several of our party sea sick again