

350. which I found a remarkable declaration seemed to  
Come from my side the Cabin Saloon. I of course owned it  
at once, and charged Madame with Cruelty and base-  
-ness for making public what was only meant for her  
ear alone. A proceeding which delighted her even to  
Choking — The fact is, the Stevedore or Hofmeester,  
Keeps outside her door on the benches, and being seen  
saw in love with Eliza, 'Mrs Green's Maid', has a leaning  
of her,

Tideman, and in fact all the Dutchmen are very bitter  
against Americans and especially against their heys  
which they say is filled with men whom gentlemen can-  
-not associate with. He certainly mentioned some very  
glaring cases of blackfacedism, though I must say I have  
seen many very gentlemanly fellows among them.

Mon. July 14<sup>th</sup>. A famous heeze and foggy nearly twelve  
knots an hour so we may hope, wind continuing to make  
the day about Thursday.

Nothing much going on, we are laid at work cleaning  
up and finishing trap work for our food appearance at  
Rotterdam, yesterday morning for the first time told of  
our approach to the Channel, being deep and chilly,  
the night dew is now very heavy.

Fish Amuses us every now & then by remarking 357  
on various subjects, generally in course of conversation  
with the stewards. He is I suspect jealous of their at-  
tention to Miss A and said with a toss of his head that  
'He did not believe there were no young women in Hol-  
land, they made so much fuss. He complains that  
'There is nothing to wipe up nothing, and this morning  
at breakfast he remarked, after asking 'How sweet  
'if there were any monuments in Rotterdam, we  
are famous for them we are.'

we have certainly been uncommonly fortunate  
hitherto in our voyage and the fuss the ladies make over  
a little spray of blowing to take in the studd' sails shows  
how little sea or high winds we have had.

Wed. July 16<sup>th</sup>. Fine breeze still keeping up, and we  
are now at the mouth of the Channel, 28 miles only from  
Silly. Yesterday was little short of a gale, and the rain  
and misery kept us below deck nearly all day, towards  
evening it cleared up, became icy cold and the sea  
extremely fine and washing over the decks repeatedly.

I have seen a fine sight, a clear moon shining out  
from confused masses of clouds which before long entirely  
dispersed

352 leaving the night bright and clear as could be but  
icy cold. Today we have been entertained by a Dutch  
Schooner, an English Barque, a distant Steamer, &  
two pilot boats which are unusual so far out, and  
very pleasant to see again. Wrote letters to John West-  
den and my father to be ready for any opportunity  
that may occur. Piped close to a Dutch ship, <sup>of the name of the light</sup> & at night

Capt. Brew tells me that the Captain is bound  
in our prize, declaring he never saw such gentle-  
men before, but on inquiry it appeared his only idea  
of Englishmen was drawn from Austrian officers  
which rather takes the shine out of his laudations.

The Hogmeester was caught yesterday on his knees  
to Eliza, but the obstinate Maiden seems adamant  
to all her admirers, which I am not surpris'd at.

Thursday July 14<sup>th</sup>. The day and seen early this morning.  
and soon after breakfast the high land near Plymouth &  
eventually the Start Point & Coast of Devon.

Numbers of Sail too kept us on the six river, and  
three Steamers, one said to the 'Solent' bound to the  
West Indies, the third "The Nile", Rodney Mundy's Ship.

We also saw a Ship that had been her topmast, N 353  
'the Prinequen' which we wasted a blue light on (Page 354)  
some weeks ago. The Charts all came out this morning, and  
were fettered out on boxes that. We have several Cases of  
wine unbroken which we mean to offer to Capt Swart.

At 1 1/2 I was roused from a siesta by news of a Pilot  
on board, and I found, on going up, a fine looking young  
fellow to whom he gave our letters for posting, and who  
left an old Shipping paper of the 8<sup>th</sup> a piece of Newspaper  
which he rewarded by some salt pork & other garbage  
from the hold. — After dinner another Pilot boarded us  
with a Times of the 2<sup>nd</sup>, full of returns of the Crimean  
Army that, including a murder at Tfordon. We hear  
of the arrival of the Electra last week, & the Meteor <sup>last</sup> week.

Great looking for lights which I never saw though others  
did, and the wind which has been light all day is fresh-  
-ening. — The Doctor to-day offered Miss Drew a seat  
beside him on the Sofa, excusing himself for not doing  
by saying 'that it was indecible to give a letter a warm one.'  
I think I never heard any thing so horrible! Save me  
from Dutch Courtesy. — Mrs Drew crosses us all by the  
day she makes her entry of a morning, supported by husband  
& son, with one hand clasping her

354 now, and the other held out straight by her Sporo.  
She then sinks into a Chair with closed eyes & head  
on one Shoulder, and after an unexpressed Silence of  
some Minutes, looks up & languidly wishes her friends  
'good Morning'. It reminds me irresistibly of a Tragedy  
Heroine, & Mrs. Haller for instance, and always leads  
me off Choking. She is very good natured however &  
has since our Anowroot came to an end has published  
us entirely - This is conjectured by an illiberal public  
that the Doctor's name should really be B. A. Boon, instead  
of C. T. Boon. A new reading which since this morning  
I am inclined to adopt.

Friday July 18<sup>th</sup> /52. On looking out of my Cabin this  
morning, I found that we were off Benbridge point, and  
the cold so intense that I instantly closed my port  
and underwent torments of anticipation in regard to  
my tub, on going on deck I found Fielden in a high  
state of derisive eloquence, saying "Look there now,  
do just look there, that's the Isle of Wight where people  
go for their death, and to-morrow the dog days begin, did  
you ever see such a climate? I certainly have did  
out of England, and to think that this is the best of

Summer, it made me shiver to think of <sup>355</sup>  
turning to such leaden skies and cold damp winds.

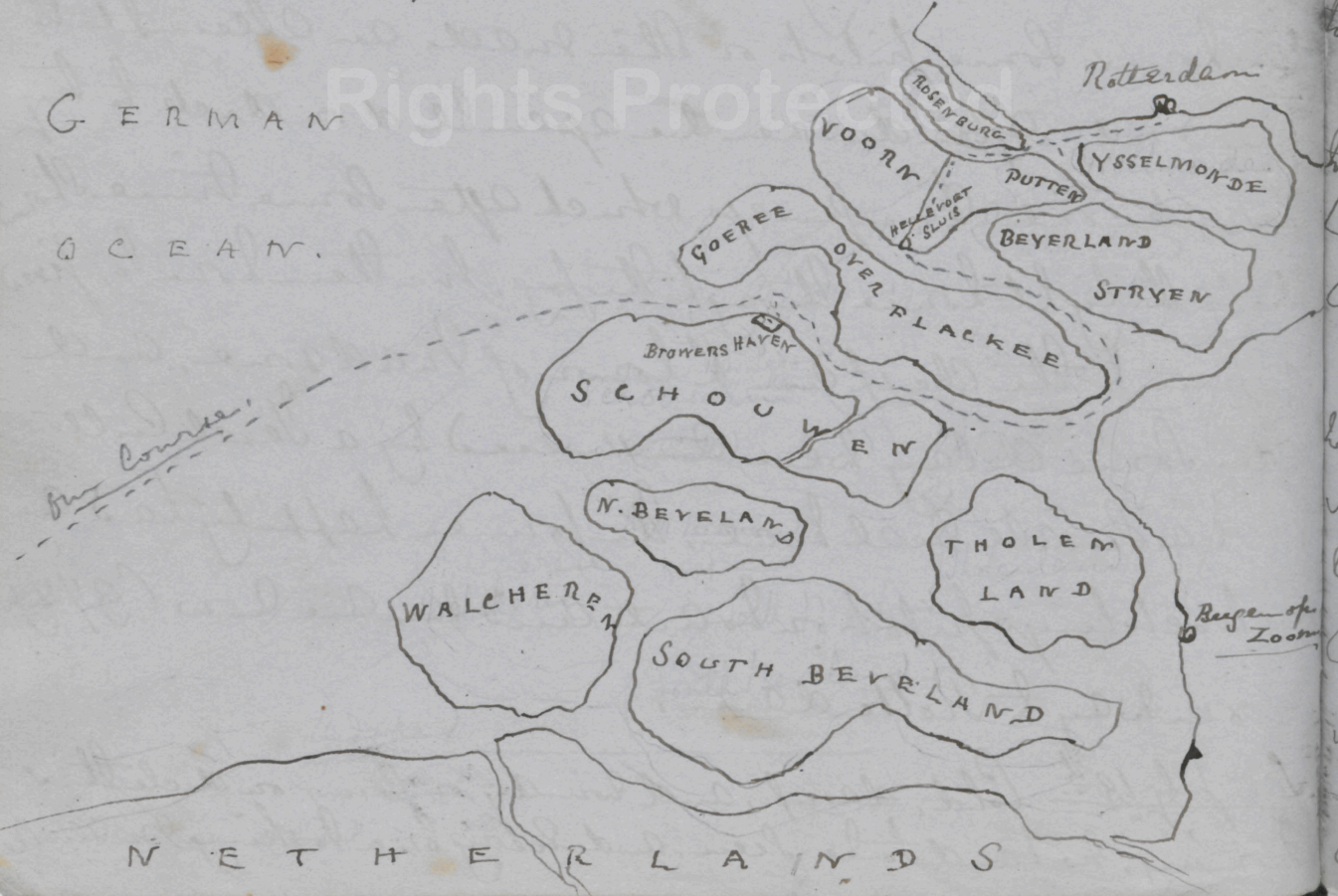
The last however was favorable & strong and we soon  
sailed Selsey Bill, and Beachy Head. It came on  
a rain and kept up a truly British drizzle all day.  
<sup>which</sup> Miss drew & late spent in drawing. I in packing  
up and arranging for our departure. We were very  
how & then called on deck to see fun boats, stevens,  
and other vessels booming through the haze. The coast  
at times appearing in a dim outline, and every  
two hours some pilot or other made an attempt to  
board us, After dinner he ascended on deck to try  
& make out the muzzles which after some time showed  
itself & light house through the fog. he then went to, fired  
a gun to the deep in honor of Madame, and  
after some delay here answered by a French cutter  
and a small Deal boat, the former happily had a  
Helvoetsluis pilot on board and we are now (3 1/2)  
on our way to Rotterdam.

Sat July 13<sup>th</sup> Cold, damp, and windy, on going on deck this  
morning, no land to be seen, and every one looking miserable.

356 The damp soon became rain and anything more wretched than the day I never beheld. In despair I fled below and read and snoozed til 3 o'clock, when on going up again I found another Pilot on board and an evident anxiety pervading the ship; we were now in sight of land which he held apparently driving upon, the fog prevented the course from being clearly made out, and banks surrounded us on every side. We stayed twice, were in no small danger for half an hour during which Mr Tilden entertained us by animated accounts of shipwrecks hereabouts and in fact such weather, and so lives were known to be saved.

GERMAN  
OCEAN.

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N E T H E R L A N D S

after which he hit upon the Buoys and went quietly 354  
down to dinner. An hour after he here quietly sailing past  
the low sandy shore of the Island of Schouwen, one of the  
many forming the Delta of the Rhine, and after passing  
lighthouses & Church towers, dykes and distant tree  
tops, saw the huge Church of Brouwershaven towering up  
before us and here soon at anchor before the Town.

Two daring Cockle Shells boarded us with letters &c,  
including the oldest inhabitant (judging from appearance)  
and a man very like the Bishop of Graham's Town; and  
learned to our horror that we were only to reach Hellevoetsluis  
tomorrow and Rotterdam next day, where we were to stop.

This is an unusual way to come, but taken in preference  
to beating outside Hellevoetsluis all night as we were  
late for the Tide. Poor Capt. Smeets here learned the  
death of his Mother.

I forgot to mention passing the deck here right  
with Feilden, until he saw down lights & the two of S. Foreland,  
ships were showing blue & red lights all round us, a heavy  
refraction in foggy weather. he burnt one only, & the ladies  
came up in high expectation.

Sunday July 20<sup>th</sup>. Called at 6 1/2 this morning, and heard so dis-  
tinct a sound of wind outside, combined with so unreasonable  
a report from Feild, that I determined to remain in bed



358 preference to going on shore. Late, low ebb, especially towards  
me, and on hastily dipping I found him and Tideman ready  
and Mr Jenke joining us ten minutes afterwards. We entered  
the Stone boat along side, and were soon in high enjoyment  
of a most delicious sail along the Curious Sea Wall or Dyke  
which bounds the Island, and distant bird flocks of Curlew  
Sandpipers, Terns, and Gullcatchers from their daily breakfast  
in the mud, spun along through a narrow channel with mud  
banks left by the receding tide, on either hand, until we ran  
along side of a clumsy looking live boat moored to a wooden  
pier, beyond which was a dyke, and <sup>on</sup> that a neat and  
pretty Elect. telegraph office, looking much like a small  
station on a railway embankment. Mounting this, we  
found ourselves on a height looking down into & over a  
good extent of Country marked out by dykes like Egypt  
but in much smaller divisions, well planted with willow,  
Alder, & Poplar trees, and rich in luxuriant green and blue  
fold, as the harvest was ripening. Beyond lay the quaint  
fabled Town of Browns Lane with the shapely spire of the  
old Church and the steep roof & light tower of the Town Hall  
towering over a confused jumble of brick fabled mingled with  
Alders & Poplar trees, following the course of one of these dykes  
in due time we entered the quiet clean little street which  
took us to the Inn, a large and respectable looking establishment  
devoted to Beer and billiards, but as clean as hands could  
make it throughout. - Ordering breakfast, we sallied forth

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