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TWELVE YEARS IN CANTERBURY, NEW ZEALAND.

"'Tis Greece where Greeks do dwell." So spake and thought
That ancient race. The isle-embroider'd sea
Was sprinkled with their towns; lo! spreading free
One Greece in many lands. May *we* be taught
By them to love our country as we ought!
'Tis not thy soil, O England! nor thy scenes,
Though oft on these home-wand'ring fancy leans;
'Tis not alone th' historic fervour caught
From old association; not thy marts,
Nor e'en thy grey cathedrals, nor thy wells
Of ancient learning, though for these our hearts
May fondly yearn. True love of country tells
A better tale—thy Church, thy laws, thy arts—
'Tis England where an English spirit dwells.

TWELVE YEARS

IN

CANTERBURY, NEW ZEALAND,

WITH

VISITS TO THE OTHER PROVINCES,

AND

REMINISCENCES OF THE ROUTE HOME THROUGH AUSTRALIA, ETC.

(FROM A LADY'S JOURNAL.)

BY MRS. CHARLES THOMSON.

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PREFACE.

THE following little work is from the pen of one who resided for twelve years in the Canterbury Settlement, where she was enabled to found for herself a happy and prosperous home, and subsequently visited the other principal provinces of New Zealand, and the great towns of Australia, returning to the old country by the overland route.

Having been in the habit of noting down in her journal all that struck her as interesting or peculiar in the course of her travels, and finding, on her return to England, how imperfect was the knowledge possessed by the general public of the bright and sunny lands so far away, she has been induced to publish extracts from those notes, which, as a discerning eye may perceive, were originally intended only for the amusement of private friends.

The unadorned simplicity of the style, however, may serve to convince the general reader that plain truths alone compose the substance; and she trusts that the information she has been able to collect may

prove useful to those who contemplate a visit to the Antipodes, interesting to those who stay at home, and may, perhaps, tend to open the eyes of all to the many advantages and blessings to be reaped by those who, with strong hearts and willing minds, seek distant shores, to create for themselves, under God's favour, new homes, new fortunes, and new health.

A few words respecting the poetry included in the Appendix to this volume may perhaps be necessary. They would not have been added, had not each one severally borne special reference to the land in which they were written, or to the voyage thither.

The "New Zealand Christian Year," for which some of them were written, was never published, as the clergyman who was compiling that work left the country, unexpectedly, before it was completed. One of its characteristics was intended to be, that each set of verses contained in it should bear some allusion to our adopted country.

INTRODUCTION.

It was early in December, 1852, that I embarked on board the good ship "Hampshire" at Gravesend, bound direct for the Canterbury Settlement. For six weeks we were wind-bound off the coast of England, and not till May, 1853, did we reach our destination. The course was not so well known, perhaps, in those days as it now is, for ships at the present time seldom take more than from ninety to a hundred days for this voyage, while the route by Suez occupies about two months only, and that by Panama but forty-nine days; passengers by the latter can take return tickets.

A passenger ship is a little world in itself, cut off for the time from all around it, and a long voyage has its own peculiar charms for those who are able to appreciate and enjoy them: it tends to produce exalted and holy thoughts and solemn feelings, bringing us, as it were, nearer to God, and at the same time opening the heart to kindly feelings towards those who are sharing with us "the perils of the sea." But there are, alas! two sides to the picture, and it cannot be denied that there are also temptations which beset the inmates of these little floating worlds, and that sin finds its way in there as readily as elsewhere.

For myself I can say, that I enjoy the sea most thoroughly. In the placid beauty of calm weather, and

the awful grandeur of the storm—in the boundless roll of the ocean, and the glorious expanse of the heavens—I feel an intense worshipful admiration, and a peaceful enjoyment far more perfect than usually falls to the lot of any on the busy land.

Then, again, friendships are formed at sea which often endure faithfully and fervently throughout after life. When landed together at last, far from our old homes, how inestimably valuable do such friendships become; how each holds out to each the helping hand, ever willing mutually to smooth the rugged path of life; the sympathizing spirit, the kindly look, the cheering voice, ever ready, ever nigh. Oh! it is in those young, distant homes that hearts are proved, all that is kindliest in our natures developed, and friendships ripened into affections that only death dissolves.

Our voyage though long was a pleasant one, and diversified by many amusements, among which was the getting up of a weekly paper, edited by two of the gentlemen, and contributed to by many of the passengers. Also a fancy-dress ball, at which the costumes and decorations were both tasteful and elaborate.

There are few persons who, if they are in health, are not light-hearted at sea; you seem to leave your cares behind you with the land, and the fresh breezes blow away sad thoughts.

Invigorated and refreshed, we reached our adopted home, prepared to cope with and struggle through all the roughnesses and trials of young colonial life; and though some of our party proved to be ill adapted to the undertaking, and returned shortly to their English homes, I believe those who remained have never had cause to repent of their participation in the project, or of the perseverance with which they fought against and overcame first difficulties.

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TWELVE YEARS IN CANTERBURY, NEW ZEALAND.

CHAPTER I.

TWELVE YEARS IN CANTERBURY.

It is rather surprising, and also amusing, to those who have lived long in a distant land, to find, on their return to the old country, how little even the well-educated of learned England have thought it necessary to inform themselves of any particulars relating to those far-off coasts, so familiar to themselves and so favoured by nature.

Those who "sit at home at ease," though they may have maps before their eyes and books at their right hand, yet, unless any individual interest, or relations or friends living there, should perchance draw their attention to that spot on the map, or the contents of those books treating on that country, seldom think it necessary to obtain much knowledge on the subject, beyond the one item that such or such a place does really exist.

Residents there can scarcely realize to themselves the somewhat humiliating truth of how very indifferent the fondly-remembered Fatherland is, in a general way, to all the hopes, fears, and excitements incident to a young settlement; yet, for the most part, all goes on

there as in the old land, only with the greater force and stronger impetus of youth. Those who would have striven to improve their condition in their native land, strive harder there; those who were but lukewarm, passive Christians here, become often zealous and active supporters of their religion in the far-off home of their adoption; while, on the other hand, those who were good for nothing at home will be good for little, or perhaps become worse, in New Zealand, or go where they may; and the reckless or hopeless spirit that wandered in darkness in the old land, will probably reject the light of the guiding star in that new land to which he emigrates.

We take our natures, characters, dispositions, and even habits with us round the world, and land them, as surely as our bodies, wherever our destinies may be cast. This would seem to be a truism scarcely worth the stating, but that I have, since my return from a residence of above twelve years in the Antipodes, been frequently asked such questions as the following:—"How do people live in New Zealand?" "How do they employ themselves?" "What are their habits there?" "How did you dress?" "Does not living with the Maories make people become savage?" etc. One friend asked me whether I had been much at Tasmania, supposing that to be a part of New Zealand; another, to whom I mentioned that I had visited Australia on my way home, inquired whether I went thither by sea or land from New Zealand. In like manner, one who heard me say that I had come through France, asked, in some surprise, "Why, how did you manage that? Did you come *all the way* by land?" "Did you know Mr. ——?" inquired a gentleman. "No," I replied; "what part of New Zealand was he in?" "Oh, I don't know," was the rejoinder; "I thought you all knew each other there. Is it not all one town?" All have apparently heard of the war unhappily going on in New Zealand for some years past, but very few seem to know that there is any difference or division between one part of the country

and another; they think that if you have been in New Zealand at all, you must have been in the midst of the war. The facts of there being north, middle, and south islands, and the two last being perfectly safe from the dangers of the first, where alone the war has been, is quite a new idea to most of the people I have conversed with on the subject in England.*

Fortunately for myself, the part where I was resident was Canterbury, in the middle island, founded, as is known to all who interested themselves in the original colonizing of that part of the country, by a number of influential members of the Established Church of England, in the year 1850. There was at that time a pretty general impression that this church settlement was to be composed of a rather High Church community, and many who felt dissatisfied with the aspect of Church matters in England emigrated thither in those first days, with the hope of founding among themselves a satisfactory and orthodox Church Establishment. In September, 1850, four ships sailed together from England

* The three islands contain about 80,000,000 acres of land, being somewhat larger than England and Ireland together. Different authorities vary somewhat in their computations as to the exact extent of area in the New Zealand islands; that which I have here adopted is from the "New Zealand Emigration Circular," and is, I believe, correct. (In comparing the size with that of England, Ireland, and Scotland, the smaller of the British isles are excluded from the measurement.) In Chambers' "Papers for the People," it is stated that the New Zealand group contains 50,000 acres less than the whole of Great Britain and Ireland, with all the adjacent isles. The extent of coast line is 3000 miles, and few countries in the world can show so many or such good harbours in an equal space. It lies in the immense Austral Ocean, between New Holland and Cape Horn. On the east that ocean rolls to South America, on the south to the Pole, on the west to Van Diemen's Land (now Tasmania), and on the north it stretches boundlessly away to the Arctic circle. The group is situated between 34° and 48° south latitude, and between 160° and 179° east longitude. The middle island is separated from the northern by Cook's Straits, and from the southern (Stewart's Island) by Foveaux Strait.

with emigrants of a high class, each ship bearing its own chaplain.

Two of these ships arrived at the port of Lyttelton on the 16th of December, and the first man of all the passengers to step on shore was J. E. Fitzgerald, Esq., who, three years afterwards, was elected the first superintendent of Canterbury.

The colonists, or, as they were then called, the "Canterbury Pilgrims," were received by Mr. Godley, who had preceded them as agent for the Canterbury Association, and had prepared for them such accommodation as was possible.

The Governor (Sir George Grey) and his lady had also come down from Wellington to welcome the new arrivals. A third ship came into port on the following day (the 17th), and the fourth on the 27th of the same month—all landing their living freights in high health and spirits, and in lovely Midsummer weather.

On the Sunday following the first arrivals, Dec. 22, 1850, divine service was performed for the first time in Canterbury, and the first sermon also preached by the Rev. Henry Jacobs, who had come out as chaplain on board the "Sir George Seymour." The other clergymen were at the same time performing service on board their respective ships, whose passengers had not yet landed. The Association's store at Lyttelton had on this occasion to do duty as a church, the seats being made of planks, laid across sugar barrels, and the place fitted up with red blankets, etc., by the exertions of Mr. and Mrs. Godley, and the Rev. H. and Mrs. Jacobs. On Christmas day also the sermon was preached by the Rev. H. Jacobs.* On the 27th of the same month arrived the little schooner yacht "Undine," bringing Bishop Selwyn from Sydney, where he had been attending the conference of Australian bishops. He preached in the same impromptu place of worship on the following Sunday,

* Afterwards head master of Christchurch College, and subsequently Incumbent of Christchurch; soon after Archdeacon, and now Dean of Christchurch.

taking for his text Gen. xiv. 18, and setting forth Abraham as the pattern and father of colonists, and drawing a parallel between his seeking the blessing of Melchisedec, and paying him tithes, and the prominence given to the Church in the Canterbury Association's scheme.

Not till February did the bishop-designate (the Rev. T. Jackson) arrive on a visit to his intended diocese, where he remained about six weeks, and, then leaving, returned no more.

The Canterbury Pilgrims had not long been landed in their new country before they discovered that the plan of exclusiveness as to religious creed must be abandoned. Wesleyan, Scotch, and various other congregations were soon established; and though Canterbury continues to the present day to be nominally a Church of England settlement, there is not, and has not been from the commencement, any sort of bigotry, jealousy, or ill-feeling between the different denominations. With that mutual goodwill and warm-heartedness which generally characterizes colonists meeting together in a new land, all have been ready to stretch forth the right hand of friendship, and pull together zealously in aiding the good cause of both the temporal and spiritual interests of the settlement. In proof of this, it may be observed that at public meetings for religious, charitable, or instructive purposes may be seen and heard clergymen of the Established Church, both "high" and "low," Wesleyan and Scotch ministers, etc., all addressing in turn one interested and attentive audience from the same platform, and all using their eloquence for one and the same good end, without clashing or dissension, sinking their differences, and whatever their own individual opinions may be, taking heed to carry out the precepts of St. Paul, "to give no offence in anything," and to do nothing which might "cause a weak brother to offend."

One of the remarkable features connected with these first settlers was the number of families from the higher classes of society who went out in the early ships—men

of first-rate education, intelligence, and general abilities, with wives, daughters, and sisters of refined manners and elegant tastes, thereby transplanting to that then rough soil the charms and advantages of civilized life. There were but few servants or labourers there then.* All, however delicately nurtured, had to *rough* it. University scholars and London club-men had to dig, chop wood, fetch water, work at hedging and ditching, and help to build their own houses;† while ladies had to use their soft, white hands in downright, earnest household work, at the churn and the wash-tub; and right well, too, did all perform these various and arduous duties, losing not one jot of natural refinement, though few trained servants could have done their work better.

It is useless now to dwell upon the disappointments or discontents incident to most settlers in a new land. It is extraordinary how little the generality of emigrants reflect upon, or realize before starting the disagreeables and positive hardships they will inevitably have to encounter on arriving in a young colony. They seem to forget how unreasonable it is to compare a new country with an old one. Those who have been accustomed to luxuries in their own land, and those who have never yet known them, both appear equally to expect that they will find them in the chosen spot, wafted, as it were, on before them, where only nature hitherto has ruled. When the reality comes upon them, though they usually set to work and make the best of it in practice, and are, in fact, *inwardly* cheerful and happy (though they may refuse to confess it, even to themselves), they are yet too apt, in writing home, to indulge freely in the spirit of

* Fourteen other ships arrived within the first year, bringing a total of nearly 3000 immigrants, among whom were many servants, labourers, carpenters, mechanics, etc. Many also came from Van Diemen's Land.

† Many of the first habitations were of a most primitive description, some being composed simply of slanting sides, meeting in a peak at the top, in the form of an inverted V, and thence called V-huts. They were constructed of wood, mud, boughs of trees, or anything that came first to hand.

grumbling, and make the worst of their adventures and troubles. Injudicious friends in England have sometimes published these little irritable effusions, greatly to the regret and annoyance of the writers, who probably, before they can receive the answering sympathy of their correspondents, have ceased to need it, and become quite reconciled to their difficulties, finding in them a source of amusement, and experiencing a peculiar satisfaction in meeting and overcoming them.

No doubt many were deceived by the exaggerated praises bestowed upon the country selected for the Canterbury Association by some of the too ardent promoters of the scheme. This "Eden of the Southern Sea," as it was termed, like all other countries, had its defects, and still has some, though many have been remedied by the enterprise and art of man. Taken as a whole, however, it may be safely said to be as near perfection as we can hope to find an earthly country. It has its fierce "sou'-westers," which, however, are supposed to contribute to the healthiness of the place; and in summer it has occasionally "nor'-westers," which parch up the vegetation for the time. The winds do not blow harder, perhaps, than they frequently do in England, but they certainly blow oftener and more continuously, and are apt to disturb the equanimity of newly-arrived immigrants, when toiling over the hill between the port and the plains. "Dear me!" petulantly exclaimed a lady who had lately landed, and was being conducted over the bridle-path by a friend who had gone into port to meet her. "Dear me! does it always blow like this here?" "Oh dear no," quietly answered her conductor, "it generally blows a great deal harder."

The climate, though variable, is always temperate; there is no unbearable summer heat nor any long winter frosts. It often freezes sharply at night, but the bright, unclouded sun arises, wherever his rays reach, all frost disappears, and a mild, genial day follows. Snow is seen perhaps once or twice during the winter months, sometimes not at all, and not above twice during my

long residence there, was it seen to lie on the ground during the day.*

The thermometer seldom rises above 70° in the shade in the summer, or falls below 46° in the day-time, in winter; the atmosphere is clear, and there is an elasticity in the ever-moving air which produces a buoyant kind of feeling, making troubles seem to sit more lightly on the mind than they do in our own country. The most pleasant weather is considered to be from the latter part of summer, through the autumn, and the beginning of winter; that is, from about the middle of January to the middle of June. The latitude of Canterbury extends from about 43°, 30° to 45° S., being the same as Tasmania (late Van Diemen's Land), and answering to that of the South of France in the northern hemisphere.†

* I speak here only of Canterbury; in the southern part snow falls more frequently, and often remains upon the ground; in the north, snow is scarcely ever seen at all.

† The natural productions of New Zealand, are gold, silver, copper, lead, iron, coal, manganese, sulphur, chromate of iron, and petroleum oil, also a superior kind of iron-sand. Tin ore and nickel ore are also said to have been discovered.

The coasts abound with fish of large size and good quality, but there is little to be found in the lakes or rivers, beyond eels, a kind of trout of good flavour, and at particular seasons immense shoals of whitebait, so dense that they may be caught in buckets, and children take them up, to any extent, in bags fixed to the ends of sticks. Salmon will probably soon be successfully introduced. Wild-ducks, pigeons, and quails abound, and various kinds of game have been imported and set free. The principal rivers of Canterbury are the Waimakeriri (Courtenay), Rakaia (Cholmondeley), Ashley (Rakarire), Ashburton (Akateri), Rangitaka (Alford), Selwyn (Waikerikeri), and several smaller ones, such as the Avon, Heathcote, Halswell, Pūrarekanui, Waipara, Kowai, Cust, Cam, and besides these may be named the Hurunui, and the Waitaki (or Waitangi) rivers, which form the northern and southern boundaries of the province.

It may be observed from the above list, that in some cases the English names given have been adopted, in others rejected, and the native names retained. There is no account to be given of the inconsistency; the law of custom alone has decided the matter.

It need scarcely be said that at first there were no roads; a bridle-path, however, was soon formed over the formidable hill (1100 feet high), which divided the port from the site of the intended capital. A most toilsome journey it certainly was, and indeed is still, though now much improved; a carriage-road was afterwards completed round the hill sides, also connecting Christchurch with Lyttelton, and at the present time there is an excellent railroad (with carriages so comfortable that they shame some of those of the mother-country), from Christchurch to the foot of the hills, and a tunnel through them is rapidly approaching completion. Another railroad is also progressing across the plains and up the country, a part of this is already open and in full use. Excellent carriage-roads are now formed in all directions. Nothing can mark the rapid progress of this settlement more obviously than these facts.

An English carriage was, in the first days, taken out by a family; it was of course utterly useless, and served only for a laughing-stock, so ridiculously out of place did it appear, where only the roughest kind of strong bullock-drays could be used as means of transit from place to place. There were at that time no proper means even for landing a carriage, and in attempting to do so, the unfortunate vehicle got sunk in the harbour, and being afterwards fished up, the owners were glad to tranship it out of sight, and send it off to Sydney for sale. Now, however, numerous handsome carriages, with first-rate horses and highly-finished harness, are common everywhere, and besides the number imported, a large coach-builder's manufactory is doing a flourishing business.

It is not easy for the early Canterbury Pilgrims to forget the desolate appearance presented to their gaze by the plains, when after toiling up the steep bridle-path, they stood on the top of the hill and looked down and beyond in the distance upon the site of their intended city. Few spots in nature could look more dreary or ugly; they could only comfort themselves by

the assurance that it was healthy, and the hope that they might in time become accustomed to its ugliness; and then they looked upon the ever-grand and majestic mountains that bounded the view, and felt that in them, there was a magnificence that could never fail, and that in beholding them, the eye could never tire.

But how different is the sight that *now* meets the eye from the same spot! On that river (the Avon) which then wound and wriggled through a desert-looking flat, giving it almost the appearance of a swamp, stands now a goodly-sized and handsome city containing a population of above seven thousand, with churches, chapels, extensive Government and public buildings, and pretty country-houses in its suburbs, following the winding course of the river along its banks. The brown native grass, and flax, toi-toi, and tutu, have given place to fenced and cultivated fields, green hedges, gardens, plantations, pleasure-grounds, a park and acclimatization grounds, so that one looks and wonders how it ever *could* have been ugly; all is changed now, save those glorious distant mountains, in their everlasting beauty.

A cathedral has been commenced in Christchurch, from designs furnished by Mr. G. G. Scott, by whom an architect was specially chosen, and sent out from England to superintend the work of erection. It is estimated that the building, when completed, will have cost not less than £25,000, which sum was expected to be raised principally by private subscriptions. Within a few months after the first appeal to the public for this purpose, the sum of £17,000 was subscribed, and the foundation-stone was laid with much ceremony and solemn religious observances, on the 16th December, 1864, being the fourteenth anniversary of the founding of the settlement (by the landing of the first Canterbury settlers, as before stated). In the following year a further appeal was made for subscriptions, and another £1000 was promised. Obstacles, however, arose to the progress of the undertaking, and unfortunately gave

time for the first enthusiasm of the well-wishers to the great work to cool down. Then came hard times, and the greatest commercial depression that the province has ever known; arrears of subscriptions were left unpaid, and much that had been promised was lost altogether by failures and deaths; so that the work has come to a temporary stand-still, which is greatly to be regretted. There are three good-sized churches in Christchurch (which has now been divided into three separate parishes), each church attended by a full congregation. One of the very first buildings erected in the incipient town was that used as a church and school-house (now St. Michael and All Angels'), several times since enlarged and strengthened, and finally consecrated on Michaelmas day, 1859, by Bishop Harper (Bishop of Christchurch). Then followed St. Luke's, and lastly St. John the Baptist's, a handsome stone building. Close around the town are other pretty and substantially-built churches, with commodious parsonages, such as at Avonside, Riccarton, and at many other small towns a few miles further off. In all directions churches and school-houses have arisen, and are constantly arising; in fact, wherever a few houses are collected together, forming small towns or villages, exertions are immediately made, subscriptions raised by the residents, and churches, etc., built.

It must be confessed, however, that the Wesleyans and Methodists keep pace with, and in many instances outstrip, the Established Church in zeal, having their places of worship almost everywhere.

In Christchurch the Wesleyans have erected a very large and massive-looking stone chapel, in a most conspicuous and commanding situation. The Scotch have an extremely pretty church and manse, and nearly every known denomination has its place of worship in the town. The Jews also have their synagogue, and the Roman Catholics their church a little beyond the town boundaries.

The Church of England cemetery is beautifully

situated on a gentle eminence, on the prettiest part of the winding Avon; it is tastefully laid out, and well kept. Within the enclosure is a chapel, in which are several handsome memorial stained-glass windows, some of them of beautiful design and perfect execution. There are divisions in this cemetery set apart for Roman Catholics and Dissenters. The Scotch Church has a separate cemetery of its own elsewhere.

Christchurch College was founded in May, 1855, by the Church Property trustees, by deed of foundation, and was incorporated by ordinance of the Provincial Council, in June of the same year. The first stone was laid by the Bishop of Christchurch, with all due services and ceremonies. It is under the government of the bishop of the diocese, as warden, a sub-warden, who must be a clergyman in priest's orders,* and a body of fellows, not fewer than six, nor more than twenty-five; the first body having been appointed by the Church Property trustees, the rest by the body itself.

The main feature of the College at present is the Grammar School, which contained in the year 1866 about sixty-five pupils, and has now probably many more. The present head-master is the Rev. W. Chambers Harris, B.A., formerly scholar of Brasenose College, Oxford. The second master is the Rev. G. Cotterill, of St. John's College, Cambridge. The Very Rev. the Dean of Christchurch prepares divinity students for holy orders in connection with the College, as Watts Russell, Professor of Divinity, and the Hon. H. J. Tancred holds the Hulsean Professorship of Modern History, founded by the Rev. E. Hulse (now Sir Edward Hulse), of All Souls' College, Oxford.

In the commencement of the year 1866 there were twenty-eight clergymen of the Church of England in Canterbury; the number is now, probably, much increased. We learn from the Lord Bishop's charge, in November last (1866), that nine churches had been

* The Rev. Henry Jacobs, now the Very Rev. the Dean of Christchurch holds, and has from the first held, this office.

consecrated in the diocese since Easter, 1865, and that two more would probably be ready for consecration before the end of that year.

The charitable institutions are numerous. The principal are, the Orphan Asylum, in connection with the Church of England; the site (given by H. Sewell, Esq.), being vested in the bishop, who is chairman *ex officio*, and eight persons, four of whom are elected annually by the Synod of the diocese, and four, annually also, by the subscribers. Then there is the "Benevolent Aid Society," which is very largely supported by all denominations, having been originally promoted by the leading members of society, both of Church and Dissenters; all have worked amicably and liberally together in distributing relief to cases of temporary distress, arising principally from prolonged absence of husbands and fathers on the west coast gold-fields, from whom no remittances may have been made to their families. Relief is afforded by this society in the shape of food, coals, wine, blankets, clothing, and sometimes rent; given by a committee, on the application of subscribers, countersigned by clergymen and others, each of whom is responsible for a particular district. There is a "Female Home," for respectable women of good character, out of employ, which is a very good and useful institution. Also a "Refuge" for fallen and destitute women, which has done great good, under much difficulty; the sole manager is the Rev. H. Torlesse (Government chaplain), who is also chaplain and treasurer of this institution, of which he was the originator. The first annual report was published early in the year 1866, from which it appeared that eleven women had been received into the Refuge during the preceding year, of whom two only had relapsed into their former mode of life; of the rest, some found places, in which they were going on well and steadily; one had married, and some were remaining in the house. This institution, it was hoped, would become self-supporting, the sum realized by the women's work (principally washing) having

amounted, during the said year, to upwards of £157. There is, moreover, an admirably-conducted lunatic asylum, in which the system of kind and gentle treatment, with recreations and amusements of various kinds, is found to answer so well, that inmates are frequently discharged, cured, and restored with sound minds to their families. Mr. and Mrs. Seager are the excellent master and matron of this asylum.

The hospitals are supported by the Government; they are four in number, namely, at Christchurch, Lyttelton, Timaru, and Hokitika.

A branch "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel" has been for some years established, supported, and promoted alike by clergymen and ministers of different denominations, aided by the united exertions of their various flocks. A diocesan branch of the "Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge" has also been established, with a central depôt in Christchurch. There are several other good and charitable societies, got up and actively supported by little knots of private individuals; and we must not forget to mention the readiness with which large subscriptions have been occasionally raised, at the calls of distress, far away from New Zealand homes, such as the Crimean destitution and Lancashire cotton famine. About once a quarter a most pleasant and instructive meeting takes place in the town, under the title of the "St. Michael's Church Institute." At these gatherings, the bishop and clergy give information, in a familiar and agreeable form, of all church matters throughout the diocese. Laymen give readings of a light and amusing character; scientific men exhibit inventions and experiments; amateur musicians (both ladies and gentlemen) diversify the proceedings with songs, and the church choir, perform glees, choruses, etc., forming altogether very delightful reunions.

Amateur concerts and oratorios are not unfrequently produced in excellent style. An Italian operatic company occasionally visits the place, and reaps golden harvests.

Dramatic, or other kinds of entertainments, are almost always going on.

Besides the small towns, which have arisen immediately around the capital, such as Riccarton, Avonside, Heathcote, Prebbleton, Templeton, etc., there are many flourishing towns spread throughout the province, such as Kaiapoi, Timaru, Akaroa, and many others too numerous for description in the present work; but we must not omit to mention the large town, now rapidly rising in importance on the west coast, amid the new gold-fields of Hokitika, to which a good road has been opened (at an enormous expenditure) with Cobb's coach running to and fro once a-week.

There are many fine rivers throughout the province, and abundance of good water everywhere. In and around Christchurch there are numerous artesian springs. Every owner of a garden or piece of land may have his own fountain. They have but to bore a few feet, and scarcely ever fail to strike a spring at the first spot selected for the experiment. The water from these springs is extremely pure and good.

The soil is generally good and fertile; all English fruits, flowers, and vegetables are of easy cultivation, and do extremely well. Peaches and plums of all kinds, etc., ripen on standard trees, without the aid of walls; grapes also do well. Fuchsias, myrtles, geraniums, etc., become large shrubs. The native forest trees are ever green, and attain a very large size; many of them are very beautiful; the tree fern and tree fuchsia are among the most curious. All English trees flourish, and are of far more rapid growth there than in England. The red, blue, and other gums from Australia grow easily and rapidly in New Zealand.

There are no wild animals, save such as have been formerly tame, and have escaped from their owners. No venomous reptiles or scorpions.

Several kinds of birds are indigenous to the woods and waters; among them the oyster-catcher, bittern, kingfisher, cormorant, quail, wild-duck, mocking or

parson-bird,* parrots, paroquets, woodhen, pigeon, etc. (the gigantic Moa bird is believed to be now quite extinct). There have been imported pheasants, partridges, turkeys, geese, ducks, common fowl, guinea fowl, pea fowl, canaries, bullfinches, etc. Bees also thrive amazingly.

The following account of the trees, etc., of New Zealand, is taken from Chambers' "Papers for the People:"—

"The indigenous trees tower, many of them, to a prodigious height, producing timber in unequalled perfection; some close-grained, heavy, and durable for domestic and public architecture; some fit for shipbuilding; others hard, light, of fine texture, and elegantly veined for cabinet work; and others, indeed, for every variety of purpose. The white, yellow, and red pine, the last with leaves like ostrich plumes; the totara, a reddish wood, with roots that take a beautiful polish; and many others not known in Europe. Some of the timber trees bear fruit, others rich clusters of flowers, like the purple honeysuckle; others with leaves like the myrtle, and blossoms with crimson petals and golden stamina. One produces leaves affording a fragrant beverage, resembling tea. All are in immense variety and abundance, yielding materials for every kind of work, etc.

Equally important with the timber is the native flax of New Zealand, a peculiar plant, of which ten or twelve varieties have been found. Some in the low marshes, others on the surface of rich alluvial plains, others on hill-sides, barren of everything else.

The largest kind has leaves ten or twelve feet in height, and tapering from three or five inches to a point. These never lie open, but are folded in a graceful curve, like huge eccentric sea-shells. Bunches of flowers grow from the stem, with purple chalices, full to

* So called from the white marks on the throat, resembling a pair of bands.

the brim of a delicious syrup. Though it grows wild everywhere, it must be planted and cultivated with care to be made available for manufacturing purposes.

Fifty or sixty kinds of fern plants exist in New Zealand. Their roots once formed an important article of food with the natives, but since the settlement of Europeans, so many materials of superior substance to them have been introduced, that the lordly Maories have abandoned to the wild hogs this humble provision, together with the root of the bulrush. From the edible pulp contained in the stem of one variety, the early colonists used to make a very respectable imitation of apple-tart. The fruit of one shrub, called tutu, affords the natives an insipid but harmless wine; the seeds, however, are poisonous, and, at particular seasons, the leaves highly injurious to cattle, especially to those newly arrived, and therefore unaccustomed to it.

"An indigenous aniseed grows in many parts, greatly improving the flesh of the animals feeding on it."

On some lands immense crops of grain have been occasionally raised. There are records of 70 bushels of wheat per acre having been obtained, of 80 and even 100 bushels of oats, and 50 of barley; but these are unusual cases, and according to the statement of a gentleman experienced in farming at the present time in that country, the average, taking the province throughout, would be, of wheat not much above 25 bushels per acre, oats about 33, and barley about 30.

Wool, it need scarcely be added, is the great staple of the country, it is said to be of the very highest quality, and averages 4 lbs. the fleece. Wages are extremely high; a labourer earns from 8*s*. to 10*s*. a day; carpenters, builders, etc., 12*s*. to 14*s*. A day's work consists of eight hours, and those who choose to work extra time are of course paid in proportion. In harvest or shearing time, a man can earn 15*s*. or £1 per day. A good female servant receives £30, or sometimes £40,

per annum; a man-servant £60 or £70; and a man and wife £80 to £100, according to their capabilities.

The cost of living necessarily varies so considerably at different periods, that it would not be possible to lay down any accurate scale of prices.

Provisions are, however, far cheaper now in Canterbury (and indeed all over New Zealand) than they were a few years back, though, with one or two exceptions, all things are still dearer than in England. Meat is one of these, and tea is another (the latter being imported direct from China). Both these necessary articles of consumption are at a lower price than in England at the present time.

Wheat during the last two years has sold at 5*s.* 6*d.* per bushel; barley from 7*s.* to 8*s.*; oats, 5*s.* to 6*s.*

The price of land varies according to its quality and distance from town. Within the city of Christchurch it has been sold and let at fabulously high prices per foot frontage; at the outskirts of the town the price is about £250 the quarter acre; at two miles from town it would be about £50 per acre; from that to within five miles, about £20 or £25; and at ten miles, farms might change hands at from £8 to £12 per acre; but wherever townships are planned or laid out the price is of course higher.

The population of Canterbury at the time of the last census (1864) was 32,276.* This calculation, however, refers to the eastern side of the settlement only. Since the discovery of the Hokitika gold-fields, the west coast has also become peopled to an almost equal extent,† making the whole European population of the province amount to over 60,000.‡

* At the time of the previous census, in 1861, the population of Canterbury was about 16,040.

† Since the above computation was made, the west coast population has probably doubled itself.

‡ There are very few natives dwelling in the middle or the Southern Island, and in the north there are said to be not

The two coasts are now connected by the new road above mentioned, and immense numbers of stock have been driven over. The difficulties of this work were great, but it was deemed imperatively necessary to undertake it, and that without delay. Commenced in the middle of winter, carried on across a country previously considered to be almost inaccessible, and destitute of supplies of any kind, the work yet proceeded steadily on to completion. This road from Christchurch to Hokitika is about 160 miles long, and for 90 miles of that distance it passes over a succession of lofty mountains, precipitous ravines, and rapid rivers. Some parts of it traverse through swamps and thick forests. For 60 miles not a bit of pasture is to be seen; nothing but rocks and hills, shingle-beds, etc., presenting altogether a series of engineering difficulties which only the greatest skill and energy could have overcome.

The number of sheep in Canterbury at the date of the last census (1864) was 1,567,320; of horses, 10,868; cattle, 45,263; 342,416 acres of land were fenced in, of which 70,000 were under crop. These figures refer (as aforesaid) to the eastern part only.

An interprovincial telegraph is now in full work from the extreme south of the Middle Island, a point called "The Bluff," to the Northern Island; a submarine wire having been successfully carried across Cook's Strait. Another line of telegraph connecting the east and west coasts was in progress, and probably now completed.

more than 30,000. They are rapidly decreasing. There is a native settlement and church, with a school, near Kaiapoi, under the spiritual direction of the Rev. J. Stack.

A majority of the Maories are said to be Methodists. A friend living near a native settlement told me he had once inquired of them the reason of their preference for the Methodist chapel, and received the reply, "Methodist blanket better than Church blanket." They highly prize the red blankets that are distributed among them, and it would appear from this cogent reason, thus candidly given, that we are less liberal in this respect than our brethren the Dissenters.

Coal of good quality is sold at the pit's mouth for £1 per ton. The mines on the Kowai will probably before long be connected by tramway or rail with the existing southern line, and coal will then be attainable in Christchurch at about half its present cost.*

There are five banks in Christchurch—namely, the Union Bank of Australia, Bank of New Zealand, Bank of Australasia, New South Wales Bank, and Savings' Bank—all in large, handsome, solid buildings.

The abundance of good building stone, now easily attainable by means of the railway, has of late years been most advantageous for the improvement of the capital.

The newspapers, as published in Christchurch in 1866, were, "The Lyttelton Times," "The Press," and "The Evening Mail," all daily; "The Canterbury Standard," tri-weekly; and "The Canterbury Times," weekly; "The Weekly Press," and "New Zealand Guardian," fortnightly.

The following is a list of some of the principal societies, associations, etc., taken partly from the "Canterbury Directory," as published in the "Southern Provinces Almanack," 1866:—

Acclimatization Society.
Agricultural and Pastoral Association.
Benevolent Aid Society.
Bible Society (Canterbury Auxiliary).
Boating Club.
Canterbury Chamber of Commerce.
Chamber of Commerce, Hokitika.
Christian Knowledge Society.
Christ's College, Christchurch.
Club, Gentleman's, Christchurch.
College Library, in connection with Christ's College.
Church Institute.

* Since the above was written, coal has also been discovered near a place called Arowhenua, not far from Timaru, and gold has been found at Akaloa.

Church Property Trustees.
Colonists' Society, Lyttelton.
Chess Club.
Cricket Clubs.
Debating Club.
Female Home.
Fire Brigade.
Foresters.
Freemasonry—Provincial Grand Lodge.
The St. Augustine Lodge, No. 609.
New Zealand Lodge of Unanimity, No. 604.
Southern Cross Lodge, No. 760.
Football Club, Christchurch.
Gymnasium Association.
High School, Christchurch.
Horticultural Society.
House of Refuge for Females.
Jockey Club.
Literary Society.
Lyttelton Regatta and Boating Club.
Mechanics' Institute, Christchurch.
Mechanics' Institute, Kaiapoi.
Musical Society, Lyttelton.
Odd Fellows.
Orphan Asylum, Christchurch.
Philosophical Institute of Canterbury.
Presbytery of Canterbury.
Ratepayers' Mutual Protection Society, Christchurch.
Regatta Club, Heathcote.
Railway Rowing Club.
Total Abstinence Society.
Typographical and Provident Association.
Volunteer Engineers' Association, for mutual instruction in military engineering.
Young Men's Christian Association.

Nearly every district has its corps of military volun-

teers, who occasionally muster together for reviews, shooting-matches, etc.

The rapid increase of business in the town of Christchurch may be proved by the fact that the list of trades and callings, in that town alone, occupies above twenty-five columns in the pages of the abovenamed large octavo almanack.

The town, which is lighted with gas, is extremely well laid out, in parallel streets, and squares, with reserved town lands, and a plantation called the "Town-belt," all round it.

The rapid river Avon flows through the town, and is crossed by several good bridges, one of them being a handsome and solid stone structure.

A bronze statue (by Woolner) of the late Mr. Godley, first agent for the Canterbury Association, fore-runner and pioneer of the first colonists, has arrived from England, and is to be erected in the Cathedral square.

The first great public work of the province was the Lyttelton and Christchurch Railway, which was commenced in July, 1861, urged on by, and under the auspices of, W. Sefton Moorhouse, Esq., the second superintendent of the province.

The "Moorhouse Tunnel," the main feature of this undertaking, has been steadily progressing, and is now expected very shortly (in the course of the present year) to be open for traffic. The hardness of the rock encountered has greatly impeded this work, which was commenced simultaneously at both ends, and will extend through 2834 yards.

The first sod of the Southern Railway, intended in time to connect the capital with the town of Timaru and adjacent country, was turned in May, 1865. The contract, as far as the Rakaia river, a distance of thirty miles, was let to Messrs. Holmes and Co. (the contractors also for the Lyttelton and Christchurch line). This portion was to be completed in two years from the date of commencement. The cost of the whole

(about ninety miles) will be £200,000. It is already open and in use as far as Rolleston (formerly known as Weedon), with an intermediate station at Templeton.

Such, then, is Canterbury, and it may be seen, from the foregoing slight account of affairs there, that few young settlements ever progressed more rapidly or steadily. Would that it could be added, there had been no drawbacks; but this, unfortunately, would not be true.

All has not been prosperity; there have been periods of great commercial depression, and one of the most severe that has ever been known there has occurred, and continued, during the last two years, extending not only over all parts of New Zealand, but in Australia also. It is not the province of this work to enter into details respecting the possible causes of such a state of things; they are probably only temporary, and we trust and confidently expect that the cloud is even now about passing away, and that the bright light of prosperity will ere long again shine forth over the commercial world there, as the glorious sun in the blue heavens does over the fair land itself.

CHAPTER II.

FROM CHRISTCHURCH TO DUNEDIN, OTAGO.

HAVING at length made up my mind to leave Canterbury, my adopted home, which had been endeared to me by a twelve years' residence, and yield to the solicitations of my friends in England to return to my native land, I resolved before my final departure from the Antipodes, to visit the other settlements of New Zealand, and to see all that I could on that most interesting side of the globe, previously to bidding farewell, perhaps for ever, to that fair land.

To commence my wanderings, therefore, I resolved first to take a trip southwards, to Otago, originally a Scotch settlement, founded in 1848 (two years before Canterbury), situated in latitude about 45° 50″ S., and about 250 miles from Canterbury. The capital of this settlement is Dunedin; and it has the credit of having been the first place in the southern hemisphere to inaugurate a "grand exhibition," which was opened a few weeks before I visited the place in 1865. Taking my place, therefore, early one morning in Cobb's coach, from Christchurch, and proceeding therein over the Sumner Road, famed for the perils of its "zig-zag," I arrived safely in Lyttelton, in two and a half hours. This journey commences with an excellent straight and level road of about four miles in length, at the end of which we cross the river Heathcote (in these improved days) by a bridge, in a part formerly only to be traversed by a punt

over a ferry, from which this road took and still retains the name of the "Ferry Road." Arrived on the opposite bank of the river, we have our choice of two roads into port; we may either turn to the right and walk, or ride over the bridle-path, or choosing the left, drive along the road laboriously cut under the perpendicular (and often over-hanging) rocky hills, following the course of the shore along by the mouth of the Heathcote, passing the estuary where the Avon meeting it flows with it to the sea, until we halt and change our carriage at Sumner, a very sheltered and prettily-situated town about seven miles from Christchurch, and four or five from Lyttelton, in a fertile valley fronting the sea-shore, or estuary, and shut in on all other sides by the hills. This is a favourite resort of the Christchurch folks in general, and of newly-married couples in particular; it is frequented by all who require change of scene or air, within a convenient distance of the capital. In the summer months it is gay with pic-nic and pleasure parties seeking a day's enjoyment and relaxation; it has the additional advantage of being also accessible to boating parties by either the Avon or the Heathcote.

Leaving this pretty spot, we now commence the ascent of the hills, so terrific to weak nerves. The money and labour bestowed upon this road speak volumes for the enterprise and energy of the Canterburians; so formidable were the engineering difficulties it presented, that for some years it was considered by many to be but a mad project, and hopelessly impracticable; nothing, however, could daunt the courage and perseverance of Mr. J. E. Fitzgerald (then superintendent), under whose auspices it was carried on, and finally opened by him in person. This gentleman having once declared, at a time when public prejudice ran strongest against the continuance of the work, that he would himself ere long drive a tandem up it, actually carried out his promise, and, in company with three other gentlemen, performed that most perilous adventure, even before the road was perfectly finished, or rendered nearly

as safe as it afterwards comparatively became. The making of this road is said to have cost not less than £50,000. Public carriages now run twice a day to and fro over this road between Christchurch and Lyttelton, and the amount of general traffic is considerable, as all heavy goods must pass either by this way or by water, from the port to the capital, and *vice versa*, the latter method being generally avoided when possible, on account of the dangerous bar at the mouth of the river.*

The zig-zag part of the road consists, as its name implies, of a series of sharp angular turns, in an extremely steep drive up the side of the hill, perpendicular on the one hand and looking down on the other into a deep ravine, from a height becoming more and more dizzy at every turn. I can only compare the form of this road to the representations of forked lightning as we see it in pictures. These perils safely past, we continue to wind round the hill side until we enter Lyttelton on the opposite side to that on which the bridle-path commences. The road is perhaps not so dangerous as it looks, for accidents seldom occur, except through unsteadiness or inexperience in the drivers, or from using horses unaccustomed to it. On my arrival in Lyttelton I proceeded at once to a shipping agent and secured a return ticket for Dunedin, per screw steamer "Airdale," which I was informed was to start at noon. Then falling in with some friends, they assured me there was no hurry; there was no chance of the steamer starting before half-past twelve, that they always fired two guns, and if I went on board soon after the first, I should be in abundance of time; I must go in and have some lunch, and so forth. Concluding that they must know best, being residents in Lyttelton, I acquiesced at first, but soon becoming fidgety, I resolved to run no risk, as I thought, and saying I would not wait for the first gun, forthwith departed, notwithstanding all their hospitable remonstrances. It would be well if all bore in mind, under such circum-

* When the railway tunnel, now near completion, shall be opened, all other modes of transit will probably be abandoned.

stances, the good old precept, "Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest;" but in this case had I not insisted on speeding my own departure, in opposition to my friends, I should have lost my passage. No gun had fired, yet on nearing the jetty I saw to my dismay that the vessel had departed and was fast steaming down the harbour. There was nothing left for it but to take a boat; I knew I was at the mercy of the boatmen to catch her and put me on board; not a moment was to be lost in bargaining; I felt that in striving to save a few shillings I should probably lose the £4 paid for the passage. So I at once paid the men their demand of 10*s.* without remonstrance (right fare 1*s.* 6*d.*), and was glad enough to find myself put safely on board, the steamer lying-to on seeing us approach.

In all these coasting vessels the sleeping accommodation is small, confined, and uncomfortable; the ladies, too, seem to be always put off with the worst, especially the single ladies, for the married couples have tolerably roomy cabins assigned to them, with, of course, only one couple in each, but the unfortunate "unprotected females" have to sleep (or lie sleepless) in berths like shelves, one above another, four, or six, or more, in one small closet of about six or eight feet square, with generally nothing to sit on but their own box or carpet-bag. Sometimes one of the lower berths is convertible into a sofa, which forms the stewardess's bed by night, the depository of her stores by day, and her wardrobe at all times. On descending into the cabin of the "Airdale," I found all these shelves engaged; there was only the stewardess's narrow sofa, and this she gave up to me, making her own bed, when night came, on the floor of the same closet, or cabin, as we must call it.

I don't remember to have ever been before this occasion on board a *screw* steamer (paddle motion is a perfect luxury compared to it). You lean backward in your seat on deck, and thump, thump, thump, continually goes on at your back until you can bear it no longer; you lie down exhausted in your berth, and find it even

worse—thump, rattle, clank at your brain, and the screw itself seems working into your side to your very heart.

Though a first-rate sailor, I found all this discomfort and torture too much for me at first. However, one gets accustomed to almost anything after a time, and having valiantly resolved to dine, I became pretty brave again.

But, oh! the night, in that crowded cell, so horribly hot and close! Not one wink of sleep could I get, nor the stewardess either, for the occupants of all the other shelves gave her constant employment. Of course, with such *accommodation*, I had made but very slight difference between my day and night costume, and with the first peep of dawn that found its way through the one small porthole, I rose quickly and hurried on deck, which I found all wet and streaming, seats and all, with the "washing down" process that was going on, but still far better than staying below. We had not a very rough voyage; indeed, what pitching and rolling we had was quite welcome to me, as counteracting, in some degree, the motion of the dreadful and relentless screw. We kept rather close to land all the way, and sometimes so near that we could have spoken to any one on shore.

I may here mention, that the promontory called Banks's Peninsular, round which our course lay, has a number of other bays, both within and outside that forming the harbour of Lyttelton; all the lands around them are fertile and picturesque. Among these are Governor's Bay, with its prettily-situated stone church, Port Levi, Pigeon Bay, Okains Bay, Akaloa; others taking their names from the proprietors of estates or farms situated on them, such as Rhode's, Cass's, Dampier's Bays, and many more, all forming favourite excursions for pleasure steamers and boating parties. Most of these lie on the north side of the peninsular, but the beautiful and spacious harbour of Akaloa opens to the south.

Akaloa is a lovely spot, and has been called the "Brighton of Canterbury," standing in somewhat of the same relation to Christchurch, as a watering-place, that

Brighton does to London. It has a mild and delightful climate, and produces an abundance of fine grapes and other fruits.

I observed that the surface of the sea, and deep down as far as the eye could penetrate, was literally crowded for miles together with swarms of small bright-red fish, rather larger than good sized shrimps. I was told, upon inquiry, that no use is ever made of them, nor could I find that they had any name assigned them but that of "whale's food," as the whales are said to live on them. We coasted along, rounding the peninsular, passing the entrance to Akaloa Harbour, Timaru, etc., but there was a scarcity of pretty scenery for the first part of the voyage; the hills were steep, running down close to the sea, and mostly barren, but as we neared "Port Chalmers," and afterwards, they became richly wooded, with lovely valleys between them, the trees and bright-green Gnaio shrubs (the native laurel) growing thickly down to the water's edge.

In many places, however, I observed the hills to be clear of trees at the lower parts, though closely wooded at the top. This is said to be the result of native wars and accidental fires in ages long past, the woods (or "bush," as all forests, large or small, are universally called) having been burnt by the natives at times beyond the memory of man, and the fires having failed to reach the highest tops. In proof of this theory, it is said that at no such cleared places can one dig many feet down without coming upon large trunks of prostrate trees, many being found also at greater depths, more than twenty feet of earth having accumulated over some of them.

In one of the many picturesque valleys may be seen a missionary station. The minister is said to be a German, who was driven away from Taranaki by the rebels during the recent war, and so attached was he to his ungrateful Maori flock that it nearly broke his heart. Entering between two heads into a spacious bay, we came suddenly upon the town of Port Chalmers. There is not

much of a town here, but it is pretty, picturesque, and clean looking. I should add that everything was certainly seen under most favourable circumstances, for we had lovely weather, bright and clear, neither too windy, too hot, nor too cold; what we call, in short, "a true New Zealand day." There were only a few public-houses on the beach, one steep street of no great length running up from the shore, with a few shops, some pretty country-houses and gardens on the hills above, and on an eminence to the left a pretty-looking stone building with a spire, which I doubted not at first was the church; but no, it was the Wesleyan chapel. "Where then is the church?" I asked.

"There, on the hill to the right, a white building with a tower."

"A tower!" I exclaimed. "Why, I took that for a rather ugly house, with a broad *chimney*."

"Well, it *is* the English church," was the reply.

Alas! why do we allow ourselves to be thus outstripped, in so many places, by the Wesleyans, whose zeal and liberality enable them to establish good-looking and commodious places of worship everywhere; while we are too often content with some homely, shabby, inconvenient room, or, perhaps, a crazy barn, wherein to assemble ourselves before a rickety altar-table. In the present instance the building before us really was, I believe, in fact, a church, though so vastly inferior in appearance to the ecclesiastical-looking erection on the opposite hill, as to be quite eclipsed by it.

We had no time to land. A small steamer, the "Golden Age," was immediately alongside of us. All bound for Dunedin were soon aboard of her, and away we went, without loss of time, round a wooded point of land, and on through seven or eight miles of an inlet of the sea called "the River," about two miles broad, or rather more, with beautiful scenery on both sides, wooded hills and dells, with here and there cottages and houses, gardens, and a few fields where spaces have been cleared

for them. From these gardens, as I was told, most of the vegetables consumed in Dunedin are supplied. Sometimes, where there may be sufficient space on the beach, at the foot of the hill, we see a boat-builder's establishment, with one or two largish vessels in progress, and in one place a rather important-looking brewery, supplied with water from a little mountain stream by means of a small aqueduct. Almost every place where a habitation is to be seen has also a little roughly-formed jetty for its own private convenience in boating. The pretty little picturesque houses, perched half-way up the hills, embowered in trees, almost set me longing, and thinking how peaceably and happily a life might be passed in such lovely and quiet retreats. I was told that the walk from Port Chalmers to Dunedin, along the tops of the hills, is quite worth taking for its beauty. It is about nine miles long. A coach goes and returns daily, but the road is rugged, and the journey in driving takes more than twice as long as the trip by the steamer.

Arrived at Dunedin, the "Golden Age" steamed alongside one of the many and substantial jetties that here run out from the shore. It still wanted an hour of noon, so that the whole voyage from Lyttelton had occupied scarcely twenty-three hours.

Taking a fly, I now drove up a very steep and stony hill to a boarding-house to which I had been recommended; found it rather full, and was able to secure only a very small and indifferent bed-room, and no sitting-room; was forced therefore to take my meals in the public-room, with about a dozen gentlemen and one married couple, the landlord and landlady presiding at the top and bottom of the table.* After luncheon I sallied forth alone to explore the town; found my way to the Great Exhibition, a handsome square building of considerable size, with two large turrets, and four

* The boarding-houses in Christchurch are conducted more in the hotel style, each person having their own sitting-room and separate board.

smaller ones at the four corners. Here, having procured a catalogue, I sat down to rest and study it; then strolling about for some hours within the building, I afterwards retraced my steps, toiling up the steep hill to my quarters in time for dinner. The next day a lady friend resident here (to whom I had written announcing my arrival) came to see me, and escorted me into the principal streets.

Dunedin is a very extensive town, built on the sides of steep hills, which are in many places hewn or blasted away to make space for the houses. The chief street is called Prince's Street. It is, I should think, nearly a mile long, and runs along the foot of a high hill; one side of it therefore is constructed as just mentioned, *i.e.*, with the houses close up against the hill, which is hewn away for the purpose. They are three or four stories high (an unusual style of building in that part of the world, where houses scarcely ever exceed two stories), and when within them you mount up flight after flight of (generally iron-covered) stairs, you observe the back windows that you pass by to be all close up against the perpendicular bare earth or rock. The inhabitants of each floor have usually a distinct and separate calling. Every here and there between the houses you see narrow, steep flights of wooden steps running up to a great height, and communicating with houses higher up on the hill above. From the other side of this street other streets run down to the water, which here forms a large basin, from which there is no outlet excepting that by which we entered yesterday, and no river, but only one small brook, is said to flow into it. No large vessel can come up higher than Port Chalmers, on account of the sandbanks in the (miscalled) river. A dreadful wreck happened here a few months before my visit, when, one dark evening, a steamer coming up with passengers from a ship was run into by another, and sunk instantly. A whole family, consisting of a clergyman, his wife, and five children (one being an infant), were drowned together

in their cabin; and this, after having come lately safe from England, and last from Melbourne, and being now close to shore, within half an hour of their journey's end and the new home that was awaiting them.

Never, they say, was so sad a sight in Dunedin as when all the bodies in their coffins, and some others who perished with them, were brought in long and terrible procession to be buried. The clergyman whose sad duty it was to read the solemn burial service, could scarcely proceed with it for grief; and strong, rough men stood by, crying like children. The shops of Dunedin, excepting, perhaps, the jewellers' (which are very showy), seemed to me inferior to those of Christchurch; the haberdashers', however, looked very attractive.

The streets are extremely well lighted with gas, and the lamp-posts in the best thoroughfares are of very handsome and solid-looking bronze.

The pavements are bad; the asphalt (which answers so well in Christchurch) had scarcely come into use at all at Dunedin, where both road and pathway are made of sharp rough stones, not left loose in Macadam fashion, but firmly, though irregularly, imbedded in the earth. This method is for the most part absolutely necessary, as, from the steepness of the streets, the stones would otherwise all tumble to the bottom of the ascent. There are some very handsome public buildings, banks, etc., chiefly of stone, which is abundant here, both black and white. I did not see any quarries of the latter, but the hills seem to be mostly composed of the former, which is got out in large slabs. St. Paul's Church (English) is built of this black stone, in small pieces shaped like bricks, but rather larger; all the corners of the building, borders round the windows, architraves, and the angles of the steeple, being of white stone. The effect is very good, though rather peculiar, reminding one slightly of the Cathedral of St. Laurence, at Genoa. The inside of this church is

lined with large blocks of white stone, with handsome cluster columns; it has two spacious and very lofty aisles; the roofs of mahogany-stained, and varnished wood, well finished off; a large chancel, handsome lectern, etc.; seats all uniform (and many of them free), of carved wood stained and varnished. It is excellently constructed for sound, and well ventilated, and lighted by high Gothic windows (but no stained glass). A magnificent organ of rich tone, a good organist, and good choir. In the evening it is lighted as bright as day, by large brilliant gas sunlights, placed close up in the lofty roofs. This building was altogether more like what a church should be than anything I had seen since I left the old country.* Of course, however, all other denominations have fully kept pace with us even here, if they have not quite excelled us, as elsewhere; all have their handsome edifices of massive stone or brick.

Though Otago is a Scotch settlement, there appears to be scarcely a known creed or sect that has not its place of worship in the capital.†

There is a law here forbidding the erection of any buildings save of brick or stone, in consequence of the frequent dreadful fires which take place, and commit such terrible devastation in those parts of the town where the wooden houses of former days prevail. There had been, as I was told, five fearful fires within the two months previous to my visit; the last was two nights before my arrival, and all the locality of the ruins was still enveloped in volumes of smoke, rising in puffs and clouds as if the flames were ready to break forth again at any moment. This was occasioned by there being still a large quantity of butter, bacon, sardines, and other such matters, smouldering still in the ruins, which remained so hot as to burn off the

* St. John's Church, in Christchurch, was not completed at the period above referred to.

† The Rev. Henry Lascelles Jenner has lately been consecrated as Bishop of Dunedin.

soles from the boots of the men who attempted to dig among them; the smoke continued to issue as long as I was in Dunedin, and this notwithstanding much heavy rain. The reason fires are so much more destructive there than they usually are with us in Christchurch, is the scarcity of water. They have no river (the so-called water being, as aforesaid, only an inlet of the sea). No artesian wells, only a few little scattered mountain streamlets, which nowhere unite so as to make any available body of water for such emergencies. There is now, however, a Waterworks Company formed, which it is to be hoped will improve matters in this respect.*

To return to our walk. After purchasing some photographic views of the town and buildings, to obtain which we had to mount about six flights of stairs, we went into the Exhibition, this being my second visit to it. It is a handsome square stone building, with a courtyard in the centre, has two towers, and is very extensive and complete, considering it is a first attempt at the Antipodes; the collection also was extremely creditable. Most of the things exhibited were, of course, imported from England, Australia, India, etc., etc., but, at the same time, there was no lack of manufactures, productions, and curiosities belonging to the country itself. There was much curious and ingenious machinery in full work, costly fabrics, exquisite china, and splendid jewellery; much handsome and luxurious furniture, inlaid woods—in short, curious and useful articles of all kinds, ancient and modern, from far and near. A spacious, well-filled gallery runs round the interior of the building.

I was surprised to find how very little pride the Otago people seemed to take in this very creditable work; indeed, as far as I could hear or learn, they nearly all ran it down, or spoke slightingly, and even contemptuously of it, boasting that they had never been inside it, or taken any interest in it.

* I have since heard that the "Waterworks Company" is a failure, and that the scheme has come to nothing.

The only reasons that I heard given for this apathy or discontent were, that "the time was not come for such things;" "it was in advance of the place;" "it was an unwarrantable extravagance—other buildings were wanted much more than one for so useless a purpose;" that "the place was almost in a state of bankruptcy,* and it was inconsistent to be doing such things." Also, the site of the building gave offence; they said there was an attempt being made to draw the town down to that end, and that the people were determined not to have it so; that it was an unhealthy swamp, and that the edifice, massive as it looks, and raised as it is upon ground that has been brought there for the purpose, will sink and go to pieces before long; that not two years since two children were drowned in the swamp on that very spot, and that a few years back the best wild duck shooting was to be had there.

The site, it seems, was drained and raised with the intention of building Government offices there, but the measure was so unpopular, and raised such a clamour among the people, that the Government had to abandon the project. It certainly does seem to be the only low and level part of the whole place, and it is said that it can never be perfectly drained.

Saturday was considered to be the fashionable day for the Exhibition (so at least I was told, though it seemed odd it should be so, since it was one of the shilling days—Wednesday alone being a half-crown day). There were still, however, but very few there—more, certainly, than on the day before, when I had found it particularly quiet and pleasant, with only three or four plainly-dressed ladies ("unprotected females,"

* The chief cause of the many bankruptcies that were at that time taking place in Dunedin, was said to be the sudden rush from the Otago to the Canterbury "diggings." Storekeepers, having laid in their stores to meet the wants of a largely-increased population, found now comparatively no consumers; therefore they could not meet their liabilities to the merchants, the merchants could not meet theirs to the importers, and so through the whole community.

like myself) strolling about, catalogue in hand, examining at their leisure, and thinking, apparently, of no one else. This day, however (Saturday), the few who were there were principally young ladies and their admirers, who (in spite of the numerous notices placed upon everything requesting them "not to touch," and the many policemen always at hand to admonish to the same effect) would listlessly pull and toss about almost any article they happened to stand near to; they seemed, in fact, to be thinking of nothing but themselves and their "get up," and to see nothing but their *beaux* or *belles*, as the case might be. It struck me as a curious fact that the young ladies seem to go about (for the most part) without mammas or chaperons. My friend introduced me to two or three young ladies who were there under these circumstances, and with a bevy of young men dancing attendance upon them. On my remarking how odd it seemed, she replied that they thought nothing of it—they never moved out, she said, without a beau each, and two or three to spare. She pointed out to me two of the most admired belles of Dunedin, both of whom appeared to me to be, I am sorry to say, a very bad style of girls. On my saying so, she confirmed my opinion by telling me that one of these young ladies, having been told by a policeman that she must not touch the things exhibited, turned round upon him and answered, "*You're* a cheeky bobby to speak to me!" And these young ladies, she assured me, talk as much slang as any man.*

On coming out of the Exhibition, we found it had been raining heavily, having been threatening all the morning—it was the first rain that had fallen, they said, since Christmas. I now, therefore, parted from my

* Since my return to England, I find that I was quite behind hand in my knowledge of the world as it is, and that it was my ignorance that caused my surprise at the style of these young ladies—a style which seems to have become rather fashionable in the mother country, where slang, a masculine costume, and free manners, constitute what is termed "a fast young lady."

friend, and commenced the ascent of the hill alone, congratulating myself on having prudently brought an umbrella. Ere I had toiled half way up, however, the rain came down in a torrent that set all umbrellas at defiance, and by rendering the steep road both sticky and slippery, retarded my progress, so that I became nearly wet through.

The next day (Sunday) I went to morning service at St. Paul's, which stands about half way down the hill. It was raining a little as I went, and in a perfect cascade when the service was over. There was nothing for it, however, but to brave the storm and plod again up the toilsome hill, now in such a state that I had to put down my umbrella, and use it as a walking-stick, to aid me in the struggle with the sticky clay, some pounds' weight of which attached itself to each boot. Beguiled by a temporary lull in the downpour, I was rash enough again to venture forth for the evening service, and suffered for my temerity, returning home in just such another torrent as in the morning, with the additional trouble of having this time to scramble on in darkness. I had now had a not very agreeable specimen of what Dunedin was like in wet weather.

On Monday morning I left the boarding-house early, and after another walk about the town, embarked again on board the "Golden Age" steamer for Port Chalmers, on my return towards Canterbury. My young friend joined me on board, and resolved to accompany me as far as Port Chalmers. The scenery appeared even more lovely than before. We kept close this time to the opposite coast. The houses, gardens, etc., were very similar to those on the other side. About half way we stopped at a jetty in a little bay, where the steamer took in her supply of water from a reservoir constructed for the purpose, and filled by a small aqueduct from a mountain stream.

We reached Port Chalmers at about one in the afternoon, and having steamed up alongside of the "Lord Ashley," I went on board, engaged my berth,

deposited my baggage, and then returning to the "Golden Age," went in her to the jetty, where we landed, and walked up one of the hills to a pretty house with two bay windows, the owners of which were known to my friend. Finding, however, that they were absent from home, we accepted the hospitality rendered in their name by a nice, civil servant-maid, who regaled us in good style with tea and eggs, bread, butter, buns, and jams—all of the best, and served in excellent style.

At three o'clock we returned to the jetty, and having seen my friend safely on board the "Golden Age," again to return to Dunedin, I put myself into a pretty and clean little boat (the boats here nearly all have a gay and clean appearance, being painted bright green), and went on board the "Lord Ashley," bound for Lyttelton. It was not till nearly six in the evening that our captain arrived with 111 diggers for the Hokitika gold-fields, and other passengers, and in another quarter of an hour we were off.

The ladies' cabin was worse here than in the "Airdale," but was divided into two, which was so far an advantage, that on finding a family with children and a baby had taken possession of all the other berths in the cabin where I had chosen mine, I changed, and went into the adjoining one, which was just large enough for myself, one other lady, and the stewardess. Very close and stuffy it was—no place to sit down, and no possibility of sitting up in the berth, no alternative but lying down in the cabin or remaining on deck; the dining-saloons in these vessels being generally occupied by the gentlemen lolling at full length on the seats.

The next morning I was up on the wet decks, according to my usual custom, long before any of the other passengers had left their berths. This time we were well out at sea, and the weather being misty, we had no sight of land for many hours. The captain (Captain Randall) and myself had recognized each

other as former acquaintances, which secured me extra attention, and made the voyage far more pleasant. I asked him how he accounted for the want of gallantry shown towards the ladies by those who planned the fitting up of these vessels, in giving them such cramped and uncomfortable sleeping-places, and no saloon to themselves? He replied that they had only just begun to realize the possibility of ladies taking these voyages, and therefore had not arranged for their proper accommodation; but now, that it was becoming so usual for ladies to go about between the different settlements, he had no doubt the owners would see to the matter, and make the necessary improvements for their reception on board.

We had a tolerably quiet voyage—the living and cooking extremely good. These steamers are mostly fine, strongly-built vessels, of good size, and handsomely fitted up in the saloons; but the smoke and constant showers of soot and steam on deck are most annoying, and destructive to every article of dress they fall upon. The noise and smell, too, are very disagreeable, so that I felt glad to get on shore again.

It was late in the evening when we reached Lyttelton Harbour, and the tide being out, the steamer could not approach the jetty. The captain very politely invited me to stay on board, as it was not possible to go on to Christchurch that night. I preferred, however, escaping from the wretched sleeping cabin, and so took a boat for shore, and departed to the "Queen's Hotel," where I slept, and the next morning had a pleasant drive over the Sumner Road again, which, somehow, did not appear to me so terrific or dangerous in coming this way as in going; perhaps the delightful thoughts of home, and returning to my dear friends in Christchurch, would have caused me to think even a worse road pleasant.

CHAPTER III.

FROM CHRISTCHURCH TO WELLINGTON—THE HUTT—LOSS OF THE "CITY OF DUNEDIN" STEAMER—PICTON—NELSON—WRECK OF THE "LORD WORSLEY" STEAMER.

WITHIN little more than a month after my return from Dunedin, I again took a sad, and perhaps last farewell of Christchurch. Some very dear friends, who had resolved to accompany me into port, and see the last of me, preferred the fatigues of the bridle-path to the dangers of the zig-zag; and we therefore all proceeded together by the railroad to the Heathcote Valley, where public carriages (carts) are always in waiting to take passengers on to the foot of the hill; and having availed ourselves of seats in one of these so far, we afterwards commenced the ascent on foot.

As we went on our journey, we met the Bishop of New Zealand (Selwyn), and other bishops and clergymen from the different dioceses, all wending their way wearily over the hill, to attend the meeting of the General Synod, then about to assemble in Christchurch. Arrived at the top of the hill, and looking towards the sea, we saw the "Airdale" steamer* (which was to bear me away) come into port and make fast to the jetty; it was the same vessel in which I had previously gone to

* The "Airdale" was formerly Lord Cardigan's yacht. He had it with him at the Crimea, and is said always to have slept on board it at that time. It is still generally known by the name of "the yacht."

Dunedin. Descending the hill into Lyttelton, we, after resting and dining at a hotel, went forth again, and procured my ticket for Manukau (Auckland), then on board the "Airdale," to secure a berth. Only just in time. Found it was likely to be very crowded, and was nearly full already. We made the most of the next morning, the last we should spend together. My friend's husband having passed much of his former life at sea, the sight of his old favourite element now set him longing for a sail; we therefore hired a boat, and went cruising about the fine spacious harbour,* and on board a large ship just about to sail for England (in which another friend had taken her passage), where I envied the comparatively comfortable accommodation, and almost regretted that my desire for seeing more of the world had led me into facing so much discomfort as I was now about to encounter, instead of taking my place in this roomy ship, with a nice private cabin to myself, and no more trouble from shore to shore than the once getting on board, and disembarking at the end of the voyage.

Landing from our sail, we next went exploring the railway tunnel, from its commencement at this end under the hill to join that which is gradually approaching from the Christchurch side, and which, when completed, will do away with all necessity for bridle-path or zig-zag, and convey passengers—and, of course, all goods—to and from port and capital, without fatigue or loss of time. We penetrated this tunnel as far as we could go, which at that time was not above a quarter of a mile.

At about one o'clock we went on board the "Airdale," where my kind friends endeavoured, by various little contrivances, to make my berth more convenient for me; which done, they remained with me on deck till the last moment before starting, and then on the wharf, till my eyes could see them no longer.

* Now called Victoria Harbour, but formerly Port Cooper.

Alas! these adieux are sad trials. I never felt more wretched. There was, however, a clergyman on board whom I knew, and some other acquaintances, who were full of kindness and sympathy. But soon nearly all were overtaken by the usual malady, not one lady, save myself, escaping it. Dreading the cabin under such circumstances, I stayed late on deck, until extreme cold forced me to go down; and there being no saloon for ladies, I had no alternative but going to bed on my shelf, with six groaning ladies and a squalling baby on the shelves around me, and the stewardess lying on the floor, the place inexpressibly close and horrible.

Watching for the first ray of morning light to mingle with that of the sickly candle that hung in our cell, I then made an appearance of getting up, much to the displeasure of the stewardess, who had therefore to vacate the small area of the floor which her mattress had entirely occupied; and she and I having made our toilets together (such as they were), I hastened on to the flooded deck, where the usual bucket and swab process was going on.* After a twenty hours' voyage we arrived at the pier, or (as they call it) wharf, of Wellington—very broad and extensive, commodious, and convenient for shipping. I never remember to have seen a better designed one anywhere.

Wellington is situated on one of the southern extremities of the North Island, in Cook's Strait, in latitude about 41° 20″, and 170 miles from Canterbury. It was founded in the year 1840. The harbour is called Port Nicholson. One of the ladies (the owner of the baby) and myself soon went on shore together, and walked through the town, where I called on a lady with whom I was acquainted, and who kindly sent a young friend of hers

* Sometimes this washing process is performed by means of a leathern hose, like that of a fire-engine, which the sailors keep playing for about half an hour, with the deck an inch or two deep in water. Occasionally they throw buckets full of sand over the deluged boards, making it all mud. This they call "holy-stoning"—a very different process from that which is so called (or used to be) in the navy.

out with me to do the honours of the place, and show me the principal public buildings (some of them very handsome) and some of the prettiest walks; one in particular, famed for its beauty, and called, I think, the Kororiri. On returning on board to dinner, we learnt that the steamer was to be detained here twenty-four hours longer than had been expected, in order to carry some Government despatches (not yet ready) up to the north—Wellington being now the seat of government. To-day being Friday, therefore, we should be kept till eight o'clock on Sunday morning. The following morning (Saturday) the sky looked cloudy and threatening, which threw all the passengers into a state of uncertainty as to how they could pass the day, the majority thinking it safer to stay where they were. At last, after much indecision, it seemed to me out of the question, be the weather what it might, that as far as I individually was concerned, the time should be wasted by remaining on board, and I therefore announced that, rain or shine, I should go off to the Hutt Valley, and forthwith went on shore alone.

Having ascertained that an omnibus would be starting for the Hutt in about an hour and a half, I had time for a further examination of the town and neighbourhood. Wellington is nothing remarkable as a town, but prettily situated, something like Lyttelton on a large scale, being built facing the fine harbour, at the foot of and up the sides of the hills. It is far inferior to Dunedin or Christchurch; shops also not so good-looking, no gas, and no good foot-pavements. Asphalt was just beginning to be put down, a part of one patch already being begun, by a man from Christchurch, as they said; no telegraph at that time, and no railway. The townspeople seem to be rather lazily inclined. I was anxious to procure some photographic views of the place, but not a shop was open before nearly half-past ten o'clock; and even then, when I had found a photographer's, no one was within. So that, after knocking long in vain, I began to think that I must give up the

attempt; however, at last, on making a third attack upon the shop, I succeeded. The man seemed discontented with the place, and said it was often so windy that they could not take their shutters down at all during the whole day. Wellington is noted as a windy place, even in New Zealand. It is jocularly said that you can always know a Wellington man wherever he may be, from his habit of clapping his hand down on the top of his hat as soon as he comes out of a house. The houses are of wood, and mostly built as low and flat as possible, not only on account of the winds, but still more in consequence of the frequent shocks of earthquake which take place here.

While strolling about, I met one of our gentlemen passengers, and we went together to secure our places in the Hutt omnibus. Just before starting, five more of our passengers joined us (two gentlemen and three ladies), and we all went in company.

We had a most beautiful drive along the foot of the hills, the road running in and out, following the natural windings of the hills, with the sea on the other side, as far as the bay extends, about six miles, and then three or four more inland, to where the Hutt river rushes through the beautiful valley. The hills are all richly wooded, the road very good and kept in perfect repair, quite level, but with sharp turns and deep inward curves, which make considerable care necessary in driving, as you frequently cannot see what may be on the road a few yards before you, and it is not in all parts so wide as to enable two vehicles to pass easily. The distance along a straight road would not, I should think, be more than half what it is by this winding and very picturesque one.

The village of the Hutt (I believe they do not call it a town) consists of a few detached houses, for the most part forming one street, with various places of worship, including of course an English church and Roman Catholic chapel. There was no omnibus returning but the one we came in, and that not until past five o'clock,

so that, after exploring some of the pretty walks about the neighbourhood, we had to dine at the inn. While sitting in the parlour of this house, we heard a strange yelling and stamping going on in the bar, and found it proceeded from three Maori women, who were exhibiting their wild antics. We opened the door at the end of our room, which gave us a full view of them. Some men there, were giving them money and porter, which last they seemed able to drink down in any quantity, tossing off a full tumbler at a draught, and often a second one immediately upon it. They sang some wild, monotonous chants, but perfectly in tune and time with each other; and it was curious to observe the accuracy with which they beat time, each with the right foot, the three feet coming down always at the same instant, so that it sounded like one stamp only, with the leg straight, the (naked) foot perfectly flat, and the motion from the hip. One of them was an old chief's wife, said to be of great age herself, and much tattooed. She was by far the most energetic and active among them, using most vehement gesticulations of arms and body, and acting various passions. Sometimes appearing to be beseeching, sometimes threatening, and singing all the time. Then the three appeared as if rowing in a canoe, squatting on the ground, imitating the action of paddling with their hands, and the sound of it with their voices; then came a lament, with most unearthly howlings, etc. The youngest of the three would not join in the more violent parts, but squatted in a corner, laughing, as if ashamed of the exhibition. This one, we observed also, would not drink any of the porter. They were all terribly ugly.

Frequent and destructive inundations occur here, caused by the river Hutt overflowing its banks, which bear evident marks of the frightful force with which it sometimes rushes along. The destruction of property and live stock from this cause is occasionally very great. At the time we were there, it was a comparatively narrow, though exceedingly rapid stream. We

crossed it by a very long wooden bridge, extending over three times the space that the river then occupied. We observed that many of the houses, even at a considerable (and what our experience would have thought a perfectly safe) distance from the river, were built upon high piles (some of not less than five feet), and a flight of open steps, or rather a kind of ladder, going up to the entrance door, showing evidently that the water was expected occasionally to flow under them.

It is said that this was the site originally chosen for the town of Wellington, but it was abandoned in consequence of its being subject to these terrible floods.

We had to perform the greater part of our journey back to Wellington in twilight and darkness, and it was quite dark when we returned on board, which was not pleasant nor even safe, for they have no very civilized method of getting ladies on to these vessels. They have to walk a rickety plank, not very safe even for men. However, all ended well, and we were rewarded for our courage in braving the threatenings of the weather, for the rain had held off beautifully.

At seven o'clock on Sunday morning we fired our gun, as a signal for absent passengers to come on board, and at eight we were fairly off again. Raining hard. I went on deck, but remembering that there would be no place for hanging up wet cloaks and umbrellas, but our wretched little box of a cabin, came down again, and endured the stuffy place as best I could, with all the usual horrors around me. At about ten o'clock, when outside the Heads, the weather began to clear, and I joyfully returned to the deck. The sea was now very rough, and much wind, with the waves dashing over me ; but this I did not mind, as the sun and wind would dry my clothes before I went down again. In an hour or two after, we entered the first of a series of bays, when suddenly all became smooth and calm. Bay after bay now opened before us, and as we passed between the various headlands, they seemed to close up behind us, forming a succession of lakes or large basins of

smooth water, enclosed all round with picturesque and richly-wooded hills, of every variety of form and hue.

At about one o'clock we steamed up to the wharf of Picton; fine deep water, both here and throughout the bays, the hills shelving down so precipitously into, and beneath the water, that in many places large ships can go close up to land, though in others, as the captain informed me, there are treacherous rocks and shoals just below the water, and out of sight, on which a ship might be quickly wrecked.*

All this series of bays are said to be between forty and fifty miles long, and the water generally about forty fathoms or more in depth.

The captain told us we could only be on shore an hour here, as he must be off again by two o'clock, in order to get into Nelson the same night. I hurried away, therefore, to inquire the way to a friend's house, but found her husband coming to meet me, they having heard of my intended arrival. After a walk up to their house, and a pleasant half hour spent there, this gentleman kindly ran down to the ship to inquire what was the utmost time I might safely remain, and being told in answer that they would certainly be off in twenty minutes, had to accompany me back immediately, and

* In one of these calm and treacherous spots it was, that within one month after we had passed by this same route, the "City of Dunedin," a fine large steamer filled with passengers (among whom were friends and acquaintances of my own) went down as in a moment, with all her human freight, it is supposed, below in her cabins, for not one survived to tell the dreadful tale, and, strange to say, not one body was even known to be cast on shore. All was but conjecture as to her fate, but the conclusion drawn was that she had steered too close to land, and had struck on one of the hidden rocks above alluded to. Nothing was ever seen or heard of her again; some things that were known to have been upon her deck alone were washed on shore, and from the strength of her build it will probably be years before she breaks up. In the meantime she remains as a tomb beneath the waters, enclosing the bones of all those unconscious victims so suddenly and awfully hurried into eternity.

there stayed with me for two entire hours, as, after all, we never started till four o'clock; the cargo that had to be landed taking longer to unship than the captain had expected.

There is very little town at Picton, only a few houses that have sprung up since the discovery of "diggings" in the neighbourhood. Some of the residences are very prettily situated on the hills, and altogether it is a very pretty place in a beautiful bay, called Blind Bay, in consequence, as it is said, of Captain Cook's (when he first discovered it) supposing it to be a strait, but finding no way through, thus named it.

It is situated in the north of the Middle Island, in Cook's Strait, on the opposite side from Wellington.

The houses are all of wood. Beyond the hills, inland about twenty or thirty miles, are beautiful and fertile plains, with excellent pasture, like those of Canterbury in miniature, as I was told. This district is called the Waiarau, and is attracting many settlers.*

I was much disappointed to find that owing to the delay at Picton, we had lost the tide for going through the French Pass, which I had wished much to do, it being a most curious strait, so narrow that there is not more than the ship's width on either side to the steep hills that form it, and the tide so strong that it sometimes takes a vessel (even a steamboat) and turns it right round, sending it out again the way it came. Not being able to go through this pass, we had in consequence to make a considerable detour round Steven's Island, so that we did not arrive till three o'clock in the morning off Nelson. At that hour I heard the gun fire, and the anchor chain run out, and most glad I felt, for this was the most miserable night we had yet passed. Two women, a very fat old Scotch widow and her great strapping grand-daughter, had come on board at Picton. I had flattered myself that their advent could not pos-

* The Waiarau plains are in the province of Marlborough, another small and recent settlement in this locality.

sibly affect us, as we were crammed full already in the ladies' cabin; found, however, to my disgust that they were actually to sleep there with mattresses on the floor, leaving not one inch of standing room. There was nothing for it, therefore, but going to bed without undressing, which I accordingly did, and of course never slept a wink, neither did the floor party, who were ill the whole night until we cast anchor, and afterwards kept up an incessant chatter with the stewardess (who passed the night sitting on one of the mattresses, with her back leaning against my berth, thus adding to the suffocating martyrdom I had to endure), about a mutual acquaintance, and some woman who "enjoyed bad health." As they were to land at Nelson, I hoped they would be going on deck as soon as daylight appeared, but to my dismay I heard the old woman tell her fat companion that they might as well "lay on," as the ship was "comfortable at anchor," for that "the 'bus would not be down at the wharf before ten o'clock!"

Upon this I became desperate, and interposed, asking the stewardess how we were to get up? This had the desired effect, and these people began to move, rolled up their mattresses and sat upon them, leaving me just room to get out, and glad enough I was that I had not undressed, though of course feeling in a horrid mess, and totally unrested. I got quickly up on deck, and found we were outside the harbour, waiting for a pilot. The captain had gone on shore immediately upon anchoring, having, as it appeared, a wife and family living at Nelson, which also was the reason he had come on by a roundabout way, and arrived in the middle of the night, instead of waiting for the next tide, and bringing us by daylight, and through the French Pass. The pilot came in due time, and took us inside the curious long spit of shingle, forming a natural breakwater, on which stands a lofty lighthouse. We proceeded on up to the wharf, a good long one, but not nearly so convenient for shipping as that at Wellington, and constructed with a total disregard to the passing and re-

passing of passengers, the whole width and length being taken up entirely with tramways and trucks, among which you have to steer your way, and scramble and jump out of danger as best you can.

The harbour is most lovely as to scenery of hills, and trees, and pretty-looking houses. I never remember to have seen anything prettier. The weather was fine and bright, and very warm. Frost and snow are almost unknown here, and the climate is delightful. Nelson is situated at the head of Blind Bay, on the south side of Cook's Strait, in the north of the middle island. It lies about two degrees west of Wellington, in nearly the same latitude, and sheltered from the high winds prevalent on other parts of the New Zealand coast. This settlement was founded in 1841.

The captain came on board soon after we reached the wharf, and told us if we meant to go on shore we had better go at once, as the steamer was going outside again for about two hours, in order to make room for another one (which we were blocking up, by being alongside of her) to get out; though we did not quite understand this arrangement, it did not seem necessary that we should do so; all therefore hurried away, passing over the other steamer, and got to shore without loss of time.

Most of the passengers, and all the other ladies but one were to stop at Nelson; that one and myself therefore agreed to walk about and explore together. It is a tolerably large town, consisting of two long principal streets, and innumerable inviting-looking walks in all directions; it is built on a level spot, with several ranges of beautiful hills enclosing it round on all sides, save that facing the bay. These hills do not appear to be very steep, and run down in spurs, richly wooded, and forming excellent harbours between them. The town is about a mile from the port, and omnibuses run continually to and fro, at sixpenny fares; one of these goes on a tramway backwards and forwards every hour, taking less than ten minutes, and charging only three-

pence. After about a three hours' walk, we hurried back in order not to lose our (one o'clock) dinner, and expecting to find the steamer returned. On arriving, however, at the end of the wharf, we saw her at anchor a considerable distance off, and "coaling" alongside a brig; those standing about, told us she would not come up to the wharf again till the next morning (the captain and officers seldom seem to know their own arrangements); while deliberating on what was to be done, the "purser" arrived, and saying that he was just going off in the ship's boat, offered to take us, and as we had no desire to go to the expense of a lodging, etc., on shore, we readily embarked with him. On reaching the ship we found that there was no ladder or any other means by which ladies could get on board; the coal brig being on that side by which we ought to have mounted. The purser, however (a very gentlemanlike young man), did not forsake us, but politely remained in the boat until the carpenter had found a ladder and let it down to us. The ascent of this perpendicular and unsteady contrivance was difficult and perilous, but with the purser's help at the bottom, and other hands at the top, we managed safely.

The next morning by about six o'clock, the "Airdale" was alongside the wharf again. The captain had said we should be off by two o'clock (we were to have left the day before, but with the usual uncertainty, this arrangement had been changed). My lady companion, therefore, and myself went on shore again, and walked straight up to the cathedral,* which stands right in the centre of the town. We found the doors closed, and no means of entering. It is to all appearance a plain, unadorned church of wood in the form of a cross, with a rather stumpy steeple. The small windows are whitened on the lower panes, so that we could only gain a partial view of the interior through some scratches

* The present Bishop of Nelson is the Rev. Andrew Burn Sutor, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge.

thereon, and saw that the inside was of perfectly plain wood, without any kind of ornament or carving that we could perceive. The situation of this cathedral, however, is perfection, being placed on the summit of a small hill of its own, levelled on the top just sufficiently for the building to stand with a good broad walk round it. Up the east front of this eminence are five successive flights of steps, of graduating numbers, the lower flight being the longest and the others diminishing in number as they ascend from fourteen to five, with broad landings or resting-places between each flight; the effect is extremely good and imposing at a distance, but the steps are mere earthwork, banked up neatly with wood. All this was done in the early days of the settlement, when no unnecessary expense could be afforded. There are winding walks round this hill and terraces of plantations, all done with considerable taste. English and native trees and shrubs are intermixed; myrtles of large growth, geraniums, and other delicate plants growing and flourishing in the open air.

On the west side the ascent to the cathedral is more gradual, and a straight wide carriage-road, and gate, form the approach. There are benches placed here and there on the terraces, commanding views in all directions, such as one could never tire of gazing on. In the far distance, peeping above the nearer hills, Mount Cook and some other high mountains may be seen. Of Mount Cook we had a nearer view from Picton, it is said to be above 12,000 feet high, or very nearly as high as Mont Blanc.

There are many handsome buildings, both in and out of the town; among the latter the college is conspicuous on the side of a hill; it is a very large building of wood, but at a distance has the effect of brick and stone, being painted red and white.

The Government buildings in the town, are handsome and extensive. The Institute, and several others are worthy of remark; most of them are of wood.

The Union Bank is a handsome stone building, precisely similar in design to that at Christchurch, though it appeared to me to be on rather a smaller scale. A narrow rapid river called the Waimea, crosses one end of the town—it runs down from the hills, and has a very picturesque effect.

We went also to what are called the Gardens, which consist of grass, wild flowers, and trees, the work of nature alone, and no better gardener could be desired, so much has she done for them.

Some nursery gardens were next visited by us, where were growing various kinds of hot-house plants, as we should call them in England, but which here flourish unprotected in the open air, all the year round. Splendid aloes, one in full flower that must have been nearly 20 feet high; also the arbutulum, with its abundance of very large red flowers, and many others that I could not name. There are very fine vineyards here; we went into one kept by an old German woman, and bought as many grapes as we could eat and carry away, for a very small sum. The fruit generally was plentiful, good, and (for the colonies) cheap. We feasted on some delicious pears, and sweet juicy little oranges. I found photographs very scarce and difficult to get here, which I much regretted, as there were so many lovely spots and handsome buildings that I should have liked to remember.

The second day we were at Nelson we fell in with two of our fellow-passengers, a married couple who had come from Southland (a settlement south of Otago), in search of a milder climate; they ran out to greet us from a pretty little house in which they were temporarily established; and looked so comfortable and happy, and so pleased to have done with the steamer, that I almost envied them, and wished I could have acceded to their wish—that I should stay here too for a time; they thought of trying the Waiarau plains.

The Dun Mountain copper-mine is said to be a failure, owing to the great expense of transit. A tram-

way runs the whole distance from the mine, right through the town (a part of this tramway is now used for the omnibus before-mentioned); but after the immense outlay of capital for this and other works, it was found that the chromate of iron could be bought in England for the price that it cost to ship it from Nelson.

It was with regret that I turned away from this very pretty place, and I could not but look back lovingly upon it from the deck of the "Airdale," which that afternoon bore us again out to sea, after completing the shipment of a large quantity of cargo for Taranaki, and several very fine horses for Manukau and Auckland.

At about ten o'clock the next morning we passed the "Sugar-Loaves," two high rocks which appear so shaped in the distance, though one of them loses that form when neared; there are also several other smaller ones, and most of them shaped like sugar-loaves.

All along this coast lay the field of war; we kept well out to sea (which was very rough), but near enough to see at intervals the encampments of our troops. It was on this coast that the "Lord Worsley" steamer was wrecked. As the history of this wreck has attracted much attention, both in England and New Zealand, and a true account of the affair was communicated to me by a friend, who was one of the sufferers, a slight sketch of the circumstances as they really happened may, perhaps, prove interesting:—

The "Lord Worsley" had been advertised to sail direct for Sydney, from Nelson, on a given day, but, from some unexplained cause (said to be connected with the convenience of some member of the Government), she was diverted from her intended course, and starting a day earlier than had been previously announced, steamed up the west coast towards Manukau. By some extraordinary mischance, she, at midnight of the same day on which she sailed, in perfectly calm and still weather, ran on shore, and became jammed in between rocks off Te Namu, nearly opposite to Mount Egmont.

The ship was apparently almost uninjured; but as it was found impossible to extricate her, the passengers were all safely landed as soon as daylight appeared, and found shelter in a Maori pah, where the natives most fortunately proved to be of a friendly tribe (the Ngataruinui), their chief being William Kingi Matakatea, a subject of Queen Victoria's. He informed the shipwrecked party that he was surrounded on all sides by tribes hostile to our Government, "Kingites," and that he could not guarantee their safety beyond the boundaries of his own territories. He, however, sent messengers to the Kapoaiai Gate, requesting the king's permission for the passengers to pass. This being obtained, Matakatea furnished them with drays* and native drivers to conduct them on their journey overland, back to Nelson.

In these drays the passengers, about fifty in number (including three children), were packed, with such portable parts of their baggage as they could manage to take with them, after a detention of nearly six days at Te Namu. On arriving at the Kapoaiai Gate, all were compelled to alight, and range themselves in a row to be numbered, each individual having to pay a toll of five shillings to King Mataturea, after which they were allowed to proceed to their destination. Much baggage had necessarily been left behind by those passengers who, having been bound for England, had numerous and bulky packages. Matakatea undertook to protect all the goods as far as he was able to do so, until they should be sent for. Strange to say, however, the owners of this property could obtain no ship, nor any assistance whatever, from the Government authorities, for the recovery of it, and, after some time, everything was seized and sold by auction, by order of the Maori king, who pocketed the proceeds; and thus, plate, jewellery, pictures, family heir-looms, and valuables of all descriptions, were distributed among the undiscern-

* The natives purchase English-built drays.

ing natives. The ship, cargo, and arms, were all given up to the Ngataruinuis.

Matakatea, who had done all in his power to protect the property that had been left in his charge, is said afterwards to have expressed himself most bitterly upon the subject of his having been left wholly unaided in the matter by the Government. These are the sort of things that lower us in the eyes of the natives, and fill them with contempt for the *Pakeha* disheartening and disgusting those who would be friendly, and encouraging the hostile to outrages.

The Government never took any steps either to rescue the goods or to punish the thieves. Compensation was afterwards promised to the losers, and sums were even placed upon the estimates of the Legislature for this purpose; but all ended in nothing, and to this day the victims have had to put up with their losses as best they might.

CHAPTER IV.

TARANAKI—WRECK OF THE "ORPHEUS" MAN-OF-WAR—MANUKAU—AUCKLAND.

In about an hour after passing the Sugar-Loaves, we fired our gun, and let go the anchor off Taranaki, in the stormy open roadstead, called New Plymouth. There is no harbour nor any wharf here, and but one boat, which had, therefore, to divide its services between the "Airdale" and a brig lying at anchor near, and take its freight of cargo at every trip, half from one and half from the other. All the other boats, it was stated, had been taken by General Cameron for the use of the troops, and had been knocked to pieces in the service. I did not attempt to land under these circumstances. A few persons who belonged to the place went in this boat, and the getting into it from the ship was a frightful operation to look at; they had to keep their footing, and hold on to a ladder not let down (for had it been placed straight into the tossing boat, one or both must have been smashed), but hung out almost horizontally. In this position they had to watch their opportunity when the boat rose on the top of a wave, and, jumping into her, be caught in the arms of the boatman below. Often the boat rose so high that it knocked up the ladder on which they stood; but the people seemed accustomed to the operation, and held on fast. There were two or three women (steerage passengers) who

performed this feat, and it was curious to see the accuracy and intrepidity with which they leapt right into the boatman's arms. It was a large eight-oared boat, and seemed safe enough when they were once off and clear of the ship, though the surf on shore was rather terrific too.

On the return of the boat the first time, a letter was brought to our captain, with an order for him to return to a place sixty miles south, with some troops who were mustered on the beach ready to embark. Fortunately for us, we happened to have some official personage on board, by whose influence the order was rescinded, and the troops dispersed to await the arrival of the "Wonga-Wonga," which was expected every moment to heave in sight, as we had passed her on the road an hour or two before.

Taranaki, or New Plymouth, was founded in 1841, on the west coast of the Northern Island, in lat. about 39° 10″ S., and long. 174° E. It is famous for the fertility of its soil. The town looked rather straggling, as seen from the sea, built on a slope, and the barracks conspicuous on a hill behind. It has, I am told, a stone church, and the usual amount of dissenting chapels; also a hospital and "literary institution."

The hotels at Taranaki are said to be peculiarly primitive, not to say uncivilized. I was told that some gentlemen, landing there shortly before noon one day, went to the principal hotel, and inquired whether they could have dinner there. The answer was, "Wull, I don' know, what time'll you be wantin' it?" "Oh, about two or three in the afternoon." "Wull, I'll see; ye can come again some time afore four, and ye might chance to find somut or other."

This place has suffered sadly by the war, and the inhabitants have been dispersed; it is now, however, becoming settled again, and it is to be hoped the peaceful industry of the residents will not be again disturbed. The sands all along this coast are remarkable for their black colour, caused by the quantity of fine iron ore, of

that kind from which the best steel is manufactured. I was informed that this sand yields from seventy to eighty per cent. of iron, that some had been sent to England, and that the finest possible steel had been produced from it. The cost of transport, however, is, as usual, so great, that it is doubtful whether it would pay if sent home. It is to be hoped that, when the district is more settled and peace permanently restored, as it now seems likely to be, some enterprising persons may set up a manufactory and all necessary appliances on the spot.

We remained off Taranaki rather more than five hours, starting again at half-past four, up to which time the "Wonga-Wonga" had not appeared in sight; and it was supposed she had "hove-to," finding the weather too much for her, she being a much smaller vessel than the "Airdale," and appearing to find it hard work to get on at the time we passed her.

It happens as often as not that no vessel can anchor in this roadstead, and no cargo be landed. We had taken on board, at Nelson, the cargoes of two or three different vessels which had been taken in there, though intended for this place; and I doubt whether it was all delivered at Taranaki even now. The settlers here have long hoped to acquire a portion of the district called the Waiatera, which would give them a river harbour for small vessels, and be a great advantage.

The whole of this day had been misty and threatening, without any sunshine; the great Mount Egmont was entirely enveloped in clouds, so that we could see only the foot, except in the early morning, before seven o'clock, when I, being on deck, saw his peak towering for a short time above the clouds. It looks immensely high, though not, in truth, so high as Mount Cook by nearly 3000 feet, Mount Egmont being only 8900 feet high; but Mount Cook has other high mountains around it, whereas this one stands alone, there being none but quite low hills anywhere else about here. Fine fertile plains stretch in all directions; the whole extent looked very

green, and rich with luxuriant forests; but, unfortunately, two-thirds of this fine country are, or were at that time, in possession of the Maories, and all the farms and crops beyond the precincts of the town had been burnt and destroyed by them.

I must not omit to mention the discovery of petroleum on this coast. It appears that, from the earliest days of the settlement, exhalations and bubbles of bituminous matter had been observed to issue at about half a mile's distance from high-water mark, between the main land and the highest of the Sugar-Loaf rocks, called Moturoa. This appearance is said to have been attributed by the natives to the decomposition of an "atua," or spirit, who, according to their tradition, was drowned there ages before. Two or three years ago the settlers commenced boring on land in search of the oil, and success attended the attempt. One ingenious resident here has tried experiments with the petroleum and iron-sand together, using the refuse of the former, after purifying, to smelt the latter in a furnace. He is said to have been highly successful, and to have taken out a patent.

The day after leaving Taranaki, we had very rough weather and much rain. We were now bound for Manukau, and as we approached this wild-looking and most dangerous coast, we saw the surf dashing up mountains high, in thick white clouds, from the breakers on the low rocks, that extend out about five miles, and all along the coast there was a perfect mist of spray. Great care and experience are requisite in steering here.

The captain pointed out to me the part where the "Orpheus" man-of-war was lost not long ago. The old commodore in command of her obstinately refusing to obey the signals of the flag-staff at the Heads, and consulting only his charts, entered by the wrong passage, and his ship was dashed to pieces; his charts being old ones, and the sandbanks having shifted since they were drawn. His life was the forfeit, and those of nearly the

whole crew, together with every officer, save one midshipman.*

I never saw a grander sight than the breakers upon this coast, and it was really beautiful to see the dexterous steering of our ship between the Heads. These once safely passed we were immediately in comparatively smooth water. The pilot then came on board and took charge of the ship for the next twenty miles, which brought us into the harbour of Manukau. At about one o'clock our gun was fired and anchor dropped for the last time, and all proceeded to scramble into small boats, the luggage being tumbled in promiscuously, without any regard to ownership. It was with much difficulty that I could get any one to give me any assistance in securing my own; a fellow-passenger (of the he-kind) told me, when I applied to him in an emergency, that the maxim here was, "Everyone for himself, and God for us all." However, at last we got off. The rain, which had been falling more or less all the morning, now came down in a cascade. We had two miles to row and sail, to reach the wharf, the water being too shallow for any but small boats; once we got aground and were in danger of capsizing.

There is no convenience for landing at this wretched wharf—it is a mere feat of climbing and scrambling to get up; an appearance of steps certainly, but not safe to step upon, nor reaching down nearly to the boat, and when at last up, we found ourselves on slippery planks on a narrow space, in danger of being knocked over by the ascending luggage either into the water or through the many holes and missing planks, while in many parts the boarding was so rotten that it gave way under the feet.

I thought I never should have got my luggage collected; there I stood in the pelting rain a full half hour, unable to get any help or anyone to lift a thing, save a few straggling little dirty boys, whose services I was at

* This fated youth, strange to say, perished soon afterwards by the wreck of the next ship he joined.

last glad to avail myself of, and who at last managed between them to carry off everything to the verandah of an hotel separated from the wharf by an ankle-deep swamp of mud, through which I had to wade. There was a 'bus every hour to Auckland (this word is adopted here, and is the only one in use for the vehicle in question, on which this abbreviated term is painted). The two o'clock 'bus had already been secured by the gentlemen for themselves and one lady (the Maori wife of one of them); the only other lady now left was to wait for her brother, who soon arrived in a car and took her off; this lady had come all the way from Christchurch, and was the same that had been my companion in our walks about Nelson. Thus I was left, the only lone one, and two of the gentlemen passengers, who had, as well as myself, to wait a whole hour for the next 'bus, there being no car to be had.

Dripping wet and shivering with cold, my boots soaked through and through, I now went into the inn and had some hot negus, for I was beginning to feel alarmed and to wonder what would become of me if I were to be laid up in such a place as this, with no one near to know or care about me. The only word approaching to sympathy that one ever hears on these travels is the rough, bluff sentence, "Bad work for ladies travelling alone in this country;" but never followed by any offer of assistance in any way.

At three o'clock the two gentlemen and myself took our seats in the 'bus, our luggage being put into a cart, and we drove from this desolate spot, which is called Onehunga, and across the narrow part of the northern island that divides the Manukau harbour from that of Auckland, which lies on the opposite or east coast, a drive of seven miles only, at the termination of which we entered the great wilderness of a town—AUCKLAND—in the middle of which the 'bus stopped, and I was set down, not knowing which way to turn. I had been recommended to go to a particular boarding-house, as one of the only two a lady could stay at. I inquired, there-

fore, how far it was off, and was answered, "Oh, right away a good bit."

"Is there a car or fly of any kind to be had?"

"No such thing in all the town, leastways not for hire."

"Is there no kind of conveyance—no omnibus going that way?"

"There's the express cart for parcels and luggage."

"Oh, well, that will do, where is it?"

"There it stands."

I looked, and saw an open cart without any seat, except for the driver, and the floor of it deep in water and mud, so it was evident I had better walk than go in that. I therefore now inquired my way. "Right along the street, then turn to your right, right up the hill, and right down the other side of it, and then you'll be all right for the house on your right hand."

It seemed, therefore, I could not go wrong, and off I went through the slippery mud, putting down my umbrella to use it as a walking-stick, without which I never could have kept my footing. I had taken off my cloak, which was a perfect sop, doing more harm than good on my shoulders, and sent it with the luggage from Manukau, so that I had now only a thin silk jacket on, and a pretty plight I was in. I consoled myself, however, by the hope that I was going at last to be comfortable. Not a bit of it! Worse accommodation, worse attendance, and less civil servants could scarcely be found. I could not even get them to uncord my boxes, and being unable to undo the wet knots myself, without giving more time than was safe in my dripping state, I had to cut the cords with my pocket-knife; then changing everything I had on as quickly as possible, I was ready just as the dinner-bell rang for the *table d'hôte*, a thing I hate, but finding that £2 5*s*. a week was charged for this, and £5 if you chose to have a sitting-room and meals alone, I thought it as well to pay the smaller sum only, especially as it seemed very unlikely that I should get things done comfortably, whatever I might pay; so

down I went to a bad dinner, badly cooked, with raw cabbage, and potatoes ditto, and a most uncouth and staring set of people round the table, one lady and eight or ten gentlemen. They all seemed to be intimate friends together, but no one addressed one word, or offered anything to me; I had to ask for each thing I wanted.

Dinner over, I returned to my bed-room, where, when I required a light, a wretched little paraffin lamp was brought to me, standing about two or three inches high; it would have given as much light as a rush-light, but for the shade cast round it by itself, and even this shabby little flame seemed going out, as I observed to the maid who brought it. "Oh, no, it's all right," was the answer, but presently out it went. I sought the maid, "This thing is gone out; do bring me a candle," I said. No answer. "Have you no candles in the house?" I asked.

"Yes, I s'pose so."

"Well, then, just get me one at once, for I am in the dark."

After long waiting, she came up with a thin tallow candle, tumbling about loosely in a shabby candlestick, and as she put it down, "Yer'll 'ave to pai for this," she said.

"What! pay at a boarding-house for a candle in one's bed-room; what can you mean? I shall certainly do no such thing."

"Yer can 'ave the lamp."

"What is the use of the lamp if it won't burn? Go and trim it properly and bring it, for I certainly shall not pay for the candle," and I forthwith blew it out.

After another long pause, up came the lamp again re-trimmed; and then, remembering that I had a candle somewhere in my box, I succeeded in finding it, and a small nutmeg-grater, into which I ingeniously stuck it for a candlestick, and so was enabled at last to sit down and write a bit of my journal, but went early to bed, totally tired out. Before doing so, however, I discovered that the (very unpromising-looking) bed had but one

wretched little thin blanket upon it, and asked for another.

"Ain't another," was the answer.

"Nonsense! ask your mistress, or send her to me; whoever heard of a boarding-house with only one blanket?"

"Ain't only one for each bed."

"Go and tell your mistress I want another."

At last it came, a small threadbare thing like the other.

The bed proved to be cruelly hard and lumpy, so that when I rose the next morning I felt unrefreshed and bruised all over by it, but yet better than I could have expected, considering my yesterday's drenching. Breakfast bell at half-past eight. A dish of very coarse, thick fish, fried in lumps; took a bit and found it to be more than doubtful; put it aside and tried a slice of cold meat—as doubtful as the fish; left it, and took some butter; no doubt at all about that, it was perfectly uneatable, so contented myself with dry bread and some particularly nasty coffee; then back to my room, spent the morning in writing letters, and after luncheon went out to post them.

It was tolerably dry by this time, for though the rain had fallen in torrents all night, it had ceased during the morning, and the steepness of the roads had carried off the water. The company below does not improve upon acquaintance. The *lady* sits constantly with both arms upon the table while eating, which makes a very curious humpbacked process of the operation; in the intervals of eating, the elbows remain in the same position and the hands supporting the chin, or a little meal goes on between whiles upon the nails; an untiring stare being fixed on the stranger (myself) the whole time. The man who takes the head of the table is not the landlord (neither he nor his wife appear at all); it is a creature with a large black beard and whiskers, that talks distressingly loud, lays down his own opinions as law in a most ridiculous fashion, and uses frequent blasphemous exclamations. Most of the other men read newspapers

all breakfast time, and talked of their own concerns together at dinner yesterday. There was one topic, however, on which all seem to unite and agree, and that is that Auckland is the dullest and stupidest town in the world, though some say that it was not so two or three years ago. I certainly am not prepossessed with the little I have seen of it, and much to my disgust I find I shall have to stay here nearly a whole month, as there will be no steamer going to Sydney before that time.

Saturday, May 6th.—It is twelve years this day since I first landed in New Zealand. How short a time it now seems to look back upon. Yet could it have been foretold to me then, that not till that day twelve years should I be on my way back to England, how hard and almost unbearable a sentence would it have seemed to me, so little can we judge or foresee what is good for us; the fact being, that though I came with the intention of staying but three years, and during the first year would gladly have curtailed even that period, this long twelve years' experience has endeared the place of my sojourn (Canterbury) to me to such an extent, that when the time for quitting it actually arrived, I could scarcely tear myself away from it.

On getting up this morning, the first of my arrival, I found a number of red spots on my face, with much attendant irritation, and concluded that the unwholesome heat of the steamer's cabin had caused them. The following morning, however, I found many more, and one eyelid so swollen as to be almost closed up; also my hands and wrists spotted and bumped up, and all in a state of great irritation. The truth now flashed upon me; I recognized the signs of my old West Indian enemies the mosquitoes; I had either not heard, or had forgotten, that this place was famous for these pests.

In the course of the second day my bed-room door was bounced open by the maid-servant, with the question—

"Please is yer name T——?"

"Yes."

"Coz a person wants yer."
"A gentleman?" I asked.
"Don't know."
"Where is the person?"
"Outside door."

I knew it must be Captain F——, because I had written to him the day before to say I was here, and I knew no one else in the place. I went down immediately, and a pleasant thing it was to see a face I knew, and speak to one who knew me and the dear friends I had left in Canterbury; for the dreary, lonely feeling, of being always among strangers, with not a soul belonging to one within reach, becomes very oppressive.

I brought him, from outside the door, into the public room, there being no other, but found it full of the horrid people, fast assembling for luncheon, and almost at the same moment the bell rang for that meal; so we had to retreat into the verandah, where we stood and talked a short time. It was pelting hard with rain; we could make no plans, therefore, in such weather, for going anywhere. I learnt from Captain F—— that everyone here uses mosquito-nets, and he expressed surprise that the people of the house had not given me one. I forthwith, therefore, demanded to have one, and after much difficulty they brought me a worn-out thing full of large holes, and more than half a yard too short, of course therefore perfectly useless; but I resolved in future to sleep in a thick veil. Not a gleam of sunshine all day long; but as the rain held up for about half an hour in the afternoon, I tried to get out. Could only go a few steps, however, for the mud was perfectly impracticable, and soon down came the rain again.

I had another specimen to-day of the extreme uncouthness of the servant and the house arrangements. I had said to her in the afternoon, "I shall want some hot water at bed-time to-night, and put a footbath in the room, if you please."

A stare, and no answer.

"Don't you understand what I mean?" I continued; "a tin pan for the feet."

"Ain't one," she replied.

"Then I must do without, but let me have the hot water all the same."

Soon after I had gone up from dinner, at about seven o'clock, she appeared with a small jug containing about a pint of warm water. "What is that for?" I asked.

"Yer said yer wanted it."

"I said at bed-time, not for two or three hours yet at least, and then not a little drop like that, it must be a tin can full."

"Ain't a tin can, and water won't be 'ot if yer don't 'ave it now, coz boiler'll be filled up."

"Do you mean that no one in this house, then, ever has hot water in their rooms at night?"

"No, um couldn't."

"And no hot water at all in the house after seven o'clock?"

"Only for grog."

"And how do you keep it hot for that?"

"In kettle."

"Why can't I have some out of the kettle?"

"Genelmen uses it all."

"Well, then, I suppose I must have it now; bring me a large jug, and I will try and keep it warm."

"Ain't no larger jug."

In despair at last, and feeling chilled and unwell that night, I said, "I had better then have some hot wine and water when the water for the gentlemen's grog is ready. Bring it to me as hot as you can."

In due time she reappeared, bearing a small tumbler half full of a tepid, muddy-looking mixture, with heavy, coarse brown sugar settled at the bottom, and tasting of nothing else. If there were any wine at all in it, it could not have been above a dessert spoonful, and that of the worst kind. This was a worse specimen of a servant than I have ever met with or heard of before, even in the colonies.

Auckland is considered to be the capital of New Zealand, and was, until lately, the seat of Government, which is now, however, removed to Wellington, notwithstanding which the Governor, Sir George Grey, who is very fond of the place, continues to make it his chief residence, and is here now (1865). It was to bring despatches to him that we were detained so long at Wellington.

The distance from Wellington to Auckland is 540 miles, and from Canterbury to Auckland 710 miles. The voyage will no doubt hereafter be more expeditiously managed. We were exactly a week performing it, out of which we spent two days and nights at Wellington, nearly as long at Nelson, five or six hours at Picton, five or six more at Taranaki—altogether nearly four days and a half out of the seven; then, if we add to this all the time lost in getting into and out of all these various bays and harbours, it would seem that the utmost it could take, if a steamer went direct from Lyttelton to Auckland, would be little over forty-eight hours. It certainly appears, therefore, to be a great loss of time that every one should be obliged to put into and stay so long at all these intermediate places, whether they wish it or no. I, myself, *did* wish it, because I desired to see them all, but if a person wanted to get from Lyttelton to Auckland quickly, it would seem rather hard that a forty-eight hours' voyage should be lengthened out to a week.

Our speed never exceeded eight and a half knots, and was generally less. I am told that none of these steam vessels *can* do more than ten knots an hour; no doubt there will be some faster ones put on the line ere long. There are other steamers that take their course up and down the east coast of the Northern Island, stopping at Napier (Hawke's Bay), etc.; the time occupied is about the same in either route. The lat. of Auckland is about 36° 40″ S.; the climate is warm and moist; the settlement was founded in 1840. The town, though now so extensive, was comparatively

nothing at all before the war broke out; so lately as the middle of 1864 it was but a small and insignificant place, not half the size it now is. The expenditure of money here, owing to the presence of so large a body of military, has been the making of the place.

On my first Sunday here, after a night and morning of incessant, heavy rain, the weather began to clear up just in time to enable me to go to church at St. Paul's, which, fortunately, was close at hand. It is a good large building of brick, which appears to have been originally washed over with some thin plaster, now nearly all worn off; quite plain and unornamented both within and without, the inside walls whitewashed, and wooden roof, varnished. It is lofty, and good for sound, has a small organ of good tone, placed up in a gallery, and a tolerable choir, with space for three or four times as many singers as I saw there; rather a scanty congregation, with a good proportion of military officers; the Governor also was present, with his staff, in a conspicuous seat in the chancel. It was the first Sunday in the month, and Holy Communion was administered, the Governor receiving first and alone at the altar. There was but one clergyman for the whole service, and he not a very agreeable one to hear, shouting out the prayers and sermon, as the town-crier might have done had he been placed there for the purpose, with a wonderful force of voice and rapidity of utterance. Before going to church I had asked the maid what time the service began.

"'Spose about eleven or twelve," was the answer.

"You are not of the Church of England, I suppose?" said I.

"Oh, yes; and the people of the house is English Church too."

I therefore sought the master, and gained all necessary information from him, which he followed up by asking if he should lend me "a book."

"A book. Do you mean a hymn-book?" I asked.

"No; a prayer-book, if you havn't got one," he answered.

A funny fancy it seemed to me (though meant to be very civil) that one should be travelling through the world without a prayer-book of one's own. After church, encountering him again, I inquired of him the name of the clergyman.

"It was Bishop Selwyn, I believe," was the answer.

I could scarcely avoid laughing at the absurd contrast so suddenly conjured up in my mind by these words. Any two human beings more thoroughly dissimilar in face, form, voice, or manner than these two it would be impossible to conceive; besides which, Bishop Selwyn was at that moment at Christchurch, in Canterbury, attending the General Synod. Would, indeed, that he had been here, and that I could have heard him again, with his deep, solemn, earnest tones, and a manner that seems to address itself to you in particular, as if he knew and sympathized with the trials and sorrows of each individual of his congregation.

Rain now came down again in torrents all the afternoon—not possible to go to evening service. My bedroom is a damp and unwholesome place, the windows look close upon the side of a hill, that has evidently been cut away to make room for the house; the cutting goes deep down, and forms at the bottom a narrow passage, swampy with mud and refuse; the side of the hill (but a few feet distant from the window) is covered with every kind of refuse, mingled with broken bottles and crockery, amid luxuriant weeds and wild neglected plants. On the top is a house, the windows, verandah, and garden of which look down upon this house, and command a perfect view of the interior of my room (and I suppose of others also).

Whenever I re-enter this den after a short absence, I am struck by the peculiarly earthy, grave-like odour that pervades it; the papering on the walls is all discoloured by damp. I have not felt well since I came here, and though I at first attributed this to the effects

of the voyage and the wetting I got, I now begin to think the damp room is the cause.

Another night and day (the fifth since my arrival) of constant hard rain; Captain F—— called in the afternoon, and said the town was in a fearful state of mud, assured me that bad as this house was I should find any other in the place still worse, and advised me to insist upon having a front bed-room. I did so, and got it, the elbow-lady and large-whiskered man, who turn out to be husband and wife, having fortunately gone away this morning, and left one vacant.

Only able to get out as far as the post-office, which is close at hand, and a most shabby-looking building it is. I had concluded it was only a branch office for the convenience of this particular locality, but now find it is *the* post-office of the town—rather inconvenient, I should think, for all the other inhabitants down below, this being on the top of a steep hill, and by no means central. St. Paul's Church, too, also up here, is considered *the* church of the place. The top of this hill certainly dries pretty quickly, if there is any sunshine between the showers; but the steepness, slipperiness, and muddiness combined, have prevented my going down it yet on any side.

My change of room has proved a vast advantage in every way. Found two good blankets on the bed, and a very good mosquito-net, all ready; so suppose the defects in the management generally are owing to the bad, disobliging servants, and non-supervision of the heads; other people have apparently insisted upon having things as well as myself, and have had them. The view is really pretty from this window, which looks out upon the road and over the harbour, also down a short street (called simply and characteristically "Short Street") to the jetty; ships at anchor, and little boats sailing in and out, the whole appearing as if nearly shut in with hills at no great distance off.

Another rainy night; but the morning beginning to look so bright, that soon after breakfast I prepared to

go out, and after one or two ineffectual attempts, being stopped by showers, at last accomplished it, and even succeeded in getting down the hill, though with much difficulty in keeping my footing in the slippery mud. I now found myself in the long main street, called "Queen Street," and forthwith sought out the steam-packet office. On inquiry here I found no hope of anything going to Sydney before the first of next month. The shops seem to be good, some of them running to a great depth back; but they are not handsome buildings, and but few of them have wide frontages. I saw not one handsome building in my walk to-day, except the Union Bank, which is of white stone, and has four handsome Corinthian columns in front. Most of the shops are of wood or brick; but there is a great deal of building going on, and brick or stone are the materials principally used in these. The streets are in many places being dug up preparatory to the laying down of gas pipes. There are many very narrow, wretched, and ruinous-looking side streets leading out of the chief street, and also from the steep one running from the hill down to it, called "Shortland Crescent." On the hill, too, there is "Eden Crescent," though what the idea is in these parts of a crescent it is difficult to see, both of these being to all appearance quite straight lines; there is also a *Victoria Quadrant*, composed of one single very shabby little cottage, quite by itself, without even a garden or inclosure round it. I returned home only just in time to escape the renewed torrents of rain which fell during nearly the whole afternoon.

There is something indescribably oppressive in the climate of this place, producing a sensation of languor that it is very difficult to shake off—a curious contrast to the buoyancy of feeling induced by the air of the Canterbury plains. The heat is of a different kind to any I have before experienced—it is a damp, clammy heat. The constant rain may now be the immediate cause of this; but by all accounts it is almost always raining here.

Another day, worse and worse, rain not ceasing for one moment, and only a gloomy twilight all day long. Time, however, does not hang heavily on my hands. I find plenty to amuse myself with, in books, work, and writing, and from my new room I can watch the ships come in and go out, and the signs made to them from the flagstaff on a neighbouring hill, and all this I can do with the greater pleasure, because it gives me an opportunity of using the excellent glasses, a parting gift from some dear friends in Canterbury, and I think of them all the time; but still there is the dreariness of not having a soul to speak to.

I am the only lady here now, and feel more comfortable so than when the elbow woman, who seemed so thoroughly at home with every one else, sat on the opposite side of the table staring rudely, and never offering a single word, or attempting to take advantage of any opening I made for conversation. As one specimen of the politeness of the gentlemen, I may give the fact that though most of them have daily papers every morning, and some of them have two, they sit at breakfast reading them, and never asking me if I would like to look at one, though the man who sits next to me has always one in his hands and another on his knees!

Seventh day of being here. Lay awake all night listening to the monotonous, never-ceasing down-pouring of the rain, which falls straight down, as from a huge shower-bath, without any wind. Captain F——, who called this afternoon, said the town was hopelessly muddy, and I should find it impossible to go anywhere walking. Asked him about a stand of three or four cabs that I had observed on the one occasion when I managed to get down into the town. He told me that they were not to be hired by the hour or mile, but made a charge of something like 30*s*. "a drive," however short the distance; that there was, in fact, no place worth driving to, unless it were toward Mount Eden, from whence, if I were equal to the fatigue of ascending it, a good view was to be got. 'Buses go part of the way

towards it. Inquired of him about longer excursions, as Coromandel coast gold-diggings.—A small steamer goes there occasionally, but was quite without accommodation, nor was there any place there for a lady to stop at, and the steamers were several days before they returned. What of the Bay of Plenty?—Steamers go there too, but no place for ladies. A Mrs. Someone went there with her husband, and he had to knock up a kind of rough hut for her. The Bay of Islands?—Very pretty scenery, but no steamers; there was some accommodation there, but only small schooners go, and duration of voyage dependent, of course, on wind; no place for ladies to sleep on board them, and no knowing how long one might be knocking about, either in going or returning. Any pretty drives inland?—No; in short, never was a more impracticable place than this Auckland seems to be; it appears there is little to be done or seen, even if the weather should ever be fine.

My friend assures me that my exhausted and uncomfortable feelings are common to all persons who live in this town, and more especially to new-comers; but that it seldom seems to come to an illness. People often feel so weak that they can scarcely walk across the room, yet still they are not actually laid up. He has been in India, and agrees with me that the heat of a really tropical climate is not nearly so oppressive as the steamy enervating heat of this place.

CHAPTER V.

AUCKLAND—(*continued*).

I FEAR this part of my journal is rather dull. But what is to be done? Here I am, doomed to stay for a month in the dullest place on earth; and if it infects me with its dullness and languor, how can I help it? The truth must be told, however dull it may be. Well, there is something at least to be done now, for I discovered to-day—the eighth of my residence here (what an age it seems!)—that the business of the boarding-house in which I am is to be given up, and the house closed in about a fortnight's time. The man says he finds it "*too quiet*" for him, and he prefers keeping a public-house, "where there will be," as he observes, "more life."

No one has been found to take this concern, or keep it on, so all the inmates will have to turn out. Hearing the people at breakfast this morning discussing the accommodation at the only other decent boarding-house in the place, and talking of going there, I thought I had better try and secure a bed-room for myself in good time, seized my opportunity therefore between the showers, and went to inspect the other house, which is not far from this one. Did not much like the appearance of it—a very old, bad, tumble-down wooden house, smelling extremely damp and musty. Went on, and looked at two different sets of lodgings, but was told they did not wish to take single ladies; they want

married couples, and expect to furnish board as well as lodging; so that they would not let their bed-room to any single person, unless they would pay as much as two. So, finding no alternative, went back, and secured a room at the new-old boarding-house, from the following Monday, but was told I must at once send a box there, in proof of my intention to come, or they would not undertake to keep a room for me. The terms rather lower than at my present place, but don't expect to be very comfortable—no mosquito-nets. The woman at this house tells me that they are so overrun with rats at the other one, that I shall have to sit up in bed all night throwing things at them to keep them off. I was caught in the rain twice while I was out, but it is easy to find shelter, many of the shops having wide verandahs in front, stretching quite over the pavement, which is a great convenience in so rainy a place, though intended, I suppose, to keep the sun off their windows. Explored a good deal of the town to-day; never saw any place so destitute of handsome, or even good-looking, buildings, but those now in progress promise something better. All the banks, which in other towns vie with each other in handsome exteriors, are here remarkably shabby-looking places, with the one exception before named—the Union Bank. They are just beginning to get good pavements, but this, I am told, where it exists, is quite a recent improvement; there was no attempt at such a thing a few months back. Now, at every few yards you meet with a change of footpath going through every gradation, of good pavement, indifferent, bad, and none —the last predominating.

What little experience I had of the shops did not impress me favourably. Had I had important purchases to make, I might possibly have found things better; but my wants were small, such as eau de cologne (at a very high price), which turned out to be eau de *rien*, and some other little matters, all equally failures.

The next day was actually rather fine during the greater part of it, and my friend came to lionize me a

little about the town; he showed me a good deal more of it than I had yet seen. We went up some steep streets, from the top of which could be seen the great extent of the town, which is spreading out all round the outskirts, up hills, down into valleys, and up again. Observed also more good buildings than I had yet seen. There is a law enforcing the use of stone or brick in future, instead of wood. The middles of the streets are laid down with what appear to be sharp, rough, broken-up stones, but which is, in fact, the scoriæ thrown up in former times from Mount Eden. In the outskirts of the town the footpaths in many places are formed with the ashes from the same extinct volcano. The Roman Catholic chapel, and many other places, are built of this scoria, in rather large, irregularly-shaped pieces, and the interstices filled up with smaller bits. The effect is not bad, for the dark (almost black) colour of it is relieved by the quantities of mortar, or white cement, used between the stones. The Convent is a long, low, wooden building, on the side of a hill, not looking very secluded, and without even a wall round the grounds. There are great numbers of Roman Catholics here, and a resident Roman Catholic bishop. We met General Cameron in our walk, and afterwards passed his residence, a low, wooden-verandahed house, with nothing remarkable about it except two white lions couchant, apparently of stone, on pedestals on either side of the entrance to the house, looking rather out of place with the rest of the building.

Nearly all the dwelling-houses have verandahs, and some of them also balconies, with an abundance of luxuriant creeping-plants growing over them. The passion-flower flourishes in great beauty. We passed a good-looking English church, but without any spire, called St. Matthew's. On my admiring this, my companion said he could show me a much better one, almost in English style, with a very pretty steeple, but not yet quite finished. When we reached it, I found it quite worthy of the praises he had bestowed upon it. The

door stood partly open, and through it we could see a handsome stained-glass window. We entered. The inside was perfectly finished, and evidently in use for service. A very handsomely-carved pulpit faced us, with two flights of steps leading up to it. The roof was light blue, and the arches and rafters supporting it, of stained and varnished wood. It was a wooden building, but very solid-looking. No sooner inside, however, than I discovered it was not a church at all, but a Presbyterian chapel. The beautiful steeple and church-like appearance had completely deceived my companion, as it would have done anyone. On coming out I rather uncharitably exclaimed, "What a pity!"—and he very justly at the same moment, "Church people should be ashamed of themselves, letting others outstrip them so completely!" We passed various public institutions. The Emigration Barracks look well and complete; they comprise also a "female home" for women who come out to find places as wives, governesses, or servants. The lunatic asylum is in two divisions, built on the side of a hill; the lower part, with a low wall round, for the worst cases, and the higher separated from it by extensive grounds for the safer patients.

One great advantage to this town is the thickly-wooded hill that rises nearly in the centre of it, the upper part of which is laid out in gardens and pleasure-grounds, and the lower and wooded part in shady walks; the whole thing is called the Domain, and is reserved for public recreation and health; according to present intention this hill is never to be built upon. We did not go into the Domain to-day, nor into the cemeteries which we also passed near to; these I reserve for another occasion.

From an eminence we looked upon the distant mountains far beyond the hills that surround the harbour, and my friend introduced them each to me by name. We could see also the dim outline of the Coromandel coast; there has not yet been sufficient enterprise to work the gold-fields there, but they now talk

of setting about it, and it is believed it will repay the labour.

We came through the barracks home, after a long walk all up and down hill, and I was pretty tired. The barracks appear to be a very complete work, surrounded with a solid, thick, and high wall of scoria, with loop-holes at intervals to fire through in case of attack; it is, in fact, a kind of fortification; there is powder enough in the magazine here to shatter the whole town to pieces should it explode.

How difficult it seems to be for the weather to remain fine in this part of the country, it looked threatening all the time of our walk, and in the evening the threat was fulfilled, when the rain recommenced and continued through the night. The next day, Sunday, I rose to another grey drizzling day, got to church, however (being so close), and was happy to find we had not the town-crier-like gentleman again, but a young deacon who was perfectly inoffensive, being simply monotonous and totally spiritless in his manner of reading; he had to perform the whole service, and gave us a sermon admirable solely for its extreme shortness. The choir mustered rather stronger than on last Sunday, and there were some very good voices among them, both male and female. Jackson's "Te Deum" was extremely well performed by them, but they do not seem to attempt anthems here. The Governor was again present, and also General Cameron. Got home from church only just in time; a regular rainy, stormy day now set in, and the water ran in brooks and rivulets down the road like streams of pea-soup, taking their hue from the yellow, clayey soil, which makes a most tenacious mud, very difficult to remove from one's clothes and boots, as I know from experience, having always to perform this operation for myself. When first I arrived here in my wet, muddy condition, I found my things were left day after day in my room untouched, just as I had taken them off. At last I addressed the housemaid on the subject. "I wish you would take down these

boots, and dress, and skirt, and get the mud brushed off."

No answer.

"Do you understand?"

"Well, yees."

"Is there any difficulty about it?"

"Well, don' know."

"Is there not a clothes brush in the house?"

"Well, I s'pose so."

"If you mean that you can't do it, or get it done, bring me the clothes brush, and I'll do it myself."

This conclusion seemed nothing extraordinary to her, she simply brought the brush and left it on my table. Servants here are certainly laughable specimens; to-night (the last I shall be in this house) she came up to my room to ask some question, and stood biting and munching an apple, and talking with her mouth full, taking a fresh bite at every sentence. This has been the first windy day I have seen here; the rain, instead of coming straight down, is driving with great force against the window, and the harbour has been rough for the first time also. It is wonderful that they should not have thought of having any accommodation made for bathing here. Never was a place, I should think, better calculated either for bathing-rooms or machines, but no such idea seems to have struck them; there are beautiful flat level sands, over which the tide rolls up gently, clean and smooth as a pond, and just deep enough to be pleasant. I know *this* from seeing the horses, which all day long are being taken in and walked about in the water; they go out often a long distance, with the water reaching nearly to their backs and no higher; quite close in, it is more shallow still.

There are smaller bays all round the harbour; this is called Official Bay, another Mechanic's Bay, etc. It is said that there are sharks in these bays, and that they come close in shore. It seemed strange that the men should take their horses in so fearlessly, this being the case; but upon inquiry I was told that sharks

do not like horse-flesh, and never take a bite at them. I observed that the riders drew their legs up, and sat tailor fashion on their horses' backs. Nevertheless it would be easy to stake off or cover in a piece of the water, as they have done at Lyttelton and also at Wellington, where there is very good bathing accommodation.

I have changed my boarding-house, and a most wretched-looking place, indeed, I have got into. No description could do justice to its dirt, discoloration, and crazy appearance. It would seem as though it were useless to attempt doing anything to it in the way of repair or improvement, as the whole fabric might tumble down if it were touched. My bed-room, an old "lean-to" at one end, is well ventilated with cracks and crevices on all sides, and yet smells like a damp, underground dust-hole; the plank ceiling is all stained with the rain which comes through, but only, as the master assures me, when the wind and rain beat on that side of the house (at other times, I suppose, the other side takes its turn). The dingy papering looks as if it had been thrown on with a pitchfork, totally regardless of the many ins and outs, and queer gratuitous irregularities of the wooden walls beneath; it has stuck on where it could, and in other parts turned back expostulatingly, exposing the still more dingy and tattered paper of former days behind it. This room opens into the public room, and the only other egress is by a glass door into the verandah, which glass forms also the principal window; but as the gentlemen walk up and down, or lounge in the verandah, smoking, etc., the dingy, cob-webby blinds (which bear some little traces of having once been green), must be kept down; besides, it looks also into the street, and the street into it. There is another small window at another side, which will not open when it is shut, nor shut when it is open, and the two parts of it (it is of the lattice make) were evidently never intended to bear each other company, nor has there been any attempt made to deceive one upon this

point, as there have been no pains taken to make them agree either in colour or fit; one was once painted white, the other grained wood. What horrors the coming night may disclose I know not, nor wish to think of; but the master assures me this is not one of the rat rooms. I had my choice between rain or rats coming in, and of course chose the rain.

It rained nearly all night, and I had nothing to do but listen to it pelting on the roof just above my head, and pattering through it on to the floor of my room; I scarcely slept five minutes, for up to half-past eleven at night I was also kept awake by the edifying conversation, with the somewhat noisy jokes and laughter of the gentlemen in the public-room, from which mine is divided only by a single plank partition.

The weather cleared up in the afternoon, and I went exploring. Certainly the outskirts of the town are very pretty. I walked to-day to a town which joins on to the main town, called Parnell. It is of considerable extent; up hill, of course; and is, in fact, a continuation of Auckland town, as are also the streets and buildings that stretch up the several other hills, though the dwellers in these parts generally call them by some other distinguishing name, such as "New-town," etc. The extent of the whole town, including these localities, is, they say, above two miles each way. There are also various small towns at about six or eight miles' distance, to and from which omnibuses continually run. There are houses scattered here and there along all these roads, and it is supposed that in time the whole will form one continuous town.

There is not quite so large a party here as at the house I have left (and which will be shut up now in a few days), and they are a quieter and more gentleman-like set. There is one lady, the wife of an officer, with her husband, and another fat, rather homely-looking dame, the mother of a third lady, who keeps to her own room. The master of the house presides at table, takes care of his guests, and sees that they have all

they want, which is a great improvement after the "grabbing" system, or having to ask for everything, as at the other house.

It would be a fortune to any one to open a respectable boarding-house or good hotel here; every one says there is nothing approaching to good accommodation or attendance anywhere in the town. It is odd that no one should have taken advantage of such an opening, so long as the want has been felt. There is not a house, it seems, in all the place calculated for such a purpose, and no one has been found with capital to invest in building one, save one unfortunate man, who, I am told, did attempt it, and actually had erected a place for a large first-rate hotel, when, just as the roof was on, a fire broke out in a neighbouring shop, the conflagration spread, the unfinished building was totally destroyed, and the poor man ruined, and wholly unable to recommence his project. This happened less than a year ago.

Another day of darkness and rain, and though the rain did *not* come in the direction against my room, it *did* come pouring through the roof in abundance, and the master begged me to change it for another. It was now or never; every room in the house was taken, and would be filled to-day. He assured me he had stopped up all the rat-holes in the haunted rooms, and that these unwelcome visitors would not be likely to come again, unless there were eatables in the room, which was, he said, what had previously attracted them. I looked at the room he offered me, and certainly liked it much better, so resolved upon the change, the more willingly because I verily believe there were rats as well as rain in the first one, for I had heard suspicious noises in the night, which I had tried not to attend to, and having a good mosquito-net (which I had borrowed, and brought with me from the other house), I tucked it well in, and considered myself to be pretty secure from their assaults. So now I am established in the rat room, where my first act has been

carefully to fix up the same invaluable mosquito-net. I shall be far more quiet and comfortable here; the windows look over and up a grassy slope, with the barracks on the top, and down sideways over a large part of the town below (this house being on the same hill as the other one, but on a higher part of it). The hill runs steeply down behind the house, so that, though in the front the single floor is even with the street, at the back the same floor has rooms under it, which also open on a road lower down on the hill side. This sort of thing is common with the houses here, and has rather a pretty effect when they face down the hills, with a terrace walk, perhaps, in front, and the garden sloping deep down into a valley or ravine below.

The papering of this room is nearly (though not quite) as dilapidated as the other, with divers old bits of wood of all shapes and colours nailed here and there to keep it up and the rats down. The whole of the wall on one side is damp and mouldy with the rain, but it does not come through into the room. It has a most ratty smell.

The weather only held up for about an hour late in the afternoon. Tried to get out a little, but the roads too slippery for descending the hill far in any direction. I think I never heard such heavy rain as that which awakened me last night; yes, *wakened* me: for I did sleep, and pretty comfortably too, for the bed was a decided improvement upon that in the other room (which appeared to be stuffed with cart ropes and cables, and the pillow with twigs, or something like it); but in all these houses they are strangely stingy in the dimensions of their sheets; Auckland is not by any means singular in this matter. If the bed be large, they give you sheets suited to one of the smallest possible size; and if the bed be small, the sheets dwindle to the dimensions of a largish pocket-handkerchief or a broadish ribbon. That they should tuck in at either side, or turn over at top, or reach

to the bottom, is considered wholly unnecessary; your toes, as a matter of course, find themselves between the blankets only. But for this defect my present bed would be an unusually comfortable one (for a colonial boarding-house). I tried not to think of the rats, and I believe they did not think of me, for I heard nothing of them. I took the precaution of burning a light all night, which, perhaps, was a new idea to them, and may have disarranged their plans. Whatever may have been their reasons, I am most thankful to have been spared their visits.

The weather cleared a little in the morning, and as there was a high wind, I hoped the roads would dry. But it was a vain delusion; down came the rain again, wind and all, and so continues. No getting out at all to-day.

The servants here are comparatively civilized and attentive, and answer nicely and obligingly when spoken to, forming a pleasant contrast to the uncouthness of those I formerly encountered. Many things are far better managed too, here; so that upon the whole I have decidedly made a change for the better, provided that the house does not tumble about my ears before I get out of it. I was only just in time in securing my room, for all the turned out inmates of the other house are seeking accommodation here in vain. It must not be supposed, however, that I am *too* comfortable here. I have nothing to write on but my lap, or hand, or anything I can contrive; for the dressing-*table* and washing-stand (or shelf), though neatly covered with muslin, etc., are nothing more than rough pieces of wood nailed against the wall, and at a height which makes it impossible to sit at them.

There are no fastenings or weights to the windows (sashes); when I open them, I have to prop them up with anything I can lay my hand on. The door has only the remains of what was once a lock; all parts of it being now useless, I have to push a box against it to

keep it closed, or shut a towel in it, or any other colonial contrivance that comes to hand. The window-blinds have never known lines or pulleys, or any other contrivance for drawing them up; they have to be pinned up, or stuck behind a neighbouring nail. I often think what fun all this primitive state of things and these contrivances would be, if I had but any one to laugh with at them all. What a difference it would make in the view one takes of such petty annoyances!

I have now been in Auckland a fortnight, and I am happy to think that in two weeks more I shall probably be on the waves again, and fairly on my way towards England. I feel that I am losing time sadly here; but, "what can't be cured," etc. There was a storm of thunder and lightning late yesterday afternoon, and I had hoped that the weather might change after it, and give us a few fine days, for a treat; but it does not seem to have made much difference, for there was rain all night again, and showers this morning. As my friend called to-day, I went out a little way with him, for a gentleman's arm helps one over slippery roads, where I could not venture without such support; afraid to go far, however, and were caught, and had to seek shelter, as it was. It is curious how suddenly the showers come down here. When we were out to-day, Captain F—— had just said, "I do think we shall have a little settled weather now for a few days" (they seldom have more than two or three fine days together here, I am told). I answered, "I felt a spot of rain, though, just as you spoke." We looked round, and there was a black cloud just coming up over our heads, and, before umbrellas could be put up, down it came driving upon us. Not two minutes ago I looked out at my window, and seeing the stars shining brightly, said to myself, "There is some hope of a dry day to-morrow;" but I had scarcely returned to my seat, when, patter, patter, and immediately, rush, rush—in a torrent came the rain again; and so it almost always is, even when the day or night looks the finest, you never can tell what

is coming. Saw the Wesleyan College to-day, a large red-brick building, not handsome. Tremendous torrents of rain all night, coming every now and then against the wall of my room, more like a wave of the sea striking it than any rain I ever heard before; the crazy windows shook and rattled as if they would be blown in; and should they ever be so, I should think the old roof would fly off with the sudden ingress of the wind. Our landlord is very properly particular; he has this morning turned out two of the late arrivals ("requested them to leave," he says) because they were uncouth and noisy, and drank too much champagne. I begin to fear I shall see nothing of the neighbourhood of Auckland at all, so relentless is the rain and mud; it is useless making any plans or arrangements for the purpose, unless the weather becomes a little settled, or rather a little *un*settled from its present mood. Another and another day—stupid work, indeed! The same wet, weary tale, over and over again; rainy, blowy nights, and ditto, ditto days; the only variety being that it has become very cold, and would have been quite pleasant for walking, had one been able to get out. My thermometer as low as 49°. I have been glad to sit with my cloak on at the open window (when the rain did not drive in), and get all the air I could, as I could have no exercise. People told me that when the weather became cold it would be dry, but no such thing; it is as wet as ever. They call this (May) the first month of winter here.

Sunday.—Showery, but able to get to St. Paul's church, being almost as near to it here as I was before. Encountered the same shrieking clergyman as on two Sundays ago; his sermon really a very good one, and I wished I could have heard it delivered more pleasantly, or had it to read by myself, for his voice and manner of delivery are positively so painful to one's ears, that it is quite a relief when he stops. This gentleman, they say, is not the usual clergyman here, and no one I have asked knows his name; the regular clergyman is away,

I suppose, at the General Synod (at Christchurch); but the people I have to do with seem to know wonderfully little of any church matters—none of them knew that Bishop Selwyn and Bishop Pattison were absent at all; both of them, I am told, often preach at this church, so that I am peculiarly unfortunate to have missed them both at Christchurch (whither they are gone) and here. I wonder why the clergymen here omit the Princess of Wales from the Litany. It may be only a careless oversight, but they also, in the introduced prayer for the "Governor and Superintendents of these Colonies" (as we have it in Canterbury, and elsewhere), leave out the superintendents, and pray only for the Governor.

They appear to have the Holy Communion only once a month; they have the offertory every Sunday, but do not announce for what purpose it is, or affix any notice respecting it on the doors (as we do). The collection is made in massive-looking gilded and embossed plates, forming a rather curious contrast with the many *coppers* which are placed in it.

The marriage banns are published not after the second lesson, but after the Communion Service, and from the altar. The soldiers all marched past our house this morning to church, at nine o'clock. They have no band at all here, though there are parts of five or six regiments in the town (and ten whole regiments in the province); one of these regiments (the 68th) has two bands belonging to it, and yet neither of them is here. The cheerful sounds of a military band disturbed the deadly dullness of the place too much, I suppose; for there used to be one, and they used to play going to church and returning; also every evening in the Domain, and often in the square of the barracks, but they have been now sent elsewhere. Some of the officers boarding in the house are proposing to try and get up a set of monthly balls for the winter, but are much puzzled what to do for music, for it seems there is not even a town band, neither have the volunteers nor militia one, so that they are much worse off in this respect (as in

many others) than we Canterburians are, for (even without any military) we have many bands, and extremely good ones too; I don't think they have even any assembly-rooms or town-hall to give their balls in.

The pleasantest five minutes of weather that I have seen since I came here was during my walk home from church this morning; it was so delightful that I felt inclined to go further. Luckily, however, I did not do so, for I had scarcely reached my room before I had to rush and shut the window, to keep out a pelting shower that came driving furiously in; and there were all the folks being drenched in their Sunday clothes in all directions. In about ten minutes it was over, and the sun shining; but I saw another black cloud rising in the south-west, and soon down came another shower, and so on all day since; no sooner has one passed away, than another may be seen rising. The rainbows here are very remarkable; on these showery days there is often a constant succession of them from sunrise till noon. By watching my opportunity just after a shower, and before the next came up, I managed to get to evening church, where I found my friend of the town-crier voice again. I had not imagined that human lungs could go through such an exertion twice in one day, and concluded there would be some one to relieve him to-night. The fatigue was evidently too much for him; the shriek was not so piercing as in the morning, and he had frequently to stop, as if there were some obstacle in his throat. It was a good sermon again; the Princess of Wales is omitted in the evening prayer also; the church is disgracefully ill lighted. This was the first time I had been out after dark, and was surprised to find that the streets are not lighted; at least there is but one solitary lamp at one corner at the top of the street, which, of course, was totally useless at the bottom, or even within a very short distance of its glimmer, which, in the muddy, slippery state of the hill, was not a pleasant or safe arrangement. Most of the people had lanterns, which seems rather an absurd ne-

cessity in the middle of a large town. I understand that the streets throughout the town are unlighted, save by the reflection from the shop-windows, and are consequently left in darkness on Sunday evenings.*

28*th*.—Oh, be joyful! The steamer is in, and my berth actually secured. Soon after breakfast, Captain F—— appeared to tell me that the "Rangitoto," a new iron steamer, had arrived, and would go direct to Sydney, with the mails, on the first of next month. In spite of rain and mud, I hurried on my things, and went down at once with him to the wharf to secure the best berth I could—a feat I could not possibly have performed alone; but I held tightly on to his arm, and he managed to keep me firmly up. A very good wharf, very long and very broad, but crowded with carts and horses, whose drivers care for nobody. We steered safely through, however, between all the great muddy wheels, and on board the "Rangitoto." A fine large vessel, high out of the water, towering above all others in its neighbourhood, long and narrow, and very neat-looking in its make and finishings; ladies' cabin small, but only three berths in it, which is so far pleasant; no ladies' saloon.

We had to stay a considerable time below, in consequence of the extreme heaviness of the rain; then, after transacting some necessary business with the bank and shipping agent, we finally climbed the hill again in safety. A nice state of wet and mud I found myself in on my return home, the bottom of my dress and my boots completely cased in thick masses of mud. There is not the smallest attempt made to clean the streets, or even to sweep crossings anywhere; you have to flounder through everything, and wade on ankle deep in sheer desperation. It is useless casting your eyes about in the hope of finding any one spot less deep in mire than another: all are alike; through it you must go, and the less you stop to think about it the better.

* Since my visit to Auckland, I believe gas has come into full use in the town.

This town, though, with the exception of Wellington, the oldest in New Zealand, considered to be the capital, the greatest military station, and, until the last few months, the seat of government (and still the chief residence of the Governor), with a population of about 17,000 souls,* is comparatively the least advanced of all the towns in this colony; and until the war and the great influx of military, with the immense expenditure consequent thereupon, was very much more behindhand than it now is. It was, in fact, they say, almost in a state of bankruptcy before the war broke out, and it may go hard with it again when the troops are all removed; the chief resources will then be the coal-mines now being worked in the neighbourhood, producing, it is said, very good coal, and the Coromandel coast gold-fields. It would be a pity that it should not go on redeeming lost time, now that it *has* taken a start. A far better class of buildings is now rising, new streets are being made, and the ground dug away, so as to avoid the extreme steepness of the old ones. A building is being commenced in Shortland Street, which is to comprise a theatre, an arcade, and a large room above for assemblies, etc., there being no town-hall or large rooms anywhere at present. I saw one shop nearly finished, which promised to be a very grand affair, with a gallery all round the inside, exhibition fashion; I believe it was to be a haberdasher's.

I have heard it observed more than once by the people I have met here, that the first settlers seemed to have lived only for themselves, and never thinking of those who were to come after; nothing was done for embellishment or improvement, no fruit or other trees planted, and so it would certainly appear. The place is wonderfully unadorned, untidy, and scrambling looking; scarcely any trees, excepting those planted by nature in the Domain. Situated as the town is, it ought to be beautiful, had any taste at all been exercised in its

* The province of Auckland contains about 78,000, of whom nearly 24,000 are said to be Maories.

arrangement. Vegetables and fruits are very scarce; a curious fact in a climate where all things would flourish in such abundance and luxuriance, if they could only get the chance given them.*

24*th of May*.—The Queen's birthday. A man-of-war in the harbour fired some cannon, and the soldiers in the barrack-yard fired four volleys of musketry, and that was all. The latter, I believe, was called "a review," and General Cameron and his staff were to have been present, but the rain came, and they stayed at home. There was no other celebration of the day; the governor gave neither levée nor ball. I suppose the people of Auckland are not less loyal than those of Canterbury (where we make a general holiday and grand gala day of it), but only more dull and stupid. I never thought I could have grown so tired of looking at really beautiful rainbows. As soon as the sun is up in the morning, and any break occurs in the showers, there is the bow. I have daily opportunities of remarking the truth of the old verse, "A rainbow in the morning," etc.

25*th*.—By this day next week I shall probably have lost sight of New Zealand; a thought which, in itself, I can scarcely bear to dwell upon; yet there is no small satisfaction in feeling that I shall get away from this part of it. It cleared up sufficiently this afternoon to enable me to get out, and walk up and down a little before Government House, where there is a good foot-path, and not far from this. It is a large, handsome-looking white building, composed of a centre and two wings, all of wood (though the centre part is made to look like stone), and extensive grounds round it. There are very few large private houses, the only striking-looking one is near Government House, and is, I believe, *really* of white stone. It belongs to a Jew tradesman of the town, who built and inhabits it. There was

* The soil is said in some parts not to be favourable for the cultivation of vegetables; a very little trouble, however, would make it so.

a rainbow this *evening;* we shall see now whether the second line of the verse proves as true as the first, "A rainbow at night," etc.

26*th.*—Yes, the rainbow last evening was pretty right, for though there was much rain in the night, here is a really fine morning at last. Took a very long walk, and found the roads drying up quickly, excepting in the town, where the principal and *most fashionable* street still remains in a disgusting state of mud. I heard it remarked that nature does all she can to dry the place, but the people, instead of helping her, do all they can to thwart her, by leaving accumulations of dirt and rubbish, and by every other means of omission and commission, as if they really preferred a state of nastiness to one of cleanliness. No words can tell the barbarous state of the footways (paths they cannot be called) where pavements have not yet been adopted.

The road that I took to-day was the same that I came from Onehunga. I had there seen, in the outskirts of the town, some extensive cemeteries which I had intended to visit, and I now seized this first opportunity of a fine day for the purpose, but cannot say they repaid the inspection. Oh, so different from our beautiful little cemetery at Christchurch! If such things *can* make any difference to one's feelings at the last moment, one might certainly shudder at the idea of being laid in the damp, dark, unwholesome-looking place I saw to-day. The English cemetery is on the side of a hill, and the Roman Catholic cemetery on the top of the same hill. The high road runs between them, and there is but a low hedge of loose stones between the dead, and the busy noisy thoroughfare of public traffic. The English part lies on the left hand; it has no walks or plantations, no flowers or shrubs (that I could see), on or around any of the graves. The stones, for the most part plain as plain could be, with wooden palings round them, and very close together. I saw but very few with neat iron railings (one very fanciful); the best I observed were those of officers or

their wives, recently buried there. It is of very great extent, and the greater part of it very much crowded. I was surprised to see no chapel there. The Roman Catholic division was much in the same style, with very little attempt at taste or ornament; but it has the advantage in point of situation, being higher, drier, and more cheerful-looking than the English side, not so much overgrown with the rank weeds, heath, and fern that give so wretched and forlorn a look to the other one. It is also more extensive, and the graves not so closely packed together. I saw no chapel here either, but a large, roughly-made, white wooden cross stands high, surmounting everything else.

One glittering memorial catches the eye from afar in this cemetery; when I got close to it, I found the inscription was in black letters on a gold ground, behind a glass, exactly as the names on shops are sometimes done. It was placed on a *wooden* stone (if one may use the term), surrounded by flat wooden balustrades, painted to imitate veined marble; a more trumpery or pretentious thing than this bright and obtrusive memorial could hardly be imagined. I read here, too, several of the old doggrel verses that belong to days quite gone by, though these bore dates of only a year or two back. One of them was the well-known—

> "Farewell my wife and children dear,
> I am not dead, but sleepeth here;
> My debt is paid, my grave you see—
> Reader, prepare to follow me."

Next to the Roman Catholic, comes the Jews' burying-ground, but I did not go into that. I could see that it was in the same style, and as bad or worse than the others. The stones (if there were any) hidden by high thick gorse and heath. In one inclosure here, however, I saw one solitary little cypress tree, the only sign of affectionate attention that was visible anywhere; not one single monument (properly to be so called) in any of the three.

27*th.*—I have really done something to-day—per-

formed quite a feat! The day was fine, and I determined to make an attempt to reach the top of Mount Eden, a performance which most people accomplish once when they first come to the place. It is a mile to the foot of the hill, and another mile up it, so we had at least a four miles' walk to do. The ascent of the mount was something terrific for steepness, better adapted, I should say, for a goat than for a human being. I found, however, that my friend who conducted me was taking me by the steepest and shortest way, because *he*, as he said, always found it the quickest when he went pheasant-shooting up there. I should think any one preferring such a mode of ascent would make a good chamois hunter. As I looked up and up before me, and saw the height we had to go without any path, and almost as perpendicular as the side of a house, I kept exclaiming incredulously—

"You don't mean to say you expect me to go up there!"

"Oh, yes," was the cheerful answer, "only hold tight on my arm;" or (going on sideways before me), "Just take my hand, hold fast, and put your feet exactly, step for step, where I take mine up."

And so, by main force, strength of arm, and firmness of footing, he got me up. The top is a flat plateau, covered with short green grass and a very minutely-leaved clover, very smooth and pleasant to walk on. From this we looked down into the crater, no very great depth. It is said by those who have gone down, to have a hollow sound beneath, and evidently to be hollow under the surface. I had no desire to attempt this descent, as there was no path, and nothing to be seen more than from where we stood. It is composed of rock, with fern and grass growing over most parts of it. A few sheep were feeding half-way down.

The view around is very extensive, and quite uninterrupted. We saw right across the island from sea to sea, and then to far-distant mountains beyond these

bays. There was the great Rangitoto* Mountain, with its three peaks, and many others; and the two rivers, the Thames and the Waitamata (a curious medley of English and Maori names). Various small towns are to be seen scattered about, and many pretty-looking small country houses, innumerable green fields, and much uncultivated land, covered with fern, etc. The sea on both sides of the island runs in so far in one part that the two inlets nearly meet, there being only about three-quarters of a mile of land between them. It seems a pity that they could not be made to join by means of a canal, for at present a ship, to get from one side to the other, would have to go about 600 miles round. Probably, unless some great engineering difficulties stand in the way, this will in time be done. The view from Mount Eden, though a fine one, cannot be said to command any beautiful scenery; there is a bare look about it all, and a want of wood. There are several Maori rifle-pits about the upper parts of this mountain, dug by the rebels during the present war, and deep enough to protect the whole of their bodies, so that they could take secure and deadly aim at any one coming up, without being seen themselves. Some of these pits were large enough to hold a good number of men. I should have judged from the appearance of many of them that they had been formed much longer, but this is what I was told. It was well that we had taken the shortest way up, as the afternoon mists rise early, and would have obscured the full and extensive view that we now had but just time to enjoy. We descended by a much easier, though longer route, consisting of a series of smooth, grassy terraces, with only little zig-zag, steep, stony bits down from one to the other. The soil, wherever there is any, appears to be very rich, but the

* Rangitoto is a Maori word, meaning prodigy of prodigies, or an emphatic mode of expressing a *very great* prodigy.

There is, I believe, a much larger and higher mountain of the same name, considerably further south, and about seventy miles inland, the top of which is covered with perpetual snows.

greater part is solid rough scoria. Numbers of men, horses, and carts are employed in blasting and carrying away this stone, which is used for building, road-making, etc., and the ashes, or more burnt parts of the scoria, are used for footpaths; the stone is said to be too hard to be worked into shape, or well-squared blocks, and therefore it is always used in rough, unshaped masses in building, and the interstices filled in with smaller bits, and yet it has a very porous appearance, being full of small holes.

The soil is thickly inlaid in many parts with small shells, which we supposed to have been cast up from the sea by the volcanic action by which the mountain itself was produced, and, in fact, all New Zealand. I took some specimens of these shells down with me as curiosities. On my mentioning this at dinner-time this evening, I was not a little disgusted at finding the general opinion to be that they had been taken up there in ancient times by the natives, who lived principally, as it is supposed, on shell-fish. At first I thought of throwing away my shells as impostors, but upon reflection, I don't believe this version of the matter, for it is not likely the natives would have selected the top of that bleak, unsheltered hill to live upon, or that they would have taken the trouble to carry the shell-fish there to eat instead of eating them down below, neither would they have selected all small ones like these; besides, it would have taken many centuries to imbed them under soil so deep as in many places they are; for in parts where the earth has broken away, leaving a piece of perpendicular side exposed to view, these little shells are to be seen.

The mountain has a curious appearance from a distance, the upper part rising so abruptly that it looks like a steep flat-topped hill on the top of another and larger hill. I may here remark, that the native grass of this part of New Zealand is far superior to that of the south. It is more like English grass, short, fine, and beautifully green, looking like a lawn. The moisture of

the climate is the cause of this, and not the soil, which is naturally poor for the most part, and cannot be formed into gardens without preparation and manuring. I am told there are very few good private gardens, and no nursery gardens worth mentioning. It is a pity, with so favourable a climate, that they do not set about improving the soil for these purposes.

28*th.*—My last Sunday in New Zealand. Though the morning looked threatening, I determined to venture to the more distant church of St. Matthew, and was well repaid. The service was most impressively read by an elderly, benevolent-looking man, with a rich, earnest voice. His sermon was eloquent, and delivered with great spirit and zeal; it was, I must suppose, adapted to this place, though it would have been most unsuited to that I came from, and have been so long used to; it was on the necessity of an appointed ministry.

He stated that there were great numbers of people who did not recognize the necessity of either church or priest; that "in this Christian city many had large grown-up families unbaptized; that thousands never received Holy Communion;" and "they maintained that the Sacraments were non-essentials of our religion." It must be a queer community, indeed, if these things be so, and a fine field for the labours of such a man as he appears to be. This church is not nearly as large as St. Paul's, but much better filled. No organ, but a good harmonium, and excellent performer, with an exceedingly well-taught amateur choir. The building is lined with plain wood, and two rows of wooden octagonal columns support the sky-blue roof; it is in the form of a cross. Having been so well pleased in the morning, I determined to go to St. Matthew's again in the evening, hoping to hear the same clergyman again; but no, to my still greater pleasure and delight, I beheld Bishop Pattison,* actually returned from Christchurch in time for me to hear him. His discourse was of a very high-class order, and rather abstruse. I was much

* Missionary bishop of the Milanesian Islands.

interested in it, but it was unusually long for a sermon, and was evidently too much for the gentleman who sat next to me, who fidgeted about to such an annoying degree as to make me almost wish it at an end, in order that this wretched being might be released. The text was, "The body is of Christ" (Col. ii. 17). The argument was intended to prove that the existence of evil in the world, and the power of Satan, are not inconsistent with the doctrine of the unity and omnipresence of God. It was very late before the service concluded; the psalms were extremely well chanted, and were those so peculiarly well suited for music, of the twenty-eighth evening. A long voluntary was played during the collection, and then the beautiful hymn, "Oft in danger, oft in woe," the harmonium leaving the voices to go on alone, which they did in perfect harmony and accuracy, till the last verse, "Hymns of glory and of praise," when in came the instrument again with a grand burst, making a most inspiring effect. The church was very crowded, and pretty well lighted with kerosine lamps, excepting at the altar, which had but one small, low table-lamp placed upon it. (They did not leave out the Princess of Wales at this church.)

It was a long, dark walk there and back through the town, which was totally dark, save where the public-house lamps shone forth. I took the precaution of keeping close behind other people, so that when they sunk in a quagmire, or tumbled over some great stone (where buildings were going on), I could take warning by their fate, and save myself. I forfeited my tea by my lateness, but it was well lost for such a treat as I had had.

Monday.—Looking much like rain, but I ventured forth to explore the Domain. Some of the walks are rather steep, others nearly level; some parts are thick, wild-looking wood, others thinned out and park-like; some, again, with plants and shrubs, like pleasure-grounds. There is a deep ravine (*gully* is the New Zealand term), thickly wooded, and with a stream of

water flowing along its rocky bottom, with occasionally small waterfalls; the water is thick and muddy, but the sound of it is very pleasant. In another part is a serpentine piece of water, with black swans (with their bright red beaks) sailing majestically upon it, and walks, prettily planted, round it, the effect is much marred by the muddiness of the water, which appears to be supplied by the drainage of the land; the overflow from it forms the stream and waterfalls before mentioned. There was a herd of the graceful alpacas grazing here. It is altogether a very pleasant lounge, and must be especially so in hot weather; there are many walks where neither sun nor wind can penetrate, and these are now consequently damp and muddy, but, on a dry summer's day must be delightful. There are plenty of pheasants preserved here, I started some in the course of my walk.

Tuesday.—Another dull, threatening day, but I went out and took rather a longer walk than I had intended; not knowing at all where I was going. I went first towards Parnell, but turning to the left, up the hill and round Mechanic's Bay, came upon a little, low, shabby, unpainted wooden building, which is an English church belonging to Parnell, then on, and down a long flight of about 120 roughly-formed earthen and wooden steps, to a kind of terrace on the beach, and another bay, called St. George's Bay; then came to a queer, uncouth stile, and steps down, and found myself in a Maori encampment of men, women, and children, in tents on the beach, with their canoes moored close at hand; crossed a little plank bridge over a muddy stream, up a wild, picturesque road, and, coming to where three hill roads met, chose that to the left, up a long flight of steps (made like the former ones), and along a steep road, from whence I saw Parnell behind me, and to the right at some distance, so went on until I found a road leading round in that direction. There seemed now to be a bay on each side of the land, and at length I entered Parnell at the further end, and

walked right through the town. There are two churches here very much alike, both with steeples and crosses; one of them is Roman Catholic, the other English (called St. Mary's), and I was agreeably surprised to find we had so ecclesiastical and orthodox-looking a building in the place. There is a third building, also with a steeple, having the appearance of another church, only that the steeple stood aloof from the rest of the edifice, with a kind of frightened look, as though it knew not why it was there. This, I was told, was to be Bishop Selwyn's library. The steeple is placed on a round building (something like the house under a windmill), and this part, I suppose, must be the library (there is to be a peal of bells in the steeple); the church-like edifice adjoining, and connected with it apparently by a low covered way, is, they say, to be the bishop's private residence, but is not yet quite finished; he now resides generally, when in this part of his diocese, at a place called Brighton, situated at the extreme end of Parnell. I must have walked nearly six miles, I should think, and, excepting the Maories, I only met one person in the whole distance until I got into Parnell. There was much excitement here to day, in consequence of William Thompson* (Wirimu Janihama), the great Maori rebel chief, having "come in," and announced his intention of taking the oath of allegiance to our Queen; good news this, as his example may do much in influencing others. The Governor was just starting for his favourite retreat, the Kawau Island, when this intelligence arrived and stopped him. The Kawau Island is Sir George Grey's own private property; he has built a house there, and keeps a number of curious animals on the place;† it is

* News has lately reached England of the death of this celebrated chief in December last, 1866.

† The Governor is fond of making zoological collections, and has various rare animals, I am told, in the grounds of the Government House; several emus may always be seen walking about there, but I saw none so large as our specimen in Hagley Park, Christchurch, which I hear, however, has since been killed by a dog.

supposed to be his intention to settle permanently there when his term of government is at an end. The Kawau is about thirty miles off; it was there that the Governor had the Maori prisoners of war put, upon their promise merely, not to escape, which of course they did as soon as possible, and have enjoyed their freedom, and their laugh at the Pakehas ever since. The Maories of the North Island appear to be generally of a superior race to those elsewhere; many of the men are of a taller and more robust make than any I have seen before, some of them very intelligent-looking, and would be handsome but for the disfigurement of the tattooing. I was surprised to see this custom still so much in use here, with young as well as old, for in the Middle Island it is almost discontinued; you scarcely ever see the younger men or women tattooed there. In this muddy town the Maories certainly show themselves to be the most sensible people here, for even those who dress in every other respect in complete European costume (and many of the men are quite dandies) very generally go without shoes or stockings; this is not, however, an universal custom, for some of the men have grand hessian, or top boots. The women very seldom have any covering on their feet, though many wear crinolines, and dress very stylishly.

Wednesday, 31*st*.—My last day here, and I intended to have taken a trip to what they call the North shore (*i.e.*, the other side of the harbour), but there is an end now to all excursions or walks, for the rain is making up for the mistake of a few dry days, and redeeming lost time by a furious down-pour, which began in the night, and has continued unceasingly all day long, the atmosphere feeling like a steaming blanket, and looking as if everything was behind thick gauze, or a cloud; it is one of those unhealthy feeling days so common here, which seem to loosen all one's joints, and incapacitate one for all exertion.

The thermometer at sunrise this morning was 20° higher than on the two or three last mornings,

when the weather was fine; it was then as low as 45°, and this morning it was at 65°. When I first found I was to remain so long here, I regretted not having brought letters of introduction to several persons whom I might have known in the neighbourhood; but as the weather has turned out, they would have been useless, I could scarcely have called on any one, or any one on me.

I am disappointed at not having seen St. John's College. I believe it is nothing as a building, but as associated with the Bishop and the Milanesian Mission it would have been interesting to me; it is seven miles out of the town.

And now I must wind up with Auckland, and take my leave of it. To-morrow night by this hour, I hope I shall be far out at sea on my way to Sydney.

I think one of the deficiencies that has struck me most in this place is the want of public buildings, and the wonderful shabbiness of those there are. The Government House is the only good-looking one, and even that is but of wood. The government buildings, where the General Assembly has hitherto met until the last year (when the seat of Government was removed to Wellington)—the Parliament House of New Zealand, looks more like an over-grown cottage, or almshouse, than anything else I can compare it to; and when one thinks of the elaborate and costly mass of building we have in Christchurch (so many years younger), and the beautiful and truly elegant edifice at Nelson for government purposes, it does seem marvellous and disgraceful for the so-called capital of New Zealand, and the oldest province, to have such a concern as this.

The other day I caught sight of a telegraph wire. "There," I observed, "is a mark of improvement, approaching to the southern provinces."

"No, it has only been erected since the war, for communication with the camps at Drury, and somewhere beyond. There is the cutting for a railway begun, also to connect the camp at Drury with Auckland town."

"But peace is expected soon, and the regiments are ordered home."

"Yes, but there are some coal-mines in the neighbourhood of Drury, which they hope to work, and they will, if they can afford it, go on with the railway on that account, in the hope of its paying."

I omitted to mention that yesterday, before I set out upon my long walk, I went on to the Wynyard Pier. It was the first time I had been able to get there, owing to the depth of mud there had been in the street leading to it. From thence I saw that a breakwater was being constructed of scoria. I find it is to form a kind of harbour in this bay, and that it is proposed to make a road from it right across the bay to Parnell, thus avoiding all the up and down-hill road, which is the only one at present. This will, indeed, be a great work, if they can carry it out.

I wonder how long this poor, wretched house, in which I now write, will stand? I should think it *must* fall to pieces very soon. Nothing can be done for it; the first few blows of a carpenter's hammer would infallibly knock it down; and this is now the only respectable boarding-house in Auckland; and not one good hotel! Farewell, then, to it and to the mosquitoes which are still swarming in my room (though I have effectually kept them off since I became aware of them). Farewell to Auckland!

CHAPTER VI.

VOYAGE—SYDNEY—VOYAGE TO HOBSON'S BAY.

JUNE 1ST.—Fairly off in the "Rangitoto," having started punctually at noon from the wharf. The weather kept up its character to the last. There was the ominous morning rainbow, the frequent heavy showers, and the deep, deep mud; but once away, and the climate seemed to change. We left all the rain behind us, and it now became so cold that I was glad to put on my whole stock of cloaks and shawls, and walk fast up and down the deck to keep myself as warm as I could. Every one else was either down below, or doing the same as myself; but all were strangers to me, and I was the only companionless one. I was glad to find, however, that my old acquaintance, Captain Randall,* had the command of the ship. The stewardess also was the same that was on board the "Lord Ashley" when I returned from Dunedin, and seemed pleased to recognize and welcome me on board.

In looking my last at Auckland, I must do it the justice to say that parts of it look well from the sea. The spire of St. Paul's Church stands forth with good effect. The office of the "New Zealander" newspaper is a conspicuous and good-looking building, with a little tower or observatory on the top. The convent, too, looks well; and Parnell, with its three steeples,

* This gentleman, I regret to hear, is since dead.

looks very pretty. I could see nothing more to remark on. Speed away, therefore, and adieu for ever!

This is a fine vessel, very fast; and having at first a fair wind, we set sail, and seemed to cleave the water at a wonderful rate. We must have looked very pretty from the shore, if any one was looking at us; but we soon lost sight of all habited land, except the Kawau Island; the side we passed was very pretty, richly-wooded high land, and undulating pastures intermingled. It is about 3000 acres (as I was told) in extent, and the Governor has apparently chosen well in purchasing this island for himself. His residence is on the other side of it.

The large war steamer, "The Eclipse," started at about the same time that we did, and went to the island, either taking the Governor there or fetching him thence, we knew not which, for he is always going to and fro, and few seem to know whether he is here or in Auckland, for there is no flag (nor even a flagstaff) nor any other sign, to denote his presence at Government House when he is there.

We passed, late this evening, a high, perpendicular rock, rising abruptly and quite alone from the sea, overhanging at the top on one side, a wild, perfectly barren spot, and remarkable at a distance as having precisely the appearance of a huge ship. It is called the "Sail Rock." We soon after passed a number of other rocks, called the "Hen and Chickens." There are peculiarly-shaped rocks at the mouths of some of the rivers, and at the entrances of the bays of Auckland. They are perfectly flat at the tops, and appear like truncated cones. One of these at the mouth of the Waitamata has a high tree, or clumps of trees, in the centre of its flat table-like top, which has a curious effect; it is called the "Sentinel." We have been averaging eleven and a half knots to-day. I have just learnt for the first time that a knot means more than a mile. Captain Randall tells me that a nautical mile (or knot) is a sixth part longer

than a land mile, so that we have been doing nearly thirteen miles an hour throughout the day.

2nd.—A rough, stormy night, with thunder and lightning, and strong head wind; made pretty good way notwithstanding, but were not fairly round the North Cape until the afternoon. (The latitude of the North Cape of New Zealand is the same as that of Sydney.) Past more sail-shaped rocks in the distance, and before sunset came in sight of the Three King's Islands, being one large, and two smaller rocky islands, barren and uninhabited. We were rather alarmed in the night by the engine stopping, and the ship coming to a dead stand for about an hour. No one came to tell us what had happened, and the stewardess being herself ill, and so unable to attend to others, had taken herself off to sleep elsewhere. The smell of the fresh green paint in our cabin is very disagreeable, and has added to the usual amount of illness. Found on inquiry in the morning, that the stoppage was in consequence of the "bearings" becoming heated; and they had to be left to cool before work could be resumed.

Another rough night and a terrible swell; the ship, it seems, wants ballast, and from being too high out of the water the screw is frequently useless, and expending all its power without resistance, shakes the vessel every time, and its unfortunate inmates, as though it would shake us all into splinters and jelly. There is no other lady up but myself. They are two married ladies (without their husbands), and one has been in India, China, and Japan, she has now been visiting her friends in New Zealand, and is on her way to China again. Another stoppage of the engine to-day for half an hour. The captain says we shall not be in before the 7th—rather a disappointment; for as this steamer made the voyage from Sydney to Auckland in five and a half days, we had hoped she might be equally quick in going this way; but the wind is dead against us now, and this tremendous swell renders the screw so much less effective. The captain also says she wants cleaning outside;

she seems, indeed, to need many improvements. The water is bad, owing to the tanks not being enamelled inside as is usual. An improved kind of screw, too, has to be put before she sails again, one invented by a man at Sydney, and which, being a patent, could not be had in England, where she was built. There is in the steward's compartment a very neat and ingenious machine for condensing the steam, and thus producing a constant supply of distilled hot water at every hour of the day and night.

Whit-Sunday.—We have come 224 knots between noon yesterday and noon to-day, by the patent log, which machine I have not seen used on any ship before. It is a kind of brass tube, with four wings, or blades, round the lower part of it, which, by some ingenious mechanism, mark the number required. Quantities of albatrosses and petrels about. While sitting alone at the stern to-day, I observed a very pretty effect in a constant succession of ever-changing rainbows, caused by the spray and sunshine, not in the bow form, however, but lying along on the surface as it were; whenever the ship pitches, the screw, as before mentioned, rises out of the water, and as it plunges in again, the spray, dashing up to a great height, produces a beautiful prismatic appearance; I had it all to myself, for there was no one to enjoy it with me. The smoke is more disagreeable in this ship than I ever experienced before; this is another defect; the chimney is too low, and very wide, so that the thick volume of black smoke in this head-wind often blows straight down, spreading all over the deck, obscuring sea, sky, everything and everybody, and suffocating one with its very dirty and unsweet odour (the chimney is to be raised, they say, before another voyage). The engine, too, thumps far more than I ever felt one before; at night it is almost intolerable. Being so close to the ladies' cabin, it seems to be thumping just against one's head; I wonder what would become of a person with a bad headache under such an infliction. I can quite understand now what I had before

heard of illnesses, and even deaths, caused by this passage, short as it is. These winds, it seems, generally prevail about here, making the voyage to Sydney longer and rougher than from thence to New Zealand. It is 1280 miles from Auckland to Sydney; we have done rather more to-day than we did yesterday.

5th.—Rather amusing to see the gentlemen trying to steady themselves to play quoits, with very little success; they soon had to give it up, and fall back upon their usual amusement of betting about the time of our probable arrival. Several squalls as the day wore on; much lightning, and every appearance of a very ugly night.

6th.—Blowing a gale all night, ship pitching and rolling tremendously, though not nearly so much, they say, as a less long vessel would do. I don't mind *these* motions at all, but, oh, the dreadful screw! Every half minute out of the water, shaking one as some ferocious beast of prey shakes its victim in its jaws before tearing it to pieces. If from exhaustion I dozed off for a few seconds, there came a wrench and the furious shake instantly to mock the attempt. This very great fault (being from insufficient ballast) of course increases daily and hourly, as the ship becomes lighter from the consumption of the coal (to the amount of about twenty tons a day), and is, I am told, a great strain and very injurious both to the vessel and the engine; indeed, it is quite evident it must be so, for every time it happens, the engine whirls on like a mad thing, the thumps, instead of going on with the proper measured beat, hurrying on with a rapidity and confusion as if pandemonium had broken loose. It was no easy task getting dressed this morning; to stand was impossible; the berths do not allow of your sitting up in them, and my box (the only seat) made nothing of flying across the little space of floor, with me on it, and coming bang up against the opposite berth; however, having managed it somehow at last, I climbed, and swung, and scrambled up the stairs to the deck. There was a grand sight indeed! Mountains of waves, with their foaming

tops, and our ship certainly riding most gallantly and gracefully over, and down into the deep valleys of water, and up again on the next mountain, and at the same time very low down on one side. I could not help thinking of all the pictures of sea-storms and shipwrecks I had ever seen, and it was as grand as any imagination could paint, but fearfully cold. The gale continued nearly as bad all day, the waves dashing continually all over the deck. Two men were at the wheel all day and night, and hard work they had to hold on. While we were down in the saloon at dinner, a wave knocked both these men down, and nearly overboard; the same wave deluged one end of the saloon, coming down through one of the skylights in a fearful cascade. The wheel, I should mention, is made on some modern improved principle, not working with a chain, but by a screw, supposed not to make the noise of the old plan, but it seemed to me that it did, nevertheless, make as much noise as it could; they say, however, that this is the fault of the propelling screw jerking it so much.

Towards evening the weather moderated, and the captain, purser, and some of the gentlemen passengers gave a farewell concert in the saloon for the entertainment of the ladies. We had done but ninety-six knots in the last twenty-four hours, and that not all in the right course. Betting had run high, and one of the gentlemen was said to have lost to a very large amount. A sweepstakes had also been formed, in which the ladies were invited to join. There were twelve tickets corresponding to the twenty-four hours from noon on the 7th to noon on the 8th; the tickets were 10*s.* each, so that the winner would gain £6. I and one of the other ladies agreed to take one between us, but I afterwards gave up my share to the chief engineer, saying laughingly as I did so, that as I was always unlucky in such matters, it would be almost sure to lose if I kept it, and might win if any one else had it. And so it proved, for the number drawn upon that ticket was "between 8 and 9," and at that time in the morning of the 8th we arrived

at Sydney. We had not seen a single vessel of any kind the whole way, till we entered Sydney Harbour, and the captain told me they very rarely did meet any on this passage.

With the first dawn of light most of us were on deck, for we heard that land was in sight, and I was anxious to see what I had heard was one of the (if not the very) finest harbours in the world. The morning was raw and cold, and what was worse, misty, with no visible sunrise, so that all was seen to disadvantage. There can be no doubt, however, that this is a beautiful harbour, and the view of the city on approaching, very fine, leaving evidence all around of wealth, solidity, and prosperity, such as I had not seen any approach to since I left England, twelve and a-half years ago. We passed on too quickly for satisfactory observation of one half the places or things I saw. Among others, there was the soldiers' quarters, being a stone fort or barrack, with a row of little dwelling-houses; the whole thing being built out in the sea, and quite unconnected with the land. Then there was the Government House, which ought to be called a palace, and many handsome churches; the Domain and Botanical Gardens, and gentlemen's country-houses, with well laid-out grounds in the outskirts of the city.

On landing, I drove to a boarding-house that had been recommended to me, a fine, good-sized house, with very lofty and large rooms; but a single woman travelling alone, gets treated no better than a bachelor, and is stowed away anywhere in the smallest and worst apartments; I had therefore but a shabby little room allotted to me, with three rickety chairs, all of different makes, and no two things to match anywhere. I had scarcely arrived when it began to rain. I nevertheless went out and inquired my way to the post-office to ask for letters, and respecting the address of some Canterbury friends that I had hoped to find here. I was disappointed, however, they having left the place; and thus I found myself alone, without one acquaintance in

or around this great town. I got very wet. It seems I am travelling too late in the season, and in wet weather it is as cold in Sydney as in New Zealand.

I am now sitting in my bed-room, the rain falling without, and everything looking as dreary as possible—my window looks out upon the backs of houses in some other street. If I shut my eyes, I could believe myself to be still on the "Rangitoto," my head spinning, the floor heaving under me, the hoy-hoying of the sailors at the ropes still ringing in my ears, and though the actual thumping and shaking have ceased, yet, mentally, I feel them still.

They say it is nearly always fine here, but the bad weather seems to pursue me from place to place. Here is my second day at Sydney, and here is the rain still. I inquired yesterday of a gentleman whether, if the weather were fine, I could see the place pretty well in a week. He replied, "Oh, yes; and there's no fear of the weather not being fine here." Yet I was scarcely on shore before—down came the rain. Then I was told, "It will only be a shower—sure to clear up directly." Not a bit of it; rain, rain the whole day long, from ten in the morning, onward. Everybody agreed it was a very unusual thing—"did not know when such a thing happened before"—"*quite sure* of a fine day to-morrow." Not a bit better than yesterday. From half-past seven o'clock, when I rose this morning, up to this present time of noon, it has been one incessant straight-down torrent; every one surprised, and says I have brought the rain with me—not much consolation. However, at about three o'clock in the afternoon there were symptoms of some improvement, and one of the lady boarders came to my room, saying that it would probably hold up for about half an hour, and inviting me to go out with her into the town. I gladly agreed, and we were off without loss of time into the principal street (George Street) and some others. I saw many handsome solid-looking stone buildings in the town, and there is the luxury of paved streets and pretty good crossings; so

that there was not much mud, and I enjoyed the run greatly.

They are a cheerful and pleasant set of people in this house; the landlady sits with her guests, and is very lively and good-natured; everything on a liberal scale, too, and terms moderate—not higher than Auckland, though all is better here beyond the possibility of comparison. There was a large party this evening, given by one of the lady residents to her own private friends, while the rest of us enjoyed ourselves in another of the handsome sitting-rooms—some playing cards, others reading or talking. We had some pleasant music, too. I only sat looking on, listening, half dozing occasionally (not having recovered the fatigue and sleeplessness of the voyage) in a comfortable easy-chair by the fireside, and sitting up late simply to enjoy the sociability of the scene, which formed so pleasant a contrast to my long solitariness in Auckland.

10*th*.—I was told, this morning, that I ought not to lose any time in securing my berth, if I wished to proceed by the next mail steamer, as they are often bespoken a month or more beforehand, therefore, rain still continuing most relentlessly, I sent for a cab (there are numerous stands of very nice cabs), and proceeded to the bank, and then to the shipping office. What vexatiously-stupid people they are at the bank I went to in Auckland! I took a bill of exchange from them, drawn on the corresponding bank here, and on going just now to present it for payment, found that they had neglected to send on my signature, and consequently the people here would not pay it until some one identified me to be myself. What was to be done? I know no one here. At last I mentioned the name of a gentleman to whom Captain Randall had introduced me on the morning of our arrival, and who was boarding in the same house as myself; and as he is well known, they said that if he would send a note, saying he believed my signature to be genuine, it would be sufficient. Great nonsense, it seems to me, for how can he tell whether I am the per-

son I represent myself to be, or not? However, that is their affair. Had it been really necessary to pay my passage to-day, in order to secure it, it would have been very annoying, for I have no chance of seeing the gentleman in question before dinner-time this evening. However, I went on to the steamer office, and there found there was no hurry, and no risk in delay, for few people comparatively take the overland route at this time of year, the heat of the Red Sea in June and July being considered dangerous to many. It was to-day that I heard of the loss of one of the New Zealand steamers, formerly alluded to, going the course I had so lately come, between Wellington and Picton; she was seen no more after leaving the former place, and whether lost by storm, fire, explosion, or running on rocks, no one can do more than conjecture. It is very strange and awful; it is but a six hours' passage, and was, perhaps, what I should have called the pleasantest and apparently safest part of the whole transit from the south to the north. There are supposed to have been above thirty passengers on board. How little did they think, when they left Wellington, that, near as the next landing-place was, their graves were yet nearer! It is the first time such a thing has happened there. She was a fine vessel, the "City of Dunedin." She lay alongside of us by the wharf at Nelson, when we were there in the "Airdale"; she was then returning south, and that must have been her last voyage before the one in which she disappeared. Had I delayed my departure for one month longer, as I had once thought of doing, I should have been in her.

A young lady visitor here, who is considered a very fine pianoforte performer, played to us this afternoon—all being kept prisoners by the weather. She played very difficult pieces with much execution, but thumped most stunningly. They were a lively and agreeable party, all ladies, sitting round the table and the fire, at their various employments, chiefly fancy works, and on the table stood a large glass vase, filled with bon-bons,

from which all the ladies helped themselves by handfuls —she who was playing for the amusement of the rest taking hers with her to the piano, and returning every now and then for a fresh stock.

People changed their opinion now about the probability of the weather clearing, and said, that as the rain had continued so long, it would be likely to go on for a month. Hearing this, I became desperate. If that was the case, I said it was of no use waiting for it. To leave, and see nothing of the place, was out of the question. I resolved, therefore, to go out at once, and every day while I stayed, rain or no rain; and out I went forthwith. I was rewarded for my boldness by getting a rather pleasant walk of about an hour and a half, and not very wet, after all. I went first down to the market, where I was amused by seeing the great variety of live commodities; large cages, filled with birds of every description; white cockatoos, screaming with rage at one another, and at the spectators; parrots of all varieties of brilliant plumage, perfect aviaries of small birds in infinite variety, domestic fowls of all sorts, peacocks, pretty fancy rabbits, monkeys, and beautiful little dogs—all in cages. I saw no plants in flower, except camelias, the season being almost past; a great abundance of fruit, such as oranges, mandarins, apples, pineapples, bananas, etc.—all of which grow here, though the apples, I believe, come, for the most part, from America.

The market-place is very extensive, commodious, and well arranged. George Street is said to be two miles long. I went about a mile and a half down it, and then into various other streets. It is a fine town, and one can walk immediately after, or even in, the rain without much mud, for even where the streets are not paved, they are hard and rocky. None of the streets are steep, though many of them have a gentle rise, which carries the wet off; they are never slippery or sticky. The city is built upon a rock. The stone is of a yellowish-white, or shaded yellow, and easy to work;

What is excavated for the foundations of the houses is generally used in building them, and in some unpaved parts you walk on the original and natural layers of stone. This is especially evident on one side of the building used at present for the post-office, which is a very extensive, but only temporary, wooden erection; the handsome one of stone having been found too small for the increased amount of business, another very large and handsome post-office is now being built. The having such abundance of stone close at hand and beneath their feet is a great advantage. I observed, as we approached Sydney by sea, that the cliffs are in form more like those of England than any I have seen on this side of the world; perpendicular and rocky; unlike the generally wooded or grassy hills of the New Zealand shores, sloping down to the water.

11*th*, *Trinity Sunday* (*and St. Barnabas*).—Went with one of my new acquaintances to the temporary cathedral for morning service. This is a rather small wooden structure, used pending the completion of the handsome cathedral begun above twenty years ago, as I am told, and stopped for want of funds, though the roof is on, and it looks outside as if nearly finished. I had the gratification of hearing the Bishop of Sydney preach from Isa. vi. 5—8. I never heard a more able sermon on the subject of the Holy Trinity; the I and Us in the last verse being especially dwelt upon, and various illustrations brought forward. The sermon combined three objects, and was made to apply equally well to all; *i.e.*, to the day itself, to the ordination of a deacon which took place during the service, and to the collection made in aid of the ministry on the Gold Coast; the text was admirably adapted to the three-fold purpose. The delivery of the bishop is impressive, but somewhat too slow to please most people. The sermon, which was extemporary, was given at the close of Morning Prayer, then followed the ordination service, including the Litany and Holy Communion. We fortunately got there (about a quarter of an hour's

walk) without rain, but it came down heavily while we were there, and also as I returned to the house, which I (having stayed to the end) did not reach till past two o'clock when dinner (early on Sundays) was partly over. There is not much to be said of the building (being only *pro tem.*), but still it is sufficiently cathedral-like on a small scale; it is named St. Andrew's. The dean and a deacon read the prayers, both well and impressively, but the reading-desk is oddly placed in about the middle of the church, facing the altar, so that the reader faces no one, his back being turned to one half of the congregation, and the other half turning their backs on him. It has a pretty good organ and choir, but the choristers have no gowns. In the town is a place called Church Hill, on the top of which is a large open space, with three handsome stone churches standing round it, or four to all appearance, one being a Roman Catholic school built church fashion. One is an English church, St. Philip's, a fine imposing-looking building, with a tower and peal of bells; the other two are Roman Catholic and Presbyterian. Lower down in the town is a very plain and ugly red brick church and steeple, called St. James's; this also is an English church, and is, I believe, considered the first in importance, as it no doubt is in date.

Went to the evening service at St. Philip's. Very handsome inside, and lofty; lighted with handsome standard gas lamps. Here I heard a Mr. Riley read and preach; he is much thought of, and I was pronounced lucky to have heard him at St. Philip's, as his church is the cathedral, where I was so fortunate as to hear the bishop in the morning.

Monday.—Went to the bank again to-day. The gentleman whom I had named having kindly written to them to certify that I was myself, and that I had not stolen the bills of exchange, as they had appeared to think possible, they made no more difficulty about paying the money; but their manner generally was impertinent and offensive on my first visit, and the

same to-day, though in a less degree. I had determined, therefore, that they should not make more out of me than I could avoid, and finding that they intended charging one and a half per cent. on drafts (on England), even at sixty days' sight, I proposed taking their notes, which I supposed I could get cashed at any of their branch banks. They said that four or five per cent. would be charged on *them*. Then I said I would take all in sovereigns. They told me I should lose still more, perhaps ten per cent., on them, as Australian gold was not legal tender elsewhere. This I did not quite believe, so replied that I would take my chance for that. A clerk surlily counted out the sovereigns, and shovelled them over to me loose. I demanded a canvas bag, which he very sulkily and hesitatingly produced, saying, "You'd better have taken a draft." "Yes," I said, "and so I should, but I have had enough of drafts after the trouble I have had here with one." So I filled my bag, and sturdily walked off with it. I can't very well take it on in this form, so must get a draft for it elsewhere, but *they* shall not have the profit of it. There is no greater trouble in travelling than the transfer of money; every place has its own coins and notes, which will pass nowhere else, and you are constantly losing on the exchange.

I got very wet to-day, and had to go home and change my things; while I was doing so a lady came to my door, and invited me to go shopping with her, which I did, and as it had then become fine, she lionized me about, and showed me some nice places, and pretty walks, that I had not seen before. We passed a most beautiful and elegant church and spire, the handsomest building of the kind here, where there are so many handsome ones; but no, it is not a church, it is another Presbyterian chapel! Still the Dissenters outdo us, even here, where we have such a church as St. Philip's, they go beyond us in the extreme beauty of this chapel. I regretted much that I could find no photograph or print of this edifice; indeed, photographic views are

unaccountably scarce here; and I have to content myself with prints. I was completely driven out of the drawing-room this morning, by the intolerable thumping of our great pianiste, the echo in these high rooms (they are said to be 18 feet high) is rather distressing when there is much noise going on. One or two of the ladies have rather loud voices, and when they and the five or six young ones, and some of the gentlemen were all talking and laughing together, and the tortured piano heard above the whole, echo and all, the din was enough to drive one crazy. I tried the experiment of reading a bit of my book aloud to myself, and could not hear my own voice, neither did any one else. The young people go on in a strangely-independent way, the girls go about by themselves, where and when they please, and no one seems to think anything of it. Two quite young ladies who are boarding here alone, were joined by two others, equally young, this evening, and all went off to a glee club concert, composed of men only, without chaperon of any kind; they will let themselves in on their return, as late as they please, with a latch key. We have always one or two card-tables of an evening; I sometimes play, but generally prefer reading—the comfortable easy-chairs, and gas chandeliers hung high above one's head, being well adapted for this employment; there is generally also music going on.

Tuesday.—One of the worst days I have had yet here; went out notwithstanding, and found my way to the wharf from which the Melbourne steamers start. Secured my berth for next Saturday, per "Rangitira," which will sail five days before the mail steamer leaves, and this arrangement gives me a little time to see Melbourne, which I am told is an immense city, to which Sydney is but as a village, yet the latter seems to be like a little London. Went to another bank, and settled my money business satisfactorily; could not do much more in such pitiless weather.

Wednesday.—Went to the Domain, and through that

to the Botanical Gardens; the former is just a large park, with handsome trees, carefully railed round to preserve them from damage; it would take long to go all over it, and at present it was very wet in most parts. At the principal entrance within the gates, stands a colossal bronze statue to General Sir R. Bourke, a former governor. The gardens are truly beautiful, but should be visited again and again to be thoroughly appreciated. The trees, plants, and shrubs are magnificent, and many of them very rare. I did so wish I had some one with me who understood them all, or even one who did *not*, but could admire them as I did. One feels such a solitary being wandering about these great places alone. After exploring a good part of these gardens (in spite of many showers), I had but just time to take a short view of the aviaries, and returned home to lunch; after which I again sallied forth with the intention of seeing some of the adjacent country by means of the railroad. My time being now so short, I felt I must set the weather at defiance, so proceeded in the rain down to Pitt Street, where I entered the tramway omnibus, a most commodious vehicle, calculated to carry a good number of passengers comfortably, with space enough to walk up and down the middle if you wished to do so, and high enough to stand upright in; they go very smoothly and rapidly. This tramway runs along the whole length of the street (which is as long, I believe, as George Street, and parallel to it) leading to the railway, where I took a return ticket for Paramatta. I thought it exceedingly dear at seven shillings (the journey occupying only forty-seven minutes) each way; the first-class carriages are nothing to compare in comfort or finish with those in our young settlement of Canterbury, and are much more noisy. There are six or seven stations between Sydney and Paramatta; but nothing very interesting to see on the road, which is cut through a wood tho greater part of the way, and the country flat on both sides. Though this is midwinter, the trees are in full foliage, and owing to the late rains, particularly fresh

and green, many of them putting forth their young shoots as though it were spring. Paramatta appears to be a rather extensive town, but owing to the pitiless pouring down rain, I could only take a pretty good general view of it from the platform of the station; but the whole place was enveloped in mist and mizzle. The train went no further than this; after a time, therefore, I reseated myself in the same carriage and returned. This railway goes as far as a place called Picton, but it was too late in the day to wait for another train. I have lost my kind new acquaintance who escorted me in some of my first walks here. She left by the Newcastle steamer at eleven o'clock to-night; I wished much I could have accompanied her, to see the Hunter River and coal district, but I cannot spare the time. It is a ten or eleven hours' voyage, and is always performed at night, in order that they may arrive by daylight—the approaches being considered dangerous in the dark.

Thursday.—A fine day at last, bright sun, and very hot. Went out in the morning, and proceeded to the Museum, which I had been told was open all day long. Saw a notice on the gate, however, "Open from 12 to 5," and now it was scarcely eleven. This is some new winter arrangement, I believe, and rather inconvenient, after a long walk on purpose. Walked away, and found a new road to the Domain, leading to a different part of it to that I had seen before; discovered some bathing-houses, longed to avail myself of them, but felt too heated and fatigued; so prudence prevailed. Not being able to find a way into the gardens I was in yesterday, began to think I should have to retrace my steps the same way back again, for there was no one anywhere whom I could ask. At last, however, I met a very old woman, who looked very hard at me, as if she wished to speak. I stopped, and asked her, "Which is the way to the gardens?" "Did you speak?" I repeated the question louder. "Eh?" was the answer. "Gardens!" I shouted. "Dogs?" she inquired. "Botanical Gar-

dens!" I screamed. "My daughter, did you ask for?" I once more repeated, in a despairing tone, "Gardens!" at the same time pointing inquiringly where I supposed them to be. "Oh yes; Mrs. Gordon you said, to be sure;" and thereupon she at once commenced such a rigmarole of a history, that it seemed as if it would have no end, about blankets and bedding, and all sorts of people and all their children, etc., and what had become of each; and "my daughter is two hundred miles away from me, and has lost her child; and Johnny's dead, and Archy's dead—all dead, all dead but me!" And here she began to cry, of which break I took advantage to leave her with a sympathizing look. Poor old thing, I should have liked to ask her how old she was, and whether she was poor; but as it was utterly impossible to make her hear, I could do nothing. I never saw anything so withered and skinny before; she turned up her sleeves above her elbows, as if unconsciously, while talking, and the arms were those of a skeleton, frightful to look at. I wished afterwards that I had offered her money, but I thought at the time I might have offended her by doing so.

Soon after leaving her, I came suddenly upon an entrance to the gardens, and I was, if possible, more pleased with them even than yesterday. There is a beautiful shrub here which I have also seen growing in a little cottage-garden in the town; they are from seven to ten feet high, I should think, with a light, spreading, very bright green foliage of large leaves, a brilliant scarlet flower in great abundance, and in form something like the leaf of the horse-chesnut-tree, in detached spreading out petals. The name placed upon them is Euphorbiaceæ, Poinsettia pulchurima, from Mexico. I wrote down the names of one or two other things that I admired much, but not being very learned in these wonderful words it was not very satisfactory; and so thinking it only a waste of precious time, made my way, admiring as I went, to the aviaries, and ponds, and cages of animals, all in endless variety. The wondrously

beautiful plumage of the Carolina, or summer duck, struck me much; what a fanciful mood Nature must have been in when she so curiously marked and so exquisitely coloured them with such various hues. To attempt a description of this collection would fill a good-sized book, so I must leave it, only adding that the birds, large and small, are curious, beautiful, and various, from eagles and vultures, tearing the raw flesh hideously off some bones with their powerful beaks and claws, down to the Java sparrows and canaries. Everything is perfectly kept, not a weed to be seen anywhere; fountains playing in the clear ponds, tasteful drinking-fountains, seats, and summer-houses everywhere in abundance. It is altogether a most fascinating spot, nature and art have acted so harmoniously together. It is situated on a bay of the sea, and the natural rocks are left; even where the waters have formerly been, and have worn out hollows, advantage is taken of them to place picturesque seats. A raised terrace, walled against the sea, forms a broad walk all round the bay.

Returned home to lunch and rest, before making a second attempt upon the Museum. The present building used for this purpose stands behind a splendid new one now nearly completed for the collection, and which is built of the shaded yellow stone before mentioned; the effect is extremely good and pleasing to the eye. I entered at exactly a quarter to four, thinking to have above an hour for the survey; walked round, looking at the skeleton and stuffed Australian animals; took a passing glance at the mineral and geological specimens, and was about ascending to a gallery above, when a man shouted out, "Four o'clock, doors must be locked." I took no notice at first, but he came up to me and repeated the sentence. I said, "Five o'clock is the hour mentioned on the gate." "That's not for now," he answered, "we shuts at four." "Well," I said, "but I suppose those who are in need not go out immediately." "Yes, doors'll be locked." "Can I not go up to the gallery for five minutes? I am going away

from the place, and can't come again," I said. "No, mum, not a minute," growled the man; "four o'clock, and rules is rules," pointing at the same time towards a scrap of written paper wafered on the door, and looking as if just put there. Certainly there it was, "Closes at four," but so small that no one could have been expected to observe it unless it were pointed out to them; there were only two ladies in besides myself, so there was no help for it. Had there been a gentleman it might have been different, but out we went, and so there was an end of that.

It is all very well and liberal to have these places freely open to the public, but the authorities should make their hours more convenient, their rules less absurd, and their servants less uncivil. The sun does not set till five o'clock, why, then, shut up at four; and not only prevent any one coming in after that hour, but even refuse five minutes to those that are in already? Above all, why leave a wrong notice placed conspicuously on the gate? However, it was, I daresay, as well for me, as I was quite tired enough.

Some of our ladies, who are Roman Catholics, are gone to spend the night in their cathedral, St. Mary's (for *theirs* has long been completed, though *ours* is still left unfinished); the forty hours' service is going on there, a ceremony which is held twice a year to commemorate, as they say, the forty hours of our Saviour's lying in the grave. When the forty hours are completed in the cathedral, the other Roman Catholic church takes up the service, and continues it for forty hours more. No one, of course, is expected to remain the whole time; they go in at any hour of the day or night that suits them; it commenced this morning at ten, and the music sounded very grand and solemn as I passed the cathedral. They have a fine peal of eight bells in a separate building erected for them, at a little distance from the main building. Two large statues of St. Peter, and the Virgin and Child, stand in front of the cathedral. There is a Sisterhood of Charity of the

Order of St. Vincent de Paul. I cannot attempt to name one half of the places I have seen in Sydney, and there are many I have not been able to inspect at all. I wished to have gone over the University, which they say is well worth a visit, but I have not had time. I cannot omit to mention, however, a very high and handsome obelisk in the park (called Hyde Park), this I supposed at first to be a monument to some person or of some event, but I find it is an ornamental and elegant means of disposing of the bad and unhealthy vapours from all the sewers of the town—a tall kind of chimney, in fact. The inscription at the base simply states that it was erected by the Municipal Council, without stating for what purpose. It is an excellent idea, and keeps the town very healthy. There is no river in the town, consequently no bridges, excepting one over a part of the bay, but there must be plenty of springs, for there is no scarcity of water. Drinking fountains are placed in many streets, but I have seen no artesian springs, such as we have in Christchurch. There is as curious a medley of names given to places here as in New Zealand. I passed to-day, for instance, through Bommerrang Road and Woolloomooloo Street; this last name is on many of the omnibuses, and is, I believe, a suburb adjoining the town, then there is Paddington, Surrey Hills, Waverley, etc., etc.

Friday.—To-morrow I shall be off for Melbourne. My impressions of Sydney are most favourable, both of the place and climate, which last, barring the accident of rain, is delicious, at any rate at this time of year. There was rain again last night, but it held up by daylight. Asked my landlady which was the most direct road to the baths, but she only answered, in an injured tone, that she had baths attached to the house, "both plunge and shower," if I wanted them. I did not know this before, but now that I do I shall still prefer the others, as being sea water, and having also other advantages over these. Sallied forth, therefore, to find my own unaided way; found them, and enjoyed a nice

bathe. I wonder there are none a little more stylish than these, or that these are not improved as they might be. There are five large square divisions for bathers, and little dressing compartments all round them; these are all as rough as can well be. The water is staked in and enclosed, left open at the top, and has a clear, chalky bottom; the many little flights of wooden or rock steps down into them are very badly kept, being so exceedingly slippery, from weed and slimy sediment, that the greatest care is necessary to avoid a fall, in which one could scarcely fail to be seriously hurt against the steps. It is a pity there should be so great a defect, probably, however, when there are more bathers, as in the summer, the owners may take the trouble to clean them. I had the whole thing to myself upon this occasion, price sixpence. There are some other ladies' baths near (the gentlemen's are further off), the building of which looks better, but, on reading the board of regulations at the entrance, I concluded they were intended for the lower class of *ladies*, since, among other rather startling prohibitions, came a warning that any person "in a state of intoxication" would not be allowed to bathe; these baths were price fourpence. The sun to-day was so hot it felt like a fierce furnace. I explored more of the town in the morning, but had to devote most of the afternoon to packing.

Saturday.—Went again to the baths, and then to take a farewell view of the gardens, which improve upon one every time they are visited. The camelias grow to a very large size, and are as full of flowers as they can hold, looking like gigantic rose-trees at a little distance; the foliage is very full and rich, but the flowers did not appear to me generally so perfect in form as I have seen them in New Zealand and in England. Roses, particularly a large white kind, are still in bloom, also some of the fuchsias, and there is the purple-flowered koromica, in great perfection, and a beautiful shrub named Solanacæ Harbrothamnus elegans, from Mexico, with clusters of small scarlet bell-shaped flowers; the

hydrangeas, azaleas, and hibiscus are in full flower (there is a beautiful specimen of the last called a hybrid), and all this, be it remembered, in mid-winter.

The prickly pear grows here to a great height, some of them, I should think, above twelve feet. Aloes and cactusses of all kinds, and banana-trees (bananas are sold in the market at one penny or three halfpence each). The Indian bamboo-cane grows as high as any tree I think I ever saw, and many of them are of a great thickness round the lower part; these are planted always in groups, and seats are generally placed under them. There is a magnificent kind of pine-tree, the handsomest and largest I have ever seen; I saw some of them at Auckland, but not nearly so fine as these; they are called the Conifera araucaria excelsa Pine, from Norfolk Island. The spice-tree, too, from Ceylon, does well here, and none of these trees (nor any others) have lost their leaves; it seems like one lasting summer. At three o'clock went down to the wharf, and on board the "City of Adelaide" steamer, which has been substituted for the "Rangitira." This last is a Maori word, meaning great and good, and is the title given to any great chief who has particularly signalized himself. However, plain "City of Adelaide" is good enough, for she is by far the most comfortable and largest steamer I have yet been in, three-masted, and 1000 tons burthen; she has two engines and four boilers, also a smaller engine, used for hoisting coal, cargo, etc. They say she burns forty-five tons of coal per day. The ladies' cabin is as comfortable as anything can be that is not altogether private to one's self, and fortunately there is but one other lady, an agreeable and friendly person, and we became acquainted immediately. We started from the wharf punctually to the appointed hour, four o'clock, but remained hanging about, and not getting fairly off till nearly five. We had light enough to see and look our last (probably for me) at that lovely harbour, and had a glorious sunset. If I lived here I should never be satisfied till I had sailed in and out of all parts of it, and

explored the whole of its beautiful inlets and islands. Our cabin is at least four times as large as any I have had experience of before. Four sofas occupy two sides of it, and six berths the other two sides, the floor oil-clothed and carpeted, and a table in the centre; crimson curtains, with gold-coloured trimming, before all the berths and sofas; two port-holes with large squares of glass (or openings) for fine weather such as this, and shutters with the ordinary round bull's-eyes, for bad weather; also a large skylight, which, however, is now blocked up with innumerable cases of oranges and lemons, with which cargo, also, the whole of the lower deck, and a good part of the upper, is crowded up. We hear nothing of the engine in this cabin. The saloon is very pretty, light-grained wood, ornamented with gold.

Sunday.—Still fine and smooth, land very distant on the left hand. Expostulated about our skylight, and succeeded in getting it partly unburied from under the oranges and lemons, and with this and our two windows open, we get a thorough draught, which is very pleasant. A gorgeous sunset; green, blue, and gold round the west, and rich rose-coloured mountain-shaped clouds round the east, sea calm as a lake, and reflecting all these various colours on its surface.

Monday.—We had nearly all our sails set during a part of yesterday, but to-day the wind is more against us, and our speed has dwindled from over eleven knots to seven and a half. Passed numbers of rocky islands on both sides of us, but nearest to those on our right, on one of which we saw above a hundred seals lying at rest; they are called the Seal Islands. All are barren and uninhabited. I observed one to be very curiously hollowed out into a large cave, high above the water, but all have evidently been under the water for some considerable period in former times, as they are rounded off quite smoothly. The sea has become rather rough to-day, and the weather very cold. We expect to enter Hobson's Bay in the course of to-night. The distance from Sydney to Melbourne is 560 miles.

CHAPTER VII.

MELBOURNE—ADELAIDE.

It was three o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, when we arrived alongside the wharf at the head of Hobson's Bay. I was anxious to land as soon after daylight as possible, but the men were all so fully employed in unshipping the immense cargo of oranges and lemons from Sydney, that I could not get one to take up my luggage (though I had it all close beside me); until at last, after waiting till ten o'clock, I hired a man to carry it to the railway station. The wharf is of an immense length, and the railway runs the whole distance along it, the luggage trucks come up close to the shipping, so that the cargo and baggage are hoisted straight up from the hold of the ship to the truck; but the passengers' station is at some little distance. There is a town here called Sandrich, from whence both passengers and luggage are sent free to Melbourne.

I here parted from my lady companion, whose luggage being in the hold, there seemed little chance of her getting it for some time to come, and my time was precious. In about a quarter of an hour I was turned out in the great city of Melbourne, not knowing where to go. No one of whom I had inquired had been able to recommend me to any particular boarding-house or hotel, though all said there were plenty of them. Putting myself, therefore, and my belongings, into a car, I trusted to the driver to take me to some respect-

able house. He drove me up to the shabbiest-looking place I ever saw of the kind, whence a horrid-looking man emerged, and forthwith, without a word, began carrying in my luggage.

"Oh, but this won't do," I exclaimed, "you don't take ladies here?"

"Oh, yes, mum, the most respectable house in the town, I assure you, and we'll make you quite comfortable. Only just you come in, and don't you be afeard."

As all my things were now in, I entered, though with many misgivings, and the reality far exceeded my worst anticipations. I cannot write all the horrors of it, or the intense disgust I felt. I thought I had better not say much, or the people might be insolent; so, after remaining a few minutes, I quietly walked out, leaving all my things there, and went in quest of something better.

After much search and many disappointments, I at last found a resting-place at a large "Temperance Hotel and Boarding-House;" then, taking a car, returned to the original den, and got my luggage with less difficulty than I had expected. The man only said that he trusted to *my honour* to make him some compensation, so I gave him a couple of shillings, and he seemed satisfied. This settled, I went out to view the town, proceeded to the post-office, and to a shop, where I procured a portmanteau for the overland route (for which I paid a most outrageous price); ascertained that the same ship I had come in, the "City of Adelaide," was to go on to Adelaide on Thursday morning next, at ten o'clock. Resolved that I would go in her, for it seemed to me I should have seen enough of Melbourne in two days, if I made the most of them. Fortunately, the weather was quite fine, so after a one o'clock dinner, I ordered a car, and arranged with the man to take me to the Botanical and Zoological Gardens, wait for me there and bring me back—the distance being about two miles out. I had heard much of these gardens, but was rather

disappointed. I should not have been so, probably, had I not seen those at Sydney; but these are greatly inferior to those. They exhibit very little taste in the laying out, and are not nearly so well kept; weedy beds, unraked soil lying in lumps, rough shaggy grass, uneven lumpy walks, or of loose sand or gravel, for they are of all sorts (instead of the uniformly fine, smooth, hard walks at Sydney), seats comparatively few, common-looking, uncomfortable, and not placed with any regard to taste or effect; whereas at Sydney they look so inviting that you feel inclined to sit upon each one in turn.

There are no animals but a few monkeys, and but a poor collection of birds. There are two large cages placed down in a hollow, with a bridge road between them, and these are well contrived, being high enough to inclose trees growing inside them, so that the canaries and other small birds look very happy flying about and singing on the branches. Most of the other living creatures, however, are confined in small, roughly-made, unornamental wooden cages, and look anything but happy; the vultures look particularly miserable, cramped up in cases where they can scarcely spread their wings. They have here a finer hothouse than any I saw at Sydney, larger and handsomer, heated as it would seem from underground, for I observed, at a little distance from it, a chimney coming out of the earth, and a flight of steps leading down to some depth under the hothouse. In the centre of this building are growing banana-trees; for Melbourne, being several degrees further south than Sydney, has of course a cooler climate, and these trees do not therefore grow here in the open air. The roses were in flower, but I saw no camelias. These gardens are not very extensive, for I believe I saw every part of them in this one visit, though it was shorter than any of the three visits I paid to those at Sydney, where I did not explore the whole at last. I afterwards examined some more parts of the town, and secured my berth for Adelaide.

The streets of Melbourne all run parallel, a wide and a narrow alternately, called by the same name, with "Great" and "Little" to distinguish them, and all crossed in the same manner by other parallel greats and littles. The centre street, running north and south, is called Elizabeth Street; all those that cross it slope down on both sides towards it, and are by it divided into east and west, this or that street. Collins Street, east and west, forms the centre the other way, and these two streets are said to contain the most fashionable shops.

On each side of all the streets run broad streams of water, and at each corner of every street wooden footpaths are thrown over these streams. My car-driver told me that this was the superabundant water flowing from baths, horse-troughs, etc., that there are no underground sewers; but there is a proposal now to make some, and do away with these streams. The lake "Yan Yean," which is at some miles' distance from the city, supplies Melbourne with an abundance of excellent water; the river (the "Yarra") is but little used for this purpose. There are some very handsome public buildings, banks, churches, and of course chapels of every denomination. The shops appear to be good, but the houses are built without the least regard to uniformity; and as you look down the long vistas, and see the buildings of every possible irregularity of height, form, etc., you cannot help feeling that they have an untidy, scrambling appearance. There is a great sameness in the streets, being all alike, or at least with only the variety of alternate wide and narrow; the wind and dust rush along them as through so many funnels. There are no squares or open spaces in the town. It is said to be a very charitable place, and to possess many excellent institutions.

The streets are well paved, but the roads are sandy, and in rainy weather, I am told, excessively muddy. The country around is flat, with a range of hills in the distance; that part through which the railway runs, to the port, bears evidence of being frequently under

water. Raised and railed paths, like long narrow bridges, intersect it in various directions.

The Yarra is rather a small river, with two bridges over it, at one side of the town, and two or three more beyond. Most of the private houses are out of the town.

Two railways run in different directions, and a large omnibus-like machine, drawn by five, or sometimes six, horses, appears to be in much request. This is one of "Cobb's coaches;" they are to be seen everywhere, in some form or other, all over Australia and New Zealand. There are also innumerable two-wheeled cars, all alike, with two seats, back to back, holding five people besides the driver—two on the seat with him, and three behind, with a head to put up if needed; the fares are written on the step behind. These cars have superseded omnibuses, and are used in the same way; that is, when you are going along in one that you have hired for yourself, any one who thinks you are going the way that they want to go, hails the man to stop and take them up, such passengers paying sixpence a mile only. A single person has to pay 2*s.* 6*d.* a mile, or 4*s.* if out of town. I found them rather rickety and jerky, and had always to hold fast by a strap provided for that purpose.

Wednesday.—I think I have *done* Melbourne very thoroughly. The weather being so fine, I have been able to make the most of my time, and have seen a wonderful number of places and things. This morning, after early completing my repacking, and sending off everything I could spare to go by ship to London, keeping only my new portmanteau for the overland route, and my car being in waiting soon after ten, I drove off first to the Royal Park, about two miles from the town—a very pleasant place for a drive, with plenty of apparently very old gum-trees, nearly all of the red kind. I don't think they are taller than we have them in Canterbury, though ours are so very much younger; but the trunks are thicker and ragged, and the branches

more spreading and straggling, and the foliage much thinner.

A part of this park is set apart for the Acclimatization Society, and here I alighted and entered. There is a good and interesting collection of birds and beasts, and generally well accommodated. The different kinds of deer, the buffaloes, and some others, have quite little parks of their own, enclosed for their separate use. The greatest defect here is that in many cases the names of the animals are not put on their cages. I asked the names of some curious animals from a man who was cleaning their cage out, and he told me they were the native cat; they are more like very large rats, curiously marked with round white spots, about the size of sixpences, all over their backs. The native bear is a remarkable, and rather pretty little animal, and looked at first sight something like a large owl, nestled up in its tree. The collection does not take very long to inspect, some of the enclosures being so large, and taking up so much of the space. It is all nicely planted. I saw some more of my favourite Carolina ducks here; but the poor things looked miserable, and could not show off their beautiful plumage at all, being four of them in a small cage, with only a round tub of water sunk in the ground for them, so that they could drink, but not swim. Those at Sydney had abundance of space to sail about and show themselves off to advantage, and were not in a cage, but an enclosure.

I next drove to the Cemetery. This is most beautiful, *very* extensive, some of the monuments extremely handsome, and exquisitely tasteful; the grounds laid out in many parts as flower-gardens, many of the graves being also little gardens in themselves, nicely kept, and prettily enclosed with ornamental iron railings. It is a "general cemetery," different portions being allotted to different denominations—Roman Catholics, Jews, Presbyterians, etc.; but no division more marked than paths between them: a far better plan this surely than

the separated and exclusive cemeteries of most places. The Church of England has decidedly the most elaborate and handsome monuments here. I could not go over the whole of it; but the highest and grandest monument is that to the memory of Sir C. Hotham, a former governor. It is a beautiful column of polished porphyry, standing on a handsome pedestal of polished white marble, with groups of white marble figures at the top, and the whole surmounted by a cross. There are others also nearly as handsome as this. Of the smaller monuments, the one that most took my fancy was a pedestal, on the top of which lies a lovely figure of a young child playing with a flower, all quite small, the figure not more than nine or ten inches long. The only inscription was, "*Our little Arthur.*" On a little tablet in the same enclosure were the names of three children—*Arthur*, *Edith*, and *Ethel;* no surnames, but simply the dates of birth and death to each, showing that not one of them lived above a year. There is something very affecting in this simple and elegant record, without a comment or superfluous word, without even the name of the bereaved parents. The whole is in the purest white marble.

I saw a huge block of white stone lying in one part, which is about to be fashioned into a monument to the lost Australian explorers—Burke and Wells. This stone was brought from a quarry at some distance, on a truck constructed for the purpose, drawn by thirty or forty horses (as I was told); the truck sank frequently so deep, even in the metalled roads, that it was not without the greatest difficulty it was at last got to the cemetery.* It was with much reluctance that I forced myself away from this lovely and holy spot; but having at length done so, I proceeded next to the University and Museum, the collection being at present divided, but all is to be transferred to the latter building when ready for it.

* A handsome memorial to these lost explorers is also nearly finished in the town.

The stuffing and attitudes of the birds and animals here are more natural and lifelike than any I have ever seen in any part of the world. The birds especially look so perfectly at ease and so happy, you can scarcely believe they are not alive. The collection altogether is one of almost endless variety and excellence. Here, too, I met, for the first time, a group of gorillas, male, female, and child, the first being the largest, they say, that has ever yet been obtained, or even seen. He measures six feet nine inches from head to heel, but as he is stooping down, holding his child by the hand, he does not look so tall. The right arm is held up, and from the end of that hand to the foot is nine feet. They are dreadfully human, and the expression of the faces rather pleasant and good-humoured. The stuffing and attitudes are wonderfully good, nothing stiff or shrivelled, but perfectly life-like. Their skeletons are also there opposite to them. There are models of all kinds of machinery used in mining operations, and the whole process exhibited, with many other interesting things.

Lastly, I drove to the Library, a handsome and large collection of books, which, of course, I had no time to look at, so passed on to the picture-gallery, and then down to the sculpture-room, all very good, and well worth seeing. The buildings of all the places I have named are of handsome stone, or brick with stone fronts.

Home just in time for dinner, and then walked out in search of the English cathedral, but could not succeed in finding it. I was told it was rather an insignificant affair, and I may have passed it without suspecting what it was. There is a very handsome Roman Catholic cathedral, and the Wesleyans have not been content with one handsome church-like building and steeple, but have another with *two* steeples. Observing two very fine church buildings, both with spires, standing opposite to each other, I inquired which was the English one. "Neither; one is a Presbyterian, the other a *Primitive* chapel." A dingy-looking, dark, grey stone building with

a tower was pointed out to me as the English church. I could obtain no photographs, and had to take some lithographs, which were very dear. I think things here seem to be generally dear, even postage; I had to pay fourpence for a stamp to Geelong, only 100 miles off; twopence more would take a letter to England!

The Temperance Hotel, however, I found to be moderate in its charges, and a very quiet, respectable place. It is on a very large scale, and evidently doing a most flourishing business; the landlord is said to have made a large fortune, and to be the owner of many houses. I may here observe that wherever in my travels I have had to do with members of the Temperance Societies, I have found them to be thoroughly trustworthy and honest in their dealings, and I have found the workmen of that class to be, as far as I have had experience of them, uniformly industrious, intelligent, expert in their calling, and satisfactory people to employ in every way; added to this the fact that (shunning, as they do, the gulf which swallows up the profits of the public-house-frequenting workmen) they can scarcely fail to prosper, and find themselves in comfortable circumstances, causes them to be cheerful, civil, and reasonable in all their transactions. Melbourne, which was nothing before the gold fields' discovery, has certainly made wonderfully rapid progress, and it is difficult in walking through the great city, and contemplating its numerous fine buildings, to realize the fact that until the year 1836 not a stone of it all was there.

Thursday, *June* 22.—Off in the "City of Adelaide" at ten o'clock this morning, but not fairly out of the vast bay till past one, though we were doing twelve knots an hour. At the head of the bay, whence we started, there is a large town situated on one side of it, while all around on the other sides I observed numbers of small detached towns or villages. We stopped for a few minutes to put two passengers ashore at a small town with a fort, and cannons, near the entrance of the bay; the captain told me it was a watering-place much

frequented in summer-time. On the opposite side, *i.e.*, on the left hand as we went out, is the quarantine ground, on which are built five large detached barracks for ship passengers, who may be landed there from unhealthy ships.

The entrance of Hobson's Bay, though wide, is rather shallow, the sea green, turbid, and foaming, and we passed through large beds of weed. A light-ship, and several large white buoys (looking at a distance like small sailing vessels), indicate the safe passage to be taken. Further out are lighthouses, one of which stands on a natural breakwater, stretching out, with the waves dashing over it, and another is built right out in the sea. There was a rough sea outside, and the spray dashing over our deck, though our bulwarks are very high; much wind also, but a beautiful day notwithstanding. We have 500 miles to go to Adelaide; we have no passengers but myself and one man on board.

Friday.—Very tempestuous and a strong head wind, but we hope to reach Adelaide some time to-morrow notwithstanding. The stewardess is a weak, nervous woman, and suffers from rheumatics, so that she wants to have the cabin boxed up night and day without a breath of air. Poor thing! she is much to be felt for; she has been terribly afflicted, and gone through some dreadful scenes; she has related her story to me, which I shall write down, and append to my journal. Very distant low land visible all day on our right.

Saturday.—The steamer hove-to for a couple of hours in the night, the weather being so rough, and at the same time so thick that the lighthouse could not be seen, and it was unsafe to proceed. In the morning we passed Kangaroo Island, which is about 95 miles long, and rather barren-looking; only two small white houses to be seen, besides that belonging to the lighthouse. Also a neat little church and steeple; there are said to be not above a hundred inhabitants on the island. The weather still so thick that we could see but little. On our left there seemed to be a considerable extent of very

low, sandy land, with a range of hills beyond. At about three in the afternoon we entered the mouth of a river, called St. Vincent's Gulf, with the trees and shrubs, principally mangroves, growing, as it appeared, in the water, but the captain informed me that all this part was land overflowed, in consequence of the rough weather and strong westerly winds outside; that he was very glad to see it, for that generally there was not sufficient depth of water for a large vessel to get up to the wharf, which now we should be able to do. We were delayed for some time at the entrance to the river, waiting for the pilot and custom-house officer to come on board. The course for entrance is carefully marked out with stakes and numerous buoys, and forms a complete curve, so that *over* the low point of land we saw several ships and brigs which we had passed, and which had not yet entered, sailing, apparently, in the opposite direction, with the land between them and ourselves. The effect was very pretty.

The wharf is rather a poor affair, but the people of Adelaide deserve great credit, for there was no natural harbour there, and they have cleared it out, let the water in, and made banks with the sand and mud taken out. We had to be moored alongside another large steamer already there, and it was long before any contrivance was made by which any one but sailors, or good scramblers and jumpers could get on shore, or any luggage be landed. Thus we lost the train which should have taken us on to Adelaide, and had to wait for the next and last train. There is nothing to be remarked on in the port town, beyond the fact that the land on which it stands has all been *made* and artificially raised, having been formerly swamp and water. Such is the persevering energy of the colonists, that what Nature denies them they at once set about accomplishing for themselves. Here, without either harbour, or land for their port town, they have hollowed out the one and raised the other with perfect success.

The handsomest building I saw here was the Union

Bank of Australia. After waiting an hour and a quarter for the train, we—myself and the other passenger—were joined by our captain, and we all travelled together, a distance of nine miles, to the city of Adelaide—the *actual* city, and not the ship. It was quite dark, but I could see by the scattered lights at the intermediate stations that there were small towns at each. The captain told me that the whole road lay between wheat-fields on both sides, and I could see the dim forms of many trees as we passed, which he said were gums.

Arrived at the end of our journey, and ascending a broad flight of stairs from the platform to the street, we entered a car, and all drove to a hotel which had been recommended to me before I left Christchurch, and where the captain being also well known, he introduced me at the private door of the establishment, and, disappearing with his companion, left me to my quiet rooms; and extremely comfortable, handsome, and convenient they are, which I suppose I owe to his special introduction, and to the fact of there being no other lady in the house at present—ladies do not travel here in the stormy season unless they are obliged—so that I have some of the best accommodation in the house. The bed-room is more English and luxurious than anything I have met with since I began my wanderings from Christchurch. After a comfortable tea and warm bath, I retired well contented to a good bed.

Sunday.—Made inquiry about English churches; learnt that St. Paul's was the nearest. "Where is St. Paul's?" "Oh, just in —— Street." "But I don't know —— Street." "Just out of —— Square." "And where is —— Square?" People always direct you as if you knew the town as well as themselves, forgetting that if you did you would not ask them. "Oh, just round here, and you can't mistake it." So *round here* I went, and there was the square sure enough; but three churches at once greeted my view, two with spires on the right, and one with two turrets on the left. "Pray, which of these is St. Paul's church?" I asked of a

passer-by. "None of them; these are the Roman Catholic, the Scotch, and the Congregational chapels." Having now been directed on to St. Paul's, I came upon a largish building, standing rather back from the street, so that it could not be much seen until you were opposite to it. It is built of various coloured rough stones and red bricks, an unfinished place, with neither tower, steeple, nor bells at present, whatever it may be intended to have. Inside, it is of plain, unornamented stone, or plastered to look like stone; a plain wooden roof, of good height in the centre, and with two lower aisles. Where the chancel should be, the end is boarded part of the way up with rough, unsightly planks of various lengths, and higher up a piece of canvas flapping about full of long rents and tatters. Although unfinished, common decency might have suggested some better substitute for a wall than this. The plain, little uncovered font at the entrance had in it some dusty yellow water, looking as if it had not been changed for a month at least. A harmonium and a few voices gave sounds from behind a curtain in the corner. I was shown into an uncomfortable narrow seat up against a side wall, without even a hassock in it. A young deacon read the service (substituting no prayer for the omitted absolution), and preached. The whole was an uncomfortable, untidy affair. The surplices were hung up behind a scanty curtain near one of the entrance doors, blowing about in full display for the public edification.

How I envy the Dissenters their handsome, creditable places of worship in all these colonies, or rather how I wish we had more of their prompt and ready zeal. I have been inquiring again, and am told there are two or three churches further off, so hope to explore for another this evening. Walked about after church, and was much pleased with what I saw of the town, quite a contrast to the stiff, chess-board pattern of Melbourne. This is a very pretty, countrified, and rather foreign-looking place, with pleasant squares and open spaces nicely planted; some streets very wide, and

with rows of trees on each side, which are mostly young and railed round. There are some handsome stone buildings, apparently lately erected, the several banks being among the best, and some very substantial ones in course of completion. Of these the magnificent town-hall, nearly finished, stands conspicuous.

The shops and houses in the streets generally are low, and built of brick or wood. There is a peculiarly cheerful look about the place. The town is divided into two parts, called North and South Adelaide, by a narrow river, called, I believe, the Torrens, with a handsome bridge over it, a continuation of King William Street, which is a very fine and broad one, wider, I think, than any in Sydney or Melbourne. Rundle Street is a very long one, and is considered the chief street of the town. Most of the private houses are in North Adelaide.

The town is supplied with water from a reservoir, artificially constructed in the hills.

Seeing a very pretty church and spire nearly opposite to my window in an adjoining street, I went to inspect, and found it was Presbyterian. Started off this evening in search of Trinity church, which my waitress told me was considered the best here, and that the bishop often preached there.* Found it quite at the end of the town, down a street that cannot, I should think, be less than a mile and a half long. A most unpretending-looking little church, built, as far as I could judge in the darkness, of rough stones and brick, with a stumpy little tower over the entrance, and a man just within the doorway pulling the rope that pulled the one bell in most primitive style; plainest of the plain, whitewashed inside; a little transept with a small gallery at each end, and a third gallery over the entrance, for the organ and singers; three little rings of flickering gas flames hung from the rather low roof to light the whole concern (excepting two lights in the organ-loft); the interior fitted up with pews and doors, the first time I

* There is no English cathedral at Adelaide; the Roman Catholics, however, have one there.

have seen such things on this side of the world; and the font was placed at the wrong end, just opposite the altar rails. Up to the last minute before the service commenced, a large party of boys, apparently a school, were laughing and talking with perfectly unrestrained loudness in the church, as if in an ill-ordered school-room. At length the rope ceased to be pulled, the uproar ceased also, and in walked the bishop and the dean; the latter read the service, and at the end of the Psalms came a long and thoroughly uninteresting voluntary on the organ, while we all sat still and reflected, I suppose, for it certainly was not calculated to inspire devotion. I, for one, was trying to remember how long it was since I had heard such a thing done before, certainly not since the days of my childhood. At the end of the prayers the dean pronounced these words, "I *give notice* that the sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered in this church next Sunday; the monthly collection will now be made." Immediately after which simple announcement the plates came round, while the organ poured forth "Eve's Lamentation" in dreary style; which two operations being completed, the dean resumed, "I wish also to give notice, that on Thursday evening next, being St. Peter's day, there will be an ordination service held in this church; the service to commence at seven o'clock. Let us *again* sing to the praise and glory," etc. All this kind of thing to Christchurch ears, used to the proprieties of St. Michael's, etc., sounded rather odd. The bishop then ascended the pulpit; his sermon was plain and simple as the church itself, but unlike it in being very long. I did not get back to my hotel till nearly half-past nine, though service commenced at half-past six.

The streets are not lighted, save by the public and eating-houses; but it was a lovely starlight night, and a new moon.

Monday.—Walked over some more of the town in the morning, and did a little shopping. In the afternoon ordered a car for a country drive. There are some

Hansom cabs here; but the usual kind are a small van upon two wheels, open only in front and back. If filled they might possibly be tolerably steady; but with only one inside they jerk, and toss, and shake one most unmercifully.

I found that the prettiest drive within practicable distance (for the time I had to spare) was to "Paradise"; and so for that locality I started, and had to pass through a considerable purgatory before attaining it. On the road thither we passed through a village called Painem (or Paynem, perhaps—I did not see it written), but certainly the sound of the name was most appropriate for passengers passing it in such an instrument of torture as the vehicle I was in.

Paradise is a village at the foot, or "commencement of the *'ills*," as my driver expressed it; but it seemed to me that, though it was a level road all the way there, I had passed quite "'ills" enough in reaching it. We did not therefore go quite up to the place, for the road became very rugged, and the horse was a terrible stumbler, frequently coming on his knees and nose, and but that I grasped frantically at the straps, curtains, cushions, man, anything I could possibly clutch, I should several times have gone head foremost over the wretched animal's back. So we turned and came home another way, by Norwood, Kensington, etc.—far more rational names.

The roads are very pretty. Plenty of red gum-trees (very old); country-seats, far back in park-like grounds, with *gentleman-like* gate-entrances, most of them belonging to rich townsmen and tradesmen; gardens, vineyards, etc. Adelaide is on a plain, which extends also round it; but at the distance of three to five miles it is enclosed on all sides, save that bounded by the sea, with beautifully-shaped hills, the valleys between which are thickly wooded, and abound in fine gardens and vineyards. The higher parts also are dotted with trees, patches of grass, and extensive vineyards, which at this season look brown amid the surrounding

green. The grass is of the brightest and prettiest green imaginable now in winter; but in summer, I am told, is burnt up completely, and not a particle of green remains in it. There had been a little rain lately, which had freshened it up; but they say they are having a very *bad* winter, scarcely any rain, sheep dying on the stations for want of food. The wheat that is just springing up ought to be now high above ground, and much thicker. It is feared the crops will be quite destroyed, and there have been prayers for rain in the churches. The grapes, in their season, are sold twelve pounds for eightpence or sixpence, and are, indeed, so abundant, that in many places they are left to dry up on the vines. The wine made from them may be bought at from 2*s.* to 6*s.* per gallon; yet on board the steamers they charge 2*s.* 6*d.* a pint bottle for a very inferior sort of this colonial wine.

I should have mentioned that at the commencement of my drive I stopped, and went into some botanical gardens, which I found to be very tastefully laid out, and certainly the most made of them. They are nearly, though not quite, as well kept as those at Sydney; but Nature has not given such a situation for them here as there. They have many prettily-designed hothouses, and well stocked. I saw some aloes in flower here, different to any I had observed elsewhere; thick, spiral clumps of rich, red, and some orange-coloured flowers, on short stems. There was a collection of birds and animals, some of the savage kind—a tiger, etc.; but most of them being closely curled up and asleep, and having no names over them, I could not well see what they were. There are fancy ponds and fountains, and altogether it is very nice and pretty.

I had no time to visit the Museum, Institute, Collegiate School, etc., for the captain has sent to tell me what train I must go by to-morrow morning to rejoin the steamer and start for King George's Sound. I am very glad not to have missed seeing this very pretty town and most lovely country; it will leave a very

pleasant impression on my mind. The people I have found to be particularly civil and obliging, and charges of all kinds wonderfully moderate for the colonies. This thriving settlement, I was told, was only twenty-eight years old.

Tuesday.—On board the "City of Adelaide" steamer again. We had not expected to be able to get off from the wharf, for there is often not sufficient depth of water for ships to stay there,* so that they have to go out of the river, and round to another part of the coast, to take in the mails and passengers. Had we been forced to do so upon this occasion, we should not have been able to get off at all at present, as the wind would have been too strong inland, and dead against us. I had now an opportunity of seeing the country through which the railway passes, by daylight. The fields are large and neatly railed round, many of them planted round with trees, and some have small plantations of trees, also railed in. The wheat in some places was just showing above the rich red-brown soil; in others it was well up, and of a beautiful fresh green. From the last station but one (Alberton) to the port, the country is all sand, water, and mud; all has been under the sea not long ago. The wharf extends about half a mile round the harbour, but there is no jetty or pier. On our way out of the gulf, while at full speed, we had to stop suddenly, in order to avoid running down a small steamer that crossed our course just under our bows. If our engines had not been stopped, and the helm put "*hard over*," we must have cut her right in two. It gave me a great fright, for it seemed at one time as if nothing could save her. It was a most shameful risk for them to run, and they had also passengers on board. Our captain was naturally very angry about it; he says he never saw a more narrow escape, and in broad daylight too! Adieu to comfort in the ladies' cabin, I fear, for there is a lady come on board with a baby, and both

* The work of deepening the harbour is still going on, and machines are constantly at work for this purpose.

ill. Here she is, at full length on one sofa, her clothes and various property thrown upon two others, and the stewardess, with the screaming baby, on the fourth. The only chair is put in front of the sick baby as a security, so I am reduced to my portmanteau for a seat.

We are out of the gulf now, and in the full, long roll of the sea, which I think much more agreeable than the short, jerky waves of shallow waters. It is dark, rainy, and very cold on deck, and the cabin without a breath of air, stuffy and horrible. We have 1040 miles to go before we reach King George's Sound; and if all goes well, and the wind not too much against us, the captain says we may be in on Sunday morning.

Wednesday.—Now I know what was meant by all the prognostications I have heard of an "unpleasant passage" at this time of year. A dreadful night and day we have had, in a heavy gale. I managed somehow to get dressed this morning and up the stairs, at the top of which I held on with all my strength, and looked out at the tremendous sea. To go on the deck was impossible, for besides that I could not have stood for a moment in the violent pitching and tossing, it was all in a pond, from the waves constantly breaking over, and the spray in one thick, continuous, horizontally driving shower. I stayed about an hour clinging on to my place of comparative shelter, and then, my strength quite exhausted by the exertion, came down again. The cabin is all flooded, and even some of the berths are wet, for the water makes its way through the skylight, portholes, panelings, etc.; I suppose nothing could resist such bangs of the waves as come thundering up against us. I was the only passenger at breakfast, my only companions being the first and second mate and chief engineer, for the captain remained above. One pale vision of a man slid in for a few moments, but when next I looked it had vanished, and did not reappear at dinner, but two others did, who, after making a few desperate plunges at their soup plates, also vanished. The lady, I am happy to find, has a husband on board, and having

joined him, baby and all, in another cabin last night, has not of course been able to leave her berth to-day: the poor baby's shrieks in the distance sometimes resound above winds, waves, engines, screws, and everything else; I feel much for it, but am uncommonly glad it is in another cabin.

The poor hapless, helpless stewardess has been lying down with a blanket over her head the greater part of the day, and when anything rouses her she begins her lamentations about the ship, the weather, voyage, and season of the year, declaring vehemently that she never will be induced to take this voyage again at this time of the year; knows other stewardesses who have left their ships rather than do it. She says there are two feet of water in the stewards' pantry, makes no attempt at wiping up any of the water here, but occasionally, as the flood washes from side to side, looks round, and in a despairing tone utters, "Oh, dear, dear, dear!"

Besides all this, she puts on most terribly ominous expressions of countenance, and prophecies that there is "wilder weather still at hand," that she can tell by her feelings that "something ugly" is coming, as she has had many years' experience of the sea. Thinking it possible she might be right, I questioned the first mate at dinner time, but he said he thought the worst was over. Unfortunately the wind is against us all the time, so that we have not even the consolation of thinking we are getting on fast. We had a laughable scene at tea-time this evening: the captain, who had not appeared below all day, came down, and seated himself at the table, saying, "Well, I must have a mutton chop, for I have eaten nothing at all to-day." But as he was about to put a fork into one, half the dishes flew off the table, the lamp glass leapt off the lamp and alighted amid the plates; a gentleman on the other side, who tried to save it from going further, began uttering piercing shrieks, having burnt his fingers with the hot glass; every one, of course, in a roar of laughter. When the confusion began to subside, the captain, looking about, asked in a

woful tone, "are *all* the mutton chops gone?" "They are all down here, sir," said the steward, pointing to the floor at the opposite side of the saloon. "Oh, well, where's the cold fowl gone to?" This (which had previously been carved up) was found, after some search, buried beneath the slices of bread which had flown out of a neighbouring plate, and entirely covered it from view. A gentleman who had just been helped to something, found, on looking at his plate again, instead of what had been thereon, a pile of biscuits, and peevishly exclaimed in a weak, sick voice, "Here, steward, I don't want all these biscuits." Many other similar absurdities helped to keep us very merry under our misfortunes. The captain asked me this evening, "Do you keep a journal?" "Yes." "I thought so." "Why?" "Oh, something told me so. Have you put down that we carried away our foretopsail yard last night? because we did." "No, I did not know it; thank you."

Thursday.—The gale has subsided, but there is still a terrible swell. It has been as cold to-day on deck as I ever remember to have felt it. Our soaked cabin carpet having been taken away, the wet oil-cloth is as slippery as ice, and very dangerous. The stewardess says if she were to attempt to do anything, she should break her limbs; she will not take the unfortunate baby (which I cannot say I personally regret), lest she should fall and break its neck and her own too. However, as the day wore on, things mended, and if we could have had our skylight open, the cabin might have been made comfortable again; but this could not be, as they were all day getting up coal from the hold, and the black dust from it was blowing in showers all over the deck.

This evening the other lady passenger appeared in the cabin, and she was showing me some photographs, when she surprised me by asking, "Did I not see you at Trinity Church last Sunday evening? Do you recognize this likeness?—my father, the dean." What a gift some people have for observing and remembering others!

How odd, that in all the congregation she should have seen and remembered me.

On Friday and Saturday we had alternations of rough and smooth weather, but the sunset on Saturday evening was glorious; without a cloud in the sky, the ball of fire went down, as it were, into the sea, and as soon as it was set, there appeared at some height above a row of bright, fiery beads (like smaller suns), which after a time, united into one golden line. But lovely as it was, my attention was partly taken off from it, for no sooner had the dazzling light of the sun departed, than there appeared in dark relief against the burnished horizon a-head of us, the first sight of the distant land. We had not seen land since the day we left Adelaide; the appearance of it was as three peaks of mountains or rocks, and as we were going very fast, these increased in distinctness and in number to about six or seven before it became dark (and twilight here is very short). It was a beautiful sight, and above us at the same time was a blue, cloudless sky and bright moon. We expect to be in the Sound in the course of the night, if the weather remains clear.

CHAPTER VIII.

KING GEORGE'S SOUND—GALLE (CEYLON)—ADEN.

SUNDAY, JUNE 2ND.—We entered the outer harbour of King George's Sound soon after midnight, and sent up blue lights for a pilot, who came on board; but as the entrance to the inner bay is very narrow, we had to lay-to till daylight. Going on deck early in the morning, I found we were in a rather pretty bay, with a small town of apparently not more than thirty or forty houses, rocky hills all round, and very curiously-placed large masses of rock lying about in various parts. Some of these are balanced one upon another, the top one being a large rounded piece. It seems wonderful that the convulsion, or whatever it might have been, that threw them there, should also have left them so strangely balanced, and not have caused them to roll off. There are two of these similarly placed, and of similar forms; one couple nearly at the foot of a hill, the other at the top of the same; and near to this, also on the top of the same hill, a pile of large fragments so placed, that there is an open space left through the middle. It looked, without the glasses, like a house with a window, and one piece at the end like the chimney. People say it has all been done by volcanic action; but it seems evident these huge stones must have been for ages under water, by their smooth, rounded forms.

In some places there are small woods on the hill-sides, with masses of rock lying thickly in among the trees, and showing between and among them. A sandy

beach runs round the bay, on which it is said peculiarly pretty shells are to be found. The sand in one part is washed up almost to the top of the hill, apparently filling up a ravine.

I was in hopes of getting on shore for morning service, and was ready and waiting for any opportunity that might offer, but it was not to be; a beautiful double rainbow gave warning of bad weather, and soon the wind got up, and the sea became so rough, that no one could attempt to land. This was very tantalizing, as I could see the pretty little church on shore, with its tower; but no boat came off to us, and there was no help for it. We are anchored out in the middle of the bay, at a good distance from the jetty, at which, they say, there is scarcely three feet of water.

I am told there is a Roman Catholic and a Wesleyan chapel, but, owing to the very small population, there are no means of supporting a priest or minister among them permanently. It is only a coaling station and a convict depôt (there are from sixty to eighty of these last). The only vessels in the bay besides ourselves are a large collier, a large hulk, and several smaller ones, all loaded and piled up high with bags of coal, ready for the steamers that come in for them. Large stores of coal are also lying on the beach, mostly brought out from England, they say, for this express purpose.

The "Northam" steamer is expected hourly, to take us and the mails on our way to Ceylon. She will be rather late, for she must take nearly twenty-four hours to coal after she comes in, and the first or second of the month are the days the mail ought to start from this. We intend to live and sleep on board the "City of Adelaide" while we remain here, as the accommodation on shore is said to be very bad.

Monday, 3rd.—The "Northam" came into the bay at daylight this morning, anchored at once alongside the coal hulk, and, with two coal-barges on the other side of her, began immediately coaling vigorously right and left, and they are still hard at work.

I went with our lady passenger and her husband on shore this morning, and was much pleased with our walk through the natural shrubberies, where many of the plants and shrubs are different from any that are to be met with elsewhere. The constant succession and variety of sweet scents from them was very refreshing. I am told that, in the spring, the wild flowers are a splendid sight—one mass and sheet of them all through the woods, of every possible colour and shape—but that these are generally scentless. There is a very pretty kind of weeping wattle in great abundance, bearing a silver-grey flower. Bouquets of beautiful flowers quite new to me, and some of them very curious, were brought on board this morning from the gardens on shore. The soil is mostly a white sand. Very few kinds of vegetables, and no wheat, can be grown here. The inhabitants have to import nearly everything they use. There are no shops worthy of the name, but two or three general stores for common necessaries. It seems to be a very simple, unsophisticated sort of place, and the gangs of convicts (some in chains) look much out of character with the rest. I saw here, also, the first Australian natives I have met with; more wretched-looking creatures I never beheld. Both men and women are clothed only with kangaroo skins (the hairy side inwards), unshaped, just as taken off the animal, and often in tatters: the men wear them about half way down to the knee; the women have them to the knee, or sometimes a little below. They have the thinnest legs conceivable, just like walking-sticks, and small feet and hands; skins dark copper colour; hair rusty brown, and very dirty-looking. One hideous old woman had her bald head smeared with white, and her face with some reddish-brown stuff. The women are most inveterate and persevering beggars, and kept following us all the way we walked, clamouring for money. We distributed some pennies, but this by no means satisfied them; they wanted *white* money, they said. The adults are extremely ugly, but the children are not so. They carry their babies

under their left arm, the head, shoulders, and arms showing in front, and the rest of the body hidden under the mother's kangaroo skin. They are thoroughly idle, but some of the younger ones are occasionally trained as servants. The natives further east are not, I believe, nearly such wretched-looking beings as these; but nowhere would they bear any comparison with the Maories of New Zealand, either in appearance or intellect. The town is called Albany. The climate is very pleasant; they never know what a hot wind is, never see snow, and scarcely ever have even a touch of frost. The geraniums now, in midwinter, are growing, and flowering, and scrambling wildly about like weeds. We are here nearly at the most south-west point of Australia; when we leave the Sound, we have to turn round the headland, and go up the west coast. The extreme western point is Cape Leuwin, about 180 miles up, which is the last we have to do with Australia. From that point we sail direct for Ceylon, a distance of 3330 miles from King George's Sound. The "Northam" encountered, like ourselves, tremendously rough weather in coming here. We transferred ourselves on board her this afternoon, and the arrangements appear to be very comfortable; an immense general saloon, and a ladies' saloon besides—which is not used for sleeping in unless the ship is very full—with sofas all round, and a bath-room opening out of it. The greatest luxury is, that I have a sleeping-cabin to myself, meant to hold three; but there is no other lady on board save the one beforementioned, with husband and baby, and they, of course, have a cabin to themselves. There are fourteen gentlemen passengers, and many officers of the ship. Everything seems to be done in first-rate style, and so much assiduous attention and waiting upon, that it is almost overwhelming after the bluffness, inattention, and difficulty in getting anything done that you want, on board the colonial steamers generally. This ship is 1400 tons burthen, and burns, they say, from forty-eight to fifty tons of coal per day.

Tuesday, 4th.—Coaling went on all night, and long before daylight various other noises, the notes of preparation for departure, drove sleep away.

At about half-past six o'clock a cannon was fired on deck, and going up soon after daylight, I learnt that the captain had resolved to sail immediately, as the weather was so fine and calm, and he feared it might change if we delayed. The gun had been fired to summon any of the passengers who might be on shore, and the captain himself was gone on shore for the mail, which the day before had been announced as not to be closed before ten o'clock; by half-past eight, however, we began to get under weigh, and by nine were fairly off.

The day has been truly beautiful, such as we are used to term "a real New Zealand day," and more pleasant certainly than any I had before experienced since I left that land. We have been getting on at the rate of from ten to eleven knots an hour all day, and to-morrow morning expect to lose sight of land, and to be steaming away north-west to the tropics, when, though it will be the rainy season there, we shall be comparatively safe from the bad weather latitudes. All the land we have passed to-day has been rocks or small barren islands, all bearing evidence of having been under water in years gone by. I am told there is a small and very good shell-fish found here, which has never been seen elsewhere; I could not learn that any name had been given to it. We are in a noble and handsome ship, the saloon above sixty feet long, and ornamented with green and gold on a light wood like maple. The deck is all "flush" and very wide, strong, and business-like looking, with very high, solid bulwarks, and plenty of comfortable seats about it; the ship, they say, is 330 feet long.

We have been most fortunate in this part of our voyage; they say that so fine a passage round the Leuwin point is very unusual, particularly at this time of year, when steamers are sometimes tempest-tossed for four or five days on this coast before they can get

clear of it; we, however, passed it in the night, and there was no sign of land remaining on Wednesday morning. I was thinking to-day, as I walked up and down the deck, how immensely strong this vessel seemed to be in every part, and how awful is the fact that even such ships as these can be crushed up to splinters, and lost as in a moment, or even when all is calm and apparently most secure; how, by some unforeseen catastrophe, they may sink, and be no more seen or heard of, and that sometimes almost before those on board are aware of their danger. So weak is the mightiest strength of man, so futile his grandest works, when unsupported and unaided by a merciful Providence.

We have a very large ship's company; besides about ten or twelve officers (all in uniform), there are above a dozen stewards and waiters, white and coloured; a French man-cook, a black ditto, and half-a-dozen culinary helpers; the numerous crew are partly Europeans, partly Lascars, Malays, and Chinamen. The captain in command of the ship is a quiet, gentlemanlike man, and there is another captain, the Admiralty agent, on board, who is a lieutenant in the navy, and always comes and goes with the ship. There is a great abundance (and, indeed, waste) of eatables and drinkables. A long bill of fare, consisting of from twenty-five to thirty dishes, is drawn up in due form daily, and many of the company will just taste one thing after another, sending it away and changing their plates about a dozen times. Of wines, spirits, etc., there is an unlimited supply (without extra charge), and the stewards come round continually, filling and refilling glasses and tumblers, whether you want it or no, and when you leave them unfinished, they coolly turn the wine glass over into the tumbler, spoiling the contents of both, and throwing the whole away. The gentlemen generally drink tumblers of claret at breakfast and tea, and at all hours of the day they call for and have whatever they choose. All have, however, to disperse at

ten at night, and by half-past ten every light in every cabin must be extinguished. One of the greatest luxuries is the abundant supply of good fresh distilled water in the cabins, with an unlimited number of clean towels; also soft mattresses, fine sheets, and any number of good, soft pillows. The cabins are all carpeted, and altogether very comfortable but for one great defect, which is, that the portholes are placed so low that they can scarcely ever be safely opened even in calm weather; at the present time every wave sweeps right up over them, and there are, therefore, no means of letting in any really fresh air; you can only open the door or the jalousies, and admit the air from the saloon. We have had but little more fine weather since the two first days; it is the rainy season, and we have frequent drizzle and squalls. When the sun does shine forth, however, the heat is great, and the sleeping cabins, as we approach the tropics, are insufferably hot; even in the ladies' saloon the thermometer stands at from 77° to 80°, and in my little sleeping cabin it is sometimes ten degrees higher. Yet we are still south of the line, and consequently still in winter! The wind has been generally against us, though in these latitudes it ought to be just the other way, and in our favour; we have also what the captain calls "a nasty confused sea," showing that there has lately been some very hard blowing here, which we have fortunately just missed; the waves frequently dash over even our high bulwarks. After entering the trade winds I was surprised to find still such rough weather; my former experiences being of smooth waters, and ships as steady nearly as houses; the captain tells me, however, that this is the weather that usually prevails in the tropics; certainly it is rough enough now, with little seas flowing over the deck continually. Up come the Lascars between the deluges, with their brooms and swabs, sweeping and drying it up as well as they can, only to be deluged again and again. It is amusing to see the upsets on deck among the gentlemen (who, by the way, always

carry off the best seats and place them for themselves on the shadiest side, under the awning, and loll at full length upon the benches). After they have selected their easy-chairs, and stretched themselves out with legs upon another in full luxury, it is irresistibly laughable to see them toppled over helplessly backwards, sprawling, chairs and all, and a wave at the same time giving them a bath; while others just settled comfortably to a game at backgammon, with the board on a stool between them, will suddenly slide off across the deck, the stool at the same time capsizing, and all the pieces rolling about. Somehow they never seem to get hurt by these accidents.

As we approached the line, three large punkahs were "rigged up" in the saloon, extending the whole length, and the Indian punkawallahs constantly working them. The sea continues as rough as ever. Sitting one evening in the saloon, the waves every now and then thundering upon the deck over head, one sea, more tremendous than the rest, came over, and we heard it rushing backwards and forwards on deck, a little stormy sea in itself. Almost before we had time to look at one another, it came pouring down upon us, over tables, lights, seats, punkahs, and people. All started from their seats, but, before we could get clear, down came another torrent, and away we flew into every nook that could afford us shelter (as if we were just beginning to play at puss in the corner), where we had to wait until the series of cascades, that came with every returning roll of the ship, had ceased, before we could retreat to our cabins; the poor stewards had plenty to do in taking table covers off and carpets up, and mopping up the sea. In this rough weather few places escape altogether, the water insinuates itself in various undiscoverable ways into the sleeping cabins, and runs in streams across the floors.

We had an entertainment on the evening we passed the line, a very harmless one, however (probably all on board have passed the line before, except the one lady,

who was born in Australia); the stewards and a select few of the sailors dressed up, sang, danced, etc., very amusingly, and all went off very well. I saw a particularly good waterspout during this voyage; besides the main body of water, which looked like a huge cascade, there was near it a quite narrow and very black fall, looking really like a very large spout of water. It was the most distinct specimen I had ever seen.

Upon one occasion only was I able to have my porthole open for a short time, the relief and enjoyment afforded by it were unspeakable; it was short lived, however. At eleven o'clock that night the boatswain's whistle piped all hands to the sails, and immediately after came a loud knocking at the cabin doors, with a general order to close all portholes; the meaning of all being that a "smart squall" was coming on. The sunset on that same evening had been grand and wonderful, portentous, no doubt, of the storm that was brewing. It was a sight worth describing, yet I felt that it was almost wrong to attempt doing so, since words could only tend to weaken the impression it left upon my mind. I made an inefficient memorandum of it, however, in my journal, to the following effect: The sun itself was behind a dark cloud, but along the horizon, close upon the sea, appeared a row of masses of glowing, fire-like, gigantic, red-hot coals; these soon increased in number upward, like a huge furnace burning within bars, and confined, as it were, on both sides by the appearance of rocky precipices, formed of black clouds fringed with fire. The different grand forms the supernatural furnace took looked truly awful, at last appearing like the entrance to a fiery tunnel, while one of the black clouds overhanging it took the appearance of the three witches in Macbeth, or any other fiendlike forms, with their arms stretched out menacingly over the fiery gulf. It looked altogether like what one could imagine the entrance to the infernal regions to be. No one seemed to take much notice of it; the gentlemen were

as usual at full stretch upon the benches, smoking and joking with each other, and Mrs. ——, who was occupied with her baby, seemed to think there could be little else worth attending to, and only laughed vacantly at the one or two observations I made to her, endeavouring to draw her notice to this wonderfully grand sight. We have been a little over fourteen days performing this part of the voyage, and have had two Sundays on board, the captain reading the morning and evening service very nicely; he has a good clear voice and devotional manner There was a good muster of the English part of the crew upon these occasions, all dressed in their best, nice clean white suits, with broad blue turned-down collars and trimmings. No sermon was read, nor any singing attempted, though some of the stewards have excellent voices, and sing in parts extremely well for their own amusement.

And now that I have recrossed the boundary line, and bid adieu to the Southern Hemisphere, I feel that I have indeed turned my back upon the dear adopted home of so many years. I can no longer see our bright and familiar Southern Cross, which never forsakes those skies, and I seem to feel more lonely even than I did before—more entirely parted from all the kind and much-loved friends whom I, perhaps, may never see again.

On *Tuesday*, *the* 18*th*, we reached Ceylon, and I attached myself to Mrs. —— and her husband, that we might go to the same hotel, and make our excursions together.

The canoes that crowded round the ship immediately on our arrival were of very peculiar make, long, and so extremely narrow, that none but very thin persons could fit themselves in between the two straight-up sides; they are kept upright in the water by a long piece of wood at one side, attached to two long curved arms stretching out to a distance from the canoe. Nothing could sink it so long as these remain uninjured, but should they break, the canoe probably must turn over

at once; the oars, or paddles, are shaped something like spades at the end of long handles. They have a more comfortable kind of boat also, in one of which we came on shore, with gay scarlet cushions and awnings. We drove first to the hotel, and, before "tiffin," walked out into the town, visiting some of the best shops and making several purchases. Tiffin is an elaborate affair, consisting of fish, flesh, and fowl (the fish, however, being crabs only, and curried prawns), and all kinds of tropical fruits, such as pine-apples, very large shaddocks, oranges, mangos, bananas, and some others, the names of which I could not learn. After tiffin we drove to the Warkwalla, a lovely drive of about three miles, to a beautiful spot on a hill, overlooking a plain, woods, hills, etc.

This is an excursion that all visitors make if they have time, and certainly I should have been sorry to miss it. On our way we stopped at a road leading up a hill, on which stands a Buddhist temple, to which we walked; this was rather fatiguing, but worth the exertion. Several natives came out of the huts and cottages on the ascent and accompanied us, one of whom obtained the keys of the temple from the priests, who live in a house near it, and who were standing about in picturesque attitudes, clad in long yellow robes down to their feet, and tastefully draped about their bodies, leaving one arm bare. The temple contains only a huge gilded and painted figure of Buddha, sitting cross-legged, Hindoo fashion, and several smaller ones in glass cases, one being a very graceful reclining figure in a white, semi-transparent composition, something like alabaster. There were also small, round, parti-coloured tables, and various mysterious-looking things, something like conjuring apparatus. No one is allowed to enter the temple during service, except the officiating priest; the worshippers all prostrate themselves on the steps and ground in front of the building. On one side of the entrance, outside, is a coloured metal tree, with places on its branches for lights, like our Christmas-

trees, also some tables, on which lie flowers for offerings to *the god*, for all the various images, however unlike, have but the one name of Buddha. The Cingalese are all Buddhists. Near the temple stands a large domed mausoleum of white stone (or looking like it); this is said to contain some of the bones, papers, and books of Buddha himself.

At Warkwalla we found most of our fellow-passengers assembled and beset with numbers of natives, all pressing for the purchase of their jewellery and curiosities. These people beset you at every step, and run after you begging, or offering all kinds of things for sale; they are most pertinacious, and almost indefatigable in following your carriage full speed for long distances. They are principally the boys and youths who beg, throwing beautiful bouquets of wild flowers into the carriage, and following in hopes of payment. The men persecute you equally with their wares, birds, etc. They ask three or four times as much as they will take, and are great cheats and thieves; they offer you beautiful little birds, apparently quite tame, perched on their fingers, but I was told that the poor little things are merely stupified by something they give them to cause the appearance of tameness for a time, and that those who are induced to buy them find after a few hours that they either become excessively wild, or die. Among the many things they press you to buy are sticks of scented woods, cut from the cinnamon and sandal-wood trees, also the nutmegs in their natural state, with the mace beautifully wrapped round them beneath the outer case, curious seeds, lace, etc. All the rings, chains, and trinkets, they swear vehemently to be of the purest gold and precious stones; much of it, however, is believed to be made at Birmingham. Their boxes, baskets, carved ebony, tortoise-shell, and lace, are good, and safe purchases to make after due bargaining.

The men are mostly naked down to the waist, from whence they have either a cloth twisted scantily round

them, or a thin shawl, or muslin, tucked tightly round the waist, and coming down in the form of a scanty petticoat. They are, generally speaking, a handsome and intelligent looking race, of a rich copper colour; *very* thin and bony, but apparently strong, active, and sinewy. The women have, besides the tight shawl-petticoat, a short jacket or spencer, and their heads generally covered with handkerchiefs. Some of the men wear similar head-dresses, others have the head uncovered. The Cingalese men wear their hair long, generally turned up in a knot behind, and a long semi-circular tortoise-shell comb (such as is often used by European girls) to keep it turned back from the forehead.

This fashion of wearing the hair causes the young men to look so much like women that it is often difficult to tell which sex they belong to, though an observer might remark that the women seldom wear the comb, and that the men almost always do. I heard a story of an English lady, who went to a bath here, and was attended assiduously throughout the operation by a native, whom she never doubted from the appearance to be a woman, but whom she afterwards, to her horror, accidentally discovered to be a man. Some of the men also wear a scarf (generally of some bright colour) over one shoulder, and tied under the other arm, or sometimes the end is thrown gracefully over the other shoulder, something in the style of the Scotch tartan. These look extremely picturesque, and when many are together, in every variety of gay colour intermingled with white, and aided by the beautiful scenery around them, it would be difficult to imagine a more effective picture. There is another race here, of a different religion, called Tammins; these keep the hair cropt close to the head. All are very upright, well made, and generally broad-chested. The foliage everywhere is most luxuriant, and beautifully green; the trees, plants, shrubs, and wild flowers, surpass description. The latter were all new to me, in great variety

and beauty, and some of them extremely sweet. There are whole forests of cocoa-nut and banana-trees.

I was much disappointed at not being able to see the cinnamon and nutmeg gardens; not that there is much to see in them, I believe, as these trees may be seen growing everywhere here, and we passed through a cinnamon plantation on our drive to Warkwalla, but the roads to them are pretty. However, I had to give them up, having spent a good portion of the morning in making purchases, and immediately after tiffin I had to go off in a boat, and on board the steamer that was to take me on to Aden and the Red Sea. I now parted from Mrs. —— and her husband, who were the only acquaintances I had made (they being bound for India), but I was pleased to find on board our new vessel several of the gentlemen who had been passengers in the "Northam;" for though we had scarcely spoken before, there was now a mutual recognition, as of old acquaintances, amid the many new faces which surrounded us, and we seemed naturally to group together. This steamer (though she does not look much larger than the "Northam") is said to be nearly 2000 tons actual tonnage. The saloon is very handsome, and ornamented with gracefully-designed paintings on the panels; one long table extends from end to end, and we sit down above 100 to dinner, with four punkahs working over us. The arrangements are not so comfortable as on board the ship we have left; the ladies' saloon being very small, and I have to share my cabin with another lady. We have now 1970 miles to go to Aden.

On rising the first morning after we left Ceylon, I found one of my eyes quite closed up from the poisonous effect of mosquito bites, inflicted during the night I stayed there; I having been unable, notwithstanding every precaution and endeavour, to expel them from inside the net. I had now to call in the doctor, who prescribed remedies, but it was some days before I could use the eye.

Nothing could be more wretchedly uncomfortable or unhealthy than the overwhelming heat of our small cabin with its two inmates. It is strange that ships intended for hot climates should be so unsuitably constructed, and with so little regard to ventilation in the sleeping cabins. The jalousies are very ill-contrived, admitting the hot air from the saloon, or none at all, and the porthole can never be opened if the sea is at all rough, as it is at present. On the second night we had our mattresses taken upon deck, as did also nearly all the other passengers, the ladies being ranged on one side and the gentlemen on the other. Inconvenient as this was, one could at least breathe, and I afterwards found these nights on deck to be the pleasantest part of the twenty-four hours; indeed, I really think some of us would not have lived through the voyage but for this arrangement, or had we not shunned our cabins as much as possible at all times; for no words can describe the exhaustion and faint sensation that was produced by even five or ten minutes in these close steaming ovens.

We have two clergymen on board, both going home from India. One of them reads a portion of the Morning Prayers every morning in the saloon, and service twice on Sundays, with an extemporary sermon; the other is, to all appearance, almost in the last stage of consumption. One of the gentlemen passengers from India died of consumption on the morning of our first Sunday (all the Indian passengers look dreadfully ill). The funeral took place on the evening of the same day; very solemn and peaceful it seemed; the engines were stopped for the time, and every possible reverence shown upon the occasion. We had evening service afterwards.

This is but a slow vessel; we seldom accomplish more than nine knots an hour, and often do not exceed seven. She is said to have been much damaged by running on shore in the river Hoogley, at Calcutta, where she remained so long in a dangerous position, that but for her extra strength and great thickness, she must have

gone to pieces. As it was, she was so much strained and damaged, that notwithstanding extensive subsequent repairs they dare not put on full speed.

The engines are said to make only twenty-seven and half revolutions in a minute. Those of the "Northam" made from forty-eight to fifty, and the "City of Adelaide," I should suppose, more still. Thus we have all the inconvenience of a steamer, with little of the advantage of one, the sole recommendation being in most cases speed. Here we have not even that, and we might as well have had the luxury of a sailing ship, where the accommodation is generally much better, from there being no engines, boilers, etc., to occupy the space.

There was a general muster and exercise of the crew on Sunday morning before Divine service, when they went through all the movements that would be adopted in case of the ship being on fire. There are not more than two or three white men among them, but every shade of copper, brown, and black. There are a great many Chinamen, very odd-looking, but neatly dressed, all in white trousers and jackets, with round hats, and their hair-tails put up out of sight under them. The Lascars are very picturesque, in white loose trousers and tunics, with crimson sashes, and white and crimson turbans, or some with white skull caps, piped with crimson, and narrow gold or silver bands round them. Their tunics are ornamented in front with crimson trimmings and the name of the ship. Some wear crimson vests over their tunics. Many of them are fine, handsome-looking men. *Lascar* seems to be the general name for all races of sailors on board ship who are not Europeans. They are exceedingly noisy at their work, and are quite of the "much cry and little wool" species. Twenty or thirty of them come swarming upon a rope that has to be pulled like so many bees; but they seldom seem to put out any strength, or make any attempt to pull all together. Four or five English sailors could do the same work far better in a quarter of

the time. It quite fidgets one to see them go about anything, and the jabber and clatter at the same time is deafening. There are, I am told, above eighty of them in this crew, Malays and all kinds included. The quartermasters and superior officers are all Europeans, about twenty of them, in all making up above 100. These *Lascars* do not understand working *in watches*, as English crews do, but turn out all together. Their pay is not above a fourth part of a white sailor's. There are said to be thirty stewards and waiters; the attendance, however, is not nearly as good as on board the "Northam," neither are things generally done in nearly so liberal a manner. There are little shabbinesses practised that add to one's daily amount of discomfort, and though all kinds of wines, etc., are, as usual, included in the passage-money (which is the same whether you require such things or not), yet in this ship they make you pay extra for such things as soda-water, lemonade, etc., which are indispensables, and must be had pretty abundantly in such terrific heat. In our last ship there was an unlimited supply of all such refreshing beverages gratis.

We had a curious appearance upon the deck one night, in the form of a large lump of phosphoric light, which turned out to be a flying-fish that had fallen there under the awning. All who touched it with hands, feet, etc., had the same luminous appearance communicated to the part that came in contact with it, and wherever the deck was wetted by the fish, the same effect remained for a considerable time, which would seem to prove that the phosphoric light on the sea at night is caused by disturbed fish, or some slightly glutinous discharge from them, though neither they nor it are perceptible by daylight. I have often thought this must be so, because of the different forms and depths in which the lights occur—sometimes like mere sparks on the surface, sometimes in large masses some distance below; and as it is only seen where the ship makes a commotion, and not where the *natural*

waves are tossing, it would seem to be caused by the excitement and fright the poor fish are in, as in the instance of the unfortunate specimen just mentioned. However, no one around me seemed to take any interest in the matter, beyond amusing themselves for the time with the poor creature, and so after attempting one or two observations on the subject, I kept my reflections to myself, as I generally find myself constrained to do among uncongenial companions.

On the seventh night of our voyage it came on to blow almost a gale, and it was with much difficulty that I managed to keep my cloak tucked round me, and prevented myself from being tossed off the top of the skylight which formed my *bedstead*. A lady who laid near me was the next day taken ill with fever, attributed to the chill from exposure to the damp and spray. The circumstance of my having a waterproof cloak probably saved me from a like misfortune. The gale increased in violence during that day and following night, so that I could not venture to sleep on deck again, and some of the gentlemen who attempted to do so were soaked through, and much knocked about and bruised. One gentleman told me that he was thrown right off the skylight, where he was lying, cleared the bench beside it without touching, and was deposited flat on his back on the deck beyond.

Nearly the whole rank and file of easy-chairs (and nearly every individual has one of their own) came to grief that day, being knocked about most ludicrously, and hopelessly smashed; and there were some really serious falls that occurred to persons in endeavouring to move along the deck. I very prudently put myself under the strong protection of one of the quartermasters whenever I had to move, and had myself deposited on a fixed bench when seated. The sight was awfully grand, but by no means pleasant, the waves coming fairly over our bulwarks, which were above five feet high, and a pond of water flowing backwards and forwards over the deck with every roll of the ship, while the whole atmos-

phere was one thick cloud of spray. One towering wave broke over the top of a high windsail in the roof of the captain's cabin (which was on deck), and which, acting as a funnel, brought down upon him a grand unpremeditated shower-bath, swamping him in his berth, and deluging all his possessions. It is odd how irresistibly droll these misfortunes always seemed, even when the poor invalid clergyman, in whom every one feels an interest, was the victim. There he was in his place at dinner, when his chair flew back from the table, and toppled backward with him against the wall; he with his legs up in the air perfectly helpless, bombarded by his plate, knife, fork, glass, leg of fowl, etc., all falling on and around him, while a large decanter of water, and another of wine, were rapidly advancing to the attack, when they were timely intercepted. The stewards who picked him and the pieces up, and reinstated him with new fittings and provisions, were in convulsions of suppressed laughter; and as he was unhurt, and the catastrophe did not even bring on one of his terrible fits of coughing, our consciences did not reproach us *much* for our uncontrolable merriment. Upon that same occasion I had two glasses of port wine, belonging to my neighbours on either side, capsized at the same time over my dress. It does not signify much what one wears upon these voyages, and I must confess to having reserved some of my oldest and least valuable dresses for the occasion; but not so the Indian lady-passengers, who dress very handsomely in delicate and costly muslins, or rich and apparently quite new silks of the latest fashions. I was lucky in having finished my breakfast one morning and left my seat, when, just as I had reached the door of my cabin, a tremendous sea overtopped the skylights, and came down (notwithstanding the awning) in one mass over the table and the unhappy lingerers who had not yet left it. Every dish, plate, tumbler, etc., was instantaneously filled up with salt water, and every one drenched to the skin. The gentleman next to whom I had been sitting rushed away, with

the water literally flowing out of the pockets of his jacket and the legs of his trousers. One universal shriek and laugh combined arose, mingled with every kind of comic yell. Of course we were at once doomed to closed skylights.

On the third morning of this weather I asked the first officer whether it was usual in these parts at this season; to which he replied, "Yes, it is the south-west monsoon; we shall get out of it by about noon to-day, and are very lucky not to have had it two days earlier, and consequently longer;" and he proved to be right; the wind calmed down that day; but the effects remained still on the waters, which were nearly as rough as ever. Sleeping on deck can no longer be attempted, for there is much fever now on board, attributed, in a great measure, to that practice. My cabin companion, therefore, now turns out and sleeps on the saloon table. I cannot quite make up my mind to try that, as it has always hitherto been covered with gentlemen and married couples, and the saloon floor thickly paved with sleeping stewards; but I do not know that I may not be driven to scramble for a place among them yet, for the suffering in the cabin is something fearful, leaving one with scarcely the strength of a mouse. Even the bath does not refresh one; the water is never cool, and the exertion of the thing seems only to exhaust one the more.

On the tenth day we passed the island of Socotra, but at a considerable distance on our left. I could not see it—very few were able to make it out; and those who ventured to look for it had their curiosity washed out of them by the waves that broke over their heads. It looked only like misty mountain-shaped clouds to those who could see anything of it. It is quite a barren island.

On the *1st of August*, after a thirteen days' voyage, we reached ADEN, where we were to coal, which operation was expected to be completed in about five hours, and this would give us time to land. The great heat, however, seemed to alarm many, and there was a general

inclination to remain safe under the shade of our awning, and not go on shore at all. I was much averse to this proposal, and told some of the gentlemen whom I knew best that if any of them went, they must let me know, and I should go too. It ended by, I think, most of the gentlemen going; but no lady, except myself. The boats had no awnings, excepting one belonging to our ship, in which the captain and two officers went off alone, never offering a seat to any one. The heat was certainly something dreadful. We were rowed by several villanous-looking black Abyssinians. They are great cheats, and terrible was the clamour with which they pursued us up to the hotel, because some of the party refused to pay them more than their due fare.

The gentleman who politely took me under his special care upon this occasion (one of the *Northamites*, as we call ourselves) had unfortunately omitted to take his umbrella, and having only a straw hat, altogether unsuited to the fierce rays of the sun, he became quite ill by the time we reached the hotel, said he had a sunstroke, and was nearly falling down. After a time, however, by the aid of brandy and lemonade, he revived; but the rest of the party, who had come in another boat, had gone off, before we could find them, to the great Tanks, the curiosities of Aden. Another gentleman who was with us offered to take me there if I wished it; but he himself having seen them before, I should have considered that the whole expense, of not less than ten rupees (a rupee is two shillings), must justly have fallen on me; besides which, tiffen was then ready, and he evidently wished to stay and partake of it. We did so, therefore, and it was afterwards too late. So I missed the Tanks, and had to console myself by gaining all the information I could respecting them. They are so ancient that no one knows anything about their origin, and, therefore, the general opinion is that the Phœnicians performed this great work. They are excavated out of the solid rock at different heights, one above another, and varying in size and shape according to the form of

the rock, on the sides of which they are made, being hewn in terraces, for the convenience of going down into them as the water decreases. In the rainy season they fill and overflow one into the other, and finally into deep wells below. The water is brought into the town in skins piled up on camels' backs. It seldom rains here oftener than once in three or four years, and the provision of water will last that time and longer. It has not now rained for seventeen months, and there is still water in them sufficient for three or four years to come. Of course when it does rain it pours down in earnest, and some of the tanks are built up with walls of strong masonry above the natural level of the rock, to enable them to hold more. This part of the work has been done in modern times, and costs immense sums of money to keep in repair.

The heat of the drive to the Tanks, and in the town around them, which consists of the cantonments and tents of the military (we had seen these from the sea), was described by those who went as being almost unbearable, and they had, moreover, a considerable distance to walk, where the cars cannot approach; the whole distance from the town of Aden is about four miles. There are a few bazaars round the port, the Arab merchants in which are stately, dignified-looking beings, who do not seem to care whether you deal with them or not; they ask very high prices for their goods, and scorn to take anything off, quietly putting them back in their glass cases if you say they are too dear. All kinds of Indian and Chinese curiosities are to be had here.

In the hotels and outside we were beset by numerous troublesome vendors of various things, ostrich feathers, carved woods, coral, baskets, skins, etc., for all of which they ask ten or twelve times as much as they finally take.

I here saw the first working camels I had met with, performing their labours with most patient looks, but some of them sending forth unearthly sepulchral grunts. There were plenty of pretty and sprightly-looking

donkeys, waiting saddled for hire, and decorated generally with high ostrich feathers on their heads. The hotel is a large, open building, consisting of three spacious divisions, the centre one filled with long tables, the end to the left with innumerable small bedsteads, placed close together without mattresses or furniture of any kind, and that to the right being a bazaar. An Arab, whose business it is to conduct customers to this hotel, wears a brass badge bearing the words, "Prince of Wales Hotel," and remains in attendance for the purpose of casting out, which he does most unceremoniously and roughly, any of the dealers who become too troublesome. I was much amused with the whole proceedings, and bought a quantity of ostrich feathers, etc., etc. Strange to say, not one woman was to be seen anywhere; the men, who are clothed, looked picturesque, and some of them handsome, but the generality of them wear the costume of Adam before the fall, and nothing whatever on their heads, some not even hair, and bear the scorching heat beating down straight upon their skulls quite unconcernedly; it is truly wonderful how anything human, however thick, can stand it. The ground on which we trod quite scorched our feet. I believe my umbrella was the means of saving my companion's life; he had to go to the post-office, and I went too; it was a long walk to take under such circumstances, and I lent him my umbrella to hold over us both, by which arrangement I lost much of the benefit of it, for the poor man was dreadfully alarmed, very naturally, about his own brain. I began, consequently, to feel much afraid for my own skull, and two or three times desperately seized the stick of the umbrella and drew it more towards me; however, there was a brisk breeze blowing, which helped to save us both. We took a car to get back to the boating place, and reached the ship a little before the cannon was fired for departure.

We found the steamer surrounded with boats filled with things for sale, and the deck thronged with Arabs pressing their wares upon the passengers. There were

some beautiful leopard skins, one of which I could not help bidding for; the man asked sixty rupees for it, and fifty for a smaller one; but, fortunately for me, a gentleman bid £1 a piece for the large ones, and 5s. each for the smaller ones, and carried them all off. There were some very fine skins of the long-tailed monkey with very long hair; they would have made handsome muffs, and the man having at the last moment come down in his demands as low as 7s. for the two, another lady and myself had consented to take them, when the steamer got under way, leaving the skins in the boat, and our money in our purses. There were also around the ship numbers of swimmers and divers; they swim just as naturally as fishes, the gentlemen were throwing coins overboard into the sea among them, when down they all darted in an instant, disappearing beneath the waters and then up again, the successful finder taking the coin from his mouth, and holding it up in triumph, then putting it into his mouth again, ready to dive for another; they seem to be able to hold any number of coins that they can get in their mouths, which, of course, are their only pockets. The appearance of Aden from the sea is all high-peaked, sharp, barren rocks, and no trees. We took on board an Arab pilot, and by five o'clock were fairly off again for the Red Sea.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RED SEA—SUEZ—THE DESERT—ALEXANDRIA—MALTA.

On the 2nd of August, between three and four in the morning, we passed through the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb; few, of course, saw them, but the passage was described to me as being between two rocky peaks, within gunshot of either side, and perfectly barren. Early on that day we passed some islands on our left of irregularly-shaped hills, with large quantities of sand washed up in front and between them, looking almost as white as snow; and one other, that was formerly a very dangerous rock, further up the Red Sea, on our right; this has now a lighthouse on it, and the men stationed there to keep it have no place on which they can walk, excepting up and down stairs, the surface of the rock being below the water, and the sea all round them. Provisions sufficient for six months are said to be taken to them twice a-year. A pleasant life!

The Red Sea is 1308 miles in length from Bab-el-Mandeb to Suez; the distance from Aden to Suez is 1460 miles. I had fancied we should see the coast of either Africa or Arabia the whole way, but we saw neither. I am told that land may sometimes be seen on one side or the other, but we kept well out in the middle, and the atmosphere upon this occasion happened to be rather misty, which was so far fortunate that it kept off, in some measure, the heat of the sun. Our Arab pilot is quite a picture, being dressed in a loose

blue gown (or gaberdine) with black vest over, and a crimson turban and sash.

This sea is very shallow, as may be seen by its green hue, and is dangerous. One of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's ships was lost, some years ago, on one of the rocky islands we passed to-day. I heard a gentleman ask one of the ship's officers whether these rocks were not very dangerous on dark nights. The answer was rather characteristic, with a shrug, "We trust in Providence, and keep our eyes open." The weather is perfectly calm, and we are able often to have the portholes opened, which is a great blessing.

We took another lady, husband, and baby on board at Aden. We have about twenty babies, and many older children still more troublesome and noisy. We experienced the somewhat unusual occurrence of slight rain on several nights, which helped to cool the air; and on one night, when I was sleeping on deck, there was much vivid lightning and several rolls of thunder. I am told it is much cooler coming this way at the present season than going the other, as the wind is against us, and we have, therefore, the full benefit of it blowing to meet us; the unhappy mortals returning will go just before it, and at about the same speed that it blows, and so will feel no stir in the air. Birds occasionally visit us even when no land can be seen; I observed a beautifully-shaped and rather large bird perch upon one of the ropes, a pretty slender creature, nearly all white, with a long thin beak, and a crest upon its head. I believe it was a kind of kingfisher; and upon another occasion numerous little birds came flying under the awning; the sailors called them sparrows, but they were much prettier than the common sparrow, and had a good deal of white about them. They were not like swallows.

On the last day before we reached Suez, we could see land on both sides of us, but nearest on the Egyptian side; nothing, however, could be discerned but sandy-looking rocks. Nearly every one on board suffered,

more or less, from the terrible heat of the cabins—some being laid up with severe fevers. This last I also had a slight attack of, and was glad to avail myself of the doctor's services, for I was horrified at the thought that I might be laid up helpless and alone among strangers. Fortunately, by taking measures against the evil in good time, it was warded off before it became very serious, and the doctor's efforts were considerably aided by the calm weather, which enabled me to sleep in my berth with the porthole and door wide open, and a delightful windsail fixed in the former, which brought in a most blessed draught of air. I cannot say that I felt the heat to be greater in the Red Sea than before we entered it, nor indeed so great, for the weather being calm, we were able to have more air. I suffered, however, from the *long continuance* of the heat, and the many sleepless nights. My hands became swollen up, and covered with painful blisters, and had exactly the appearance of having been severely scalded. It was fortunate, however, that it was my hands, and not my head, that the heat affected, as was the case with some of the passengers, who became light-headed from fever.

I had heard much of the sunsets in the Red Sea, but all that I saw here were much alike, and without any varied colours. The sun uniformly went down looking like a rather dull golden ball, the sky all around, and the sea also, being of the same dull, mysterious-looking golden hue. The moon set in much the same manner, and of the same gold colour, but in a blue sky (no cloud anywhere generally day or night), and sending one long glittering golden streak all across the sea, which was usually all ripples, with no waves save where our ship disturbed them.

Between two and three o'clock in the morning of the 6th we anchored off Suez; weather bright and lovely; such a brilliant moon! A series of rockets were sent up from our deck, and a cannon fired, as signals of our arrival. The harbour of Suez is very wide, but shallow; it looked very pretty, with the ships and several steamers

scattered about it, notwithstanding the high sandy-looking rocks beside it. The French Steam Packet Company, which runs a similar line to the Peninsular and Oriental, have arranged with the Pacha for all the land they can reclaim from the sea, and are carrying on great and extensive works, throwing out a long jetty, and apparently getting quite the start of the English company.

We remained in our ship until nearly noon, when a small steamer came alongside, and took us all ashore; the baggage had been going all the morning. In about half an hour more we were at the wharf, and a five-minutes' walk took us to the hotel. There were a sad number of helpless invalids to be landed; impromptu beds had to be constructed on which to carry some, both ladies and gentlemen. Several of the children, too, were extremely ill, but *they* were more easily disposed of. Two of the ladies ought, in fact, to have been left at Suez, as they were quite unfit to proceed further; but they earnestly wished to go on, and went. Soon after I got into the hotel, feeling *myself* almost inclined to faint, one of the ladies, from Calcutta, looking almost dead, was brought into the ladies' room in the arms of a gentleman; he placed her in a chair; there happened to be no one else but myself in the room; I went to her; she could not speak, but feebly put into my hands all the contents of her pocket, which it seemed she had just had strength to collect in her handkerchief when she found herself becoming helpless; there was a quantity of loose silver, some gold, her keys, passage ticket, and other matters, all of which I tied up in the handkerchief, and putting it into my own pocket, hastened away to get her some water. When I returned, she was on the floor, and insensible. Fortunately there were two medical men among the passengers, and they speedily took the most effective measures; it was a sunstroke. She was the only lady on board with whom I had become much acquainted; I had been interested in her, poor thing. An invalid herself, she was taking home a sickly child,

leaving her husband behind her; and to see her in this lamentable state, with her poor, frightened, troublesome young child beside her, was almost more than I could bear, weak and ill as I myself was. However, I was able to help in doing what was requisite, and as she soon slightly revived, she always knew me when I was near her, and taking my hand, feebly pressed it, and tried to speak.

As we were not to leave Suez till seven that evening, we got her undressed; the doctors made a bed of chairs for her, procured cans of water and quantities of ice, and some one or other was the whole day pouring the water over her head. Just before starting time we put her dress on her again, tied her other clothes up in a bundle, and one of the doctors, who had been most constant and kind in his attentions (the other had his own wife and child to attend to), had her carried on a litter into a convenient invalid railway carriage, and provided with large quantities of ice, attended her alone on the journey throughout the night. In the middle of the night he came to me for her ticket, and I then gave up into his care all her possessions that she had entrusted to me. When we stopped at Cairo, he again came to me, and asked me to take charge of her little girl, while he brought the poor mother in his arms into the station, and afterwards replaced her again with the same care, when we again pursued our journey. But for that truly kind-hearted and skilful man, that poor lone woman would probably have died. Whether she finally recovered, I never knew; I saw her no more, for she was carried on board the Southampton steamer, and my route lay by Marseilles, as did also that of the kind doctor, but he saw her safely placed, and under the care of the medical man of the ship she went by, and he told me she had sufficiently recovered to be able to say whither she was to be taken. I must say a few words respecting the hotel at Suez. It is a very large establishment, extending round the four sides of a large open square, in which stand vases of plants, and other

ornamental things. Under an awning are the long tables at which the meals are served; the lower parts of the building appear to be chiefly domestic offices; the upper part has a large public saloon, fitted all round with broad ottomans and large soft cushions, handsome furniture, grand pianoforte, splendid chandelier, an Egyptian-painted ceiling, and many large windows opening into a covered balcony, and the door into a wide corridor, with jalousies the whole length of it; all the rest consists of sitting and sleeping-rooms, looking very comfortable, but there is no attention to be had, excepting from plenty of native waiters, who bring you everything you order in the way of iced drinks. In case of illness, however, there is no one; you inquire in vain for any woman. We could not get a bedroom to lay our poor invalid in without hiring one for the night, neither was it possible to obtain a cup of tea for her until, as they said, after dinner, *i. e.*, about six o'clock. The other invalids had been carried by their respective gentlemen straight to the divans round the great saloon, the whole of which were speedily occupied; (there were many other passengers there before us who had come by a French packet.) The married gentlemen always, of course, established their wives and babies in the most comfortable places, and themselves in the next best; any single lady who does not think it worth while to press herself upon their attention, or fight for a place, may go without.

Tiffin was at one o'clock, and I had taken a ticket for it, price four shillings; finding, however, when the time came, that I should be quite unable to eat a morsel, I changed it for a five o'clock dinner ticket, which cost six shillings. Everything very dear, and curiously bad. Ducks of mere skin and bone, and chickens scarcely larger than pigeons, yet tough as leather, quite uneatable; everything else equally bad. The look of the pastry was enough, and there was no fruit but what was dried, and some very minute hard peaches, which were tolerably sweet, when you could manage to get your

teeth into one; also some particularly bad imported grapes. I omitted to mention that at Aden also there was no fruit to be had, except dates, limes (said to be imported), and very small, tasteless melons, not larger than oranges. No one attempted to quit the shelter of the hotel at Suez until it was time to start; and all I saw remarkable, besides the general eastern character of everything, were some large, handsome, happy-looking goats, with curiously long drooping ears, and having, apparently, a great abundance of milk; also some lively and brisk-looking donkeys. After sunset, at about half-past six, all issued forth for the railway. The carriages are tolerably comfortable, made in three compartments, opening into each other, and doors only at the extreme ends, opening each on to small platforms, which divide the carriage from the next. They are ill-suited for seeing, the windows being small, and placed high up in the sides, with looking-glasses between, or where the doors of carriages usually are, on both sides; so that if you wish to look out you must sit bolt upright, with craned neck, or stand up entirely. The only idea seems to be to keep the sand out as much as possible. At seven o'clock away we went flying over the desert. I put myself to all due inconvenience as long as any daylight lasted, to see what it was like, but found it as uninviting to view as I had always heard it was. It was a moonlight night, but whenever I looked out it was still sand, sand, sand. On the side furthest from where I sat, there seemed to be some rising ground in the distance, but the ladies on that side put the blinds half way up the very small allowance of window, so at last I resigned myself to my exhaustion, and following the example of all my companions, fell asleep, waking up every now and then to look out, but found it still the same. I observed, however, that we sometimes went through cuttings higher, occasionally, than the tops of the carriages, so I suppose the desert is not all a dead level.

There were three stations before we reached Cairo, at midnight, but they seemed to be quite isolated, and,

so far as I could make them out, wretched-looking places. I have not alluded yet to the greatest disappointment I had in all these my wanderings, but the time has come, and it must be told. I think it was almost my chief object in coming by this route, that I wished so much to see Cairo, the Pyramids, etc.; but, alas! as long ago as when we were at Galle, we became aware of the improbability of our halting there at all, in consequence of the cholera raging there; and even had this not been the case, we should have been hurried on equally, as it was supposed, in order to make up for lost time, our mails being behindhand. Every one save myself was glad of this arrangement; but I can find no words to express my disappointment—so let it pass.

At twelve o'clock at night we stopped at the Cairo station, a large and stylish place, with handsome and spacious refreshment-room, and a harp and a flute playing together very pleasantly within it. The gentlemen made a rush, and brought the ladies *tea*, etc. I had a cup of liquid so called, boiling hot, and no taste of anything whatever. This abominable stuff was charged 2*s*. a cup, lemonade 2*s*. a glass, and everything at the same rate. Champagne, which those who tried it declared to be *very* bad gooseberry wine, 10*s*. a bottle (it was 8*s*. a pint at Snez, but was pretty good there). The Peninsula and Oriental Company had formerly all the hotels on the route under their own control, and nothing was charged to their passengers for refreshments, but they have now sold them to any one who would buy, and the owners are free to victimize the travellers as they choose. That at Suez is kept by an Italian, and this one also by some foreigners. I have been told that they sometimes refuse to give any change at the Cairo station; that upon one occasion when this happened, a gentleman, enraged, jumped over the counter to take it by force, and they then drew their knives upon him (the lady who told me this was herself present at the time): he does not appear to have been hurt; I suppose he very prudently jumped back again in good time. We found a

very comfortable ladies' room here, with an English-woman attendant, and nice fresh water and towels—most acceptable luxuries, for we were powdered from head to foot like millers with the fine white sand. I had not found it penetrate very much until the last few miles before reaching Cairo, when we passed by much cultivated land, and trees growing rather abundantly, and where the soil being therefore more loosened, blew about more; and the carriages were filled with clouds of it; the trees were quite covered by this sand; and in the moonlight it looked like snow upon them.

We were allowed only twenty minutes at the Cairo station, and then passing through more trees, presently came to a dead stop of three-quarters of an hour at a telegraph station; for, as there is but a single line, they had to telegraph in order to know whether it was all clear, and to have it kept so; which proved to be very ecessary, for when we reached the next station we found another train, which had been moved off the line, and was waiting for ours to pass. I kept awake and watchful for long after we left Cairo, in the forlorn hope of a distant view of the largest of the pyramids by moonlight, but in vain, nothing that I could fancy into the shadow of it even was to be seen, nor anything else, save long strings of camels and donkeys, going briskly along with their riders.

The night was deliciously cool, and after a twelve hours' journey, we stopped somewhere short of the Alexandria station at seven in the morning. The distance is about 220 miles—*i. e.*, 90 from Suez to Cairo, and about 130 from thence to Alexandria. For a whole hour we had to remain here in the carriages, with the hot sun shining upon us, and lines of luggage-trucks on both sides, excluding the air. At last we were told that, for some reason or other unexplained at the time, we must alight there, though the station is at the wharf, close to the embarking place, and there was here not even a platform to step upon. We had to scramble down from a considerable height, therefore, on to the line as best

we could, and then had a quarter of an hour's walk between rows of stationary carriages and trucks, so close that we had sometimes to go sideways. We afterwards learnt that there had been an accident; some carriages of another train had run off the rails, and blocked up the line, so that they could not get them removed out of our way. At last we got to the wharf, and on board a small steamer that was awaiting us, and went off at once, first to the Southampton steamer, where we put on board all our passengers, save about a dozen gentlemen and myself, then to the Marseilles steamer, the "Massilia," where the rest of us were deposited, all but two or three, who were afterwards taken to the Trieste steamer. To my great joy, I found I was to have a comfortable cabin to myself, though there was another lady already on board, and two more coming from Alexandria.

I now began making inquiries as to the probability of getting on shore, as I, of course, wished not to miss seeing the city of Alexandria, if I could help it; and I was desirous also of sending a telegram to England announcing my safe arrival so far. I was advised not to go on account of the cholera; but I could not get up a fear about that.*

I found that none of the gentlemen intended going, for after breakfast, which we were just in time for on board the "Massilia" at nine o'clock, they were all intent only upon going to sleep, exhausted by their night's journey through the desert. I dreaded going alone, knowing what shameless swindlers all these Orientals are, and the fights that gentlemen have with them; what then, would a woman alone have to encounter? Yet I could not give up the desire; so after making all the inquiries I could as to the right fares, both by water

* Forty-seven thousand people were said to have fled from Alexandria at this time, the Viceroy among the number, he having gone to Scio, from dread of the cholera. Thirty-five thousand had died, but the worst was now believed to be over, and the cases were daily decreasing.

and land, I got into a boat that was alongside, and went by myself.

Before doing so, however, I said to the boatman, "Your fare is sixpence. I will give you a shilling, and *no more!*" I thought this but just, as I was the only passenger, and hoped to avoid extortion by stating my intention beforehand.

"All right! yaas!" was the answer.

When we were near the shore they asked for the money, and I gave it.

"Dat for me! Oder man and boat four shilling more!"

A tremendous clamour and jabber commenced on my refusal to pay more. It was long before they would land me, and they then followed me, vociferating together with another man, who demanded backseesh for helping me out of the boat, as he said, and six others, all offering their carriages or donkeys, and themselves, as dragomans.

I asked, "How much carriage to telegraph-office and back?"

"Ten shilling."

"Nonsense!"

"Eight."

"Stuff!"

"Seven—six."

"I will give five shillings, and no more!"

"Yaas, five shilling! all right! here my carriage, sare, see!" shouted the six all at once, trying to lead me in different directions, while those who were still clamouring for backseesh dared to take hold of my arm to keep me back. This was *too* much, and I turned with such a furious look upon them as I disengaged myself, that they troubled me no more.

I got into one of the carriages, saying as I did so, "Five shillings, mind, there and back, *no more!*"

"Oh, yaas; right, sare!" and off we went.

As we started, another man jumped up beside the driver, and after a few minutes, turned round and said,

"Dees man not know telegraph-office; I show him. I your dragoman, sare. I show you Grand Square, bazaar, all places."

I shook my head, and paid no further attention to him, as I wanted to use all my eyes and observation as I went along.

We passed rapidly through many narrow streets (all these eastern towns have narrow streets), dashed round sharp corners, waited for nobody, the driver shouting to every one before him, and they dispersing right and left, evidently according to custom, to avoid being driven over. Fortunately the Grand Square was in our road, so that I got a sight of that as we dashed through it. I did not venture to stop him, even for a minute, well knowing that if I did so, unlimited demands would be the consequence.

I think what seemed most curious to me was the costume of the women, clothed in long straight robes down to their feet, scarves covering their heads and shoulders, and faces entirely hidden, all but the eyes. These coverings for the face are so thick as quite to conceal every feature and colour. Their skins might be black or white, no one could ascertain. The stuff is generally white, but often coloured. Sometimes two holes are cut for the eyes; in others, the covering appears to be in two parts, the portions above and below the eyes being joined by a strap, or band, of the same, or of gold, which passes up between the eyes. The effect is very strange.

It was rather a long drive to the telegraph-office, and so enabled me to see a great part of the town. Having sent off my message, which they told me would be received in London the same afternoon,* I drove back again, the dragoman having in vain tried to persuade me to stop at the bazaar, which I should probably have done could I have been freed from him; but

* This proved to be untrue, as it was not received till two days after.

I refused, knowing that he would demand extortionate payment, if I let him even pretend to show me anything, and that fair remuneration never will suffice; indeed, offer what you will, they always clamour for more, and I had been warned that the bazaars and shops also cheat most outrageously.

Arrived again at the wharf, I tendered the five shillings to the driver; but the other man interposed, saying, "Carriage mine; he my man!"

In this the driver also acquiesced, and I, therefore, paid the money to the other.

"Dees for carriage; I dragoman: five shilling more for me."

I had been prepared to give him a shilling if he demanded anything, so I said, "I did not want you, and you have done nothing; but here is a shilling for you."

He refused to take it, and put himself in a great rage. "You, sare, you offer shilling to dragoman! Ask, sare, any one tell you dragoman five shilling!"

"Nonsense, I did not engage you, or want you; take the shilling or nothing."

"Shilling! dragoman!" he again vociferated furiously. "Oder man not know telegraph-office; he no take you widout I show him."

This, of course, was false, for it had been evident, from his reckless driving and turnings that he had no hesitation as to the way he was to take, nor had he any business to engage to drive any one if he did not know his way; but of course I made no attempt to argue the matter. I put the shilling back in my pocket, and stepped into the boat, telling them to go off to the "Massilia;" but this troublesome fellow got in too, and the boatmen, just pushing off far enough to prevent my stepping back again, remained stationary, while he kept up such a clamour as English untravelled ears seldom hear—I meanwhile trying to make the boatmen proceed, but in vain, for all these cheats act together. I looked helplessly about; there was no European

anywhere in sight, nor any one to appeal to. For some time I could see no way of escape from the boat, and I could but sit silently while the storm of gibberish raged on, thoroughly determined to tire them out, and give not one farthing more than I had offered.

At last I perceived that the end of the boat furthest from where I sat had accidentally touched another boat, and from that one I might just manage, I thought, to clamber up on the wharf. In a moment I made a quick rush along the boat, and before they could see my design, I had jumped into the other and scrambled out, and up the side of the wharf, at the risk of breaking my legs or falling into the water. I then walked a little way hoping to find some European, but there was no one, and no road up from this part of the wharf into the town. I turned back, therefore, to reach another part of it, and all this time the wretch who had followed me, kept close to my side, shouting, "Give me my money, let me go," etc.

I applied to several other boats to take me, but either they did not understand, or would not do it. The men from my boat were also following me, urging me to return to it. After making them promise to start instantly if I got in again, I did so; not that a promise was worth anything, of course, but they seemed now to have had enough of it. The other fellow also got in again.

"Give me shilling, let me go," he now said.

I replied, "You refused it, and you don't deserve it."

"Give him shilling and go," chimed in the boatmen. So I gave him his shilling, and at last we were off; and, strange to say, they put me on board the steamer without any further attempt at fraud, but quietly took the shilling I tendered for the fare, and said nothing, though they were the same men who had so tormented me before. How I fought through this battle, I hardly know; but it never entered my mind for a moment to end it by submitting to their demands; for so great is

my detestation of cheatery and extortion, that I would almost endure anything rather than seem, even indirectly, to encourage them.

My next care, after finding myself again on board, was to ascertain that all my property had reached the ship safely, and two packages were found to be missing. There was little doubt they had been put on board the Southampton steamer by mistake, though directed in full; and one of them soon after arrived in a boat from thence, with some stray things belonging to the other passengers.

We were to sail at five o'clock, all the three steamers together, and as the hour was fast approaching, I feared to go off in search of my property, lest I should not get back in time; so I could but tell every one I knew, and all who appeared to be in any authority, of my missing package—and at last began to resign myself to its loss, for no one seemed disposed to stir in my behalf, when our clergyman, who was still with us, very kindly took the matter up in good earnest, and was preparing to go himself on board the other vessel to look for it, which seemed to shame those whose duty it was, into sending off one of the officers for the purpose. And he actually found it at last, stowed away under a pianoforte in the cabin of the Southampton steamer, bringing it off in triumph just as that ship started. So that all my troubles were now over, and I had only to make myself happy on the "blue Mediterranean," which is no bluer than any other deep sea, under a blue sky.

The harbour of Alexandria looked busy and crowded, though very spacious. The ships stood so close together, that there was but a narrow passage left from the shore between them, through which the little steamer that first brought us off, could just steer safely, the square yards of the great ships almost touching each other over us.

We were anchored opposite to the Viceroy's palace, and had a capital view of it. It is a very extensive and handsome building, its sea-front standing almost in the

water. As we came out, we passed his summer palace, out of the town, also very handsome, and built in Turkish style. One is struck by the multiplicity of small windmills here, standing thickly, twenty or thirty together, in irregular groups. I generally find it very difficult to obtain any correct information in answer to questions respecting places or things that we may pass. In the present instance, my inquiries as to the use of these mills received two answers—one, that they were for drawing up water; another, that they were all for grinding corn, of which two crops a year are grown here. One pointed out to me what he said were the catacombs; another told me they were not visible anywhere from the sea.

Though the other two steamers got off before us, we soon overtook and left them far behind. So we have once more the pleasure of being in "a fast boat," and a most delightful one, too, in many other respects. In the first place, it is a paddle and not a screw steamer, which alone is a change almost into paradise; we are gliding swiftly along, with scarcely any perceptible motion, over a perfectly calm sea. Then I have a large square porthole open day and night in my roomy cabin, which opens into the ladies' saloon, in which there is no one, and across that into a delightful bath-room, with hot and cold water. I feel as luxurious as a princess, getting up at six o'clock each morning to a deliciously-cool bath, then to bed again, with a cup of tea and a leisurely toilet, in time for a nine o'clock breakfast, and so thankful to think that I have been preserved in comparative health and strength through all the trials and miserable discomforts we have undergone, and not laid low and helpless by fever or sunstroke!

Providence has been very merciful to me. I bear about me still the effects of what I have suffered, and my hands remain terribly swollen and blistered, but I have escaped better than most of my fellow-passengers. The living and cooking are extremely good and liberal on board this ship, and the dinners served *à la Russe*.

no mangling done at table. An excellent brass band plays for an hour on deck every morning, and another of various instruments, aided by a harmonium, for an hour and a half every evening in the saloon; all the best operatic music, perfectly well played, and a regular programme of the intended performance drawn up daily. The flourish of a bugle calls us to breakfast and to luncheon; the latter generally consists of ices; the same instrument summons us to dinner, with the tune of "The Roast Beef of Old England," and to tea by "Polly put the Kettle on."

We have the Earl and Countess of H—— on board, and the Countess's sister, and one other lady; also a Pasha and suite; he is a very important personage they say, ranking next to the Viceroy himself. He came off from Alexandria in a very grand and luxurious barge; two other barges, almost as handsome, attending him, filled with important-looking individuals, who all came on board to take leave of this great man. These barges were cushioned with satin damask, richly figured, had handsome awnings, and Egyptian rowers—eighteen oars in one and fourteen in each of the others, two on each bench.

On the third night after leaving Alexandria (or rather at two in the morning) we cast anchor in the harbour of Malta. We knew that we should stay only long enough to deliver and receive the mails, that anyone landing would not be allowed to return, and that no one from shore would be permitted to come on board, even though they were intending passengers; for this dreadful cholera is there. This was another great disappointment to me, only second to that of missing Cairo. I lost no time, however, in dressing and going on deck, in order to see all I could. I found we were in a not very large harbour, with strong military walls and fortifications nearly all round it. It was a bright moonlight night, but the dew falling so heavily that it was more like rain. I was protected, however, by my waterproof cloak, that had served me so many good

turns already by day and night, and stayed to see the rather amusing ceremonies and precautions that went on. Two or three official boats, with lights in them, came off, but did not come alongside; they approached only near enough to hand up the ship's papers, etc., in a fumigated shovel at the end of a long handle, to one of our officers, who went down and stood on the ship's steps to receive them at arm's length. They told us there had been but seven new cases of cholera that day, and only seventy-two in all since it broke out. They were as afraid of us as we of them, and they would not have permitted us to land even had we intended to do so, because we had come from Alexandria. We had three passengers to leave there, and they were taken in the ship's boat with the mail and landed at the lazaretto, where they would have to stay a considerable time before being admitted into the town. They say the cholera was taken to Malta by a shipload of people from Alexandria who were flying from the disease there, and notwithstanding that they were kept at the lazaretto for fourteen days, they spread the infection (a not very probable tale). We had expected to receive the mails and to be off again within two hours, but they kept us five, so that we could not leave till seven in the morning (because the officials, it was said, did not choose to get out of their beds in the middle of the night). As we went out of the harbour, I had a good view of all that was to be seen of the town. It is a fine, solid-looking place, and apparently built of the rock on which it stands, as it is all of the same whitish-grey coloured stone.

I can just say that I have *seen* Sicily, for we passed along its south-west coast the same afternoon, but the atmosphere was hazy, and we were too far off to discern more than that there was much high land and a lighthouse. The wind rose that night to "half a gale," and the sea so high that my much-prized porthole had to be screwed up tight. However, all was right again the next day, when we coasted up the eastern side of Sardinia, and in

the evening passed between it and Corsica, through the Straits of Bonifacio; it was, however, then dark, and no moon, so that we saw nothing of the beautiful scenery of this country.

We were now expecting to reach Marseilles on the following day (Sunday), and there was much anxiety felt about quarantine, there being two or three cases of illness on board (and the captain being one of them). They were all cases of diarrhœa, but it was hoped our doctor would be able to declare that there were no symptoms of cholera. One passenger was prayed for on Sunday morning, when our clergyman performed the service, and gave us a sermon; we had also chanting and the harmonium.

We expect to be objects of terror, from the mere fact of our having come from Alexandria, though we have had no actual case of the dreaded disease, and have what is called a "clean bill of health" to produce.

CHAPTER X.

QUARANTINE—CONCLUSION.

MONDAY, AUGUST 14TH.—We are excessively disgusted; here we are actually in the lazaretto! Yesterday afternoon we entered this hateful quarantine harbour, and the doctor went off in a boat to the quarantine station, to certify that there was *no cholera* among us, and that we had what they call a clean bill of health; after a long parley, however, he returned with the yellow flag flying at the boat's stern, and the information that we must remain till Wednesday morning. Great was the indignation and disappointment expressed on every face; here we were expecting that in half an hour more we should be on shore, and most had arranged their plans for going on towards their homes the same evening, with all things packed and on deck ready for immediate disembarkation, when this report reached us. Some would not believe it, and said it must be a mistake; others thought the captain and doctor were "*chaffing*" us; at last, however, as conviction came upon us that it was really the fact, a remonstrance was sent off to some higher authority on shore. The suspense was great, until after an absence of nearly three hours the boat was seen returning *without* the dreadful yellow flag. A hurrah of joy greeted the doctor, who told us we were freed, and at liberty to go on board a small steamer which was alongside taking off cargo; carpet-bags and portmanteaus were instantly seized by their owners, and

a wild rush made towards the gangway: when, lo! the master of the said steamer refused to let anyone go on board, saying he had received no authority to take them, and dared not do so; the authority to us to go did not affect him; he must have *his* orders before he could receive us; and to put an end to the angry discussion that followed, he put off from the ship's side, but remained at a short distance, while a boat was again dispatched to get the required order. The answer now returned was that we were *not* permitted to land; the permission had been given under a mistake, and a superseded telegram from Paris—there having been a second one rescinding it; this at least was the best account we could learn of the matter. No one seemed to know the rights of it, if *rights* there were, but to us it seemed nothing but wrong, and the anger and excitement were great. However, we were prisoners, and there was no help for it. Nothing was so comfortable now on board either; we had to pay for everything we eat or drank, and could get little attention; for stewards and stewardesses having received their fees, when we thought we were leaving, knew that they had no more to expect. Soon after "one bell" (half-past four o'clock) the next morning (Monday), my cabin became brilliantly illuminated with a vivid flash of lightning, and then a series of them in such quick succession, that it was in fact but one long vibrating flash, accompanied by the most awfully-loud crashes of thunder I ever heard; and the rain pouring down in torrents. I thought of all our baggage exposed on deck and no one to care for it, or for mine at least, as I had no one to send to see to its being covered up. A bright morning succeeded, but there was little inducement to go on deck; it was wretched to see one's self shut in, in that quarantine harbour, with barren rocks all round, and ships (for aught we knew infected ones), all with their yellow flags flying close to us on both sides; *we* also had had to hoist the hateful flag, though we were all well save one; he was dying of weakness and *ship-life*, they said. The

only object of interest or curiosity to be seen—we had already been tired of looking at the day before—it was the dreadful Chateau d'If, on its rock in the sea.

This morning the order came that we were to be taken to the lazaretto. Immediately after breakfast, therefore, the ship's boats, five or six of them, all with their yellow flags flying, began taking off the passengers.

The authorities seemed determined to give all the annoyance and trouble possible, for after the boats had been absent some time, and we were expecting them back empty for the rest of us, we saw them all returning full as they left, and rowing over to the opposite side of the harbour, where each had to stop for a moment or two and then set off again. We who were still on board were rather amused by the sight, and called it a regatta, and it really did look pretty to see all these white, four-oared boats rowing together in the sunshine. At length our turn came, and we, from the experience gained, rowed off at once in the contrary direction from the lazaretto before going to it. The meaning of this senseless piece of annoyance was, as they said, that we might be *counted*, but it certainly did not seem to me that *we were* counted, and if it were only the boats that were to be counted, they could have done that as they left the ship without making us go out of our way. Well, at length we emerged out of this confined and dreary harbour, passed between the Chateau d'If and another sharp point of rock, round which was a little bay or cove in which we were landed, and had then to walk up a rather steep road in the rock, covered with sharp loose stones; extremely disagreeable and fatiguing.

As we mounted we saw our fellow-passengers on the terrace of the prison-like building above us, and were greeted with loud cheers of welcome from them. Our *aristocracy* shared the same fate as the rest; but not so the Pasha and his suite, who were visitors to the Emperor Louis Napoleon, and were on their way to the grand *fête* in Paris, which was to take place the follow-

ing day in commemoration of the battle of Austerlitz. He had telegraphed to Paris on our first arrival, and loud were the expressions of indignation, when it was reported that he was to be allowed to proceed; since he and his suite were in fact more likely to be infected than any one else on board; having been resident in the infected country. If this injustice was meditated, however, the permission was afterwards rescinded, and the only difference finally made was, that he was allowed to remain on the ship, instead of coming into the lazaretto; and this was bad enough, for so stringent was the order with regard to every one else, that even the apparently-dying man was brought in his bed, eight sailors toiling with the burden up the rock; a most inhuman act, and the wonder was that the poor sufferer did not die on the transit. If such measures were necessary at all, it seemed certainly to be a most inconsiderate and senseless proceeding to exempt any, and many were the threats of "*writing to the papers*" as soon as the aggrieved parties should reach their journey's end.

We saw no more of the invalid, who was carried at once into the hospital department of the lazaretto, and was left there when we departed. This is an extensive building, formed like its neighbour, the Chateau d'If, of the rock on which it stands; it is built round the four sides of a square, within which are the several railed in and gated yards of the different divisions. In the centre stands a small chapel (Roman Catholic, of course, and there is also a resident priest), the entrance to which is by a high flight of steps. On the right hand, after entering the gates, is the side called "Pavillon St. Roche," in which I was located, opposite is the "Pavillon Belzunce" (whatever that may mean); then comes on one side, Bains, and on the other, "Bains de Mer," but these were said, by those who explored them, to be delusions, their being no *bains* at all in the case. Then there is the "Pavillon Chevalier Rose," and another; also "Pavillon d'Administration et logement du Capitaine de l'aumonier et du medicin," and various other odd-

looking places. Occupying the further end is the restaurant. There are several wells in the yards, and pretty good water—every one has to draw for themselves. It was amusing enough to see all, myself included, going to the wells with our minute jugs and basins (more like cream-jugs and tea-cups), and filling both to the brim out of the buckets, some of which let the water out almost as quickly from the bottom as the top; and bearing off our dripping loads to our rooms, I must do the gentlemen the justice to say that they never allowed me to draw my own water from the well. Every one seemed determined now to get all the fun they could out of their misfortunes: all had arrived rather hungry, for it was past our luncheon hour, and we were told that the *déjeûné* would not be till half-past two, so we sat on the front terrace, some playing cards or chess (they had borrowed these from the ship), others engaged in hop-scotch, and one enterprising individual, having gone exploring and finding some empty bottles, was loudly cheered as he returned with his booty, and the bottles set up one by one at a distance to be aimed at and knocked over with stones; this appeared to be a most exciting and popular game. We had a very intelligent Turk of our party, who entered into, and seemed much to enjoy the English games. At length a loud hurrah and prolonged clapping of hands announced the appearance of three men coming up the rock from a boat, bearing each a hamper, one with wine, one with coals, and the other, as we supposed, provisions. The Frenchmen looked not a little astonished and bewildered at these riotous demonstrations.

All the windows in front, overlooking the sea and Marseilles beyond it, are strongly guarded with iron bars, precisely like a prison. In front of our terrace is a low fort; to the left stony rocks; to the right the Chateau d'If; the sea all round us; and Marseilles, spread out to view like a panorama, with its rather barren-looking hills as a background, and Notre Dame

on the top of a high eminence to the right of the town, and overlooking it, it might be called a pretty view, if one were in a mood to admire it; but when I observed upon this fact to my companions, they indignantly refused their approval, and, pointing to the hated yellow flag floating above us on the terrace, replied, "Who could find anything to admire with that detestable thing flying over our heads!" Precisely at half-past two all besieged the restaurant, seizing each upon a seat at one of the three long tables placed in contiguous rooms. These tables we found covered with coarse towels, pieces of calico, etc., and another coarse towel placed to each plate by way of napkin, all very dingy looking. We were twenty-four at our table, and about twenty at each of the others. The only provisions at present on the board were loaves, pickles, and *vin ordinaire;* the latter tasting very like red ink and water. While we waited there was time to discover defects, and presently a murmur arose of, "Clean your forks." On inspection all found this to be highly necessary, and went vigorously to work. "Yes, and knives too," cried another voice, and all began rubbing their knives. On further examination it was found that plates and tumblers were all in like condition, and a ridiculous scene went on for some minutes, amidst roars of laughter, some scrubbing desperately at their plates, others at their glasses—all working away with a ludicrous energy. This operation concluded, and still no dishes appearing, the loaves were seized, chopped up, and nearly demolished; next began an imperative clatter of knives upon bottles and glasses, which speedily spread round the tables, and such a din was made as must have rather astonished our keepers. This was continued until a *garçon* entered with a single omelet—loud cheers and clapping of hands greeted it. It happened to be put down opposite to me, I plunged my knife and fork into it, helped myself, and passed it on. It did not go far, and groaning and renewed clamour commenced, until another and soon another appeared; every *entrée* being greeted

with cheers and clapping of hands; and every pause in the supplies with groans and cries of *garçon*. Dish followed upon dish of various kinds, and all tolerably good, excepting the unripe pears and peaches, which, with the sour *vin*, were certainly enough to develope any latent symptoms of cholera, had such lurked among us. Many of the gentlemen called for Bordeaux, Burgundy, and Champagne, which were all forthcoming; or at least liquids which were called by those names.

The afternoon was spent upon the terrace rather wearily, until dinner at half-past seven, after which we found the gates were fastened, and we were locked in for the night—an absurd precaution which excited much discontent, since escape would have been impossible, even had there been no gates at all. Our dinner-tables had been lighted by three or four candles each, of rush-light thinness, stuck in bed-room crockery candlesticks, and no other lights were provided; but the gentlemen made a raid upon the domestic departments, found the candle depôt, and brought forth handfuls, which they distributed. I then sought and found a candlestick for myself; got a present of matches from one of the gentlemen, and, thus armed, proceeded to my sleeping-room—a good-sized lofty stone apartment, with whitewashed walls and rough-tiled floor, without a scrap of mat or carpet, a French window, grimed with the dust of years, and jalousie shutters outside, which appeared as though they had never been opened since the place was built. The room smelt vault-like and musty, and my first care was to get the window forced open—a difficult matter, as it was stuck fast with dirt and cobwebs; but it and the jalousies both yielded at last to persevering efforts. Two apparently quite new sheets, a ditto particularly nice blanket, and a coarse towel, of the same sort as those on the dinner-tables, were put into the room; and I had to make the bed myself. There was a small hard bolster and no pillow; on my applying for one I was told there was not such a thing in the whole establishment; but after much difficulty I procured another

exceedingly bad bolster, and had to do the best I could with these. The furniture in this room, though mostly very old and shabby (the damask-covered sofa and arm-chair having been eaten into large holes by moths or mice), had once been handsome, and formed an incongruous medley with the prison-like walls and floor. Everything was covered deep in dust, and the ceiling festooned with cobwebs, where the unmolested spiders had long enjoyed their homes in perfect peace. No mosquito-net, of course, nor any trace of anyone's having ever had even the idea of hanging one; yet mosquitoes there were in great abundance, and as hungry as might have been expected.

On descending the next morning at nine o'clock, I found everyone clamouring for coffee, and seizing upon any loaves they could find, as breakfast was not to be till eleven, and we were informed we were to have but two meals a-day. I followed the general example, therefore, and helped myself; but no milk could be found for our coffee. At the hour appointed a plentiful *déjeûné* was served; but in a most uncivilized style. At all these meals you have to help yourself to everything with your own knife and fork. The salt and pepper are in saucers, and you must dig your knife into them to procure any—those who are prudent placing a small stock of the same on the cloth beside their plate for future emergencies. The coarse towels on yesterday's dinner-table, though much the worse for that service, had to do duty again to-day. We had our choice between bad milkless coffee, and sour wine, as *drinkables;* though neither in fact were so.

At twelve o'clock an order came that all the baggage was to go back to the ship in an hour's time, and that we ourselves were to return on board the next morning, and to be taken into Marseilles. Another order at the same time arrived to the effect that we were all to be close locked up within the courtyard, and the gates on to the terrace to be kept closed; because two or three of our gentlemen had got into a boat, that came with pro-

visions yesterday, and taken a row round the rock. They were seen and reported, and they were thought lucky not to have been fired on from the fort. This was an additional vexation for the time, as the terrace was the only part of the whole place that could be called in any way pleasant. The yard could only be compared to a large frying-pan, with the hot sun pouring down into it, and reflected from the white stone buildings all round. However, the authorities made rather an Irish blunder in issuing these two orders together; for as the gates *had* to be opened to let the baggage through, we naturally all took the opportunity of going through also; the people in charge could not very well prevent this; they, therefore, only requested that none would attempt to descend from the terrace; and this, I believe, was strictly complied with; and (as if to reward us for our compliance in this respect) the gates were even left open till late that night, and we remained out watching the splendid fireworks going on from all parts of Marseilles and the country round, in honour of the Austerlitz commemoration; they were of every imaginary colour and shade, and lighted up the whole port with their brilliancy.

All the baggage was tumbled back into boats, and reconveyed to the ship. Was anything ever more absurd than this unshipping and reshipping of such an immense quantity of goods for so short a time; many of them being enormous packages from India, which had, of course, never been opened, nor had before left the hold of the ship since they were put on board. The labour and fatigue to the poor sailors, too, under the hot sun, was great. A subscription was raised among us and handed to them, as some compensation.

The same dirty cloths and dirty everything else appeared at dinner this day; the same cleaning and clatter, and slowly-arriving single dishes, beginning with weak, greasy broth, with slices of bread floating in it, followed by the *bouilli* from which it was made. There was also a most uninviting-looking leg of mutton, from which

people had to help themselves with their own knives and forks, and pour the gravy out of the dish into their plates. Those who performed these ceremonies were unrewarded, for they found the meat too tough to be eatable. There was no pastry and no vegetables, save some half-fried chopped-up potatoes, with which the feast wound up after the meat was removed. Why this establishment should be so exceedingly ill ordered, it is difficult to say.

There is no attendance *whatever* in the bed-rooms. Everyone has to make their own bed, and perform all other necessary offices for themselves. The charges, too, are enormous, considering what the *accommodation* and food is (to say nothing of being there against one's own will). We had to pay four and a half francs each for our beds (two nights); sixteen francs each for board (all extra wines charged exorbitantly); and half a franc for a cup of wretched coffee without milk, each cup being very small, and of such peculiar thickness as certainly not to hold more than a wine-glass full.

By four o'clock the following morning the gentlemen were for the most part astir, and I heard them in the square drawing their water at the wells, laughing and talking with more than usual excitement; for notice had been received the previous day that the ship's boats would come for us at six a.m., and all were in high spirits at the thought that we should now really be off soon, and all our troubles over. A gentleman who slept in the next room to mine thundered at the door as he passed, but I was up already; and punctually at the appointed hour, the boats were at the foot of the rock awaiting us.

As the last passenger of the last boat-load stepped on board, the "Massilia" hauled down her yellow flag, amid a general "hurrah!" and at once got under weigh, while all went below with light hearts to a happy parting breakfast.

APPENDIX.

THE STEWARDESS'S STORY.

(*See page* 140.)

When first I went on board the steamer at Sydney, my attention was attracted to a neatly-dressed, interesting-looking girl of about eleven or twelve years old. Before we started, she took an affectionate leave of her mother, the stewardess of the ship, and returned on shore alone. I observed that the mother had a worn and saddened look, as though she had gone through much suffering and trial; and as we became better acquainted, I found, also, that she was a woman of shattered nerves, depressed spirits, and apparently in weak health. My inquiries respecting the little girl I had seen with her, led to the narration of the following history:—

"My husband was the master and owner of a small trading-vessel; he had a crew of six or eight men under him, and I used to sail with him in all his trips. For years we cruised about among the islands of the South Pacific, and found the natives generally very friendly. We were prosperous and happy, for I was fond of the sea, and we had our two dear children, a boy and a girl, with us. At last, upon one occasion, when we were at anchor off one of the islands, a dreadful calamity befel us. The natives had come on board in, as we thought, their usual friendly spirit, to barter with us. I was at one side of the deck washing clothes—for we had no other woman on board—when I perceived the shadow of some one standing behind me. I

turned round, smilingly, not for the moment suspecting any evil intention, and saw one of the natives with his arm uplifted, and a tomahawk ready to fall on my head. I started on one side, and in another instant I had sprung at the weapon, and with one hand twisted it, I scarcely know how, from his grasp, while with my other I thrust him from me with a violence which made him totter backward; and his foot, I suppose, must have caught against something, for he fell, and his head striking on a projecting iron, he was stunned, or killed (in the confusion that followed, I never knew which); but all was the work of a moment; and as I did it, I saw another native standing behind the mate, who was leaning over the bulwarks on the opposite side of the deck, in act also to strike. Quick as thought I clutched a crowbar that was within my reach, and struck this second wretch on the back of his head, where he stood. His tomahawk fell on his intended victim, but only grazed him, for it came from the hand of a dying man, and the treacherous savage lay dead at my feet. You would not think, to see me now, that I could ever have had strength to do all this. I can't tell you how I did it. I *was* strong then—very strong—but I seemed, at that fearful moment, to have a strength given me greater than my own. Well, I looked quickly round, and seeing that my husband was not on deck, I rushed down the cabin stairs, and there I found him struggling with two natives, wounded, and nearly overpowered by them, but still warding off their blows. As soon as he saw me he exclaimed, 'For God's sake, Nelly, get my gun, and shoot one of these wretches, if you can, without shooting me!' Quicker than I can say it I obeyed, and placing the muzzle against the body of the savage, shot him through the heart; and my husband then taking the gun from me, soon despatched his other assailant with the butt end of it.

"'Our children!' I now shrieked; 'where are they?' I flew again frantically to the deck; there one of our men lay dead, and another dying, but the surviving natives were all jumping overboard, and swimming to the shore as fast as they could. The man I had shot was their chief, and his death was the signal for a general retreat. As I wildly gazed about, calling on the names of my children, I saw—oh, never can I forget the horror of that moment!—the remembrance of it nearly drives me mad now as I think of it—I saw my two darlings being borne away by the swim-

ming natives. One with my precious boy, then six years old, had just reached the shore, and was hurrying away with him at full speed towards the thick forests. My girl was still in the waves, about half way between our vessel and the land. 'My children! Save my children!' I cried, in agony, and fell senseless on the deck.

"When I recovered consciousness, my little girl, all dripping, was sobbing beside me. My husband was disabled by his wounds; but our mate, whose life I had saved, and two others, had plunged into the sea, and, at the risk of their own lives, saved the child, and killed the wretch who held her; but my boy was gone—my boy!—my precious and beautiful boy! they had him. No one could recover him. He was gone. There was no hope—no hope!

"For six months or more after that dreadful day I knew nothing. I was raving mad, as they afterwards told me, and even when reason began to return, it was long before I could clearly comprehend anything that was happening around me. They told me, and I understood at length, that all that was possible had been done, and all in vain, to recover our lost boy. We had sailed at once to a neighbouring island, where my husband knew the natives to be well disposed towards us; and informing them of the treachery that had been practised; they at once armed, and launching their war canoes, without delay proceeded to the spot and demanded restitution of the boy. They ascertained that he was then there, and alive, with the natives in the mountains, but they refused to give him up. A war was commenced, but the friendly natives, fighting at a disadvantage on a strange shore, absent from all resources, or security for themselves, were repulsed with much loss to their numbers; and having also learnt that the boy had, since this attack commenced, been secretly sent away to another island, it became evident that further perseverance in the contest was useless. With many regrets, and much sorrow, therefore, the assailing party returned to their homes. My husband was so broken down and dispirited by this affliction, and I had now become such a poor invalid creature, that he had no heart left for anything, and took a dislike to the sea. He sold his little vessel, and we set up a small shop in Sydney. But this did not succeed very well, and he couldn't reconcile himself to that kind of life; so after a time he went off to New Zealand to try his fortune at the gold diggings there, and I was to join him when he had got

a house put up for us. But he never reached the diggings; he was drowned in crossing a river in New Zealand. I then gave up the little shop, and obtained the situation of stewardess to this steamer. I have put my little girl to school in Sydney, where she is learning to do needle-work, and will be able, I hope, in time, to earn her living by dressmaking. The only comfort I have left in life now, is being with that dear child you saw when you first came on board; and though it almost breaks my heart to leave her and come on these long voyages, yet I must earn something to pay for her schooling, and I know that, God willing, I shall go back to that same port again on the return voyage, and have her with me for a time again. She is two years younger than her brother; if he be still living he is nearly fourteen years old."

So ended the poor afflicted mother's tale. I often afterwards discoursed over these events with her, and we weighed and discussed together all the possibilities of her ever finding her son again. I could not but think that were the case made known to the bishops of New Zealand, and of the Milanesian Islands, some trace might be discovered of the white boy among the savages. It is not impossible that these excellent and most zealous men may have touched at that very island in their missionary voyages of former years, or that the latter (Bishop Pattison) may hereafter, in his annual visits among the numerous islands of the South Pacific, land on the scene of these events. Other missionaries also visit, and even dwell among these savages. Inquiries might, under a guiding Providence, avail to the making of some discovery respecting him; for even should the boy be dead, the circumstances would be remembered by some of the natives concerned.

Whether the restoration of the boy to his mother would be for her happiness is another question. Her grief is now calmed down to Christian resignation. This once brave and strong woman, who, with her own single hand, slew two (if not three) of the savages, and saved the lives of her husband and his mate, is now but a poor-spirited, crushed creature, to whom one more even slight shock might prove fatal either to life or reason. The son would not know the mother, nor the mother, perhaps, even recognize her son; brought up among savages, would he not have become as one of them, and would it not re-open the cruel wound in

her stricken heart if she should find him thus? But there is a higher view of the case to be taken than this. A youth born in a Christian land, and baptized into the Christian church, may now be living in dark heathenism. Should not some effort be made to rescue an immortal soul? Should this simple and true narrative meet the eye of any who may have the power to interpose, may there not still be hope? There is no lack of zealous, energetic hearts in that southern hemisphere; pious, self-devoting spirits dwell in those far-off lands, and sail upon those distant seas. There are those who risk their own lives continually to save the souls of their heathen brethren in the islands of the South Pacific, and God willing, this long-lost youth may one day be rescued, and saved body and soul by their means.

The following humorous verses illustrate in some degree the observation made in the first chapter of this work, respecting the temporary discontents sometimes indulged in by recently-arrived settlers. The author of these lines, so far from carrying out the threat implied in the last verse, left the province (Canterbury) only for a short time, to marry and bring out a wife, and has continued to live there prosperous and well satisfied ever since.

The verses appeared in the "Lyttelton Times" several years ago:—

"EDEN OF THE SOUTHERN SEA."

Eden of the southern sea
I devote my lay to thee!
Thee, of whom at home they tell
Things to make the bosom swell!
Thee of whom in Crosby Square
Loud laudations shake the air;
Disbelieve, what mortal can,
The seductive tongue of Gann?
So that men have christened thee
Eden of the Southern Sea.

Thee, whom praised by magic *lyre*
Of Hursthouse, men *unseen*, admire!
Land of plains and grassy swells,
Where the gentle Maori dwells;
Equal, save in copper face,
With the European race;
Strong in love, in council grave,
Christian, chivalrous, and brave!
These are things they tell of thee,
Eden of the Southern Sea!

Where the bee on drooping wing
Laden with the spoils of spring,
Lays up so profuse a store
Suffices all, and something more;
Where the breezes soft and free,
Rival those of Italy;
Where the lovely ka-ka screeches,
And the pigs are fed on peaches;
What on earth compares with thee?
Eden of the Southern Sea!

Where the wide extended plain,
Waves with fields of golden grain;
Where the shepherd, midst his sheep
Beneath the stars may sweetly sleep;
Where the zephyrs from the hills
Are medicine for all human ills;
Where contentment reigns around,
And no murm'rer's to be found;
This and more they tell of thee,
Eden of the Southern Sea!

But 'tis sad, though very clear,
That we're fated now to hear,
Landed on thy far-famed shore,
Things we heard not named before!
Settlers arming for their lives,
And their little ones and wives
Forced to fly, or stay and be
"Chawed up catawampously!"
This they did *not* tell of thee,
Eden of the Southern Sea!

Land where men, with brains of fog
Built a city in a bog;
Land of rain, and storm, and flood!
Land of water, wind, and mud!
Where, six days a-week, the gale
Laden thick with rain or hail,
First from sou'-west blows a piercer,*
Then veers nor'-west, and blows fiercer;
This is what *I* think of thee,
Eden of the Southern Sea!

Land where all is dear and bad,
Comfort nowhere to be had;
Wooden house, with shingled roof,
Neither wind nor water-proof;
And the mutton and the beef,
Fit to cause a Briton grief;
And of all things the most dear
(In price) a glass of British beer!
Oh! I'm sadly sold in thee,
Eden of the Southern Sea!

But I have located here,
No alternative, I fear,
But to make the best of thee,
Only longing to be free;
Patiently to bear thy clime,
And anticipate the time,
When my transportation o'er,
I shall seek some genial shore,
Never to return to thee,
Eden of the Southern Sea!

The following poems were written for the "Hampshire Conservative† Journal," published on board the ship "Hampshire," on the voyage out to Canterbury.

* Written in a "sou'-wester."

† A radical paper, called the "Hampshire Review," had been previously started among the steerage passengers.

MY CABIN.

My cabin's small, and comforts there are few,
My narrow porthole gives no cheerful view;
Discomforts there of every kind are rife,
All that can make one weary of one's life.
My space so small, that scarce to turn I'm able,
Carpet I've none, my bed my only table.
Four grim deal walls enclose the dreary cell,
Uncouth contrivances that answer well,
Supply the place of comforts left at home,
And teach us we must "rough it" when we roam.
Yet still, amid these imperfections bare,
My cabin!—still I love to linger there;
For oft in thee my wand'ring fancy flies
Beyond thy walls, beyond these seas and skies;
Within thy narrow precincts, unconfin'd,
Flies forth on wings of love, the yearning mind;
Unseen, unthought of here, but not alone,
I find in thought, a world that's all my own.
I hear lov'd tones, gaze in affection's eyes,
See well-known scenes, and well-lov'd forms arise;
Here freely I unlock my heart's recess,
And pent-up thoughts and feelings here confess;
And every grief that wrings my heart I tell
In fancy here, to friends who love me well;
And hang entranc'd upon their soft replies,
And drink in sympathy from loving eyes.
But in this fairy scene I may not stay,
For see they beckon me to come away!
With fond reproachful glance, to my keen sense
More piercing than the loudest eloquence,
"Alas! why did'st thou not," they seem to say,
"Amid tried hearts and long-prov'd friendships stay?
"Why with new friends and strangers would'st thou roam,
"To seek new lands and find a stranger-home?
"Why would'st thou leave these scenes of youth so dear,
"And all the precious ties that bound thee here?
"Oh, come! return! calm down that roving mind,
"Return to open arms, and friends as ever kind."
Oh, I must flee! I dare not longer stay
In converse sweet, with dear ones far away:

No, I will forth, and join that stranger throng
Whose merry laugh e'en now resounds along;
And when I gaily smile, to them 'twill seem
That smile is from the heart, nor will they deem
The soul is absent, on a rapturous dream.
And now, farewell, ye visions of my home;
I gaze upon the mighty ocean's foam!
The swelling sails with favouring gales expand,
And we press onward to the destined land;
And buoyant hopes once more possess my mind,
And vain regrets again are left behind.
Blow strong ye winds, dash on thou sparkling spray!
Bound gallant ship! and bear us on our way.
We'll pace the decks, and talk, light-hearted band,
Of plans and prospects in th' adopted land.
In God's good time the long'd for port we'll gain,
And carry hopeful hearts across the main.
But when to dear ones far away I'd flee,
Then, oh, my cabin! I'll return to thee.

THE APPEAL OF THE TWO WHITE CATS TO THE "HAMPSHIRE" PASSENGERS.

Poor little weak and helpless things are we,
Now carried 'gainst our will across the sea;
Oh, we were happy on our native soil,
We knew nor pain, nor care, no want, or toil;
All we have left, we left against our will,
All we have suffer'd, and are suffering still
We brought not on ourselves, nor courted fate
By any wish to rove. We who so late
Sported our frolics on the verdant green,
Well fed, caress'd, admir'd as soon as seen,
Would they had left us in our happy home,
Where cruelty was never known to come!
A thoughtless hand it was, that in our pride
Took us away from our soft mother's side;
Where all was kindness, doubtless the intent
Was kindly still, and all was kindly meant;
But from that hour farewell to all repose,
For then commenced the story of our woes.

Frighten'd, we found ourselves like luggage stow'd
And whirl'd mid noise and smoke along the road;
In jolting cart convey'd to grim Blackwall,
Thence to rude hands that ne'er knew pity's call
Consign'd. On board a ship we then were hurl'd;
Oh, would ere then we'd left this cruel world!
No comfort there, no bed, no food, nor place
Of safety found we, and we look'd for grace
In vain, in any eyes; all seem'd to hate us,
And with foul oaths on every side would rate us.
No wholesome meal is ever granted here,
We pick up scanty crumbs, with trembling fear;
No drop of milk e'er greets our longing eyes,
A little water is a blessed prize,
Which one or two kind hands will sometimes grant
In tender pity to our burning want.
And when, worn out with hunger, pain, and fright,
We fain would rest our weary limbs at night,
No scanty mat, no bit of straw is found,
We stretch our bodies on the damp cold ground;
No safety even there. While all are sleeping,
The rolling ship her onward course is keeping;
Rous'd from our troubled slumbers by the crash
Of heavy goods that 'cross the 'tween-decks dash,
Threat'ning to crush our lives out as they fly;
And this, the only place where we dare lie!
But this is not the worst; though bad enough
Such deprivations, and such usage rough
To poor dumb creatures who cannot complain,
Who look to you for all, and look in vain:
No, this is not the worst; would that it were!
How can we tell what more of woes we bear;
What wanton, cruel men and boys there be,
Who, to amuse an idle hour at sea,
Will torture us, and fiends' devices try
To raise a laugh at helpless agony!
Oh! it would make a tender bosom bleed
One half of our sad sufferings to read;
But we will draw o'er these the dark'ning veil,
Nor shame humanity by such a tale!
Oh! if we err, surely with gentle hand
Ye might correct, and make us understand;
But how shall punishment that's just be known,
Where gentle treatment never has been shown?

How can ye teach their sins to creatures mute,
If, when we're harmless, ye still persecute?
That we have faults, alas! it is too true;
But say, who is there here that errs not too?
In many things ye sin against each other,
And every mortal man offends his brother.
Ye who have reas'ning souls, and causes few
For sin, will err, repent, and err anew.
Then why should we, who scarce know wrong from right,
Be deem'd beyond all pardon in your sight?
We poor weak things have little power to scan
Your actions or your faults; but thou, O man!
Who in the likeness of thy God art made,
Bethink thee how that God in mercy stayed
Th' avenging hand, when oft thou didst offend,
And spares thee still, in hope of better end.
If all were judg'd by justice so severe,
Say who could 'scape for all their errors here?
But God is merciful, and He imparts
The heav'nly spark to melt all human hearts,
And turn their thoughts to works of mercy sweet,
And make them for a world of peace more meet.
And be ye sure that every action kind
Done to his helpless creatures here will find
Favour with Him; and in that awful day,
When all your sins shall stand in dread array,
For every mercy shown some sin He'll blot away.
Oh! blessed are the merciful indeed,
And blessed shall they be in hour of need;
But there will be a fearful doom for those
Who, 'gainst soft pity, shall their hard hearts close!
Then, oh protect the weak ye who are strong,
Reflect, bear with us, 'twill not be for long;
Unharm'd, in safety let us reach the shore,
Too happy then to part, and meet no more.

THE EMIGRANT SHIP.

Sail, noble ship, across the main,
And bear that gallant band
Of hopeful hearts, till they attain
A new and far-off land;

New hopes, new homes, new joys to know,
Too long denied them here,
To where in peace their days may flow,
And smiles efface each tear.

Oh, a glorious sight is a ship at sea!
And a balm to the troubled mind,
As they fancy themselves from the world set free,
And its cares all left behind.

Gaily she glides o'er the rippling wave,
And she looks like a fairy thing;
And merrily beat the hearts so brave,
While cheerily they sing.

For softly blow the fav'ring gales,
And dances the playful spray,
While proudly swell the spreading sails,
As she speeds on her destined way.

This side the moonbeams shine o'er all,
Like diamonds rare and bright;
While there the huge ship's shadows fall
In depths of darkest night.

Here at one glance God's grandest work
The mighty ocean see,
And man's triumphant genius mark
That rides o'er its surface so free.

Ye pilgrims who life's thorny way
With many a sigh have trod,
Now let your souls break forth and say,
We are alone with God!

But hark! the wind more loudly blows,
The waves are swelling high,
The white foam's track behind them flows,
And the waters past them fly.

The ship o'er the mountain billow rides,
And points to heaven her prow;
Then down to the wat'ry vale she glides,
As if to its depths she'd plough.

Arise, thou pious soul, arise!
Feel thy Creator near;
Fly thoughts beyond those starry skies,
Above yon moonlight clear.

And if on yonder shooting star
A messenger should come
From those mysterious realms afar,
And call thee to thy home;

If yonder billow in its flow
Should gulf thee in its arms,
With holy smile of faith thou'st go,
And feel not death's alarms.

And see a change comes o'er the scene!
Heard'st thou that awful roar?
The heavens smile no more serene,
The gay song sounds no more.

For the tempest's abroad and the heavens are black,
And the wild waves fiercely dash;
The sails are riven, the stout masts crack,
'Mid the din of the elements crash.

Behold that calm and pallid cheek,
Look in that tearful eye,
List to the resignation meek,
That breathes no murmuring sigh.

Not for themselves those looks so worn,
Not selfish are those fears;
They think of dear ones left to mourn
For them with bitter tears.

But soon has past the tempest's frown,
The wild waves cease to strive,
The pitying heav'ns once more look down,
And hopes again revive.

Once more those hearts are fill'd with joy,
With gratitude and praise;
And future plans their thoughts employ,
And happy, prosperous days.

They near the shore, the anchor's cast,
They leap upon the strand,
Want, care, fear, danger, all are past,
HURRAH! for our new land!

The following were written for the projected "New Zealand Christian Year":—

THE SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(*The Epistle*).

When Roman pagans saw the gospel's light,
Ashamed they turned from all their former sin:
Shall Christian men forsake the path of right,
And, born in light, let darkness enter in?
They found no end but death, their bounded sight
Knew but earth's pleasures, with its hopes and fears,
Until the flood of blessed gospel light
Bore their enfranchised souls to heavenly spheres.
And we, the children of a favour'd land,
From birth to death the privilege is ours
Beneath the everlasting wings to stand,
And rest secure, what time the tempest low'rs;
Thither to flee whene'er temptation strong
Makes us to feel how weak and frail we are;
The "prince of this world" may not lead us wrong
While still we seek our strength and refuge there:
And yet how often do our wand'ring eyes
Turn from the one bright star of saving grace;
We stretch not forward to the heav'nly prize,
But, blindly loit'ring, fail to win the race,
Till, stray'd or lost, our wedding garment stain'd,
Broken the vow, no longer may we hold
The clue by which the haven should be gain'd;
Cast off and shut for ever from the fold!
Guard we with strenuous, ever-watchful care,
The purity and innocence of youth;
Of the first step in sin bid them beware,
And guide their feet in beauteous paths of truth.
Oh! saddest sight, when first a child begins

To stain the white baptismal robe once given,
And mars its purity by wilful sins;
Oh, sight to make e'en angels weep in heaven!
Neglect not, then, the heavenly behest,
The little ones, whose angels we are told
By Him who took them in his hands and blest,
Do God the Father's face in heaven behold.
In this our distant isle, so wild and free,
Ill seeds spring fast, and bring forth fruits of vice;
Oh! let us root out every weed we see,
And cultivate fair flowers for Paradise.

THE TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(*The Collect.*)

The land we left beyond the wave,
May we not pray to see again?
Was that sad parting look we gave
Indeed the last, and all in vain
The throbbing hope that soften'd pain?

Yes, we may pray;—Lord, open Thou
A fav'ring ear unto our prayer,
And, if it please Thee, grant us now
The bliss once more on earth to share
With those we love, our joy or care.

But if this aching, longing love,
This earthly chain of mortal ties,
A bar to holier thoughts should prove,
And be displeasing in Thine eyes,
Then pluck it forth, Thou God all-wise.

And grant us grace such hopes to frame,
Such things to ask as please Thee best;
That we and ours may love Thy name,
And, when these beating hearts shall rest
May meet again amid the blest.

There is a better land to seek
Than the land we left beyond the wave:
Beyond that snow-capp'd mountain's peak,
Beyond this island-home, we have
A better land, beyond the grave.

Lord, we our wills to Thee resign,
All trials in Thy strength we brave;
We pray Thee but to make us Thine,
And the souls of those we love to save,
In the land we left beyond the wave.

THE TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(*The Epistle.*)

On every being, however low,
Or mean, or feeble, or despised,
Does God some precious gift bestow—
Some talent to be used and prized.

Not all the same, nor all to be
Alike by mortal eyes admired;
Divers the gifts, and oft we see
That one withheld we most desir'd.

Let me not discontented pine
For brilliant gifts to me denied;
Nor strive to vie with those who shine
Along life's path, in wisdom's pride;

Nor let me boast, with vain display,
Of gifts entrusted as a loan;
Vainglorious mortal! pause, and say,
What hast thou, thou can'st call thine own?

Oh, may the Spirit dispense to me
Those best of gifts, a humble mind,
A heart God's will in all to see,
And thoughts towards all around me kind.

Thus, in that great and awful day,
When we shall re-united stand
With those we left far, far away,
In homes, or graves, of our own land

Shall One, the self-same Spirit, take
Account of all the gifts He lent;
Then must we all confession make
Of talents lost and time misspent.

May we, and those whose love we share
On earth, and hope to love in heaven,
Strive to improve with pious care
The talents that our God has given.

THE SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(*The Collect.*)

We pray Thee, Lord, to keep thy Church from harm;
Though founded on a rock, no human arm
Hath those foundations laid; yet still we need
Continual help, that we, thy Church, indeed,
May still remain pure, zealous, watchful, clean;
Still militant 'gainst evil powers unseen.
All outward foes assail our Church in vain,
If all within shall faithful still remain.
Let each one member his own frailty dread
And guard his heart, lest into error led
By Satan's wiles, corruption wider spread.

Alas! for Asia's Seven Churches, now
Their glory in the dust hath long lain low;
Yet they too, flourish'd once in glory's pride,
And deem'd themselves the pure elected Bride,
Ready to meet their Lord. Oh, virgins frail!
Their lamps extinguished, with a funeral wail
And cry of anguish, they the eternal door
Saw closed against them, and their Lord no more
They might behold; their palaces cast down
In mournful ruin, and with moss o'ergrown
The stately stones; the gorgeous temple dome
The robbers' haunt, and wild beasts' lair become.

May this our Church, in our adopted land,
The youngest daughter of a comely band
Sent forth by England's Mother-Church, to be
On heathen shores, a fruitful, spreading tree,
Take trembling warning from the judgments past,
And humbly walking, hold the true faith fast;
Until we join with that angelic throng,
Where saints made perfect chant the eternal song;
There shall no temple claim our labouring care—
God and the Lamb alone the temple are.

THE SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(*The Gospel.*)

At Tabor's foot the city gate stood wide,
And many there for business, pleasure, pride,
Were hast'ning to and fro; and little heed
They paid to sounds of woe, or sights of need.
Forth came the widow with her mourning train,
Her heart nigh crush'd beneath its load of pain;
Her only son, her hope, her joy, her prize,
Is borne for ever from her weeping eyes.
What throng is this that meets them on their way?
Whose that majestic form, whom all obey?
What tones divine with pity's accents flow?
"Weep not," He says to her o'erwhelmed with woe!
Yet, heavenly Being, Thou didst weep for those
Who sorrowed once, ere their lost brother rose
Again to life, call'd by thy pow'r divine:
And yet again, those piteous eyes of thine
Flow'd o'er with grief for the doom'd city's fate,
Whose children paid thy wondrous love with hate.
"Weep not!" Ah! who would check the mourner's tear?
'Tis He! "Stand still," who bear the funeral bier;
His hand is on it! In that look and tone
There is command that none may dare disown.
They stand! Again He speaks—"Young man, arise!"
Draw we the veil before the widow's eyes,
No mortal hand may paint that glad surprise.
And He who raised to life the widow's son,
Shall give *us* back, when this short life is done,
The lov'd and lost ones whom we weep for now,
To love them better still, where we shall bow
In adoration round the eternal throne
Of love unspeakable; and there alone
Dear voices we lament no more to hear
On earth, shall meet again th' enraptured ear;
The soul released, then pure and glorified,
And body, by affliction purged and tried,
Shall re-unite. And as on Tabor's height
Our Lord's disciples, in that glorious sight
Of his divinity, still knew their Lord;
Knew, too, the saintly forms who there ador'd

In glory, the united God and man,
Who reigned in heaven ere the world began;
So shall *we* meet and know in realms of bliss,
The lov'd and lost ones whom we mourned in this.

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(Epistle from the Revelation.)

MYSTERIOUS Book! What mortal hand may dare the veil to raise?
What mortal eyes upon the things of heaven may dare to gaze?
A low, deep voice the awful words of warning seems to sound,
"Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for this is holy ground!"
We may not with unhallow'd lips speak of the world unseen,
But hope that still for us may be the blessings that have been;
We may not seek to look upon the hidden things of heaven,
But humbly may receive the truths that to our view are given.

Round and about, above, below, legions of angels move,
And some with hatred track our steps, and some with holy love;
The armies of the evil one in constant warfare stand,
But Michael and his angels pure—a bright, seraphic band—
Severe with awful beauty clad, array'd in heavenly might,
Shall hurl the fiend of darkness down to depths of blackest night.

And may our Church,* that we this day unto St. Michael's name
Have given, with humble prayer to God that we therein may claim

* St. Michael's Church, Christchurch, consecrated on the festival of St. Michael and All Angels, 1859.

His sacred presence; and that He from heaven, His dwelling-
place,
Will hear, and pardon, and bestow outpourings of His
grace—
May this our church be shelter'd o'er by hov'ring angels'
wings;
May guardian spirits camp around, charged by the King of
kings,
To keep us safe from Satan's power, and with us still to
dwell,
That in our hearts and homes their beams may every cloud
dispel;
That God's pure worship may be here, in our adopted land,
Defended by St. Michael still, and his angelic band.

THE END.

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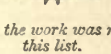

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