

Rt. Hon. Frederick Huth Jackson

b. 24 June 1863, d. 3 December 1921

Rt. Hon. Frederick Huth Jackson was born on 24 June 1863 at Marylebone, London, England. He was the son of Rt. Hon. Thomas Hughes Jackson and Hermine Meinertzhagen. He married Clara Annabel Caroline Grant Duff, daughter of Rt. Hon. Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff and Anna Julia Webster, on 11 May 1895 at Twickenham, London, England.

Frederick Huth Jackson was a partner in the City firm of Frederick Huth and Co.

He was invested as a Privy Counsellor in 1911.

He was Lieutenant City London, Sheriff London , Dir Bank of England

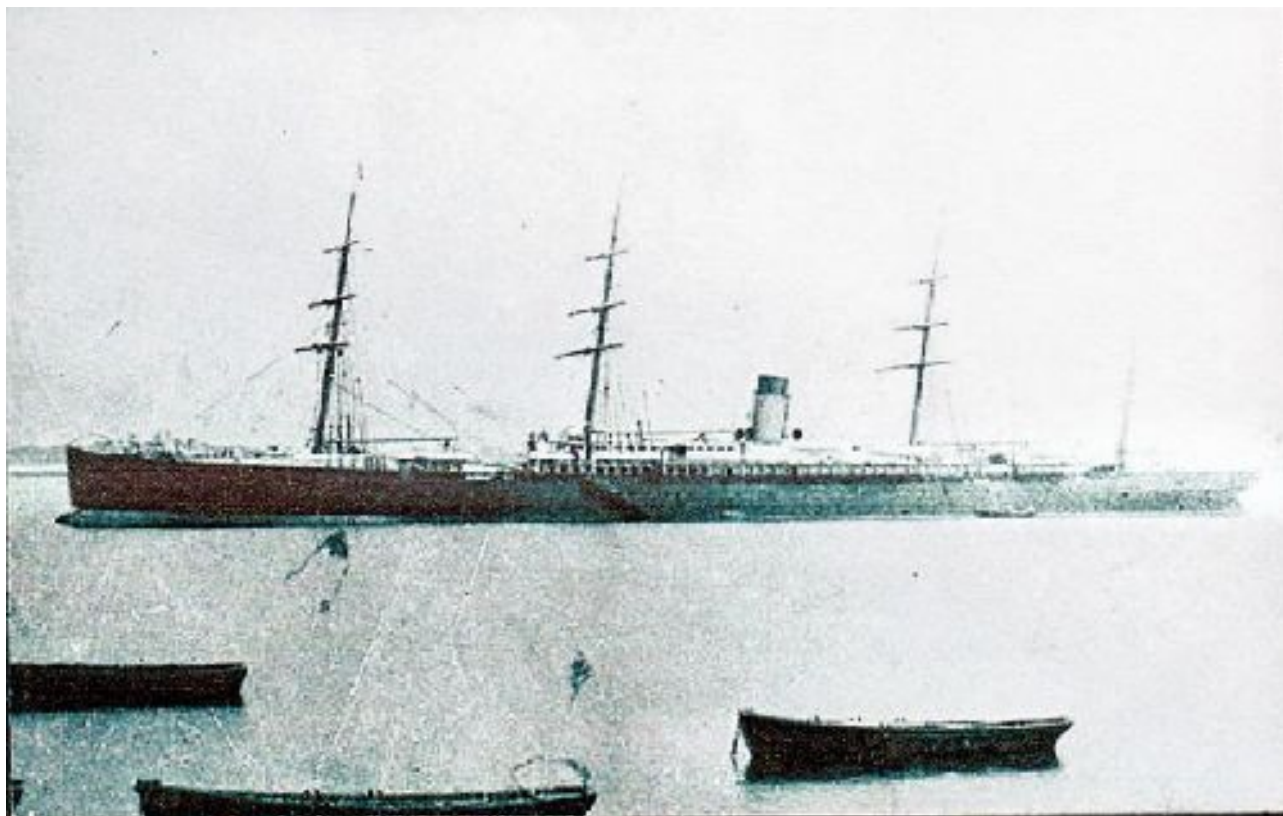
He died on 3 December 1921 at age 58.

This diary was written in 1883, when, aged 20, Frederick Huth Jackson travelled to New Zealand. Whilst in New Zealand he was asked to escort Baron Hubner, one time Austrian Ambassador in Paris and Rome, during a visit to the country. Unfortunately the second half of the diary is missing.

The diary was transcribed in the early 1970s by Richard Fremantle, grandson of Frederick Huth Jackson.

Chris Fremantle

2012



SS Ionic, 1883

A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.

(UNITED PRESS ASSOCIATION.)

INVERCARGILL, October 15.

His Excellency Baron Hüber, Austrian Ambassador, who arrived per Wairarapa this morning, was conveyed to Kingston by special train. A steamer had been detained at Kingston, and the Baron proceeded to Queenstown. He is unattended save by a yabot. The Baron speaks English well, and took a lively interest in the country he passed through. His stay in the colony is limited to a month. He was accompanied by Mr Kingsland, Mayor of Invercargill, and Mr Fitz-jackson, His Excellency the Governor's representative. The Baron goes to the head of the lake to-morrow, thence returning to Kingston, en route for Dunedin.

Remante
bound in Florence
by Cozzi
nov. 1974

This is 1/2 of my grand-
father's (F. Huth Jackson)
diary of his trip to N. Zealand.
The second half seems lost
as of 22/xi/74.

To New Zealand
in White Star Line steamer "Ionic" 5000 tons

1883
I left Liverpool Central Station by the 11.10 train on April 27th (Friday) for Plymouth, where I was to join my steamer. I had intended taking a photographing apparatus with me to while away the time on the voyage; but had at the last moment to give the project up, as the man insisted on charging me just half as much again as the sum he had previously quoted to me. I sent the whole paraphernalia back again, much to my own regret, and greatly to his annoyance.

On arriving at Bristol, Mrs. and Lily Rogers met me, and persuaded me to go up with them and catch the later train on to Plymouth. I was very glad to do this, as it was an agreeable break in the journey, which is very slow, dreary and monotonous. Mr. Rogers was in bed with a very severe attack of erisypelas; he is, however rapidly getting better, and will soon, it is hoped, be himself again. I started again by the 8.15 train for Plymouth, and soon fell fast asleep. On waking, I found it was a quarter to eleven; we were stopping at a station, and I heard a dull uneven roar, which I had little difficulty in recognising as the waves beating against the sea wall that protects the railway against their further advance. And when I pulled down the window, I could just distinguish the thin white line of foam, the dread of sailors, and the delight of children. We were at Dawlish, I found; so I composed myself again to sleep, and woke up again just as we were entering Plymouth Station. My room was ready for me, at the Duke of Cornwall Hotel, and it was not long before I again before I again was fast asleep. The Hotel is very comfortable, and the attendance is exceedingly good; I had a good "tub" in the morning, and was down at the wharf at 10 o'clock. It was a beautiful day, with a nice breeze, which became stiffer as we got outside the harbour. The "Ionic" had arrived the night before, and looked a perfect picture as we came towards her. There was considerable delay in getting under weigh; and it was half past one before the

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tender left us. I shall not attempt a description of the steamer, as I have not been all over her. I will only say that the saloon is on the companion way, not--as in the other White Star steamers,--below. It is a very nicely arranged room, and tastefully got up. The staterooms are exceptionally large, but there are not many of them, the accommodation being limited to 60 first class passengers, all very agreeable people as far as I can judge. There are a Capt. and Mrs. Sanders (R.N. man) with their family of 6 on their way out to settle in New Zealand; a Mr. and Mrs. Wood and three children, going out for the same purpose; and a young fellow, by name Coote, who, as far as I can make out, is going out for pleasure. That is all our party; we have of course, besides, the captain, purser, and doctor, all of whom are very agreeable men. The captain is a Royal Navy man, and was commander of the Queen's yacht. The purser, by name Rae, is brother of a man in L'pool, who gave me a letter to him; so that we are very good friends; and the doctor knows the Fletchers very well, or, rather, is a great friend of George Dietz, so that we have plenty to talk about.

Sunday April 29th I was awakened early this morning by a great noise, which I discovered was the result of my portmanteau having fallen off the sofa. It was rather rough, and things were rolling about in every direction; so I got up, and secured everything as well as I could, and went to bed again, as it was barely six o'clock. On going on deck, I found the wind had veered right round from S.E. to N.W., and we were going along with all square sails set. The hours for meals are breakfast 8:30, lunch 1:30 and dinner 6:00. The only objection I have is to dinner being at 6, as the evenings are so long, when there are so few passengers. A better arrangement would be to have it at 7. At 10:30 we had divine service, at which there was a very poor attendance, considering there are 35 second class and 327 steerage passengers. The purser read the service, and we had three hymns, "Eternal Father", of course, being one of them.

Our run is 237 knots, which is reckoned from outside the breakwater at Plymouth, and gives us an average of about $10\frac{1}{2}$ knots. We have had to "slow" the engines three or four times,

as they got heated, as all new engines do. However, unless we improve considerably on this, we shall do no better than the "British King".

The catering is a most agreeable surprise to me, as I had been prepared for its being very poor. The passengers by the "British King" complained very much of theirs; in fact, there was some difficulty in preventing a "round robin" being signed and sent to the managers on the subject. This is certainly not a failing here; the most fastidious taste would be satisfied with it.

It is wonderful how sleepy one is on board ship! For I hope that I am not the only person a sea voyage affects in that way; but I have as yet done scarcely anything but sleep the whole time. I had meant to begin to read hard directly I got on board; but I have thought it expedient to postpone it for a time, at least!

Monday April 30th Another beautiful morning, until about ten o'clock, when it began to rain, and continued showery all day. The wind is still greatly in our favour, and we ought to slip along very nicely, as we can make great use of our sail. On rising we saw the coast of Spain on our leeward side; and passed Cape Finistere within a comparatively close distance, but not near enough to signal. We kept the coast in sight all morning but lost it again towards the afternoon. During the showers we adjourned to the saloon, and found that our small numbers^{presented} a very fair show of musical ability. Mrs. Wood favoured us with some singing, and Mr. Coote sang also, and that very well; but his playing was a distinct failure, though, unfortunately, he does not think so, and strums away incessantly at one piece that he knows--"Heimliche Liebe" by Reisch. I find he knows Harry Jackson very well, having been in the same lodgings with him at Cambridge some years ago. He was, I fancy, a great athlete at Cambridge; and since then has been out farming in Oregon, but has not, like so many others, been unsuccessful. Mr. and Mrs. Wood, I find, know the Wolfes of Birkenhead very well. It is really very funny how small the world really turns

out to be; every one of the passengers, and the captain and the purser, are all acquainted with friends of mine.

Our run today has been 270 knots, an improvement on yesterday's but still not nearly good enough, if we are to get out in the 45 days we are expected to do it in.

In the evening we had a very jolly time of it in the smoking room. Rae, the purser, has an accordion, which he brought out; and we had ~~any~~ number of songs, and choruses, and kept it up till after eleven o'clock, when lights were put out. I only hope we shall not exhaust all our amusements and each other's patience before the voyage ends. We have still got cards to fall back upon; no one has ventured to suggest them yet.

Tuesday May 1st Another stormy day at first, with heavy rains; later on, however, the rain stopped, and the sun was very strong; so much so, that Capt. and Mrs. Sanders were both very much tanned, the former so much so, that he retired to bed very early, as his face was exceedingly painful. The wind, however, did not abate at all all day, but as it is still in our favour, we do not grumble at all. In the morning I managed to get a short practice on the piano, all alone; I hate practising with anyone in the room, and, small number though we are, there is nearly always some one coming in and out, which prevents one getting an uninterrupted practice. I managed, however, to get about three quarters of an hour all to myself today, and made as much use of it as I could. My cello I have not yet attempted, as there has been too much of a swell on; if the ship were to roll when I was playing, I and the whole apparatus would go over together.

The run today is 301 knots, a still greater improvement, though the captain of ~~course~~ ^{course} is still not satisfied, and says we must run 330 knots to satisfy him. However, we are all very much pleased; and if we go on as well as we have started, and have as fine weather, the whole voyage, it will be most agreeable.

At dinner today the ladies said they were very much dis-

gusted at the way we all adjourned to the smoke room after dinner, and discoursed sweet music there (on Rae's accordion), the sounds of which reached them whilst they sat solitary on the deck. So tonight we all went (after the smokers had had one pipe) down into the saloon, and had a most enjoyable "conversazione". Coote, Wood and the Doctor sang solos, and a trio too; Mrs. Wood also favoured us with a song; Rae sang us something about his "wife's relations", and I played. After that Rae played his accordion, and I accompanied him on the piano; we played a waltz; it was too much for the doctor; he induced Mrs. Wood to favour him, and had a grand waltz round the saloon. At ten the ladies went to bed, and we followed soon afterwards. Poor Miss Sanders is suffering from a dreadful toothache, and, I am afraid, was not able to enjoy the evening as much as the other did.

Wednesday May 2nd On going on deck this morning, we found the awning was put up--a sign that we were getting down into hotter climes. The temperature, however, has not increased as much as I had anticipated, and it is still quite pleasant, though, of course, much warmer than when we left Plymouth. The wind still continues strong from the north east, and we get along beautifully, tho' we roll still tremendously, due, to a great extent, to the lightness of the vessel in the water.

The days seem to go on with very little change; and I shall soon really have nothing to put down, except that one day is a repetition of the other, the distance gone, being the one little excitement to look forward to. The sun today is slightly below yesterday's, but very little--294 knots; the wind has shifted the slightest little bit, and is not quite so favourable, which no doubt accounts for the decrease.

I managed to get another practice this morning, tho' not such a satisfactory one as yesterday's; as I was interrupted after I had only just settled down. However, as time goes on, I expect to get more opportunities. As the vessel still rolls so much, I have not ventured to begin on my 'cello yet.

The excitement we look forward to at present is our arrival

at Teneriffe tomorrow. Everyone is busy writing letters to send off there; and we all hope to get on shore, and stretch our legs a little by the way. This will only be our only stoppage, unless something unforeseen occurs, as the captain is anxious not to stop at the Cape, if he ^{can} help it. This is rather a disappointment, as we were looking forward to that, too.

The evening passed very slowly--it was the most tedious we have had. The purser was away; Capt. and Mrs. Sanders retired early; the doctor was called away to see some of his patients; and Coote persisted in trying to play his own and every one else's accompaniments, which he ^{is} perfectly incapable of doing. I went off early to bed, as I was very sleepy.

Thursday May 3rd This morning at 5:30 a.m. we passed the Salvage rocks--some isolated barren rocks, perfectly uninhabited. I regret to say that I was not up to see them at that early hour. About 10 a.m. we could just distinguish the outline of Teneriffe; and at 12 were rounding the first headland. The coast is a very bold, ragged, and barren one, and looked exceedingly beautiful with the sun shining fitfully on it through some threatening clouds. Another hour and a half's sail brought us to the creek or bay of Santa Cruz; and it was just 2--that is, exactly five days after leaving Plymouth--that we dropped anchor in 36 fathoms of most delightfully blue water. Boats of all sorts quickly came out to us; but first of all the ship had to be "cleared" by the doctor. On this having been done, Mrs. Sanders, her two daughters and her boy, Mr. and Mrs. Wood and her children, Coote and myself all went on shore. On our way we passed a large Italian emigrant steamer, that had arrived here some time in February with from 300 to 400 emigrants on board bound for Monte Video. She had put in here with her machinery broken down, and had been here ever since. The day before yesterday she went a trial trip again, but failure again attended her efforts, and she was lying at anchor when we left. On landing we went to "Camacho's Hotel" just opposite the landing pier, and had a very good bottle of Madeira; so good, in fact, that Coote, Wood and I ordered 2 dozen between us to con-

sume on the voyage. A little boy, who had a smattering of English, attached himself to us on landing, and proved very useful, though his language at times did not say much for the morals of the Englishmen he had been in the habit of associating with!

After refreshing the inner man, we performed our next most important duty--posted all our letters, and were most outrageously swindled about the exchange. The town seemed very quiet; and on enquiry it turned out that we had arrived on a holiday, and that it was the patron saint's day of the town--Santa Cruz. However, some of the shops and the market were open, and we were able to make some purchases. In the market I got a beautiful basket of luscious figs for 2/-, and they proved very acceptable later on. I also bought a fan and a bag arrangement of some sort, after a good deal of bargaining, which reminded me of Cairo and the East. The town is a funny little place, with very badly paved streets, and very bad drainage, altho' it lies on the slope of a hill, and has the Broad Atlantic to drain into. The chief business done is in cochineal, and vines and cactus; the wine of the island, however, is by no means pleasant, having a very oily taste and look about it. To our astonishment we were told that the town numbered 16000 inhabitants; it was so very quiet yesterday that it seemed a mere village. We met a very agreeable Englishman, who told us that the other side of the island is far the finest; and that the towns there are most delightful. The island is under Spanish rule, and sends two representatives to the Cortes. It is a free port, the only duty levied being on tea. The population of the whole island is about 125,000, and the two largest towns are Santa Cruz. These two towns are connected by means of one of the best roads I ever saw; and they told me that it was just as good the whole way, the distance being 27 miles. The other large towns in the island are, Laguna, Icod, and Guimar. After completing our purchases, we returned to the hotel. It was now about a quarter to six; and Mrs. Sanders, one daughter and son, and Mrs. Wood's children went on board again; we others very much disgusted, as I hoped to have had a good Spanish dinner,

instead of which we had a bad English one. Soon afterwards we went back to the ship where we found they were still coaling. All were tired and all soon went off to bed.

Friday May 4th I was awakened at about half past five by a very harsh grating noise--they were weighing anchor. We left Santa Cruz about 7 o'clock, and steamed away down the coast. The outline is much the same as the other portion that we saw as we came to Santa Cruz; but it got considerably more hilly and rugged, as we approached the "Peak". The weather was very fine, with some heavy white clouds lying over the hills, half enveloping them. Out of these, and as if it were quite separate, appeared the Peak. It was a wonderfully fine sight; and remained to view for hours after the rest of the coastline had faded from our sight. The Peak is 12,177 feet high, and on the top is a level plateau about 125 feet broad. It was an active volcano originally; but the last eruption took place in 1705, so it is presumed that no other is likely ever to occur. On our left, meanwhile, we had the Grand Canary island in sight; though all that we could see was a dim outline, as we were about 28 miles distant.

By 12 today we had gone 66 miles. The breeze that we expected--the north east trade--came up about six in the evening and continued all night. The weather is considerably warmer, and we all come up now in the lightest of garments. I had so much to write of yesterday that I forgot all about the run. This is all the more culpable, as it was the best we have done as yet--306 miles. The captain is sanguine that, if we get a good breeze, we shall do 340 miles before we get out. It will have to be a very good breeze, I fancy, as the most we can steam is $12\frac{1}{2}$ knots!

The Purser and I went round this afternoon to all the second class passengers to ask them for their help in getting up a concert tomorrow night. We managed to get a very fair number of promises, and in the evening had a rehearsal. Some of the songs were rather painful, but will all go off well, I hope. We got up a glee "The Rhine Rabb", also, and are going to have a good practice at it tomorrow morning.

Saturday May 5th Another fine warm day, tho' not oppressive in any way. The wind was very variable all day, and for some hours dropped all together. In the morning we had a practice at the glee, and it promised very well. As a young lady from the second cabin volunteered a piano solo, I decided to act as accompanist alone, and had quite as much as I could do, as it turned out, as I accompanied every song. Below is a copy of our programme; the recitation was rather peculiar; all about a cat. It was meant to be most comic; but, try as much ~~we~~ we could not get a laugh up amongst the whole audience.

Part I		
1) Glee	"The Rhine Rabb"	Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Booth, Mr. Coote and Dr. Menzies
2) Song	"Never Mind the Rest"	Mr. E. Watts
3) Song	"Aladdin's Lamp"	Mrs. Wood
4) Song	"Golden Love"	Dr. Menzies
5) Recitation	"Sad Memories"	Mr. Kenway
6) Song	"Sailing"	Mr. Chadwick
Part II		
1) Piano solo	Air with variations	Miss Marsack
2) Song	"Polly"	Mr. Nock
3) Song	"The Village Blacksmith"	Mrs. Wood
4) Song	"The Midshipmite"	Mr. G.H. Bell
5) Song	"The Boatswain's Story"	Mr. Coote

After the performance, the Captain said a few very nice and appropriate words, and the performance ended with "God Save the Queen". It was fearfully close in the saloon, altho' we had all the port holes open; so that we were not sorry that the programme was so short as it was; we were out by 9:15, and only began at 8.

The run today was 300 miles--rather a disappointing one, on

the whole. The wind was so favourable and the sea was so smooth, that we rather hoped to have reached 310.

Sunday May 6th This morning we had divine service on a grand scale. I managed to make up a couple of chants, and we sang the "Venite" and the "Te Deum". The saloon was crammed; people stood down both the gangways. "Eternal Father" was sung again.

I forgot to mention yesterday that we passed a Cape steamer homeward bound, the "Lualava". She was a very small steamer, and was pitching about considerably. We signalled to her, and I hope she will report us in Liverpool.

Our run today again is 300 miles. If we keep that up, there will be no cause of complaint, I am sure. The weather is warmer again today--almost oppressive. The only thing to do, we find, is to sit quite still on deck under the awning.

Monday May 7th At 10 minutes past 12 last night we passed the Cape Verde light. The captain, I am afraid was the only person who saw it; none of us had the energy to stay up so long. It is a very powerful light, visible at a distance of 28 miles in fine weather; last night it was very hazy, so that, altho' we were only 8 miles from it, it was only just visible.

Last night the heat was something terrible. I could not sleep comfortably all night, altho' I had both my portholes open. Today again the heat is very oppressive; the breeze is very slight, and as we are going away from it, it is almost imperceptible.

Today is Max's birthday, so I drank his health at dinner in a glass of hock. I was almost having a pint of champagne up, but I thought it would be too conspicuous.

The run today is 305. The wind last night was slightly stronger, and helped us on a good bit. Today, I'm afraid, the wind is dead ahead, and is likely to hinder us.

This evening we had a most enjoyable dance. The captain had four lanterns hung up on deck, and we started dancing about half past seven and kept it up for about an hour and a half. The second class passengers joined us, and we finished up with a grand set of lancers, for which we managed to muster 8 couples. The purser played most indefatigably for us on his ac-

cordion. The steerage passengers have got up a musical entertainment, of which they wish to give us the benefit on Wednesday evening. The captain has arranged that they are to give it on the saloon deck, so that we shall all be able to hear. I hear there are some very ^{good} singers amongst them, and it will be most amusing, as some are going to give recitations. I am beginning to get up our programme for next Saturday, and have come upon two or three more performers.

Tuesday May 8th Really the nights are almost unendurable! Last night I don't think I slept for more than half an hour at a time, and got up three or four times and changed my night shirt. When we were at breakfast the heat was over 80 in the shade.

On going on deck we saw about a dozen large whales sporting in the water quite close to the ship. The water is so calm and smooth, that we could distinguish them perfectly plainly. Some of them were very large. The flying fish here, too, are very numerous. They get up in regular shoals, and fly away from the ship.

Today the captain has pointed the vessel straight for the Cape; so we have now a clear 3000 miles to run in a direct line before we sight land again. It will be about ten or eleven days before we reach the Cape. There are still some slight hopes, I fancy, that we may stop there, tho' the Captain will not own it. The run today has dropped to 287, in consequence of their being no wind at all. That is really an average of 12 knots an hour, if we keep this up, we shall do well. This afternoon, tho' the thermometer stood at 88° on deck, we were led on by Rae to indulge in most absurd and heating exertions. He began by running round with a stick, and cutting some extraordinary capers; and we ended up with a grand tug of war. Of course we all repented our folly directly afterwards, as it took us some hours to get comfortable again!

None of us relished going down into the cabins to bed. The captain, Wood, Coote and I sat on deck until past twelve, and then, when we did go, the thermometer was at 84° on deck; in

the cabins, as will easily be imagined, the heat was unbearable. I did not get to sleep for a long time, and then slept very little.

Wednesday May 9th Another fine, hot uncomfortable tropical day. We did simply nothing all day but moon about. Coote had a coat that Miss Sanders was trying to mend for him, but did not succeed with it at all. I suggested she should throw it overboard; she was loth to do this, so we compromised the matter by having a tug of war with it, in which I came off victorious, she going off with one sleeve only. The coat of course was perfectly useless; and I have lent Coote one for the rest of the voyage.

This evening the deck was most brilliantly illuminated for the concert to be given by the third class passengers. It began at 7:30 with a very nice address from their chairman, a very pleasant old fellow, a tailor by trade, who really made a very good speech--far the best thing of the evening. The singing and the recitations were very poor; to a great extent, no doubt, owing to the fact that they had to sing without any accompaniment of any sort. One man recited the soliloquy from "Hamlet"--'To be or not to be'--in a most painful manner: he dropped every "h", and put in any number of superfluous one, besides mixing up the sentences in a most ludicrous way. Another man--a Mr. Satchell--really had some dramatic power, and acted exceedingly well: he was evidently an actor by profession. The great advantage of the whole thing was its brevity; it lasted just over an hour, so that really there was not time to get thoroughly tired of it.

The run today is 286. Towards evening, a fresh breeze sprang up right ahead of us, and the ship rolled considerably all night, tho' the sea was quite smooth.

Thursday May 10th At six o'clock this morning we had a very heavy storm of rain, which relieved the atmosphere considerably and it has been quite pleasant all day. The breeze still keeps ahead of us, and will, the captain fears, remain in the same position until we round the Cape. It is the South East trade.

The run today is 284--very close running every day; especially taking into account that the firemen are terribly knocked up, and are hardly able to work at all. Poor fellows. they must feel this weather terribly; the heat in the stoke hole is over 120°.

Rae brought up his camera this morning, and photographed us in two or three groups. He got all the little ones for one group: they ought to make a very pretty picture.

Today is little Dick Wood's second birthday; so Capt. Hallett ordered a cake to be made for him, and this evening we are all going to drink his health. I shall couple Rudy's with his, as it is his 16th birthday today.

Tonight at 6:30 we crossed the "Line". there were none of the usual formalities, such as shaving; and I must say we were very glad of it. To be shaved round with an iron bar must by no means be a very comfortable proceeding!

Friday May 11th The weather is distinctly getting cooler, tho' this is no doubt partly due to the fact that we have now come across the South East trade, which is a head wind; and by going 11 knots an hour against it, it becomes a fresh breeze. The effect of this wind is distinctly felt in the run today; as it has fallen to 261. The captain expects we shall have this trade for another week at least; so that we must not look forward to any brilliant running yet.

The number of little petty annoyances that the captain has had since starting have been enough to disgust him, I should think. About the second day out, one of the stokers was missing, and has never turned up. So it is assumed that he must have fallen overboard. About the same time a stowaway was found on board; so Capt. Hallett offered him the alternative of being landed at Teneriffe or taking the missing stoker's place. He preferred the latter, and worked well until two days after leaving Teneriffe. Then--thinking, no doubt, that he was all right as we could not land him anywhere--he refused to work. The captain had him taken down below and placed in the hot stoke hole until he came round, which he soon did. Next morning, how-

ever, he repented of it, and again refused to work; so he was put in irons, and put on "starvation allowance" viz. bread and water. This he refused to touch until compelled to do so by hunger; and ever since then he has sat sullenly quiet, and still refusing to work. The captain, of course, is perfectly willing, if the man comes round, to let him work, pay him for it, and say nothing about it on our arrival in Wellington. If, however, he persists in his refusal he is going to ask leave to take him back to England again, and there prosecute him, in which case he would probably be in the full penalty--six months imprisonment with hard labour. And serve him right, too. Again the boatswain's mate proved himself perfectly incapable of his post, and was also very insolent to the captain, who had reduced him to the post of A.B. Yesterday, again, there were some nasty ink stains on the deck abaft the funnel, where the second cabin passengers are. These it was impossible to eradicate; so the captain sent a very polite message to them, requesting them in future to exercise great care when writing on deck. This morning one of them came to the captain, and was most insolent, telling him that he had no right to say such things etc. However, the captain soon shut him up, and I don't think that the stains will be repeated. The captain is always being pestered by the steerage with all sorts of complaints. One man came up and complained that he was not allowed to walk the whole length of the ship, he being prohibited from going under the forward whaleback, where the sailors sleep! Another man was making some complaint or other, and assured the captain (in extenuation, I suppose, for his complaining) that his relations were as good as his (the captain's), and that he was very highly connected! I only mention these instances to show what little petty nuisances the captain has to deal with. The stowaway's case is, of course, a more serious matter.

Saturday, May 12th This morning I went round to beat up recruits for our weekly concert. I manage to get one or two changes in, which relieved the monotony of the previous one considerably. The doctor and Mr. Booth sang their duet splendidly; they ought

to have done so, too, for we have practised it every day this week. Mr. and Mrs. Booth are really first class musicians, and sing excellently, though they are both very nervous. Mr. Wood very nearly broke down in his song; he lost the place in the copy he had, and had some difficulty in finding it again. Miss ^{Mar}Neestindale only played the first movement of the "Moonlight" sonata; and it went rather tamely, I thought, as it is so very slow. Below is a copy of the programme:

- | | | |
|---------------|---------------------------|--------------|
| 1) Piano Solo | Airs from "La Sonnambula" | Miss Marsack |
| 2) Song | "Ehrea on the Rhine" | Mr. Chadwick |
| 3) Song | "A Sailor and His Lass" | Mrs. Wood |
| 4) Song | "Brown Eyes or Blue Eyes" | Dr. Menzies |
| 5) Song | "A Warrior Bold" | Mr. Booth |

Part II

- | | | |
|---------------|---------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1) Piano Solo | "Moonlight" Sonata | Miss Martindale |
| 2) Song | "Yeoman's Wedding Song" | Mr. Wood |
| 3) Song | "When the Heart is Young" | Mr. Booth |
| 4) Duett | "Una Sera d'Amore" | d Dr. Menzies and Mrs. Booth |
| 5) Song | "Truth in Absence" | Mr. Coote |
| 6) Glee | "The Three Chafers" | |
| | "God Save the Queen" | |

The run today is much the same as yesterday's, 264--and I ^{sup}suppose we must expect the same for some time to come.

This afternoon there was some mistake about the steering, and the quartermaster put the wheel suddenly hard a starboard. The result was a regular roll and toss about for five minutes. My porthole was unfortunately wide open, and my room was completely flooded, even the top berth being immersed. Fortunately-

ly my clothes were all safely stowed away, so that the damage was very slight.

Sunday May 13th Morning service again today, at which I again played. We managed to hunt up enough chats today for everything, and the service passed off capitally. There was again a crowded attendance.

The weather is still fine, tho' this evening it was really quite chilly, and we almost felt it too much to sit on deck in our alpaca coats at 11 o'clock. The moon was beautifully bright, and it was a lovely evening. The run is slightly better--267.

There are most peculiar belts of clouds in the sky now, attributable, I believe, to the trade wind. They are very white, in about four distinct belts, and as rapidly as these go, they are replaced by others of the same kind. This has been the case for some days, and is very peculiar.

Monday May 14th Another uneventful day, the only incident being that we saw an albatross--the first one we have seen as yet. As we get further south, they will get more plentiful, I believe. The run today is 279--an agreeable surprise to everybody, the captain included.

The second cabin passengers are getting up athletic sports to be held on Wednesday, and the programme includes a sack race, three legged race, jumping, high and broad, and a tug of war, between the first cabin and the officers, and the second cabin. We are determined to win; in any case, it will be a very good and exciting contest.

Tuesday May 15th During the night the ship rolled tremendously; in fact, I have been sleeping without the weather board for the last ten days, and last night I was nearly out three or four times. It is a very gloomy day, and is raining at intervals. The run is 283 today--the captain now has great hopes of doing the passage to the Cape in the 21 days.

Today the only thing of interest was the practising for the sports; Rae and I have been drawn together for the 3 legged race, and have had a practice; Rae thinks we are sure to win!

Wednesday May 16th The ship rolled so this afternoon that it

really was not quite safe, at times, to do anything in the way of athletics. The first cabin certainly kept up its reputation very well; whatever we went in for, we figured well in. For the first events we were none of us in; the wheelbarrow race, and the hopping race were very closely contested. Then the picking up potatoes was very amusing; Rae went in for it, but was beaten by Booth, who won easily in the end. The high jump I carried off with a jump of 5 feet, Coote jumping 4Ft:10. The broad jump (standing) Coote won with 8Ft:3 $\frac{1}{2}$, I running him close with 8Ft:3. The hop skip and jump Coote won with 33ft. I was second with 31 ft. something. The three legged race Rae and I won easily, tho' we had a great catastrophe at the end. We both fell headlong; Rae escaped without a scratch; I cut both my knees and my ankle rather badly. The tug of war was a complete failure. It was first cabin and officers against second cabin. The second cabin jerked all the time, tho' we remonstrated with them, the consequence was that they won easily. Rae won the 100 yards flat race very easily and also swarming a rope; so that altogether we came off very creditably.

Thursday May 17th The run yesterday, I forgot to mention was 267. Today it is slightly more--277. The ship rolled tremendously in the night and all day too. Every one came on deck in the morning in a very bad temper; no one had slept a wink; Mrs. Wood's baby did nothing but scream all night, and kept Wood and her awake; and Mrs. Sanders had the same trouble with the twins. I find that the trousers I wore yesterday when I fell are hopeless; I shall throw them overboard. My knee is nearly alright again. Mrs. Sanders told me today that she had yesterday found the Saloon steward--an awfully stupid senseless fellow--drinking some of our wines in the Saloon. I am going to have a regular "rum-pus" with him about it, and if he says anything, I shall report him to the captain.

Friday May 18th We got up a swap today on the run. It was only 10/- which I was lucky enough to win with 282. We shall probably, the captain thinks, sight Table Mountain on Sunday morning when we get up. We are not going to stop, but shall go

straight on. I doubt very much if we shall stop anywhere; there is, however, a remote chance that we may stop at Hobart's Town in Tasmania. This morning Mrs. Sanders asked me to accompany her to the fore-castle to see the dogs--two fine collies, that are being taken out to New Zealand. I did so, and of course was made to pay my footing--five shillings!

The last two or three days the men have been removing the coal from the forward hold to the bunkers. They begin at six in the morning, and, as the shooter that the coal goes thro' is just above my porthole, I have a lively time of it after that. There are 240 tons there; after they have moved that there will still be another 400 tons to be moved from another hold.

Tonight there was great excitement; we saw the first ship since we met the Cape mail last Saturday week. She was well worth seeing too; a beautiful three master with every stitch of canvas set. Soon afterwards we met another vessel tho' not so large.

Saturday May 19th This morning we had to stop for an hour on account of heated bearings; this made our run less than it ought to have been--only 282 again. The wind has gone right ahead again, and we have had to take in all sail.

After lunch we saw the largest number of porpoises I had ever seen; they must have been there in thousands. We fancied they must be much smaller than the ones in the North Atlantic; they look it, at any rate.

Last night Mrs. Sanders played Coote and me a great practical joke. She bet us a pair of gloves we should get up between three and four a.m. and go on deck. We both of course solemnly protested we should do no such thing; and this morning I came up, positive I had won. Mrs. Sanders had written "3a" on one side and "4m" on the other side of my door, and the same with Coote! We have of course lost our bet.

We had another concert tonight. They are evidently getting slightly monotonous, as our audience has considerably diminished in numbers. Next week we propose getting a farce; Mr. Wood has brought three or four good ones with him. We shall probably hold

them on deck. The concert tonight was rendered more than ordinarily interesting by the fact that the ship was rolling very much all the time. Mrs. Sanders in "God Save the Queen" fell right across the saloon, fortunately not hurting herself at all! Below is a copy of the programme:

Part I

- | | | |
|---------------|-------------------------------|-----------------|
| 1) Piano Solo | "Lied Shue Worte" | Miss Martindale |
| 2) Song | "The Yarne of the Nancy Bell" | Mr. Nock |
| 3) Reading | "The Lifeboat" | Mr. Wood |
| 4) Song | "The Ferryman" | Mr. Coote |
| 5) Chorus | "Hearts of Oak" | |

Part II

- | | | |
|---------------|------------------------|---------------|
| 1) Piano Solo | March | Miss Marsack |
| 2) Song | "Come Lasses and Lads" | Mr. Wood |
| 3) Song | "Waiting" | Dr. Menzies |
| 4) Piano Solo | Gavotte | F. H. Jackson |
| 5) Song | "A Fresh'ning Breeze" | Mr. Coote |
| 6) Chorus | "Drink Pappy Drink" | |
| | "God Save the Queen" | |

The ship rolled really tremendously this evening. After the concert Mr. Wood and Mrs. Sanders were sitting on deck; the ship gave a sudden lurch, and they went flying out of their chairs. Mrs. Sanders was considerably bruised on the head, and Mrs. Wood made her nose bleed with the bang. The vessel shipped left the first lea she has shipped at all; but it was not a very serious one. She rolled over 35° in one direction two or three times!

"We none of us--that is to say, Coote, Wood and I--cared to go below, it was such a beautiful night on deck. We sat there until half past twelve, and then turned in--but not to sleep.

The noise and rattle of portmanteaus boxes and every mortal thing moving about below, not to mention the continuous bumping one got in one's berth, was far too much to allow of any sleep; and it was past five before I fell into a doze even.

We sighted land about one o'clock, I believe, in the morning.

Sunday May 20th This morning at 6 we were abreast the Cape, and were signalled at 6:30. The land seems very rugged and tough, but we can't see much of it, as we keep well away from it. This is the first land we have seen for 16 days, and we shant see any more, I suppose, for another 18 or 20, until we are off the Australian coast.

Service again this morning, tho' under extreme difficulties. Three or four times I had to stop, as I was hurled right ^{out} of my seat.

In the afternoon we listened to a service in the after part of the ship, at which one of the second cabin passengers--Mr. Chadwick--offered up an extempore prayer. We have some Salvation Army officers on board. So that there is plenty of noise at any rate on Sundays! The run today is 262; the wind has been very poor, and the sea has been very much confused, so that nothing more could well be anticipated.

Monday May 21st The life on board is certainly getting monotonous. We have at last taken to cards; the captain, Mrs. Wood and Capt. and Mrs. Sanders now intend playing a rubber of whist every evening. I play écarté with Molly Sanders. After lights were put out (11:15 p.m.) we all paced the deck for a long time, ladies included; it was really far too fine to go to bed; Coote and I stayed up until half past one

Tuesday May 22nd The run today is the best we have done--310 miles; and, I fear, the best we shall do, unless the wind springs up again, and gives the old ship a chance. We have in the last two days passed through the most stormy part of the whole ocean world, and have been singularly lucky in not having had a good tossing about. However, that may still be in store for us!

We are thinking of getting up a Christy Minstrel performance this week, and acting next week. Wood and I propose do-

ing "No! round the corner," and ~~with~~ the help of the others we hope to be able to get up "Turn him out"--a really very funny piece.

Wednesday May 23rd This morning we had to "slow" the engines again for some time, and the result is that our run is not quite so good--293. This is quite the coldest day we have had, by a long way; the ladies are all complaining, and want to have hot water bottles on deck!

Thursday May 24th We have decided to postpone both the Christy Minstrel and the acting entertainments, as it is so cold on deck at nights, and we should have to have these performances there. We shall probably have the ordinary concert again.

Friday May 25th Yesterday evening as it was the Queen's birthday, we had champagne and drank her health, coupling with it that of the Doctor's father, whose was 82 years of age. The weather today is milder again, and the sea quite quiet; and we are able to get about on deck more comfortably. The run is 302.

Saturday May 26th The greater part of the day was taken up with practising for the concert in the evening, which of course had been put off to the last moment, as usual. However, the result was said to be very satisfactory. The doctor's reading was a lamentable failure; from his conversation previously we had been prepared for a fine exhibition of oratory; instead of which he read "Mrs. Brown on the Army", and laughed himself at all the jokes as they occurred! He himself, however, seemed mightily pleased with his performance, and that is half the battle. Mr. Booth sings very finely; his song, "Jack's Yarn" suited his voice admirably. Coote's song "Carissima" is one of the prettiest songs I have heard. Below is a programme.

Part I

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|---------------|-------------------|--------------|
| 1) Glee | "Sweet and Low" | |
| 2) Song | "Nil desperandum" | Mr. Chadwick |
| 3) Piano Solo | "Oberon" | Miss Marsack |
| 4) Song | "She and I" | Dr. Menzies |

- | | | |
|---------|----------------|-----------|
| 5) Song | "Jack's Yarn" | Mr. Booth |
| 6) Glee | "Gentle Winds" | * |

Part II

- | | | |
|---------------|--------------------------|--------------|
| 1) Piano Solo | "Christman Music" | F.H. Jackson |
| 2) Song | "The Children" | Mrs. Booth |
| 3) Reading | "Mrs. Brown on the Army" | Dr. Menzies |
| 4) Song | "Three Boys of Bristol" | Mr. Wood |
| 5) Song | "Carissima" | Mr. Coote |
| 6) Glee | "Tell me Flora" | |

"God Save the Queen"

Sunday May 27th We had service again this morning, and a collection for the "Dreadnought" Hospital ship for seamen. The weather was far nicer than last week; and the ship was quite steady. We had to have the same old chants, as I can't find any new ones!

This evening the captain seriously proposed playing the nightly rubber of whist; but the ladies raised objections, so, instead, the doctor gave us one of his selections from the Vulgar "Mrs. Brown", and I read a piece of Mark Twain. The night was rather too dirty for our usual nightly promenade; but still Molly Sanders and I had a walk for a few minutes. The run to-day was only 291--really, Capt. Hallett thinks, it must have been considerably more; but he was unable to obtain accurate observations. The coaling--or rather, the shifting of the coal--is now at last over; and very pleased and thankful every one is, too. It has been a terrible business, and I fancy will not be tried again, if Capt. Hallett can possibly avoid it. The New Zealand Shipping Company placed on board sufficient coal for us just to reach New Zealand; and, supposing we should by any means encounter very bad weather, and we were much retarded in our progress, we should have rather a pinch to make the coal last us. The inconvenience to passengers, especially in the

steerage, is incalculable; for everything and everybody are covered with the coal dust; and it penetrates right down to the sleeping apartments. The coal has had to be shifted, in bags from both ends of the ship to the engine room in the centre; the sailors also grumble terribly, and in fact every one is dissatisfied. This is all endured, to save the Company a paltry £300 which would be the excess they would have to pay in coaling at the Cape. The discontent that has arisen will cost the company a good deal more than that sum; as these passengers will not, to say the least of it, recommend a vessel to their friends, in which they were compelled to put up with such a nuisance.

Today Capt. Hallett has had another ^{of} those pleasant little ^{episodes} to deal with, which certainly relieve the monotony of the voyage. On coming on deck this morning, he noticed that part of the deck had not been cleaned of the coal dust; he sent word to the officer to have the watch up and have it done. The men actually refused to do it; and the result was that two quarter-masters did it all in ten minutes, showing what a small business it was. The captain then had the men up; all but three came round; these three the captain gave ten minutes to consider the matter in, and then, as they still persisted in their disobedience, and refused to do any work at all, he told them he should let them do as they wished; they should do no work but--they would be put into solitary confinement, in a dark room, on bread and water for the rest of the voyage; and on the ship's arrival in Wellington would be taken before the magistrate, who will probably give them three months with hard labour! I fancy they will repent them of their choice before the voyage is over!

Monday May 28th The wind has risen considerably today, and we are making sixteen knots, the wind blowing half a gale astern. She does go most beautifully, and is as steady as a rock; you can scarcely tell she is moving thro' the water. The captain is highly delighted; the ship is turning out to be such a fine seaboat. The run today is 307 miles; and our average up to noon today since leaving England is exactly 12 knots; which is won-

derfully good for over 8000 miles. The weather is much milder, despite the strong wind; and one is able to sit on deck quite comfortably. In the evening we had one or two sharp showers, and when we went to bed it was still raining.

Tuesday May 29th During the night we kept up our 76 knots, and by 8 o'clock this morning had gone 281 miles. Whilst heaving the log early this morning, it was too much for the men, and they very wisely let it go. They took another one, and lost that too; so that now we are reduced to the patent log, having lost both of our other ones. One man was knocked over, and hurt rather seriously.

This morning at 8 o'clock, just before breakfast, there was a very strong breeze--half a gale, in fact--blowing; but when we went on deck again after breakfast, the wind had fallen quite light, and remained so all day. This, however, did not affect the run much; 332 miles is most excellent. The captain is, in every way, perfectly satisfied. It has been a most miserable day; the decks have been wet, and it has been raining off and on all day. We have been compelled to choose between two alternatives; either to get wet on deck, or to keep dry below. I much preferred the latter, as I have rather a bad cold. In the evening, however, it cleared up, and we had quite a fine night.

Wednesday May 30th We have for some time had suspicions of the stewards regaling themselves on our wine, and Rae has been to some pains to find out the culprits. Last night, therefore, he filled a whiskey bottle half full of whiskey and water, and added a good stiff dose of "Croton oil". There was a "bite" before we went to bed; and in the morning we made anxious enquiries of the doctor whether any of the stewards were poorly. We had not long to wait. No sooner had he left the breakfast table than the boots and other assistant store keeper both came to him in a terrible fright, as they had been fearfully ill all night; and on enquiry they confessed all. The saloon steward had got them the bottle, and they had helped themselves freely! The captain had all the stewards up before him, and the most objectionable one, has, I am glad to say, been provided with a more suitable berth elsewhere. We already notice that our wines last us near-

ly twice as long; and I think the men have had a good lesson taught them, and will not try and rob us any more.

The wind today has been in our favour, and we have also a good current running with us; so that we have been able to improve on our yesterday's run by one mile--333 miles, the most we may possibly hope to do. The days pass in much the same monotonous way all the time; so that there is really nothing to note.

Thursday May 31st This ship is proving herself a wonderfully good sea boat. There is a strong breeze on our beam today, and, although she is so very light, and high out of the water, yet she stood as stiff and steady as a church. Towards evening the breeze freshened, and at eleven p.m. was blowing a gale. After playing a rubber of whist, Mrs. Sanders, Mrs. Wood and I went on the bridge, at the invitation of the Captain. I had Mrs. Sanders on my arm; and on the way up the ladder, she slipped down, but fortunately without hurting herself.

This afternoon, the captain gave Mr. Wood and myself leave to do some painting; so we set to work, and painted the main boom. The end part was really difficult to do; and I had to stand on a very rickety and shaky plank; I must say, I did not feel at all comfortable out there. We finished it about a quarter past three; and then it took me close on an hour to get all the paint-marks off my cover coat, which was completely soiled with it.

The painting--or rather the smell of the paint--gave me a bad headache, and I went to bed very wretched, and had a wretched night--from more reasons than one.

The run today is 328 miles--not quite so good as yesterday, but still quite good enough.

Friday June 1st The gale continues, and we are rattling along at a good pace. By 12 we had done 320 miles by a rough calculation; tho' probably we shall find, whenever the captain can take an observation, that we have done considerably more. In the morning none of us ventured on deck; one sea, in fact, washed over the top of the smoking room on the upper deck; but in the afternoon we all had a stroll, and the captain took us right

astern, where the sea looked very fine. In the evening the wind unfortunately dropped considerably, and we were not going nearly so well.

Saturday June 2nd This morning a great event happened--a birth on board; a fine boy, among the steerage passengers. The doctor is highly delighted. In honour of the place of birth, it is suggested that he have as one of his names, "Ion". Whether his mother will agree to this or not, has not yet been ascertained.

This week I left the arrangements for our weekly concert till so late that I almost despaired of being able to get one up at all. The result, however, of what I was able to get up, was most satisfactory; the entertainment was, in fact, one of the best we have had. Rae's reading of the "Jumping Frog" was not as good as it might have been; but Mr. Nock afforded us plenty of fun with his two comic songs. Appended is a copy of the programme.

Part I

- | | | |
|---------------|-------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1) Chorus | "The Vicar of Bray" | |
| 2) Song | "True till death" | Mr. Coote |
| 3) Duett | "Do you remember" | Dr. Menzies
Mrs. Booth |
| 4) Song | "Again & again & again" | Mr. Nock |
| 5) Piano Solo | "Souvenir of Kieff" | Miss Martindale |

Part II

- | | | |
|---------------|-----------------------------------|-------------|
| 1) Chorus | "The Bay of Biscay" | |
| 2) Song | "Love me if I live"
"Marianni" | Dr. Menzies |
| 3) Reading | "The Jumping Frog" | Mr. Rae |
| 4) Song | "Still I thought of thee" | Mr. Wood |
| 5) Piano Solo | "Cinderella" | Mr. Jackson |
| 6) Song | "The Mariner" | Mr. Coote |

7) Song

"The Speaker's Eye"

Mr. Nock

"God Save the Queen"

Sunday June 3rd Another Sunday round! The time seems to go by very quickly; and we are really beginning to dread the idea of leaving the ship. We have really been wonderfully fortunate; all of us have got on so wonderfully well together; with the exception of the doctor (whom we all of us detest, from the captain down) we are all and have been all the time, the best of friends. One more Sunday only; on Tuesday week we hope to arrive in Wellington. Another disagreeable little episode happened today; one of the stokers has struck work, and won't do any more at all. The captain has, of course, put him into irons, and there he will remain until the end of the voyage, when he will no doubt be removed to prison for a few weeks. The other three scoundrels are now anxious to work again; but this they will by no means be allowed to do; on arrival at Wellington they will also be accommodated with a home for a few months probably, before they are allowed to think of returning home.

Service again today, and a collection, as usual. The afternoon was most miserable; it rained the whole time, and we were compelled to remain below. For the first time for nearly a week our run has been below 300 miles--292; we shall be getting most saucy about the run; in fact, today there was a good deal of grumbling at the fall.

In the evening we had music and singing, fortunately not confining ourselves entirely to sacred pieces; so that it was not at all tedious. I had a very bad headache, and felt generally out of sorts; so Mrs. Wood very kindly lent me some phosphate of iron as a tonic, which will do me no end of good.

I had a most terrible disaster in the evening. There was a very strong wind blowing, and I was afraid of losing my cap, which is by no means very secure on my head; so I put on my brand new felt hat, which fits me like a glove. The ship gave a lurch; I slipped and fell against the rail and ("terrible dicta") off went my beloved hat! I am really in a terrible fix

as I have nothing to go on shore in. The captain has very kindly lent me a "tam o' shanter" he has by him, and I shall have to go on shore in that!

Monday June 4th During the night the wind blew very fresh; and continued so all day. The sea has got up considerably; but still the old ship is as steady as a rock, and I am writing with perfect comfort. By noon we had done 300 miles again. In the afternoon Mrs. Sanders, Mrs. Wood, Capt. Hallett and I were standing on the windward side of the vessel, and a sea swept clean over us, and gave us such a wetting! We had to change everything, as I was drenched to the skin; the others too, were in much the same state. However, salt water proverbially does not make one catch cold; so that we shall be none the worse for it, I hope.

Tuesday June 5th The wind increased to a gale last night, and continued so all day, right aft. The sea is a really beautiful sight; one mass of foam. The sun shines brightly, and the spray, as it rises, is all the colours of the rainbow. The run is 320 miles; we have only 2000 miles more to Wellington now; If we have the same luck for the rest of the voyage, we may hope to arrive on Monday night.

Wednesday June 6th Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Sanders had each a "Philippine" with Capt. Hallett and myself, and we had great fun about it; Mrs. Wood tried to catch the captain as he came out of his room at 7 this morning; but he was already out, saw her on the watch, and came up to her behind. I had a very narrow escape. Mrs. Wood was waiting for me at the top of the stairs. She saw my head appear, and thought it was Coote, as I had a hat like his on. I just had time to get it out first, as she was so flustered that she she couldn't say a word. The captain then went below and caught Mrs. Sanders just as she came out of her cabin; so that the males certainly came off victorious! Today is Molly's birthday; she is 17, but seems in many ways, I think, a good deal older. She is to have a birthday cake in honour of the event. The run today is less again--only 300; due in a great measure, the the lightness of the ship. The

engines cannot take the coal now, as the screw cant get a firm hold of the water; and the result is that we are burning 7 tons of coal per day less that we were. This evening the "Aurora Australis" or Southern Light made its first appearance. We were very much disappointed with it, I must say. It was simply a cloudless portion of the sky, lighter than the rest, but still very dim. Of course, as one goes more to the southward, this light becomes more brilliant, and is then a fine sight. There was great excitement at the dinner table. It was, as I have said, Molly's birthday, and we were just drinking her health, when there was a report of a ship on the port bow. Not only was this the case, but for some reason or other she burnt a blue light for some time. The captain could not make out what it could be; but answered by burning a bright green light--the private signal of the White Star Line. The captain could make out that she was a fine large vessel, evidently bound for New Zealand, and with a large number of emigrants on board.

Thursday June 7th We shall have a grand finale concert on Saturday, if all goes well, and with plenty of variety too. The doctor proposes singing "Stella Confidente" with a cello accompaniment; and we have had one or two practices already. I found the sides of my cello had gaped from the effect of the hot weather, but the carpenter soon set that to rights again. We are going to have about 16 pieces in all, and Rae proposes giving a supper to the performers afterwards. The run today is 305 miles, with the wind still favorable. At noon we were only 1330 miles from Wellington!

We had great fun this afternoon. I brought a small canister of tea on board with me, as I thought the tea was sure to be indifferent. It is so; and I gave an afternoon tea party to the two girls, Molly and Clara today, to test the tea. They both pronounced it excellent; so this evening I had it up, and we had tea in the saloon at 8:30 p.m. with it, to the satisfaction of everybody. "Phillipines" have been very numerous lately. Today the Capt. and I had one again with Mrs. Sanders and Mrs. Wood in order to give them their revenge, as we won the other day. What will^{be} the result I dont know, but both parties--for Captain

Hallett and I combine--are very sanguine of the result.

Friday June 8th We were beaten ignominiously; I gave orders to be called at half past six, and determined to take up a position outside the ladies door, in order to catch them as they came out. I got up very silently, peeped out, and groped my way (for it was quite dark) to the bathroom. Just as I was turning in to the bathroom, I heard the fateful word, and there were these two ladies waiting patiently for me. They had been up to the captain's room, and success had attended them there too. He came out, and ran almost into their arms! I must say, we were fairly and honorably beaten, unpleasant though it certainly is to own to defeat. Clara also caught me, by waiting at the bottom of the stairs; so that I am the poorer by three pairs of gloves!

Getting up early does not agree with me. I was as cross and grumpy all afternoon and evening as possible, and was not very amiable all round, I'm afraid! For some reason or other, I have been suffering from headaches the last few days; and when one has a headache, one is not in the best of tempers. The run today is again under the 300 miles--290, however, if all goes well, we shall reach Wellington on Tuesday morning early.

Tomorrow we are going to have a grand final concert, and the last few days we have had continual practices. It ought to be a great success. Tonight they had a grand entertainment in the steerage; Wood and Rae went to hear it, and have had headaches this morning from a grand cornet player who "blew hard".

Saturday June 9th Our concert this evening was a great success. We had increased the number of pieces to 16, and this made the entertainment just a nice length. During my cello performance, I was making little journeys up the down the gang way, much to the amusement of everybody. However, I managed it without any faults. The captain took the chair, and made a very nice little speech before the concert began. The programme was as follows:

Part I

- | | | |
|---------------|---|--------------|
| 1) Glee | "Oh hush thee my babie" | |
| 2) Song | "Stella Confidente"
(cello obligato) | Dr. Menzies |
| 3) Song | "The banks of Allan Water" | Mrs. Booth |
| 4) Piano Solo | Triumphal March | Miss Marsack |
| 5) Song | "Bobbie" | Mr. Rae |
| 6) Reading | "The Frenchman and the rats" | Mr. Wood |
| 7) Song | "Sentry Song" | Mr. Booth |
| 8) Glee | "The Arrow and the Song" | |

Part II

- | | | |
|---------------|--------------------------------|-----------------|
| 1) Chorus | "Take me again to thy heart" | |
| 2) Song | "The Skipper and his boy" | Mr. Chadwick |
| 3) Reading | "A Cure for a Cold" | Mr. Kenway |
| 4) Song | "Moods and Tenses" | Mr. Nock |
| 5) Piano Solo | "Sonata" | Miss Martindale |
| 6) Song | "Cleansing Fires" | Mr. Wood |
| 7) Song | "Dream Faces" | Mr. Coote |
| 8) Glee | " <u>Night, lovely night</u> " | |
| | "God Save the Queen" | |

After the entertainment, all the performers sat down to a sumptuous repast, with unlimited champagne. The captain sat at the head of one table, and I at the head of the other! I was very much afraid I should be called on to speak, but I was spared that infliction.

Really a captain's life must be awful. Today another stoker has refused to do work, and the engineroom is so short of hands (three others being sick), that the captain had to appeal to the steeage for volunteers. Again, this afternoon, one of the sailors was grossly insolent to the second officer; and the whole watch worked so slovenly that the captain had them up, and gave them a good talking to, saying that previous to this he was on a vessel, worked by 12 Chinamen, and now he was on one worked by 18 Englishmen; and that, as far as work was concerned, he in-

finitely preferred the Chinamen. Later on in the evening, another man struck, saying that he objected to being compared to a Chinaman; and on enquiry, it turned out that this man was actually not present when the captain spoke, but had only had it repeated to him by the others! There are now four men in confinement, and five others that the captain is going to prosecute.

Sunday June 10th Our last service on board. We sang "Eternal Father", and "Days and Moments", as our farewell hymns. The afternoon passed away very quickly, Molly Sanders washed her hair, and I brushed it for half an hour or so! We went 318 miles-- a very good run indeed.

Monday June 11th At 7:30 this morning Capt. Hallett came down and woke me, telling me land was in sight. And beautiful scenery it is. There were any number of snow capped mountains, on which the sun was shining, making them glisten brilliantly. There was a strong head wind blowing, so that we did not reach Cape Farewell as early as we hoped to have done. We were abreast it about 12:30, and soon afterwards had a very severe hailstorm, the stones being the size of one's nails. Further on, we passed a beautiful island, or rather, a rock, 950 feet high, called Stevens, or Sphinx, island. In the afternoon I had a farewell tea party, with Molly and Clara in my cabin, and had great fun. About 11 p.m. we sighted the light just outside Wellington harbour, the wind blowing half a gale in our teeth, and at 12 cast anchor inside, having made the fastest passage on record--43 days 6 hours, steaming time. The entrance to the harbour is very narrow and dangerous, only half a mile wide, with a bad reef jutting out a considerable way. There are two or three turnings on the way in, which increase the difficulty of entering without a pilot in the dead of night. However, Capt. Hallett managed it perfectly, being well acquainted with the harbour. We all had a glass of grog before retiring to bed, and did not turn in till half past one.

Tuesday June 12th The Wellington people evidently do not think much of us, and are callous of the fact that we are of any importance whatever, tho' we are the largest vessel that has been in these waters. They actually did not send off anyone at all to

us until 10 o'clock morning, tho' we signalled to them that we had mail on board! However, when they came, they did so with a vengeance, and we were soon crowded with people of all kinds, who looked exceedingly shady characters, tho' they really turned out to be all right. There was an Archdeacon Thorpe who came on board; he made himself exceedingly comfortable, and said to me in the coolest manner that he thought we had better go to lunch (it was then 12:30). He came down without invitation, took the captain's seat, and ordered everybody about as if he was the Prince of Wales! We were not very much taken with him, I'm afraid.

We did not get alongside the pier--a thing that looked as if it would fall to pieces, if we touched it--until 2 o'clock and there we all sallied forth to explore. There is only one principle street in Wellington--Lambton Quay--so called, as it was reclaimed from the sea some years ago. It is a fine broad street, with nice shops on either side, but awfully and ruinously expensive. It was such a miserable afternoon, wet and cold, with a gale of wind blowing, that we were not tempted to venture any further, and soon made our way back to the ship. Here we found a nice state of things. The ship was simply crowded with visitors, who I must say are not the best mannered people I have seen. They came into the saloon and stood there with their hats on, whilst we were at meals, and came into our cabins without thinking of knocking ~~on~~ the whole time we remained at Wellington. However, we were not so badly treated as the "British King" was: they clambered over the sides, took complete possession of the ship, and danced in the saloon until 12 o'clock at night! But that Capt. Hallett took measures to prevent.

Wednesday June 13th Another wet, windy day. I bought my "Phillipines" this morning; and was paid the ones owing to me; they cost me a pretty penny too! We heard that the Botanical Gardens on the top of the hill were well worth a visit; so in the afternoon, in an interval of fine weather, we clambered up. After some difficulty and frequent questionings we managed to find the place, and were terribly disappointed. It was nothing

but a lot of wild trees and shrubs, with a pathway thro' them! In the evening we went to the "theatre" to see a panorama entitled "The American War"; but it was so absurd and stupid that I don't think we stayed much over half an hour. Molly Sanders had a very bad headache and was not able to come with us; so after we had come out from the performance, Mrs. Sanders asked me if I would mind going back and staying with her; the others went out and had a grand oyster supper.

Thursday June 14th I decided to go on to Lyttelton as there was simply nothing to see or do in Wellington. I shall then make my plans for seeing the island, staying there, probably, about a week. There was a strong gale blowing this morning, and it rained nearly all the time, so that we were not tempted to go out much. The Woods and Coote leave us here; Coote goes on to Wanganui, and the Woods to Auckland, both sailing tomorrow. We were ready to leave by noon, but the wind was blowing so fresh that it was four o'clock before we ventured to move and then, when we got outside, the wind was so strong in our teeth, and the ship was so light that the Captain thought it advisable to anchor. However, about 9 o'clock, the wind had gone down considerably, and we set off again, this time successfully.

Friday June 15th We are a very small party now, and very melancholy, as we are all broken up. The parting with the Woods was most affecting; Coote I have got to dislike so much that I was really almost pleased he was gone, tho' the Sanders evidently are not the same opinion; Mrs. Sanders and Molly were dissolved in tears. About 11:30 this morning we steamed into Lyttelton harbour--a most picturesque spot, surrounded by snow capped hills, which looked very pretty with the sun shining brilliantly on them. The docks are new and fairly extensive; we went alongside directly, and without any difficulty, and by two o'clock, I was in the train for Christchurch. These are certainly poor, It is a narrow gauge railway, and the carriages are a poor type of "pullman." The first class carriages are not quite as good as an ordinary third class carriage in England; and to judge by the people that went up with me, no one thinks of travelling anything but first class. The journey to Ch.Ch. takes about 25

minutes; there is a long tunnel at starting, which takes six minutes to pass thro'; after that the country is as flat as a pancake, with gorse fences, looking altogether very much like England. The Emigration officer, Mr. March, had kindly offered to put my name down for the club; so I went off there with him immediately on my arrival. The streets are fine and broad, and the place altogether seems far more civilized than Wellington. I arranged things at the club, and then went to Messrs. Miles and Co., my "bankers"; and the head partner there, Mr. Banks, was most hospitable, asking me to go out and lunch with him on Sunday. I then went to the New Zealand Shipping Co's offices, and took my passage home again in the "British King". Whilst I was there, young Goodwin, brother of W. Goodwin of B'head, came in. He told me Ted Spence was staying with him, and was very anxious for me to go down to his place, "Rangitata", about 90 miles from here. I have promised to go later on, if I have any time to spare. I then called on Dr. Nedwill, but found he was out. Mr. Banks told me that the Christchurch Club was a better one than the Canterbury, and has put ~~me~~ ^{me} down for that. I have decided to go there in preference, as it seems far superior. Capt. Hallett ^{and} very kindly asked me to go down and stay the night on board again; so off I went, about six o'clock. We had all the officers to dinner, and spent a very jolly evening.

Saturday June 16th I had some difficulty this morning in getting my luggage thro' the Customs. I don't mean to say they examined it closely; in fact, they did not examine it at all; only I could not find the officer for some time. Captain Sanders and Clara came down about twelve, and had the same bother with their boxes, 35 in all. However, by one o'clock we managed to get away, after paying most exorbitantly for excess of luggage on the railway. I lunched at the club, and afterwards went with Molly Sanders out to a place called Riccarton, a very pretty suburb four miles out, to her uncle's and had dinner with them there, and got back again about nine, with a very bad attack of indigestion. I went straight to bed, but passed a most mis-

erable night.

Sunday June 17th Another bright fine day. To the Cathedral Service in the morning with Mr. Bankes, and then to lunch with him at his house about two miles out. The service in the Cathedral was most enjoyable, and the singing exceptionally good, considering that it has only been started a little over a year. The Bishop preached--a wonderful old man, nearly 80 years of age, but still most energetic. Mrs. Bankes knows the Shaws of Arrowe very well; she nursed the little Bertie Shaw when his mother died. This put us on most intimate terms immediately, and we parted very friendly. In the evening I went again to the Cathedral and heard a most impressive service from the Dean Jacobson in favour of religious education in schools. Petitions are now being sent up to the Houses of Parliament on the subject, and the feeling here seems to be very strong in its favour. We had a most beautiful anthem "Like as the hart desireth the waterbrooks", and a most beautiful hymn "Abide with me"; and altogether the service is most satisfactory. I afterwards went and spent the evening quietly with the Sanders in their lodgings.

Monday June 18th At Mr. Murray Agnesly's advice, I decided to go to Hokitika by coach tomorrow morning, as, he tells me, later on the passes will be blocked up with snow. I took my ticket and had arranged everything, so as to be able to set off in the morning. However, later on I went to see Mr. Leonard Harper, Mrs. Griffith's brother in law, and he strongly advised me to put off going until Friday, as there was a strong north west wind blowing, which meant rain in the hills. I changed my mind again, therefore, and my ticket, and went out with him to his place, Ilam, for the night. His wife is Mrs. Griffith's sister, a very musical lady, and we passed a very pleasant evening together. They have a very pretty place here, with an organ in the drawing room, and a very fine entrance hall.

Tuesday June 19th Early this morning, Mr. Harper came to my room and called me out to see the view. It was one I would not have missed for the world. In the foreground, just beneath his window, ran a beautiful little river, with water as clear as cry-

stal, and in the background, through the trees, were seen the mountains, covered with snow. It was really beautiful; the contrast between the dark leaves of the gum trees, and the snow on the mountains was very effective. These gum trees are wonderful growers. Not five and twenty years ago there was not a single tree or bush to be seen in the whole country and now there are woods and groves everywhere. Everything thrives and flourishes; the Wellingtonias, Asacarias, fir trees, and every kind of evergreen one can imagine. After breakfast Mr. Harper took me round the garden and showed me his bathing place, where in summer they all go in the morning for their "tub". We then drove in as far as Hagley Park--a large public park, beautifully laid out. Here we got out and walked right across it to the museum. This park is managed by him, as Ranger, and he is very proud of it. Right round it runs the river Avon, with willows hanging over the banks--in summer it must be very beautiful we went down to the Christ's college--a school of which England would be proud, with a chapel and grounds very nicely arranged. It is a public school, but not under government control, and has about 200 boys, nearly all boarders. Opposite it is the Canterbury university, erected by Government, with about 70 students, mostly Christ's college boys. Adjoining this again is another school, built by Government, as a counter-action to Christ's college; but instead of doing the college any harm, it has done it a great deal of good; for all the bakers' butchers' and candlestick makers' boys go there, whilst the gentlemen's sons go to the college. The opportunities for education here are wonderfully good. Besides these ^{institutions there are} large ^{three} high schools--one, what they call the "Norman" school, with an attendance of over 1000 scholars daily. Then, again, there is also a very good high school for girls provided with a good staff of masters and teachers. After seeing these buildings, I left Mr. Harper, and paid a visit to the Museum, where I shall certainly go again. There are most interesting collections, illustrating not only the products of New Zealand, but also of the whole world. I lunched at the club, and then paid a visit to old Mrs. Moore, a very nice old lady, who was very glad to see

me. She told me she had heard from Waimarama the day before, and they had no idea, as yet, that I was in New Zealand! Mr. Harper had kindly asked me to go out to his house again tonight, so I went, and we had another pleasant musical evening.

Wednesday June 20th Another beautiful morning; in fact, since I have been here, the weather has been simply perfect. Yesterday the thermometer stood at 87 in the sun; fancy that in mid-winter! I am to stop tonight again at Mr. Harper's; he is going to get his brother, who married a Miss Hope of Bebington, out to dinner to meet me. We went this morning to see the old Provincial Government Buildings. The Hall ^{the} ~~of~~ Assembly used to meet in is really a very fine one, most elegantly fitted up. there seems to be a universal feeling of disgust at the abolition of the Provincial Assemblies; the people here complain that their interests are not nearly so well looked after now as they were before. Canterbury was the richest province in the country; but when the amalgamation took place, all their revenue went to swell the common pot, and they only get a certain proportion of it.

I went at half past twelve to hear the Litany Service in the Cathedral. It is beautifully done: all the responses are chanted without music; and the boy's voices do not appear to get at all flat at the end. I drove back to lunch at the Harper's, and went a ride afterwards up the Port Hills, where we got a very good view of the plains with the hills in the background. The Kaikausa--a range some 120 distant--were distinctly visible; and Mt. Peel, 8000 feet high, capped with snow, looked very beautiful, tho' at a distance of over 70 miles.

Thursday June 21st Molly Sanders is learning to ride; and this morning I went out riding with her for a couple of hours. She is still very green at it; but we had a most enjoyable ride, all the same. I returned to lunch at the Harper's, and then drove in to Christchurch, and went back to the Club, as I have to leave early tomorrow morning for Hokitika. At the club I met a young navy fellow, a son of old Mr. Fred Lion, who was killed in the hunting field last season. He had just arrived,

having left in the "Indies" (P&O) the same day that we did in the "Ionic"; so that we gained ten days on him by the direct route! After dinner I went and spent the evening with the Sanders, as I shall perhaps not see them again until August. This country ought to prove a wonderful grain-bearing country. In Australia a yield of from 7 to 15 bushels of wheat to the acre is considered very good. But out here, for instance, Mr Harper last year got, on 7 acres of ground, 56 bushels to the acre of wheat and 66 of oats! He realised 86 for the produce of his 7 acres; and I should think at that rate, a man ought to realise a fortune in a very short time.

Friday June 22nd It was a miserably damp misty morning when I left in the train at 8 o'clock, but as we got clear of the town, the weather brightened up and it was quite fine when we reached Springfield at 11:15. The train goes thro' a most uninteresting flat country, at the rate of a little over 12 miles an hour, taking 3 hours to do 42 miles! At Springfield we had lunch and then took our places on the coach--a most peculiar looking thing, with straps for springs. It has a box seat, to set three(I was fortunate enough to get one of the seats), and an inside portion, which will accomodate 7 or 8, at a pinch. We were laden full up with mails and luggage, and there was only just room for the three passengers inside and the two out. We had five horses, two wheelers and three leaders, and a very good strong lot they were. At 12:30 we started, and for the first five miles the road is, comparatively speaking, flat, and then you come to "Power's pass"--a very steep ascent, for which we all got out and walked. The gradient is 1600 feet, in 2 miles 2 chains, and the height at the top is 3600 feet above the sea. This the coach descended in $8\frac{1}{4}$ minutes--and the road is a very winding one running along the edge of a precipice the whole way! I wonder what poor Thomas would think of that! Soon after this we passed Lake Linden, very prettily situated, and the mountains all round were covered with snow. After driving 12 miles we changed horses, and then had a 20 mile stage through very wild and beautiful scenery. On one side is a hill called

"Castlehill", so called from some rocks that protrude at the summit. On the other is "Cemetery Hill" so called for much the same reason. One can see at a glance that the country is highly volcanic, the formation of the ground suggests violent upheavals at no distant period of time. The summits of all the hills not covered with snow are bare, of a greyish hue, looking very much like lava. Again the lower levels are arranged in a peculiar series of terraces, interlaced with deep, narrow gorges, through which we rushed at a terrible rate. In fact, the principle of driving seems to be to walk up the steep hills, and everywhere else, especially down the steep inclines to go a full speed. At times it really took one's breath away to see how closely we shaved the corners; the driver, however, is wonderfully cool; in fact, they say the two drivers on this line are the best in New Zealand. At six o'clock we reached the "Casse" where we changed horses for the last stage. It was a very dark night, and our road ran at a good height above the bed of the Waioneakeriri River. I could not see anything but the driver seemed perfectly confident. I only know we simply galloped down some hills and round corners, where I saw large boulders protruding which we just avoided. The driver told us afterwards that that was distinctly the worst part of the road. At 9 we reached our night's resting place--the "Bealey"; and were given a very good tea and a nice clean room, which I am to share with one of our passengers, a commercial traveller, in fact, they all are of the same profession. I find that I shall very possibly be able to get on to Nelson by coach; and so I am going to agitate tomorrow morning to get my return ticket ticket to Ch.Ch. cancelled. I sincerely hope I shall succeed.

We passed--in the last stage tonight--a most beautiful lake--Lake Pearson--and, even in the dark night, I could see clearly the reflection of all the surrounding mountains in the water. I am afraid I shall look down on our Welsh hills when I get home: nothing round here is much under 3000 ft. and nearly all are covered with snow! The scenery is really beautiful; so very wild, far finer than I ever anticipated.

Saturday June 23rd. We were called at 4:30 this morning and left Bealey at 5. It was not nearly daybreak, and our first stage was driven in the dark. However, it was five and quite warm, so we did not mind. Our driver of yesterday, Donald Cameron, goes back to Springfield today; and the man, by name Arthur Davis, who drove from Hokitika yesterday, drove us back today. He is certainly the best, most scientific, and yet careful driver I have ever seen.

On leaving the Bealey our road went for three or four miles along the watersheds of the two great rivers there--the Bealey and the Waimakariri. These beds are at least two miles broad each, intersected by numberless small watercourses, which in the summer, swell and join together. The road is very stony, and I was glad when we were out of it. We then had a steep ascent, the Bealey Pass, which we all walked up on foot; and soon after that we went down the most difficult road, I suppose and am told, in New Zealand--the Otira Gorge. The side of the mountain is perfectly precipitous, and the road is invisible, until the coach begins to descend. It winds down with innumerable curves and at times, without exaggeration, the horses seemed to disappear round a corner altogether. We reached the bottom at half past seven and there had breakfast. The height at the top of the gorge is 3800 feet and the fall is 1400 feet. At 8 we started again, and after crossing the Otira watershed, had a drive of 23 miles thro' the "Bush". It is the most luxuriant and picturesque scenery imaginable; tree ferns, 30 feet high, grow in thousands on either side, and all the evergreens conceivable seem to be there. This is midwinter and yet everything was as green and fresh as in spring. From the time of our leaving Otira, it rained off and on until we reached Hokitika at five, however, this did not much interfere with me, or spoil the scenery, to my mind. At eleven we reached the "Taipo" (in English, "devil") river, where, at the ford, there is a little inn, where we had the nicest tea and bread and butter that I have had for many a long day; in fact, the inn is noted for its good tea. The Taipo is a very nasty river to ford as the current is very strong; so we walked round a little way to a bridge and met the coach again on the other side. We drove on thro'

and met the coach again on the other. We drove on thro' the Bush for another 18 miles, towards the end of which we passed thro' more civilized parts; and then went thro' a small mining village called Dilman's Town, on the Kuneara, a larger, but very wretched place. The last part of this stage was along a very heavy road; the country changed considerably, the water all having a reddish tinge, attributable to the quantity of iron about here. We left Kumara for Hokitika at 2:30 and reached the Empire Hotel at 4:30. Our stages and the distances were as follows:

		<u>miles</u>			<u>miles</u>
June 22nd	To the Castle hill	10	23rd	To the Otira	17
"	To the Casse	20	"	To the Taipo	23
"	To the Bealey	10	"	To Kuneara	18
		<u>40</u>	"	To Hokitika	18
					<u>76</u>

Altogether, therefore, we went 122 miles by coach in two days.

There are one or two peculiarities I noticed as we went along. The houses--no matter how small--all have a verandah in front; and the chimneys are made in most cases of iron sheeting, as no bricks are available. Nearly all the poultry we came across were purebred Black Spanish; and almost every cottage has its goat, as in Ireland they have their pigs. The number of goats we passed (especially on the last stage) was prodigious.

I hear that the gold mines are now in full swing. Until quite lately they have been in a bad way, on account of the drought there has been since Christmas. All the gold is now obtained by sluicing it from the sand, and in many places, this sand is found at a depth of 300 ft; in hardly any cases is it found at less than 60. Formerly the shore was covered with it; but that was, of course, soon worked out. On an ordinary claim there will be six or eight men at work, each earning £3 a week. The gold is worth £3.17.6 an ounce; but the cost of production is so much that the profits are really very small. The cost of the waters is enormous; I am told that in most claims it is not less than £50 or £60 a month. Then the yield will often be as much as 200 ounces in the same time; so there is still a good margin for profits. But the gold mines are not as productive as they were. Fifteen years ago the yield was far greater; and Hokitika is now not nearly the size it was 10 years ago.

Wages also are lower; in those days no man would work for less than £1 a day. However, there is still some value attached to it; for I am told that only last week a man gave £430 for the fourth share in a claim here. In the evening I went and saw the only object of interest here--the Museum; but even that was very poor after the one at Christchurch.

Sunday June 24th During the night the rain came down simply in torrents, and has continued to do so all day. At half past nine I left Hokitika for Kumara in the coach, on my way to Greymouth. The floods were all out, and in some parts the road was so much washed away that we had great difficulty in getting along. Since the previous evening when we had come along it, the road was completely changed. We reached Kumara at 12:30, and had a capital lunch there at one. At 2:30 the train which takes you down to Greymouth, started, tho' the driver had great doubts of our being able to get along. The distance is 14 miles, and we took 3 hours to do it. After going 6 or 7 miles thro' the Bush, we reached the Tarawakaw river. Here we left the train and were swung across it in a cage by an endless rope. The river was very much swollen, and they sent the cage across empty first to see whether it was safe. We then went across two at a time, and the man told us that in the middle of the river we were not more than four inches from the water! It was a novel sensation for me--to go over a river 720 feet broad in a cage! Into the train again for the rest of the journey, with two more rivers--the New and the Saltwater--both very much swollen, to cross. However, we got to our journey's end all safely, and went to Gilmer's Hotel, where we found a good tea awaiting us. They tell me that it is very doubtful that the coach will be able to leave for Reefton tomorrow morning; in that case, we shall be kept in this place for two days. There are some coal mines about 8 miles from here; I shall in that case pay them a visit.

In the evening Mr. Gover (an Indian gentleman, travelling for pleasure) and I went to the English church. It has only been recently finished, and consequently the decorations are

very meagre. They are all very Low church round here; however, the service was very nice.

Monday June 25th Called at 6:30 this morning, in time for the coach. I must say, I hardly expected we should be able to start, especially as it rained all night thro' as well. The rainfall has been enormous. Since Saturday morning it never ceased raining until this morning at five. Then it began again at 8 and continued to rain until past eleven. We got away at 7:30, and the first few miles we went along splendidly, the road winding very prettily along the banks of the river Grey, which was very much swollen. The road got gradually worse; and continued very rough and heavy the whole way. It was, in fact, the roughest bit of travelling I have ever done. About ten miles out we came to the village of Brinnerton, where there is a large colliery called the Brinner. Soon after this we came to a small "slip" across the road, with a couple of trees at full length, too. The gentlemen all descended, and the coach with some difficulty got over. As we were getting up again, some one called out that a bag was lying in the mud, which, to my dismay, I recognised as mine! The driver fetched it out, all covered with mud; and all the things on that side of the bag are drenched, in consequence. Well, we soon got under weigh again, changed horses, and drove on 25 miles thro' the Bush to the Nelson creek, which was the most dangerous piece of water we had to ford. The current was very strong, and the bottom very rough, however we managed to get across safely, but just as we landed the kingbolt broke, and we were 20 minutes getting the broken part out, and fixing a new one. The ford was really quite dangerous; the water must have been nearly 3 ft. deep as the horses' tails were actually under water. Soon after this, about noon, we reached Ahaura; a small village on the banks of a broad river of that name. Here we got our lunch, and changed horses. The scenery now changed, and we drove for 2 or 3 miles over a tableland, surrounded by the Moonlight Mountains, where there is an abundance of gold, and nuggets weighing 50 or 60 ounces have been found. We then went down on to the "Tataicra flats", a long stretch of country, very poor soil, used for gra-

zing. Then thro' the Bush again until we came to the Stony Creek, which we had to ford. Just before this a large dray with seven horses got stuck in the road in front of us; and it was three quarters of an hour before we could move it, and get passed. The "Stony" creek well deserves its name; for the bed of the river is nothing but huge boulders, over which we had to make our way. The currents here, too, were very strong, and we were, without exaggeration, only just able to get across. From here the road is pretty level, tho' in a shocking bad state, until you come to the "Saddle" mountain, which we had to cross. We all walked up, and then went down the other side at a great pace. The gradient is 1 in 7, and there are some nasty comers--nearly as bad as the Otira. We reached Reefton at six, having been $10\frac{1}{2}$ hours in going fifty miles, or an average of less than five miles an hour! It was certainly an uncomfortable journey, and the horses are very poor; still, we were 12 passengers--a very big load--and the roads are exceptionally bad at present, on account of the heavy rains. At Reefton I put up at "Dawson's" hotel, and heard there that the Westport coach could not come today; so that I shall not be able to go tomorrow to the , as I had intended.

About here there are a good many Chinese, in all 800, engaged in the mining. They are very quiet, and live in small villages by themselves. The gold mines here are very fine, I hear; and I shall go and see them tomorrow, if possible.

Tuesday June 26th After breakfast this morning, Mr. Gover and I started off to walk to the "keep-it-dark" gold mines, about 3 miles distant. The road winds along the banks of the Inangahua, and the hills on either side were very pretty. We soon found the manager on our arrival, Mr. Fitzmorris by name; and he immediately offered to take us down. We changed our coats for some old ones of his, and then started. We went down 160 feet in a small cage, worked by water power, thro' a narrow passage to the place where the gold was found. In gold mines they work differently to what they do in collieries; they begin at the bottom and work upwards, filling in the holes with

rubbish as they go on. We climbed up a perpendicular ladder for a distance of 40 ft.: to the workings. They blast the quartz with dynamite, and then send it up to the surface where it is crushed in a large crushing machine until it is so fine that it will pass thru a sieve with 180 holes to the inch. It then passed over mercury to which the gold all adheres, the crushed quartz being washed away. We could not see any gold whatever, as the yield is only from 10 to 15 of gold to the ton. Last week the yield was 300 ounces of amalgam, and this yielded about £500 worth of gold. They get the full value for this gold--£3.17.6 an oz.

We had a lot of difficult climbing to do, and walking along planks with a sheer drop of forty feet below you; however, we managed to get on all right, though our trousers were in a lamentably dirty condition when we got to the surface again. Coming down again, we were let down a rope, which was a new experience for me! It was really very interesting, and the manager was exceedingly kind to us, showing us everything. They have about 30 men working there, so that the expenses are not very great. The capital of the company, too, is only £20,000.

We got back to the inn for lunch, and I heard there that there was no chance of the coach arriving today, so that in all probability we shall be detained here until Thursday. The owner of the hotel, Mr. Dawson, has been awfully kind to me, and given me specimens of gold, copper and antimony; a piece of petrified moss from the Cannibal gorge above here; and the skins of a "Kewee" and a Paradise duck. He is going to try and get me some more curiosities before I leave. There is a young fellow called Robin here, who came out with Ted Spence, and knows him very well. He seems a very nice man, and he and I stayed up till nearly two o'clock, chatting. I played billiards in the evening with Mr. Dawson and this Mr. Robin.

Wednesday June 27th The rain has set in again; and it looks as if it were going to continue; if it does, our chances of getting away tomorrow are very small, I fear! The coach to Greymouth is running; and, if there is no chance of getting off any other way, I shall go back there, and get back by steamer to Nelson.

I had intended going up Mt. Ajax-- a large hill near here, from which a fine view of the surrounding country is obtained; but the weather was so bad that I had to content myself with a stroll up the one street--Broadway. Mr. Gover introduced me to the parson here-- a Mr. Sedgwick, and he kindly asked me in to tea. They live in a most primitive manner, cooking themselves; and I found my return to the hotel that my hunger was so little satisfied that I could demolish a large quantity of bread and cheese. I then had a rubber--or rather three rubbers of whist, and retired to bed at 12.

Thursday June 28th Called at 6:30 for the coach at 7:30. It was a dull but fine morning, and fortunatly the rain held off all day. I again had secured the box seat, and enjoyed the drive immensely. The road winds thro' the bush nearly all the way to the Junction--so called as it is the spot where the Inangahua joins the Buller. We drove alongside the Inangahua nearly the whole way--23 miles, in one stage, reaching the Junction about noon. The road was distinctly better than the Greymouth road, and had not been much damaged by the recent floods; it is the part between the Junction and Westport where the slips had occurred. We had only one nasty river to ford--the left hand branch (of the Inangahua), the Inangahua itself is too broad to ford, and we were punted across it on a raft. At the junction we left the coach, and had to wait until 2 o'clock for the Lyell coach. We had luncheon at Wate's hotel; the owner is quite a character; he was one of the first discoveres of gold on this coast, but now he has degenerated into a confirmed drunkard. Near here there are some very fine caves, in which large remains of the Moa have been found; but had not time to visit them. We crossed the Inangahua again in a small boat, and got into the coach on the other side. The distance is only 11 miles, but it takes 3 hours to go it; the road, however, is very bad indeed, and we only had two horses. We wound along the bank of the Buller the whole way, and saw some really beautiful scenery. Just before reaching the Lyell we crossed the Buller in a punt; and then passed a cottage where a murder, which has caused great excitement about here, was committed about two months ago. Lyell is

most beautifully situated, on a high headland jutting out just where the river Lyell runs into the Buller. It is therefore on a sort of peninsula, surrounded almost by river. It is entirely a mining village, and consequently consists of nothing but "Accommodation" houses. We arrived there about five, and put up at the Commercial hotel. The society here is certainly of a very low type; only one man besides ourselves, that sat at dinner had any pretence of a collar on! There is no Protestant church here at all, but the Roman Catholics have a very nice place of worship. They are, I believe, very numerous about here. After tea we wished to pay our coach fares, as they would not take the money at Reefton; but we found, to our disgust, that one boxseat was already booked; so that Mr. Gover and I have arranged to sit by turns outside!

Friday June 29th We were called at six this morning, and left the Lyell at 7. I rode inside for the first stage, but I did not miss much, as the curtains round were all drawn up, and I had a clear view of the whole country. We drove all day along the right bank of the Buller, and the views we got here and there were really beautiful. At the junction of the Mataira with the Buller, especially, the view was magnificent; we could see up both streams, each surrounded by high hills, well wooded to the very summit. At 12 we got to our first halting place, and had lunch there. We then resumed our journey, and went a long the very worst road, I should think, in the world! It was nothing but large boulders. We had no streams of any size to ford, which was one comfort; we have had enough of those the last few days! The horses were wonderfully good, cattle--the best we have had as yet; there were three stages; 20 miles and two 14 miles--in all 48 miles. The last part of our journey was very pretty, with Mr. Owen on one side and Mr. Murchison on the other, and the Buller between. At 5:30 we reached our night's halting place--called the Hope, being the point where the Hope runs into the Buller. It is a very comfortable little inn, the host and two of his workmen took their meals with us, the ladies waiting until afterwards.

On the way we had great fun with Mr. Gover, who sat inside

during the latter part of the journey. He fell asleep once or twice, and as the coach jolted considerably his head wobbled about in a most ludicrous and alarming manner. He is an amusing man tho' very deaf.

Saturday June 30th We were called at 5 this morning and left at 6. It was a misty rainy morning, but cleared up about 8, and turned out a beautiful day. The roads were really very good, and the drive most enjoyable, tho' still through the Bush, which has become a trifle monotonous. We crossed the "Hope Saddle"--a large steep mountain, about 8 o'clock, and reached the end of our first stage at 9:30--22 miles. From here to Bellgrove is 18 miles, which we had done by 12 o'clock. We passed over a range called Shooner's range, from which we had certainly the most pleasant view I have seen; we could see the Waimea plains in front of us, with the sea in the distance; the hills rising gradually on either side. We got some lunch at Bellgrove, and started by train at one, reaching Nelson at 2:30. Nelson is a small country seaport; or rather, so it would be termed in England; out here it is a city. It is a pretty little place, but not a town that would, I fancy, be likely to increase rapidly. The Waimea plains are fairly good land, but are far too short and narrow to yield anything like sufficient crops to allow of large exportation. The ground is the most fruitful in appearance that I have yet seen; but then it takes some years to get it into a good state of cultivation.

I find that the Anchor Line have a small paddle steamer called the "Charles Edward" leaving for Wellington tomorrow; and I have decided to go over in her.

Sunday July 1st After breakfast this morning Mr. Gover and I walked up the "Zigzag", a hill about half an hour's walk from here, and had a splendid view of Nelson and the surrounding hills. In the distance we could see the Spencer range, with Mt. Owen and Mt. Arthur, both covered with snow. We got back in time for the cathedral service at eleven--a great fall-off from the service at Christchurch. There are women in the choir, and no surplices; and the cathedral itself is very small. At 2 o'clock I left in the "Charles Edward", a small paddleboat, 145 feet long by 19 feet broad. The sea was as smooth as glass and

the weather glorious; so that it was most enjoyable. At seven o'clock we passed thro' the French pass between D'Urville Island and the mainland; The strait is only 70 yards broad, and a dangerous reef protrudes a considerable distance out, so that the passage is very narrow. There is 50 or 60 fathoms of water there and the current is very strong. Soon after this the sea became a little bit rough, and our little boat tossed about in grand style, and shipped a good deal of water. We were alongside the wharf in Wellington at half past five, having taken $15\frac{1}{2}$ hours to do 100 miles. I went ashore at 8, and had breakfast at the Occidental hotel, where I shall put up. Two telegrams, it appears, came here from Uncle Fritz for me, and were forwarded to Ch.Ch: I am trying to find out here what they were, and shall in all probability leave here for Napier, overland, on Wednesday morning. By some strange mistake, my luggage has gone to Nelson instead of here; so that it will now have to go on to Napier and meet me there. It is a great nuisance; as my letters of introduction are all in my portmanteau, and I am very short of money! I have seen Captl Rose, however, of the N.Z. Shipping Co.: who has identified me to Messrs:Murray Robert & Co.; so that I shall have no difficulty on that score.

I lunched at the Club, of which I have been entered as hon. member. It is a fine large building, with a very nice view from the sitting rooms over the harbour. After dinner I strolled up to the Club; but I was so tired that I went to bed at 8, and slept for 12 hours without waking.

Tuesday July 3rd After breakfast I looked up "Jovy" Carlyon, brother, who has a clerkship in the Government here.

He seems a very decent fellow, very much like in appearance. I dined at the club with him in the evening, and afterwards went to the House of Representatives, for which he had procured me a ticket. The Minister of Public works spoke for a long time, making his annual statement, and I got very tired of his speech, however, my patience was rewarded at last, for Sir George Grey afterwards got up and spoke against his motion. Even I could see he was a great humbug, in the opinion of the

House; yet he is really very eloquent, and speaks very fluently.

Wednesday July 4th Up at half past six this morning, to catch the 7:20 train for Marsterton. About eleven o'clock we began to ascend the "Saddle" (the third of that name that I have crossed in the last week!), ft: in 6 miles. At the top we changed engines, and got a much more powerful engine, as the descent is very steep, the gradient being 1 in 15. The engine had two small wheels underneath, which caught round a rail placed in the middle of the other rails; acting thus as a very powerful brake. Half way down I was pointed out the place where, 18 months ago, a train was blown right over, and some lives lost. At the bottom we entered the Wairapara valley, which stretches away for a long distance. We passed the Wairapara lakes, about 40 miles long, which must look very pretty in fine weather; today, however, it was raining hard, and we could not see much. The face of the country now changed, and we saw plenty of pastureland, covered with sheep. At 12 we arrived at Marsterton, a place of about 2000 inhabitants. We lunched at the Club hotel there, and left at one, I being the only passenger. It was raining for some time; but about 3 it cleared up, and was fine all the rest of the day. After about a ten miles' drive thro' the valley, we came to the 'Forty Mile' bush--much the same as the Bush in the South Island, perhaps a little prettier. At 6 we reached Eketahuna, a 32 miles drive, in two stages, 14 and 18 miles; and there we stayed the night. The old driver at one time on the road fell fast asleep and for about ten minutes. I forebore to wake him, as long as the road was straight; but at a corner the horses showed a decided inclination to round it sharply and save distance, so I woke him up; I fancy he had had a "Wee Drap" before starting!

Thursday July 5th At three this morning I was called, and breakfasted at half past. We left at four, quite dark, and very cold, but fine. There was a great deal of frost, as all the puddles were frozen, and the roads quite hard; in fact the driver said it was the coldest day he had known for some time. After 16 miles we changed horses, and drove 12 miles more to

Woodville, which we reached at 8 o'clock. The road nearly all the way ran thro' the Bush, and the ground here is evidently of a limestone formation--more fertile, I am told, as you get north. About seven o'clock some wild horses (about eight) ran past us; one of them, a grey, was as fine a horse as you^{could} wish to see. They tell me there are a great number of them about here, and also wild dogs and cattle. At Woodville I changed coaches, getting into the one that had come up from Palmerston thro' the Manawata gorge. We started at 8:30, and drove on thro' the Bush 34 miles (stages of 15 and 19 miles) to Maketoko, which we reached at 1:30. Here we had some lunch, and then went by the 2 train on to Napier. We soon left the Bush, and got out into the plains, where you see some of the best country in New Zealand stretching for miles and miles, slightly undulating. The distance to Napier from Maketoko is 68 miles, which takes $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours to go. There are only two trains a day each way, and they are luggage as well as passenger trains. At Hastings--about 15 miles out--Mr. Richardson met me. He had come out for that purpose. He is a brother of Mr. Ormond, and a great friend of Uncle Fritz and very nice. I went with him on our arrival to the Club, where I am to stay. After some tea he took me up to the Ormonds who were delighted to see me. Mrs. Ormond is very nice indeed, but very deaf, which is a great affliction to her. Her old mother, a dear old lady, lives with them. Mr. Ormond is a very clever man, and was a Minister for some time; he seems very nice, but is very shy. They have two daughters, one 17 the other 12--Fanny and Ada; both are very pretty, but the eldest is rather conceited, being made very much of by her mother, who seems never to do anything without asking her advice.

Friday July 6th On getting back to the Club, I found the 'Frisco' mail letters in, and letters for me from Mama, Papa, Daisy, Rudy, and Spiro--the first I have had. This morning I went up to the Ormonds at 10, and we started off driving in a buggy. It was a beautiful day, and we enjoyed the drive very much. We called on a Mrs. Tanner, but she was out; and then we went to lunch at Hastings with a Mrs. Murray. After that we drove home past Mr. Ormond's homestead, where I saw some fine cattle. We

did not get back to Napier before 6 o'clock, having driven close on 40 miles. I went to dinner with the Whites (Mrs. White was a Miss Moore) and afterwards went to the Ormonds, and had a musical evening.

Saturday July 7th Mr. Richardson heard that a Mr. Beatham was going out past Waimarama today, and thought it a good opportunity for me to go too. So I went off by the 7:20 train this morning to Hastings, and drove from there in a 'bus to Stavelock, which I reached about 8:30. I found a horse of Uncle Fritz's there, and got her ready to start. It was a pouring wet day, and very cold, and I had to wait about till 12:30, when Mr. Beatham turned up. We had lunch and started about two. He had a Maori servant with him and a pack horse, and we went along merrily till we came to the river Tuki-Tuki, which we forded. On the other side we met Mr. Moore, riding down; and soon Uncle Fritz appeared in sight, leading his horse. He had got off to walk down the hill, had slipped, and fallen flat on his back in yellow mud! His coat was in a pretty mess, but he washed in the river, and got all right again. He had to go to Napier on business, so I turned back and went with him. We shall come out again on Tuesday. We went back to the Club, getting there about 7.

Sunday July 8th I'm afraid we were not very religious this morning, for none of us went to church. It rained heavily all morning, clearing up about noon. We went to dinner with a Mr. Kinross, living in a very pretty place on the top of the hill. After dinner it was fine, and we had a nice view of the whole town below us. Back to the Club for tea and then to bed. Uncle Fritz says he will come with me to the hot lakes, and show me round. This will be awfully nice, as he knows the country and the Maoris so well.

Monday July 9th To my infinite disgust; I found that my hat-box alone had arrived from Nelson, the most useless of all my packages! The rest had been left at Wellington; so I telegraphed for them to be forwarded immediately. In the evening I went to the Ormonds, and spent the evening there.

Tuesday July 10th We left by the 12:30 train today for Hastings and went from there to Waimarama. After crossing the

"Tuki-Tuki", the road continues along the hills for some time, eventually reaching the beach. The last nine miles were over Uncle Fritz's property, the last six being along the beach. We reached Waimarama about five, and were met by Gerty, Manny and Miss Moore. Gerty does not seem to have grown much in height, though considerably in breadth (she weighs over 12 stone): Manny quite astonished me: she is as strong as a horse, and walks about all day; her deafness too, I think is much better. The house is very prettily situated on the side of a hill, and is nice and roomy, though rough of course, the only carpeted room being the drawing room, where there is a very good piano. In the evening we had chess and music, Miss Long--the children's governess--being a performer.

Wednesday July 11th Today we just walked about the homestead and went to the woolshed, and clearing places. The run is 38,000 acres; and has 35,000 sheep on it, nearly all of these have got foot rot this year, and the work at present is confined to curing them. They are brought to the shed, their feet are pared, and they are then run through a trough of arsenic, which does them great good. They treat between 450 and 500 sheep every day.

Thursday July 12th Soon after breakfast Uncle Fritz and I started off shooting, and did not get back until half past three, though roughly tired. We only saw two pheasants, one of which we fired at and one we did not; but we saw plenty of swamp-hens, and contented ourselves with them. We got four--I and one and Uncle Fritz three; but they are very wily, and hard to get at. There are a black bird, with a red beak, living always in swamps though not web-footed. In the evening we had some music and chess, in which I was lucky enough to beat Uncle Fritz.

Friday July 13th A Maori chief came up this morning to see Uncle Fritz, called "Wi Faangi"--an awful scoundrel, I am told. He was with us all morning, and in the afternoon, Uncle Fritz and I went down to the beach, and spent the afternoon stacking posts of which we did over 500.

Saturday July 14th Uncle Fritz, Gerty, Manny and I went out

picnicking today. We started about 9:30, and walked three or four miles to what is called "Peach Gully", renowned for peaches, one of the prettiest places conceivable. A pretty waterfall of clear water runs down the middle of it, and here we had lunch. Some 15 years ago Uncle Fritz had a pair of peacocks; they bred and increased, and their progeny became wild, and settled above this gully. There are now 200 or 300 or ~~them~~, so Uncle Fritz (who had his gun) decided to shoot one or two. After most exciting sport we carried off the skins of three beauties; their tails far exceeding ordinary ones in beauty. But, tho' we saw a lot, we were unable to get any white ones; however, Uncle Fritz has promised to try and get one and send it me, if he can. We did not get back until 6 o'clock, and found a visitor there, a Mr. Russell, an old farmer friend of Uncle Fritz, whom no one thanked for coming, as he had nothing much to say. He stays until Monday.

Sunday July 14th The "Sir Donald"--a small coasting steamer for Waimarama--arrived here yesterday with a cargo, but was not able to land all, so set to work again today. Everything has to be landed in a boat, and when the sea is at all rough, it is very dangerous. My portmanteau was on board, so I had it on shore to get some things out of it, and was very glad when I saw it safely landed again on the steamer. Next trip, on returning, the boat was swamped, and turned right over, the three sailors in her getting a good ducking. They tried to get out again three or four times, but without success, so the steamer at last went off without them.

Monday July 15th I said goodbye to Waimarama this morning with great regret, as I had enjoyed my stay there very much. Uncle Fritz came with me, and we left about 10 o'clock. It was a beautiful warm day--in fact, all the last week the weather has been as hot as it is in England in June--and this the depth of winter! The three sailors who were left yesterday, decided to walk into Hastings (21 miles), and started just before us, and kept up with us for over 12 miles--beyond the "Tuki-Tuki". They were wonderful walkers, two of them being barefooted. At Uncle Fritz's outstation we met the Post boy, but there were no letters

for me. About half past two we arrived at Havelock, where we had lunch, and hired a trap to drive us into town, where we arrived about 5:30. After dinner at the Club, I went up to the Ormonds, and there met Arthur Carlyon, Gwava's younger brother--a very great fool, as far as I could make out, quite different from his brother. We spent a very pleasant evening and had lots of music, Uncle Fritz turning up with Mr. Richardson about 10 o'clock, when we went back to the Club.

Tuesday July 16th Called this morning at five and off at six. Uncle Fritz had booked box seats for us, so we were very comfortable. There were two other passengers, an armed constabulary man, and a black cook--a very amusing fellow. After passing the Spit, we got up on the hills, and the weather was very cold, the ground being covered with frost. After passing Petane (the Maoric for Bettany) we crossed (by ford) the Petane River 47 times! Our first stage was 27 miles to Pohui ("C"), where we had a wretchedly bad lunch; from there to Tarawera was 23 miles, which took us till 7 o'clock. We had a very nice little inn, kept by a Dane, and went to bed about nine, Uncle Fritz and I having a room together.

Wednesday July 17th Up again at 5 this morning and off at six. The hills here are very high and the c very long and awkward: there were three or four hills over three miles up and down, each side. Altogether we reckoned that we walked over six miles on foot today. After about 15 miles of up and down hill, we came to the 18 mile plain--a place on which nothing lives and nothing grows, a real desert, with Manaka scrub. About half way through, we came to a creek, called Kangiteiki where we had lunch, on the coach, as there was no inn, consisting of bread and cheese, which we had taken with us. It was pouring with rain and very cold, so it was not a very enjoyable meal. After this, we trudged on, with the same horses, to Opeper, the first house we had seen for 36 miles. From here to L. Tampo was 12 miles, which we did in less than two hours, the horses having freshened up considerably. They came in quite fresh, having travelled 48 miles! And tomorrow they go back again, thus doing 96 miles over a heavy rough road in two days! I wonder if English horses

could do that? The whole of today's travelling was thro' the Pousince stone country, which accounts for its barrenness. The village, Tapuaeharuru, is on the bank of Lake Tampo, the largest, and finest lake in New Zealand, 30 miles by 25. At the inn Uncle Fritz found telegrams, requesting him to return immediately on urgent Maori business; so he has to be off back again tomorrow morning. This is awfully provoking, as both he and I had been looking forward to the trip, which I shall now have to take alone. The coach that takes me has, I hear, broken down on the road, so I shall most probably be stuck up here for a few days, as I was at Reefton. However, there is more to see here than there, I fancy!

Thursday July 18th Uncle Fritz, after^{2//} decided to come on with me to Ohinemaitu and the Hot Lake, regardless of all circumstances; so this morning we were called at five to leave at six. However, on going downstairs, we found that the coach had broken, and our only chance of getting on was for one of us to ride and the other to go in the buggy; so I volunteered to ride, and Uncle Fritz rode in the trap. It was a very dull looking morning, and during the day we had very heavy showers. We started about 7, crossed the Waikato, a river running out of Lake Tampo, and then went along over a barren country for 26 miles to the Waikato again, where we had lunch of bread and cheese. From there to Ohinemutu was 30 miles, which we did by 7 o'clock, thus doing 56 miles with the same horses, which had come that distance the day before; and that, too, along a road which no carriage in England would ever venture along! My little horse was really a very good one, and carried me right well. At Ohinemutu there are innumerable hotsprings, one being attached to every Maori hut; in fact all their cooking is done in them. There was one attached to the hotel, so after dinner we went out, and sat in this hot bath, in the open air, with the rain pouring⁴ down, for half an hour! It is a most peculiar sensation, sitting out in that way up to one's neck in the most deliciously warm water. It does not seem to do one any harm, or be at all relaxing; for natives sit in them from morning to night and are none the worse for it.

Friday July 20th A wretchedly wet morning again. The Native

Lands Court is sitting , so we went down and heard the pleading for some time. The Court House is a fine building, decorated in Maori fashion, and beautifully carved with fantastic figures, supposed to represent their ancestors. On our way down we passed along the banks of Lake Rotorna, a fine large lake, one of the largest here, with a large island in the centre of it. Close in shore the water is quite hot, and filled with children and women, sporting about to their hearts' content. On our return to the hotel we had another hot bath, and after lunch we started in a buggy for Wairoa, being assured by weather-wise prophets that we were likely to have a fine day tomorrow. The road is wretchedly bad, and we had a bad driver who took us into every rut, and abused his horses for doing it, all the time! However, the distance was only 10 miles, and we were at Wairoa at 4 o'clock. The road is very uninteresting except for one or two points. For a short distance the road runs thro' some Bush, the prettiest I have seen. Then we came out on Lake Tikitapu, a small lake, but the water is the most perfectly blue colour I ever saw. A hundred yards further on is Lake Rotokakahi, which tho' so near, is 90 ft. lower.

In the evening Uncle Fritz arranged for a Haka or native dance about 7 o'clock. We were conducted to the "Wari" or court house, which was crowded with natives, and dimly lighted by three tallow candles. The chief met us, and conducted us in, and sat by us on the ground. As soon as we were seated the dance began. There were forty dancers, men and girls, all clad in the lightest of costumes--a bare nightdress for the girls, the men with trousers and shirts. At each end stands a leader, who begins by beating his legs with his hands and singing on one note for some short time, after which the others join in with the most frantic gestures, mostly of the most obscene nature. It lasted about two hours, the performers at the last getting very much excited and frantic. About half way, thru liquor was brought in, and again at the end they all had a drink. I have to thank Uncle Fritz for having seen this performance, as it is a difficult thing to see in its original simplicity.

Saturday July 21st At eight this morning we started, with "Sophia" a most beautiful half-caste woman, 49 years of age, and mother of 14 children as our guide, and walked down to Lake Tarawera, where the whaleboat was ready for us, manned by Maoris. They have control of the whole of this country, all English being merely here on sufferance; and they know the full value of their land and property, and charge you for seeing it accordingly! We had five men rowing, and had a most beautiful row over this lovely lake--a very large one--for eight miles. The prophets were right, and the weather all day was everything to be desired. In an hour and a half we reached the small creek, "Kaiwakei", of warm water flowing out of Lake Rotomahana (warm lake) into Lake Tarawera. This we walked up, and met the canoe, which came up with our things, at the foot of the Lake, I took off my shoes and stockings, and put on a pair of slippers, as all our walking was thro' the water. We walked to the "White Terraces", over which the water flows from a boiling spring at the top. There are innumerable terraces, of a most beautiful white, perfectly formed with a kind of fretwork over them. Anything placed in the water here becomes covered with a coating of white crust, and becomes quite petrified. The water at the top is a most beautiful opal colour, boiling hot. We then went down to the geysers, from which water at times spouts up to a height of 70 feet; today, however, it did not rise more than from 10 to 20 feet. We then went down to the banks of the Lake, and had lunch of hot potatoes (boiled in a hot spring) and salt, and bread and butter, I then went up and saw the 'Devil's Hole'--a lot of springs, but consisting of nothing but hot, boiling mud. Further on, we came to another boiling place, emitting nothing but hot steam. We then took the canoe again, and were paddled across to the "Pink Terraces", which are not as fine as the White Terraces, but still most beautiful, the water being of a sapphire colour. After going around, we stripped and had the most lovely bath I ever had, going from to cool to hot water, by gradually rising. Sophia joined us in the bath, and we sat there until half past one. We then took the canoe back again, and went down the creek

in ti, and got to the hotel about 4:15, having spent the most enjoyable day I remember.

Sunday July 22nd After breakfast this morning we started again back for Ohinemutu in the buggy which had come for us overnight. We took a most hearty leave of all the natives, especially "Sophia", whom I had taken a great fancy to. We reached Ohinemutu about 12, just in time to have a hot bath before lunch. After lunch we strolled about amongst the natives, and had got potatoes, with some of them. I heard of a very valuable "tiki" that was for sale, a thing no Maori will ever part with, and I bought it for six pounds. It was stolen by the troops when they burnt a Maori "pah" in the disturbances two years ago; otherwise I should never have been able to get it. Uncle Fritz thought it was well worth the money. Another bath before dinner, and still another before bed! One almost lives in them here!

Monday July 23rd The weather still continues beautifully fine, tho' it is very cold in the mornings, and there is a sharp frost in the night. We lounged about during the morning, and after lunch drove over in a buggy to "Whakaraewarewa," where there are some very fine hot springs, and old terraces. There is a very fine large pool of warm water there, which is much frequented by tourists for bathing; it was here that young Firth--a son of Mark Firth of Sheffield--was drowned about six weeks ago. It was a very sad occurrence, he was only 20 years of age, and suffered from heart disease, to which his death is attributed. Uncle Fritz got into conversation with the people there, told them all about me, and asked them if they had any things for sale, as I was open to a purchase. They asked us into their chief hut or "whari", and treated us to boiled potatoes. An old chief then produced a very fine piece of whalebone, formed in the shape of a "meri" or fighting hand club. After a good deal of bargaining I managed to get it for £1--or rather Uncle Fritz did so for me; he says it is the first he has ever been able to buy at all. They valued it especially, as it had killed four men in war, and belonged to some old ancestor or other! They also had some very fine mats, but we could not come to terms about them. We drove home by way of the Government Hot

sulphur baths, which are in course of erection and will be very nice. On returning to the Hotel, we had a hot bath again, and after dinner settled down to a rubber of whist, which kept us up till 11:30.

Tuesday July 24th A miserable wet, cold day,--too bad to do anything at all. Uncle Fritz had made up his mind owing to important telegrams, to return to Napier via Tampo tomorrow; but the driver of his coach came and told him his horses were lame and could not go; so Uncle Fritz goes on with me to Tauranga tomorrow.

Wednesday July 20th Called at five, and started at six, as we wanted to catch the steamer "Glenelg" leaving at 4 p.m. for Auckland. The distance to Tauranga is only 42 miles; but the road for 18 miles is so bad that it takes 9 hours at least to do it. There were four of us; Uncle Fritz and myself, an old surveyor, and a half caste native interpreter. We stowed ourselves away in a light American buggy, by three good strong horses. The first 11 miles were good going; but then we came to the Bush, thro' which the road is a regular bag, so bad that you can never get out of a walk, and we went at the pace of under 4 miles an hour all the way. The road is a "corduroy" road--that is, made by placing logs of wood alongside of each other the whole way. This wood, however, has now entirely disappeared, and the road is up to the horses' hocks in mud nearly the whole way; I never could have believed it possible for a trap to go over such an angle as we frequently did, without capsizing; in fact, the coach has capsized three times in the last six months, the last time only a fortnight ago. Half way thro' the Bush, we came to the Halfway House, where we found an excellent hot lunch ready for us. After a short rest, we started again with a fresh team, and just managed to crawl into Oripopo (at the other end of the Bush), our front axle having bent right up. It had been raining cats and dogs since 9 o'clock in the morning; and we all looked--and felt--like drowned rats. Fortunately they had a spare trap at the inn, so we put our horses to that without loss of time, as it was already past two. We had 12 miles to go, and did it in 1 hour and 20 minutes, along a good road. On

our way we passed the spot where the Gate Pah stood, which cost us so many lives to take in the Maoric war; the 43rd and 68th regiments were on either side, and fired into each others' ranks, committing great slaughter. On our arrival we found, to our infinite disgust, that the weather was too bad for the "Glenelg" to start, so we shall have to stay here, perhaps for two or three days!

Thursday July 26th The Glenelg, we understood, was sure to leave in the morning, so we went on board last night after all, and slept there. The vessel is a small coasting steamer, and very fairly well filled up; her cabins are, of course, small, but infinitely better than those of my last steamer, the "Charles Edward". During the night the wind abated, and at 6 in the morning we left the wharf. It was a beautiful morning, and remained fine all day, so that we had a very pleasant sail. The entrance to Tauranga harbour is thro' a very narrow, winding channel, and the bar is not a pleasant thing to cross in the best of weather. The harbour is formed by a large hill jutting out, called the "Maunganui", along the base of which the channel winds. The sea was still rough from the wind of the day before, and crossing the bar was ticklish work; we shipped a good deal of water, and tossed about gallantly. However, once outside, we went ahead well, and were able to set all the canvas we had, which helped to steady us. The distance to Auckland is 135 miles, which we did in 16 hours, arriving at 10 p.m. On our way we passed the Mercury Islands, a number of small rocks, which have been disconnected from the mainland by the sea. Thro' one of these the sea has worn a large opening, large enough for a small boat to go thro', which is known as the "Hole in the Wall". The coast all the way is wild, rugged, and bare, with the exception of here and there a patch of Bush. By five we had rounded Cape Colville, sighting the Great and Little Barrier Islands. The distance from there to Auckland is only 40 miles, but we had a strong wind against us. The entrance to the Harbour must be a beautiful sight in the daytime; even at night it was very fine, with lights burning on every side. The Waitemata harbour is considered one

of the finest in the world, and justly so; for it could accomodate all the fleets in the world at once, and has no impediment in the way of a bar at the entrance. Just outside is the island and mountain of Rangitoto, of no great height, but a perfect cone, look at^{it} from any point you will.

Friday July 27th Uncle Fritz to his delight found that the "Rotomahana", which ought to have left yesterday for Napier, had been delayed until today; so he left in her at 12. I was very sorry he had to go, as he was able to tell one so much of everything and everybody. I stayed at the Hubert Hotel, but shall move up to the Northern Club tomorrow, as my name has been put down there. Uncle Fritz has introduced me to his brother-in-law, Mr. Macdonald, manager of the railways, who is very kind. He is trying to arrange for me to ride thro' the King country to Taranaki--a ride only done by three or people as yet. I fear, however, that there will be too many difficulties in the way of my going. I found out that the Woods, who came out with me, were living over on the North Shore, so I went over there by the Ferry boat this afternoon. They were at home, and delighted to see me, and I stayed there till 11 o'clock. They have a rather rough furnished house there, with three or four bedrooms, for which they pay £2.10 a week! Wood has obtained a position as master in the High School here, and enjoys the work very much. He does not mean to continue this work, but will shortly join a promising firm of tanner here.

Saturday July 28th I moved up to the Northern Club this morning, and was given a nice tho' barely furnished room. The Club is not such a fine building as the Wellington one, but the cooking is certainly excellent. In the course of the day I found out a place of curiosities, where I purchased a few mats etc; In the morning I saw the Sheriff and one or two others, with regards to my projected trip thro' the King country, and they all assured me it would be impossible, as the rivers and roads--or rather tracks--were impassable at present.

I can not make out how Auckland has increased so steadily as it apparently has. During the war it was, no doubt, the chief centre, and consequently would increase rapidly, but even since

then this has not only been maintained but improved upon; and now the city is increasing in a most satisfactory manner. The country round about is certainly nothing to be proud of; everything that is now under cultivation has had to be reclaimed at great cost; all the country that is likely to be fertile--the Waikato plains--is (or has been, till lately) a swamp. The Kauri forests near here are at present a source of large income; and that and the Kauri gum keeps about 7000 people in employment. Again, local industries flourish, such as tanning, iron manufactories etc: But, principally, and what will prove its chief means of support in the future, is its shipping. It is advantageously situated: the island here is not more than 6 miles across, with a fine harbour on each side--the Manukau on one and the Waitemath on the other. Again, it has all the trade with the Pacific Islands; and, furthermore, all vessels bound for Frisco do, and always will, call here on the way.

This seems to be the chief hope of Auckland, in contradiction to all other New Zealand towns--its shipping. All the other towns have a fine back country. Auckland has none; the others only look to shipping as a matter of secondary importance, and as a means of transportation. I would not like to say for certain that Auckland will not be the largest city after all.

Sunday July 29th I went to the Cathedral service this morning. It is a poor building with a mixed choir, and poor organ and very poor organist. The preacher, too, was not such as one would like to hear in a cathedral in England. After church I dined with Mr. Hean, the Manager of the National Bank of N.Z. here. He is an old bachelor, and of course, keeps a very good table. We had a tête à tête dinner, and had a long talk afterwards. I found him a very agreeable man.

Monday July 30th 1883 I sent my luggage off this morning by the S.S. "Oreti" for Wellington, where I hope to arrive about Thursday or Friday. I myself have taken my passage for Taranaki (New Plymouth) in the "Hawea". She leaves Onehunga at 8 tomorrow morning.

I went over to North Shore this afternoon again and spent the evening with the Woods. Little Dick was as amusing as ever;

he seems to have grown fatter, if possible, than when we were on the "Ionic"!

The weather here is delightful at this time of the year--warm and sunny, with occasional storms of wind and rain. But in the summer it is, I am told, very close and sultry. The thermometer does not rise very high; but the prevailing winds--the north west and south west,--are both warm winds, bringing with them fogs, rain or mist. In winter, however, it is a most pleasant place; now, in the depth of winter, camelias, azaleas, roses, lilies, mignonette, heliotrope, forget-me-nots grow out of doors! The Norfolk Island pine grows here, too, to a wonderful height, and looks very handsome. Behind Auckland is a hill called Mt. Eden, from which on a clear day, a fine view of both harbours and the surrounding country is obtained. The fashionable suburbs are Remuera, Parnell and Ponsonby. Queen Street, the principal street runs from the wharf right up the town, and has some fine shops on either side. They are just beginning to build in brick and stone here, tho' an earthquake is an unheard-of thing here.

Tuesday July 31st I left Auckland by the 7:15 train this morning for Onehunga, which we reached at 8 o'clock, the distance being about 8 miles. It was a beautiful morning, and we had a very pleasant sail down the Manakau harbour. This harbour is quite different from the Waitemata; it is, I should fancy, as large, if not larger, but the channel is very narrow, and there is a very nasty bar at the entrance. The Waitemata harbour, on the other hand, has no perceptible bar, and is of great depth all through. About ten o'clock we reached the entrance to the harbour, and lay to there, on account of the tide, for some hours. About four we weighed anchor and went outside. It is curious to note how soon a little rough weather finds out the unlucky bad sailors. At lunch we numbered about twenty with hearty appetites; at tea the number was reduced to six, and two of those were glad enough to get the thing over!

Wednesday August 1st The Captain last night promised us that we should be landed in time to catch the 7:20 train for Waunganui. However, during the night it blew so strong in our teeth that we

were unable to get off Taranaki before half past seven. I did not get a very good nights' rest, as my room companion was terribly seasick all night. This and the disappointment did not improve my temper, and I was very cross and surly all day!

About eight a large whaleboat came off from the shore, and alongside. Taranaki is a pretty little place, most picturesquely situated at the foot of Mt. Egmont, which looked splendid this morning with the sun shining on it. It is a fine conically shaped mountain, with an extinct crater at the top, about 9000 feet high, 3000 ft. of which are now covered with snow. The landing was not a very serious business, as the wind was off shore; at times, however, it is quite impossible to get off at all. The plan they have is simple and effective; a buoy, with a long rope attached, reaching to the shore, is anchored about 50 yards out. This is placed over the centre of the boat, and the men then haul her in by that means. When close in shore, another iron rope is attached, and the boat is hauled high and dry by steam power.

After breakfast I went out and inspected the town and the harbour works. These are extensive and when completed will be able to take alongside any of the ordinary coasting steamers; at present, however, thro' lack of funds, they are almost at a standstill. The town itself is a prosperous little place of some 2000 to 3000 inhabitants; it has a fine country to back it up, and when the harbour works are completed, will increase rapidly.

Another gentleman, a Mr. Edward Lewis, of Auckland, wine-merchant and auctioneer, was in the same plight as myself. Rather than spend the whole day at New Plymouth, we decided to go on to Hawera today, and then meet the coach there in the morning. At two p.m. we went on the Waitara a small seaport about twenty miles off, and spent a couple of hours there. From here the view of Mt. Egmont is splendid; it certainly looks finer at a slight distance. At four we went on and reached Hawera at 6:30. This is the first inland town I have seen, and seems certainly to have some pretensions to importance. We went to Wallace's Hotel and then to bed.

Thursday August 2nd The coach did not leave until eleven, so

I had time to look about me. Hawera is a town of about 1000 inhabitants, and, altho' at present things are, they tell me, very dull, will no doubt be the market town for the fine country round about. I was unfortunately unable to secure a box seat; and certainly did not enjoy the drive as much as I should have otherwise done; however, the distance was only 30 miles, so I did not so much mind. The road is in places very bad; but the country is grand, certainly the finest I have seen in New Zealand. We passed fields with grass as green as in early summer; and fields of ploughed land which a farmer assured me had yielded 86 bushels of oats to the acre! My companion, Mr. Lewis, a man of 65 years of age, is very entertaining, and has told me some interesting facts regarding Education in N.Z. which confirmed what Wood had told me. Mr. Lewis has a daughter of 16 who is at the High School for Girls in Auckland. She receives there the very best Education for a sum of £8 (eight pounds) per annum! This includes French and drawing, but music is £2 a year extra. And as a guarantee of the education they receive, I can only say that Wood assured me that he was quite stounded at the way in which the girls had been grounded, and the Latin Prose they wrote, he said, was as good as that of any public school; in their mathematics they had advanced as far as dynamics and statics and were just beginning conic sections! What this will tend to remains to be seen; but still, however good it may be that girls of good position should be elaborately educated, it strikes me rather out of place to educate to such a pitch girls who will afterwards have to take their place behind the counter. About 19 miles from Hawera we came to Patea, where we lunched. This is another small sea port on the river Patea, where at present steamers of not more than 50 tons are able to venture. There is at present a great competition for the post of sea-port for this fine inland country between Patea, Waitara and Taranaki, and, as far as I can gather, it largely depends upon which Hawera decides to support. From the cursory glance I obtained of each place, I should certainly say that the preference should be given to Taranaki.

I saw posted up in the inn at Patea a verse of poetry, which is certainly to the point:

" To trust is to bust,
And that is hell;
No trust, no bust,
No bust, no hell.
So pay as you go,
And mind you don't owe."

We just reached Waverley (30 miles from Hawera) in time for the train, which left at 4:30, and took two hours and 20 min. to do 33 miles. The train to Hawera was, if anything worse--3 hrs. and 40 mins. for 48 miles! At Wanganui we went to the Rutland Hotel, and met my friend Mr. Kohn the jeweller, in the doorway. We shook hands most cordially, and adjourned to his store, where he made me some very nice presents, and I bought some tusks and--the thing I coveted most--a Maori mat from him. We did not get to bed, I am ashamed to say until half past one.

Friday August 3rd. I got up this morning at 6:30 to catch the 8 o'clock train for Marton, as I wished to call on the Arkwrights, friends of Uncle Jack who had given me a letter to them. I arrived at Marton at 10:20 (distance 33 miles), and found that "Overton" was about six miles off; so I hired a horse and rode out. The horse I had was a little thorough bred mare, a beauty, one of the nicest animals I have ridden, and plenty of spirit in her. I met Mr. Arkwright on the way, and then rode on to the house. It is about half a mile back from the road, below a ridge, and the track at present, is, of course, far from good. Mr. Arkwright intends building a fine large house, in Queen Anne's style, a little lower down, with ten bedrooms, and a large dining room and drawing room. The present house is small. From the position chosen for the new house, the view will be most extensive, on three sides, whilst at the back they have a hill, covered with some pretty bush. In the far distance, the Ruahine mountains are clearly visible, at present covered with snow; and from a small eminence, not half a mile from the house, Ruafsehn, 10,000 ft. high, the loftiest peak in the North Island,

capped with eternal snow, is seen. Altogether, it is as pretty a place as you could wish to see. After lunch, we all rode round the property. There is some 700 acres, 100 of which are Bush, and will remain so. Some of the fields have had to be extensively drained, but it is all capital land. The park will be very large, I should think over 100 acres, and the drive up to the house will go through a pretty piece of bush.

Mr. and Mrs. Arkwright were very nice; they told me that Coote had been stopping near them, and they have met him. He has, however, (as was only to be expected) got tired and disgusted, and ridden off north, with enough luggage to keep him for a year! I must say, the more I hear of him the less I like him.

I rode back to Marton in time for the 6:20 train to Foxton. This part of the country is more like England than any other that I have seen; the land is mostly divided into small properties, and one sees comfortable homesteads every here and there. The journey to Foxton was at the usual speed, 50 odd miles in three hours and three quarters. Got there at ten, and after booking my seat, went to bed.

Saturday August 4th Called at 4:30, and off at five. It was bitterly cold, and the wind blew in our teeth the whole day. In fact, I never got warm all day, as the sun was also behind us. The first thing we did was to cross the Manawatu river in a punt, and then we had about 5 miles over sandhills, before reaching the beach. Here it was glorious going--40 miles perfectly smooth. Part of the way, however, we had to go thro' the surf, as it was high tide, and this was not so pleasant. At half past nine, we stopped at a place called Otaki for breakfast, and then on again along the beach, until we arrived at the end of it, at Pai Kakariki, where we had lunch. We had had three rivers to cross, one of which the Waitenai, the horses had to swim. The country all along this coast is wretchedly poor and barren, most of it, I fancy being merely reclaimed sandhills. After lunch we had a very long steep hill to ascend, and from the top had a beautiful view of the surrounding country. From here until we reached Wellington it rained on and off the whole time, and was very

disagreeable. We soon came to two very pretty bays--Pahautanui and Porirua, which we skirted. From Porirua to Wellington is 12 miles--the last six of which runs down thro' a defile between the hills with endless turnings. We reached Wellington about half past six, having been 76 miles in $13\frac{1}{2}$ hours. The horses on this line are certainly the best I have seen, and the stages are not long; there are seven teams (five changes) altogether. I went up to the Club, where I found my luggage all right, and was lucky enough to get a room. Carlyon was there later on; and after a chat I went to bed, as I had been up late two or three nights before.

Near Foxton Sir William Fox lives. Apropos of this, I remember a very good saying about him which I heard at Eketahuna from a common working man. Sir W. Fox is a very stong temperance agitator; this man had been inveighing against him in no measured terms; and ended up with this; as if it were the worst he could say for him: "When he dies, I have no doubt he'll be found full of tea leaves and snow balls!"

Sunday August 5th to Tuesday August 14th I am still at Wellington and have been enjoying myself immensely. People here are wonderfully hospitable, and I am as full of engagements as I can possibly be. Last Monday I had a dance (with theatricals "Crutch and Toothpick" preceeding it) at the Walter Johnston's; Tuesday a dance at the Travers's; Wednesday an afternoon dance at the Walter Johnston's, and spending the evening at the Birch's; Thursday, afternoon and evening at the Whitaker's (Premier); Friday evening (musical) at the Pynsent's; Saturday dance at the Whitaker's; Sunday evening two invitations to Suppers, but I declined both, and went off to bed at 9:30; Monday dinner and dance at the William's; Tuesday afternoon and evening at the Whitaker's. Then tomorrow (Wednesday) I have a dance at Government House, and Thursday another at the Whitaker's. There are some very pretty girls here, and some very fair dancers. The prettiest girls are two Miss Williams; the eldest is exceedingly handsome; she is very tall, but very graceful and altogether very nice. I had a letter of introduction from Lady Robinson to their mother, so I have seen a good deal of them. I have not yet been introduced

to the Governor, but have met Miss Jervois, and Major Eacles, the A.B.C. The Whitakers are having a concert on Thursday, at which all the songs are to be sung in costume. Afterwards Mr. Farmer's Singing Quadrilles are to be performed, all the dancers being in Fancy Dress. I have been asked both to perform at the concert, to accompany, and to sing in the Quadrilles. Fancy playing before the Governor! The other day I called on Sir George Grey, and presented my letter from Aunt Johanna. He was very kind to me, and gave me a little pamphlet he had written in which he wrote his name for me. I met an old Harrovian, Lance-lot Holland, who asked me to lunch with him. When there he shewed me an album of photographs, and in it I was astonished to see a photo of Aunt Alice! I asked him to explain it, and he told me that he knew them very well, as he is one the Hollands of Roehampton! Another strange coincidence: I met a Mr. Russell at dinner last night, who asked me if I knew a young Russell at Harrow. Now, Daisy had some great friends at Lausanne, who had a brother of that name going to Harrow; Daisy wrote to me and asked me to look after him, so I had him in to breakfast. This turns out to be the youngster in question!

The weather has been wonderfully good, until today; but now it has broken up, and I am afraid we are in for a spell of bad weather.

Sept. 12th A month has now passed since I last wrote in my diary, and I am still in Wellington. I have had some curious experiences, but most of the time I have been here, and have enjoyed myself very much at dances and dinners. But I had intended to go home by the "British King", and should have done so, had ^I not been deceived. She was advertised to sail on Saturday Sept. 1. Well, on the Wednesday previous I telegraphed down to the Head office at Christchurch, asking them when would be the latest date that I could leave here. They wired me back the following: "Must be on board Friday night steamer probably sails midnight". In accordance with this, I packed up and went on board the "Haiwea" to go down in her. However, just before we sailed, Capt. Rose

the N.Z. Shipping Co's agent here, rushed up with the following telegram he had just received: Wired Jackson this morning he must be on board Friday Nelson passengers on board Wanaka waits for Wanaka". So I took off my things and decided to stay, as the Governor had invited me to dinner on Thursday night. I went to dinner there, spent a very pleasant evening and left on Friday afternoon at 3 p.m. in the "Wanaka". There was a gale of wind blowing in our teeth when we left, and it continued all the time. The distance down to Lyttelton is only 175 miles and is nearly always done in under 16 hours. We, however, took 42 hours for it, and did not arrive in Lyttelton until Sunday morning at 9 o'clock. I never had such a trip in my life: I could not get a berth as the little boat was full. She is only 500 tons registered, but a very good sea boat. In 12 hours we went 12 miles, and at last at one p.m. on Saturday the Captain into a little bay called Kaikoura, and anchored there until '7. I was seasick for the first time, and must say I did not enjoy it. We had a parson on board, by name C. Villiers Layard, an old Harrovian, who is quite gone on the question of religion. He tells me he knows Arthur Law very well, the Harrow Mission man. On arriving in Christchurch I went up to Coker's Hotel, and after lunch walked out to the Harper's place at Ilam. They were very glad to see me, and I stayed the night there. On Monday morning I went to the Shipping office, and had it out with them. At first they were very bumptious, but I fancy they will have to give me some compensation. In the evening I dined with the Alan Scotts', to whom I had a letter from Lady Robinson. On Tuesday I went out to Avonside where the Sanders have now got a small house, and in the evening I dined with the Nedwill's, the Spences' cousins; They told me a good deal of Ted; he seems to have become very rowdy indeed at the last, and hardly came near them at all. On Wednesday I came up here again in the "Hawea", and arrived here early on Thursday morning.

I am now staying at the Club, and shall remain a short time here, in fact as long as Carlyon and Spry do, and then shall go down to the Southern Lakes.

On the Friday evening, the Whitakers gave a Fancy Dress Ball, to which I went. I did not quite know what to go as, when it occurred to me that "A Waif from the British King" would do. I got Miss Williams to help me with the dress, and I flatter myself it was very successful. I had on a "kingly" cloak, and a crown on my head. I had light blue side facings in my dress coat and braid down my trousers; on my back I had a sailor's collar, on which (Head) a very nice fellow now staying at the Club painted a picture of the British King sailing away in the distance with me running after it. My shirt front was a perfect work of art: a piece of calico with a portrait of me, real "masher" style, surrounded by my luggage, with the inscription "Here we are again, old Chappie!" Carlyon went as "Red Tape," covered with it all over him, trousers, coat, shoes and everything. The ball was a great success: there were so very many more good fancy dresses that one would expect in such a small place.

Here is October 10th and I am still in Wellington! It is perfectly disgraceful! and more so still, that I have not kept a faithful and correct record of all that has past, But really, my life here has been most uneventful, and there is very little to relate.

Still I have not been so very idle after all; and there is certainly plenty of excuse for any idleness I may have been guilty of. One evening, on my return to the Club, I found a very kind note awaiting me, from Lady Jervois, asking me to come and stay a few days at Govt. House before leaving. I of course accepted it, and went. I stayed there exactly a week, and found them most agreeable people. The Governor is a very pleasant man to talk to, and gave me a good deal of information on many topics. He is by profession in the engineers, and in 1863, he tells me, he travelled all thro' Canada and the United States, and made reports for the fortification of the Dominion, which have been acted upon. His views on the Channel Tunnel, amongst other things, are opposed to it, not so much from a military point of view, as from a view of its general utility. He feels that its utility will not be compensated for by--in proportion

to--the cost of its construction and maintenance; and our traffic with Europe is not of such great importance that increased facility of communication is needed; we are, in fact, quite close enough already. Although, of course, the feeling of danger to the country is not to be dwelt much on, yet there is something in it, and it is not to be entirely ignored in the consideration of the case.--Again, with regard to the retention of Candahar, he thinks we acted wrongly. He would have kept it, constructed a line of railway to it, and have fortified it and the heights surrounding it. This would no doubt have cost money, but the outlay would, in his opinion, have been justified by the results attained. As results have turned out, Russia has, of course, not proved an aggressive neighbour; but at the time of the evacuation of Candahar, there is little doubt but that she was making, or contemplating, a move forward in the direction of Afghanistan. Our position at Candahar would have been perfectly unassailable, and would have been sufficient to prevent any advance either of Russia or of natives into India; as it commands the Bolan Pass, the only entrance to this country. The cost of maintaining troops there, when once the railway was established, would not have been any greater than at Peshawar, and the force required to be kept there would have been very small.

Sir W. Jervois has a very decided idea as to the possibility of "flying machines" being one day made. It is a subject he has entered into very thoroughly, and he is convinced that, provided material of sufficient lightness can be obtained, and still of strength enough to support an electrical machine and the human being or beings, it will one day be done.

On leaving the Jervois', I went on to the Williams in Hobson Street, and have ^{been} staying there since. They are very kind to me and extremely nice. The family is 12 in number, named: Hugh, Ethel, Maude, Hilda, Grey, Lyvern, Elfie, Gwynne, Eila, Algar, Una and Githa--7 girls and five boys.

And now I must give an account of what my doctor, Collins, says of me.--I was feeling rather poorly, and had had some bad fainting fits; so at last, having in the morning fainted in my

bath, I decided to go and consult him. He so strongly urged me not to return to England that I decided to do so, but to wait a couple of months, and return by the "Ionic". I was very sorry about this, as I was really homesick, and knew the Captain, Metcalfe; He had dined at our house two days before he sailed and was able to give the latest news of them all. Poor little Guy, he said, was looking very poorly; I really feel frightened about him, and am anxious to hear about his health. However, Dr. Collins was so earnest about it, that I decided on remaining. He told me there was really something organically wrong with my heart, and also that my back,--my spine--was so tender and weak, that, unless I was very careful, I should ^{be} permanently affected by it. Mrs. Williams, unknown to me, called on him, and heard all this; the result is, that she has been so kind to me that I shall never be able to thank her enough for it. Mr. Williams is a peculiar man: very ugly, very tall (6 ft 3 in. in his stockings) and very morose, as a rule, tho' still very goodnatured. He is extremely wealthy; quite the wealthiest man in New Zealand; but still, a man who lives in the simplest manner, and does not really know how to spend his money. He is a most intelligent and reasonable man on all subjects but the Maoris; on that he is quite "gone"; and both in the papers and at home he raves about it. Fortunately he has spared me so far. He has a plan of his own for the settlement of Ireland, which he has frequently impressed on me, to the following effect: The Government is to buy up all the land at present leased by the peasantry, or, at any rate, sufficient for their wants, and then, to let it out to them at a 63 years' purchase; thus, he argues, you will turn them all into loyal, honest, hardworking landowners, instead of disaffected tenants. He has never been to Ireland, and does not therefore, I fear, fully appreciate the Irish peasant!

I have heard some really amusing incidents here lately of which I am afraid I can only remember a few. Mrs. Brandon was the other day giving a large dinner party, and, in one of those awkward pauses that occur at every time, said loudly to a young gentleman at the other end of the room: "Herbert, do you love

Mr. Pennefather as much as you did? Because I do." Tableau!
Again, at another awkward pause she turned to a lady recently from Melbourne and said, "Mrs. Tolhurst, did you bring any laughing-jackasses with you from Australia?" --Tableau no. 2--
I was at a dinner party the other day, and was questioned by the lady of the house and her two daughters, all at the same time. I was quite a stranger to them, and yet they kept questioning me with regard to religion, the army and navy, Liszt's music, etc. on all of which topics my opinion was unfortunately at variance with theirs. Instead of taking this in a good spirit, they showed me pretty plainly that I should not be favoured with another invitation to their house!

Tennis is now the rage, and the fine weather during the last week, has tempted all the owners of grass courts to open them; it has now turned cold again, and some courts will, I fear, be rather damaged by this early exercise. Spring has, however, now set in, and we shall, no doubt, have beautiful weather for some months to come.

The Governor's Private Secretary, Mr. Pennefather, tho' of sallow hue, and emaciated countenance, I find a most agreeable companion; he is a very well informed man, and we get on very well together. He has told me one or two very good stories. One is of an Adelaide gentleman, who went home to England. On his return he was expatiating on the places he had seen, and said that he had stayed a few days in Rome, Florence, Venice and other towns in Italy. An interrogator asks: "Well, and how did you like Venice?" and the gentleman replies, "rubbing his hands with invisible soap, in imperceptible water": "Do you know, I was disappointed, I was there at the wrong time of the year: the floods were out, and the whole place was under water!"--Again, Mr. Pennefather was calling on a lady, whom he had not seen for some time, and apologizing for not having called for so long, said he had been away on a tour. There were many ladies in the room, and this lady said: "Do give us an account of your trip." He said: "Most certainly, I went down to Penzance, and from there got a small steamer to take me across to Scilly. We had a rather rough passage; in fact, that part of the sea is often

rough and sometimes even dangerous." "Ah, yes," she replied, we all know of the dangers between Scully and Charybdis!" And no one saw the joke! A day or two later, Mr. P. was telling the story to a lady at a dinner party. She laughed most heartily at it and then said: "I suppose she thought they were near together!"

Oct. 9, 1883 I was sitting with Mr. P. in his room today and he told me that a Baron Hubner, one time Austrian Ambassador at Paris and at Rome, was now on his way to the bluff from Melbourne. A sudden thought struck him; would I care to go down and meet him and take him round? I said I should be delighted to do so. He asked the Governor, and he was pleased to approve of the plan. This is Tuesday, and I must leave tomorrow. He has given me a very nice letter to the Baron to the following effect:

Government House
Wellington
October 9, 1883:

M. le Baron:

I have learnt with great pleasure, both from the Secretary of State and from Lord Normandy, that you are about to visit New Zealand.

As the seat of Government is far distant from "The Bluff", I regret that I am unable to receive you immediately on your arrival.

There are so many objects of interest and beauty in the South that you will probably wish to stay some little time in that part of the country. I therefore send to meet you a young friend of mine, Mr. Fritz Jackson, who has been staying with me at Government House, on a visit from England, and who will be most happy, if you please, to accompany you on your tour.

I am sure you will find him a very agreeable companion; I may add, that he speaks German fluently, and will be able to advise you as to the best routes to take.

I am myself about to start on a visit to different parts of the colony, but I shall probably have returned here, or near Christchurch when you come north; and, wherever I am then, I shall be most happy to welcome you.

I have arranged that you shall have a free pass on the Railways during your stay in New Zealand.

Believe me, M. Le Baron

Yours very faithfully,

Wm. J. Drummond Jervois

Baron Alexander Huber

I transcribe the whole letter, as I think it is so admirably written.

Wednesday Oct. 10th Another day, much like the last time I left Wellington. At 2 p.m. I left in the "Hawea" again, armed with free passes on the Railways, orders for special trains and reserved carriages, letters to the Managers of the Railways etc. I am at liberty to telegraph all over the Colony free, and any messages I may wish taken, are to be given to the Police; they are to be my messengers while I am travelling! I shall have a very jolly time of it, I expect. Towards evening it became rather rough, and there was a slight head wind.

Thursday Oct 11th We arrived at 6:50 this morning after a very fair passage. I did not feel very well; my back was troubling me a good deal, and I had rested myself as much as possible. I got a good night's rest, which is a great thing.

I got the early train up to ChCh. and went to the Club for breakfast. There I met Major Eccles, "A.D.C.", who told me he was going up to Wellington again that afternoon. Nothing had been definitely decided about the Governor's visit, as the Harper's had not been able to find another house to go into. I called on Mrs. Moore and found the whole family laid up with colds. I then went to the Post Office, and wanted to send a telegram to Hon. Mr. Oliver at Dunedin, but found that my power of "franking" had not been definitely fixed, and the authorities properly declined to accept the telegram. I have telegraphed to Wellington about this, and shall no doubt have it all satisfactorily arranged.

We left Lyttelton again at one, and soon got into rough weather and head winds. At five we arrived at Akaroa, where we were to stay 3 hours. The entrance into the harbour, and the harbour itself, is very fine, but the place itself is very small and insignificant, though, no doubt, in fine weather, very pretty. I took a walk for an hour along the beach, but did not find anything worth looking at.

Friday Oct 12th We did not get away from Akaroa until 8:30 and, as the head wind and sea continued, it was 2:30 this af-

ternoon before we reached Port Chalmers. The "British Queen" had just arrived in port; so, as I had an hour to spare, I went on board and introduced myself to Capt. Nowell. He told me that Harry Boequet was first officer on board! I do not know who was most astonished and pleased--he to see me, or I to see him. I was glad to hear from him that all at home were well and flourishing; I hope to meet him again in ChCh. The rail from Port Chalmers to Dunedin is very pretty, and runs along the banks of the river, or estuary. On arriving, I drove direct to the Fern Hill Club, where I found a letter from Mr. Oliver, saying he was very sorry he would not be able to see me, as he was leaving for Christchurch next morning: He left, however, a letter of introduction to Mr. Cartyill, to whom I then went. As it was now six, He then agreed to see the Mayor for me and arrange with him for the Baron's reception. I then drove up to Mr. Oliver's house on the top of the hill and found him at home. He very kindly asked me to stay to dinner, which I did, and had a very pleasant evening. It seems that he knows Henry Hankey, and was nearly taking Queen Anne's House for a time at Uncle H's earnest request. He told me that Uncle H. had invested some £60,000 or £70,000 in the Gas works in Dunedin, all or nearly all of which he had, very unfairly, lost. Mr. Oliver also told me that in 1867 he happened to be in Coventry at the time of an election, and heard Uncle Henry make a speech. He told me rather an amusing incident of his visit: The old man who was showing him round the Town Hall pointed out a lot of roughs sitting quietly on forms in an enclosed yard, and told him with great glee that these were the roughs of the town, and that, to avoid disturbances, they had all been sworn in as special constables!

From what I could see of Dunedin, it seems to be far the busiest, most flourishing of N.Z. towns. The buildings are all of substantial stone or brick and the streets are wide and good. It is very hilly, and one train is worked up a very steep incline by means of an endless rope.

Saturday Oct. 13th This morning, on getting up, I found it snowing hard, and the ground covered with snow. This continued all

day, more and less, just like a cold bleak day in England. The train for Invercargih left at 8, and I was very nearly late for it, as one of the horses of my cab fell down. The journey to Invercargih is very monotonous and tedious, the distance is only 139 miles, but it takes 8 hours 50 minutes to do it. The country is some of the best I have seen in N.Z. and has evidently been a very long time under cultivation.

" a I arrived at Invercargih at 5, and went to the Albion Hotel there. It was bitterly cold, and I was literally frozen, my feet and hands were like blocks of ice. After warming and thawing myself, I went out and found out the Major (a bootmaker), with whom I have arranged to go down to the Bluff on Monday morning by the first train. I spent the evening chatting with him; he is a very intelligent man; he had been a gold digger, and told me all the tricks of the trade.

Sunday Oct. 14th The wind shows no signs of abating, but the sun is shining, so it is just endurable today. The streets in this town are ludicrously broad, and are all at right angles to each other; the town is perfectly flat and very straggling. The buildings, however, are decidedly good, all brick or stone, and it will no doubt one day be a very flourishing place. The population at present is about 6000.

I went to the English church this morning and heard a very impressive sermon from the vicar. The service was well done, the Psalms being chanted in a much better manner than they are in Wellington. The church itself, however, is a very poor structure and not nearly good enough for the place. The wind in the night was so severe that it blew down some half dozen telegraph posts, and men were hard at work this morning repairing the damage.

In the evening the Mayor took me to the Salvation Army meeting in the theatre here. The place was crowded, and people were constantly going and coming, seeming to enter with very little feeling or interest into the matter. The platform was filled with penitent converts--"prisoners" is the term for them, I be-

-81-

lieve--who remained all the time prostrate on their knees. I was not much impressed with the service: there was a good deal too much show about it to please me.

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