



GOVERNOR HOBSON, 1842.



GOVERNOR GLASGOW, 1892.

the scene. Beautiful but lonely must have looked these billy shores, Mount Eden rising in the background like a sentinel, and a host of small tree-covered hills sloping down to the water's edge. Slowly the ships would come up the harbour (one indeed stuck on a mud bank), and one can imagine how these old settlers peered anxiously over the side at their new home. What a wild anxiety to get on shore, for ocean travelling on an early ship was not the unmixed delight that allures the passengers on Orient and P. and O. line steam palaces, such as the magnificent vessel shown in the frontispiece of this issue.

It was rough and ready. Our illustration of the interior of one of the most famous of these boats is taken from a trustworthy sketch, and gives an admirable idea of the sort of thing. One can well imagine on such 'tween decks how annoying would be the squalling referred to in the story told so well in the really admirably-arranged history of the Jane Gifford and Duchess of Argyle pioneers which appeared in our contemporary, the *Herald*. It was on the Gifford that there was a couple blessed with one child, the infant apparently not being possessed of the most amiable temper, as night and day it kept squalling, to the annoyance of the

other passengers. The husband said to his wife one day, 'Please the bairn.' A quarter of an hour afterwards it set up another unearthly howl, and he angrily said, 'Peggy, how is it ye dinna please the bairn?' Peggy replied, with unanswerable Scottish logic, 'How can I please the bairn, John, when I'm no pleased myself!'

It is not hard to imagine how their spirits must have been damped at hearing of the death of the Governor, Captain Hubson, the dulness of trade and the high price of provisions, and one can well believe that the rumour—that the Government intended to give work at 2s 6d per day for

married men and 1s 6d for single—would cause a flutter of excitement. To the palate jaded with the sickly sentimentalities of the day, the long continued courtings and the cases of 'breach,' how refreshing it is to look back to those days when we are told, as showing how brisk the matrimonial market was, that some of the single women got 'engaged' between the landing at Soldier's Point and the emigrants' quarters in Mechanic's Bay, while strolling along the beach, which goes to show that they meant colonisation, for matrimony and the inevitable consequences are the first duties of your good colonist.

Time worn, weather beaten, and furrowed, one could not as one gazed on the old gentlemen and ladies on the platform but wonder when our time arrived whether we should be ourselves half as well preserved, and have half such a useful past to remember—since looking back we see that they were men much like ourselves, full of the same love of womenkind, and that the same game of



AUCKLAND OF TO DAY.