

thousand Nonconformist settlers' destined to colonise the new territory of Albertland.

After referring to the inevitable sadness of saying farewell to the land of their birth, the writer says:—

"On the 2nd of June, I got into a 'mess' with five gentlemen from Coventry, and two from Exeter, we having formed a coterie for provisioning during the voyage—they were, in fact, my messmates. We had about fifty passengers from Coventry, a similar number from Scotland, and one only from Ireland, the last-mentioned being an exceedingly good fellow."

The trials of mal-de-mer, which occupied the attentions of the passengers for the first week, are amusingly set down, and the bad weather which came up did not clear up till the 7th. Whit Sunday, when the Chaplain held a service on the quarter-deck. The respite was of short duration, however, for three days later they ran into heavy weather, and on one occasion were "battered down," and this ship was under bare poles. "As the storm grew less violent, I managed to perform my daily plucking on deck (the young men not being allowed to wash below), with a rope tied round my body, to prevent me having too much of a wash—a wash overboard. I had to make some bread in the afternoon, but after taking it from the oven I had the mortification to find it had turned to a bread pudding."

"June 10th.—This night it fell to my lot to 'go on watch' from 10 to 12, this necessary duty being taken in rotation by the male passengers about twice a month, in consequence of the pilfering propensities of some of the sailors."

"June 19th.—A rifle corps was established, consisting of sixteen of England's so-called brave defenders, who had been in the ranks of the volunteers at Home, and about fifty others recruited on board."

"The 24th was a noteworthy day, we having two grand musters, first for rifle drill, and second for a concert on the poop deck. Considering that the performers, sixteen in number, were selected from among the passengers, and that we had no Sims Reeves nor Catherine Hayes amongst us, the concert was by no means a discreditable affair."

The daily round on board ship is pleasantly chronicled by our diarist, among the uncommon things noted being that old-time ceremony of the sailorman which is now a thing of the past, "Dead Horse Day," which is derived from the fact that the sailor has a month's wages advanced to him before leaving port, and calls the four weeks' period "working off a dead horse," an effigy of the said animal being heaved overboard after such ceremony.

July 9.—Neptune having paid us a "flying" visit on the preceding evening, we were all upon the qui vive at an early hour this morning for his promised appearance. We had not long to wait, for soon after the hour named his entered the ship with his wife and officers, and marched round the deck to the place assigned them on the forecastle. The order of procession was as follows: Neptune and his wife, barber and clerk, the doctor and another clerk, (the latter with a book and pen of tremendous size), eight constables and two sergeants. Of course they were dressed in appropriate costumes, and such as are less easy to describe than to imagine. The wife of his godship, although clothed in female fashion, was, without doubt, a very masculine goddess. The preliminary "grand march" being over and the party arranged in solemn state, one of the sailors was introduced to Mister Neptune and to Mistress Neptune, the latter graciously smiling and bestowing on the bashful tar—no, not a smack—a kiss. Sundry questions were then put to him by Neptune and his mighty attendants, after which the grand operation of shaving was proceeded with. The sailor was placed on a piece of wood, and, having satisfied the demand of Neptune as to his name and whereabouts, he was examined by the doctor, who prescribed for him a couple of pills, the medicine of all appearances, being the reverse of agreeable. A smelling bottle was then placed to his nose, with a couple of needles in the cork of the bottle. The patient found the essence somewhat too strong for him, giving evidence of the same by the determined manner in which he drew back his head from what I should call 'salts of tartar.' Being blindfolded, his sense of feeling was of course more acute than his powers of vision, but a significant nod told us that he had had enough of it. The barber then called for No. 1 razor—a piece of tin, half-a-yard long—and, having well lathered his man with tar and

grease, the first part of the operation was dexterously performed, the barber every now and then filling the man's razor with his 'patent lather.' No. 2 razor—a more refined and polished instrument—was used in the finishing process. He was then tipped over into a sail filled with water, his baptism and purification being assisted by two men jumping in with him into keep him under water. He was then taken out and declared to be a 'Son of Neptune.' Several other sailors and a number of passengers consented to be similarly baptised, and among them was myself, for I thought that as the equator was not crossed every day there ought to be some memento of the epoch. A collection was afterwards made for the sailors, which furnished them with a good tea on the occasion. Like some of my other descriptions, the account here given of 'Daddy Neptune' and his Amphitrite is very meagre to that which I may attempt on some other occasion; but if it should be asked what sort of 'June' it was we crossed, I might just remark that it was not visible this time, and that it never is at this period of the year. It may be imagined, however, that the non-visibility of the 'line' was amply compensated for by the visit of Father Neptune with his oceanic bride and grotesque train of attendants, to say nothing of the ceremony of hailing the ship; the queer letter-bag brought by his godship and handed to Captain Rich in the saloon; the taking possession of the ship and all on board, etc. These things will no doubt be remembered by the screaming ladies and half-terrified members of the sterner sex as long as they live. Oh! that horrid shaving tribunal—that tar-pot and excruciating razor—that terrible souse beneath the turbid waters! Ho, there! Fetch the P.D. and drop the cutrain for the night, having crossed the equator in 24deg. 40min. W.

July 8th.—To-day found us bravely sailing with a south-east trade wind amid a host of flying fish, whizzing and skimming over the sea, and there was the additional attraction of a fleet of the graceful nautilus, or 'Portuguese man-of-war.' In the evening a very interesting lecture was delivered on the quarter-deck by our minister, Mr. Davis, upon 'Men, Women, Sweethearts, and Homes.'

"July 14th.—Mr. Hewelson, a fellow-passenger, entertained us with a lecture on 'Life in New Zealand,' in which were set forth some of the many difficulties that were likely to beset those whose intention it was to go into the bush."

"July 15.—Our Volunteers were again ordered up for drill, but as the ship was rolling heavily we accomplished but a small part of our exercises ere we were sent by the word 'Attention!' from our captain downwards, into the lee 'scuppers.' . . . At about ten p.m. I was awakened suddenly by a noise and confusion on the main-deck, and on going towards the spot, I found a crowd of persons in a state of consternation and excitement in consequence of the insubordination of two sailors, named Burrell and Flemming. It appeared that they had had a 'drop too much' given them by some of the passengers, which, as is too frequently the case, required another 'drop too much' to balance the 'spirit level,' and to obtain this they sought to levy a contribution on Captain Rich; but meeting with a refusal, one of them instantly inflicted a severe blow on the captain's face, which caused the blood to flow freely. The captain was led to his cabin, and after his wound had been dressed he ordered that his assailants should be placed in irons. The carrying out of this order led to a scene of indescribable confusion. Placing themselves in an attitude of resistance, the men avowed their determination not to be seized, and it was not without much difficulty that they were secured. Dr. Hooper had to rush forward, pistol in hand, at the same time calling on the passengers for help, to effect the capture. After an hour's excitement, however, quiet was restored, and I again betook myself to bed on the main-deck."

"July 19th.—We are now out of the tropics. The passengers were much gratified by the sight of a prettily-marked bird called the Cape Pigeon. The noble albatross was also an object of admiration and wonder to those of us who had not seen it before."

"July 23th.—Extremely bad weather, with rain and hail. Among the incidents of the day were the catching of a Cape Pigeon and the stealing of a Dutch cheese from Mr. Mason by some unknown thief."

"July 28th.—To-day brought us a delightful change, except that the entire absence of wind arrested our speed, and

left us to contemplate the sunbeams sporting on the almost unrippled surface of the ocean. In the evening it was rumoured that Mrs. Atkins had taken poison in mistake for water. This proved to have been the case, and it was only by the skill and prompt exertions of the doctor that she was saved from a dreadful death."

August 2.—Passed the meridian of the Cape, and ran down our easting between parallels 40 and 50 south. Continued to experience rough weather for several days."

"August 15th.—Rose and beheld, for the first time in my life, one of those seas so often spoken of as 'running mountains high.' Truly it was an awe-inspiring sight. At one time we appeared to be rushing headlong into the fathomless abyss of waters, and at the next we rose majestically on the crest of the seething billows. And yet, as the sea was with us, we were said to be in no danger."

"The 18th had scarcely dawned ere it was announced that the good ship Hanover had another passenger and Mrs. Scott another son."

August 19th.—This evening we had a lecture on 'Teetotalism,' by the Rev. Mr. Davis."

"The same unsettled conditions prevailed until the 23rd, when we had magnificent weather, enabling the ship to carry all her canvas, and to sail along in dashing style. This was the birthday of our respected captain, and the occasion was honoured by a salute of three guns. The Hanover Rifles mustered on the quarter-deck, presented arms, and the captain was presented with a congratulatory address from the passengers. In the evening there was a display of fireworks under the direction of Mr. Hubbard, the chief mate."

"August 24th.—A terrible storm. To get on deck without being tossed down a couple of times was out of the question. The weather increased to a hurricane in the afternoon. Two lady passengers were thrown down and washed from one side of the deck to the other with a couple of cows. The cow-house was washed overboard. The same evening the infant child of Mr. Graham, nine months old, died, and was committed to the deep—the only passenger death deprived us of during the whole of the voyage."

"After this we had good weather. The Hanover Band, which had been formed some six weeks before—two violins, two cornets, French horn, trombone, drum (made on board), cymbals (also manufactured on the ship), and the bass instruments represented by combs—marched round the ship to entertain the passengers."

September 4th.—The bugle sounded the assembly, and 86 single men in best attire assembled for an evening's enjoyment, supper having been provided in their honour by the married people. Tin plates, tin pans, and tin dishes were made to do duty for similar utensils of more fragile or expensive material; but had they been of more precious metal they could not have added materially to the pleasure of the gathering. Among the speakers were Mr. Hewelson (who presided), Mr. Holt, and Mr. Harris."

September 6th.—In the early morning I heard the welcome shout of 'Land ho!' for which the passenger had been anxiously waiting some days past, as it was known we were off the coast of Tasmania."

"September 14th.—Approaching the New Zealand coast beautiful weather set in, and the following day we sighted the Three Kings."

"September 17th.—With a strong westerly breeze we passed Cape Brett in the early morning. In the evening we were boarded by the pilot in the gulf, and at 10 p.m. brought to an anchorage in the harbour. The Hanover Band assembled after anchor was dropped, and the people on shore thought a man-of-war had come into port."

"September 18th.—We landed on the Wynyard Pier with heartfelt gratitude to Almighty God for our safe arrival in New Zealand. We had at times a good deal of knocking about, but on the whole it must be admitted that our voyage was a cheerful one, and calculated to impress the more thoughtful among us with many a stern but profitable lesson."

INCIDENTS ON THE MATILDA WATENBACH.

The "Daily Southern Cross" of September 9, 1862, contains the announcement of the arrival in Auckland on the previous morning of "the good ship Ma-

tilda Wattenbach, 764 tons, Captain W. Goidie, with 352 passengers of the Nonconformist body, after a quick passage of 98 days from Gravesend. Following is a brief account of the voyage, and the list of passengers."

On the following day is printed "The Albertland Gazette and Ocean Chronicle," written on board. The first number, dated Saturday, June 14, 1862, commences with a number of advertisements redolent of shipboard, followed by a letter wishing success from the captain and surgeon superintendent."

The log of the Matilda Wattenbach up to that date is next in order. To quote:—"We sailed from the East India docks on the afternoon of Thursday, May 27, amidst the booming of cannon and the enthusiastic cheers of thousands of spectators. At Gravesend we anchored along with our consort, the Hanover, and sailed thence at 1.30 a.m. on Saturday, May 31." Some bad weather was experienced during the early part of the voyage. Following is a list of general news, and a birth and two death notices. Then comes a bold heading, "Original Poetry." The number closes with a humorous list punning on the names of passengers:—"There are four Kings who have but one Crown with a Dent and a single Brown among them. There are four Fishers with a solitary Pike; one Fowler, with a Bird, five Cocks, three Partridges with three Legges and four Badcocks. There is a Bull with a Holbeck, six Boots, a Stoll, with four Bells, and a Dobell. Further, there is a North, six Wests, and three Westons." This number is printed by Samuel Johnson in 35.50 N. lat. and 13.35 W. long. The second number, dated July 3, 1862, commences with a poem, "Our Own River, Grimshawe," and an article, "We Are One," on the aim and purpose of the land of emigrants. The log of the Matilda Wattenbach is continued, being more a daily list of the weather experienced. On June 27 they spoke H.M.S. screw corvette Arcona and exchanged news. They also saw the Eclipse and the Octavia. There is chronicled an accident to a young sailor, who subsequently died from his injuries. On July 5 the equator was crossed and the ship visited by "Mr and Mrs Neptune." A graphic account of the ceremony is given. General news and advertisements close another interesting number, printed in lat. 33.58 N and long. 34.2 W.

The third number is devoted to a description of a gale met with on July 19, and lasting until July 27, and in which the ship lost two topmasts. The last stages of the journey, the sighting of land and the arrival in port are briefly described. On the morning after their arrival the Nonconformists were extended a welcome by the citizens of Auckland. The ceremony took place on the green in the rear of the Council Chambers. Dr. Paton occupied the chair, and on the platform were several clerical gentlemen and leading merchants of the city."

Saving the Bonds.

When the vaults under the Equitable building, New York, were opened after the great fire, the officials of the United States Life Assurance Company found that \$600,000 worth of bond certificates kept in tin boxes had been badly soaked. Clerks (says the New York correspondent of the "Standard") were set to dry them with blotting paper, but after a week's work this was found to be useless. So a new method was tried, and one of the officials tells the story as follows:—"President Munn telephoned to one of the electric supply companies of the city and ordered half a dozen electric fans and half a dozen electric irons. When these were sent down to the vault we connected the fans and the irons to the electric light wiring of the vault. We strung other wires across the vault, and hung 3000 bond certificates out to dry. The certificates were attached to the wires with regulation wooden clothes-pins. As soon as each security was made partially dry by the breeze from the whirling electric fans, one of the officers of the company, under President Munn's direction, would spread it out on an ironing board and would carefully iron it out with one of the electric irons. The ironing of 3000 pieces of laundry isn't easy work, even for a trained laundress. It took us ten days altogether, and the hands of most of us were red and blistered before we got through. Now, however, that the work is all over we are quite proud of ourselves, for not one of the entire 3000 bonds is in the slightest degree torn or damaged."