

ladder. Her motion was worse for me than the boat's. The steward welcomed me, and, seeing me pale, said: "Would you like a glass of sherry, sir? I did not know whether sherry was good for sea-sickness or not, and, boy-like, replied: "Thank you." The sherry came, I put it to my lips, and instantly away went sherry and everything else into the sea. I was sea-sick downright. I shook hands with the pilot; and, twenty years after, in 1874, when as Bishop I made my first visit to Nelson, Captain Cross, still pilot, was proud to tell everybody that he was the last man in Nelson to shake hands with me as a school-boy, and the first to shake hands with me as a Bishop. He fired a cannon from the flagstaff in my honor, and got blamed for it; but he said he would do the like again if any man from Nelson returned to honor Nelson as Frank Redwood had done. Sea-sickness, loneliness, grief, and the reaction after trying efforts to bravely depart, brought on some agonising moments; but I bore them as a penance, and as a necessary trial, and was soon in inward peace again. Fit after fit of sea-sickness was endured, and, on the third day, far out on the ocean, I was retching in vain, and nothing would come up, when a kind old sailor passed by and said to me: "Sir, my lad, you have got enough up, you must now keep something down." "I would if I could," said I— "what am I to do?" "Look here, sir," he said. "Go and ask the steward for a nobbler (dram) of brandy; soak in it a piece of sea-biscuit; swallow the biscuit; that I think will stick." I did as he directed, and I felt my stomach instantly settled, and myself quite cured of sea-sickness from that day till my arrival in London. Having now got my sea-legs, I enjoyed the trip. We reached Sydney, eleven hundred miles, in eleven days, a very good passage. We had some head winds, but generally they were fair. One night we met a severe thunder-storm, and the sudden passage, again and again, from the sight of the raging sea, under the lightning flashes, to the instant pitchy darkness was for me awful and appalling.

We entered Sydney Harbor in a beautiful clear, summer, starry night, and reached the anchorage at 11 p.m. At the Heads the porpoises were playing merrily round the vessel—a novel sight for me. As the captain wanted all hands to get the brig ready for anchorage, he told me to hold the wheel for a while till he would come and change the course. It was an honor and a trust for a boy of fifteen. Sydney Cove (now called Circular Quay) was where we anchored at fifty yards from the land. It had no jetty or quay, no wharf. We stepped from the boat on to the bare rugged rocks.

#### SYDNEY TO FRANCE.

After a very pleasant month, despite some very hot days when the thermometer registered 112 degrees in the shade, spent with the Fathers at old Villa Maria, Father Comte and I went to fix up our cabins in the *Lady Ann*, the ship we selected to take us to London. She was a new wooden ship, 900 tons, declared AI at Lloyd's for thirteen years, which meant a ship guaranteed perfectly seaworthy for that period of years.

I took a first-class passage to London for £70. We were eleven passengers, all first class (no ladies, as it happened); nine of the party being young gentlemen returning to Europe after making their fortune at the gold diggings of Ballarat and Bendigo. They were a very steady lot. As regards drink we were, on the strength of our passage ticket, treated most liberally, and no one ever abused that liberality by imbibing to excess. There was brandy, gin, rum, beer, port, and sherry and (in the tropics) claret wine—all gratuitous at discretion; and, on festivals, or when something unusually lucky had happened in the course of the day, the captain (by name Dixon), like a father at the head of his family table, stood first-rate champagne all round.

In those days it was customary, before embarking, for intended passengers to go beforehand on board the ship and get their single cabins fitted up, at their pleasure, by the ship carpenter; and, if afterwards on the voyage the arrangement was not found satisfactory, the carpenter was always at hand to make required changes and improve-

ments. So Father Comte and I fixed up our cabins in that way, and also the cabin of Father Fonbonne, S.M., an invalid Marist Missionary returning to France, where I, in after years, met him as chaplain to a community of nuns at Sainte Poy-les-Lyon (Rhône), France. He kept to his cabin and bed for the first month of the voyage. He could not speak English, but I practised speaking French with him. He was very kind and gentle, and in the beginning, suffered considerably.

Some events on the trip deserve mention and description. On the 23rd January, the sixth day after leaving Sydney (17th January), we were suddenly caught in a terrific squall, about the latitude of New Zealand. It happened as follows: A strong fair wind was on our quarter, and every stitch of canvas was drawing; we were running 13 knots an hour, as the log told us, just as we went to dinner at 6 p.m. We were joyous and elated, and the captain in his very best humor. At dinner he stood champagne for the first time on the voyage, and we were all as merry as a lark. The first mate had charge of the ship during the dinner. Now, he was a reckless kind of fellow, and loved to carry on and force the ship along, heedless of danger, wind or weather. He overlooked the coming squall. After dinner, just as we got on the poop, the squall struck us with the suddenness of a ball from a cannon, amid thunder, lightning, and rain. The captain shouted to the men to cut away the sheets holding the sails, and thus ease the strain—too late! There was only one man at the wheel. In the terrific rush through the water, he was unable to control the rudder, and the ship turned broadside to the wind, and over she heeled on her beam-ends. We were tossed as from a catapult against the lower bulwark. Again she heeled deeper still, and down came the main topmast broken in the middle, and it and the topsail with other rigging crashed into the sea, while all the studding-sail booms were snapped asunder, and every sail ripped to ribbons. Had the ship not been so well laden and deep, she would have turned turtle and been lost.

Our elation was changed into sorrow and anxiety. What a wreck we looked! But the squall was over, and only a good fair breeze remained. Means were immediately taken to lift the topmast and other wreckage upon the deck. Fresh sails were got out and set, and before midnight we were running ten knots an hour under all available canvas. Next day a spar was unloosed from the deck, and the carpenter began to shape it into a topmast. All things were repaired by degrees and soon; the new topmast was set up at sea, with what skill I need not say, and, in ten days, the ship was all right as though just coming out of port. We rounded Cape Horn, despite the delay of the accident, in twenty-nine days, a fast passage.

As it was summer, the captain, to obtain strong winds, went very far south of Cape Horn, down to the 57th degree of south latitude, and alas, found the ship unexpectedly surrounded by huge icebergs, which had floated up north two degrees since his last passage. Some of these bergs were three hundred feet high and a couple of miles long, with their blue sides and their roof of snow. The danger was very great at night. Sailing due north we took four days to leave these icebergs safely behind. Though it was February and still summer, the cold became intense, and we had no fire except in the galley; and one night, after rain, the sails were frozen stiff as buckram. The only means to keep us warm was exercise in the day and a hot drink before going to bed. One day we had to go ten miles out of our course to windward of one huge berg and its debris. Providentially we sighted none during the night, despite the very sharp lookout—men searching the sea with glasses to distinguish the regular ocean waves from waves breaking over ice. We thanked—at least I did—the Star of the Sea for our preservation.

As a venturesome boy I longed to see a real tempest. Well, we got one about two hundred miles to the west of the Cape of Good Hope, and, for three days and nights, labored in a sea with mountainous waves appalling to behold and feel. The decks were washed again and again with water three feet deep, and more at times. One huge

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