

and crew were crowding foreward. It immediately struck me forcibly something was wrong. I called the attention of Mr. Sutherland and we proceeded to the jetty and got a boat and put off to the vessel now anchored, where we witnessed such a scene I can never eradicate from my memory and heard frightful tales of suffering. The vessel had left Liverpool with two months supply of provisions and water and had been more than five months on the passage. Before they had been a month at sea the provisions were found to be short. From some mismanagement the Captain sailed several thousand miles out of his course. Several men women and children died on the passage from starvation – and a pint of water among three men was the daily allowance for a long time. One poor man offered the Captain ten pounds for a bottle of port wine which was refused him, his wife and children were dying – A squall came on and smashed two dozen of wine immediately afterwards – For the last eight days it is said the passengers had nothing to eat or drink: The whole inhabitants of Wellington hastened down to the beach and vied with each [other] in rendering assistance for the unfortunates . . .”

“The Emigration barracks were close adjoining Mr. Sutherland’s house, and from the windows we witnessed the poor wretches who could hardly stand on their feet, being carried and conveyed in Carts and Vans to the barracks. The second mate was supported by two others. Mr. Sutherland, and his men with myself employed all this day day in relieving the sick and attending to them, some were bewailing the loss of husbands, others their wives and children. In fact, the mass of the people were living skeletons, and their bones might be counted – The Captain’s Conduct had been most outrageous . . .”

“The Superintendent was one of the first to go on board after the vessel came to an anchor. A supply of apples was given to the Captain to distribute among the sick, who commenced scattering them about the decks. The Superintendent thundered out to the Captain, ‘Thats not the way to distribute apples to sick men.’ ‘Who the devil are you?’ the Captain said, ‘and what have you got to do with it.’ ‘I’ve got nothing to do with the apples certainly, but as Supdt. of this province I’ll quickly let you know I’ve got something to do with you.’ The Captain was tried in Court. I had not heard the result up to the time I left Wellington. . . .”²¹

At last the ‘Marchioness’ has arrived from Melbourne and we sail at midnight on Good Friday, or early on Saturday morning. With great regret I made preparations for leaving this romantic place where I have met with so many strange adventures. I bade farewell to my kind friends, John McLagan the Sutherlands, Christison, Warren, and numerous others. On Friday morning I got a boat and proceeded out to the vessel where I heard the black cook carolling the following lines