

# Southesk Weekly News

WRITTEN  
ON BOARD  
THE SOUTHESK



ON HER VOYAGE  
FROM LONDON  
TO  
PORT LYTTTELTON

SAILED SEPT. 26, 1879: ARRIVED DEC. 23, 1879

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*Editor: Rev. F. R. CAIRNS*

*Master: Capt. THOS. NICHOLL*

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LATE OF GRAVESEND ENGLAND

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## THE SOUTHESK WEEKLY NEWS.

No. 1. NORTH ATLANTIC OCEAN, 43° 31' N., 11° 40' W. Oct. 4, 1879.

**N**OW that we are fairly at sea, and the majority of us whose stomachs have been in anything but a happy condition, owing to the inebriated state of the vessel, are recovering, steps should be taken to organise measures for the general amusement of the many passengers. There are on board representatives of all classes of society, numerous tastes have to be satisfied, and it behoves one and all to assist in helping the caterers of amusement in managing the menu. Whatever the social status of the passengers may be on land, at sea there is a certain amount of freedom of intercourse allowed and expected, during the long and weary passage to the Antipodes. Personal feeling must be kept in the background, petty jealousies must not be nursed, for it should be remembered that there is no back door to the vessel, we must sink or swim together, and even one of the crowd who exhibits a spirit of resistance to the general weal, may upset the harmony of our three months incarceration. There are 209 passengers on board, the greater number of whom are seeking a fresh field of labour in a distant part of the globe, and as the distance from the mother country is daily increased, and fresh hope is generated in the new colonists, it might be well to ask the motives which lead so many to sever their connection with their native land. No doubt it will immediately be answered that either the scarcity of work or the poor remuneration is the cause, also that the country is overstocked with inhabitants, and that the markets are in the hands of foreigners. It is not to be supposed for a moment that the Briton has so far degenerated that he would, without very strong reasons, indeed, leave the land of his birth, with its time-honoured institutions and its many dear associations, for a new country—let it be as fair and bright as possible—which can never claim the holy title of home. Let the cause be what it may, the question of vital importance is—how are the majority of “new chums” going to obtain a living in New Zealand—an island that is no longer young, and where fortunes are not made in such an easy manner and in so short a time as in years past. Competition is greater, and the standard of wages does not run so high, and also the sons of the old settlers as soon as they come to manhood, are placed in the vacant appointments and situations which are consequently withheld from fair Albion’s children. In very many instances the wrong class emigrate. It is of very little use for any others than those who have been brought up and drilled thoroughly in some practical, mechanical business, together with all farm labourers and some professional men to proceed thither. Those who simply go out on “spec,” or who know a little of many things and nothing well, we fear will be very much disappointed, for the country is overrun with poor adventurers who have signally failed, whose only excuse for leaving England has been that from some trivial cause they have become tired of the monotony, and having kicked over the traces, find themselves landed high and dry in a land which is very different to that represented by the many guide books at present issued by the many Colonial outfitters and others. C. B. H.

### MUSIC—SINGING.

During the few evenings that we have been on the deep, and during the dog-watch, singing has been general on the main deck. There is evidently among both sexes sufficient material to form a capital glee and concert party. Organization alone is wanted, and we feel sure that some of our gentlemen friends will form themselves into a committee, and make the way easy for passing the time pleasantly during the monotony of the doldrums and tropics. Some of the

ladies have very rich voices, and no doubt they will use them in wearing away many a dull hour. We shall be glad of any suggestions, and having laid the matter before our readers we leave it in their hands.

#### STRONG-ARMED WOMEN.

There are strong armed women as well as strong minded ladies, and in the majority of cases it is found that both these qualities are united and blended together in the same person. Should that fact be verified on board the Southesk, there is no doubt before we separate in New Zealand, that women's rights will have been very forcibly advocated by one of our friends who so early on our journey has demonstrated in not altogether a mild manner, that although fair she is neither fragile nor weak.

#### A PRETTY BOY.

There are many degrees of beauty existing in the human face. We have the beautiful woman, and the handsome man—types of an earthly divinity—but we think the most exquisite of all, is a handsome boy, who, if dressed in female attire will eclipse even the recognised form of Venus. Such a one we have on board, and if as he grows older, he maintains the same regularity of features, he will be able to command the adoration of the fair sex. Scuppers is his name.

THE butcher—a fine portly Scot—has already commenced his murderous calling by slaying in cold blood an emblem of innocence.

THERE were no religious services on board last Sunday, but in the evening the singing of Sankey's hymns was conducted by a passenger upon a small harmonium and heartily supported by the assembled singers. We understand that to-morrow the regular services of the ship will be held.

#### LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE.

		Latitude.		Longitude.
Wednesday	...	48° 27' N.	...	6° 57' W.
Thursday	...	46° 21' "	...	7° 9' "
Friday	...	45° 18' "	...	8° 42' "
Saturday	...	43° 31' "	...	11° 40' "

THE usual sickness consequent on first proceeding to sea has been rather severe, but by this time it has almost ceased, and the passengers who unfortunately have been laid up are now looking forward to some weeks of enjoyment.

THE weather since landing the Channel Pilot has been everything that could be desired, and as yet the nervous inhabitants of the craft have slept in peace and security.

#### NOTICE.

THE ship's Doctor will attend at the Dispensary at 10 o'clock, a.m. and 7 p.m., on and after Monday next. Any one requiring medical advice and medicine will please be there at those hours, as none but urgent cases will be attended to at any other time.

#### EDITOR'S NOTICE.

Southesk, Oct. 4th, 1879.

The Editor, in presenting this small portion of the *Weekly News*, begs to apologise for not fulfilling what was his original intention. An accident which happened to himself last night upset the arrangements. At the same time, he would earnestly ask all classes on board to help him by contributions—either in prose or verse, so that all may do their share to relieve the monotony of the long voyage.

## THE SOUTHESK WEEKLY NEWS.

No. 2. NORTH ATLANTIC OCEAN, 31° 58' N, 17° 40' W. Oct. 11, 1879.

THE good barque Southesk, with her cargo of living souls, sailed from London under the most favourable auspices, and as far as the weather is concerned we have had no reason to complain. Bright sunny days, with genial temperature, have kept up the spirits of the passengers, and gradually they have become accustomed to their new mode of living.

#### SHIP.

A brig from the westward crossed our bow on Wednesday morning. It was discovered on signalling that she was bound for Marseilles.

#### CONCERTS.

On Tuesday and Thursday evenings last, concerts were given by a few of the passengers on the main hatch. Almost the whole of the inhabitants of the vessel were present, and considering the want of proper organization, they passed off creditably. In future everything should be arranged beforehand, the singers chosen, and the chairman furnished with the names of the songs—care should be taken not to have too many so as to conclude by nine. Those aspirants for musical honours should, for the moment, appear on the scene minus their pipes, and, when called upon, step quickly and silently to the front. We wish them well.

*The article on biscuits has been for the present discarded.*

#### A CAUTION.

However unpleasant it may appear, we feel it our duty to warn the person or persons who have not yet learnt the difference between mine and thine, and have a strong propensity to appropriate other peoples' property to their own use, that nothing short of lynching will be practised upon them should they be found out. Numerous articles have been missing from time to time. It was charitably supposed at first that they had been taken by mistake, but as they have not been returned to their owners, the ugly word *STOLEN* must take the place of *LOST*.

#### ACCIDENT.

Mrs. Cummins the other day in reaching a book, overbalanced herself, and fell to the floor, where she was found sometime afterwards. By the help of the skilful services of the ship's surgeon she is now on the way to recovery.

#### FOUND

On the main deck, a gold-plated solitaire. Owner can have it by applying to the Editor.

#### LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE.

		Latitude.		Longitude.
Sunday	...	42° 0' N.	...	13° 22' W.
Monday	...	38° 26' "	...	14° 26' "
Tuesday	...	36° 42' "	...	15° 45' "
Wednesday	...	35° 37' "	...	16° 42' "
Thursday	...	34° 16' "	...	17° 33' "
Friday	...	33° 12' "	...	17° 52' "
Saturday	...	31° 58' "	...	17° 40' "

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Dido's letter, owing to want of space, has been kept back.

## RIDDLE.

Supposing it takes nine yards of buttermilk to make a donkey's nightcap, how much sawdust would it require for a duck to eat to lay a plank?  
Answer next week.

## EDUCATION.

The Misses Smith will commence a school for children on Monday morning, at half-past 9. The place of meeting will be under the skids on the main deck.

Mr. J. H. Thompson respectfully begs to inform the parents and guardians of children on board the Southesk that he will commence a class for teaching juveniles the elementary branches of education during the voyage, on Monday the 13th inst.

Hours, 10 a.m. to 11 a.m., and 2 p.m. to 3 p.m.

For terms, apply to the Head-Master, No. 2 Berth, 3rd Cabin.

## LOST.

A pocket-book, containing valuable papers, of no use to any one but the owner. Please return to T. A. Jackson, No 3 Berth, 3rd Cabin.

On October 8th, a valuable solitaire, marked with the letter J. Any one returning the same to No. 3 Berth, Bachelor's Hall, will be handsomely rewarded.

## RELIGIOUS.

On Sunday morning last divine service, according to the tenets of the Presbyterian Church, was conducted on the main deck, by the Revs. Cairns and McCracken, and was numerously attended. The weather was fine, and the novelty of having the service on the high seas evidently inspired the hearers with an amount of animation, if we may judge by the manner in which they joined in the singing. The evening prayers of the Church of England were said in the afternoon. To-morrow we understand the same hours will be observed.

## PATRICK McGOVERN'S LETTER.

The Southesk,  
25th Sept., 1879.

DEAR FATHER,—

I take up my pen to inform you and all inquiring friends that I've got safely on board. Och! but me heart ached when I looked for the last time at me ould home, thinking that I might niver see it's pleasant face agen. I grew sadder with every mile the train carried me away from you all, and I couldn't help repatin a verse I learned from the dancin master, the night he gave us the big recitashun. As near as I can remember it was—"Breathes there a man with sowl so ded, who never to hisself has said, this is me own, me native land." When I reached Dublin, I tuk a strowl to see some ov the grand places, I had heard tell ov, and shure enough it was like the ould Queen of Sheby when she came to see Solomon—the half hadn't been towld. Of all places for grandeur that ever I laid me eyes on I niver seen anything to compare wid Sackville Street. The windeys were filled with gowld watches, and jewels, and rings wid dimonds that sparkled like the eyes of Kathleen O'Connor, and then there were strings on the purtiest young ladies that ever was seen. What tuk my fancy most was a man playing a pianer on the shtreet. He was singing a song called "Me Grandfather's Clock," and as I liked the koorus, I stopped to hear him. Afther finishing it he looked hard at me, and maybe becaws I had me fine close on, he tuk me for an Emygrashanist; at any rate he struck up "Come back to Erin." I tried hard but I couldn't keep back the tears, so whin he finished up I goes to him and gives him a shillin. "Arrah! long life to yer honer," ses he, touchin his hat to me; "maybe yer

honer is on a voyage." "Troth and I am," ses I, "and a long voyage too." "Yer honer'll be for Englan?" ses he. "I'm for New Zealan," ses I. "Sum people call it the Anti potatoes, or a big word like that." "Och, shure, I might have known as much," ses he. "Shure, that's the place where everybody is goin now-a-days." "Mebbe you've been there yerself," ses I. "No," ses he, "I niver travelled so far, but my wife's brother-in-law's second cousin has been there for ten years." "Did you ever happen to hear if it's a nice country," ses I. "Nice is it," ses he; "shure it's the grandest place under the sun, and a fine smart fellow like you is shure to be a big man there. Mebbe a magistrate or a mumber of Parliament." "I'm much obleeged to you, Sir, for your good opinion," ses I, and I thought I would just mention this, dear father, that you might tell it to any of the naybours that might be axing after me welfare. Whin I got to the North Wall station, I tuk me ticket for Lunon, and when I went to the key, I saw a lot of fellows drivin a drove ov fine pigs on board a vessel. "Is them for New Zealand?" ses I to won of the boys who had charge ov them. "They are," ses he, "they're a fine lot to be tuk over to improve the breed." "I hope they're going on the Southesk," ses I, "for it would make me feel at home, if I heerd them." "Does yer mother know you're out," ses he, wid a knowin wink to wan ov the fellows beside him. "To be shure she does," ses I, "and a sorry day it was for her, the crayture, when I came away. I'm her ouldest son," ses I. "Are ye not afraid to go on board that ship," ses he; "it's made of iron?" "Oh! good morrow to ye," ses I. "Mebbe you take me for a greenhorn," ses I, "but I've been from home before. How could iron shwim?" ses I; "shure I niver heerd tell ov anything like that, barrin the time the prophet made the hatchet shwim in the land of Canaan." "Troth it's iron," ses he, "and more than that, it'll shwim widout sails," and true for him it did. At last I wint on board, and I saw a man wid goold buttons on his jacket, givin orders to the sailors. I wint up to him, and lifting me ould hat, ses I, "Do ye think it will be a rough night, captain?" "Oh, nothin particular," ses he; "but if ye're a steerage passenger, you had better tie yerself to a mast or wan ov the ladders." "Will it be as bad as that?" ses I. "Oh, yes," ses he, "but if you can shwim, we never have more than four or five feet of water on deck. That's pretty well," sed I to myself, and I determined to keep near won ov the ladders, in case the water got too deep. At last the bell was rung, and all at wance the water began to boil and bubble about the side ov the vessel. "Is there anything wrong?" ses I, to a man standing near on. "Oh, no," ses he, "we're under way." "Well," ses I, "as long as we're not under the sae I'm contint." And shure enough as the man towld me, here we were sailing away from the dock widout an inch ov sail. But och, father dear, ye niver dreamed ov anything like the rowling and tossin we got. First she gave a jump to the right hand, and then a rowl to the left, and then the deck seemed risin up, and I fell back agen the side ov the boat. Turning to two men who were holdin a big wheel, I cried out, "Hould hard, boys, or be this and be that she'll drown us all."

Hoping to describe my passage to London in my next, no more at present, but remain,

Your affectionate Sun,

PATRICK McGOVERN.

*These letters will be continued weekly.*

A CONCERT of vocal and instrumental music will be given this evening. Full particulars in our next issue.

October 11th, 1879.

## THE SOUTHESK WEEKLY NEWS.

No. 3. NORTH ATLANTIC OCEAN, 19° 56' N., 26° 02' W. Oct. 18, 1879.

**W**E HAVE now been three weeks on our long and tedious voyage to the Antipodes. Gently but surely wafted by genial breezes the good craft Southesk has brought us to the most trying part of our cruise—the tropics. Lime juice, sleep, and bad temper seem to be the principal order of the day, the heat not only bringing out the accustomed irritation of the skin, but the sourness of the individual character also. It is generally experienced on most voyages that towards the close the passengers get tired of each other, and frequent squabbles is the result, the old adage—"Too much familiarity breeds contempt" is fully borne out, and it is a day of thanksgiving when the vessel is moored at her destined port. With us, however, the only difference is that the ill-feeling has commenced in the beginning of our intercourse, and it is plain to those who calmly consider the matter, that if suffered to continue, we will soon inhale a moral atmosphere strongly impregnated with vapours reminding one a little of brimstone. Instead of looking upon each others faults and shortcomings with forbearance and charity, a certain portion of the community are evidently bent on trying to counteract all schemes which have the good government of the ship and the happiness of the passengers on board at heart. We most certainly sympathise with our captain—both he and his officers have studied our well-being to their utmost, and they are repaid by being obliged to hear slander and premeditated falsehoods freely circulated and discussed upon a certain part of the quarter deck.

C. B. H.

### HARMONY.

In whatever sphere it may be our lot in life to be placed—whether it be in the great city, the country village or the barren shore—how beautiful it is to be social and agreeable, how sublime are the feelings we experience when we look back and think that our intercourse with one another has been marked by a desire to do all that lay in our power to promote good feeling and harmony, to lend a kindly hand to forward anything likely to advance the condition morally, mentally and socially of all those with whom we are brought into daily contact. And when it happens as at present that we are on the "deep and dark blue ocean," far away, many of us perhaps, from those we love and who make life pleasant to us, and as it were, strangers and pilgrims bound for a distant shore, ought we not to strive to do all that lies in our power, individually and collectively, to look with kindly feelings on one another's failings, to look at everything from the sunny side, and bear with those petty annoyances which are likely to occur amongst a community of different tastes, habits and thoughts? It is not my intention to speak in an unkindly spirit of the interruption offered by a few to the efforts made on Thursday night to amuse the whole of the passengers and crew. Surely there are nights enough in the week for persons of all tastes, musical and otherwise, to follow those particular inclinations inherent in them without the necessity of clashing. It is more than probable that it was through a misconception the little affair alluded to occurred, but if there be a few—and it is to be hoped there are not many—who are in opposition to the general wishes for the public good, we may exclaim in the words of the classical poet—"Non Ignara mali miseris securrere disco," or as the bard Goldsmith so touchingly and beautifully renders it, "Taught by that power that pities me, I learn to pity others."

Moq.

### SCHOOL.

The Misses Smith commenced their arduous duties as trainers of the juvenile mind on Monday last, and it has been continued during the week. By the fact evinced by Miss Smith it is evident that that young lady has been before accustomed in storing the infant understanding with the elementary branches of education. We suggest that previous to the close of the voyage a public examination be held, and that prizes be offered by some of the passengers to those children who have made the greatest advance in the subjects taught. We shall be glad to receive any letters on the subject.

### DRINK.

During the short interval since we left the shores of our native land, a great evil has already played havoc amongst many of our number. Intemperance has not only an overwhelming influence over our mental faculties, but brings upon us that degradation which immediately places us on a par with certain animals of the brute creation. This monster evil, at present the greatest curse to our island home, is the cause of an annual and increasing expenditure of £200,000,000 sterling, which would be found no insignificant sum amongst so many distressed families suffering from the existing depression in trade at home, which by many is attributed to drink. This animal thirst, after becoming habitual, is more difficult to outroot than any physical disease, the cravings of the drunkard with burning and unquenchable thirst must be beyond conception, and this miserable being was once as rational and perhaps as strong minded a man as ourselves; but alas! through occasionally increasing his customary pint or two very soon the habit grows upon him, and he becomes cliqued with public house regulars, and at last neglects business, home and everything, and dies a drunkard's death—and in many cases a young man. To the young men on board we would say one word—You are now travelling to what you hope to be a land of fortune. In commencing your new life may I suggest to you a trial of that invaluable institution—total abstinence—for a period of say six months and watch the result, financially and physically.

J. A. H.

### LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE.

		Latitude.		Longitude.
Sunday	...	31° 33' N.	...	17° 44' W.
Monday	...	30° 28' "	...	18° 38' "
Tuesday	...	28° 27' "	...	20° 26' "
Wednesday	...	26° 24' "	...	21° 48' "
Thursday	...	24° 03' "	...	23° 20' "
Friday	...	21° 27' "	...	25° 14' "
Saturday	...	19° 56' "	...	26° 02' "

### ACCIDENTS.

Mr. Marshall, a passenger, in assisting the cook to remove a boiler, unfortunately stumbled and was severely scalded on the foot with the boiling water, it is very probable that he will be laid up for some time. Mr. Hill also had accidentally some hot porridge applied to his feet, but as we have just seen him walk the deck in as majestic manner as ever, we think that the injuries have been but slight.

Master Smith also took the notion into his head to insert a fish hook into the ball of his thumb so deep that it had to be cut out, very seldom has so much pluck and presence of mind he displayed as was seen in this little chap during the operation.

### CONSTITUTIONAL OBSERVATIONS.

"It is better," says the old adage, "to be born lucky than rich," and surely the truth of this old proverb is felt by none with greater force than by those who, whether by accident or intention, find themselves inhaling the balmy, bracing,

salubrious atmosphere, and enjoying the multitudinous privileges for both mental and physical improvement and enjoyment afforded by the numerous resources of the rather modern kingdom Southesk. We say bracing and salubrious climate, and a reference to its geographical situation alone will be a sufficient guarantee for the claim which we thus advance. It is situated in the North Atlantic Ocean, in something like from 23 to 30 degrees of north latitude, and 15 to 21 degrees of west longitude. It is like some other mighty kingdoms which we could name, an island, and like some of them too, it is celebrated far and wide for the glory of its institutions, the excellence of its government, and the justice of its laws, but this brings us on to speak of him who is of necessity the head of this kingdom. It is hardly necessary to say that we refer to his most gracious majesty, our good king Nicoll, for unlike the transitory island of Sinbad the Sailor in the "Arabian Nights," which sank beneath his feet, or even the Utopian kingdom of "Moore," which had an existence only in his fertile imagination, the kingdom of Southesk is a real kingdom, having a well established monarchy, and reaping all the benefits arising from such a government. Lest any in the more remote regions of his kingdom should from an identity of names associate his majesty Nicoll I. of Southesk with Nicoll or Nicholas III. of Russia, of, to draw it mildly, rather unpleasant memory, I must say that he is not of Russian birth, but is, we are informed on good authority, a scion of an old Scotch family: of what family we cannot say, except this, that he does not come of the Stuart line. Judging from his achievements and disposition we should say that he is descended from one of the two patriotic heroes, Wallace or Bruce; but since it is only men who have no glory to record on their own account, who are always piping on the deeds of valour and chivalry performed by their ancestors, we will not thus sully the good name of Nicoll by rummaging up the annals of his ancestry. As to his system of government we cannot perhaps define it better than by saying that it is monarchical and yet constitutional, absolute and yet limited. Let not my readers be alarmed at the adjective absolute, when used to qualify the noun monarchy, for when subjects are fortunate in their king, no better form of government can exist. We do not, as some of our ancestors did, believe in the "divine right of kings to govern wrong," but we are profound believers in the human right and power of kings to govern right; for when a sovereign makes the weal of all classes over whom his sceptre extends the great object of his existence, how beneficial to those classes must be the absolute power with which he is endowed, which enables him without consulting commons, lords, or council, to exercise at once his prerogative of sovereign power, either to avenge the oppressed, to defend the defenceless, or to relieve the needy. But in the government of Southesk there is a peculiar blending of constitutional with absolute power. The great officers of state are the king's constant companions; they are his confidential advisers, and in return are in full possession of his frank, unreserved confidence, and implicit trust, as is shown by the fact that when his Majesty does not command his forces in person, the honour of that very important and responsible post is bestowed on his Prime Minister, the Right Honourable W. Everest, or the Home Secretary, the Right Honourable Walter Hodgson, both of whom, like his Majesty himself, have won honours in the field, and are much respected and venerated both by the army and by the country. By the former for their professional skill and valour, and for the courage they display not so much in the way in which they charge the enemy, as in the way they repel the enemy's charge, and by the latter for that even-handed justice, that regard for individual feeling and opinion, and the rights of private property, which characterize all their manœuvres, and their marches from one part of his Majesty's dominions to another, as well as for the security, which every South Eskian must feel under the protection of a veteran army, led by such tried and experienced officers. But speaking of the army, it occurs to us that it may interest his subjects in the more distant parts of the realm to know something more about it, for since we are daily in danger of an invasion by the one implacable foe of our king and kingdom, people cannot but be anxious as to the efficiency or otherwise of the forces on which their safety depends. Now let not

any one suppose for a moment that ours is a military government. Oh, no! our Nicoll could never think of anything of the kind, and yet it is a fact that all the great officers of state are soldiers, and soldiers too of the highest repute, many of them having served through a large number of campaigns, and have repelled the charges of the enemy on many a field. The First Lord of the Treasury and the Home Secretary have already been referred to; the same may be said of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Right Honourable Skeldon Smith, Master of the Stores, although at present, because it happens to be a time of peace, he is chiefly engaged with his clerks discharging the duties of his important offices. There are whispers abroad that his budget is forthcoming shortly, and that he intends to propose a reduction of taxation on various articles of daily consumption, and since among South Eskians as among other people, tastes differ in all things, so they do in this, some hoping that tobacco and brandy may be the favoured article, others, and we believe we are right in saying, by far the greater portion, that tea and coffee will be the articles that will meet with a favourable consideration. I said that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is attending to these duties now, because it is a time of peace, and because his Majesty, who contends "that there is time for everything, insists on everything being done in its time," that in this particular instance the strong arm of the Hon. Skeldon Smith may be ready for unfettered service should our inveterate and common foe again presume to invade his Majesty's dominions. It has been said of a certain maiden queen (not a queen of Sheba) that the secret of her great power lay chiefly in the discretion which she exercised in the choice of her ministers. Now we will not presume to say that the secret of the power of King Nicoll I. lies entirely in the choice selection of his ministers. No, for it is apparent to all that he would be great under any circumstances, and yet there can be no doubt that to some extent in his case, as in that of the virgin queen alluded to, his greatness is enhanced and his power greatly increased by the ability and efficiency of his ministers. To be convinced of this we have only to consider the merit and distinction of the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Right Honourable Wm. Lumsden (boatswain). We will say nothing of the First Lord's abilities in the office, since we have not been honoured with an interview at his office, or official residence. We have a sort of notion, perhaps we ought not to say as much, but we have a sort of notion, that he has little sympathy with any of the paraphernalia of offices or official residences, and that to these he prefers, infinitely prefers, what to us seems a inestimable quality in a "first lord," the practical duties of his office. Other first lords, we are told, pay a sort of flying visit once a year to the different building yards and fleets in their respective countries, and as a rule they are so well versed in nautical affairs that after a few hours study they might possibly distinguish between a gig and a gun carriage, or between a ship's bow and that of a Red Indian. But our first lord goes in for the practical duties of his office; he seems so intensely practical that we verily believe he would gladly accept of battle any day if only to call him away from the monotony of his office to the more exciting scene of an engagement, which accords better with his active disposition. Then his wide experience makes him in times of action as terrible to the enemy as he is valuable to his king and country. We say his wide experience, for we would have our readers to know that he is not a plant, a sprig of yesterday's growth, no Jonah's gourd springing up in a night and succumbing as quickly before the rays of the noon-day sun. Bless you, not he, he was a renowned warrior, when our good King Nicoll was in his petticoats; he has fought under many a king's banner, he has won laurels in many a clime. Storms which have uprooted not merely tender plants, but many a mighty oak have blown around him in vain. The rays of a scorching sun, the freezing withering wintry blasts of northern and southern seas, close proximity to Arctic and Antarctic icebergs, instead of softening him have made him what we see him, so well fitted for the duties of his office that no South Eskian who knows him at all, has seen those rigid marks of honour which he wears, and who knows anything at all of nautical affairs can fail to repose implicit confidence in our gallant First Lord. Now, Mr. Editor, I had intended to say

something of the other officers of state. The Lords High Steward, Chamberlain, &c., &c., as well as to have a word on the great institutions of the country, but as I must not further encroach on your valuable space, I must defer it for the present, and shall be glad to return to the subject in your next issue.

J. H. L.

#### LOST OR STOLEN

From the 3rd class married compartment, a valuable silver-mounted briar pipe. To be forwarded to the editor, *Southesk Weekly News*.

#### THE SUPPLY QUESTION.

A meeting of second and third class passengers was held in the Bachelors' Hall on Tuesday last. Mr. Marriner was voted to the chair. The quality of the beef, biscuits, and pickles was freely discussed, and in the end it was decided that the chairman should intimate to the captain the feelings of those assembled, and to ask that if practicable, and after getting into a more favourable latitude as regards wind, he would kindly supply a little more flour in lieu of the wretched paving stones now in circulation. Every one felt for the captain in having to hear so many complaints and grumblings.

ANSWER TO RIDDLE OF LAST WEEK.—A great deal.

A BARQUE from Honfleur to New Orleans was signalled last Wednesday.

#### CONCERTS.

On Tuesday and Thursday evenings vocal music was freely discoursed on the quarter deck. Owing to some annoying circumstances which happened, we think that it will be better to let them pass without notice, with the hope that a perfect understanding in future may exist between the different representatives of the different musical tastes on board.

#### PATRICK McGOVERN'S LETTER.

No. 2.

On Board Southesk.

DEAR FATHER.

I now take up the thread of my discourse, as his riverence would say, and thry to describe my voyage to London, aafter laving Dublin. The night was coorse, and the boat rowled through the waves, till I was shure we should all be drownded. A dale ov the boys kept laning over the side ov the ship, and at ivery heave she gave, ye would hear a heavy splash in the wather. I axed won ov the saylors what they were doin, and he towld me they were throwin' out bait. "There must be a dale ov fish," ses I, "but it will hinder the fishin, I think, putting out bait that way." He laughed at me, and said, I would mebbe find out the meaning before morning. I was towld before going on boord, that the safest plan was to take a heavy supper. I was sorry for this before the end ov the voyage, as I had some throuble in parting company wid it. There was a dacent boy from our own country who was very bad; his face got a green colour, aafter he throwed out his share on bait. The boat was travelling at such a rate, that sorra a man ov us could keep is feet, and the boy I spoke ov, was so sick he axed was there anybody would throw him overboord. My whole trouble was to keep myself from goin overboord, by dint ov the awful rocking and rowling, through the big waves. Howsumever, it's a long night has no mornin, and this is just as thrue on sae as land. We reached Holyhead, and there was nobody missing. Whin I got on land I thought ov the dangers ov the deep, and I thried to describe what sae sickness was, but I couldn't. It begins by yer feeling something as a little boy does when he shmokes an ould dhudeen for the first time, and it ends by yer thrying to turn inside out. Before coming ashore, I wanted to turn out dacent, and so I got my razure, but it tuk two boys, won holding my

nose, and the other studying the back ov me hed, before I could begin to shave. I was glad to get off the boat, but whin I got into the thrain, it wint so fast, I couldn't keep from thinking on all the accidents I ever heerd tell on, and I was shure we would be aff the rails. At last I could stand it no longer, so turning to a man beside me, I ses, "Do ye think there is much danger, sur," ses I, "ov an accident." "I dunno," ses he, quite sharp like. "Well," ses I, "if she would run aff the rail we would be badly hurt." Turning round to me, he says, "We 'ave so many haxidents 'ere, we don't think much about them." Then he axed me if iver I heerd tell of a haxident at Abergale. "No, sur," ses I; "was there anybody hurt?" "Urt!" ses he, "why there was a hearl and is wife, hand a lot of grand people, besides a greyhound and some sarvints, kilt, and thin burned to death." "Mebbe they were in a smoking carriage," ses I, noticing that a lot ov boys were smoking where we were. "Not at all," ses he, "they were carrying patriolium." "And what might that be, sur?" ses I; "had they it in their pocket?" "It's a sort of ile," ses he, "and it was in won ov the big wagins." "Do they carry it often?" ses I. "Whiniver they get an ordher," ses he. I was grately frightened at this, but I didn't purtend to be, for very likely they would have laughed at me; howsumiver, when we cum to the next station I got out.

(To be continued in our next.)

#### RELIGIOUS.

Services in connection with the Presbyterian Church, and the Church of England, were held on Sunday last. The usual bi-weekly meeting for singing sacred songs was also held. Next week we understand prayer-meetings, interspersed with hymns and addresses, will take the place of the present arrangements on the nights already set apart.

The last week's issue of this paper was missing for some time, and it was not until we were on the point of going to press that it was returned. As the papers will be printed on our arrival in New Zealand, and to keep them safe, the editor will in future duly read the journal to the passengers, and on no account will he allow the journal and himself to part company.

Numbers 1, 2, and 3 were edited by Doctor C. B. Hay, whose untimely death we announce in our next issue.—Editor.

October 18th, 1879.



## THE SOUTHESK WEEKLY NEWS.

No. 4. SOUTH ATLANTIC OCEAN, 17° 33' S., 31° 30' W. Nov. 1, 1879.

**I**T affords us sincere pleasure to report that since the appearance of the article on harmony in our last issue, the grievances complained of have entirely disappeared, and in their place a delightful spirit of union has made itself apparent. The evidences of this change may be seen in many shapes, and warrant us, we believe, in anticipating a continuance of the same pleasant state of matters till the end of our voyage. We are pleased to observe that representatives of all classes on board are taking part in the different amusements devised for the enjoyment of all, and that a better understanding is springing up from our growing acquaintance with each other. At no time, perhaps, is one more thoroughly convinced of the existence and spread of this desire for the cultivation of more friendly relations with one another, than when he strolls along the deck at that quiet hour when the curtains of night are spread, and its welcome shadows rest upon the quiet little spots where youths, smitten with the tender passion, pour into the listening ears of blushing maidens the tender tale that the bursting heart can no longer hold, or when under the light of the pale moon a long line of linked pairs gracefully sweeping round the promontories of the main-deck, tacking round the after-hatch and pursuing their course along the lee side fetch up the position from which they started. It is interesting to notice, in connection with these episodes of our voyage, the laudable efforts that are being made by several of the young gentlemen on board to extend the field of their information by acquiring a knowledge of the dumb alphabet. At almost every hour from morning till night some devoted pupil may be seen eagerly watching the movements of the fingers of a certain young lady, who, with kindly good nature and without remuneration of a monetary kind, seeks to impart in a different form, and to pupils of a more advanced and perhaps more interesting age, the knowledge which her sisters are instilling into the minds of the infantile community. So eagerly, indeed, is her instruction sought after, that we have more than once seen her besieged by a number of these enthusiastic lovers of learning (of course they are influenced simply by the passion for knowledge) and almost driven to distraction by their appeals to her for assistance. We take it as one of the most hopeful signs of the progress of our age that such a spirit is abroad, and we feel it to be our duty to congratulate the young lady in question upon the healthful influence which she has been the means of creating and spreading on board the good ship Southesk.

It is but fair, however, to add that the other young ladies on board are manifesting a most praiseworthy disposition to contribute their quota to the general good and by the sweet notes of their voices at the weekly concerts, and by their still more attractive and persuasive tones in a smaller circle, they are doing their part to draw closer those bonds of union, which may ultimately land some of our number in the United States.

J. M'C.

### OBITUARY NOTICE.

It is our melancholy duty to announce the death of Doctor C. B. Hay, one of our fellow-passengers, which took place rather suddenly, on Saturday, 25th ult.

He had been subject to heart disease for some time, and when an attack of apoplexy took place at an early hour on Saturday morning, it was only too plain that his hours were numbered. He never regained consciousness, and passed away

quietly after some twelve hours illness. His urbanity of manner, geniality of disposition and desire to please, made him a general favourite, while his untiring exertions to provide amusements earned for him the admiration of all on board. It was owing entirely to his indefatigable energy that the *Southesk Weekly News* was originated, and up to the time of his death he discharged efficiently the duties of Editor. The funeral took place at 6 p.m. After the burial service had been read by the Revs. J. McCracken and T. R. Cairns, the body was committed to the deep; every one on board coming to pay their last tribute of respect to one who, although known to most of them for only a short time, had gained their respect and esteem.

H. C. G.

The following lines have been written by one of the passengers on board :—

#### IN MEMORIAM.

Left far behind  
Where the waves and wind  
Are singing his funeral dirge;  
While the petrels cry  
Seems like a sigh,  
As it swiftly skims the surge.

Far from the strand  
Of his native land  
The sea received his clay,  
And the briny foam  
Will be his home  
Till the resurrection day.

No loved one's eye  
To see him die  
To watch his latest breath;  
No soft caress  
Of tenderness  
To soothe his path to death.

From mid the crowd  
Wrapt in his shroud  
We launched him in the deep;  
And there at rest,  
On Ocean's breast  
We left him fast asleep.

J. H. THOMPSON.

#### CONSTITUTIONAL OBSERVATIONS.

If any one truth can be said to have a wider application than another, it is that "man is the creature of circumstances." It is as true in the dominion of Southesk as in any other kingdom of the habitable world. And this, Mr. Editor, is my only apology for deviating from the course which in your last issue I announced my intention of pursuing, in laying before your readers a few of my observations, constitutional and otherwise, of this powerful and highly privileged land. For happening, in my wanderings yesterday, to espy a large poster announcing that a grand concert was to be held in the capacious Assembly Rooms in a fashionable quarter of our chief city, and to be presided over by a person of no less note than our talented and respected Prime Minister, I of course, like everybody else, at once decided to forego every other claim, both of duty and pleasure, and attend the concert, and having attended it I feel influenced by some irresistible power to defer for the present the subject of armies and war, and to give a few observations on the softer, yet by no means less inspiring and ennobling

subject of music. The influence of which, not only on highly cultured subjects like those of king Nicoll, but also on the most savage of nations, cannot be too highly estimated. Perhaps it is due to our advanced state of civilisation and high culture, that the siren's strains do not now enchant and charm us to some daring deed to our destruction, as it did the stern old mariners of the ancient world. But though we are not influenced by the sirens of Scylla, yet we are by those of Southesk, as was shown last night by the very large attendance at the Assembly Rooms, and who, if we may judge from the unflagging attention paid, and the frequent and loud applause, were highly gratified with the evenings entertainment. And surely Mr. Editor, why should they not? Music has power over our better nature when all other means have failed, and since we have among us just now a large number of visitors from different parts of other countries, it was only natural to expect that the music last night (which by the way was entirely vocal) would be, as it proved to be of a very high order indeed; and that the readings and recitations should not only be equal to the music, but like it, worthy of such an occasion and such an audience. Among those who took part were representatives of the "Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock," a report of which will appear in another column; and whose acquaintance under similar circumstances we hope soon again to make. Among the audience we noticed beside the noble president (who was supported on the right by the indefatigable secretary) a large number of the officers of state, among whom the tall form of the home secretary was especially conspicuous. His majesty was unavoidably absent, having to attend to certain pressing matters of state. But your readers will be delighted to know that he has actually consented to preside at our next concert. For the edification of those who are perhaps too prone to associate with king Nicoll's name nothing but what may be termed the sinews of war for the edification of those, I may say, that his majesty's education has by no means been confined to military schools. Oh, no! he has great proficiency in science and art, is well versed in the literature of his own and other countries; has an extensive knowledge of the heavenly bodies, and has in fact quite a literary and scientific turn of mind. Such being the case, may we not hope that the noble gathering of last night was only the forerunner of a season of such gatherings under the direct or deputed patronage and presidency of our good king; and since there are hints abroad that our august visitors intend for a time at least to settle down among us, we shall hope that their attendance and patronage of our national concert, will produce not only musical harmony, but also harmony of feeling among every subject of the kingdom Southesk. J.H.L.

#### THE DEAD HORSE.

It has been the custom since time immemorial to throw the "dead horse" overboard when a ship has been four weeks at sea.

This ceremony accordingly come off on Friday evening, the 24th ult. The get up was particularly good, and all the arrangements were carried out with much spirit by the members of the crew. Too much praise cannot be given to the grooms—Messrs. Kingsboro' and Corrigan—for the efficient manner in which they discharged their duties. As both these gentlemen are Irish, of course we had a wake, the first officer supplying the lights needed on such an occasion. After the ceremony was duly completed, the crew drank to the memory of "the departed."

#### CROSSING THE LINE.

We accomplished this feat on Sunday last about mid-day, and though from childhood we have been in the habit of regarding the Equator as a solid line dividing the earth into two equal parts; we managed to cross it without feeling any great shock. Some of the passengers were able to see the Line by means of a very powerful telescope kindly lent by the captain, and specially prepared for the occasion. At this part of the voyage Neptune, accompanied by some members of his family, usually appears on board, and for the time being discharges the functions of a barber. Whether it was that our pace was too rapid, or that being a

faithful observer of the Sunday, he didn't wish to infringe on its sacred hours, we cannot say; but at any rate he didn't make his appearance. We were permitted to see his razor, and from its appearance we shouldn't much like to cultivate a closer acquaintance.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the *Southesk Weekly News*.

SIR—If you have no objections, I will give you a few lines for publication in your widely circulated paper concerning some of the incidents that occur on board our floating village during my rambles about the deck. Lately some of the young ladies have taken a great fancy to smile and wink at me occasionally when I pass them. I do not know whether it may be my good looking face or general upright appearance; but if it is for splicing they are after, all I can say is to port their helm, for you know yourself Mr. Editor, that "once bit twice shy." To see the young people pairing off now is remarkable—it is the old game—so that can't be helped. Some are walking arm in arm, others looking over the rail at the vessels wake as she ploughs along, and others sitting secretly under lee of a rope yarn or broom-stick, so that they can converse more privately about the honey-moon, whether the great event will take place on board or wait until they arrive at their future home, or ever at all. When I went a courting some forty years ago, I did it openly as you would yourself and was duly married in church, and was happy, but I will not say for how long. With mutual consent we were joined together, and with the same understanding we parted after tiring of each other, so I cannot advise the young people, but should certainly like to have a marriage on board. Not only would it give one of the reverend gentlemen a little to do, but it would be an occurrence that never happened before on board the Southesk, and being a day of rejoicing there would be a small dash of grog come to my share to wish the young folks success, which would be very acceptable in this hot weather. Not wishing to occupy too much of your space at present, but with your permission you will hear weekly from yours, etc.

AN OLD SALT.

#### CONCERT AND READINGS.

This twofold entertainment came off on Thursday evening. A carefully prepared programme led us to anticipate a pleasant evening, and our expectations were more than realised. The audience was large and representative, and from their frequent applause we consider they were highly satisfied with the entertainment. Where all acquitted themselves so well, it would be invidious to make special reference to any of the ladies or gentlemen, who kindly gave their services on the occasion. Perhaps the highest compliment we can pay them is to express the hope that they may favour us often before the end of our voyage.

#### RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

The usual religious services were conducted on last Sunday. The Rev. McCracken and Mr. Cato officiated in the morning, and the Revs. Cairns and McCracken in the afternoon. The usual prayer-meeting was held on Wednesday evening, and a practice of sacred music on Friday evening.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

Arrangements have been made to hold a Spelling "B" on next Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock. Intending competitors will kindly send their names to the secretaries, Messrs. Moore and Wrenford, not later than Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock. The competition is open to all subscribers, and any other person may compete on payment of 3d. (threepence) to the secretaries. The words given shall be those in ordinary use, and in all cases the decision of the umpire must be final. The committee offer three prizes of 2s. 6d., 1s. 6d., and 1s.

## CONCERT AND READINGS.

The above entertainment will be given on Thursday next, at 7 p.m. Ladies and gentlemen intending to take part will kindly give the titles of their songs or readings to Messrs. Moore and Wrenford, not later than *Wednesday evening*.

## OUR VOYAGE.

During the week we have made very satisfactory progress. The wind, though generally considered fickle, has proved better than its character, and has carried us very steadily through the much dreaded tropics. A reference to the accompanying log shows an average of almost three degrees per day. On Saturday night we passed St. Paul's Rock, but at such a safe distance that it was invisible. On Monday we sighted "Fernando Noronha," a convict settlement of the Government of Brazil. Though its associations are unpleasant, it was a very agreeable sight to all on board, as we had seen nothing but the restless waves since we passed Madeira. We sighted several vessels, but most of them were at a distance. Two came very near us, the Annie Fish and the Stella, both American traders. Up to the present we have not been able to send home any report of our progress.

## LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE.

		Latitude.		Longitude.
Sunday	...	0° 2' N.	...	30° 30' W.
Monday	...	3° 12' S.	...	31° 54' "
Tuesday	...	6° 11' "	...	32° 48' "
Wednesday	...	9° 5' "	...	33° 42' "
Thursday	...	11° 45' "	...	34° 34' "
Friday	...	15° 5' "	...	33° 21' "
Saturday	...	17° 33' "	...	31° 30' "

Saturday, November 1st, 1879.

## THE SOUTHESK WEEKLY NEWS.

No. 5 SOUTH ATLANTIC OCEAN, 26° 14' S. 25° 00' W. Nov. 8, 1879.

It has been remarked of man as the feature which distinguishes him from the brute creation that he is a religious animal, possessed of religious instincts and feelings which show that he has been elevated to a high pinnacle in the scale of being, and that he is capable of still higher destiny. These characteristics of human nature have ever manifested themselves in some shape or other among all peoples, whether savage or civilized, and the religious observances which are the outflow of these have always been treated with becoming respect.

No doubt there have always, as now, existed differences of opinion as to the form, &c., of religious worship, but common courtesy, not to speak of higher reasons, ought to make us tolerant and respectful toward those who differ from us in religious views. Now we do not say that it was anything of this kind which was the occasion of the annoyances that, on the Sabbath day, and last Sabbath in particular, have distracted the minds of both ministers and people at the religious exercises, and rendered it all but impossible for them to engage in the services with the proper spirit. Whether it is due to the fact that we are now on board ship, and it is therefore supposed that our obligations in this respect are less stringent than on land, or whether it is the result, as we would be disposed to believe, of mere thoughtlessness on the part of some, we are not prepared to say; but, whatever be the reason, now that attention has been called to the matter, we hope the disturbances to which we have alluded will not be repeated, and that we shall not be compelled to refer again to anything of this nature. Had the annoyances proceeded from the children simply, this could be more easily overlooked, but when grown-up men and women gather close to the place where the services are held and converse with one another in a tone loud enough to be distinctly heard by those present it becomes really unendurable.

Might we appeal to those who do not choose to present themselves as worshippers not to distract the attention of those who wish to hear, and may we suggest to parents the propriety of keeping their children in order during the time of service? We should be heartily delighted to see all present—children as well as adults—but surely it is little enough to expect that the services will be allowed to be conducted without interruption.

J. M'C.

## THOUGHTS OF HOME.

O'er the deep and boundless ocean,  
Ploughing through each crested wave,  
Sails our ship with stately motion,  
Guided by her captain brave.

In the far off distance leaving  
All the scenes we love the best;  
Scenes to which we'll aye be cleaving  
Till our spirits are at rest.

Yet though in each hour grows longer  
That far track by which we've come,  
Still the yearning love grows stronger  
Which we bear towards our home.

When at night the angry billows  
By the winds are lashed to foam,  
Turn we o'er upon our pillows  
Dreaming of that distant home.

Ah! we knew not till we parted  
Love could cast so strong a spell,  
Till in accents broken-hearted  
Breathed we that sad word "farewell."

When at night so soft and lightly  
Silver moonbeams tip each wave,  
Think we then it shines as brightly  
On some loved one's quiet grave.

And perchance some loved as dearly  
Clasped not long since to our breast,  
Soon that moon will shine as clearly  
O'er the grave wherein they rest.

But like swallows homeward darting  
O'er the trackless ocean vast,  
We will reach a land where parting  
From the loved ones cease at last.

J. H. THOMPSON.

#### ENTERTAINMENTS.

##### CONCERT AND READINGS.

As announced in our last issue this entertainment was given on Thursday evening under the presidency of the captain. A very attractive programme had been prepared by the secretary (Mr. Moore), several singers and readers appearing on this occasion for the first time. We have no hesitation in saying that this was the best thing of the kind given since we came on board, several of the singers were rapturously applauded, and a very urgent demand expressed for an encore. Owing to the length of the programme it was impossible to comply with this request.

We are happy to notice the effect which our leading article in last week's issue has had upon our friends on board. This has been apparent in a variety of ways, but perhaps in nothing more than in the songs and readings of Thursday night. In proof of this we may only remind our readers of one gentleman who had made up his mind to pop the question; and another, who appeared almost distracted about Nancy, who had been carried away by a too fortunate rival. A very well-deserved vote of thanks was passed enthusiastically to the chairman for his courteous and dignified conduct in the chair, and to the ladies and gentlemen who took part in the entertainment.

##### SPELLING BEE.

The first of these very amusing entertainments came off on Tuesday evening. Thanks to the energy of the very efficient secretary, a fair number of competitors presented themselves. From their appearance one was naturally led to expect a spirited contest. There was something very amusing in the words which upset several of the competitors.

E. G., one of our most fascinating young gentlemen, seemed not quite up to being eligible. Another, perhaps the strongest of the pupils, admitted himself exhausted after the second round. One of the sailors unfortunately got lost in the *Mediterranean*. Perhaps the most genial of our officers happened on this occasion not to be agreeable, while our poet found as many others have done, that *strychnine* is too strong to be wholesome. After an hour's contest, in which the unsuccessful were lustily cheered by way of encouragement, the circle was gradually reduced to the fortunate three who stood in the following order:—Mr. Hugh McCracken, 1st; Mr. Wearmouth, 2nd; Mr. Holden, 3rd. The proceedings were varied by several songs and a reading.

#### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A concert and readings will be given on Thursday next at 7 o'clock. The secretary will receive the titles of songs and readings up till Wednesday evening. As it may not be possible to accommodate all on the coming Thursday, those who wish to take part should communicate at once with Mr. Moore.

A spelling bee will be held on Tuesday next, the 11th inst. at 7 o'clock. The rules will be the same as on the former occasion, and the prize to be competed for will be a handsome set of chessmen, kindly presented by Mr. Cato.

#### RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

The usual services were conducted on last Sabbath day. Revs. Messrs. Cato and Lewis officiated in the morning, and Revs. Messrs. McCracken and Cairns in the afternoon. Owing to the severity of the weather on Wednesday evening, the prayer-meeting was not held this week. On Friday evening the hymns to be used at the services on Sabbath were practised by the Choral Union.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the *Southeast Weekly News*.

SIR,—This has been a very quiet week, and I would have had nothing to say to you at all if a large bodied "Soot" had not come to me the other day, saying he felt rather queer, and would sooner take my advice than trouble the doctor. I asked him what he thought was the matter, and he told me that he had an awful pain and disturbance in his innerd regions all night, and still continuing this morning nearly unbearable. So, making his face look anything but natural, he says, "Bo'son, Bo'son, what shall I do?" I saw at once he was suffering from an overloaded stomach, and asked him what he had eaten the day before. He replied, "I had some porridge for breakfast, and being used to that sort of food at home, I like it, but a great number of our mess do not, so I get their share, which amounts to a basin full (the basin holds two gallons of water). It being very nice yesterday, I asked the cook if he had any more, and he gave me the copper to clean out, saying, 'Eat that and burst.' I managed to get another basin full out of it. Now, bo'son, that wasn't very much for a hard-working man's breakfast. I says, "No, indeed, and you must have been working pretty hard to have got all that stowed away. Were you hungry after that?" "Not very," he said; but when I went below, one of the mess had just brought down the boiled pork, and as it looked very nice, I thought a slice or two would help to keep the porridge right, and fill up any crevices that might be left. So with goodwill I started to it, and before I left off the pork for the whole mess had disappeared. I was not fit for any dinner further than about the same amount of pea soup as I had had of porridge. I had half a tin of preserved meat (three pounds) and six sea cakes, which I ate for tea. That's all I had yesterday, and I don't think we get enough to eat on board ship." I said, "No, it don't look like it." And he says, giving the most piteous groan, "Oh! bo'son! bo'son? what am I to do?" I said, "There was nothing like a little sea water for that sort of thing." "But it's salt," says he. "Never mind," said I, "I will mix a dose for you, if you will bring me half a pannikin full of treacle." He brought it to me, and when I had filled it up from the head pump, I stirred it well, adding a few teaspoonfuls of tar to make it more palatable. He took this mixture without even stopping, and smacked his lips afterwards. "Now," says I, "go to your bed at once, and sleep sound until you wake." Next afternoon he came to me again, saying, "That was a splendid sleeping draught you gave me; I have just woke up, and feel all right, but awfully hungry. I think it must have been the hot pork that was the bother below, for I don't remember of ever eating six (6) lbs. before—which observation brought tears to the eyes (through laughing) of your friend."

AN OLD SALT.

To the Editor of the *Southesk Weekly News*.

SIR,—Would you kindly allow me to refer to the very unseemly conduct of some people on board during the time of religious service on Sunday. Of course, it is understood that no person is expected to go there, except those who mean to join in the service; and yet I have seen, Sunday after Sunday, men come and sit only a few yards from the clergyman officiating, and continue to smoke and talk as though nothing particular were going on. Apart altogether from the want of respect shown in this, any one who has received a religious training cannot help being struck with the irreverence exhibited. I cannot say to what church these people may belong—or whether they belong to any—but I think by their action they show, to say the least of it, exceedingly bad taste. It is usual with some people to speak of clergymen as men who work simply for the pay they receive, but here we have gentlemen who give their services gratuitously, I think therefore the worship of God, if not respect for themselves, ought to induce those who have no desire to take part in the services to remove to some other part of the vessel, where they would be beyond the hearing of what may not be palatable. I have observed that part of the passengers seem to turn their children adrift at this particular time, and allow them to wander at will, even among those who desire to be otherwise engaged. I have noticed that parents who attend the services and bring their children with them, exercise such control over them that they, on no occasion, interfere with the comfort of their fellow-worshippers. Hoping you will insert this in your issue of this week.

I am, yours, &c.,  
A PASSENGER.

#### LOST.

About a week ago a lady's Log-Book mysteriously disappeared. As its disappearance has caused considerable inconvenience to its owner, any person knowing of its whereabouts will kindly communicate with the Captain or Mr. Moore.

#### ACROSTIC.

C ould I Apollo's lyre command,  
O r sing with poet's glowing fire,  
N o minstrel with a master hand  
S hould sweep his lady's praises higher—  
T he graces of a cultured mind  
A nd winning ways and charms so rare,  
N e'er thus before in one combined  
C onstrain me at thy feet to swear  
E ternal love and constanc(e)y.

#### OUR VOYAGE.

We lost the South-east trades unfortunately on Sunday last, and since then our running has been rather unsteady, and our course somewhat uncertain. On Tuesday, we passed the island of Trinidad, which was about forty miles distant. Not being able to see so far, we had not the pleasure of making its acquaintance. It stands a little over 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, and its inhabitants are for the most part goats and hogs, or hogs and goats, if any person would prefer that form of expression.

On Wednesday, we had a heavy downpour of rain, which contributed largely to our laundry stores. During the week we have seen a number of vessels and succeeded in speaking three of them—the Assaye of Greenock, bound for Bombay; the M. C. Nelson, bound to Liverpool; and the Sevilla, from London to Colombo, Ceylon. It is satisfactory that in every instance outward bound vessels spoken by us have been at sea several days longer than ourselves.

## THE SOUTHESK WEEKLY NEWS.

No. 6. SOUTH ATLANTIC OCEAN, 38° 39' S., 3° 56' W. Nov. 15, 1879.

**A**WAY from the noise and din of commerce, and the strife and unrest of political pursuits, where from force of circumstances we are obliged to speak and think of ourselves perhaps more than may be consistent with modesty or conducive to our own good, we may be pardoned, if to-day we reflect on some of the advantages likely to accrue from our present voyage. Most people—certainly all who have at any time suffered from that indescribable something which seems to take the spring out of our nervous system, and replace it by that languid feeling, which wishes to be let alone—have time after time been advised to get away from the wear and worry of every day life, and seek to have their blood oxygenated and their nervous system braced up by a short sojourn at the seaside, or better still, by a sea voyage. While the first may be easily in the reach of most people, the second is simply impossible to many, for generally speaking, it means the breaking up of old associations, the severing of home ties, and the assumption at all events for a time of the position of a stranger in a strange land. In addition to these which are certainly the most serious, there are many others which make people shrink from this; but turning from the darker side we would like to-day to speak of some of the advantages of a voyage such as we are taking at present. First of all, speaking on the health question, we think we have reason to congratulate ourselves on the marked improvement which is apparent in many on board. Some have been advised to take this voyage as a remedy, and others as a preventive of sickness, and so far as we can judge from appearances we think, for so far our voyage has been all that could be desired. We are glad to know that there is no one seriously ill at present, and we only echo the sentiment of all on board when we express the hope that the termination of our voyage will find us all fit for the duties of the new sphere on which we hope to enter. We regret, however to learn, as may be seen by an article in another column, that kleptomania of a malignant kind has shown itself amongst some of the passengers. For the benefit of those who may not be acquainted with technical terms, we may describe this disease as a “loving of our neighbours goods not wisely, but too well.” We have not been definitely informed as to the number of cases, but as it is a preventible disease, we trust that such steps shall be taken as will prevent its reappearance.

Composed as we are of representatives of most classes of society and of the different professions, we have here an opportunity of becoming acquainted with each other in a way impossible on land; and as we know each other better we feel that many false notions and erroneous opinions shall be got rid of. For the time being we lose that idea of class which, to many, is anything but agreeable, and whatever our position may have been on shore, there has been on all hands a desire to contribute a fair share towards the entertainments and amusements which have been got up with the idea of passing a pleasant hour. Again going as we all are to a new country, where of necessity we shall miss much of what at home we looked upon as essential to comfort, and perhaps even to existence itself; we gain on ship-board experience which afterwards may be invaluable. We cannot learn too soon to be self-reliant, specially as we mean to live in a country where a strong arm is more valued than a delicate hand, and where muscle is often more in demand than brain. On ship-board, especially in the forward part of the ship many have an opportunity of learning to make themselves useful as well as ornamental. A good many talents have already been developed, and after three months apprenticeship, where one is working for his own comfort, what wonder if we have cooks who can turn out a toothsome dish and bakers who can make yeast as well as bread.

But turning to a more sentimental subject now that we have crossed the line and are in that season, when "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," it is not matter of surprise if our young people seem to allow a little of human nature to show itself. Away from parental restraint or, where it is leniently exercised, there are opportunities which many on board know well how to value. Though the circle is limited, and the field narrow, that is all the greater reason why it should be carefully cultivated. Judging from observation, we have no reason to complain of any want of diligence in this respect—and we are much mistaken if several have not already been convinced "that it is not good for man to be alone; or what is equally true, that "two are better far than one, for counsel or for fight."

## POETRY.

Our gallant barque Southesk by name  
Is a ship they say has gained great fame;  
In Brisbane, Calcutta, and Pt. de Galle  
She has carried the palm against them all.

Our brave commander Captain N.,  
Is firm and kind to all his men;  
He drives his ship through foam and spray  
And hopes to be there by Christmas day.

The mate in stature though not tall,  
Is attentive and kind to one and all—  
Men, women and children hope that he may  
Be a captain himself, some not distant day.

Mr. Walter Hodgson, Southesk's second mate,  
Is tolerably good looking and very sedate;  
He walks the deck with a step so free,  
You would say at once he's a captain to be.

Mr. Sheldon Smith, officer No. 3,  
Is engaged in dispensing bread, flour and tea;  
A favourite with the women below and above,  
I think I may say he enjoys cupboard love.

Our Bos'on, too, is a man with a face,  
That shows you at once he can splice the main brace;  
In rigging and splicing he exceeds all on board,  
And a writer of prose has called him first lord.

Next in turn comes Old Sails—a tall man and thin,  
Who never refuses a glass of good gin;  
With palm on his hand and canvass on knees,  
He prepares all our sails to stand a good breeze.

Dr. Garde, Southesk's surgeon, when people are ill,  
Cures all their complaints with very great skill;  
At night on the promenade all who may care,  
May see him quite smitten with one who is there.

And last though not least, are the men tried and true;  
Who on board the Southesk form a good-looking crew,  
In storm or in calm, on shore or at sea,  
They are always the same—brave, manly, and free.

On the poop when at night the moon sheds its light,  
On all the dark corners that they think out of sight;  
You may see by the light, that we may call moony,  
Many couples so close—they are evidently spoony.

And now with great love, I come to a toast,  
The proposal of which is the youngest man's boast;  
The ladies, God bless 'em and all of their sex,  
And may we ne'r trouble, ill-treat them or vex.

As now we are but forty days out,  
Great events have occurred us on our route;  
As you will see if you'll only puruse  
That excellent paper *Southesk Weekly News*. ANON.

## OUTWARD BOUND.

With a fair breeze and a strong breeze,  
We're sailing along;  
With our prow ploughing through the seas  
The billows among.

With a gallant and a hardy crew,  
Every man to his skipper true,  
Every heart light and jovial too,  
And every arm strong.

With yards square and canvas full,  
With every sail set,  
She's swift as an ocean gull,  
There's none beat her yet.

With merry song and lightsome dance,  
Which on her deck the young folks prance  
With sweet glance meeting tender glance;  
P'raps lips too have met.

With a strong pull and lusty shout,  
Haul away my boys;  
The wind's ahead, we'll go about,  
So let's make a noise;  
We'll still be merry, though we know  
A head sea runs, and breezes blow  
From where we wish our ship to go,  
Yet 't won't spoil our joys.

With a fair breeze and a strong breeze,  
A wind that can grip her,  
Our ship o'er the roughest seas  
Is ta'en by the skipper;

Soon shall our voyage be past,  
Not long till anchor's cast,  
We'll go ashore at last

From the "Southesk" Clipper. J. H. THOMPSON.

## KLEPTOMANIA.

This disease, which some benevolent people consider a failing rather than a fault, may be described as an inordinate and uncontrollable desire to lay hands on what belongs to another—it is, so to speak, a moral disease affecting the nervous system, and not a vicious vice. Under proper religious and moral training it may be restrained, and the person subject to it released from its influence. By many good authorities and with considerable reason, it is believed to be nothing more nor less than stealing, if we may use a vulgar form of expression. We are prompted to speak on this subject by the frequent disappearance of articles on board the Southesk, we regret much to be obliged to speak on the subject at all,

but several articles having disappeared lately we are forced to the conclusion that there must be in our number some strongly disposed to appropriate their neighbours' goods. We may refer to the disappearance of a draught board, among other things, which we can designate by no other term than theft. We trust that after this very pointed reference, that the person who has taken these articles will see the advisability not only of desisting from this practice in the future, but will show the first fruits of repentance by restoring the stolen goods. Should anything of the sort occur in the future, we expect that every honest person on board will show their disapprobation by assisting the authorities in bringing home the guilt to the proper quarter.

H. C. G.

#### SPELLING BEE.

According to previous announcement, the second of these useful and popular amusements took place on Tuesday evening last. The competition being open to all without payment of entrance fee, and the prizes offered being handsome and tempting, a large number of aspirants presented themselves. The contest was very spirited throughout, and so stubbornly did some of the competitors resist all the attempts made to dislodge them from their positions that recourse had more than once to be had to the dictionary for heavier artillery. At length, after repeated charges against the ranks that were being gradually thinned, a volley of the heaviest and most murderous kind was discharged, when it was found that only one escaped uninjured. This fortunate competitor was Mr. Shillito, who well earned the valuable set of chessmen kindly presented by Mr. Cato. The second and third places were gained by Mr. Faulkner, sen. and Miss Faulkner, who disputed the right to first place with Mr. Shillito in a very spirited manner. In addition to the prize given by Mr. Cato, a handsome map of New Zealand was offered by Mr. Lee, on condition that a second competition should take place between the six who should hold out longest in the first contest. These were Mr. Shillito, Mr. Faulkner, Miss Faulkner, Messrs. Raine, Balmer, and Julian who are therefore expected to compete at some date that is yet to be fixed. Too much cannot be said in praise of the spelling which was throughout of an excellent character and reflected great credit on all who took part. The three who stood first at the close are entitled to special mention, their spelling being the subject of general admiration.

Rev. J. H. Lewis faithfully discharged the duties of interrogator, while Dr. Garde was most impartial in his decisions as judge. The proceedings, which were interspersed with musical selections, were brought to a close by the singing of the National Anthem.

J. C. M.

#### CONCERT AND READINGS.

The usual weekly concert was held on Thursday evening last, under the presidency of our worthy second mate, Mr. Walter Hodgson. The musical talent on board was well represented, and the several items on the programme were well received by the audience. The selection of songs made by the several artists was unexceptionable, save in one instance where the taste displayed is capable of improvement. We allude to the song celebrating the merits of the electric light. We feel sure that our reference to this matter will be received in the spirit in which it is made, and that nothing offensive to the feelings of any on board will ever find its way into our amusements. We congratulate the energetic secretary, Mr. Moore, on the success which has rewarded his efforts to provide entertainment for our idle hours, and on behalf of all on board, tender our warmest thanks to the ladies and gentlemen who have given their valued services on this and previous occasions.

J. M. C.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. Editor,—Now that we have got out of the tropics and into the region of strong winds again, some of the natives are beginning to get a little timid. I

don't know myself why, for the ship never has been lost yet. Last Monday morning, we had a good capful of wind with plenty of rain, and one of our stay-sails had the bad manners to burst, and, as usual with the likes of those things, makes a great noise. It woke me up; so I came on deck, as in duty bound to lend a hand to save the pieces. After that was done, I was about to retire again on to my virtuous couch, when all at once an apparition appeared before me. Not being a believer in ghosts I was nothing daunted until I saw that it was something under a petticoat. Females I do not like to meet single-handed at any time, far less at 2 o'clock in the morning, and it very dark, so I was struck all of heap and could not move although I tried hard to get away. The figure knew me, as I am easily recognised in dark or clear weather. So it drew nearer and uttered the following words in the most despairing manner I never heard before—“Bo'swain, bo'swain, is it really all up now.” Hearing the sound of a well-known voice I recovered my senses at once. So I gave him it hot and sweet with my tongue for coming on deck with his wife's under-garment instead of his own clothing. “Hush, hush!” says he, “I had to take anything in the hurry, for the wife wears the breeches.” During that dialogue, the rain pouring down all the time, we were both drenched, and my early visitor being partial to a glass of ale, we adjourned to the nursery and nibbled away till daylight, when he told me a few more of the pleasures of being a married man. Next day, when the weather was fine, he called at my office again, saying, “I had my hair combed for keeping her so long in suspense.”

AN OLD SALT.

#### RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The usual services were held on last Sabbath—Revs. Messrs. Cairns and McCracken officiated at both services. Mr. Cato gave the address at the prayer meeting on Wednesday evening.

#### FOUND.

A sheet was found some time ago on the forehatch. The owner can have it on giving a description of it to Mr. Ellis, No. 3 berth.

A coin was found on the main-hatch on Thursday last, 13th ult. The owner can have it on application to the Editor.

Since writing our article on kleptomania, we are much gratified to learn that the missing draft board has been returned. We trust this is only an earnest of other articles which have disappeared. Editor S. W. N.

#### ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A spelling bee will be held on Tuesday evening. The competition will be for the map of New Zealand, offered by Mr. Lee. The candidates will be those mentioned in our notice of last week's spelling bee. Umpire—A. Tulk, Esq. Interrogator—Mr. Cato.

#### CONCERT AND READINGS.

This entertainment will be held, as usual, on Thursday evening. We understand that a very attractive programme will be presented by the secretary, Anthony Hill, Esq., has kindly consented to take the chair.

#### CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is your hat when on your head like a gibblet-pie?
2. Why are teeth like verbs?
3. What is the difference between a donkey and your hat?
4. What word becomes shorter by adding another syllable to it?

5. Where are we told in Scripture that five men slept together?
  6. Who first introduced salt provisions into the navy?
  7. When is a ship like a young lady in love?
- Answers to be sent to Editor before Thursday.

#### OUR VOYAGE.

This has been, in several senses, the most eventful week of our voyage. Previously, with the exception of an occasional capful of wind, we had scarcely anything to remind us that we were at sea, but that idea has been considerably dispelled during the week. We are evidently in the latitude of swells, and we may prepare ourselves for coming contingencies. We experienced our first rather stiff breeze on Sunday night, when we lost a staysail; however, as this resulted in a very respectable report for the day, we imagine, few regretted the loss. On Friday night we had a much stronger breeze, at times reaching to a full gale. Our rigging and sails suffered much more severely than on the previous occasion, but nothing very serious occurred. Our passengers all seem to have got their sea-legs now, and are able to enjoy the motion of the ship, which is really splendid in a high wind, when she dashes the foam off her sides, and dances like a cork over the highest wave. To-day's report shows the highest run of our voyage, giving, as it does, our distance at 230 miles.

## THE SOUTHESK WEEKLY NEWS.

No 7.

SOUTHERN OCEAN, 42° 11' S., 30° 07' E.

Nov. 22, 1879.

**I**N our leading article of last week we referred to some of the advantages of a long sea voyage; this week we shall point out some of its drawbacks. Thomas Carlyle has described the present age as one of "shams and shoddy." Now, however much we may admire the epigrammatic and alliterative expression, we are not disposed to accept it as a fair description of our contemporaries. Still though we may not look with such a cynical eye as the "Seer of Chelsea" on those with whom we are obliged to hold intercourse, we cannot but admit that there is some ground for his description, had it been less harsh and more limited. We see too great a tendency now-a-days to copy the style of the showman who, to an open-mouthed rural audience, dilates on the extraordinary feats of a performing dog, or the cheap Jack who, if his stock is worth 3d. per yard, tries to make the inexperienced believe that it is cheap at 3s. We cannot fail to have been struck with this among those from whom we might expect it least. This will hold true in almost every department, though some are disposed to consider it specially applicable to *shipping agents*. We had heard of this often from those who had experienced it in the past, and we consider we are not saying too much if we maintain that we have seen enough to convince us that these complaints have not been without foundation. We would preface our remarks on this subject by saying that we cannot speak *too* highly of the courtesy, consideration, and conduct of *Captain Nicoll* and all his *officers*. Everything has been done by them which would add to the comfort of all the passengers on board, but, very general dissatisfaction has been expressed by all with the arrangements made by Shaw, Savill and Co., who have chartered the vessel. Several of the saloon passengers, who paid £7 10s. each for the use of their cabin fittings, now find that the whole could have been purchased for about half that sum, and would of course have been their own property at the end of the voyage. Very general complaints have also been made by the passengers in the "2nd cabin," both as to their food and to the general arrangements of their department. The fittings of their saloon, or by whatever name it may be designated, are of the very poorest description, differing in almost nothing from the 3rd except, perhaps, that their fare was £7 more. In some respects the 3rd are even better off than the 2nd, though in all truth none are *too* comfortable. We consider it necessary to speak as we have done on this subject, and we can only hope that in future others may find themselves in happier circumstances.

Another drawback is, the isolation which of necessity we must experience. Most of us when at home would have felt ourselves behind our neighbours if we hadn't our morning paper at breakfast, and our evening one in the afternoon. A person who for a whole week hadn't read a newspaper would have been regarded by us as an heathen man, and in a grievous condition of mental darkness. Think then of our position, at the present time more than eight weeks at sea, and having come on board at a time when people were on the tiptoe of expectation regarding the fate of "Cetywayo," who, whatever may have been his faults, was too noble a savage to be robbed of *that* position and power which circumstances had given him. We would have liked also to know the termination of the new phase of the situation in Afghanistan, but we must preserve our soul in patience as fortune has been more than usually fickle in our late campaigns, thus making it a hopeless task to try and guess the solution of our national situation.

Another drawback is, time hangs heavy on our hands. Situated as we are at present, where our day's work consists of dressing in rather a *negligé* style, eating



our breakfast, dinner, and tea, and going to bed; one is not surprised to find that his hours seem somewhat longer than when on shore. Our present idea of time is very different from that of the poet who was startled by the rapidity of its progress, and explained it by the rather pretty idea of time moving on downy feet, and each day so like its predecessor that he confounded the one with the other. We are not likely to fall into Young's mistake of rolling two days into one. To spend our time has been to most of us one of the hardest problems we have had to solve since coming on board, particularly as some of us may never have had such a long holiday before, certainly never in a situation where resources were so limited. Thanks to the energy of one gentleman on board, our evenings were fairly occupied so long as the weather enabled us to meet outside, and though the entertainment may not always have been of the highest order, or of the most profitable character, yet it helped us to pass a pleasant hour, and gave something to look forward to as well as something to do to those who kindly gave the benefit of their services. Our regret at present is that these must be very few in future, as we are now in a latitude where the temperature is not conducive to evening entertainments in the open air. Some of our number knowing how tedious a three months' voyage must be, came provided with a sufficient stock of literature, which no doubt has been more highly appreciated than it might have been in less trying circumstances. In the absence of a ship's library, which would be invaluable in a voyage like ours, we would recommend as far as possible an exchange of books among the passengers, and in this way we might make up for the smallness of our collection. A good resource may also be found for an idle hour in the different games commonly played, such as chess, draughts, or cards. The two former we would strongly recommend to the younger portion of our passengers, as they furnish considerable material for thought and study. We have no antipathy to cards in themselves, yet we believe they are not at all equal to either of the others, and if we might be pardoned a word on the subject, we would strongly advise against any game where there may be an exchange of money. The principle is bad, and the practice worse; it gives too strong a fascination, and lends an unhealthy interest to a game which never can be anything more than one of the merest chance. There is danger too that as time hangs heavy some may have a desire to get rid of the monotony by partaking of spirits, which for a moment may lend a false idea of happiness to be replaced by a bitter legacy of depression and general unfitness for duty. While this subject would come more within the province of the pulpit than the press, no one having the good of his fellow men at heart can speak too strongly in favour of temperance, which is one of the noblest of all the Christian virtues. And going, as we are, to a country where many know well by bitter experience the evils of intemperance, we cannot advise our young friends too strongly on this subject. Very many unfit for situations at home, or rather incapacitated for holding them by intemperate habits, have gone there before us, and have found that no matter how clever a man may be in figures, if this is not backed up by sobriety his services will not be required.

#### THE COLONIES.

The great and growing importance of the Colonies belonging to our British empire is now a fact that meets with universal acceptance. The vast multitudes of people that are pouring in from all parts of the British islands, as well as from other countries, the repeated and pressing demands that are still being made for more, the high wages that are offered to skilled tradesmen and others in almost every department of labour, the rich yearly revenue derived from the produce exported to other countries, bear indisputable testimony to the present prosperous condition of these dependencies of the English crown, and make us hopeful regarding their future prospects. It is true that the great depression which has existed at Home for some time was felt more or less severely in the Colonies also. This is only what might be expected when we take into account the close connection between the Home market and the productions which form the main source of income to the Colonies. We have reason to believe, however, that

the evil effects of this were more apparent in some of the other Colonies, Australia for example, than in New Zealand. We must not be understood however as giving any countenance to what is perhaps a pretty prevalent idea, though a very erroneous one, that the land towards which our thoughts are now mainly turned, and which we are hoping soon to see, is a kind of fairy land, where by some kind of magic transformation, marble palaces start up at the waving of a magic wand, and where the stones beneath the feet are converted into ingots of gold. By no means. We hold it to be true that in New Zealand the conditions of success in life are very much the same as at Home. The same habits of self reliance and patient honest industry, the same spirit of buoyant perseverance and manly enterprise that raise a man to a position of comfort and even affluence in the Mother country will, perhaps in a more marked degree and in a shorter time, ensure the same to the New Zealand colonist. No doubt there are many advantages, as there are also many disadvantages, connected with the new country which are not found at Home. It has not the burden of a surplus population to sustain, and therefore no heavy taxes to pay for the maintenance of workhouses, in which the idle can pass their time pleasantly enough. A large family consisting of a dozen or more souls is not obliged to subsist on a patch of ground which would barely furnish decent nourishment for a goat, and the scanty wages which one or two of the number bring home at the end of the week. Rich broad acres of soil wanting only to be cleared from timber to be ready for the plough, and many already inviting the spade can be had at a mere nominal price, and on conditions of payment which render it possible for the very poorest to become a land holder in his own right. A tempting field is here presented to the skilled tradesman especially. The erection of public buildings, which the progress of civilization renders necessary, gives employment to a large number of such, and the supply being limited, the wages offered are high in proportion to the demand. In fact we see no reason why a good workman of thrifty and industrious habits might not in a moderate time lay by for himself and family a considerable sum of savings, which would keep them comfortably when old age comes. To these encouraging statements it may be objected that articles of common and necessary use are dearer than at home, and that therefore the same amount of money goes a shorter way in New Zealand. To this we reply that taking things all round, the expense of living is much the same in each; some things, such as clothing and house rent are higher abroad, but the articles in ordinary use are much cheaper. It ought to be borne in mind also that every year as the population increases, and towns grow, and tradesmen are drafted in from other parts, the differences in these respects will constantly diminish, till before many years they will entirely disappear. There is one other feature connected with the progress of New Zealand to which we must briefly allude, as it must always have a very material influence upon the advancement of any new country. The feature in question is the rapid extension of the railway system effecting a junction between the several centres of industry, and bringing the market within the reach of producers. Everybody can at once see that it must tend to raise the prices of produce, and to lower the cost of carriage when there is easy communication with places where the demand is brisk, and the competition between purchasers is keen. We understand that in this respect New Zealand has made rapid advances of late, and that in a short time there will be a network of railway branching out over the whole populated sections of the country. We conclude by impressing upon our readers the duty of doing their part to make the land of their adoption what we believe it is destined to be, one of the great kingdoms of the globe, and to seek to raise and elevate the tone of society by lives of upright, manly demeanour. J. M'C.

#### ENTERTAINMENTS.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather, the Concert and Spelling Bee announced in our last issue were postponed, with the hope that the elements may soon become more propitious. Due notice shall be given of them in a future

number. We understand that a concert was given in the Bachelor's Hall on Thursday evening, and we have much pleasure in inserting the accompanying notice of it, furnished by a correspondent.

A grand concert was held on Thursday evening in the Bachelor's Hall, which was crowded to excess by a highly appreciative audience. The hall was splendidly decorated by the far-famed firm of upholsterers and decorators, Messrs. Urquhart and Co., of this town. The walls were hung with many hued tapestries of the most intricate workmanship, and the illuminations placed at different parts of the spacious hall were exceedingly brilliant, the whole doing great credit to the artistic genius of the firm of enterprising decorators. The rush of carriages to the doors of the hall was as great as has ever been seen in the town of Southesk, when an entertainment has been given for the amusement of the public, and the promoters of the concert ought to feel flattered at seeing so many representatives of the fair sex present to do honour to the entertainment, and to make the artists try to excel themselves, in order to gain a smile of approval from the ruby lips of the beautiful spectators. The proceedings of the evening were commenced by a short speech from the chairman, Alfred Sharland, Esq., our worthy and respected townsman, after which he introduced the first performer, Signor Hunterini, who rendered that splendid and soul-stirring song, "My Grandfather's Clock," in his usual first class style. He was followed by that hardy veteran, Private Shakesby, of his majesty's forces, who was rapturously applauded in the song of "The Old Log Cabin in the Lane." Monsieur Bowden next appeared, and favoured the company with "One More Glass." After him, that favourite of the public, the celebrated Irish comedian and comic singer, Paddy Kingsborough, gave the "Irish Jaunting Car," in character costume, which amused the audience much, and brought the house down. Monsieur Marquand, that great singer (not in size), appeared in the character of the "Nervous Man," which is quite a new character with him, as the ladies all know. Our space does not permit of our criticising every performer in detail, but we must give special praise to Signor Emmersoni, Herr Jackson, and Mr. Urquhart, as singers standing in the first rank of Southeskian men of talent. Nor must Messrs. Corrigan, Brown, Liddle, Field, Carr, Sankey, Donaldson, Cooper and Ellis, be forgotten, the last named of which gentleman perfectly entranced the audience with his rendering of "Rosy Nell," which was given with much pathos, and almost brought tears to the eyes of those who heard him. Every singer was enthusiastically applauded, and many of them received encores. The evening's entertainment, after votes of thanks to the chairman and performers, was brought to a close by the singing of "God Save the Queen" by the whole audience. This concert, which passed off with such *eclat* is, we understand, the first of a series which are to be given, some in the Bachelor's Hall and some in the Benedict's Assembly Rooms, all of which we hope will prove as great successes as this one has.

J. H. T.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the *Southesk Weekly News*.

SIR,—The other morning when the homeward mail was reported one of our single females comes rushing up the hatchway just as I was passing, calling out, "Stop the boat until I write." I saw that she was excited, so I said, "My dear, we are going too fast and cannot stop for anything, but if your letter is of great importance the captain might stop to please you." Then she commenced to cry and would have fainted, but my gentle arm got around her slender waist, and she rested her head on my breast, wiped her eyes, and it was all over about her letter, for it was to the "boy she had left behind her." Then she rolled up her eyes and the following words came from her lips:—"You will do as well, dearest." The endearing words which I uttered afterwards I will not trouble you to publish. She looks the picture of innocence and child-like simplicity, sings like a nightingale; in fact she's the jolliest girl that's on board. You will see her and me doing a promenade any evening you take a turn up Main Street. She has promised me

a black ringlet to wear around my cap if I will promise to forget Jemima. So you see, Mr. Editor, I have put my foot in it again, and you not having much to do, I will kindly give you an introduction, so that she might take to you, and relieve your friend from his present misery.

AN OLD SALT.

#### PATRICK MCGOVERN'S LETTER.

No. 3.

DEAR FATHER,—

I have been kept so busy of late, that I have not been able to continue my letters so regularly as I expected. You remember that I told you in my last letter that I was greatly frightened about the accident that happened with the patrolium, so I got out at the first stashun we cum to, and axed won ov the boys wid corderoy close on him, if he thought they had any oil on bored, "For," ses I, "if they have, I would rather wait till the next thrain." He was a very rough sort ov fellow, as most of them English chaps is, so he just pushed me back into the thrain, and towld me not to make a fool ov meself. "Some people," ses I, looking pretty stiff at him, "are saved any throuble in that way, nature has done it for them," ses I. Still I was bothered about the thing for a good bit, and didn't care to talk much; howiver, we were no sooner started than the gintlemen I told you ov began talking about tunnels, and axed me if iver I saw won. "No, sor," ses I, "we have none ov thim at home. What are they used for?" "Why," ses he, with a broad grin and a knowin look at some ov the tother passengers; ses he, "they're holes in the hills for the thrairns to run through." But is there no danger of her sinkin in the clay?" ses I. "There is," ses he, "but we're used to that sort ov thing here." And shure wid that she shot like a flash ov lightenin into the dark. "Arrah, Milia, murther," ses I; "where are we at all at all; let me hold yer hand, yer honour, if ye're not kilt." But shure enough in a short time we were out again, and I could see that some ov the naybours were gratefully amused at me shouting. Drawing a long breath, by way ov pentendin I wasn't much frightened, I sed to a young fellow sitting opposite to me, "At any rate we'll all know the manin ov the Egyption darkness after this, for I could only see ye by feelin ye. Afther goin through two or three ov them, I began to get used to it, and was able to joke about it as well as any ov them. There was a very dacent lookin boy and girl sittin opposite me, and as they seemed anxious to knock a bit ov fun out o' me over the tunnels, I determined to be even wid them, for I noticed that they always seemed to dhrav near each other afore we got into the dark. So after we got out ov won that was longer than usual, and where there had been a dale ov whispurin and rustlin ov close, I noticed that he was sittin wid the rong side ov the newspaper to him. Afther givin a knowin wink to won or two ov the naybors, to call attention like, I ses to him. "Ye must be a mighty smart jintleman to be able to read wid the wrong side ov the paper to ye." He seemed bothered entirely wid my remark, and muttered something about my impidence, but the girl got as red in the face as a *piana rose*. I had no more ov their nudging and laughing till we got to the ind ov the journey. Afther all, dear father, there is nothin like travellin, for I niver thought the world was half as big as it appeared when we were goin from Holyhead to London. I sumtimes thought I had got into the rong thrain, but I axed at ivery stashun if this was the right road to London. What bothered me most was how the driver always kep on the right track, becaus at sum ov the stashuns there seemed to be acres of ground covered with rails. So I said to the jintleman next to me, "That driver must know the road well," ses I, "to make it out in such a hurry," for we passed lots ov stashuns widout stoppin. "Oh," says he, "there's a man standin there to direct him." "But," ses I, "how can he show him the road and him goin so fast?" So afther thinking a bit, I ses, "If he took the rong rail he would be kilt entirely, and that'll be the rayson I suppose why all the drivers are young men, for they either get kilt early, or travellin so fast wears out their days. Having noticed a number ov men wid stick legs about the platforms, I axed won

ov the passengers why the railway company seemed to have such fancy for men who couldn't be very active, and who were not very ornamental, and he tould me they were some ov the fellows that had got kilt and wounded in their axidents, and they kept them as a sort ov warnin to others to be careful. We reached Lunden at last, but I'm afeard the postman might charge extra if I gave ye a descriphshun in this letter, so I will keep it for me next.

Your affectionate Sun,

PATRICK MCGOVERN.

#### POETRY.

There was a ship and a well-known ship,  
The "Southesk" appellated.

From the India Docks she took a trip;  
And as she sailed, from many a lip  
A cheer went forth—hip, hurrah! hip,  
And that was all they stated.

There was a land, and a very jolly land,  
It flowed with milk and honey;  
So at least t'was believed by the gallant band,  
Who were sailing abroad with their families, and  
Everything upon which they could lay their hand,  
To earn a mint of money.

There was a storm, and a very heavy storm,  
(At least so some considered);  
And the passengers down the hatches did swarm,  
And turned into their bunks to keep themselves warm;  
And oh! they felt many a quake and a qualm,  
For fear their wives be widdered.

There was a blow, and a very heavy blow,  
It blew some sails to tatters;  
And then scared faces peered out from below  
The blankets and sheets, where they'd hidden you know;  
And large briny tears down their faces did flow,  
A listening to the clatters.

There was a man, and a single young man,  
(No more he'll be a rover),  
When he heard the crash, to the deck he ran,  
And fastened a Dolly's water can  
Tight round his waist, for he now began  
To think it all was over.

There was a grin, and a very merry grin,  
When the sailors heard it after;  
It spread from their brow to the end of their chin,  
For to think that a man could be taken in  
With a capful of wind and some noise and din,  
It made them shout with laughter.

J. H. THOMPSON.

#### RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Owing to the severity of the weather on Sabbath last, and on Wednesday evening, the usual religious services were not held.

#### OUR VOYAGE.

Our report for this week contains at least one feature which we are sure will commend itself to the approval of all, and that is the great progress our good ship has made since our last issue. On referring to the list of runs made on the several

days of the past week, we find that the total amounts to 1,567 miles, which is the largest score we have yet reached. We are now in the Southern Ocean, and thanks to the prowess of our noble barque and the skill of our trusty captain, his tried officers and valiant crew, not omitting our obligations to the influence of strong and favourable winds also, we are rapidly diminishing the distance which still separates us from Port Lyttelton, and the hope (which a short time ago was dim enough), of enjoying our Christmas dinner on shore is beginning to brighten. The weather during the week was somewhat trying on the nerves of some of our fellow-passengers, who were not accustomed to sea-swept decks and wind-racked sails, while the sudden flight of plates and other chinaware, spread confusion and dismay on all sides. Even some who were notably partial to that invaluable beverage—hot tea—did not relish its descent into their lap without a moment's notice. The clerk of the weather kept the best of it for the end of the week, and it was only last night he gave loose reins to his spirited steeds, who charged again and again with redoubled fury against our stout sails till two of the jibs were forced to give way before them, while the thunder and lightnings kept up loud applause and Kentish fire. Some incidents worthy of notice took place during these proceedings, which will be treated in due manner in next week's issue.

J. M'C.

## THE SOUTHESK WEEKLY NEWS.

No. 8.

SOUTHERN OCEAN, 42° 29' S., 68° 06' E.

Nov. 29, 1879.

**W**E are informed on the authority of the best historians that one of the distinguishing features of the ancients was their marked respect for the opinions of their old men. Age, as a rule, commands respect. We look with a feeling akin to reverence on a mountain that has watched the toils and struggles of a hundred generations, or at the river, apparently indued with perennial youth, which contrasts itself with men who have lived upon its banks and as they fall away from beside it, murmurs, "Men may come and men may go, but I go on for ever." The same principle seems to hold regarding opinions which have been popular, and theories looked upon as true. At all events this has been so in politics. Men have sturdily maintained opinions which had been handed down from sire to son, but there has gradually been growing up a tendency in an opposite direction, viz., a desire to hold by those opinions alone which are in keeping with the spirit of the age. This shows itself in a willing acceptance of any theory, no matter how new or how much at variance with preconceived opinions provided always it can be shown to be beneficial. At the same time there is a corresponding desire to get rid of opinions and ideas which are considered behind the time. Perhaps in some quarters this has been carried to an unwarranted degree. There is a weary dissatisfaction with anything old, and an eager grasping at everything possessed of the charm of novelty. To be attractive to some people an idea needs only to be new, and the wider it is of the old groove, so much the more likely to be popular. Provided this were kept within moderate bounds, we could only express our highest approbation, because this feeling lies at the base of all the inventions and discoveries which have enriched the present generation. We pride ourselves with good reason on the rapid progress which has been made in every department of science within the memory of men still living. Recent discoveries are all calculated to economise time and distance, and help us to appreciate more justly the resources of nature which are limited only by man's incapacity to take advantage of them in their fulness. Enterprise seems to be the characteristic of the present generation. At no period of the past has there been such a fulfilment of the words of the sacred writer who, when speaking of the future tells of a time when "Many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased." Innumerable facilities are offered now-a-days for increasing our information. Perhaps our penny newspaper is one of the most important institutions of the present generation. It brings within the reach of all—whether in city or hamlet—the latest intelligence from the commercial and political worlds, and if a person be not abreast of the time, the fault must lie at his own door: giving, as our newspapers do, such accurate information, of countries far distant from our own, they have awaked in the breast of many a desire to be acquainted with them from personal observation. Our shipping companies afford ample facilities for becoming acquainted with the remotest part of the civilized world, while our railways, which spread as a network over our own country place its remotest parts within easy reach of all. With some the love of home is so strong that no inducement would lead them to break up old associations or enter on new friendships. With others, possessed of an enterprising spirit, these motives are far from being so strong: they feel themselves endowed with certain faculties, and if a fair field is not offered at home they have no hesitation in seeking a place where they may exercise the talents which nature has given them. We will be forgiven for what may appear egotism if we say that motives akin to these have urged some of us at all events to take our present voyage.

At home competition has been exceptionally keen. Misunderstandings, which cannot be too strongly regretted, have grown up between masters and men, a stern struggle has been waged between capital and labour, and while this suicidal war has been raging, trade has been gradually passing away into other hands. Free-trade has also filled our markets with foreign produce and farmers who have had to pay high rent and heavy wages, have found themselves unable to compete with those who have virgin soil where rent is merely nominal, and where the produce is much larger than in ground which has been cultivated for many generations. When to this we add the uncertain state of the money market at home, the failures which have followed so rapidly upon each other, and have done so much to shake our commercial confidence, it is little wonder that men of an enterprising spirit should turn their thoughts to a new country where they will find a wider field for their energies, and where that assiduity which at home might be useless will be almost certain to secure success. Of course, it is not enough that we possess an enterprising spirit. We need not expect that the mere fact of going to a new country will place us in affluent circumstances. There is no way of securing a competence but by faithful persevering industry. If we possess these qualities, and if even a part of what has been written about New Zealand be true, we consider we may fairly hope for a successful career.

## POETRY.

LINES SUGGESTED ON PASSING AN ITALIAN BARQUE.

O'er the foaming billows wild  
Leaving a white wake behind,  
Sails the gallant ship Southesk  
Straight before a western wind.  
Hark! the look-out's voice shouts forth,  
"Sail upon the starboard bow;"  
Then upon the fore-castle head  
All mount from the deck below.  
See! she's there just like a speck,  
On the far horizon line;  
Blow ye breezes, make our ship  
Faster cleave the ocean brine.  
Nearer, nearer, still we get,  
Larger grows the little spec;  
Now each sail is plainly seen,  
Now the people on her deck.  
Haul the signals up and see  
Where she's from and where she's bound;  
Now then lads, together all,  
Let your loudest cheers resound.  
Fast she falls away behind,  
And the Southesk draws ahead;  
With farewell up at her peak,  
And her snowy canvas spread.

J. H. THOMPSON.

## THE LOST LEG.

Sweet muse thy aid I now invoke,  
To tell a story of the deep;  
Of one by whom I've oft been woke  
When in my berth I've been asleep;  
For when night's curtains were o'erspread,  
He always thought that time most good  
To pace the deck above my head,  
And oh! he had a leg of wood.

And if I'd not been brought up well,  
 With rage I often would have sworn ;  
 You wouldn't credit did I tell  
 How much from that wood leg I've borne :  
 First aft, then fored—stump, stump, stump,  
 It sounded as it walked about ;  
 As though it was the morning pump  
 When they were serving water out.  
 One night, 'tis not so long ago,  
 You'll recollect it very well ;  
 Old Peg-leg stumped his way below  
 After the fourth stroke of the bell :  
 I do not say he takes his drain,  
 Such an assertion might be wrong ;  
 But on that night I will maintain  
 He must have drank his tea too strong.  
 For oh ! his tongue just like his leg,  
 Kept on the stump when it was loosed ;  
 And whether cup or spirit keg  
 The same effect was then produced :  
 His steam blown off, his bug-walk he  
 Turned in to seek his night's repose ;  
 Rocked in the cradle of the sea  
 He soon fell off into a doze,  
 And now you must all understand,  
 Ere going to bed he always laid  
 His wooden leg just close at hand,  
 Where he could reach it without aid :  
 He slept, I would not like to vouch  
 The sweet sleep of the babe new-born ;  
 But when he rose from off his couch  
 His precious wooden leg was gone.  
 "Alas !" he said, "I've lost my stump,"  
 What shall I do without my pin ;  
 I've got to go and work the pump,  
 And 'tis the hour I should begin :  
 He raged, I will not say he wept,  
 He cursed himself for having drank ;  
 He cursed himself for having slept,  
 And let them prig his timber shank.  
 The second officer came down,  
 A laugh suppressed upon his face ;  
 And putting on a solemn frown  
 He sought the leg in every place :  
 Tired and weary, one last peep  
 He thought he'd have, then take a rest ;  
 When oh ! he found a man asleep  
 With Peg-leg's leg clasped to his breast.  
 I need not tell you how the heart  
 Of old Peg-leg with gladness beat ;  
 And now he vows he ne'er will part  
 By day or night from either feet.

J. H. THOMPSON.

## CONCERT.

The second of the series of popular concerts held in the Bachelor's Hall was given on Thursday night last, and notwithstanding some drawbacks occasioned by some of the singers withdrawing their names from the programme, proved as great a success as the first. The hall was decorated and illuminated

as on the former occasion by Messrs. Urquhart and Co., and the eyes of the spectators were dazzled on entering, by the brilliant lights and the variously coloured tapestries which hung from the ceiling to the floor. The doors opened at seven o'clock, and soon every available space was occupied, many of the audience being unable to obtain seats. H. Lancaster, Esq., moved—"Alderman Hunter, J.P., to take the chair." The worthy alderman in accepting the honour conferred on him, referred in an eloquent speech to his unfitness for the honourable office to which they had called him, and made some allusions to the unpleasant duties which sometimes devolved on a person holding his position. Some of the audience were observed to look very uncomfortable when he mentioned this, but whether it arose from the overcrowded state of the hall, or an accusing conscience, deponent sayeth not. After a few more observations the chairman introduced the first singer, Signor Hunterini, of the Royal Italian Opera. This singer, whose musical abilities are of the highest order, has a very striking resemblance to the chairman himself ; indeed, if it was not for the difference in the names, we should take them for very near relations. The song which he sang was in the language of his native country, and very few of the audience were able to understand it, but as the mellow tones of his rich voice rose and fell, it perfectly entranced every listener. Mr. Whitfield followed with the patriotic ballad entitled "An Englishman," which was much applauded. That well known vocalist, Herr von Donaldson, next gave "The Sweet Little Shamrock," accompanied on the flute by that celebrated instrumentalist, Signor Hill, better known as the British Workman ; the performance fully sustained the fame of both performers. Private Shakesby favoured the audience with "Swinging in the Lane," and we heard Mademoiselle Marriner's "Chiming Bell of Long Ago" with great pleasure. Senora Polliana Bell in a dramatically rendered recitation, informed the company that "The Lips that Touched Liqueur should never Touch Hers," though if her husband, poor man, is to be debarred from drinking a cup of tea, he is much to be pitied. Professor Liddell next came forward, and in a neat little ditty the learned gentleman told his audience that the best knowledge that man could gain was to know himself. Senora R. Hill, in her song of "Neapolitaine, was rapturously encored, and the fair songstress answered the call by inviting, in exquisitely rich tones, "her little sweetheart to come and kiss her." Space forbids us to dilate at length upon the excellencies of the other singers and reciters, save to say that they were all good, and many of them more than good. Before we close our remarks we would like to inform the gentleman who drew up the programme that *Uneater* does not spell *Juanita*. The thanks of the public are due to Messrs. McCracken and Bowden for the energy and goodwill they are devoting to the getting up of these entertainments, and they well deserve the success which they are obtaining. The next concert will be held in the Bachelor's Hall on Thursday, the 4th of December, when we hope there will be a bumper house.

J. H. T.

## EXTRA ALLOWANCE OF FLOUR.

On Saturday last, the 22nd instant, a meeting of representatives from each mess in the Bachelor's Hall, was held to consider the advisability of sending a deputation to wait on Captain Nicoll, to request an extra allowance of flour in lieu of some of the less palatable provisions. Mr. Isaac Lloyd was elected chairman, and after a short consultation, four of the committee were sent aft to put the desires of their constituents before the captain, who received them courteously. After hearing their request, he readily engaged to accede to it, if, after getting the stores examined, he found there was sufficient to last to the end of the voyage. The result of the matter is, we understand, that on Monday the whole of the third class passengers are to receive an allowance of 1lb. of flour each per week in lieu of  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of salt beef, which will prove a most acceptable boon to them. The inhabitants of Bachelor's Hall here desire to express their obligation and thanks to Captain Nicoll for the kind and gentlemanly manner in which he heard their request, and also for the readiness with which he acceded to it.

## PATRICK MCGOVERN'S LETTER.

No. 4.

DEAR FATHER,—

Having reached London widout anything special occurin, I axed won ov the boys at the stashun if he would show me the road to the New Zealand boat. He axed me what dock it was in. "Why," ses I, "where would it be but where the New Zealand boats start from?" As I was not likely to get much information out ov him, I went out to the door, carrying my box wid me. A dacent lookin' boy came up and sed he would help me to carry it; and as he was civil spoken and the road long, we had a dale ov talk on the way. I asked him what thrade he was, "and he tould me that he had a horse and cab one time, but betune railways runnin' under the town and tramways along the street, his horse died and he nivar was able to buy another. Before partin' wid him, I tould him I was a shtranger in the town, and as the Southesk wouldn't start for a day or two, I would be obliged if he tould where I could go to pass a pleasant evenin', or where I could see some ov the grate sights I had read ov. He tould me if I wanted to see sum ov London life I ought to take a walk down the Shttrand, and thin I could go to the Westminster Quareroom, and I could see Cleopatra's Needle and the Parliament House, and Gladstone and Disraeli, and a lot ov other places, which I forget." I was very tired afther my long ride in the thrain, so whin I got me trunk into the house where they keep the luggage, I thought I would go to the Shttrand and have a bathe, the more betoken becaws I'm a grand shwimmer, and won time I bate a big Newfoundland dog that belonged to him, it used to be agint at home. Howaniver, I set off to find the Shttrand, but London is so big it takes a good while gettin' thro' it. It is the grandest place undher the sun, it bates out Dublin entirely. I'm tould by them that knows, that there's more people in it than in all Scotland—that is, all the Scotchmen at home—but they have a curious way ov wanderin' to all parts ov the world, and I'm informed that wonce they get away, there is no chance ov ever gettin' them back again. You meet people on the shtreets of all complexyuns and dress, as it used to be in Jerusalem—there are Parthians and Medes, and Elamites, and dwellers in Mesopotamia, in Judea, in Cappadocia, in Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphilia in Egypt, together with strangers of Rome, Jews and Prosylytes, Cretes and Arabians. At last, gettin' tired of the crowd that niver seemed to get past, I axed won ov the constables was this the way to the Shttrand? "He tould me it was; and sed if I got on a tram-car that was passin' it would bring me to it. I didn't like to waste the money, for I was shure from the grand look ov the carriage that the price would be large; an' as it wasn't goin' fast, I thought I might keep up wid it. I did so, and kept on for an hour or so, but as I was nearly bate up, and there was no sign ov the say, I went up to another policeman and axed him if we were near out ov the town? "Out ov the town, is it," sed he, "why, ye're only gettin' into the city." "And where may the Shttrand be, sir," ses I? "Ye're in it now," ses he. "Arrah, be aisy," says I, "don't try to take a rise out o' me, so early in the day. The more I'm a young man from the country, I'm not green enough to believe that ye can have a Shttrand widout bein' on the sayshore. Howaniver, as he held to it, there was nothin' for me, but to go and look at somethin' else." I axed him where the Westminster Quareroom was, and happenin' to be near the place, he walked over wid me and showed me it. When I got inside, I tuk a luck round me, and ses I, it's well cristened, for it's the quarest place I iver was in. There was a band, wid lots ov music, and crowds ov people, but it was the quarest show ye iver lucked at. There was alligators, and otters, and seals, and Yahoos—some call them Zulus—but I niver can get my tongue roun' that name. From the descripshuns I read ov them in the newspapers, I expected the Yahoos would be purty wild lookin' chaps; but ov all the naygers I iver laid eyes on, they bate them. All the close they had on thim was a few coats ov paint and a bit ov a rag roun' them, not bigger than a dacent handkerchief. "Where do they come from at all," ses I, to a gentleman standin' near me. "Well," ses he, "I dunno' exactly, but I think it's from the same

country where the Garden of Eden was," ses he. "Troth an'," ses I, "if they just used a few more fig-leaves about them, it would be all the better, for the truth ov the mather was I was ashamed to look at thim." "I'm thinkin'," sed I, "givin' a wink to a boy standin' near me, and just by way ov bringing the shame out ov them," "I'm thinkin'," ses I, "the tailorin' thrade isn't well supported in forin' parts." I'm tould that whin our sogers was out fightin' thim, they wore a paper collar and a pair of spurs, just by way ov showin' they belonged to a civilised country. Won ov them was axed to favour the company wid a song, and maybe becaws I'm no musicianer myself, I niver was as well pleased to hear a man comin' to the ind ov his dis-coorse, for his voice sounded like a crass between the sharpin' ov a saw and the gruntin' ov a pig. Another ov thim was a very forward chap, and just by way ov takin' the consate out ov him, I stepped up to him, and ses I, "have they many more like you at home," becaws, ses I, "if ye're lookin' yer best now, whin ye're among dacent people, it's little wonder the look ov ye frightened our sogers at first whin they landed among ye. I suppose, ses I, "lookin' at him again, for he muttered somethin' I didn't understand," I suppose, ses I, "that ould altitudinous mountain ov consate and impidence that ye call a king is as good lookin' as the rest ov ye." I needn't thry to describe all I saw, for there was shell-fish that looked birds, and lobsters that I would have liked to be introduced to over a tumbler ov good potheen, and other things, as the shoman sed, too numerous to menshun." The next day afther strowin' about a good while, I remembered about Cleopatra's Needle, but as I didn't know what it was like, and not likin' to show me ignorance, I thought the best plan would be to look out for one ov the biggest milliner's shops and go in, purtudin' I wanted to buy won. So in I goes to the biggest shop I could see on the place—the poleeceman called the Shttrand—and walkin' up to the counther where there was a pretty girl—and liftin' up my ould Cobeen by way ov illigence, ses I, "Miss, would you let me see sum ov yer Cleopatra's Needles," ses I; "I beg yer pardon, sir," says she, "just as pleasant as if she was talkin' to won ov the biggest grandees in the town." Why, ses I, "gettin' a bit bothered like," ses I, "I'm goin' on a long say-voyage on board the Southesk, and as won would like to have all his conveyniences wid him, I would like to have sum needles wid me, and I'm tould that them as I mentioned is the best." At that I thought she would break her heart wid laughing, but afther a bit, she tould me that Cleopatra's Needle was a big shtone that was brought from Rooshia or sum ov thim furrin' parts, and that I could easily find it, for it was on the bank ov the Thames. Av coorse I couldn't help laughin at meself, and just by way ov compliment for her informashun, I bote three paper collars from her, and set off to find it. And shure eno' there it was, standin' up like a monument about 700 feet high. I was tould by a man that knows, that it was the sort ov needle they used in thim times, showin' the truth ov scripture that there was giants in the earth in those days. And if the eye was wide in proportion to the lenth ov it, a camel might go through the eye ov it, and so there might be more hope for landlords and other rich men than we used to think.

Your affeckshunate son,  
PATRICK MCGOVERN.

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The morning service was held last Sabbath, when Rev. Messrs. Cairns and Cato officiated. Owing to the severity of the weather the afternoon service and the prayer meeting have not been held.

## OUR VOYAGE.

Better and better, as the old miser remarked on his death-bed, when noticing a light somewhere near him, he called to Jenny, his sole and faithful attendant, and thus addressed her—"Jenny, how many pieces of turf are on the fire?" "Jist twa, maister, the one lying up against the t'other, to keep themselves

warm," replied Jenny. "Good, said the old gent, and how many candles are burning, he next inquired? "There's just one farthing tallow, and it's the last in the hoos," said Jenny. "Better and better," replied the old screw, and with a smile of grim satisfaction on his face he passed away. Better and better say we, as we glance back over our notes of the past week's progress, and find that the far-famed barque Southesk has placed to our credit this week a larger number of miles run than she has yet done. Not that we have been dissatisfied with her past achievements. Considering the state of the weather she experienced since leaving England she has fully maintained her well-earned reputation as a ship of first-rate sea-going capabilities. It is only of late, however, that we have had a fitting opportunity of testing her qualities in this respect, and she has shown that with her canvas spread and wind to fill it she can justify the high expectations that were entertained about her powers. The distance covered during the past week amounts to 1,685 miles, which is 118 more than last week's total, and shows an average of a little more than 240 miles per day. If we are favoured with a continuance of such weather as we have enjoyed during the last week, we may reasonably indulge the hope of reaching our destination in eighteen or twenty days from this date. It is very hard to satisfy human nature, and good as the weather has been for sailing purposes, we could have wished it a little less rainy and raw than it sometimes was. Some interest and variety was imparted to our voyage this week by the appearance of the Taranaki, a ship chartered by Shaw, Savil & Co., and bound to Otago, with emigrants. We confess that we were rather surprised by the sight, as we believed that we had left her some distance behind us. It is somewhat remarkable, as showing the equality of both vessels in sailing powers that we crossed the line on the same day; we enjoyed her company for two days, and were in the fair way of taking the lead of her, when our foresail gave way and the Taranaki, taking advantage of our misfortune, forged ahead out of sight, and we have not since got a glimpse of her. On Friday, a vessel was sighted ahead of us, which not being so formidable a rival as the Taranaki was soon overtaken. She proved to be a barque bound apparently for some place in the colonies, but as we did not exchange signals we can offer no positive information regarding her. Our position at noon on Saturday was due north of the Island of Kerguelen, from which we were distant about 300 miles. J. M'C.

## THE SOUTHESK WEEKLY NEWS.

No. 9.

SOUTHERN OCEAN, 43° 38' S., 107° 48' E.

Dec. 6, 1879.

**I**T may not be unacceptable to our readers if, this week, we present to them by way of leading article, a few items of information regarding the islands, which have been either sighted or passed in close neighbourhood during our voyage. The first land which we descried after leaving the shores of old England was the Island of Madeira, which rose to our view on the morning of the 10th October, at a distance of twenty miles. It is not considered advisable by mariners to sail very close to its shores, as, owing to the peculiar formation of the country, the weather there is very uncertain. The island is a collection of mountains, the spurs of which shelve down precipitously into the sea on the northern coast forming a very bold and striking outline, while on the southern shore, their descent bears more the character of a gentle slope. For this reason, the southern coast shows more evidence of cultivation, and contains the chief portion of the population. Here Funchal, the chief town of the island is situated, a thriving and pleasant centre of commerce. This side of it is generally seen by passengers via steamships; but, as sailing vessels prefer to steer westward in order to catch the trade winds at the most favourable point, the opportunity of viewing it is debarred them. Among the chief features of the western side that met our eye as we passed was a small, but very conspicuous white chapel that stands about midway up the side of a mountain, and which appeared to be the centre of a cluster of dwelling or farm houses. To the right of it and rising sheer up from the sea is a very high headland, crowned by a copse of trees, which we were able to see distinctly by the aid of the telescope, and which we believe are pine trees. The most noticeable feature of the western side that we observed was a stupendous ravine, which is named "the Curral," and which is one of the great wonders of the island. The climate of Madeira is very mild and salubrious, which renders it a favourite resort of health-seekers from England and other countries, and suited for the growth of the vine and other tender plants. Leaving Madeira, we passed, but without sighting them, the Canary and Cape Verde Islands; and still keeping westward we were obliged to go somewhat out of our course in order to give a wide berth to a dangerous spot, known as St. Paul's rocks. These are a cluster of five or six jagged rocks, which project above the surface of the sea to a height of 70 feet. They are about half a mile in circumference, and are entirely destitute of all verdure. They are thickly populated by Boobies and other oceanic birds, and great numbers of sharks are attracted there by the presence of small fish, which are very abundant.

Crossing the equator, which is just south of these, we find ourselves approaching Brazil, and on the 27th October we were in sight of the Island of Fernando Noronha. This island, which is 6½ miles long and 2 miles broad, is the property of the Brazilian Crown, and is used by that government as a convict settlement. It contains a population of about two thousand, of which one half tenant the convict village, which is built in the form of a square, and contains some respectable buildings. The remainder are dispersed over the island, engaged in the tillage of the soil, which yields good crops of maize, beans, manioc, and castor oil. The scenery of the island is said to be enchanting. The shore is scooped out by inlets and embossed with green promontories, which are connected by circling beaches, where rippling waves chase each other over the silvery sands and bathe the flowrets of the skirting woods. A fresh luxuriant verdure crowns the summits of the hills, blending its soft hue with the general contour of the island. A richness and variety of vegetation is seen everywhere, excepting on the colossal pyramid of

naked rock which, rising from the bosom of the deep, stands erect in barren ruggedness, towering majestically over the smiling and fruitful scenes around. The summit of this gigantic block, which from some points of view, bears a close resemblance to a steeple, is 800 feet above the sea.

There is an inland lake and some streams of water; still at times the island is visited with the hardships of severe drought. The climate, though tropical, is very genial and healthful, the sun's heat being tempered by the cooling sea breezes.

J. M'C.

### POETRY.

#### A SWEET DIVISION.

There is a mess, its number 's ten,  
Composed of most agreeable men;  
At least I fancy they would be  
If they could manage to agree:  
But ah! alas! alack a day,  
Since the first hour we sailed away;  
Sarcastically we've named these men,  
You'll recognise them—happy ten.  
For from the early morn till night,  
Nought else they've done but growl and fight;  
They quarrel'd o'er the grub, the work,  
The latter each one tried to shirk:  
But of the first, though 'twas'nt fair,  
Each tried to get more than his share;  
'Twere almost best to name these men  
Both happy and unselfish ten.  
At length, as you may easy guess,  
This happy and unselfish mess  
Had one good quarrel, and from then  
They never more were happy ten:  
And all the different sects and factions,  
Became thenceforth but vulgar fractions.  
But though the cloud was black as night  
Which o'erhung ten, a silver light,  
Upon its outer edge was shining,  
Which proved it had a silver lining;  
For they agreed to sheath their claws  
And share the work of bringing stores:  
(The one who shirked, oh! woe betide him),  
And then to each sub-mess divide 'em.  
Not long since, though time quick passes,  
They'd just got in their week's molasses.  
And each with pannikin stood there,  
To get his mess' proper share;  
Each lot poured out, 'twas quite exact  
Unto the smallest part in fact:  
Though some beneath their breath might mumble,  
There wasn't the least cause to grumble;  
The reservoir being emptied then  
Each representative of ten  
Prepared to put his treacle by,  
When sudden something caught each eye;  
And every one together spied  
Some treacle that still stuck inside:  
Now, none of them could bear the thought,  
That any other should get ought;

Beyond their just and equal portion,  
And if they did it was a caution.  
So they consulted and decided,  
That it should fairly be divided.  
Now if you'll kindly pay attention,  
The way they did it I will mention:  
First, number one he takes a knife—  
Don't be afraid, 'twas not in strife—  
The blade around the pot he passes,  
Then licks from it the sweet molasses.  
He hands it to the next one waiting—  
(This is a fact which I'm now stating)—  
Who soon repeats the operation,  
Which seems to have his approbation:  
The whole of them repeat the trick,  
And each seems to enjoy his lick;  
Until no single drop escaped,  
And all the pan was cleanly scraped.  
Allow me then to give advice,  
To all who would be over nice;  
'Tis always better when you share  
To lick the knife, this is most fair.

J. H. THOMPSON.

#### SOUTHESK WEEKLY CONCERTS.

The concert of Thursday last, which was held as usual in the Bachelor's Hall, was, we must say, the best one of the season, and the committee must be complimented on the unusual amount of talent they managed to draw together. We need only say, regarding the decoration and illuminations in the hall, that they were fully equal to those on former occasions, and fully sustained the well-deserved repute of Messrs. Urquhart & Co. A. Hill, Esq., occupied the chair, and after a few opening remarks, which showed that in spite of his years his heart was still young and fresh, called upon the Irish comedian, Paddy Kingsboro, to sing the first song entitled, "Paddy is the boy that is fond of a glass," which caused roars of laughter from all parts of the house. From an Irish song we changed to a Scotch one, called "No for Sam," sung by Mr. Brown, who received quite an ovation. "A starry night for a ramble" (which we are sorry to say has been very rare lately), was next given by Mr. Stone, and was applauded. We are sorry to say that Mr. Bowden's "Cork Leg" broke down two or three times, and he had to be helped along. However, he managed to reach his journey's end, and was received with approbation by the audience. Mrs. Hill, in inviting her hearers to "Follow the Drum," created quite a *furor*, and was enthusiastically cheered. Mr. Thompson appeared next, and delivered a recitation entitled, "The Water Fiends," which the audience listened to with good humoured patience. The duet, "The emigrants farewell," by Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, was one of the great attractions of the evening, and had it not been for the length of the programme, would certainly have been encored. That old Scotch favourite, Mr. Donaldson, next favoured the company with "Flora McDonald's Lament," which he sang with much feeling. One of the songs most appreciated in the whole of the concert, was given by Miss Lillie Hill, entitled, "Kiss and be Friends," and the allusion to the restraints put upon the loving intercourse of a certain young lady and gentleman with whom we are all well acquainted, on account of the too prying eyes of the Southeskian public, was very happy, and drew down loud applause. That beautiful song, "The Arab's farewell to his steed," by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, was well rendered by Mr. Sharland. That famous descendant of the ancient Britons, Mr. Jones from Wales, next treated us to "Hard up and broken down," which we are sure he never will be so long as he can sing a song as well as he sang that one. The duet, "The Gipsy Countess," was charmingly sung by Miss



Rose Hill and Mr. Snowball—the former in her red cloak and hood, looking as killing as any gipsy maiden could be. Mr. Emerson, our favourite comic singer sang “Whitechapel Ben,” in his usual well-known though highly appreciated style. Mr. Marriott gave a reading, entitled “Old Dawdles,” but like that of the cow, when it got into the gate, his tale was rather too lengthy, otherwise it was very good. We were grieved to see that Mr. Bond seemed too much enchained by nervousness to sing, “Days of Slavery,” though he confessed afterwards that he was so enthralled by the ladies’ eyes, that he felt he could only liberate himself by running away from his fair captors. Miss Mariner sang very sweetly the song of “Gaily the Troubadour,” and well deserved the applause which she received. Our learned friend, Professor Liddell gave “Farmer Gile’s old cow,” which we daresay cut up and cooked fresh, would be very acceptable to the Southeskian public in place of the briny diet they are now compelled to live on; but still as it was, it was greatly appreciated. “Thy voice is near,” by Miss Rose Hill, was listened to with breathless attention by an enraptured audience, who cheered it to the echo. Mr. Hunter, the old Northumbrian favourite, gave us what it was, “The song of songs,” and in a manner that showed he was “The singer of singers.” “The noble 24th,” which was sung by Mr. Urquhart, roused the sorrowful enthusiasm of the audience (if two such words can be put together), by putting them in mind of the late catastrophe which happened to that brave regiment. Mr. Sankey sang “Roy Neil” in a very fair manner, and the concert closed as far as the programme was concerned by a song entitled, “My grandmother’s chair,” sung by Mr. Field, the chorus of which was lustily taken up by the audience. After the singing of the National Anthem the company separated. We beg to draw the attention of our readers to an notice in another column announcing that the concert next week will be in aid of the Merchant Seamen’s Widow and Orphan Fund.

J. H. T

## ADVERTISEMENT.

The Committee of the Southesk Weekly Concerts and Entertainments, respectfully beg to inform the nobility, gentry, and public of Southesk generally, that the Concert to be given on Thursday next, the 11th inst, in the Bachelors’ Hall, will be in aid of the funds of the Merchant Seamen’s Widow and Orphan Fund. The best talent from all parts of the kingdom has been engaged for this occasion, and the hall will be decorated and illuminated, regardless of expense, by Messrs. Urquhart & Co. His Majesty King Nicoll has kindly condescended to honour his subjects, for this night only, by presiding over the entertainment. The committee trust that the public will liberally respond to the call made upon them, by making their donations as large as they possibly can. For further particulars see future bills.

## LOST.

On the night when the watch below, was called on deck to stow the foresail, several tempers. The finder will be rewarded on applying to the fore-castle lawyer.

## FOR SALE.

Several tons of crackers, the same having been put on board of a certain ship as food for the passengers, but as the said passengers preferred starving to eating them, the owners are willing to part with them for a trifle. The attention of builders especially is called to these articles, as they will be found suitable for roofing houses in place of slates, or for paving yards. For terms apply to “S., S. & Co.”

## EDITORIAL DIFFICULTIES.

There is no class of persons so universally abused as editors. If they write in a pathetic style they are spoken of as lachrymose, if cheerful they are dubbed

flippant; if their effusion should be in poetic style it is considered bombastic, while if it is the opposite it is considered prosy; if they retail current events they are gossipy, if they do not they are dull. At times also their head may be in danger if they venture to warn the public against any of the schemes that may floated to catch the unwary. Mark Twain tells us somewhere, that the chief requisites of an editor “out West” are a brace of revolvers, a sword, and about half-a-dozen clasp knives. Even in the Southesk we have had a moderate share of an editor’s experiences. So long as one speaks in unmeasured praise of everybody and everything on board he will give satisfaction, but if he ventures, even in the very gentlest way, to offer a suggestion or to take exception to anything which he may not like, all at once wide-spread dissatisfaction is abroad. If owing to the inclemency of the weather, or the indisposition of some of the staff, the paper should not appear when due, some of those possessed of feeble humour will not unlikely try to play off a little *wooden* wit in the form of an advertisement. Considering however, the commanding influence enjoyed by the editor of a paper, such as the *Southesk News*, and the liberal remuneration attaching to his office, he can easily bear with some of those drawbacks which always accompany greatness.

## RELIGIOUS INLELLIGENCE.

Divine service was conducted on last Sabbath morning by the Rev. Joseph McCracken.

## PATRICK MCGOVERN’S LETTER.

No. 5.

DEAR FATHER—

There are a grate many big places in Lunden that would be worth seeing; there’s all sorts ov theatres and wild beast shows, but as I had little time and less money, I thought my best plan would be to get on board ship as soon as I could, and take as much as possible out ov Shaw & Saville. I went up to their offis, and axed won ov the gosheurs that I saw standin’ behind the counter, how soon the Southesk would start, and where I was to sleep on board, as the lodgin’-house keeper was chargin’ very dear. “What’s yer name Paddy?” ses he, and wid that a number of other boys began to laugh. “How do ye know they call me Paddy?” ses I, “oh, I guessed as much,” ses he. “You must be a mighty smart fellow,” ses I. “Mebbe you could guess the other part ov my name,” ses I. “At any rate, it’ll be as good as yer own, if the name has anything to do wid the looks,” ses I, for he was a lantern-jawed fellow wid skin as yellow as a kite’s foot. “Can ye write yer name,” ses he. “What would ye give to know,” ses I, not liking to show me writing, for I always print me name. “Well then,” ses he, “you had better get away about yer business till you get a more civil tongue in yer head.” “Sorra take yer impidence, ses I, ye ill-mannered spalpeen you, and may the sun rise blisters on yer rapin-hook shins; but if I had you at home, I would lave ye that yer mother would’n’t know ye, and not bein’ a good writer, I would make me mark on you that wouldn’t be easily rubbed off. When I came down to the key, I found that all the boxes had been taken away, and mine among the rest; so as soon as I could get on board, I axed won ov the saylors where he put my box. “What sort was it?” ses he. “It was square,” ses I. “But what name was on it?” ses he. “Why,” ses I, “whose do you think would be on it but me own,” but being afeerd he might smell the ham and drop ov potheen in it, ses I, “bring thim out and I’ll soon show you mine.” “Yere rather late now,” ses he, “for its in the hould.” “Well,” ses I, “if its on board, I’d like to see anybody would hinder me from gettin’ my own property.” Ye see, I had on me good clothes, and I knew it wouldn’t improve them to be knockin’ about the ship, and I had everything in me box, barrin’ the paper collors I bote in the town, and you couldn’t make much ov a night-dress out ov them. “So,” ses I, talking purty loud,

"show me the hould, and keep aff me if ye have any regard for yer close." He brought me over to a hole in the bottom ov the ship, where they were droppin' down a lot ov boxes and barrels wid a pully. "Stand back, boys," ses I, "is it down there in a den like that ye put me new box, wid me clean shirts and collars." "Stand back," ses I, "and let me down till I get it." I was talkin' so loud, they all made way for me, and I was just on the edge ov it, when an ould fellow wid a red beard, a blue jacket, and a face like thunder, gripped me by the collar, and let fly a string of oaths, all ov the newest and wildest langwidge; the very look ov him made the hair stan' on me head, and druv me back again to the side ov the vessel. When I came to, I turned to won ov the boys standin' beside me, "and," ses I, "is that the captain, for ov all the oaths iver I heerd, that bates thim." I had read often ov the talk ov saylors, but I niver expected to hear anything like it. "No," ses he, back to me, "that's what they call the bosun, and I'm tould theyre all picked becaws of the swarin' and spinnin' yarns." I didn't see any ov the wheels yet; but I hear all the sailors are grate at spinnin'. I axed no more questions about the bosun for fear ov him beginnin' again, for if he gave another string like what I heard, it would sink the best ship iver was built. The most ov the passengers got on board on Thursday, and down at our end it was like the ould times at Babel, wid all the different tongues. Barrin' a few, they're a purty civil lookin' lot ov boys, and I think will get on very well together. There's won gran' fellow from the ould counthry that used to be in the polecece. I'm shure from the style ov him that he will be a general in New Zealand. I think I'll get him to learn me the drill, and mebbe I might get into the force meself, when I land. All I'm sorry at is the captain isn't Irish, as I'm shure he would have showed me some friendship, and mebbe learned me to steer. We started on Friday morning, and were drawn down the river by a steamer, and were gettin' along grand, when the carpenter found that his compasses were wrong, and we had to wait all night to get them fixed. I wondered the captain was bothered wid them, but mebbe they will be useful on the road.

Your affeckshunate Sun,

PATRICK MCGOVERN.

#### OUR VOYAGE.

There was very little this week to relieve the monotony. The wind was favourable, and not too strong. The temperature has fallen so much that very vigorous exercise is necessary to preserve circulation. Owing to the rain this was sometimes impossible in the evenings, but when dry there was generally a strong muster on deck, who kept time to the running of "Sandy's Mill," or the more stirring air of "Marching to Georgia." So far as vessels were concerned, we had the field all week to ourselves, and yet even in the absence of anything to stimulate our pace, we put to our credit the very respectable total of 1,767 miles showing an average per day of 252 3-7ths.

## THE SOUTHESK WEEKLY NEWS.

No. 10.

SOUTHERN OCEAN, 47° 42' S., 142° 58' E.

Dec. 13, 1879.

**N**OW that we are approaching the termination of our voyage, when in a comparative short time we shall separate in different directions, a word or two regarding the future may not be misplaced. In our first issue we alluded to some of the motives which prompted a step certain to be fraught with important issues to most of us. Whatever these may have been they have separated us from home and all its hallowed associations. Friendships formed in childhood were broken, when we gave the last parting shake of the hand, and uttered the last good-by. When we got on board, the last link binding us to the old home was broken, and then for the first time perhaps, we may have realized the importance of the step we had taken. While this may have had a saddening influence at first, it very likely has been partially compensated by the thought that we are going to a country whose praises have been sounded in all quarters—a country whose climate is more genial than our own, whose soil is richer, and needs only an industrious hand to cultivate it. Going from a country where we have been cramped by an over population, where the farming classes have been burdened by heavy rent and taxes, and where artisans have suffered not only from keen competition, but from lessened wages, it was natural that we should experience a buoyant feeling of expectancy. Most of us have come away with high hopes; we trust they shall not be disappointed. We have little love of flattery, and no desire to make any one think more highly of himself than he ought. We are sincere therefore when we say, that after a personal acquaintance with our fellow passengers, we believe that the majority of them are just the class needed in a new country, and we shall be much disappointed if many of them do not by and by rise to good positions in society. Of course all may expect a good many years of hard work; they must exercise patience and unwearying assiduity, but when we have these combined—as we believe they are in many of our fellow passengers—with strict sobriety and unwavering honesty, we are certain they shall make their influence felt in any community. Everything considered, we presume our intercourse has been as pleasant as is usual in similar circumstances. No doubt there may have been some petty annoyances, and occasionally a playful desire "to chaff" some of our companions, but we believe there has been no real desire to make the voyage unpleasant for any person on board. Some people have a faculty for creating dislike; if there are any of this class on board we presume their experience here has been what it has been elsewhere. While on the other hand those of a genial temper and agreeable disposition have no doubt made for themselves many friends. Whatever trifling misunderstandings have occurred on board should certainly be left there. Going among strangers we should not carry with us any ill will toward our fellow passengers. In our capacity as editor we have endeavoured to contribute our share to the happiness of all. Where we have had occasion to take exception we have done so, and on the other hand have never been slow to accord the mede of praise where due. We have always thrown our columns open to the contributions of those willing to assist us, as well as to any who felt they had a grievance to redress. If unhappily there has crept into our pages anything calculated to wound the feelings of any one on board, we can only express our most sincere regret, which we hope may go a little way in making amends. We conclude this, our last regular issue, by wishing long life to our captain, officers, and crew; and health, happiness, and prosperity to every one on board.

## POETRY.

A Poem, composed for and read at the Concert and Entertainment given on board the Ship Southesk, on Thursday, December 11th, 1879, in aid of the funds of the Merchant Seamen's Orphan Asylum. By JAMES HENRY THOMPSON.

Who knows the dangers of the stormy deep  
Like him whose life is spent upon its breast,  
Whose end is oft beneath its waves to sleep,  
And there, from ceaseless wars with it, to rest.

While in the home he loved so well on shore,  
His loving wife and children anxious wait  
To see the form they'll see on earth no more,  
And listen for his footsteps at the gate.

And then the widow's sorrow and despair,  
The orphan children's grief and bitter tears,  
Their after life of poverty and care,  
The toil and labour of long dreary years.

List to my tale ! a far too common one,  
Yet sad and sorrowful enough I ween,  
To soften e'en the hardest heart of stone,  
And open wide the coffers of the mean.

Upon the threshold of his humble home,  
A sailor bade his darling ones adieu,  
Far o'er the waters of the main to roam,  
One of a gallant vessel's hardy crew.

The tears coursed down his weather-beaten face,  
As one by one he kissed each loved one's cheek,  
Then with a heavy sigh turned from the place,  
His heart too full the last farewell to speak.

Time sped along, and one dark stormy night,  
When howling winds the billows dashed to spray,  
Sudden there loomed like giants to their sight,  
Black frowning rocks just in the vessel's way.

Each heart stood still, each cheek was blanched with fear,  
A cry of anguish rose above the storm,  
As the doomed ship dashed nearer and more near,  
Till clear revealed was ev'ry black rock's form.

Onward, still onward, like a thing of life,  
Towards her fate the gallant vessel sped,  
Seeming to fly from the wild ocean's strife,  
And shelter crave from beetling cliffs instead.

'Twas then the sailor knelt upon the deck,  
And asked of heav'n to save him from the foam,  
Or should his life be ended with that wreck,  
To guard the darling ones he'd left at home.

Just as his prayer was finished one great wave  
Hurl'd the doomed vessel on the rocky strand,  
And there within a cold and watery grave,  
Was left to sleep that gallant sailor band.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Within the sailor's humble cot on shore,  
His children watched for father coming back,  
For they knew not that he would never more  
Sail home to them across the ocean's track.

The days sped by, the dreary months rolled on,  
Still came he not, and anxious fears arose,  
For tale or tidings of him they'd had none,  
And oft till dawn their eyes would never close.

Weary and heart-sick with the long suspense,  
Each ling'ring day their hopes grew less and less,  
Their doubts and fears grew more and more intense,  
And filled their hearts with grief and bitterness.

At length one day (oh ! sad and bitter day)  
The news was told beneath the speaker's breath,  
That mid the breakers flung in blinding spray,  
The loved and loving father met his death.

Far from his dear ones and his native shore,  
He and his brave and hardy comrades sleep,  
On earth in life to waken never more,  
Till the last trump shall call them from the deep.

Ah ! weep ye children for your father's dead ;  
He who so loved and cherished you in life,  
The toiler's arm that won your daily bread,  
Hath ceased for aye from all its earthly strife.

Alone and friendless in this busy world,  
Turned from their childhood's home with harsh command,  
Ill clad and hungry on the cold streets hurled,  
The sailor's children wandered hand in hand.

Where can they go, where find of food a bite,  
Where seek a shelter from the bitter cold ?  
Did Heav'n not hear their father's pray'r that night,  
Before the angry billows o'er him rolled ?

Shiv'ring and crouching in an arch they lie,  
Clasped close to try and keep each other warm,  
While the cold rain fell from the leaden sky,  
They listened to the howling of the storm.

" Oh ! tell us when will father come again,"  
The little ones in tearful tones implore.  
" Hush ! hush ! " the eldest answers back in pain,  
" Dear father will come back again no more."

But as they wept a stranger by them passed,  
Hurrying along to quit the chilly air,  
Yet not so quick but that his eyes were cast,  
Where in the shadow they lay huddled there

" How now ! what's this ? " he said, in cheery voice,  
" Eh, what ! 'tis little children that I've found ;  
" Tell me, is this your sleeping room by choice ? "  
" Please sir," the eldest answered, " father's drowned."

" Ah me," the stranger quoth, " a sad, sad tale,  
" But 'twere unkind to make them tell it now ;  
" The night's so cold, it makes e'en me to quail,  
" And down before the chilly blast to bow.

" Come, little ones, get up and come with me,  
" We'll find a place where you will soon get warm,  
" And there you'll all be happy as can be,  
" Safe housed from all the terrors of the storm."

He lifted up the youngest in his arms,  
 And clasped within his own the next one's hand,  
 Warming the little fingers in his palms,  
 And homeward hurried with the shivering band.

Oh! what a night was that to each young waif,  
 They sat before the ruddy fire's warm glow,  
 From the cold rain and chilly blast quite safe,  
 Forgetful of past misery and woe.

That night they slept upon a soft white bed,  
 The peaceful sweet repose of childhood's years,  
 And in the morning warmed and clothed and fed,  
 They told their tale to sympathising ears.

How darling mother died in years long past,  
 And how the eldest filled that parent's room;  
 And how amid the fury of the blast,  
 Their kind good father found an ocean tomb.

And how when this about the town was known,  
 The landlord turned them out into the street;  
 With none to care for them save God alone,  
 Who sent a friend to make their lives more sweet.

No more before the blast thy shiv'ring bend,  
 No more along the cold, bleak streets they roam;  
 For they were placed by their kind generous friend,  
 Within the Merchant Seamen's Orphan Home.

#### No. TWO GAUGE.

There is situated in the artizan part of Southesk town,  
 A house containing some people of baking renown;  
 So well can they measure the staff of life, as to  
 Earn the appellation of doughing No. two.  
 And as food is of limited extent each day,  
 Their bread is gauged to four inches a man and a lad two;  
 And so eagerly does each their bread seek, that they  
 Have earned the appellation of doughing No. two.  
 In this house there dwells a conceited spark,  
 With a tongue like a parrot and a head like a lark;  
 And black is both the country, and the trade of one who  
 Has earned the appellation of doughing No. two.  
 A foppish Scotchman is the best looking of the lot,  
 And amongst the girls he is considered a big pot;  
 Out of his measure he sometimes gets diddled, by those who  
 Have earned the appellation of doughing No. two.  
 A quizzing poet and composer writes lines in this abode,  
 Although a rhymer, he is not a timer in his sweet ode;  
 Two lads now this motley group make up, who  
 Have earned the appellation of doughing No. two.

J. A. S. WAULIP.

#### LAND HO!

Land ho! land ho! the words ring out  
 From a hundred lips with a joyful shout,  
 As our gallant barque, under press of sail,  
 Steers straight on her course with favouring gale.

Now many an eye is dimmed with a tear  
 Of gladness now, before of fear;  
 When at night the wind blew hard and strong,  
 Before it, the good ship, driving along.  
 Thank God, our voyage now is o'er,  
 We soon shall tread yon distant shore;  
 And every heart beats high with gladness,  
 And yet there is a dash of sadness.  
 For who can leave our little band  
 To face stern life in foreign land  
 Without a sigh at parting from  
 Those who have shared our fate so long.  
 O God we pray thy blessing pour,  
 On all of us who seek this shore;  
 And take us back when fortune's smile  
 To the dear land from which we sailed.

#### ACROSTIC.

S wiftly speeding thine onward way,  
 O'er ocean's hoary breast;  
 U ntiring thro' the briny spray,  
 T hou carriest us towards rest:  
 H ealth to thyself, and captain true,  
 E ver at duty's call;  
 S haring the toils with his gallant crew,  
 K ind and courteous to all.

#### THE DEAR ONES.

What are the dear ones thinking at home?  
 The friends we've left behind;  
 Are they thinking of us upon the foam  
 Buffeted by the wind?  
 What are the dear ones saying at home?  
 By the fire gathered around;  
 Do they speak of us who the ocean roam,  
 To distant regions bound?  
 What are the dear ones dreaming at home?  
 Upon their couch asleep;  
 Are they dreaming that once again we've come  
 Home from the stormy deep?  
 And the darling ones who are angels now,  
 From earthly cares set free;  
 From their home above do they look below  
 To guard us on the sea?  
 J. H. THOMPSON.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

LOST.—At the commencement of the voyage, a new twilled umbrella. The finder will be rewarded on returning it to Mr. Marriner, main hatch.

LOST.—At the concert on Thursday night last, a gent's gold ring. The finder will be rewarded on returning it to Mr. Emerson, main hatch.

WANTED.—A good dough measurer, none but a competent hand will be engaged, Apply at No. 2, Bachelor's Hall.

## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor regrets that he has been unable to publish all the letters received this week. A few of them were of such a strongly personal character that no good could have resulted from their publication. One piece of poetry, entitled, "No. Two Guage," does not exhibit such ability as to merit publication, but as it is written in reply to something which appeared in last week's issue we willingly insert it. We hope, however, that any little playfulness which may be indulged in by our poets, will not assume too grave dimensions.

## SPECIAL CONCERT AND ENTERTAINMENT IN AID OF THE MERCHANT SEAMEN'S ORPHAN FUND.

A Special Concert and Entertainment was held in the Bachelor's Hall, on Thursday evening last, in aid of the funds of the Merchant Seamen's Orphan Asylum. A large and fashionable audience assembled at the specified hour, and amused themselves until the performance commenced by admiring the beautiful decorations of the hall, which had been tastefully put up by Messrs Urquhart and Co., and their assistants. Before proceeding with the account of the concert we will place a description of those decorations before our readers, though it is impossible for our feeble pen to do them justice. On reaching the foot of the grand staircase, the walls of the entrance hall were discovered to be splendidly draped with various colours, and in the centre of the walls was a fine picture of a guardian angel of the peace, executed in oils by that rising young artist, H. Death, R.A. Three other paintings inside the concert hall, were by the same hand, viz., The Royal Coat of Arms; a portrait of the Kings Jester, and another of Othello. Passing into the main hall where the concert was to be held, the first thing that caught the eye was the splendid stage and proscenium. On the wall at the back of the stage was hung the Union Jack, and in the centre of this flag was displayed the afore-named coat of arms. The proscenium was hung with various colored flags, draped in the most artistic manner, and from each side the handsome features of the Kings Jester and Othello looked out from the canvas upon the admiring spectators. To the right of the stage inside was a private box entirely hidden from the inquisitive gaze of the spectators, but furnished and decorated in the most gorgeous manner. Here, gathered together, were some of the most popular men and leading citizens of Southesk, to view the performance without being annoyed by the admiring looks and loving glances of the members of the fair sex assembled there. To the left of the stage inside was the entrance from the Green Room, where the performers waited their turn to appear. Hung along the right wall of the hall was a splendid scroll worked in crimson and white, bearing the name of our ancient and loyal borough—Southesk. The left wall was graced with the English ensign, and the wall behind with various hued flags. Hung at short intervals throughout the hall were numerous crystal and gauze lamps dazzling the eyes of the beholder, and making the place seem as though the stars from the celestial sphere had come down to lend their light to enhance the beauties of this veritable Valhalla. The decoration of the Bachelor's Hall for this concert has indeed been the *chef d'oeuvre* of Messrs. Urquhart & Co., and they may well feel proud of its appearance on Thursday night last. We will now proceed to give a short account of the entertainment, although owing to the press of matter in our columns this week we cannot criticise every performer in detail, so must just take some of the most prominent from among the rest, all of whom were extra good. Perhaps to give an idea of the style of the entertainment to those who may not have had the good fortune to be present it might not be out of place to present the programme in *extenso*.

## BACHELORS' HALL

## A GRAND FASHIONABLE CONCERT

Will be given in the above Hall on

THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 11, 1879

In aid of the

## MERCHANT SEAMEN'S ORPHAN FUND

When the following Ladies and Gentlemen will kindly give their services

## PART 1

Song	..	..	"The Veteran"	..	..	Mr. G. Williams
Song	..	..	"Pour Out the Rhine Wine"	..	..	Mr. A. Liddell
Song	..	..	"It isn't the Thing that I Want"	..	..	Mr. W. Bowden
Song	..	..	"The Banks of the Severn"	..	..	Mr. Emmerson
Duet	..	..	"Huntingtower"	..	..	Mr. Snowball and Miss Hill
Recitation	..	..	"License to Sell"	..	..	Miss P. Bell
Song	..	..	"Scenes in the Snow"	..	..	Mr. Shakesby
Song	..	..	"Tynemouth Sands"	..	..	Mr. Hunter
Song	..	..	"The Same Old Game"	..	..	Mr. R. Field
Song	..	..	"The Banjo Man"	..	..	Mr. Bisley
Recitation	..	..	"The Wife's Dream"	..	..	Miss Lilly Hill
Song	..	..	"Dear Old Pals"	..	..	Mr. H. Jackson
Song	..	..	"Partant Pour la Syrie"	..	..	Mr. Snowball
Song	..	..	"Close the Shutters"	..	..	Miss Marriner
Recitation	..	..	"A Welsh Legend"	..	..	Mr. J. S. Faulkner
Song	..	..	"The Wicked Welshman"	..	..	J. T. Wrenforth
Duet	..	..	"A.B.C."	..	..	Mr. and Mrs. Robinson
Song	..	..	"Fizz"	..	..	Mr. D. Urquhart

## PART 2

Song	..	..	"Scotland's Hills"	..	..	Mr. Donaldson
Song	..	..	"Paradise"	..	..	Miss Rose Hill
Song	..	..	"Keep it on the Quiet"	..	..	Mr. Harry Carr
Song	..	..	"This Life is a Difficult Riddle"	..	..	Mr. Everest
Reading	..	..	..	..	..	Rev J. Cairns
Song	..	..	"The Butterfly was a Gentleman"	..	..	Mrs. Hill
Song	..	..	"Billy Johnson's Ball"	..	..	Mr. A. Brown
Duet	..	..	"Do They Think of Me at Home"	..	..	Misses R. Hill and S. Bell
Recitation	..	..	"The Newsboy's Debt"	..	..	Mr. Marriot
Song	..	..	"Buttercup Joe"	..	..	Mr. E. Kinchin
Song	..	..	"The Irish Schoolmaster"	..	..	Mr. Kingsborough
Song	..	..	"The Anchor's Weighed"	..	..	Miss M. Bell
Reading (Composed for the occasion)	..	..	..	..	..	Mr. J. H. Thompson
Song and Flute	..	..	"The Banks and Braes"	..	..	Messrs. Hill and Donaldson
Song	..	..	"Angry Words"	..	..	Miss P. Merriss
Song	..	..	"The Hardy Norseman"	..	..	Mr. Cooper
Song	..	..	"Tom Bowling"	..	..	Mr. Hill
Song	..	..	"The Little Old Man that Lived in a Wood"	..	..	Miss L. Hill

To conclude with a Screaming Farce, entitled

## WANTED A MUSICIAN

By Messrs. W. Bowden and R. Emmerson

[CAPTAIN T. NICOLL HAS KINLY CONSENTED TO PRESIDE

The decorations and illuminations which have been got up, regardless of expense, are by Messrs. Urquhart & Co., and the artistic work by H. Death, R.A.

MR. H. MCCracken, Acting Manager

M. W. BOWDEN, Stage Manager

Doors open at 6.30 p.m., to commence at 7.

Reserved Seats for ladies only

Thompson & Bowden, Printers and Lithographers

The hall was crowded to excess, large numbers of the audience having to stand. While they were waiting for the appearance of the royal chairman (who, by the bye, was set forth in the programme as simple captain, that being his rank in the army.) Mr. Davis kindly favoured them with some lively tunes upon the dulcimer, which were much appreciated. At last his Majesty entered, and immediately he was perceived by the spectators loud cheers, burst forth from every lip, which lasted until he had taken his seat on the right of the stage. When the loyal exuberance of the audience had subsided, the royal chairman in a short and pithy speech, explained the object of the entertainment, viz., The Merchant Seamen's Orphan Fund, and recommended it as one worthy of their charity. After a few more remarks, his Majesty called upon Mr. Williams to open the concert with the song of "The Veteran" which that gentleman sang with considerable ability. Although, as we said before, every performer was good, yet there were some who shone with extra brilliancy. Among those were Mr. Hunter, in the "Sands of Tynemouth;" Mrs. Hill in the duet, "Hunting Tower;" Miss M. Bell in the exquisite song, "Darby and Joan;" Mr. D. Urquhart, who brought down roars of laughter in his characteristic song of "Fizz;" Mr. Bowden, in the song "It isn't the thing that I want." The Misses Rose and Lillie Hill, in their charming ballads. Mr. Emmerson in the song, "The banks of the Severn;" the Misses Hill and Bell in the duet, "Do they miss me at home;" Mr. Jackson, in "Dear old Pals;" Mr. Kingsboro', with his brogue, get up and excellent acting in the song of the "Irish Schoolmaster;" Mr. and Mrs. Robinson in the duet of "A.B.C.;" Mr. Kinchin as "Butter Cup Joe," in the song of that name, and Mr. Binley in the "Banjo Man." The want of space forbids the lengthening of the list, but all the other singers were first class and up to the mark, every one being loudly applauded. Mr. Marriotte, by desire, recited that touching piece, "The newsboy's debt," while Miss Lillie Hill gave the "Wife's Dream," and Mr. Faulkner amused the audience with "A Welsh Legend." The Rev. T. Cairns' "Irish Reading" was very good, and the audience listened with attention to the poem composed for the occasion by Mr. Thompson, and read by him, which will be found in another column. The entertainment closed with a farce entitled "Wanted a Musician," the characters by Messrs. Emerson and Bowden, which caused roars of laughter from all parts of the house. After votes of thanks to his majesty for occupying the chair, and to the performers and committee, this, the most successful concert of the season, closed by the singing of "The National Anthem." A subscription was set on foot the next day, in aid of the fund, which resulted in the somewhat respectable sum of £7 2s. Messrs. Thompson, Bowden, and Hunter, acted as collectors.

#### STATEMENT BY THIRD CLASS PASSENGERS ON BOARD THE SOUTHESK.

We the undersigned, in behalf of the third class passengers on board of the ship Southesk, chartered by Messrs. Shaw, Savill and Co., to convey passengers to Port Lyttelton, New Zealand, do hereby beg to state our dissatisfaction with the quality of certain provisions, set forth below, with which we have been supplied during the passage, and caution all persons intending to come out to New Zealand from the United Kingdom against taking their passage in any of the vessels belonging to, or chartered by Messrs. Shaw, Savill and Co. We have found since leaving London, that their advertisements are very much overdrawn, and that the provisions stated by them to be of the best quality, are very inferior, and in some cases unfit for human food. We caution all intending passengers to New Zealand against believing the statements of writers of pamphlets on emigration to that country regarding the quality and quantity of provisions supplied, and advise them if they come by sailing vessels, to provide themselves at their own cost with plenty of good food and small luxuries in case of ill health on the passage, as they will find that that which they get on board, even if the quantity is according to contract and the quality ever so good is not sufficient to satisfy the natural wants of a person in good health. We have no complaints to make against the ship Southesk, as it is all that could be desired for a passenger vessel, nor against Captain Nicoll or his officers, as they have been courteous and kind to everyone on board during the passage, and have done everything in their power to ameliorate our condition in regard to the provisions, for which we give them our most hearty thanks.

PROVISIONS OF BAD QUALITY.—Prime Indian Mess Beef, Mess, Pork, Biscuits and Pickles.

(Signed)

R. J. MANN.  
ANTHONY HILL.  
J. H. THOMPSON.  
JAMES SMART.  
HENRY PEARSON.

#### RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The usual service was held Sunday afternoon, when Mr. Cato officiated. Owing to the extreme cold it was impossible to hold service in the morning.

#### OUR VOYAGE.

We have had much reason to congratulate ourselves in the fact that since leaving England we have almost all the time enjoyed favourable winds, though sometimes it was scarcely so strong as we could have desired, yet we have fortunately known little of a head wind.

On Thursday evening fortune seemed to leave us somewhat, and since then we have been obliged to contend with a wind having a strong tendency to carry us farther south than we desired. Few of us have any particular fancy to see an iceberg, much less to spend a few days in its vicinity, and hence there has been more than usual anxiety each morning to know if the wind has not moved toward the south or west. However the temperature has not been unusually low, in fact it has been higher than we have had at any time since leaving the Tropics; and though the wind was not very favourable we made very respectable progress. Our total for this week is 1532 miles, giving an average of 218 6-7ths per day.

SUPPLEMENT TO  
THE SOUTHESK WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, 27<sup>TH</sup> DECEMBER, 1879.

**W**HEN issuing our last number we expected to have reached Port Lyttelton on or about Saturday, 20th, but owing to a head wind which prevailed for fourteen days we were driven considerably further south and east than we calculated upon, and, as a consequence, were delayed a week longer than we anticipated.

Looking back since we left London we have much reason to be thankful for the very favourable weather we have experienced. With the exception of an occasional breeze the wind has been very moderate, and at the same time more than usually favourable. The passengers as a whole have had excellent health, and although we have about three hundred souls on board there has only been one death.

Perhaps it might not be out of place here to say a word or two regarding our ship. As we have observed on a previous occasion, she is at present chartered by Shaw, Savill & Co., of London, but is the property of the Dundee Clipper Line. She is a barque of 1154 tons register, and classed A 1 at Lloyd's, she was built in the end of 1876, and her first voyage was to Brisbane, with emigrants, early in 1877, which she accomplished in 74 days—one of the fastest runs on record. Her next voyage outward was to the same place and in the same service. On each occasion she traded for some time abroad and is now on her third voyage. Capt. Nicoll is master of her at present, and if the good-wishes of the passengers could secure prosperity to himself and his ship, they would be given most enthusiastically by all on board. We sighted land on Saturday, 27th Dec., and dropped our anchor in Port Lyttelton on Sunday, 28th.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

From the day we left London, the hope universally entertained by our fellow-passengers was that we might reach our destination before Christmas Day. Surrounded as it is with our earliest and most hallowed associations, it was natural that those who have friends in New Zealand should wish to spend this time-honoured and festive season in their company. It was therefore with some feelings of regret that in the beginning of this week we are all forced to the conclusion that Christmas Day must be spent on board. Our resources were, as might be expected, rather limited. Our stores were gradually wearing down, and the supply of evergreens and other suitable decorations was far from plentiful, yet the idea prevailed that the day should not be allowed to pass without a Christmas tree for the children and a Christmas dinner for the adults. The Bo'sun succeeded in rigging up a very respectable tree garnished with sprays of oak(um), and soon considerably over a hundred articles were suspended from its branches. Many of these exhibited much artistic taste, and reflected great credit on those who from straightened resources were able to produce very attractive presents for the young people. Christmas Eve was celebrated with the usual festivities, and 12 o'clock was welcomed with a merry peal of bells from the fore-castle. Almost immediately afterwards a large company assembled at the door of the saloon, and ushered in the day with carols suited to the occasion. Mr. Williams, accompanied by Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Pearson, and the Misses Hill took a leading part in the music, with a flute accompaniment by Mr. Hill. Divine service was conducted on the quarter deck at 11 o'clock, a.m., by Revs. T. R. Cairns and Joseph McCracken.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the day was the reading of an address to Captain Nicoll, from the passengers, and another to Dr. Garde, from those who had been under his care on the voyage. The whole ship's company having assembled at the main hatch, the Rev. T. R. Cairns said they were met for a very agreeable purpose—namely, to read an address and make a presentation to Captain Nicoll. He said their esteem was not to be measured by the pecuniary value of the presentation, inasmuch as they were going to make their fortune, and of course were not supposed to be in very affluent circumstances. If, however, it should happen by and by when they had all succeeded in amassing wealth that they should travel home with Captain Nicoll, their presentation then would be much more worthy of his acceptance. He then read the following address:—

ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION

TO CAPTAIN THOMAS NICOLL.

FROM THE PASSENGERS ON BOARD THE SOUTHESK, ON HER VOYAGE FROM  
LONDON TO CANTERBURY, NEW ZEALAND.

DEAR SIR—

At the termination of a very pleasant voyage, we desire to express our deep gratitude for the unceasing kindness and consideration we have received from you since we came on board. A sea voyage must always be a matter of deep concern, especially one like ours, when our happiness and our life itself must to a large extent depend on the conduct of whoever has charge of the ship. While it would be very far from our wish to flatter you, we think it due to you to say that whatever anxiety we may have felt on this matter was dispelled from the moment you took charge of the vessel. A very short experience on board led us to the conclusion, that with a good ship, an accomplished captain, efficient officers, and able crew, our voyage would not only be safe but pleasant. Our highest expectations in this respect have been fully realised. While no doubt anxious that your ship should sustain her high reputation as a fast sailor; the comfort of your passengers seemed always your first consideration. We also desire to thank you for the latitude you accorded us in our various entertainments, and for the interest often added to them by your presence. We beg your acceptance of the accompanying address and gold chain, as a small token of our regard and esteem, and we earnestly pray that you may be long spared to adorn your profession; and that by the power of Almighty God you may be kept safe from the dangers and hardships to which by your calling you are so often exposed.

Signed by the subscribers.

Captain Nicoll having thanked the passengers for their address and presentation, read the following reply:—

MY DEAR FRIENDS—

I thank you very heartily for your complimentary address and for your substantial gift. Both of them were unexpected by me, and are therefore doubly prized. There are specially gratifying, because this is my first voyage as master of a ship, and they show at all events your appreciation of my efforts to make the voyage a pleasant one. I am happy to say that every one on board has conducted himself in such a way as made it unnecessary for me in any way to interfere with your amusements, and I have always found pleasure in seeing you enjoy yourselves. I have been very fortunate in my officers and crew, and in their name as well as in my own I thank you for your flattering words. I cordially reciprocate your good wishes for the future, and hope that you shall all be successful in your new home.

Yours very truly,

Southesk, 25th December, 1879.

THOMAS NICOLL.

After hearty cheers had been given for the captain, Rev. J. H. Lewis, in behalf of those who had been professionally treated by Dr. Garde, read the following address:—

To DR. HENRY CROKER GARDE.

DEAR SIR,—

As we are now about to separate, after spending some three months together as passengers from London to Canterbury, on board the barque Southesk, we, the invalids, or rather those of us who at one time or other have been attended by you in your capacity as ship's surgeon, feel that we cannot part without recording our testimony to the diligence, attention, and assiduity you have always displayed; the kindness and professional skill you have invariably showed and exercised in the discharge of your professional duties. Some of us have had wide experience of medical treatment, and have been attended by some of the first physicians in the old country, yet we are under obligation to you to say, that none have understood our constitutions better, nor been more successful in the means used for our restoration to health than yourself.

You, sir, are a young man just setting out in life, in the practice of a profession which perhaps of all others affords the widest scope for conferring benefits on your afflicted fellow-men. Our prayer is, that your life may be long spared, that you may be an ornament to your noble profession, and a blessing to your suffering fellow mortals.

This was followed by 49 signatures.

Dr. Garde read the following reply:—

DEAR FRIENDS,—

Your very kind and unexpected expressions of good will affords me great pleasure. The flattering encomiums passed on my professional abilities, and any small service I may have rendered during the voyage are, I am sure, much more than I have deserved. It has been a source of sincere gratification to me to do anything that lay in my power to promote the health and general welfare of all on board. Although our acquaintance has been of such short duration, it has, I hope, formed some friendships not to be easily dissolved. Thanking you very much for your kind words of approval, and wishing each and every one of you all the blessings of health and happiness,

I am,

Yours faithfully,

HENRY CROKER GARDE.

#### THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

At 3 o'clock p.m. all the children assembled at the after hatch to draw their gifts from the Christmas tree. In order that there might be no jealousy on the occasion, each article on the tree was numbered and a corresponding number placed in a bag. Mrs. Moore took charge of the drawing, and the prizes were given away by Mr. Hodgson, second officer, and Rev. Joseph McCracken. Almost two hours were spent in this very agreeable exercise, and all the young people seemed pleased with the success which attended the lottery. At the conclusion very hearty cheers were given for Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Montgomery, Mr. Hodgson, and Mr. McCracken who had been largely instrumental in getting up the treat.

After tea a large company assembled on the quarter-deck, and spent a few hours pleasantly with music and dancing. The prevailing opinion seemed to be that we had no reason to regret having Christmas day at sea.

#### SPORTING COLUMN.

Ever since we came into the locality of albatrosses, the ambition of some of our fellow passengers seemed to be to make the acquaintance of some of them on

board. Fabulous stories have been current as to their size; some asserting that it was not unusual to find them measuring twenty feet across the wings. Their chief attraction consist in their feet, wings, head, and breast, in other words like the camel or palm tree the whole of them may be turned to account. From love of sport as well as from more sordid motives some of our companions have been unwearied in their efforts—if we mistake not, we have seen some of them engaged even on Sunday, as though the poor albatross might be off its guard on that day, still their labours were unrewarded no matter how tempting the bait might be, or how skillfully the hook was hidden. At last, on Saturday, 20th December, when even the most enthusiastic had given up in despair, Captain Nicoll succeeded in bringing one on board. It was a very pretty bird, measuring 9ft. 6in. from tip to tip of the wings, 4ft. 6in. from the point of the bill to the feet, and 33in. round the breast under the wings. Five others have been caught since, all about the same size.

#### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

J olly and free	i S the sailor's life,
O cean's his	H ome, and the sky's its walls,
H is gallant	sh I p is his darling wife,
N o storm on the	dee P his heart appalls.

S afe as on	S hore he rides on the waves,
A And lustily sings his	s O ng so gay,
N or thinks he ought	'bo U t rocky caves,
D eep 'neath the sea where	T he drowned sleep aye.
E arning his living by	H ardy toil,
M errier than	th E king on his throne,
A nd freer than the	S on of the soil
N o one like	Jac K upon shore is known.

J. H. THOMPSON.

#### LIST OF PASSENGERS.

SOUTHESK, barque, 1154 tons, Nicoll, from London. Edwards, Bennett and Co., agents. Passengers—Saloon—Washington Finlay, Arthur Tulk, Arthur G. Scott, Douglas Cooper, Rev. J. Foster, Mrs. Mary Foster, Rev. J. H. Lewis, Dr. H. C. Garde, Rev. T. R. Cairns, and Rev. J. McCracken. Second cabin—Richard Trinett, John Wrenford, Elizabeth Lissaman, A. H. Moore, Annie Moore, Mary Moore, T. D. Wearmouth, Thomas S. Montgomery, Teresa Montgomery, Annie Montgomery, Robert T. Montgomery, Robert A. Montgomery, F. B. McCarthy, Thomas A. Cato, Gertrude Cato, J. F. Faulkner, Fanny Faulkner, Constance Faulkner, Joseph Faulkner, Samuel T. Shepherd, W. Wilkerson, S. Hamilton, A. Cook, and E. Marshall. Steerage—N. Kepple, W. Greenslade, H. S. Gamble, Eliz Gamble, C. Gamble, E. Gamble, Henry Gamble, J. J. Leedale, E. W. Marriott, Matilda Marriott, Wm. Goldthorpe, T. Graves, Leopold Loible, Henry Robinson, Louisa Robinson, G. H. Robinson, Charley Robinson, T. Wilson, Sarah Wilson, Stephen Bell, Mrs. Bell, Wm. Bell, Mary Ann Bell, Sarah Bell, Alice Bell, Hodgson Bell, Wm. Bell, Ruth Bell, Emma Bell, Elizabeth Bell, Annie Bell, John Bell, H. M. Carmichael, D. Munro, John Watson, Wm. Bainbridge, Jane Bainbridge, Margaret Bainbridge, Henry Bainbridge, Hannah Bainbridge, Mary J. Bainbridge, William Bainbridge, Robert Bainbridge, Alfred Sharland, S. Woods, A. Neal, T. Rowlett, G. Bell, W. J. Shackelford, G. H. Marsh, Mrs. Smith, George Smith, Margaret Smith, Mary T. Smith, Sarah E. Smith, William Smith, M. Redhead, John Ireland, James Dickinson, William Donaldson, Mrs. Donaldson, James Thompson, J. Smith, Edwin Kinchin, Alfred Slater, Mark Daniel, James Stewart, Peter Cumming, Mrs. Cumming, Charles Cumming, D. Urquhart, W. H. Shillito, Isaac Lloyd, George Lloyd, Thomas McClelland, Mrs. Sims, John



McPake, William Bowden, R. C. Gibson, D. Rydings, W. Snowball, Mrs. Snowball, John Snowball, T. A. Jackson, T. E. Best, William Pratt, D. Bradley, John Arrell, Michael McPike, Patrick Pike, John Lee, William Richard Border, Elizabeth J. Border, William Border, Barbara Border, Thomas W. Whitfield, Henry Pearson, Elizabeth Pearson, Edith Pearson, Anthony Hill, Mrs. Hill, Rosina Hill, Lilly Hill, Thomas Hill, Frank Hill, Moutter Mitchell, David Mitchell, Watson Mitchell, Alfred Liddell, Mary Merris, T. Julian, John Westlake, Eliza Westlake, Harriet Westlake, John Westlake, Eliza Westlake, Henry Westlake, Jemima Westlake, Edith Westlake, C. Lewis, Mrs. Lewis, John Stone, Robert Ellis, Thomas Talson, Henry Lancaster, Richard Emmerson, Margaret Emmerson, Thomas Emmerson, Henry Emmerson, Richard Emmerson, William Hunter, Robert Reedfield, Stephen Field, Annie Whitehead, John Chapman, Nich. Davis, George Wilkinson, Mary Wilkinson, Henry Pettit, Thomas Hensman, Alex. Taylor, H. McCracken, James Smart, Walter Hamilton, Elizabeth Watson, F. Norris, Mrs. Norris, Alexander Brown, Henry Norrie, Richard Mallan, Isaac Cooper, Jessie Cooper, John Cooper, Henry Jackson, R. J. Mann, John Robinson, Emma Robinson, Harry Robinson, Walter Robinson, Frank Robinson, Charles Robinson, Mabel Robinson, John McLaachlan, Mary McLaachlan, James McLaachlan, Margaret McLaachlan, Joseph McLaachlan, Margaret McLaachlan, Louisa McLaachlan, F. J. Marquand, James Marriner, Anna L. Marriner, Ada Marriner, Henry Marriner, Herbert Marriner, Anna L. Marriner, Alice Marriner, Julian Marriner, Edward Marriner, Ernest Marriner, Frank Marriner, George Marriner, David Watson, Martha Watson, Laura Watson, Samuel Watson, Cecil Watson, George Smith, William D. Beaumont, George T. Halston, Thomas Sankey, R. H. Godfery, John Daniel, Richard Blackburn, Emma Blackburn, Thomas Blackburn, Emma Blackburn, Robert Christie, Henry Beard, Janet Beard, Thomas Beard, Arthur Beard, Richard Chadwick, Arthur Chadwick, Albert Chadwick, William Tuck, and Isaac Beckett.

## LOG FOR THE VOYAGE.

	Lat.	Long.	Dist.	Course.		Lat.	Long.	Dist.	Course.
1879 Sept. 30	North deg min 49 26	West deg min 04 27	156	SW	1879 Nov. 13	South deg min 35 23	West deg min 11 00	126	SE by E $\frac{1}{2}$ E
					14	36 01	08 54	112	SE by E
					15	38 30	03 56	290	SE by E
					16	39 22	00 03	218	E by S
Oct. 1	48 27	06 57	113	S			East		
2	46 21	07 09	128	S	17	40 09	04 21	180	E by S $\frac{1}{2}$ S
3	45 18	08 42	88	SW	18	40 48	10 02	264	E by S $\frac{1}{2}$ S
4	43 31	11 04	170	SW $\frac{1}{2}$ W	19	41 47	15 50	270	E by S
5	42 00	13 20	115	SW $\frac{1}{2}$ W	20	41 52	20 17	200	E
6	38 28	14 16	215	SW by S $\frac{1}{2}$ S	21	41 52	25 26	225	E
7	36 44	15 43	118	SW	22	42 10	30 07	210	E
8	35 38	16 44	82	SW $\frac{1}{2}$ W	23	42 08	34 20	185	E
9	34 16	17 03	91	SW by S $\frac{1}{2}$ S	24	42 39	40 21	270	E
10	33 13	17 49	60	S by W	25	42 21	46 12	260	E $\frac{1}{2}$ N
11	31 34	17 40	26	S $\frac{1}{2}$ E	26	42 26	50 45	200	E
12	31 34	17 40	26	S	27	42 41	56 52	270	E $\frac{1}{2}$ S
13	30 28	18 38	82	SW $\frac{1}{2}$ W	28	42 58	62 12	240	E $\frac{1}{2}$ S
14	28 27	20 26	155	SW $\frac{1}{2}$ W	29	42 29	68 06	255	E $\frac{1}{2}$ N
15	26 24	21 48	142	SW by S $\frac{1}{2}$ S	30	42 25	74 21	278	E
16	24 03	23 20	168	SW by S $\frac{1}{2}$ S					
17	21 27	25 14	190	SW by S $\frac{1}{2}$ S	Dec. 1	42 21	80 47	288	E $\frac{1}{2}$ N
18	19 56	26 02	98	SW by S $\frac{1}{2}$ S	2	42 30	86 32	255	E
19	18 53	26 25	66	SSW	3	42 25	90 20	172	E $\frac{1}{2}$ S
20	16 09	26 53	168	S $\frac{1}{2}$ W	4	43 25	97 30	314	E $\frac{1}{2}$ S
21	12 29	26 18	224	S $\frac{1}{2}$ E	5	43 21	102 40	232	E
22	10 34	26 33	116	S $\frac{1}{2}$ W	6	43 38	107 48	228	E $\frac{1}{2}$ S
23	07 18	26 34	196	S	7	44 02	113 02	232	E $\frac{1}{2}$ S
24	05 06	27 00	136	SW $\frac{1}{2}$ W	8	44 36	118 24	245	E $\frac{1}{2}$ S
25	03 05	28 44	160	SW $\frac{1}{2}$ S	9	44 50	124 00	240	E $\frac{1}{2}$ S
					10	45 18	130 00	256	E $\frac{1}{2}$ S
					11	45 33	134 00	165	E $\frac{1}{2}$ S
					12	46 11	137 46	164	E $\frac{1}{2}$ S
					13	47 22	142 58	224	ESE
					14	49 08	147 58	215	ESE
					15	50 28	152 22	188	SE by E $\frac{1}{2}$ E
					16	52 17	157 00	204	SE by E
					17	53 04	163 20	230	E by S
					18	51 45	168 00	190	NE by E $\frac{1}{2}$ E
					19	50 41	172 51	190	ENE
					20	50 29	175 27	100	E
					21	50 04	175 18	88	N by W $\frac{1}{2}$ W
					22	49 13	177 40	108	NE by E $\frac{1}{2}$ E
					23	48 25	176 40	61	N by W $\frac{1}{2}$ N
					24	46 20	178 15	145	NE by N $\frac{1}{2}$ N
					25	44 47	177 14	105	NW
					26	43 17	175 20	105	NW
					27	43 25	174 30	87	W by S
					28	Arrived at Port Lyttelton			



Please return to

L. W. Beaumont  
8 McLeod Street,  
Christchurch 1.

