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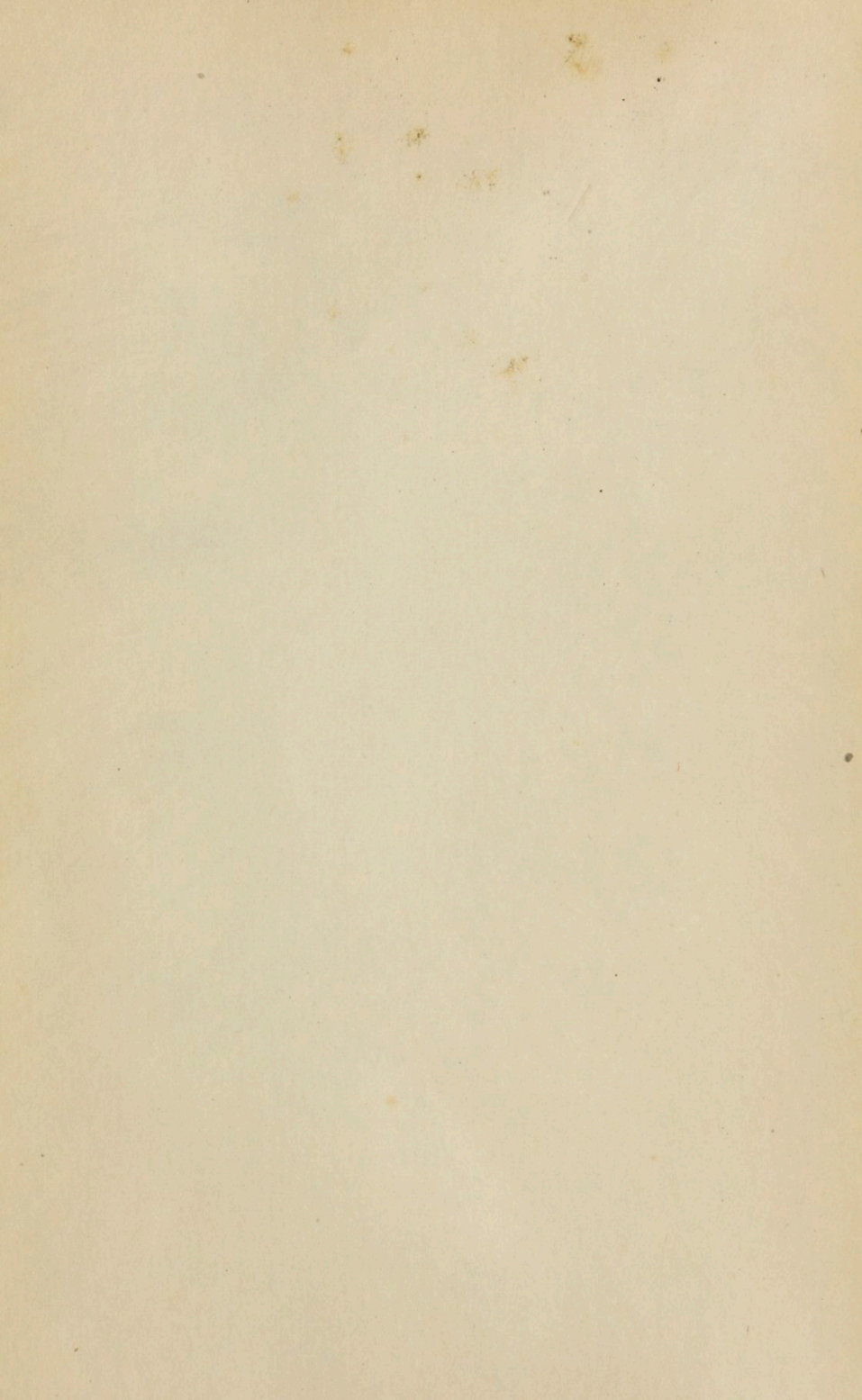
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THE
ENGLAND OF THE PACIFIC

OR
NEW ZEALAND AS AN ENGLISH MIDDLE-CLASS
EMIGRATION-FIELD.

A Lecture.

By ARTHUR CLAYDEN,

AUTHOR OF "THE REVOLT OF THE FIELD," "LETTERS ON CANADA," ETC. ETC.

TOGETHER WITH

*A Reprint of Letters to the Daily News on The English Agricultural
Labourer in New Zealand; Notes of a Month's Trip on
Horseback through the North Island of New Zealand;
and a Few Plain Directions for Intending Emigrants.*

EIGHT FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

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PREFACE.

So much has been written respecting New Zealand that some apology seems necessary for adding to it. The following Lecture is, however, not intended so much for instruction as for illustration. The valuable Handbook of Sir Julius Vogel, the Agent-General for New Zealand, and a Paper read by him before the Colonial Institute, pretty well exhaust the subject as far as general information is concerned. The aim of the compiler of this lecture has been to give a few life sketches illustrative of the position and prospects of Englishmen settled in New Zealand. His visit to the colony was for the express purpose of seeing for himself how the emigrant from the old home took to his new one.

The letters to the *Daily News* embodying the results of his investigations are reprinted at the request of gentlemen interested in the welfare of New Zealand, who deemed their generally favourable testimony as specially valuable on account of its absolutely independent character. The lecture, as indicated by the title, traverses a somewhat different line, being intended to illustrate New Zealand possibilities as regards Middle-class Emigrants rather than actualities as regards the Labourers. Combined, it is hoped that their publication may be useful in overcoming prejudices or misapprehensions which prevent multitudes from availing themselves of the splendid advantages of the "England of the Pacific."

For the pictorial illustrations the author is indebted to the courtesy of Sir Julius Vogel, from whose Handbook of New Zealand they are borrowed.

LONDON, *July*, 1879.



THE ENGLAND OF THE PACIFIC.

New Zealand—The Labourer's Paradise—Fifty-four Shillings per Week *versus* Twelve—Cost of Living—Visit to an English Agricultural Labourer—Who should not go to New Zealand—Difference between English Three per Cents. and New Zealand Eight—£300 a year *versus* £640—Sunshine *versus* Gloom—Openings for English Tradesmen, Manufacturers, Farmers, and Market-gardeners—Evidences of High Civilization—Nelson—Dunedin—Christchurch—Wellington—Auckland—Statistics of Book Imports, Telegraph and Post-Office Services, Savings' Banks, Beer, Wine, and Spirit Imports—Visit to two English Middle-Class Settlers—An ex-Shoemaker's History—A Berkshire Ironmonger as a New Zealand Farmer—The English Character of New Zealand Life—Its supposed Loneliness—The Maoris—An Irish Settlement—The Voyage—Life on Board Ship—Objects of Interest *en route*—Conclusion.

IT has long appeared to me that the subject of emigration must soon occupy a foremost position among our social questions. However we may feel disposed to hug this little island home of ours—and I will yield to no one in appreciation of its unique advantages, for I verily believe it to be the most desirable place of residence in the world for those who can afford a luxurious life—it is getting clearer and clearer every year that some of us must, sooner or later, swarm off. If any one doubts this, he has but to insert an advertisement in the papers for a clerk or private secretary, at a salary say of £150 a year, about what a navvy gets in New Zealand, and the choked condition of his letter-box for the next week will quite settle the point. The fact is indisputable. The home is very snug. It is abundantly comfortable. Nowhere, on the whole, may we find better quarters; but, as a matter of fact, it is too small. The alternative of emigration has to be faced. Nor need this alternative fill us with alarm. After devoting some years to the study of our emigration-fields, I venture to strip the bugbear of expatriation of its terrors, and I will also do my best to strip emigration of its disgrace.

It is high time the work of colonization took a fitting position in our social economy. Emigration has hitherto been looked upon too much as a last resort of the unfortunate; and I have heard a Canadian remark with bitterness, in view of the Ne'er-do-wells who have flocked to his shores from the old

country, "One would think it was written over our entrance-gates—'Rubbish shot here.'" Broken-down merchants, family scapegraces, younger sons who have failed to get into either the army or the church, and paupers of every degree of moral feebleness—these have too generally constituted the bulk of our human freightage to the colonies. So that, as a matter of fact, it has come to be regarded as a sort of social disgrace to have turned emigrant, and the friends of the supposed unfortunate individual feel under an obligation to apologize for the step, and a sympathetic circle of acquaintances hope for the best for "poor Jones."

Now, ladies and gentlemen, one of the deepest convictions which I have brought home from the Antipodes is that it is high time a new departure were taken in the emigration line. Instead of regarding a removal to the "Greater Britain" as a sort of voluntary transportation, I would have the magnificent domain kept before the energetic youth of England as a noble field for the performance of their life-work. The New Zealand whose hills and dales I have been exploring, whose towns and cities I have visited, and whose boundless resources I have seen revealed, is no mere refuge for the destitute. It is a glorious second home for Englishmen, a country every way worthy of its illustrious parentage, and destined to take its place in the world as the England of the Pacific.

My object in this lecture is more especially to place New Zealand before the overweighted Middle-class population of England. A thousand times, as I have viewed the varied openings for skill and enterprise everywhere presented, the wish has risen in my breast, "Would that some hundreds of the hard-pressed middle classes of England could be persuaded to break away from their moorings, and following the example of the labourers, come over to this beautiful southern isle and enjoy its splendid advantages." My presence here to-night is an outcome of this aspiration. Much, I know, has already been said and written touching the sunny South. Very recently the versatile novelist, Mr. Anthony Trollope, has given us a deliverance on the subject. I have not read his book, as I prefer going to him for amusement to sitting at his feet for instruction.

So far as I had pushed my inquiries in the direction of New Zealand life characteristics and possibilities as an English emigration-field, previous to my recent trip there, nothing really satisfactory had come before my view. I was quite satisfied with its advantages to the working man, and had unstintedly urged emigration thither as a panacea for his chronic

social ills. It was not necessary to take a voyage of thirty thousand miles to convince oneself that it was a safe course for a man to exchange a wage of from ten to twelve shillings a week for one of from two to three pounds. The immense advantage was so obvious as to leave one with only this matter of wonder, that thousands instead of hundreds did not eagerly rush to secure it. I am glad to be able to say here, that after a careful and somewhat exhaustive inquiry on the spot, this previously-formed conviction touching our English labourers has only been deepened and confirmed. New Zealand is, beyond dispute, the labourer's paradise. There he is emphatically master of the position. All that is comprised in that summary of his ambition which is set forth in the following doggerel rhythm :—

“Eight hours' work, and eight hours' play,
Eight hours' sleep, and eight bob a day,”

is more than realized.

Almost the first inquiry on the subject which I made on landing at Nelson, elicited the following facts :—A number of unskilled workmen, that is, mere shovel and pick men, engaged in removing soil from a hill side for harbour improvements had just successfully struck for an advance of one shilling a day upon a wage of eight shillings for eight hours' work! Here, then, was not only the “eight hours' work,” and “eight bob a day,” but another shilling, just half his old English total wage, into the bargain! And if anything further was needed to prove the case as regarded the labouring man, it was only necessary to inquire as to what this fifty-four shillings per week really meant. If in New Zealand the man had to pay five shillings for what he could get in England for one, the case might not be so good after all, and it might be a moot question whether, to use a somewhat slang but expressive phrase, the game was really “worth the candle.” But almost the first thing I inquired about,—the cost of living, revealed the somewhat startling fact that instead of the English shilling's worth costing five there, the five-shilling English leg of mutton could be bought in that very New Zealand town for one shilling. Nor were the other necessaries of life much less cheap. Bread and flour were about the same price as at home; sugar a trifle dearer, but decidedly better; tea the same price; fruits and vegetables were dear, except cherries, peaches, and potatoes. The former of these, cherries and peaches, were plentiful as blackberries all through the season, December and January. Nor was there any great difference in the prices of general drapery, clothing and boots.

seeing a neatly-clad little girl entering the front door, I soon learnt that she had been to school, a free school it appeared, one of six or seven to be found in the city of Nelson. I was immensely gratified by the picture, and recalled to mind a spiteful letter which I had read years before in the *North Wilts Herald*, wherein I was advised not to show my face in the West Berks district, lest the relatives of the unfortunate labourers whom I had induced to leave for New Zealand should wreak their vengeance upon me!

I laughingly alluded to this letter in a subsequent gossip with this labourer, and his reply was pretty much to the point, "That feller, sir, couldn't 'a known what he were a saying." I am afraid, however, he did know, for, in spite of his anonymous signature, I detected in the scurrilous epistle the hand of a time-serving tradesman who took advantage of my absence from home to write what he would not have dared to utter to my face. Such men abound in our small towns, and are the anathema maranatha of every manly soul.

But as a middle-class Englishman, and painfully aware of the severe pressure to which multitudes were being subjected at home by the stagnation of trade and various other causes, I was especially anxious to ascertain how far New Zealand would meet their case. My presence here to-night in the altogether novel character of a public lecturer is for the purpose of laying before you, as I have already intimated, the results of my investigation and inquiries.

What are the chances or opportunities presented by New Zealand to the average middle-class capitalist, whether tradesman, manufacturer, or agriculturist? Is there a reasonable prospect of his reaping any substantial benefit from a removal to that distant colony? To these inquiries I now address myself with a determination to be as honest and impartial as I endeavoured to be while accompanying Mr. Arch on his mission of inquiry touching the noble colony of Canada. In the first place, then, I would clear the way by giving an opinion as to who should not emigrate. I was accosted by a smartly got-up young fellow on board a steamer one day, who wanted my opinion as to the prospects presented by New Zealand for clerks—bank clerks, and such-like. I replied, Utter ruin and self-destruction; and I repeat the verdict here. Such men are not wanted there. The peculiarities of colonial life are wholly unsuited to that artificial existence in which, for the most part, they live and move and have their being. Nor should fine young ladies, who are unused to domestic work, and whose heaven of heavens is a drawing-room couch with the latest novel before them, think of going to New Zealand.

It is not my province here to-night to say what this sadly increasing section of our English society should do with themselves as a refuge from that blank despair which the state of the matrimonial market threatens a large proportion of them with. I can only say what they should not do, and that is, go to New Zealand. Alas, for such amid the exigencies of the life they would find there! True women are indeed needed in our colonies; and I know of no grander mission than his or hers would be who would organize some scheme for removing from the overcrowded English homes a few thousands of their energetic and bright-eyed daughters to the towns and farms of New Zealand. How much their beneficent ministry is needed there to counteract the deteriorating circumstances of the incessant toil no one who has visited the settlers' homes requires to be told. I am afraid schoolmasters and professionals of all kinds dare not entertain hopes of advancement from a removal to the Antipodes. So far as I could see, there is every prospect, thanks to the splendid public school system of the country, of the home supply for all the genteel professions greatly exceeding the demand. The suicidal vanity of bringing up children with a view to their wearing broadcloth and idling away their time behind bank counters or at lawyers' desks, is not confined to the mother country. The Mrs. Brown of a New Zealand city has much in common with her namesake at home. She is very apt to think that her Frederick, dressed like a gentleman and sporting a lot of jewellery, is a much finer sight than the same unique being would be at work behind his father's bench or guiding his father's plough.

I need not stop to indicate the utter ludicrousness of the bare idea of a Pall Mall exquisite finding himself in a colonial town. However desirable it might be for such idlers to quit their country for their country's good, they must not go to New Zealand. The paradise of the toiler would prove the purgatory of the self-indulgent idler.

There is one class, however, outside of the industrial, which I have often thought, while in New Zealand, might emigrate there with immense advantage. I refer to those who derive their modest incomes from investments in English stock. Take, for example, the case of a gentleman who is blessed with half a dozen lads, and whose fortune consists of £10,000 in the Three per Cents. He gets his £300 a year, and has to pinch in some quiet corner of the land to hold his own in society. Now let me place him in New Zealand. £8,000 he could invest on security almost equal to that of the English Three per Cents, at eight per cent., or, if he were of an enterprising

disposition, he might get ten per cent. A gentleman, just before I left New Zealand, advertised £5,000 to let out on mortgage, and before six hours were passed he had found a perfectly safe investment at twelve per cent. per annum. I will, however, for the sake of argument, take the lower figure, eight per cent. This would give him an income of £640, and with the remaining £2,000 (less the amount spent in removal and outfit) he could buy a good home with from ten to twenty acres of land. Here would be occupation in the shape of a small farm, orchard, and garden. For £5 he could buy a milking cow, and other stock proportionately cheap. £400 would put him up a seven or eight-roomed house. I say nothing about the exquisite climate, for which he would exchange the bitter winds and gloomy atmosphere of England. You must go, as I have gone, and luxuriate in the delicious sunshine, to understand what that means. I have many times stood on a lofty New Zealand hill and felt how poor all the luxuries of home life were by comparison with the rich splendour of the glorious scene before me. Yonder were still loftier ranges of the everlasting hills, with their verdure-clad slopes revelling in the brilliant sunlight. Trickling at their base ran the sparkling mountain stream. All around were the paddocks dressed in living green. In the distance the huge flax-plants reared their handsome leaves, and here and there rose above them the graceful blossom of the pampas grass. Nearer at hand were laden cherry-trees and peaches hastening to maturity. To the left were a few acres of original bush, with here and there a grand old monarch of the forest rearing his proud head high above the rest; and last, though not least, you saw resting on the green turf one of these said lordly monarchs prostrate. His time had come, and with a thud which must have shaken the whole neighbourhood, the huge fellow had fallen to the earth.

I must not, however, allow myself to be carried away into the æsthetic. It is not sublime scenery that will tempt the cool, practical middle-class Englishman whom I wish to influence, to shift his moorings. I return, therefore, to plain bread-and-cheese considerations.

What has New Zealand to offer to the tradesman, the manufacturer, or the farmer? I think a fair chance of comfortable competency. My grounds for this belief are these:—Most of the tradesmen, manufacturers, and farmers already there either are doing well or have done well, and this in spite of sundry disadvantages under which the average middle-class Englishman would not lie. For instance, a large proportion of the prosperous New Zealanders were originally

poor labouring men. They have gone plodding on year after year, but there has not been much spirit of enterprise among them. Comparatively few of the tradesmen import direct from the English, American, or Continental markets. They depend on middle-men, the merchants of the respective sea-ports. This places them at a great disadvantage. Their articles are too dear for general consumption or purchase, and hence you find hundreds of homes without conveniences and adornments which it should be the aim of the trader to supply. And so of the local manufactures. They are too elementary, and there are scores of new ones which might be opened up.

One of the most pressing needs of New Zealand just now is a development of manufacturing power. Few countries are richer in raw material. I need scarcely refer to the immense wool growth. The fact that 64,481,324 lbs. were exported in the year 1877 eloquently pleads for men and machinery to work it up at home. Then the thousands of acres of flax running to waste call loudly for rope-manufactories and other means of utilizing this valuable article. On one farm which I visited there were scores of acres of ground covered over with splendid flax which the owner was burning off for want of a better use for it. The fine timber is in a fair way of being utilized for manufacturing purposes. At Auckland* and Dunedin there are large wood-ware manufactories, and what is still more significant, woollen manufactories are beginning to be heard of. Of course a large trade is done in tinned meats, upwards of 18,000 cwt. being exported in the year 1877; but why should there not be a New Zealand Cross & Blackwell's, a Huntley & Palmer's, and a thousand other manufactures, whereby the natural products of the soil could be utilized, and a better market be opened up for the produce of the farm? How infinitely preferable would be the life of the artisan under the glorious sunshine of New Zealand to that which he spends in the dirty, smoke-begrimed, and every way wretched and unwholesome working-class regions of Birmingham, Manchester, Bristol, or even London.

Few things are more striking to the New Zealand visitor than the difference between the *morale* of the artisan there and at home. In England he finds him habitually shabbily clothed, badly housed, and with a general air of malignant discontent hanging about him. His appearance too often

* A company has just been formed at Auckland with a capital of £120,000 to develop a saw-mill, sash and door manufactory. The mills will turn out 15,000,000 ft. annually. There is also a sash and door manufactory at Aratapu employing 300 hands.

after his day's work is done, is that of a reckless, hopeless, ill-used individual, with a dirty short pipe in his mouth, and either on his way to the public-house or reeling home drunk therefrom. How different the appearance of the average New Zealand mechanic! He has got a pretty little verandahed house of his own. A piano is heard in the "parlour." In the evening you see him out for a walk with his well-dressed family. On Sunday "Mr. and Mrs. Brown" and their children occupy prominent seats at church, contributing probably more towards the "cause" than the average middle-class churchgoer in England. In a house where I stopped for a little while at a New Zealand city, a young man employed at some iron-works was boarding. He earned about 55s. per week and lived on 20s. An hour after he returned from the works he was dressed like a gentleman, and off for a ride on a handsome chestnut horse which he had bought. Another night he and his workmates would be taking half a dozen young ladies for a row in the harbour. I am afraid I should have to search very diligently at our manufacturing centres to find such a comfortably-circumstanced artisan.

I shall not soon forget the shock which I received while travelling through the "Black country" in 1873 on my way to Liverpool. I was going to Canada to see what hope there was there for half a million of English toilers whose lot seemed specially hard and trying. Alas! as I looked out of the railway carriage windows on the revolting homes of the workers at Birmingham, Wolverhampton, and all along the route, I felt a kind of philanthropic despair. The mission to which I had devoted myself enlarged with an overwhelming ratio; and it was not until I had seen New Zealand that I dared hope for any real redemption for the British toilers. Now I see a door of hope. Beneath that sunny sky and amid the rich abundance of those fertile fields I am sure there is a happier life to be lived; and I shall experience a new joy in life if I am able to induce English capitalists to make it possible for tens of thousands of our working classes to go out and realize its bliss.

As for agriculture, thousands of our young farmers should take their capital and skill to New Zealand, and buying out the poor farmers who are scratching over their labour-starved acres, and getting a bushel of corn where they might take a sack, show what may be done amid such matchless natural advantages. At Nelson, for instance, a district generally pooh-poohed by the inhabitants of Canterbury or Otago, I could point out farms by the score which might be bought for from £500 to £2,000. Knowing people on the spot will tell

you that the land is poor; but it is not the land but the farming which is at fault. Of the myriads of acres of hill and vale lying idle all along the Nelson district, I do not believe there is an acre which might not be made to yield either grass or corn or fruit. With a little pains and enterprise vast orchards might be developed all around. I have seen scores of cherry-trees which never had a care bestowed upon them, wild growths of the soil, laden with delicious fruit, fruit which if sent to the English market in some preserved condition would find a ready welcome. Where a hundredweight is now grown, a thousand tons might soon be grown. What a field for English market-gardeners! Fancy wild peaches growing in such profusion that pigs are fed upon them! I have seen sacks-full carried off to the pigs, any one of which would have fetched threepence at least in Covent Garden market. What if hundreds of acres were covered with those trees instead of a score or two of square yards, and the pruning-knife applied and the gardener's skill introduced, and capital employed in seconding the efforts of nature! A second garden of Eden might be developed. The climate—I speak now more particularly of the Nelson district, with which I have made myself most familiar—the climate I say is simply perfect. Without the heat and liability to drought of the Australian colonies, there is yet an abundance of delicious warmth, tempered by sea or land breezes which make out-door work even in mid-summer an actual delight. In winter, instead of the frost and snow of our Northern isle, grateful rains fall, to be stored up in Nature's reservoirs until the ensuing summer.

No condition of successful agriculture or horticulture is wanting. Well-made roads traverse the whole district, and for some thirty miles there is the additional advantage of railway communication. In other parts of New Zealand upwards of 1,000 miles of railway are open to the public, and probably nearly as much more is in course of construction.

In the North Island vast tracts of land are being surveyed with a view to English settlement which for richness and fertility surpass anything ever before offered to the public. I have no doubt, from all that I have heard and seen of those lands, that in proper hands they will become the most prosperous farms in New Zealand. The men who now buy them will in all probability become rich by the mere accretion of value year by year, just as the fortunate purchasers of the Canterbury plains on the South Island have done.

One very general idea respecting New Zealand should be at once got rid of. It is not barbarism that the Englishman is invited to. In a very literal sense, the schoolmaster is abroad.

In the most remote districts there is the village school-house and a qualified State-paid teacher. At Nelson there is a college of a high order, and in each of the other leading cities there are educational advantages which leave nothing to be desired in that direction. There are also all the other characteristics of an advanced civilization in New Zealand. At Wellington—the future London of the “England of the Pacific”—a steam tramway traverses the city; a fine Athenæum, with its public library and reading-rooms, adorns one of the leading streets; churches of more or less imposing structure are found all over the city, and there is all the bustle and stir of a thriving English seaport. The same also may be said of Dunedin, Christchurch, and Auckland. One of the most beautiful churches which I have ever seen was the Knox Presbyterian Church of the former city, and at Christchurch there is a perfect plethora of sacred edifices. In all these cities you find every requisite for, and characteristic of, the most refined society. The principal book-shops are miniature British Museums. I know of no such immense stores of literature as you find in them. The total value of the books imported during the year 1877 was no less than £118,707!

Then there is a singularly perfect telegraph system all over the country. In the most remote districts you see the magic wires running along, and can flash your commands at will. I was visiting a settler some five-and-twenty miles from a city early in this year, and, although miles away from even a country village, I both received and answered a telegraphic message sent from a city 150 miles off. The best idea that I can give of this fine service will be conveyed by the eloquence of figures. During the year 1877 no less than 1,182,955 messages were sent over the 7,530 miles of wire, and from the 3,307 telegraphic stations of New Zealand; and the cost of the same was £85,589. 8s. Nor is the Post-office service less wonderful in its efficiency and universality. The total number of letters received by the various offices during the year 1877 was 7,119,765, and the number despatched was 5,935,105. The total number of newspapers received was 4,805,785, and the total number despatched 3,260,526. The total revenue derived from this service amounted to £143,600. 1s. 5d. If it be borne in mind that the population of New Zealand, exclusive of the Maoris, on the 31st December, 1877, was only 417,622—about the same, I suppose, as that of either Manchester or Birmingham—a tolerably clear conception of the commercial and intellectual vigour of the colony will be obtained. If it were not for the fear of wearying you with statistics, I should like to have further strengthened my case

here by a reference to the Post-office savings' banks. Let it suffice that on the 31st December, 1877, there were no less than 28,761 open accounts, and a grand total of £767,375. 17s. 8d. standing to the credit of the depositors, giving an average to each depositor of £26. 13s. 7d.

All this I take to mean civilization, and if it were necessary to add anything further to the story, I should only tell you of the £78,332 worth of beer, the £95,382 worth of wine, and the £254,117 worth of spirits imported by the colonists during the year to satisfy their thirst. A people that could dispose of this prodigious quantity of strong drink must be highly civilized indeed.

It will relieve your patience somewhat, as well as illustrate my case, if I now place before you two photographs, as it were, of middle-class English settlers in New Zealand. I sought out two thoroughly representative cases—one of a recent settler, and the other of an old one—and paid them both a visit. It is a question often asked in England, and rarely satisfactorily answered, "What sort of chance of success does an English tradesman stand who goes in for farming in New Zealand?" I remember proposing a question of this kind to one of the shrewdest and best-informed men in Toronto, the Hon. George Brown, proprietor of the *Toronto Globe*, and being somewhat startled by his reply. "A better one," said he, "than that of an English farmer." "How so?" I asked. "Why simply because in the one case there would be a disposition to learn all the peculiarities of colonial agriculture, whereas in the other there is always found an invincible cleaving to English customs, which is sure to lead to failure."

The cases to which I am about to refer bear out Mr. Brown's deliverance. The two settlers whom I visited had both been English tradesmen. The first had been a boot and shoe manufacturer, and the other an ironmonger. It was on a beautiful Saturday afternoon, some time in February last, that I accepted an invitation to take a ride out to a lone farmhouse situated far away in the mountainous regions of the Nelson district. On either side of our well-made road scenery of the most romantic kind was continually being revealed. On the right, at a distance of some two or three miles a huge mountain chain stretched along, and rising up behind it were the lofty tops of other and still higher mountain-ranges. Dotting these verdure-clad slopes were thousands of sheep. The intervening space constituted the cultivated lands of the respective settlers, whose homesteads were situated therein. On our left similar high hills alternated with well fenced-in

paddocks, while in front of us, at a great distance, towered up immense mountains covered with primeval bush. We found our worthy host in a well-built house, nestling down at the base of these hills. Encircling the tastefully-built home was a belt of poplar-trees, enclosing some four or five acres. Within this outer row of poplars was a row of cherry-trees, and scattered about over the enclosed area were numberless apple, pear, plum, and peach-trees. The farm buildings were a few hundred yards off, and stretching away for a considerable distance to right and left were the fields which, with the surrounding hills, constituted the well-to-do settler's domain. As we entered the gate and walked up to the house there stood the hale and hearty looking ex-shoemaker under the verandah, ready to extend to us a true colonial welcome. It was not long before I had the history of this successful man, and I think if under any possible circumstances it were lawful for a man to indulge in a little self-laudation it was lawful in his case. Some twenty-five or thirty years before he had left England a comparatively poor man. His capital consisted of about £200, which he had invested in leather cut up to the sizes requisite for shoe soles. On arriving in New Zealand he at once commenced business as a boot and shoe maker. Success attended him until he was able to avail himself of the cheap lands being offered by Government with a view to an extension of the boundary of civilization. Possessed of his land he at once commenced planting, and hence the fine belt of poplars and the numberless fruit-trees on his estate. The gist of the whole story was just this—the right man had got hold of a good thing, and his common sense and industry had enabled him to turn it all to good account.

And that selfsame good thing is what I am here to put before you. What that honest cordwainer has done a thousand Englishmen might go and do to-morrow. I do not say that *any* one could achieve such a success, but I know sufficient of the middle-class population of England to feel sure that a very large proportion of them might go forth to those New Zealand solitudes, and by patient, plodding industry, secure to themselves a home and a competency, if not a fortune. Observing a young lad of fifteen or sixteen approaching the house on horseback the settler said:—"Yonder is one of my sons just returned from College. I want to give him the best education within my power, and so he goes every day to Nelson College." Here was a still more pleasing fact. The father probably had never been to more than an old woman's day-school such as we all remember in our childhood, but which, thank God, are now becoming increasingly scarce.

But with a most laudable anxiety, he consecrates a portion of his hardly-acquired wealth to the securing to his boy that which as far transcends gold in value as the joyous life of the New Zealand settler transcends the revolting monotony and the laborious trifling called life of a large proportion of the English well-to-do classes.

As I turned my back on that fine two thousand acre farm and its radiant-faced owner I seemed to have a view opened up to me of New Zealand possibilities which I earnestly hoped I might one day have an opportunity of spreading out before those hardly bestead men of my acquaintance in the old country. At that time I did not expect, at any rate for some years, to have that privilege, but in the wondrous evolutions of that Good Providence whose guidance I thankfully acknowledge, I am here within six months of the visit, brought safely over the intervening fifteen thousand miles of sea. If I am addressing any overweighted man here to-night, in view of the ever-increasing worry and anxiety of his present lot, consequent on the overcrowding of this little isle and the severity of business competition, I would simply ask him to "look on this picture and on that."

My other illustration is of a wholly different character, but I think it will be of even more real use in the elucidation of my subject.

About two years ago a Berkshire tradesman of my acquaintance, feeling himself somewhat overborne with business and domestic cares, determined to dispose of his concern and go with his large family to New Zealand. I resolved on looking him up as soon as I reached the locality of his choice. I found him just entered upon a thousand acre farm in the Nelson district, some twenty miles beyond the city, bushwards. The farm consisted of two-thirds of fern-clothed hill land, and one-third of valley, thickly studded over with wild vegetation—manuka, flax, sweet-briar, &c. About a hundred acres only were in actual cultivation. Some two hundred and fifty sheep were feeding on the hills, and a score of young cattle grazed in the plains. The greater part of my friend's family remained at Nelson. One youth had found work in an engineering establishment, and was taking a salary of pretty well £150 a-year. Another was in a house of business at a good salary. A third had developed an old love of carpentering, and was earning over a couple of pounds a week with his saw and plane. One or two more were equally industriously employed, and a nice little nest-egg had each of them already in the Nelson Savings' Bank.

Seated at my friend's hospitable table, I asked him how

the change had on the whole turned out, was he satisfied with the general outlook? His answer was prompt, explicit, and decisively affirmative. He was supremely happy in his lot. The outdoor labour restored tone to his jaded nerves. The glorious sunshine made existence a delight, and living for the most part on the products of his farm, the problem of life was simplified.

And as I accompanied him into his orchard and joined him in partaking of nature's bounteous feast in the shape of cherries, gooseberries, &c.; and then mounting one of his horses, accompanied him over his extensive domain—now riding over a high hill, then passing through a kind of gorge where ferns of every kind flung their graceful leaves all around us, the luxuriant vegetation forming a charming archway and protection from the sun, I began to understand his enthusiastic delight. Verily he had indeed made a good exchange! When I had years before visited him in his old English home I had often felt grieved at his aged, careworn aspect. The battle was far too severe for him. Now a glorious sense of relief was visible. The humanities within him began to have play. He could join in the merry laugh. Life was no longer that joy-murdering harassment which it was wont to be, but a blessed thing every way worthy of Him who was its source, and of that glorious immortality towards which it leads. Again, I say, in view of the growing anxieties of English middle-class life, "look on this picture and on that."

I spoke of New Zealand in the commencement of my lecture as the Englishman's second home. I used that expression advisedly. It is emphatically English. Everywhere and on all hands the Englishman feels at home. All the associations are home-like. The people all have the comfortable home look. They all talk of England as home. Our good Queen is their much-loved Sovereign. The highest ambition of every one, next to his gaining paradise, is to visit the dear old home some time. Every shock felt in England thrills through the whole colonial soul. When the news of the death of the estimable Princess Alice was flashed across the main there was a universal sense of bereavement. I was in a Congregational Church one Sunday morning when the sad announcement was made, and even now I feel moved by the remembrance of the sympathetic thrill which went through that audience.

The prevailing tone of thought too is English. Even the foibles of the good colonists smack of the old home. There are the same hair-splittings in theology, and the same worship of a Shibboleth. In a remote New Zealand village I found no less than five places of public worship. There were Plymouth

brethren and Plymouth brethren—Darbyites and Newtonians, just as one finds here in England. Dear, good souls, there they were looking at one another askance just as you may see them at Clifton and elsewhere—the follower of Darby not daring to worship with the follower of Newton because forsooth the said Newton was supposed to have broached some heretical theory touching our Lord's humanity. Another very important consideration is that the climate is essentially English, a vastly improved English of course, but still essentially our own. The English child thrives in it as he cannot in the Australias, or India, or the Cape, or even in Canada. I happened to be at Christchurch on a public holiday, and as I left the station a long procession of school children passed by on their way to some pic-nic in the neighbourhood. I carefully noted their appearance, and was not more struck with their neat attire than with their hearty, healthy looks.

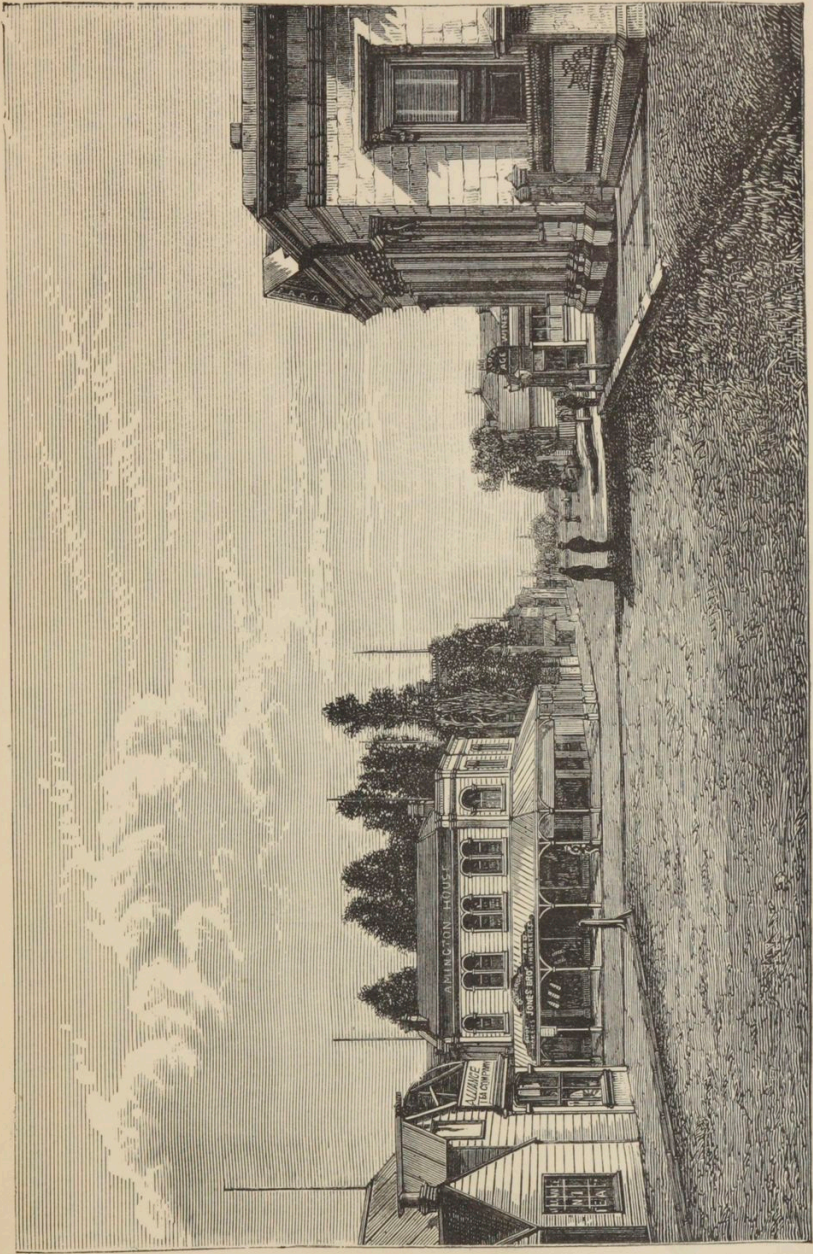
If I might be allowed the expression I should describe the New Zealand climate, especially that of the Nelson district, as a kind of glorified English.

I had grave doubts as to the tolerableness of the unavoidable loneliness of a settler's life, but after living for two months in a lonely shanty, far away from human habitation, I can cordially endorse the well-known sentiment of Lord Byron:—

“To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude—'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms and view her stores
unrolled.”

I never felt less lonely. Naturally timid, and of a highly nervous temperament, I never used to feel alarmed, although surrounded with all the circumstances which might be expected to inspire such an emotion. I confess this has often occasioned me surprise. As I have looked forth from the door of my lonely shanty on a dark night when nothing was visible but the dim outlines of the all-surrounding hills, and no sound was to be heard save the cry of the wild fowl or the tinkling bell of the wandering kine, I have wondered at my insensibility to alarm or fear of any kind.

This is rather an important consideration, as I am con-



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vinced that many are deterred from going abroad by the thought of the immense sacrifice involved in the shape of society, and many more by sundry dim notions as to the dangers of colonial life, more especially in the country districts. Visions of wild savages rise up before the imagination, and all sorts of tragic circumstances are conceived of as among the possibilities of such a removal from the old home. So far as my experience goes I can unhesitatingly recommend the dismissal of all such thoughts from the mind of any one contemplating emigration to, at least, New Zealand. The Maoris are chiefly confined to the North Island, and even there no one now ever thinks of them with fear. They are fast either dying out or assimilating with the European element. The policy of the Government is gradually to gain possession of the extensive and valuable lands still held by them, and then sell them to English settlers. By this means, as I have before indicated, many thousands of flourishing homesteads will be shortly found where at present only the stagnant native Pah is seen. One such settlement is that recently established by an Irish gentleman, Mr. G. V. Stewart, and known as the Kati-Kati settlement. There upon 20,000 acres of land purchased from Government, a number of farmers from the North of Ireland have acquired permanent freeholds where instead of expending capital and energy on improvements of other people's property, they are at work under the stimulating consciousness that a home and a livelihood is being secured which shall be handed down, with all improvements, to their children's children. I would fain see some hundreds of English farmers similarly emancipated from what I consider their present thralldom. Instead of wasting their resources in enriching wealthy and luxurious landlords, I would have them set about the work of enriching themselves. Instead of paying vast sums annually for the privilege of growing hares and pheasants and partridges for my lord's enjoyment, I would have them reap the fruit of their toil, and share with their own families the game which their own corn had fed. As I have previously intimated, the capital of our average British tenant-farmer would more than suffice to establish him in New Zealand as his own landlord. And how vast the advantages of the change! No more rent audits. No more fear of fussy and impertinent stewards. No more ignoble propitiations of tell-tale gamekeepers. No more subserviency to dreaded landlords. No more slavery to stringent lease-clauses. In a word, no more bartering away of the birthright of freedom for a mess of pottage. "I speak as unto wise men, judge ye what I say."

A few words as to the journey out to New Zealand and I have done.

This is after all the great bugbear—the 15,000 miles of sea. Tens of thousands of Englishmen would at this moment be enjoying the advantages of a New Zealand life but for the intervening sea. They cannot face the dangers of the deep. I wish to strip this bugbear of its terrors. After travelling some 50,000 miles by sea, I give it as my decided opinion that on board such magnificent vessels as are the great steamers which now traverse the mighty deep there is no more real danger than there is in an ordinary train on an English railway. To such mathematical accuracy has the whole science of navigation been brought, that a captain of an ocean steamer as well knows the route he should take, and the exact spot in which he is either by day or by night, as does the driver of a Great Western Railway engine. And as for the discomforts of a sea-voyage, I suppose no one is more susceptible to these than myself, for no one, I think, can be a worse sailor. I must, however, declare them to be ten times worse in imagination than in reality. My voyages to and from New Zealand have not left an unpleasant remembrance behind them, and my reminiscences of four Atlantic trips are all more or less pleasurable. Of course you have much to put up with. It would be simply idiotic for a man to expect all the comforts of a more or less luxurious home on board ship.

I have met lunatics at sea who were in a state of chronic discontent because they were deprived of sundry little indulgences which they had grown accustomed to at home; others would get into a complaining mood, and avenge themselves by an habitual surliness for the *mal de mer* under which they suffered. But such cases were exceptional, and it was usually foreigners, Frenchmen or Germans, who thus figured as ill-used individuals. The good, strong, common sense of the Englishman soon helped him to accommodate himself to the situation, and hence a fair share of real enjoyment throughout the voyage. It is impossible for a man of even average culture and sensibility to resist the joy-inspiring influences of “a life on the ocean wave.” He may not perhaps be able to adopt the enthusiastic words of Barry Cornwall:—

“I’m on the sea! I’m on the sea!
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe’er I go.

* * * *

I love, O how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide;

When every mad wave drowns the moon,
 Or whistles aloft his tempest tune ;
 And tells how goeth the world below,
 And why the Sou'-west blast doth blow.
 I never was on the dull tame shore
 But I loved the great sea more and more ;
 And backward flew to her billowy breast,
 Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest."

The sea-voyager, I repeat, may not be able to adopt such enthusiastic lines as these, but if he have any soul at all he cannot help entering into the spirit of another poet and exclaiming, in view of the magnificent spectacle :—

"Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's Form
 Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed, in breeze or gale, or storm ;
 Icing the Pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark heaving ; boundless, endless, and sublime ;
 The image of Eternity ; the throne
 Of the Invisible ; e'en from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
 Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone."

Nor is the sea the only object of interest to the voyager. Notwithstanding the somewhat cynical deliverance of a wit who wrote on his cabin window—

"Two things break the monotony,
 Of an Atlantic trip ;
 Sometimes alas ! we ship a sea,
 And sometimes see a ship,"

I venture to think there is abundant food for reflection and a fruitful source of interest in the surrounding circumstances of his position. I for one, never tired of contemplating the magnificent triumph of human skill which the vessel itself presented. As I was rowed across Hobson's Bay at Melbourne to go on board the *Chimborazo*, which lay anchored some three miles from the shore, I felt almost appalled as the stupendous vessel loomed in sight. That mighty mass of wood and iron, with its vast freight of cargo and its five hundred human souls, to be shortly propelled at the rate of 300 miles a day across the trackless main ! And as the moment of departure arrived, and in response to the captain's pressure on his gong, the splendid engines commenced their herculean task, I seemed to grasp afresh the poet's thought :—

"How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
 How complicate, how wonderful is man !"

And many a time as I have stolen up at night and taken my stand at the ship's prow, when in spite of darkness, storm, or

tempest, onward she sped faster than a four-horse coach would gallop along a turnpike road, I have looked upon that quiet, self-possessed captain whose trained intellect made him thus master of the position, and felt that the poet's bold conception—

“Distinguished link in being's endless chain !
Midway from nothing to the Deity !
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt !
Though sullied and dishonoured, still divine !
Dim miniature of greatness absolute !
An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust !
Helpless immortal ! insect infinite !
A worm ! a god !”

was hardly more than prosaic matter of fact. Verily the splendid triumph seemed worthy of a God.

And then the varied objects of interest along the route. On the outward journey you stop at St. Vincent, one of the Cape de Verd islands, while coal is shipped on board ; and further on you have an opportunity of seeing the celebrated African seaport of Cape Town. You find yourself furnished with an opportunity of studying the manners and customs of the natives, and scores of naked youths astonish you with their diving feats. You throw your sixpences over the ship's sides, and in a moment half a score of darkies are out of their canoe into the watery deep, and almost before your hand is in your pocket again, a grinning youth shows you the glistening coin between his pearly teeth. Then the great Australian cities dawn upon you. Adelaide is first reached, and a small steam-tug takes you to the port where a railway of some seven or eight miles lands you in the beautiful capital of South Australia. Here, as you gaze upon the splendid buildings and walk the noble streets, you begin to understand the grandeur of our Colonial empire. A three or four days' further sail brings you to the capital of Victoria, and as you make your way by boat and rail to Melbourne and find yourself amid the busy activities of that mighty city, you realize that the boast of your favourite song, “An Englishman,” is more than justified. The bustling wharves ; the crowded streets ; the spacious stores ; the noble town-hall ; the gorgeous public buildings ; the handsome churches, and all the varied proofs of abundance which meet you at every turn, overwhelm you with astonishment and make you rejoice that it is a part of the British Empire you are in.

And so of Sydney, with its matchless harbour, and the New Zealand ports, as one by one they pass before your eye. A new world opens up to you, and the horizon of your vision is permanently enlarged.

My task is now done. I fear I may have wearied you, though the effort to condense into one lecture so great a subject has necessarily left it sadly imperfect. To those desirous of fuller information I would recommend an exceedingly valuable paper on New Zealand which has been compiled by Sir Julius Vogel, the Agent-General in Great Britain, than whom I suppose no man living is better acquainted with New Zealand, and whose immense services to the colony I have heard mentioned with enthusiastic admiration by all classes of New Zealanders and in all parts of the islands.

I have not touched upon the form of government prevailing, as I take it everyone now pretty well knows the broad and liberal political basis upon which our Colonial Empire rests. Nothing can be more satisfactory. Every right of manhood is respected. A road, broad, straight and clear is placed before every honest, industrious citizen, along which he may travel either to commercial prosperity or senatorial fame. I have repeatedly dined with colonial magnates who left England poor labouring men. More than half the rich colonists with whom I have journeyed to and from New Zealand have risen from poverty. I could occupy your attention by the hour with the various stories of their lives. With one of these stories I now conclude my lecture.

On my voyage out last autumn I found myself strongly drawn towards a noble-looking New Zealand farmer, who, with his wife, was returning home after a six months' visit to the Old Home. I soon had the history of his life. He was a Yorkshireman. Five-and-thirty years ago he was a labourer at 15s. a week on a Yorkshire farm. His employer gave him notice one week of his intention to reduce this modest wage to 12s. 6d. At this the stalwart hind revolted. He would go abroad first. He went; first to Australia, and afterwards to New Zealand. Success attended him, and now he had been home and offered £7,000 for the very farm on which he had worked as a common labourer.

I need add nothing to that story. If toiling Englishmen with little but the workhouse before them, and tradesmen whose lives are one long battle with pecuniary difficulties, and farmers whose inadequate capital is yearly becoming more and more unequal to the strain imposed upon it by the increasing cost of production, and the diminishing value of the produce, hear not the call which it addresses to them, "neither would they be persuaded though one rose from the dead."

LETTERS TO THE "DAILY NEWS."

*(Reprinted by permission.)*THE ENGLISH AGRICULTURAL LABOURER IN
NEW ZEALAND.From the *Daily News* of March 13th.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Otago, in New Zealand, says:—

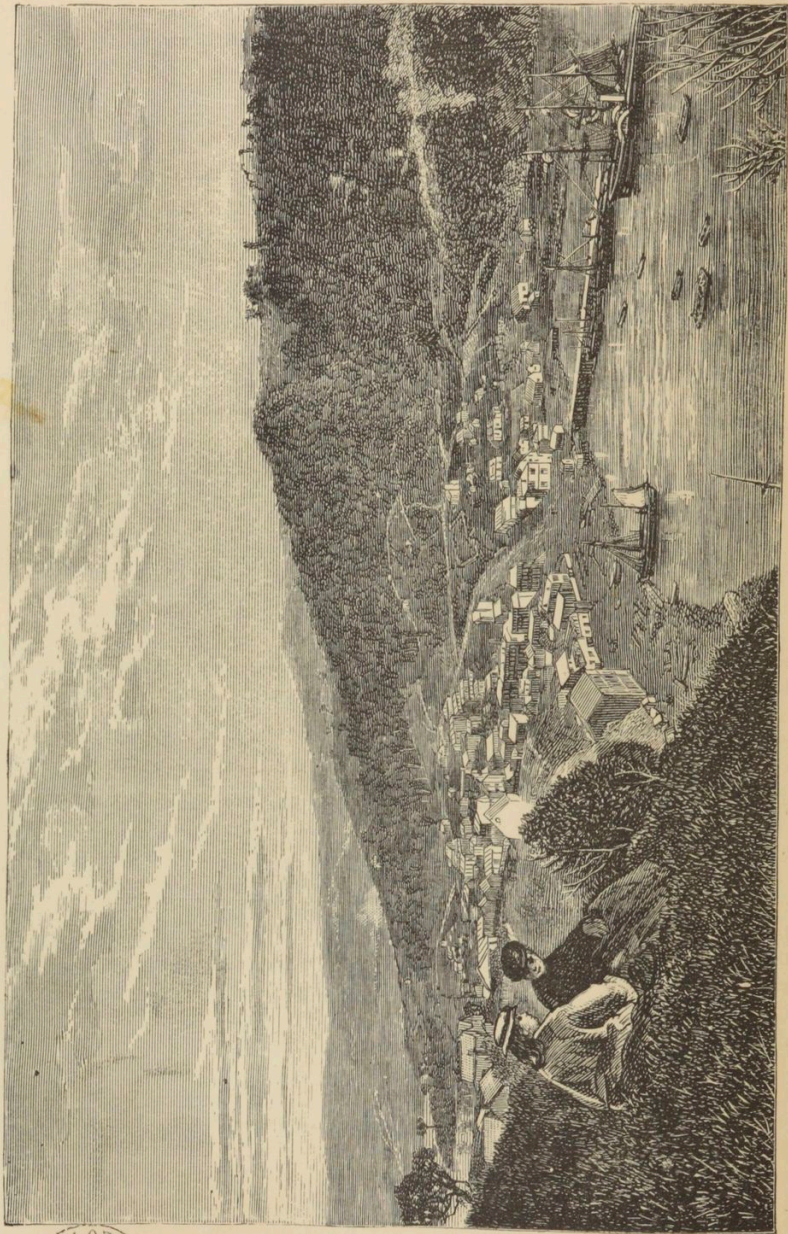
Foremost of the British colonies to profit by the movement among the English agricultural labourers begun by Mr. Joseph Arch in 1872 was New Zealand. This colony no sooner saw the opportunity for replenishing its labour market which that agitation furnished, than it came forward with liberal offers of a free passage, worth some £15, to able-bodied men, to a labour field where, instead of twelve shillings a week, and from ten to twelve hours of work each day, the labourer would get four times as much for 25 per cent. less toil. The result has been that in less than two years from the commencement of the "Revolt of the Field," over fifty thousand labourers were on their way to New Zealand, at a cost of more than a million pounds sterling to the Colonial Government. Letters from pioneer emigrants soon began to appear in print, and, extraordinary as the inducements of the New Zealanders seemed, it soon became obvious that they had been rather under than over stated. Such were the labour exigencies of the southern colonies that experienced agriculturists, shepherds, ploughmen, herdsmen, and such like became masters of the position, and the work of Mr. Arch was practically at an end. Queensland, South Australia, and New South Wales were also in the market with full purses, and the English agricultural labourer had a wide choice of new fields of labour.

Having, however, as your correspondent, accompanied Mr. Arch in his journey through Canada in 1873, and having found myself compelled to report somewhat unfavourably of the position of that colony at that time as an emigration field for the agricultural labourer, I was desirous to see for myself what this new field really offered to the emigrant agriculturist. What are the facts as seen by an English eye? How do the labourers fare in their far-off homes? These are questions in which all are interested, whatever be the views they entertain as to the hopes which draw such multitudes towards the Southern Cross. In the autumn, I therefore left England for New Zealand, with a view to obtain satisfactory evidence on these points, and after a fine voyage of some eight weeks, including a several days' stoppage at Melbourne, I found myself in New Zealand. The Otago province had absorbed a large proportion of

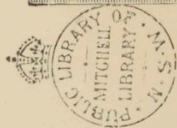
English immigrants, and thither I first directed my steps. At the extreme southern boundary of the South island is the new town of Invercargill, which is reached by a railroad from the Bluff, one of the Otago seaports. I found in this rising place a spacious building set apart for the use of immigrants, and on inquiring of the manager as to the ordinary success of the various shiploads of labourers who found their way to his refuge, I learned that nothing could be more complete. Every efficient labourer and every decent girl obtained employment at once, and the wages were invariably in excess of those stated by the Government prospectus. Such was the demand on every hand for labour that builders, farmers, and others were at their wit's end to know how to obtain the requisite help. And as I looked all round me and saw a fine town emerging from a whilom wilderness, and innumerable acres of fertile land awaiting the labour of the tiller, I had no difficulty in believing the report. It is difficult to realize the varied industries called into existence by a new township. Hunting up information I button-holed a decent man in charge of a horse and cart. It was his own, and he found his work in carrying parcels, luggage, &c., to and from the railway. "And what do you nett by the process?" I asked of the good-natured fellow. "Oh, about a pound a day, sir," was his reply. Another, with the appearance of a mechanic, I managed to lay hold of who had been out about five years, "Was he satisfied?" "Rather!" was his reply; and in conversation I elicited the fact that he was on his way to independence. "For instance," said he, with a pleasant frankness, unlike what one usually looks for from men of his class at home, "I have just completed a five weeks' job, and after paying all expenses, my clear profit amounts to £23, which I have put in the bank." His ambition was to get a quarter of an acre town lot of land to build himself a house upon; and in all probability in the course of a few years he will have his house and garden, and be to all intents and purposes a successful, well-to-do man. This young town of Invercargill is laid out somewhat ambitiously, and I have no doubt its manhood will fulfil the promise of its youth. With the view of meeting what appears to be the chief difficulty of the new comers—the want of house accommodation—a large amount of land in the immediate neighbourhood of the town is divided into quarter of an acre sections, and workmen are encouraged by the aid of building societies to erect houses of their own. Their high wages enable them to meet the monthly payments with ease, and as a matter of fact, as in the case of my artisan friend before referred to, many are availing themselves of the opportunity, and thus cultivating habits of thrift which will almost certainly result in social ease and prosperity. It is amusing to notice the strong Conservatism which is generated by success. The defunct Protectionism of England bids fair to be reproduced in the Colonies. The most repulsive form which it assumes is an intense antagonism to Chinese immigration. The Australian continent is just now in a state of violent excitement on the subject. English and Scotch settlers see

in the patient and thrifty Chinese toilers formidable competitors, and are exerting every possible influence to drive the Chinese out of the labour market. Scarcely less lamentable is the growing desire to discourage English manufactures by high protective duties. Another significant fact is the outcry raised by men who were only yesterday penniless refugees on the Australian continent against the democratic tendencies of their Governments. Prosperous ignoramuses grow almost fierce in denouncing the monstrosity of giving a vote to a poor emigrant "without any stake in the country." I have conversed with scores of them, and their political discourse is worthy of an old-fashioned Tory. I hardly know of a better illustration of what the "English labourer in New Zealand" may become than what came under my eye *en route*. On board our steamer was an elderly New Zealand farmer. Some thirty years ago he was at work on a Yorkshire farm at 15s. per week. His employer wanted to reduce his wages to 12s. 6d. Being evidently a man of spirit and energy, he resisted the reduction, and elected to try his fortunes in New Zealand. His position to-day is that of a considerable landed proprietor, owning a fine and well-stocked farm, able to take his wife on a visit to England, and while there to make an offer of £7,000 for his old employer's farm. Had he accepted the 12s. 6d. his position to-day would probably have been that of a worn-out labourer in the parish workhouse, while his wife was in the women's ward. As I sit opposite to him in our fine saloon, and see him cheerfully accepted as the social equal of all around, I feel that Mr. Arch's eloquence would be nothing to the silent force of such a history could it be but laid bare before the working men of England.

On the whole I must say that my first impressions of New Zealand as an emigration field for Englishmen are highly favourable. The climate is so near akin to their own that no difficulty of acclimatisation is ever felt. Good wholesome food is cheap and abundant. School accommodation is second to none in the world. The demand for labour is such that nothing but their own folly can prevent any mechanics, field workers, or other industrious men from rising in the social scale. The craving for land ownership can be easily satisfied, and all fear of the workhouse may be for ever laid aside. In a word, New Zealand—and almost the same might be said of the whole Australian continent—offers so splendid an alternative to the hard-pressed toiler, trader, or mechanic of England, that all excuse for "capital and labour" conflicts is gone. If any further rural agitation is heard of, it will be of the masters' wrongs, and the "Arch" of such a movement could not do better than urge his followers to imitate their labourers, and start for this Land of Goshen. I am now on my way to Dunedin, of which I hear praises on every hand.



PORT CHALMERS.



From the *Daily News* of March 21st.

A Correspondent writes from Wellington, New Zealand:—

We steamed into Port Chalmers, Otago, on the morning of the day before Christmas Day, and a more enchanting piece of scenery I never witnessed. The excessive moisture of Otago imparts a freshness and luxuriance to vegetation which reminds an Englishman of home. Nor is there much to disturb the illusion when he mingles with the inhabitants. Everything looks like home—the bustle, the business enterprise, the air of prosperity, the noble churches, the healthy look of the people—and the rain. As everyone knows, Dunedin, the capital of Otago, and about seven miles from the port by rail, is emphatically a Scotch town. The “Maes” are everywhere in force—hence, I suppose, the wondrous prosperity of the place. I never visited a town with more signs of progress and general comfort. Labour seemed everywhere in demand, and the poor did not seem to be with them at all. When unskilled labour commands higher wages than thousands of Englishmen of high culture can get, poverty is out of the question. Among the most interesting institutions of the town was a workman’s club—a large well-situated building, with reading-rooms, billiard-tables, a library, sitting-rooms, and a restaurant, where all kinds of cheap food could be obtained. In one of the suburbs a large immigrants’ home has been erected, where, free of charge, the fortunate possessors of strong arms and weatherproof constitutions go straight from the emigrant ships, and live well till they obtain employment. Happy toilers! Here is realized their dream of prosperity—“eight hours’ work, eight hours’ sleep, eight hours’ play, and eight shillings a day.” Skilled labour commands a much higher price. Good masons, carpenters, blacksmiths, and mechanics generally get from twelve to fifteen shillings per day. In almost any paper you take up you will find advertisements for men, offering these wages. For instance, in one now lying open before me I find the following:—“Notice—Wanted, 60 good pick and shovel men; wages 9s. per day.—Apply, &c.” The day, of course, meant eight hours only. £150 for four months’ work! and such work as tens of thousands of men in England are quite capable of doing who are now threatened with a reduction of 3d. or 4d. per day from their half-crown. Nor is this the whole of the case. Workwomen are at a still higher premium. I found outside the door of a “Labour Exchange” in Dunedin the following list of wants:—“Five Dairy Girls, wages £35 and £40 a year; seven Hotel Girls, £40 and £52; 27 Experienced Servants, £30 to £60.” On inquiry at this “Exchange” I learnt that over 19,000 persons had found employment through its agency during the last five years. The pay of a woman for a day’s work at a house is 4s. and food. Large families are specially to be congratulated. I came upon one who brought out some half-score of boys and girls about a year

ago. I knew him well in England, and what a hard struggle it was to keep the wolf from the door. I had long urged upon him the desirableness of taking his family

“Where children are blessings, and he who hath most
Hath aid to his fortune and riches to boast,”

but it was a “far cry” to New Zealand, and it was not till the autumn of 1877 that the centrifugal forces gained the day. His experience had gone far beyond my most sanguine anticipations. Before he had been three months in the colony the collective earnings of himself and family exceeded £8 a week. I hope this fact will come with all the force of a new gospel to many an overfamiliar man in England. I am sure it would if I could put into words the exuberance of self-satisfaction with which the youngsters announced their independence of their parent’s pocket. One of the lads puts a sovereign into his mother’s hands every Saturday as his contribution towards the domestic expenditure. A girl not yet eighteen years old has ten pounds already in the savings’ bank and “dresses like a lady.” It only needs adding as a finish to the picture that I saw hanging up at a butcher’s door sundry fore-quarters of lamb, weighing about eight pounds, with the price ticketed on “2s. 6d. each.” The school accommodation as is generally known, is every way satisfactory in all our colonies. The universal rule appears to be this—every householder pays a pound a year towards the educational department, and his children, be they many or few, become free of the school. Any deficiency of income is a charge upon the State. I know something of rural England and of the terrible exigencies of existence there in former years; and as I contrast the happy, contented, well-fed, and well-dressed appearance of the New Zealand settlers’ children, with the squalid, dejected, and ragged urchins with whom I was familiar, I feel thankful that such a door of hope has been flung open, and only wonder that where ten families now emigrate hitherwards, there are not at least a hundred. On board a coast steamer the other day I met a man who some twenty years ago was a struggling country wheelwright in England. He came to New Zealand, and to-day he owns over a thousand acres of fertile land, and is rich enough to take a voyage to the old country and buy there an expensive marble monument for a lost child.

We steamed into Port Lyttelton on the day after Christmas Day, and from thence I visited the pride of all good Churchmen—the ecclesiastical city of Christchurch. A railway—carried by a tunnel costing half-a-million sterling through the huge mountains which encircle the bay—runs from the port some sixty miles into the province, and some seven or eight miles along this line is Christchurch Station. I have seen nothing so thoroughly English as the farms and homesteads all along the route. English grass, English hedges, English faces, and English order everywhere. The first thing which met me on leaving the station was a troop of eight hundred school children just off for a holiday. I stood and watched them pass by and I did not see one ill-clad or ill-fed looking child among them.

The town or city is not at all picturesque, as the whole neighbourhood is as flat as Lincolnshire. Immensely profitable, however, is the unpicturesque region, and fortunate settlers who, a few years ago, became owners of two, four, or six hundred acre sections of the land at a nominal price, are to-day proprietors of valuable farms. As many as eighty bushels of wheat to the acre have been grown, and the only drawback to the prosperity of the place is the dearth of labour, and its consequent high cost. With wheat at 4s. only per bushel farmers grumble sadly at having to pay 10s. per day of eight hours to their labourers. "Necessity is the mother of invention," and a new "self-binding harvester" has appeared for their relief. By means of one of these ingenious machines a farmer can cut down and harvest about fifteen acres per day. With the growing wealth of the district there is, however, a growing power of employing even dear labour, and hence the facility with which large consignments of English emigrants are distributed. I saw in a paper to-day the reply of a Government official to an urgent application for immigrants from Taranaki. He writes: "We have none to spare from other places; all are clamouring for more immigrants." This is very significant, and should set at rest the idle reports of interested parties as to the numbers of men out of work in New Zealand. I have taken some pains to trace out the origin of such reports, and I find them to emanate from colonial failures, men who never ought to have come. Too often the old country has acted towards her colonies as if she had read a notice on their seaboard, "Rubbish shot here." Many of the immigrants cannot work. Instead of wondering that so many evil reports reach home respecting colonial life, the mystery is that there are no more.

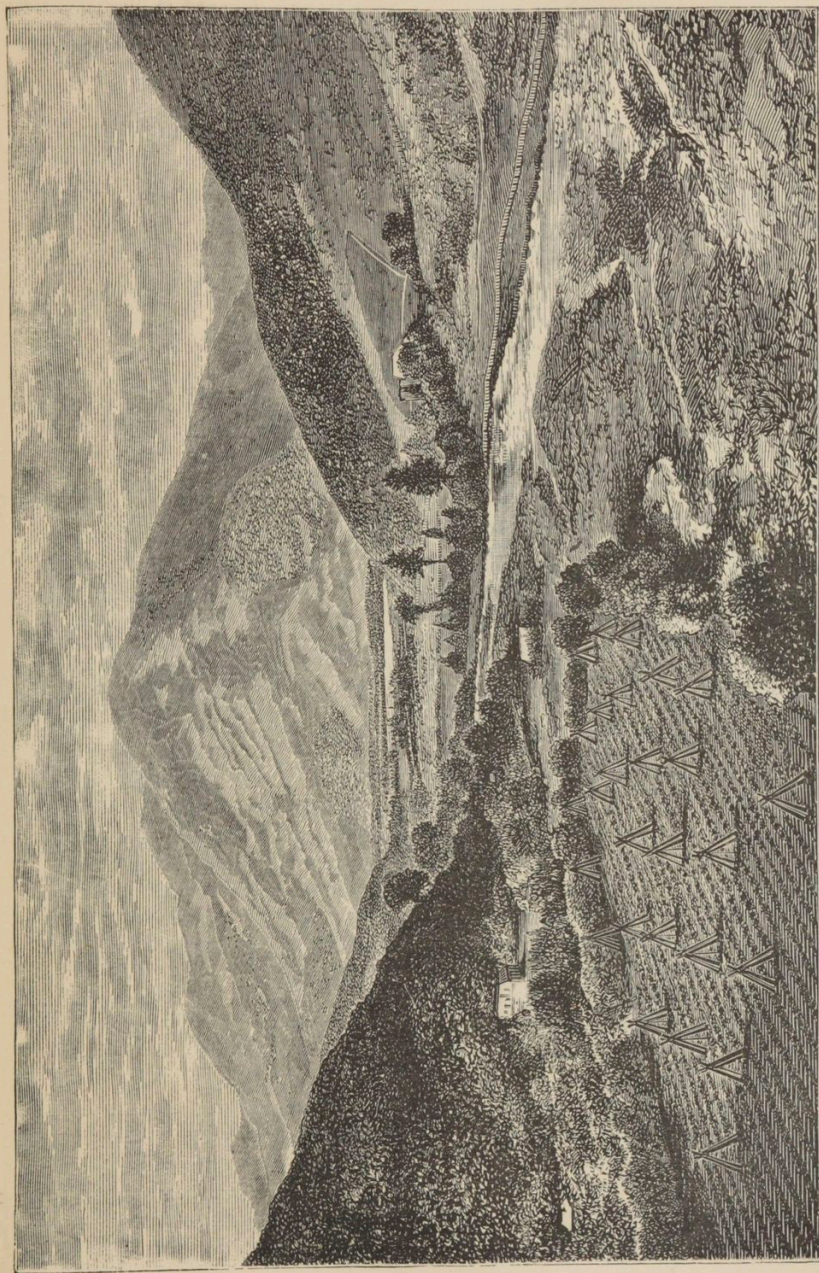
Leaving Port Lyttelton by a small coast-steamer we reached Wellington in about twenty-four hours, passing through much highly romantic scenery. Standing out in the bay, a few miles from shore, I noticed a large sailing vessel, and soon found it was the *Hermione*, an emigrant vessel belonging to Shaw, Saville and Co., in quarantine through fever on board. The quay at Wellington indicated the importance of the place as a leading outlet of the North Island. Intense bustle prevailed, and acres of land space were filled with all descriptions of merchandise. I soon had painful experience of Wellington's excessive windiness. It was almost unendurable. A steam-driven tram-car, however, is ever accessible, and few people walk the streets during the heavier gales. There is little worthy of note in the town, and one wonders what were its claims to be made the seat of government. On inquiry as to the prospects of English emigrants there, I found it no exception to the rule. Work seemed everywhere in excess of workers, and no man, able and willing to use his muscles or skill, need remain idle. I ought, perhaps, to qualify this uniform testimony as to the demand for labour with the fact that this period of my visit, being of course the early summer, is necessarily the busiest time of the whole year. I think it highly probable that during the winter the excess may sometimes be on the other

side, but, unlike Canada, winter in New Zealand has no terrors for the unemployed, and, what is much more important, it has no terrors for the employers. Building can go on all the year round, and the actual number of men thrown out of employment must be far less in proportion than during an English winter. An obstacle to the progress of the town is the large proportion of native population. It is all very fine to theorise about the noble savage, and I had read a strange lot of nonsense in England about the fine New Zealanders. Alas! for the nobility and grandeur. A dirty, squalid, unimprovable, and intolerably ugly generation are they, and one felt tempted to think that the sooner they were all translated to the happy hunting-grounds the better would it be for universal humanity. On the South Island they are nearly extinct, and hence a Dunedin and a Christchurch, but here in the North Island they bar the way to improvement. I learnt that a number of the English emigrants on board the *Hermione*, before referred to, were bound for Taranaki, and would go by a steamer on the following day. I therefore resolved to accompany them as far as my next port—Nelson. I am glad to be able to testify that the appearance of these emigrants—mostly agriculturists from the West of England—was highly creditable to their nationality, and although I heard complaints of their treatment on board in the matter of food, &c., I must say their looks betokened anything but semi-starvation.

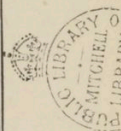
From the *Daily News* of April 19th.

A Correspondent writes from Nelson, New Zealand:—

In my two former letters I gave you an account of the prosperous condition of the labourers as I saw them in Otago, in the Canterbury settlement, and in other parts of New Zealand. My visit to Nelson has enabled me somewhat to extend my observations, and to see both the labourer and his employer in their surroundings in the field. I reached Nelson at the close of the year. I had listened to much laudation of the "Garden of New Zealand." I suppose one's eyes had become satiated with glorious scenery, for my first impression of Nelson was one of disappointment. Colonists are such inveterate puffers of their districts that no one ought to be betrayed by them into accepting their descriptions. A short time sufficed to dispel the illusion as to Nelson, and one had to accept plain facts. Nelson is a highly-picturesque region, dotted over with every variety of wooden houses. There is little pretension to order anywhere, and enterprise appears to be unknown. Persons in easy circumstances own or occupy the numberless pretty villas all along the mountain sides and valleys at their feet, and sundry traders, occupying shops in rough, unfinished streets, minister to their wants. The emigra-



MAITAI VALLEY, NELSON.



tion barracks occupy a good site in the Waimea road, and silently testify as to the need of the town and district for more workers. Poverty appears to be unknown, and the state of the labour market may be further inferred from the fact that a lot of fellows at work carting mould, &c., and receiving 8s. per day of eight hours, actually struck the other day for another 1s. I am afraid their demand had to be gratified. The utter unreasonableness of such extortion is at once seen when the price of provisions is remembered. Bread is the same price as in England; sugar only a trifle dearer; butter 10d. per pound; tea and coffee a shade cheaper than at home; meat, half-price or less. For instance, I went with my farmer friend to the butcher's shop the other day, and he paid 4s. 6d. for a fine leg and loin of mutton, weighing about 14lb. I saw some splendid beef in the shop, and on inquiry I found the price of the best cuts was 6d. per pound. It is very noticeable how this cheapness of food operates on the labourers. I remember carving for a number of Berkshire farm-labourers at a harvest home feast a year or two ago, and I shall not soon forget the enormous quantities of beef and mutton which those men disposed of. The explanation was obvious; it was their annual sight of such luxuries, and they were consequently ravenous. A few days ago three farm-labourers sat down to dinner at my friend's table. There was the best of meat provided, but oh! the daintiness of the guests! "Just a nice slice here," "Not too fat," and "Well done, if you please." No pampered diners at a London hotel could have been more particular. The explanation was supplied by one of the men, "We gets almost too much of it, sir." Just so. Instead of once a year, they get the best of meat three times a day.

Wishing to see the English agriculturist at home in the country of his adoption, I accepted an invitation to spend a few days at a "bush" farm some twenty miles distant from Nelson City. A railway of a very elementary character took me about seventeen miles of the distance, and the good farmer conveyed me the remaining three miles in his primitive vehicle. I wish I could give a fair description of this romantic region. I found my friend's home to consist of a four-roomed shanty, situated in a valley surrounded with lofty hills. If he had ever been guilty of the sentimental longing for "a lodge in some vast wilderness," he must at last have gained his quest. Nothing could be more intensely lovely. His farm consisted of about a thousand acres, and he had only just entered upon it. The immense hills all around formed a part of his domain, and there, nibbling away at the short grass, and more than half-hidden among the thick underwood, furze, ferns, &c., were his sheep and cows. After a short rest we mounted a couple of small horses, and proceeded to look over the estate. Along narrow tracks we wended our ways over hills and valleys, through romantic rifts, and beside trickling streams. Occasionally the thick bush altogether shut out the sun's rays for a quarter of an hour or more, and none but well-trained horses could possibly have threaded their ways through such strange intricacies.

I need hardly dwell on the exquisite enjoyment of the ramble. I found myself repeatedly asking the question, "Why do not some of those martyrs to dyspepsia and nervous affections in England just take their carpet-bags in hand, and step on board the *Cuzco*, and in a couple of months' time find themselves in some such splendid sanitarium as this?" After an hour's ride we came upon a neighbouring farmhouse of a much better character than my friend's. Here we pulled up, and paid a visit to the orchard. Happily the wild cherries were just ripe, although the cultivated ones were pretty well over. Nothing could exceed the lavish luxuriance of the crop. Scores of trees were laden with the delicious fruit. Every farm appears to have a number of these wild cherry-trees—a fruit closely resembling the English "May-duke," only with a slightly bitter smack. For cooking purposes they are superior to the English cherries. They are so plentiful as to be a drug in the market. Indeed they do not pay to gather, and in this orchard there will probably be several hundred pounds' weight left on the trees to spoil. I saw a fine tree of cultured cherries—the English "black heart"—only half picked, the boughs being still laden with dried-up fruit. It is simply marvellous how lavish nature seems in the bestowment of her gifts in this bright and sunny region. But the English labourer amid it all, how fared he? Well, there was one not a hundred yards off mowing hay. I soon interviewed him, and found his position very independent. He had his own home and small farm, a cow or two, a few sheep, and three or four acres of land. There was plenty of feed all around for his live stock. When he wanted money he could always get a few days' work at one or other of the farms, and altogether the man seemed about as free from care and anxiety as the sheep and cows around him. I am afraid the level of his existence was not far removed from that of his daily associates. Your colonial settler's life is sadly material. His whole energies are spent in subjugating nature—clearing bush, and conquering brutes. English farmers, with their compact holdings, their snug cow-sheds, their roomy stables, their fenced-in meadows, and their numerous hands, know nothing of the terrible exigencies of these lonely bush-farms. Every now and then a wandering fit seizes upon the live stock, and away they go for miles over the interminable hills. Only yesterday I was asked to join the farmer's son in a pursuit after a couple of runaway horses. We mounted our steeds, and away we went through the wildest, most rugged, and most picturesque scenery that I ever read of. About four miles off we found the quadrupeds munching away at a splendid field of clover, evidently enjoying it all the more because it was stolen. Another day it would be the sheep into whom the demons had entered, and over the mountains would they go and be well-nigh lost in the thick scrub. A stout lad, about such a one as an English farmer would give 8s. a week to and grumble at the imposition, was kept well employed at 18s. per week with a clever dog in guarding these wandering sheep.

I am struck with one thing in connection with many colonial farmers

—their appearance of being over-worked and dreadfully poor. It is the exception to find one who would compare in appearance, at least of general ease of circumstances, with the average British farmer. Their hard, horny, shapeless fists betoken manual toil such as the Englishman is a total stranger to. And it is the same with the female portion of the household. The dearness and scarcity of labour make it necessary to dispense with as much as possible of it, and so milking and butter-making, and often far worse work, falls to the share of wife and daughters. At the farm in question the mother and one daughter did all the domestic farm work—that is, attended to the cow-yard, dairy, stock-rearing, and I know not what besides. There was no servant about the house. I asked the good lady if she was not dull in such an out-of-the-world sort of place. “Dull!” she replied, with an expression of surprise that such a question should be asked, “I haven’t time even to think of such a thing.” Yet she had moved in good society at home, and known most of the comforts of English life. I have ridden by the side of her daughter to a neighbouring town, and seen her with about half a hundred-weight of parcels tied to her saddle, galloping back again, apparently incapable of fatigue, and wholly independent of human help. My thoughts travelled to some young ladies of my acquaintance in London to whom it would give a galvanic shock even to listen to the story of her usual day’s work, and I wondered which had most true enjoyment of life. Nay, I hardly wondered. The bright, sunny-faced girl by my side left no room for doubt.

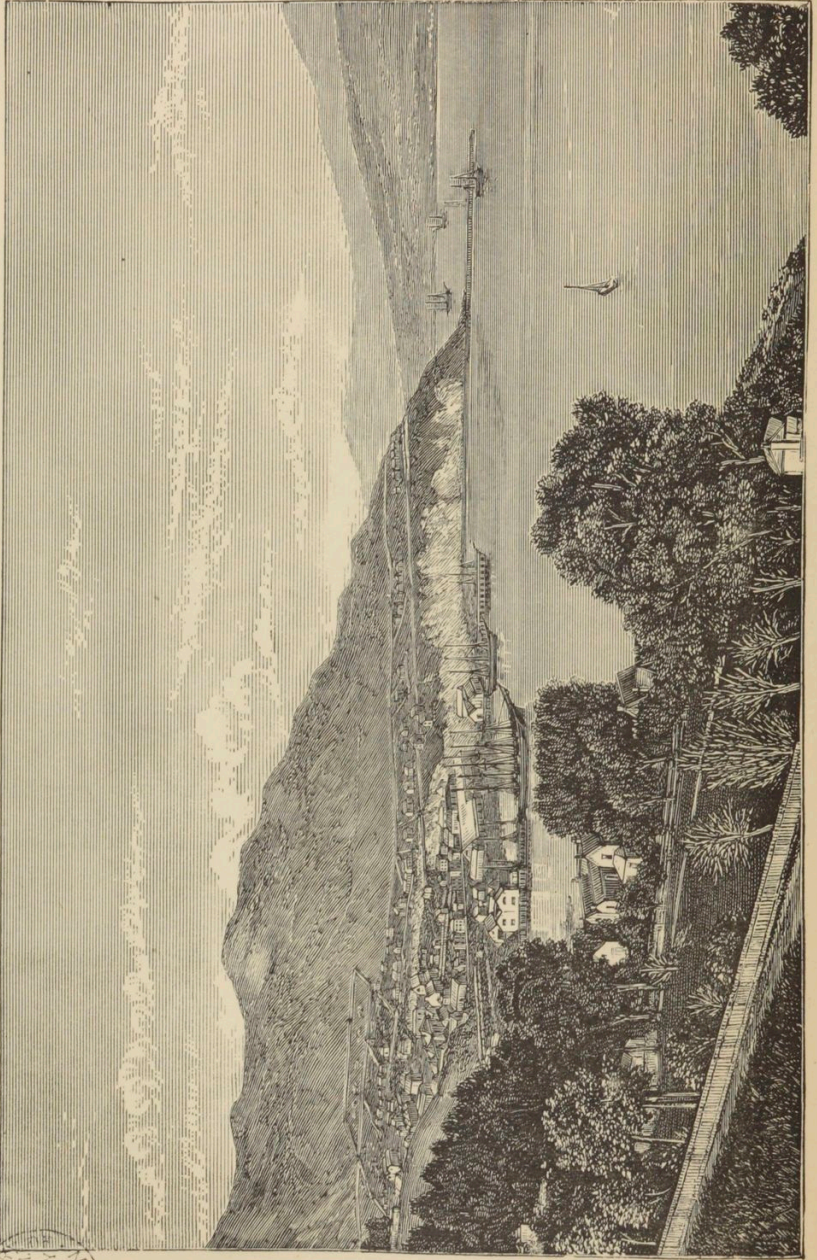
The ride by rail from Nelson to this bush region revealed a charming succession of seemingly prosperous farm-homesteads. The town of Richmond, about mid-way, appeared to be specially prosperous. The farms had more of an English finish about them. I should imagine that the happy owners had reached that stage of success when it becomes possible to indulge in the luxury of foreign help. Here it is that the English farm-labourer finds his opening. Sons of well-to-do farmers learn among other things at the capital schools to which they are sent, to despise field-work. None of the exhausting toil for them! So, amid groanings of spirit over youthful degeneracy, the old farmer has to article his boy to some lawyer, or architect, or apprentice him to the local grocer, and hire labourers to till his fields. The young ladies also learn a thing or two at the fashionable city “College,” and the dairy soon comes to know them no more. Hence the demand for dairymaids, making the wages for such work higher than that of an educated governess. I suppose New Zealand would gladly absorb a thousand English dairy-girls to-morrow, giving them £30 or £40 a year each, and their board and lodging. I mentioned that unskilled labourers at Nelson had struck for an additional shilling per day, making 9s. for eight hours. They have now got it, and more men at the same rate are urgently required.

From the *Daily News* of June 3rd.

A Correspondent writes from Richmond, New Zealand:—

“In my last letter I gave an account of a visit to a new settler in the ‘bush,’ and how the labourer fared in such a district. I propose now giving a sketch of an old settler’s surroundings and of the ‘labourer’ in such a sphere. A ten miles’ drive from Nelson City brought me to what I was assured was one of the best-managed farms in the whole neighbourhood. The proprietor, a Somersetshire man, met us at the gate, and his thoroughly John Bull appearance and hearty welcome at once made us feel free of his domain. After refreshing myself with a glass of home-brewed ale I proceeded to take stock of the homestead. Nothing could look more like solid success. Immediately in front of the roomy and comfortable house was a well-stocked garden, the trees well-laden. One of them was an apricot, and the delicious fruit was fortunately waiting to be gathered. The tree was as large as an average-sized English apple-tree. Peach-trees of similar bulk abounded, covered with ripening fruit, and of course there were any number of apple and pear trees. Beyond this garden was a large paddock newly mown, in which several sleek horses were luxuriating. At the back of the house, stretching away for some hundreds of acres, were the paddocks and fields which constituted the richest portion of an estate which in its entirety comprised some twelve hundred acres. With a pardonable pride the fine old yeoman took me over his fields, now ‘standing ready for the reaper’s gathering hand.’ ‘What d’ye think of that for barley?’ he asked, as he gathered a few stalks, and rubbing them out in his hands showed a sample of bright grain which Mr. Bass would have been glad to buy twenty thousand quarters of at almost any price the farmer chose to name. It was a splendid crop, and as the delicious sunlight poured down upon it one felt no surprise at its matchless colour. I hinted to him how glad I fancied our Burton brewers would be to get hold of such barley, and he smilingly remarked, ‘There’s no need to go so far for a market; all this is bespoke long ago.’ I was next shown the wheat, which seemed equally fine, though not so heavy a crop as an average English one. One of the latest inventions in the shape of a reaping machine was at work, and it was with evident satisfaction that the farmer saw in the marvellous product of that machine a solution of the labour difficulty. There was the wheat standing up in front of the magic performer, and behind it, untouched by human hands, it lay in neatly tied-up bundles, ready to be carted off the ground. Two horses and two men would thus soon lay low a tolerable sized field, and instead of the excessive toilsomeness of the old-fashioned harvest-field no one seemed the least strained by the proceedings.

After thus doing the fields dinner was announced, and I was destined for the first time to witness that much-vaunted triumph of democracy—the sitting down of master and men at the same table. Seated at the head of a long plain deal table was the owner of what



LYTTELTON.

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in England would be considered a fine estate. On his right hand was his wife, a comely dame, somewhat overweighted with domestic cares, as all New Zealand wives appear to be. On his left were his guests, and filling the remainder of the space were five labourers and a servant-girl. I had often heard Mr. Arch and others grow eloquent over this feature of colonial life, and wondered how it would work. Well, here it was then. Jack was as good as his master for the nonce; and the terrible scourge of English society—social distinction, laid on one side. Like a good many other attractive baits of the stump orator: 'A stake in the soil,' 'being your own master,' &c., I regret to have to record that it had all the appearance of being a huge blunder. The men looked as awkward and uncomfortable as possible, and the rest of us seemed at our wits' ends to know how to prevent one another from being utterly wretched. I tried hard to engage the men in a little cheerful talk, but this was evidently what they were not used to, and the experiment proved a sad failure. Scarcely more successful was an effort to draw the farmer out. A chill was upon the whole party, and it was not till the men had filed out, and the servant was gone into her own quarter, that the chip was out of the porridge, and things wore their becoming hue. As regards the pay of the labourers, however, as I have already shown, no modification of the statements made at home is necessary. In a paper of yesterday's date I find the following announcement:— 'An Ashburton telegram says that farm labourers during the harvest are demanding and receiving £4 per week and found. What will they say in England?' By the 'found' here, of course, is meant board and lodging. If we put this at 10s., we have the startling fact of the 'English Agricultural Labourer in New Zealand actually receiving £4. 10s. a week for about half the real toil of an English harvest-field! I need scarcely say the living is far superior to that of the home toiler—three good meals per day, such as are found in an ordinary well-to-do English middle-class home. Well may the New Zealand editor ask, 'What will they say in England?' As I read the ominous telegrams 'Strike of the Kent Agricultural Labourers,' 'Reduction of Wages,' &c., I am equally astounded at the stupidity of the labourers in not at once steering for this goodly land, and at the employers for risking the irreparable loss.

As I have written so much that is favourable as to the working-man's chances here, I will in this, my closing letter, give all that I can on the other side. And the 'all' is very little. I have already referred to the high price of house rents. There are no snug cottages with gardens for 1s. 6d. per week. The comfortable English practice of building cottages for the labourers appears to be unknown among the landowners, and hence a vast deal of overcrowding and discomfort among workmen generally. More money passes through their hands, but I doubt if the thrifty, well-disposed, English labourers do not get more real comfort and enjoyment out of their lives than do multitudes that I meet with here. I do not like the hard-bargaining spirit generated by circumstances amongst these

colonists. The high wages they have to pay are the reverse of what is said about mercy. There is certainly no blessing for the giver, and it is a very dubious one for the receiver. There is no kindly feeling between master and man. Of course, no labourer must expect work a moment longer than his master absolutely needs his services. A luxury so expensive must be indulged in as little as possible. Where an English farmer employs a dozen hands all the year through, a New Zealand farmer would not employ more than two. Hence an absence of the finish of an average English farm. I should think an English labourer who really took a pride in his work would be broken-hearted almost at the state of the farm on which he would find himself here. It is simply disgusting, the slovenliness observable all around. I saw yesterday field after field with the corn literally choked by weeds, and one large field of wheat was so bad that the farmer would have burnt it off instead of reaping it if the authorities would have permitted it. The universal reply to one's remonstrance is, 'It won't pay to farm better. The produce won't recoup the large expenditure consequent on the high wages.' Never was greater fallacy if it were the true cause, but it is not. The real secret is the poverty of the landowners. Men have rushed into proprietorship without at all realising what it involved, and hence instead of the compact and well-cultured holdings of rural England, you see boundless acres of half-tilled land, divided by miles of fence, either of tumble-down woodwork or overgrown gorse or quick. The rich men of New Zealand are the squatters—owners of innumerable sheep and miles of sheep runs, like Mr. Robert Campbell, who owns about half a million of sheep and land enough to make a thousand good farms, and the merchants who take the farm products at a ridiculously low price in exchange for goods at a fabulously high price. I am afraid another cause of the farmers' poverty is more potent still—a love of strong drink. Their exhausting toil leads the way to the whisky bottle, and in this southern hemisphere the man who drinks is doomed. It is lamentable to see how this Old World curse is repeated in the New. I have referred to the educational advantages of New Zealand. They are of an exceptionally high order. It would seem as if the original settlers—for the most part illiterate working men—had been all roused up to an unwonted earnestness in the matter of their children's education. Among various other illustrations of this laudable parental anxiety I notice a provision on the Government railway whereby children are brought at a nominal charge to the town school. Of course each village has its parish school, as we should call it in England, but at the leading cities there are 'high' schools or colleges, and to enable parents to avail themselves of them, quarterly tickets are granted, whereby for, I think it is 10s., a boy or girl can have a daily ride to and from school. At the Nelson Station, for instance, you will see a whole troop of lads rush out of the morning train, many of whom live twenty miles off in some bush farm. This educational *furor* is fraught with important bearings on the future of the colony, and already farmers are

groaning over the results. To keep their lads to the plough they have to give them an interest in the concern, as the well-to-do farmer to whom I have referred has done. He has three sons, to whom he has virtually given a farm apiece. There they are with their young wives and families all settled around the old home, mutually helpful but individually independent, apparently realising as perfect a state of social happiness as any Utopia could possibly depict. Machinery will have to do the rough work, and the present domestic infelicities to which I have alluded will disappear. The higher mental culture will have expression in a higher social tone. Books will multiply. The voice of music will be heard. Intellectual conversation will be possible, until it shall be no longer necessary for the successful colonist to return to England to save himself and family from a relapse into barbarism. As regards the 'English Agricultural Labourer in New Zealand,' his future is tolerably clear. His children will be the future yeomanry of the country. Nothing can keep him from this destiny if he remains only true to himself. His large earnings will supply him with the means of either purchasing or hiring the land, and the disinclination of the children of old settlers to continue on their father's homesteads will supply him with the opportunity. Nor need England repine at this eventuality, for each successful New Zealand farmer speedily becomes a valuable customer of the English merchant and manufacturer. On board the steamer which brought me out there were several prosperous colonists who had laid out thousands of pounds in British manufactures. Several of those men were labourers or village mechanics twenty years ago. One such, who had been a wheelwright in Northamptonshire, and now owned a fine farm in the Canterbury Province, informed me that, in addition to machinery of Messrs. Hornsby, he had purchased a marble monument for his deceased son's grave in New Zealand. Nothing but the best would do for such a sacred purpose, and of course the best must come from 'home.' The extent to which this sort of thing is done may be inferred from the import statistics. In 1877 the total value of New Zealand imports was £6,973,418, including £20,626 for agricultural implements; £176,705 for apparel; £240,638 for coals; £858,345 for drapery; £142,000 for machinery; £46,000 for printing papers; and, most significant of all, £118,707 for books.

I conclude with an illustration as to what the right sort of man may do here. Fourteen months ago an English agricultural labourer arrived in New Zealand with scarcely a shilling in his pocket. He was a handy sort of fellow, and took the first work that came to hand—some fencing. Since then he has done all kinds of farm work, principally by contract, and to-day he has over one hundred pounds in the bank. If the hard-pressed home-toilers hear not what such a fact as this proclaims there is nothing for them but to take whatever their employers see fit to give. No one can blame an employer, be he farmer or manufacturer, for not giving more for his labour than he can help, and instead of useless kickings against the pricks, let

all who think they are worth more than they are getting for their services, place themselves at once in communication with Sir Julius Vogel, and bring their wares to his market. And as regards the employers, I should advise them, instead of battling with their workmen for a margin of profit on their high-rented farms, to bring their capital to New Zealand, and on their own freeholds taste the sweets of independence, and reveal to the New Zealanders the wealth which now lies buried for want of adequate culture. With English 'capital and labour' I see no limits to the prosperity of this really splendid colony, and in the prosperity of her offspring the mother country would find her surest guarantee as to her own."

The following Letter to the Editor of the *Birmingham Daily Post* is added as containing a few hints suggestive of the national bearing of the question of Emigration :—

NEW ZEALAND EMIGRATION A GOVERNMENTAL DUTY.

SIR,—As I have ever found in your columns a true sympathy with the claims and yearnings of our common humanity, I venture to solicit space for a few thoughts which have been suggested by what I have seen in New Zealand and heard from England. You appear to be passing through a season of deep social depression. Business is stagnant, and myriads of your breadwinners are at their wits' end to know how to keep the wolf from the door. It is idle to speculate as to the causes of the depression. I prefer suggesting a remedy. As I push my investigations here as to the general welfare of those who have immigrated during the last few years, I am repeatedly forced to inquire, "Why are not tens of thousands of those hungry toilers sent over here under wise management and at the public expense, to develop the hidden wealth, and to share the abundant food?" In a Nelson paper of only yesterday's date I saw an advertisement of two hundred legs of mutton, averaging nine pounds each, for one shilling and threepence each. The remaining portions of the sheep would be melted down for tallow. In the same paper there were, only a few days ago, advertisements for pick-and-shovel men—that is to say, mere unskilled labourers—at nine shillings per day of eight hours. Now, sir, putting these two things together, and then looking at them in the light of the sad statements in your English journals, how is it possible to avoid the conclusion I have suggested by the heading of this communication? By building workhouses and establishing a Poor-law Board, Government recognises an obligation towards the people. Why should not that sense of obligation lead to an infinitely better mode of relief, such as

the removal of people from one part of the realm where workers are in excess of the work, and eaters are in excess of the food, to another part, where the conditions are exactly reversed. And this is all that emigration to our colonies really means. It is in no sense a British loss, but rather a clear gain. The home starveling, without power of purchase beyond the barest necessities of life, becomes out here not only a consumer of twice as much food, but a purchaser of three or four times as much furniture, clothing, tools, and all other home manufactures.

In the vessel by which I came out there were several New Zealanders who fifteen or twenty years ago were poverty-stricken Englishmen, utterly destitute of spending power, but what were they then? Prosperous merchants and landowners returning from the old country laden with costly purchases. One successful fellow had bought machinery to the extent of some thousands of pounds. Another had actually engaged a lot of London house decorators to come out and finish off, in first class style, a fine mansion which he is building here. A third had ordered an expensive marble tombstone to go over his son's grave. And so on all through the ship. I should say the purchases of that one ship's passengers would be more than a hundred thousand pounds' value; and the probability is that a quarter of a century ago the same men would not have been able to buy a hundred thousand farthings' worth. It is easy, therefore, to calculate the probable returns which would flow from an outlay of, say, a million sterling on emigration. Ten thousand Englishmen might be taken from their poor famished English homes, where they are without the power to buy a shilling's worth of Birmingham manufactures from year's end to year's end, and removed to New Zealand homes, where with two or three pounds a week coming in, and only one going out for absolute necessities, they could indulge in a set of tools and a score of other useful articles, which would be sure to come from Birmingham, Sheffield or Manchester.—I remain, &c.,

A. C.

Nelson, N.Z., March 6th, 1879.

The following Letter was written but not published, owing to the crowded condition of the London Press consequent on the Zulu war:—

THE REMEDY FOR ENGLISH DISTRESS.

SIR,—Allow me to emphasize an expression of Lord Derby's which I find in the last budget of English news. Referring to the wide-spread distress, his Lordship is reported as urging wholesale emigration as the only efficient remedy. A visit which I am

paying this fine colony has convinced me that no better advice could be given. It is difficult to convey any adequate sense of the astonishment which is felt here at the apparent unwillingness of Englishmen to come and gather up the wasting wealth of this fertile island. In all directions there is every element of wealth. The half has not been told of the hidden riches which await the magic touch of toil and enterprise. With a climate infinitely superior to that of England, and soil at least fully equal, it is marvellous that so few comparatively should be found willing to participate in its advantages. So far as my investigations have gone, distress is unknown here. When unskilled labourers are in anxious demand at nine shillings per day and beef and mutton only fourpence per pound, it is superfluous to speak of the prevailing comfort. All are well fed, and no one knows anything of want or insufficiency save in his remembrances of the past or by what he reads of the experiences of those at home.

And a remarkable feature of the case is that the demand for labourers seems only to increase with the increased supply. In truth it is tolerably clear that the population-bearing capacity of New Zealand increases with the increased emigration, thus fully bearing out some of Mr. Arch's supposed crudities as to the real value of labour. How the thing comes about is easily seen. For instance, all around this beautiful city of Nelson from whence I write, there are huge hills which have been generally supposed to be almost worthless for agricultural purposes. Only as sheep-runs have they been utilised. Now, however, as labour becomes accessible culture is beginning to appear on the sunny slopes. Orchards are springing up all over the hills, and no one can doubt that almost every inch of the gigantic mountain ranges is capable of culture, and will repay the cultivator a hundred-fold. Then again, many of these hills are composed of valuable minerals needing only the application of skill and enterprise to make them sources of great wealth. Within sound of where I write there is a paint manufactory. The leading ingredient is a stone found in one of the mountain ranges. All that is needed to develop the manufacture is some of the superfluous capital and labour of the mother country. On one of the sea-coasts there is an illimitable quantity of iron-sand capable of being converted into the finest steel. Here again all that is needed is that of which England suffers from repletion. And so of a hundred other sources of undeveloped wealth. It is not too much to affirm that there is not a thing which is grown in England which might not be grown much better here; there is not a manufacture in England which might not be carried on far better here; and there is not an element of social happiness in England which might not be either found or developed here. What is needed is a more distinct realisation of the exceeding practicality of the remedy which her colonies offer to the social ills of the mother country.

Too much is made of the distance and of the dangers of the voyage. As a matter of fact steam has well-nigh annihilated the

former, and the latter are unworthy of a moment's thought. I came here in less than two months, and the whole voyage was little more than a protracted sea pic-nic. As for the danger I never for a moment doubted that I was far more secure than while riding down Fleet Street or travelling on the Great Western Railway. The consideration is unworthy of a moment's anxious thought.

Another thing in connection with emigration which should help to give a favourable reception to Lord Derby's advice is the inevitable re-action on British trade and commerce. Every prosperous English colonist becomes a customer of English manufacturers. The figures as to New Zealand imports, startling as they are, give but a poor idea of her worth as a British customer. To realize this you must stand on a New Zealand wharf and see one of the huge trading vessels disgorge her freight. Machinery, pianos, carriages, books, and all kinds of London, Manchester, and Birmingham manufactures strew the spacious wharves for weeks in countless packages. One of the wholesale merchants here received over four thousand packages by a recent vessel from England, and a column of the local journal was taken up by a detailed description of them. In this list you find large quantities of all those tempting luxuries which are found in a London Italian warehouse or a Civil Service co-operative store.

As I looked upon the extraordinary wealth of wild fruit in some of the New Zealand country districts a month ago, I felt that it only needed British capital and enterprise to place large quantities of the same before the English market. Millions of pounds of really delicious cherries are wasted for want of a market. I have known farmers' daughters who have sawn off the laden branches through sheer despair of the requisite ability to gather the fruit, and the aid of pigs is often evoked to clear off the overwhelming crop of peaches. And all this with comparatively little or no culture! What this province of Nelson might be made to yield of all kinds of fruit if subjected to the judicious culture of English market-gardeners, imagination fails to grasp. I saw an apricot-tree the other day in a friend's garden from which eighteen cases of fruit, each containing twenty pounds weight, had been gathered.

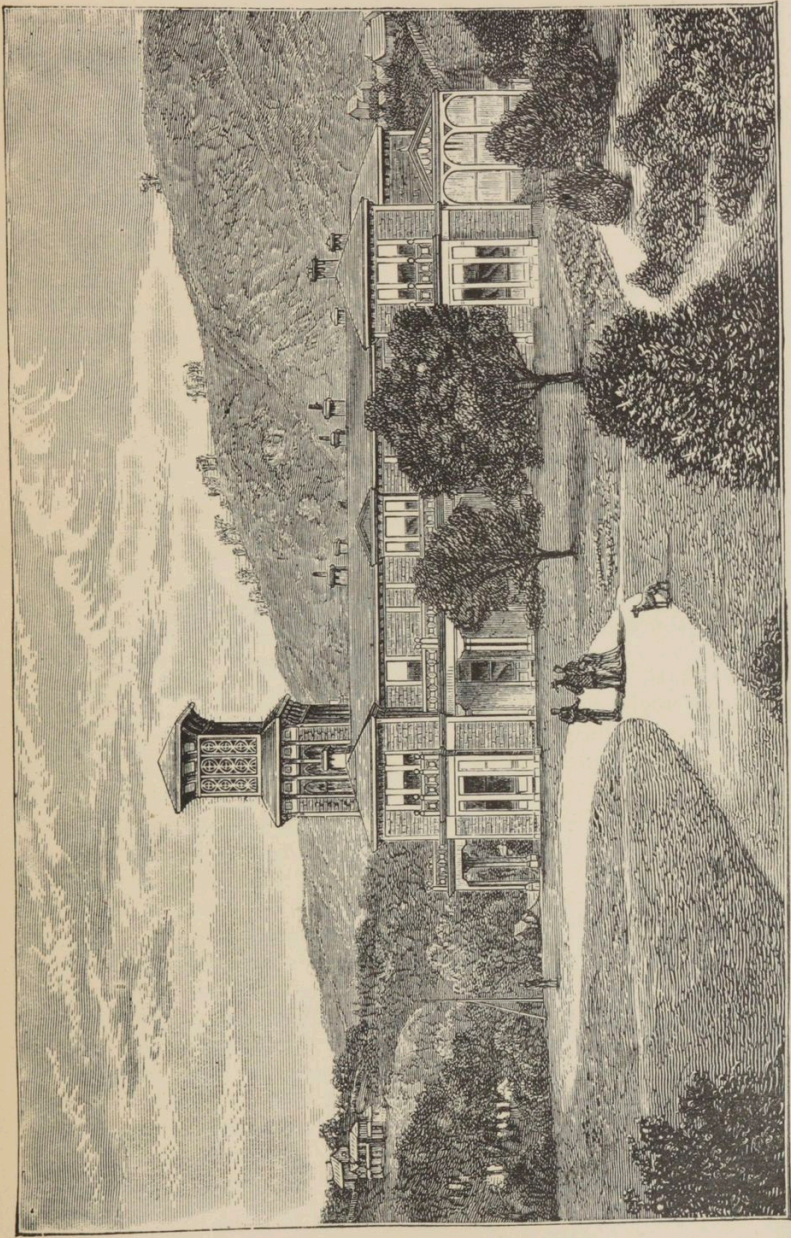
The explanation of this rare fruitfulness is found in the exquisite climate. I had heard much of the New Zealand climate and feared disappointment. I might have spared my fears. No language can exaggerate the well-nigh invariable loveliness of the atmosphere of, at any rate, this part of the colony. The rasping bitterness of the English climate is wholly unknown, hence the perfect immunity of the fruit blossoms from the scourge of the home grower. And not the fruit only reaps the benefit of such delicious climate. The wheat and barley of New Zealand are certainly second to none grown elsewhere.

Surely then, Sir, it should be the duty of every English philanthropist to do all within his power to bring within reach of this wealth of nature, the thousands of pinched and poverty-struck

inhabitants of the English counties. A few thousands spared from the millions lavished on supposed Imperial interests, would be well spent by the English Government in facilitating the removal of subjects from one part of the realm where there are more mouths than food to another where there is more food than mouths. I would suggest that Lord Derby place himself at the head of a National Emigration Society, and that the first thing done by such society be the purchase at a fair price of the liquidators of the Glasgow Bank the land held by them in New Zealand. Then I would have them send out and settle upon it such of the deserving English poor as gave promise of ability to turn the boon to good account. In my judgment this would be as wise and patriotic a course as even so wise and patriotic a man as Lord Derby could possibly devise.—I remain, &c.,
 Nelson, N.Z., 20th Feb., 1879. A. C.

A MONTH'S TRIP ON HORSEBACK IN THE NORTH
 ISLAND OF NEW ZEALAND, FROM WELLINGTON
 TO NEW PLYMOUTH, *viâ* WANGANUI, AND BACK
viâ FEATHERSTONE.

ON the 18th April, in the year of grace 1878, a couple of Englishmen might have been seen wending their way on horseback northward of Wellington. They had heard a good deal of the fertility of the country stretching away towards New Plymouth, and purposed seeing for themselves the goodly land. For some three or four miles their road ran parallel with the railway and skirted the sea. On the land side were the high hills from whence material was being dislodged for the huge reclamation works going on in Wellington harbour. The rapidity with which a line of some thirty trucks were filled and despatched to their destination filled them with surprise. What might have been supposed to be work enough for a hundred men to accomplish in a whole day, occupied but a few minutes. So much for system and tact. Leaving this road for an inland track, they soon found themselves in a winding mountain gorge, and their course lay past a beautifully clear stream filled with water-cress. The romantic was now upon them in full force. Hills presenting an ever-changing series of views rose higher and higher before them, until they emerged upon the open country. The township of Johnsonville is a small assemblage of butchers' and gardeners' establishments, whose contiguity to Wellington ensures ample prosperity. Past here the road, cut out of the hills, brought them to a place known as Iowa flat. Finding an old settler's residence close to the road, they pulled up for a rest, and turning their



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, WELLINGTON.



horses into a paddock, they proceeded to discuss the sandwiches in their wallets, washing the highly-relished solids down with draughts of delicious new milk. Thence they proceeded seawards to Poirua harbour, a pretty, quiet, little place. From here a road, cut on the hill-side, just above high-water mark, led them to Pahantanui. Being low tide they frequently left the road and made short cuts across the sands. Numbers of natives were observed hereabouts, fishing for oysters. They reached Pahantanui about 5.30 p.m., and gladly made for the hotel. The next day they rose early and remounting their horses made for Pikakakiki, where they purposed breakfasting. The road soon brought them into magnificent mountain gorges. On either side of them the hills, rising cloudwards and covered with trees and variegated shrubs, presented a marvellous appearance. Each turn of the winding track revealed something more beautiful than the last. Often straight below them was the sparkling mountain stream, rushing along with infinite bustle and gleesomeness.

Riding along full-trot within a foot of a precipice varying from 50 to 500 feet in depth, where one false step would infallibly send them to the bottom, was clearly a process either of making or breaking the nervous system. Happily it was the former, and it was surprising to themselves how soon all sense of danger deserted them. After six or seven miles of this a sudden turn brought them to the top of one of the highest cliffs, from whence the sea in all its grandeur, and sparkling in the sunshine, burst upon their view. Before them stretched out a vast mountainous region, and far below (some 1,200 feet), was the sea, then one grand succession of mighty waves, rolling in and breaking on the sand with a terrific and continuous roar. So perpendicular was the rock on which they were that a stone hurled over the unfenced track went straight into the foaming abyss. About three miles northward, and considerably below them, lay their breakfasting point, an hotel close to the seashore. The descent led through a place called Glen Valley, and exceeded in beauty even the ascent. It was simply perfect, and well deserved the universal praise ever bestowed upon it. Nor was the little place towards which it led, Pikakakiki, unworthy of the picturesque roadway. All along the coast were innumerable pure white sandhills, great masses and quite dazzling to look at in the sunshine. On closer inspection the whole surface was found to be in motion, causing a succession of small waves or ripples. This was caused by the wind. An immense sand-hill has been known to move many yards in a single day. On returning to their hotel after a stroll along the beach they found a new arrival in the shape of some seven or eight Maoris on horseback. Their chief was a finely-tattooed old warrior wearing a blue silk sash round his head. Three of his attendants were well-dressed and gentlemanly young fellows, half-castes apparently. One young lady was his daughter, and two other females seemed to be servants. They were returning from a visit to Wellington, where they had been to see a celebrated circus. As our travellers' course and theirs lay in the same direction, a polite invi-

tation to make one party was accepted, and together a twenty-two mile stage along the sea-shore was commenced. On their left lay the island of Kapiti, about twelve miles distant. About twelve miles along the sandy road they came to the Wakau river, and allowing the Maoris to take the lead, they plunged into it to reach the other side. With legs tucked up level with their seats, they found it no light task to avoid a bath. Seven or eight miles of similar sand-beach travel on the opposite side brought them to some excellent pasture land and the settlement of Otaki.

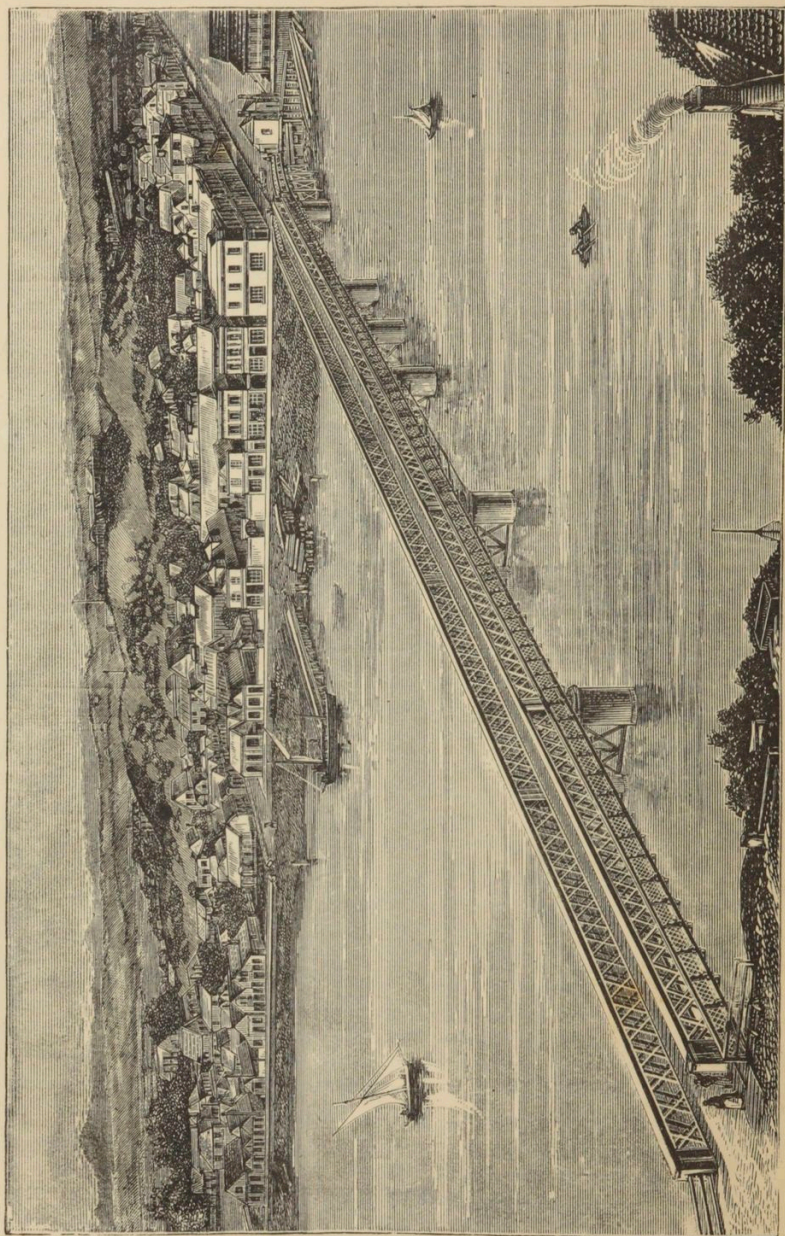
The next day, Good Friday, they were roused early from their most welcome slumbers at the hotel by the arrival of the Wellington five-horse coach from Foxton. At nine o'clock they were again in their saddles, winding along a sandy sort of track seawards. Inland they saw several Maori farms and patches of Indian corn-stalks, the corn-cobs had been gathered, and were tied up in bundles of about a dozen, and hung over a wooden framework some 10 feet high to "cure." The stalks were left on the ground to rot off. So much for Maori farming! Hereabouts a couple of natives overtook them, and one of them happening to be going in a similar direction, volunteered to accompany them. He proved a useful guide, especially in fording one or two rather dangerous streams. One of these streams was a considerable river, about fifty yards wide, and as their guide rode across it, his legs tucked up as usual, they were somewhat appalled by a sudden semi-submergence, the bed of the river having a depth of about four feet of water. There was nothing for it but to follow their leader and hope for the best. Thanks to the plucky horses the other side was reached in safety, and cantering away they soon came to the noble river Ohow. Here fording was out of the question, and a ferry had to be sought for. Unsaddling their horses, they took their places in the boat, and being propelled by an ingenious contrivance across the hundred yards, they left their horses to follow in a more natural manner. Held by reins, and with only their noses above water, the poor brutes had all their work cut out to keep themselves from being carried away by the strong current. Altogether the adventure was most exciting, and it was with no small sense of relief that they once more found themselves seated in their saddles. Some ten miles of very sober travel now lay before them, mere monotonous flat sand-beach, along which they alternately walked and cantered their horses. They then turned inland, and for some five miles the road might have been through the desert of Sahara, so sandy and uninteresting was it. How the bi-weekly coach managed to get across the sandy waste was a mystery to them. At length they came to another wide river, the Manuwatu. Here a chain ferry awaited them, in which men and horses could accompany each other across the stream. On the other side was Foxton, a struggling settlement consisting of a few stores and three hotels, with roads of sand and sundry private houses. There was a pier at which steamers from Wellington and Nelson regularly call, and the town was the terminus of the Foxton and Wanganui railway.

The next day they left Foxton, following the railway along a road of soft sand for six miles, the principal vegetation being patches of flax, which in damp places seemed to luxuriate in the sand. At a place called Carnarvon they left the railway and followed the Sandon road some four miles till they reached the head-quarters of the "Douglas station." Here they found a large slaughtering and boiling-down establishment, with immense shearing yards, cottages, stores, and all the requisite apparatus for converting New Zealand beef and mutton into available food for hungry Englishmen. The whole thing looked like prosperity, and on their making inquiry respecting the Douglas township a clerk was courteously told off to conduct them to it. After travelling along the sandy tracks for some seven miles a mass of bush was reached, through which a rough track was cut for about six miles. Halfway through this cutting they came upon a partially-cleared square of some three hundred acres, the site of the proposed Campbell-town. Arrived at the centre of the clearing they turned down a track for about two miles, and thus had a full view of the whole thing. The land was evidently good, but the labour requisite to make it into farms seemed immense. Not being able to ride along the newly-formed roads, they found themselves at the end of their peregrinations pretty well done up. Resuming the saddle, they once more took their way towards Sandon, passing several settlers who were gallantly hewing their way to fortune. Occasionally a saw-mill was visible, helping to clear away the all-surrounding timber. After a few miles of this they suddenly found themselves in an open country, leaving the bush, like a huge, dark hill, behind them. The transition struck them as very remarkable. Yonder was the vast mass of timber, with its undergrowth of almost trackless scrub, apparently untouched by man, and here was an open plain covered over with low fern. Nothing could be sharper than the division, and nothing seemingly more arbitrary and inexplicable. Two miles of this finely-cultivated land brought them to Sandon, well tired and fully prepared to enjoy the comforts of an hotel.

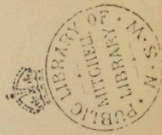
The next day was Sunday, and after breakfast they took a stroll about the town and neighbourhood till church-time. It struck them as being a very fine agricultural district, resembling in culture an English agricultural county. Far as the eye could reach, north, east, and west, stretched out a level, open country; and on the south was the weird-looking dark boundary of bush-land. After a rest somewhat prolonged, in harmony with the genius of the Day of Rest, they proceeded to Bull Town, some six miles distant, purposing to remain there for the night; but finding the scenery very enchanting and the road pleasant, they kept on their way to the flourishing township of Marton. *En route* they found various signs of progress and innumerable flourishing farm homesteads. The "Fox" settlement, Crofton, of Temperance notoriety, seemed to be less thriving than other places along the route. Why they did not stop to inquire. Marton struck them as being one of the most

prosperous towns which they had yet seen. After refreshing themselves with a good tea at an excellent private boarding-house, and turning their horses out into an adjoining paddock, they went to the Presbyterian church, where they found a respectable old Scot discoursing abundantly sound doctrine to a score or two of somewhat somnolent hearers. They were not impressed with the attractiveness of the service, and left the church questioning the value of so ill-appointed a "means of grace." As Englishmen our travellers were struck with the contrast presented by this agricultural town or village to a similar locality at home. Instead of a few good houses and a number of more or less tumbledown hovels, the whole place resembled a city suburb of small detached houses, with their pretty gardens and various signs of comfort. Entering the humblest of them, the homes of labourers, instead of the inevitable bread and lard, with a frying-pan full of potatoes dashed with American bacon-fat, there was the good joint of beef or mutton; and waiting in the pot on the Colonial oven, was the accompanying plum-pudding. And well it might be so, for whereas wages were high, the best fresh meat could be bought for threepence per pound.

Leaving this land of Goshen on Monday morning their road for six miles passed through a high, flat plateau of rich, fertile land, until a steep hill was reached, from the summit of which the sea was once more visible. The country then sloped downwards towards a smaller range of hills, near the coast. After traversing a long, winding road, cut out of the side of a hill, they reached Turekena, a small, neat village. Here they learnt that every acre of land was occupied. Passing onward they came upon a very pretty valley and a fine river, called the Turekena. A good wooden bridge carried them across, and from it was visible a railway bridge over the same. An ascent by a winding road round an immense hill revealed to them a variety of the most picturesque scenery. Yonder lay the peaceful valley, with the silvery Turekena winding its tortuous way along it, and the railway twisting in and out all the way. Dotted the hills behind them were the well-built homesteads, all looking pictures of prosperity. Altogether the place gave the travellers a perfect ideal of comfort, peace, and beauty. On reaching the top of a range of hills they passed through a flat country, and the land was less cultivated, but still dotted over with homesteads. By-and-by a turn round a hill brought them in view of Wanganui and the river Wanganui. They crossed the noble river by the newly-erected iron bridge, and found the town holiday-keeping. They were impressed with the thriving, cleanly appearance of the place, and deemed it almost worthy of comparison with Wellington. In the evening they had a view from their hotel of the volunteers and artillery returning from a tournament, which had taken place just outside the town. They were a noble-looking band of men, and admirably mounted. On Tuesday morning at nine o'clock they once more commenced their travels, ascending a range of hills, from the top of which they had a splendid view of the town and neighbourhood. Like so many other New



WANGANUI BRIDGE, WELLINGTON.



Zealand towns, Wanganui lies in an immense valley, surrounded with hills. Its streets are well planned, and as they gazed on the whole scene—the river running through the town, the beautiful bridge stretching across it, and farther down the railway with its bridge and the half-dozen wharves for the steamers, they felt no surprise at the universal interest felt in the young and rising township. The only drawback seemed the huge banks of sand which occurred, as at Foxton, and which must impede agricultural operations. Pursuing their way over the hills they came upon a pretty lake, called Virginia Lake, from whence Wanganui gets its supply of water, and if a good supply of water is any guarantee of future success, the town certainly has got it. Few towns in New Zealand or elsewhere can boast of so exhaustless a store of life's first necessity. A few miles farther on they came to another of those sublime features of New Zealand scenery—a mountain gorge. They found it no less than ten miles long, and the ever-changing variety of its scenery altogether beggared description. Here they received their first baptism, the rain coming down in fruitful showers. After emerging from the gorge they reached the town of Maxwell, a straggling place of one hotel, three or four farm-houses, and a few small dwellings. From thence their road lay down a small ravine, through rich grass-lands, and past a Maori pah, or village. This latter consisted of a mass of rush hovels, pitched helter-skelter in a field, behind a large hedge by the roadside. They soon found themselves drawing nearer to the native settlement, and became familiarized with the appearance of the people. They all seemed very civil and pleased to be spoken to. Another half-dozen miles brought them to Witotara, where they crossed a river of that name by a handsome bridge. On the river were some Maori canoes—long, narrow vessels, cut out of a solid tree, and propelled by hand-paddles. The hotel where they stopped was full of natives, who seemed to have a great partiality for such resorts.

The next morning they rose early and rode to Wairoa, seven miles distant, to breakfast, passing through a very steep and beautiful gorge, with a rapid stream at the bottom to ford. The country through which they passed was level, and apparently very rich. The town of Wairoa, or Carlyle, is a small, thriving place, showing signs of rapid progress. Leaving Carlyle, they passed through another gorge to level country, quite open, but bounded on the horizon with dark, long lines of bush. On their left was the sea in the distance, and northward before them, rising solitary and sublime, like a Gladstone among European politicians, was the far-famed Mount Egmont. This glorious vision was not soon to leave them. All day long it haunted them, hidden only occasionally by clouds, which seemed to rise from its mighty base and make its sides and top their home. Every now and then the snow-clad top and patches of snow on the sides would show through the lighter clouds, giving the mountain a singularly enchanting appearance. Then as those clouds melted and passed away the outline gradually appeared again, looking like an immense cone connecting earth and sky. Four or five miles

beyond Wairoa they entered a series of gorges, which brought them down to the Patea river—a fine stream, equal to the Wanganui. Crossing it by a bridge, a steep road brought them to Patea, another rising township with its full complement of stores, hotels, &c. Finding their horses pretty well done up, they left them a mile or two the other side of Patea, and so reached the town on foot. Passing onwards a six miles' walk brought them to Rakaramia, where, finding a good hotel, they resolved to "rest and be thankful." The last two miles were done on a bullock-dray, a rough, strong kind of platform with a long pole in front, to which were harnessed by a yoke and chain two bullocks, and in front of these were two more similarly yoked. The driver had a long whip, and by continually talking to the beasts, calling them by their names, and a free use of his whip, he managed to get the seemingly unmanageable animals along admirably. What a man would do with four such great brutes, "unaccustomed to the yoke," it required no great foresight to predict.

After a good night's rest our travellers, now reduced to footmen, started for Manuthai, determining there to breakfast. The five miles' walk carried them through sundry gorges, and on leaving this little place their path lay through a fertile country, with the usual alternations of hill and dale. Their next halt was eleven miles distant from Manuthai, at a place called Hawera, a flourishing town with three or four good hotels, &c. Passing on towards Normanby they fortunately got a ride for a few miles. This very modern town already boasted of its hotel, which our travellers deemed one of the best they had yet stopped at. These hotels are quite a feature of colonial life. They are mostly well fitted up, and altogether unlike the average English public-house. They are, in fact, public boarding-houses. Three times a day in a large dining-room a bell summons the visitors together, and there is found an abundance of solid food, *but no strong drink*. Tea or coffee may be had at each meal, but stronger drinks can only be got at the bar. The charges vary from one shilling to two shillings per meal, and the utmost order prevails. Most hotels boast of an Alcock's billiard-table, a celebrated Melbourne maker, but no drinking is allowed in the room. The charge for a bed is usually one shilling and sixpence, and fees to servants are unknown. Leaving Normanby in the morning they pushed on to Kitemaria, across a fine, open, pasture country. Straight before them was glorious Mount Egmont, seeming more majestic than ever, as it stood out in the clear morning air without a cloud to drape its bold outline. As they gazed upon it, rising from its thirty mile diameter-base to the skies, the lines of Coleridge on Mont Blanc, as viewed from the valley of Chamouni, rose involuntarily to their thoughts, and they found themselves asking—

"Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovran Blanc?"



MOUNT EGMONT AND RANGES, TARANAKL.

A few miles of walking brought them to the mountain track, a rough way, a chain wide, cut right through the bush for some thirty miles. The appearance of the road, if such a track can be called a road, was very singular. Right before them appeared nothing but a seemingly interminable avenue, with trees on either side. After walking three or four miles, however, they reached a valley, down which they wended their way, and found at the bottom a beautiful stream with a quantity of fine watercress growing in it. They stopped and partook of the true hermit's fare, washing it down with the delicious "mountain dew." Some miles further on they came to a large clearing of some six hundred acres, and learnt that it was a new town to be called Stratford, the junction of the railway from New Plymouth to Wellington, where the branch strikes off to Napier, right through the very centre of the island. Here they found signs of life and enterprise. Gangs of men were felling trees, and others were erecting sheds for stores and lodgings. Passing through this place they again entered the lane of bush, and another mile, making sixteen since they started in the morning, brought them to a lodging-house where they found welcome rest. After tea they sallied forth to see the process of clearing, and coming upon some woodmen who were felling a huge giant of the forest they essayed to render help. The tree in question was some 120 ft. high, and from 4 to 5 ft. in diameter near its base. A large notch had been cut in the side on which it was intended it should fall, and the men were at work cutting away on the opposite side. By-and-by sundry slight creaks were heard, and all were warned to look out. They one and all retreated some 20 or 30 feet. Now the ominous creaks became louder and more frequent, and looking up they saw a slight, leaning motion. This gradually increased, and the noise grew louder, and then slowly, gracefully, gradually the monarch bowed his head and submitted to his fate. With a shock like the crack of doom, and a thud which shook the solid earth like an earthquake, the huge tree came to the ground. It was an interesting and exciting scene.

On the following day they once more resumed their journey through the bush, and as they drew near the end of the romantic avenue signs of life and activity became visible. This forest tract was to become a metalled road, and side by side with it would run the future railway. Newly-built bridges became apparent, and indicated the progress of the intended roads. Gangs of men also were seen at intervals along the track making cuttings at the top of some of the ridges, and filling up the hollows. As they drew nearer Inglewood the railway works became more developed, and for some miles they walked along the newly-made road. Tired and wearied they at length reached Inglewood, the terminus of the New Plymouth Railway, and after waiting a couple of hours they secured seats in a train to Plymouth, where they arrived about 6.30 P.M. fit only for tea and bed.

Another Sunday morning found our travellers refreshed by a good night's rest and in a good frame of mind for a visit to the Presbyte-



rian Church. They found the church a plain building, and about one quarter full. The singing was good, and the sermon on the "Grapes of Eshcol" was thoroughly enjoyed. The pastor appeared to be a man of considerable mental power, and his command of language was exceptionally good. In the afternoon they witnessed the arrival of the Union Steam-Ship Company's steamer the *Taiaroa*, and a most exciting affair it was. The steamer lay about a third of a mile from the beach, and the passengers and merchandize had to be landed by surf-boats—a most laborious process, and not free from danger in rough weather. Half the inhabitants appeared to be out witnessing the arrival, and two hours and a half were consumed in getting off the consignment of passengers and freightage. With proper conveniences the work might be done in half-an-hour. On Monday they devoted the day to further exploration of the interesting locality. Mounting a high hill overlooking the town they saw the old blockade used in the late destructive Maori war. It is now converted into immigration barracks. Strong palings surround it, in which slots are cut, through which the defenders fired upon the hostile natives. The view from this hill was very fine, and revealed a country rich in all agricultural requisites. When the projected harbour is carried out Taranaki, or New Plymouth as it is to be in future called, will take rank among the most important of the New Zealand ports.

Having thus accomplished their task our travellers commenced their return journey, resolving, however, to make a *détour* at Sandon, or Sansona, as it is named in the maps. Instead of going *viâ* Foxton, they struck off eastward for Awahuri, in order to see the Fielding settlement of the "Colonist Emigration Aid Association," whose office is in Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster, London. On reaching the Awahuri valley they saw in the distance the huts of this township. Finding an hotel at the Awahuri river they put up at it. The place seemed very quiet, but the land was good, and there was plenty for sale. A native settlement existed in the valley, and at the hotel numbers of Maoris as usual congregated during the evening.

On the following morning they left Awahuri for Palmerston, some eight miles distant. The ride took them through a bush country interspersed with small clearings of settlers. They found Palmerston a new settlement, with a square of good clean grass-land, through the centre of which ran the railway from Foxton to Wanganui. The only building in the centre of this square was the station. Stores, banks, &c., clustered around it, while outside the square were the homes of the settlers. Having breakfasted at this infant settlement they proceeded along the railway track for some two miles, and then re-entered the bush. About nine miles from Palmerston they came upon a large swamp leading down to the Manuwatu River. Crossing this in a ferry-boat they found themselves confronted with the Manuwatu range of hills. Winding up the road for about two miles they came to the entrance of the celebrated Manuwatu Gorge. Their way then led for four miles through this

gorge until they ascended to a road cut out on the mountain side. The gorge fully sustained the universal verdict respecting it. Nothing could exceed its wildly romantic character. They had beneath them the river now rushing along in rapids, with a roar like those just above Niagara Falls, and now slowly and gradually like those Canadian rapids after they have taken their tremendous leap and are flowing peacefully into the Ontario lake. Both sides of the gorge were well-nigh perpendicular, and some four or five hundred yards high. A rich foliage quite covered them down to the water's edge. Coaches traverse the seemingly dangerous pass, and the need of good nerves on the part of both coachman and passengers may be inferred from the fact that he dares not let his horses walk round the many curves, lest they should stumble. Security is sought in a sharp trot, keeping the horses at full tension as it were, and too much occupied to shy. In places they saw the wheel tracks within a few inches of the edge of a precipice, to go over which would be instant death to all. Occasionally they came upon vast overhanging masses of ironstone rock which only needed loosening to sweep away road and all that was thereon. The roadway was a narrow ledge from 6 to 8 feet wide, and even less in some places. As our travellers passed along they were favoured with exceptional alternations of weather, which served to bring out the beauties of the gorge. Now a glimpse of sunshine, then a shower of rain; anon a dark cloud would throw a sepulchral gloom over all; then an exquisite rainbow would throw its resplendent form athwart the abyss. The wondrous changes of colour and beauty were simply indescribable, and, like an occasional sunset over the Nelson mountains, must be seen to be at all understood.

At length the gorge opened out and they approached a large bridge over the river at a considerable height above it. Passing over this they were soon again in the bush, but had every now and then a beautiful view of the country and of the river. A three or four mile ride brought them to Woodville, a new settlement through which the coaches ran to Napier and the east coast, some hundred miles distant. Here they stayed the night. On leaving Woodville the next day they entered on a forty mile bush road which leads to Masterton, sixty miles off. Their journey of twenty-seven miles that day to Elecuhuna involved riding through four rivers, two of which were wide and rapid currents, just high enough and strong enough to test the mettle of the travellers.

After heavy rains travellers have to wait for days before they can get over, and many a fool-hardy adventurer has been swept away in the attempt. The horse has but to make one false step amid the boulders, and at once rider and horse are in the power of the merciless torrent. Several Maori pahs were passed and numbers of natives in all varieties of dress and undress. One old Maori came out of his hut to speak to them, but they did not understand his speech. Happily they were able to do something which he understood. Offering him some tobacco he thankfully put out his hand to

receive it, revealing as he did so, absolute nakedness saving the blanket thrown around him. Their road for the most part, was an absolutely straight line cut right through the dense bush. They came upon a party of surveyors near the end of their ride, hard at work at their invaluable pioneering duties.

At length the wild, rough Scandinavian settlement of Elecuhuna was reached. Here they passed a night and interviewed the settlers. They were not favourably impressed with the foreigners, who appeared to be a soulless race of toiling money-grubs, with but one object in life and but one hope, bartering away generosity and all that makes man superior to the brutes for little piles of one pound notes. Leaving the Scandinavians to their destiny our travellers pursued their way in the morning through the remainder of the bush. At length they emerged from the sylvan road and came to a large open plain, bounded as usual all round with immense hills, save where the forest lay from which they had just emerged. They found the land there in cultivation, but of an indifferent quality, a light, stony soil. About three miles further on they came to a river, and crossing it they found an excellent road of some six miles in length, with good farms scattered along its course. This road led to Masterton, a business-like town, with shops equal to any they had seen in New Zealand, and which would not discredit Regent Street, London.

Everything indicated prosperity. They stopped one night in the town and then took the road leading to Featherstone. Their road lay across a level country with the immense Rematucka range of hills on their right and in front of them. Crossing a wide stream by a bridge they came to a long, straight road of about six miles, which brought them to Carterton, a long, straggling township in a very early stage of formation. Passing this they once more entered the bush, which was fast disappearing before the advancing civilisation. Settlements and clearings grew more and more numerous, indeed the six miles were but a continuous series of them. They learnt that all the necessaries of the settlers were supplied from Wellington, and as that city was sixty miles off and all must come by road, the traffic was very considerable. They frequently met immense wagons laden with goods and drawn by six or eight horses, reminding them of the state of things in England forty years prior to the railway era. The township of Featherstone they found to be a small, neat affair, nestling at the feet of a huge range of hills. The railway works caused considerable activity among the Featherstonians, a number of the workmen residing there temporarily. Near the town was a formidable engineering exploit, a tunnel of some miles in length through the mountain chain to Katokie, the present terminus of the Wellington railway.

Leaving Featherstone early on the day following their arrival they at once commenced an ascent of the range of hills. Their road was in reality a vast mountain pass, longer and higher than any they had yet been along. The track, cut as usual out of the side of the mountain, was thirteen miles long, although probably the distance as a

bird would fly would not exceed four miles. Occasionally their road seemed immediately before them, only some 100 feet above their heads, but to reach it they must wind round sundry bends and crevices, and come back again on the other side, thus going a mile or more to get a 100 yards. Here, in these mountain gorges, were evidently the manufactory and the home of the notorious Wellington winds. Our travellers found it hard work to hold their own against them, and it is no unusual thing for a cart and horse to be swept clean away by them, so terrific is their normal force. On reaching the top of the high mountain chain they had an imposing view of the surrounding country through occasional gaps in the bush. A descent of seven miles brought them to Puratakaka, where they arrived by 10 o'clock, quite ready to do full justice to a good breakfast. The remainder of the distance to Wellington, twenty-nine miles, was done by rail. They reached that city by 5 o'clock, having accomplished about 600 miles of travel in twenty-four days. The weather on the whole was good, and the trip such an one as they will never forget. The abiding impression left on their minds was that the country was pre-eminently a grand and glorious one, one which not New Zealanders only, but every citizen of the British Empire might be justly proud of. It had clearly all the elements of prosperity about it, and more nearly resembled the promised land of the Israelites than even Canaan itself did. It was indisputably "a good land, a land of hills and valleys; a land of brooks and rivers; a land of sunshine and of song; a land whose stones are iron;" its sand along the sea-shore at Taranaki being literally of iron, and out of whose hills you may not only "dig brass" but gold, silver, copper, tin, marble, and "all precious minerals."

A FEW PLAIN INSTRUCTIONS FOR INTENDING EMIGRANTS.

1. CAREFULLY pack up in strong boxes what you intend to take. In one box, not more than 12 inches high, by, say, 30 inches long, with a good lock on it, put a supply of linen, &c., for the voyage. Have your name and destination painted on each box, with "Not wanted on the voyage," written on all but your cabin-box.

2. Do not overburden yourself with luggage. An infinite amount of bother is saved by having as little as possible. Have everything pretty well arranged before you come to London, so that on arriving there you have only to take a cab; or if you have much luggage get the railway-porter to put you in the way of some van proprietor, and go straight away to the dock where your vessel lies.

3. As regards outfit you cannot do better than go to a leading

house, such as Messrs. Silver & Co., Cornhill, London, and secure the benefit of their wide experience as to what is best for the part to which you are going. The thing to avoid is wasting your means on unnecessary articles. Really good clothing and tools are almost equal to gold in value to the emigrant, but expensive guns, revolvers, and such like are best left behind.

4. If you go by steamer, unless a direct line of steamers should be put on to New Zealand, you cannot do better than secure a passage by the Orient line, whose head office is at 112, Fenchurch Street, London (Messrs. F. Green & Co.). You can book for any New Zealand port, exchanging steamers at Melbourne. The fares to Melbourne are from fifteen to twenty guineas for steerage; thirty-five guineas for second saloon—a very good accommodation indeed—and seventy guineas for first saloon. The extra charge from Melbourne to New Zealand is five guineas steerage, and ten guineas saloon. There is no second class. It is advisable to secure a saloon ticket. There are also steamers by which passages can be secured to New Zealand ports despatched by Mr. J. H. Flint, 112, Fenchurch Street, London, and one or two other firms.

5. If you go by a sailing vessel it will probably be one of Shaw, Savill, & Co.'s, 34, Leadenhall Street, London, or the New Zealand Shipping Co., 84, Bishopsgate Street Within, London. The special ships referred to on the outer sheet belong to these firms. The £25 fare is exceptionally reasonable, and from the fact of there being but one class on board much comfort may be confidently anticipated. Sailing ships are also despatched from Glasgow to Otago by Messrs. Henderson & Co.

6. Contrary to general advice, I do not recommend the taking of a quantity of luxuries to vary the ship's dietary. It is waste of money. More good, wholesome food is found on board than you can take, and the fewer dainties the better it is for the stomach.

7. Avoid all spirituous liquors. None suffer from sea-sickness so much as those who are always dosing themselves with brandy. Have done with strong drinks from the hour you leave the docks, and the probability is that you will have a most enjoyable voyage, and be welcomed by prosperity at your journey's end.

8. Do not take your money with you, but go to the Bank of New Zealand, 1, Queen Victoria Street, Mansion House, London, and get a draft on one of their branch banks in New Zealand. This will cost you nothing, and save much anxiety. You have only to present your draft at the New Zealand office, and the money is at once handed over to you. A small amount will suffice to cover the necessary outlay on the voyage.

9. Cultivate a cheerful, hopeful disposition on the voyage. There is rarely any real danger, and there is no alleviation of the inseparable inconveniences comparable with a patient endurance of them.

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