

the universal kindness he had met with on board the British Empire
he would remain in St. George (tremendous applause). Those compliments
then replied and the ceremony terminated, had the captain been
anything but shabby he would have stood champagne all round.
Sept. 1st Partridge shooting commences; with us it has been a
magnificent day the best we have had for many a long one though
it was a very rough night last night, and we scarcely carried to
sketch of canvass. When possessed some power almost enough
to enable us to sit still on deck in the middle of the day, the air too
seemed changed and to bode the proximity of land, however
the Captain was in a towering rage in the afternoon swearing
at things in general and the compasses in particular which
were not as correct as he would like, he expected to see land
early in the afternoon but had not seen it, and much to his
discomfiture and everybody's amazement it was still
broad daylight at six o'clock, though yesterday it was dark
at five, the clock had however been put on slightly in the
evening, ^{the} fact he was not sure where we were he ordered
soundings to be taken, and took a seat with the second mate
on the summit of the truncated fore mast to look out for
land, the soundings yielded eighty fathoms over a sandy
bottom and he took out. Land, yes actually land, Stewart's
Island slightly to the North West of us, which of course put
the Captain into an uproar and by good humour and
everybody else into a state of excitement, in fact the Captain
said if we could only get in the next day he would not mind
— standing — something — good, it was a long time coming
out, his mind was evidently considerably relieved, which you
doubt caused this unwonted burst of generosity, but he
knew he was safe. It appeared we had gone some
little distance further North than he had calculated, he
had not once sighted land along his whole course (which
by the way he pronounces cursed) to prove his compasses nor
had he had an opportunity to compare chronometers and
when he did not see land according to calculation, naturally
became a little uneasy. In the course of the afternoon
the wind which had been gradually freshening since the early
morning left us almost entirely, and the sea was almost as
smooth as glass, the breath that was left taking us happily
due North, had we gone much further West we should have
passed New Zealand, and been unable to return while
the right wind to take us to Syttelton remained, but happily
we are on the right side of N.Z. with the right wind, another
remarkable circumstance in connection with this day of
was the superb and glorious sunset, almost equal to the finest
I have seen even in the tropics, if it was a specimen of what we may
expect in N.Z. its climate has certainly not been overrated. To crown the