



UNITED WITH THE "TRIP HAMMER."

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ROUND THE WORLD,

A Run through the OCCIDENT, the ANTIPODES, and the ORIENT.

(Extracts from a series of letters written to the employes of the Massey Manufacturing Co., by W. E. H. MASSEY, Esq.)

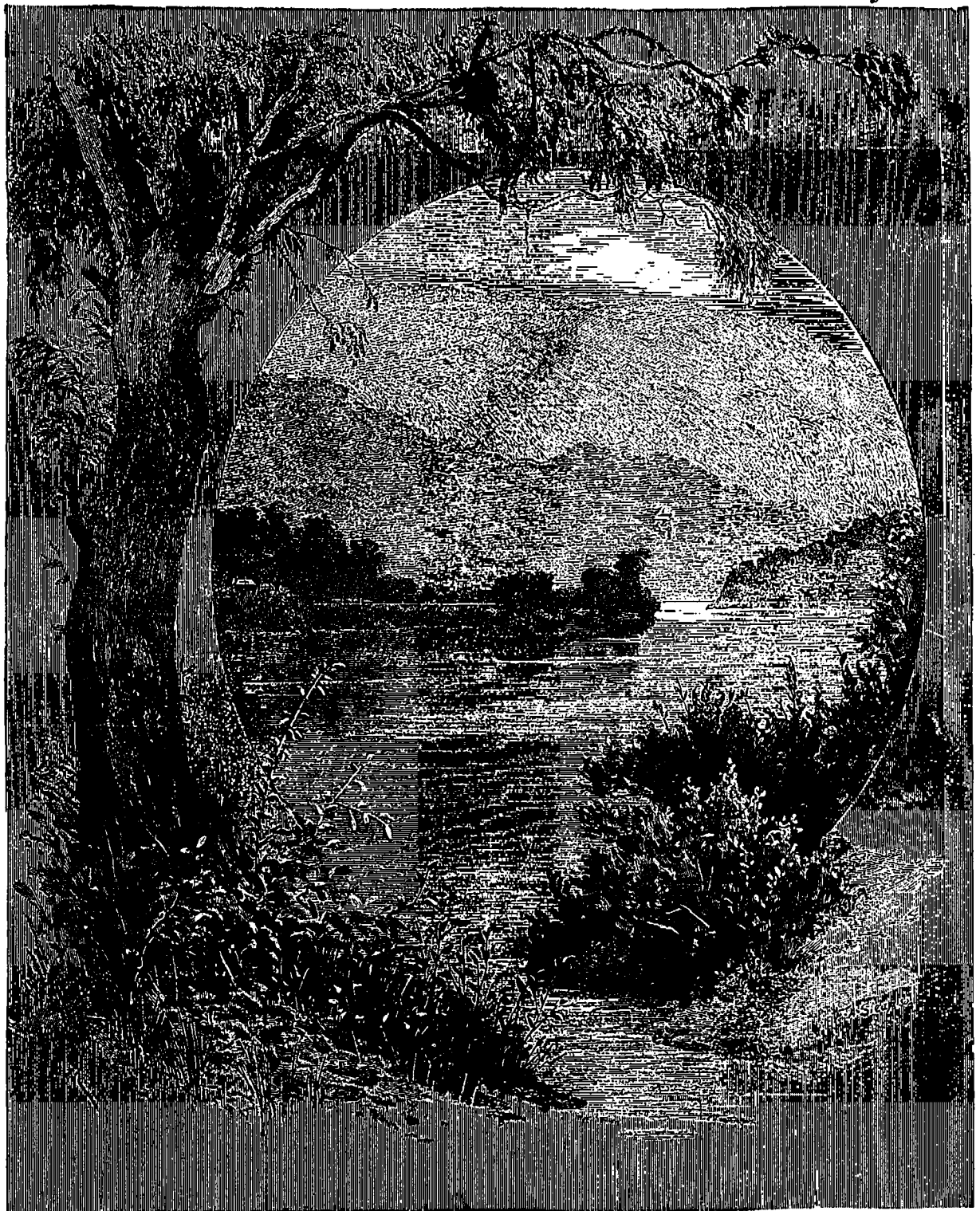
TASMANIA.

Sixth Letter, dated S.S. "Lusitania," Lat. 48 S.; Long. 65.40 E. March 7th, 1888.

Shortly before sundown on Jan. 13th the S.S. *Te Anau* turned its prow out of the harbor of Bluff, New Zealand, bound for Hobart, Tasmania, your correspondent on board. A heavy wind was blowing, and scarcely had the *Te Anau*, a comparatively small ship, gotten fairly out of the harbor than we began to fully realize the "ups and downs" of life. To say that it was rough would be speaking too mildly. The seas soon broke over the railings on all sides, and the ship proceeded in a manner closely resembling the action of the "walking beam" of a side-wheel steamer. Strange to say, the passengers found it convenient to retire very early—most of them not to leave their berths till the end of the voyage, for the wind increased into almost a gale, being worse the second and third days out. It was a "beastly" passage, as the Englishman would say—the worst I have ever yet experienced. The "screw" (propeller wheel) would fly out of the water, and when thus liberated would shake the whole ship violently with its accelerated motion, causing her to tremble from stem to stern. The glass globes on the chandeliers were thus shaken down and smashed to pieces; dishes and cruet-stands on the saloon tables were, in spite of racks, hurled to the floor and broken. Getting out on deck was not wholly impossible, but one ran the risk of a good wetting, for waves were splashing over continuously, and owing to the violent pitching and rolling, it was even dangerous. Out of a large number of passengers there

were not more than half a dozen who thought of attempting to go on deck—they were otherwise occupied.

Monday night, however, the wind went down and the sea began to calm, and on the morning of the 17th—a glorious morning—the pale-faced, one



COURSE OF THE RIVER DERWENT, TASMANIA.