

GOING TO THE COLONIES -- by Mona Tracy

Extract from "New Zealand Junior" - December 8th, 1936.

The Old Echunga:

On a cold autumn day of the year 1862 two young people walked about London looking their last on a city neither of them was likely to see again. They were William Jewell and his wife Grace, and they were about to embark on what on those days was an awfully big adventure. Next day they were to set sail for a land lying at the other side of the globe. The people of those times spoke of such a voyage as "going to the colonies."

Two or three times during their walk the girl burst into tears. Leaving England meant parting from her people and from all the dear familiar places and things she had known since her childhood. But the young husband was undaunted. Strong and capable, he was prepared to work hard in order to win bread and a home in the new land.

In the evening the pair took a cab to the Echunga, the vessel on which they were to voyage. Going aboard, they stepped right into the very heart of confusion.

The Echunga was to carry to the province of Canterbury, in New Zealand, over 300 emigrants - English, Scottish, Irish, Welsh and German. Many of them were already on board, each one trying to sort out his own possessions from the piled-up heaps of boxes and trunks, of bedding and furniture, of pots and pans and bundles of clothing and baskets of food with which the steerage was cluttered. A few oil lamps cast wavering beams of light over the murky interior of the ship. There was a

