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## Maritana's Trip to Wellington in 1891.

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[BY ONE OF THE CREW.]

Having read with much interest 'Boat 'Arbour Bill's article, 'The Clinking Days of the Mascotte,' in last week's N Z. YACHTSMAN, the writer, who was one of the crew which went down to Wellington in the Auckland yacht Maritana, will try and recall a few of the exciting incidents of that eventful trip.

The crew consisted of Messrs. E. V. Bindon, owner; J. Webster, sailing master; Allom, Clarke and Garlick (boy). We pushed off from the Wynyard Pier just before noon on January 12th, 1891, where we had done the final provisioning and general fitting out, and slipped out of the Waitemata about 3 p.m., and stood away to Cape Colville with a light westerly, which took us past the cape at dawn on the 13th.

We threaded our way through the islands off Mercury Bay, and then laid a course to Cape Runaway, having sighted the top of White Island. We picked up Cape Runaway and passed between the East Cape and the island at about midnight of the 15th. It was while running past Tokomaru Bay that the first sensational incident happened. We were carrying all the kites and water sail, with wind dead astern. The steersman complained that he could not lay his course, the helmsman was relieved, the new man explaining how easy it was to sail by the lee. It went well for a couple of minutes, when over she came, and the Maritana went down flat, the water sail got drawn into the main sheet blocks, and things were only middling for awhile.

We still hustled along down to Portland Island, where a large blue shark visited us, and tried to relieve us of our patent log, putting it out of action. The fine northerly wind now left us, and a southerly sprang up so fast that we were very busy getting off sail, eventually having to run back for shelter, and anchor under Mahia Peninsula for sixty-three hours, all of which time it was blowing a real southerly buster.

We got under way again and made a good passage to Cape Turnagain, and as the sun went down and the wind came up, we put reefs in until there were no more to reef, and we finished up by lowering the throat right down. The seas were sweeping her fore and aft, and it was then I began to wonder why I had ever left home, but the sun shone again next day, and the wind moderated, so we made a passage to Castle Point, where the wind seemed as if it intended to repeat the dose of the previous evening, so we anchored under Castle Point for the night.

We were away at daylight next morning, and during that day we put up a fine run of sixty-three

miles in six hours, carrying all kites and big jack yarder set as a spinnaker. We rounded Cape Palliser and stood across the bay, and that evening at sundown picked up the Pencarrow Light.

About nine o'clock the wind came out from the north-west, gentle at first, but in less than half an hour we had her close-reefed, topmast housed, and big seas were sweeping her fore and aft, the sea being so bad that our skipper ordered oil bags out, so we commandeered a good pair of socks, which we attempted to fill out of a five gallon drum of oil, by no means an easy task, considering the angle the yacht was at. At the first attempt the oil drum broke away, and three of us, oil drum and socks, were fetched up in a heap under the companionway ladder. At the same time the stove broke away from its fastenings, and came skating along the cabin floor. Eventually the oil bags were pulled out on the bows with the jib out haul, and acted splendidly. That night I shall never forget, how she laid down on her beam ends and seasawed and kicked at the same time; how in the cabin, amid oil and water, we wrestled with that drum of oil, and walked all over those beautiful panels painted by Capt. Darby Ryan; how we coaxed the Maritana to try and have a go on the other tack, having to wear her round in the long run, but the sun shone bright again next morning, and there was a great calm. By evening we had worked well up towards the entrance of the harbour, beat in and anchored between the wharves about three o'clock on the morning of the 23rd January. Soon after daylight we were visited by a reporter on the morning paper.

Our stay in Wellington is impressed on my mind for ever, the kindly consideration shown us in every detail, the banquet at the Pier Hotel, the picnic to Lowry Bay, and dozens of other hospitable acts. I will not touch on the racing, as my friend, 'Boat 'Arbour Bill,' has detailed it very correctly.

CHAS. GARLICK.