

Journal of James Alexander Pond

1865

Facsimile with added plates

1st edition. Journal of James Alexander Pond. Fair copy in the hand of James Alexander Pond, late of 6 Orange St, Red Lion Sq., London. 1866. Hardbound book. Private collection.

2nd edition. "Voyage to New Zealand". Bound typescript of James Alexander Pond's journal. Produced by Claudia Pond Eyley. Auckland Museum, ms1154, 1985.

3rd edition, in three volumes, 2015.

"Journal of James Alexander Pond 1865". Facsimile with added plates. ISBN 978-0-473-31561-0

"Voyage to New Zealand in the John Temperley & Hiikoi to the Kaipara 1865. Journal of James Alexander Pond". Annotated by Neil Fredric, Margaret Gray, Wendy Pond. ISBN 978-0-473-31562-7

"Descendants' Workbook for the Journal of James Alexander Pond 1865". Neil Fredric, Margaret Gray, Wendy Pond. ISBN 978-0-473-31563-4

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"Journal of James Alexander Pond 1865". Fascimile with added plates. Compiled by Wendy Pond. Handmade book. Printed by Coro Stationer, Kapanga Road, Coromandel, 2015.

ISBN 978-0-473-31561-0

James Alexander Pond 1846-1941
Wendy Rona Pond 1942-

A catalogue record for this book is available from the National Library of New Zealand.
Copies are available from Wendy Pond, Wyuna Bay, Coromandel, New Zealand, Ph +64-7-866 8581.

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James Alexander Pond 1846 -- 1941, possibly at age 18 holding the diary he was to fill, in London before his departure on the "John Temperley" in May 1865.

Major de hilmore
Capt. Churchill
Alden de e
1870 or 1871

James Alexander Pond
late of 6 Orange St
Red Lion Sq
London

Monday 8th May 1865. After going through
the usual routine of disappointments
in the proposed time of sailing, I
have got clear of Gravesend in
the John Templer bound for
Auckland New Zealand. All
"Good Byes" are said & now I leave
my Native Land perhaps never to
return, or if I do, I cannot expect
to see all those I have bid adieu
to. We were towed down from
Gravesend & about 10 O'Clock we
all turned in. Happy yet sorrowful
to leave dear ones in England, with
the hopes of brighter prospects in
another Land.

Tuesday 9th. We have had a fierce
storm of Lightning, Thunder, & Rain
in the night, while just off

Deal, so severe was it, that one
poor fellow near me wanted to
know 'whether we were going to
Davy's Locker'. To day we have
been getting acquainted with each
other & trying to get down Channel
which is very difficult against
an adverse wind. Not being able
to gain aught by tacking we stood
in & anchored off Folkestone, where
we all wrote letters to our friends.
Wednesday 10th. Made the Isle of Wight
of which we tacked several times
but could only hold our own.
Thursday 11th. Still off the Isle of Wight
gaining nothing though a stiff
breeze is blowing. A good sea
running & most of the passengers
down with sea sickness.

Friday 12th: Almost all in
their berths with sickness, among
them Miss Andrews & Poor Sam who
is very ill. Only 5 of us appeared
at dinner & were very merry at
the others expense! still off the
Isle of Wight.

Saturday 13th: A lovely day & all
on deck getting over their illness.

The wind more in favour & here we
are at last off the Bill of Portland
after having passed St Albans Head
the sea wonderfully calm. Not a
ripple on the water except here
& there a cat's paw. Our poor
Quartermaster is suffering from
palpitation of the heart & is not
expected to live. A smart shower
has cooled the air & brought a lovely night

Sunday 14th. This day has its end
the same as others but it is indeed
different from any I had anticipated.
I thought each day would be
exactly like the other but in this
I am mistaken for at 10 A.M.
the bell was tolled for church
& most of us attended. The Captain
read a great part of the church
service & then a short sermon
from Ps. 65-5th. We dined & spent
the rest of the day in singing,
reading, & talking. This evening
is indeed beautiful, so calm, &
a glorious sunset.

Monday. 15th. The day a little
rougher than any we have
had but yet fine. It is true
that this diary I intended

for actions rather than thoughts,
but as I have commenced this
for the pleasure of one I had
promised to place my adventures,
(tame as they may be) on paper.
I shall often put down thoughts
& fancies. To day I have been
thinking (as I very often do) whether
I had been much missed among
my friends & whether my place
at the table still stand empty.
Tuesday 16th. When I wake I find
we were tossing about more
than I had yet felt & on going
on deck I found we were in
a chopping sea, with a good
breeze. & as might be guessed very
few appeared at breakfast or
dinner. Poor Sam is very ill.

I thought I have held out pretty well I was forced to succumb to the force of circumstances. I admire a seat to leeward.

Wednesday 17th. A little better to day. It has been very gusty & the sailors have been doing nothing but unfurl & clew up the canvas. The spray every now & then breaking over the passengers to the immense fun of those who had escaped.

Thursday 18th. We are now on the broad blue Atlantic, the waves being very different from those we have yet seen for there is a great swell on they are broad & long as the eye can reach. I have been

amusing myself again with my telescope, scanning the horizon & glancing at passing ships. Perhaps it may seem strange that I have written nothing about our Lady passengers but I have not seen any to chat with until this evening when I had a very quiet hour's conversation with three who were recovering from sickness. We have got the anchors up on deck & hope they will stop there till we get to Auckland. Sam is very much better & on deck to watch a beautiful sunset. I have been pacing the deck for a long time to-night thinking of all. It is ^{been} a year since I was at Seaton Carew

"A Whale, A Whale", such were the words which woke me from a delicious sleep on the Forecastle this afternoon & this is the first time I made my acquaintance with the Leviathan of the deep. Little I saw of him except his spouting, but even that was a curiosity.

Friday 19th: A fine day but so calm that there is not a ripple on the water. The ship rolling on the water like a huge, fat, porpoise the sails idly flopping & all so still. Saturday 20th: A repetition of yester^{dy} only there is a breeze getting up & we are beginning to move through the water. I have no news to tell except that our Quarter-mater's health is improving.

Sunday 21st. dawned like one of
the beautiful Sundays we were so
fond of at home & dear old Warlings
It seemed so real when the bell
rang, to see all wending their way
to church, all so still, our little town
sunk down to a quiet Sunday again
The Captain read a short sermon
from 105-23-24th which seemed to rivet
the attention of all. though it seems
rather novel to see everyone now
& then hold on to the seat as the
vessel rolled, or start to their feet
to prevent themselves from falling
While at meals sometimes we
will see our plate taking a gentle
stroll on its own account, the knives
& forks following, while the mugs bump
up the rear, to pick their contents, in your lap

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Monday 22nd. A smart breeze blowing & we skipping along at a glorious rate, making as much as 87 & 9 knots per hour. This evening while quietly writing I was startled by a commotion on deck & on running up I found we were surrounded by Porpoises on every side. The harpoon was fetched & preparations made to catch one, but by the time all was ready our fishy friends had taken the hint.

Tuesday 23rd. The breeze rather dropping off, but not the excitement respecting our fishy companions who however keep at a very respectful distance to the sorrow of our harpooners. Though I have not written it down on the 21st, I do not forget it is Julie's birthday

Wednesday 24th: His Majesty's
birthday which has not been
forgotten on board. It is a dead
calm & all we are doing is to roll
easily with the swell. A large
Shark was seen to-day & as two
Pigs were thrown overboard (that
had died in the night), he was
doubtless very satisfied.

Thursday 25th: A repetition of
yesterday with respect to the calm.
A large flock of divers was seen
on our weather bow but took
flight on our near approach.
Friday 26th: Still creeping on
towards the line, now running
at the rate of four or five knots.
A turtle was seen on our weather bow
a boat was got out, but without success.

Saturday 27th. A calm! the broad waves rolling along & lifting the vessel in a glorious style. A turtle was seen, asleep on the water & a boat got out to catch it. After rowing quietly up (Capt. Matchell) a cabin passenger fired & hit it. It sunk, but when it rose he, fired again & they rowed up & secured it. It proved to be a small one, which the cabin passengers enjoyed. The man at the mast head espied one abt our weather bow, the boat was got out & quietly rowed round near to the sleeping turtle. The Captain raised ^{his} ~~saw him~~ second rifle when, lowers it & speak a few words. The boat was rowed up & they secured an empty bottle.

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Sunday 28th. Mustered on the
Poop at 10.30 A.M. read the service
& a sermon from Revelations ^{ch. 15}
The wind rising & a stiff breeze
expected. We are now off Gibraltar.
Monday 29th. A little adventure
worth recording happened early
this morning. At about 2.30 A.M.
while going ahead with all canvas
spread a squall caught us & threw
the ship back at the rate of 10 knots
per hour, at the same time a sea
deluged the Forecastle & poured
down over hatch. The ship rolled
heavily & everything seemed to have
new life imparted to it. Bottles
were knocking their heads together,
two water bottles were dancing a
polka, while the tin cans & cook pots

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were jingling a sweet & charming melody. While I took this in at a glance I became aware of an interesting episode which was taking place near me. One of my fellow passengers being frightened at the clatter, & fearing the ship was going down had made a dash to escape from his berth, but in the hurry had run to the wrong end & was vainly beating against the sides of the ship. He soon however gained the deck to find the wind had thrown us aback & split one of the sails. Meanwhile I had made a jump from my berth to save the two Water Bottles who were then setting to partney but landed on the deck where two glass bottles had come to grief, causing

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a very unpleasant feeling in my foot which began to bleed freely.

My friend now returned & truthfully stated "he was never so frightened before" in all his life. much to the delight of all who were wide awake. Tuesday 30th. A good stiff breeze blowing carrying us on our course direct viz. S.W. by W. & W. the former a sight homeward & outward bound but I do not think we shall see one until we pass the line.

Wednesday 31st. The vessel making 7 & 8 knots per hour. The heat is sensibly increasing plainly showing we are nearing the tropics. for the sun is nearly over head. Our ship is gradually showing a different appearance as each one begins to put on light clothes.

Thursday June 1st. The fine weather still continues. This morning I took my first sea-bath on board, in a large tub. it was really folly & I mean to continue it every morning on the voyage, if possible. I cannot get at the large chest in the hold as it is stowed away with the cargo.

(Friday) 2nd. We are dashing along at a glorious rate as much as 9 or 10 knots an hour. One of our fowls not admiring the close confinement he had endured, took French leave & went over the side to have a bath. The last time he was seen he wore a sorrowful look & was heard to chant "Home sweet home."

Saturday 3rd. A fine day & all
well. The breeze still lasts, so we
are moving ahead.

Sunday 4th. A splendid day. The
captain read the latter part of his
last Sunday's discourse Rev. 1. 15th
 Flying fish have been seen
several times, but this evening
one flew on board which a sailor
secured. It was a beautiful fish
rather like a pilchard, a black
back & delicate wings or rather
fins.

Monday 5th. The weather is perceptibly
getting warmer we could hardly
bear to sit in the sun to-day.
White coverings for hats are now
becoming very general for all
the passengers.

Tuesday 6th. A live flying fish
was caught this morning &
placed in a pail. It looked very
beautiful. To day it is a month
since we left Deal & the sailors
have now finished working the
"dead horse", as they are always
paid a month in advance. They
commemorated the day by making
a large canvas horse, dragging
him round the deck running
him up to the yard arm & cutting
him away, he was soon astern.
They were all very merry to
night.

Wednesday 7th. A clear morning
at about 7 A.M. there was a cry
of "land ho" & away on the "ee bow"
we could see a light blue cloud

which proved to be the island of "Ist Antonio" one of the "Cape d' Verde's". We were about 2 miles away from it at 7 P.M. I could get a fine view of it. It is one immense pile of rock reaching 7000 ft high. We could see about 20 miles of the coast line. There is no house or people on the side of the island we were on, but it is said to be very fruitful in the grape. There were clouds floating about half way up the mountain & when the sun shone on them & threw their shadow on the rock it was very pretty, but at sunset it was grand. We saw it when the moon (a full moon) shone on it but the breeze getting up, we soon left it before

Thursday 8th. A smart breeze carrying us along well. We are now in the trade winds & have been for the last week therefore we may expect to run along now. To day we were surrounded by thousands of fish. Bonito, Albacore, Dolphin, & Porpoises all preying on the poor little flying fish who were flying in all directions often to be caught by the birds when out of the water, or to be snapped up by the fish when they flew back. Several of us were out on the jib Boom trying to catch them but unsuccessfully. In the evening however 5 were caught though only two were secured owing to the height they had to be pulled up.

Friday 9th. Tasted of the fish that was caught yesterday. & find it very nice, it being much like Mackerel only larger the two weighing 15 lbs. After the salt meat we have had it was delicious caught one today.

Saturday 10th. A fine bright day & good breeze carrying us well towards the line which we expect to make in about 5 days if this wind holds out.

Sunday 11th. Another calm & quiet Sunday, as I hope all the rest may be. At half past ten O'Clock the bell tolled for church & we were soon in our places. After the service the captain read a short but excellent discourse from Matthew

14th. 27th. Be of good cheer. It is I. be
not afraid. We saw & exchanged
signals with a homeward bound
vessel before dinner & now there
is another on our weather bow.

Monday 12th. A most unpleasant day
this is the first time we have
experienced tropical rain. We are
near the line & have lost the
trade winds but are fighting along
for the S.C. trades.

Tuesday 13th. Still in the Doldrums
we may get out of them to-night
or not for three weeks. Every few
minutes brings a change of wind
or a squall of rain, so that the
yards are continually being shifted
& the sails furled & set. Once
we have a calm.

Wednesday 14th: We are in the S.E. Trades & spinning along at a glorious rate. We got the change of wind last night. Caught a fine Beneta last night.

Thursday 15th: A fine day, we are moving along well & hope if this lasts to be off the Cape shortly. Had the fish for dinner which was very good very like Mackarel only a little firmer.

Friday 16th: Talking against the trades & making the best of our way to the line. This morning we had an accident which we fear will be severe. An elderly lady was walking on the main deck, when a spar fell from the main-mast, severely cutting her head.

Saturday 17th. Sad indeed will be my diary if I have to crowd in such sorrowful incidents. This morning one of our fellow passengers died. He was a married steerage passenger very ailing, & had come out for the benefit of his health. He has failed gradually since he left England. Two sailors sewed him up in canvas with two iron bars at his feet. & at 6 P.M. the Captain read the Burial Service the corpse being placed on a board with a flag over it against an open port-hole. As the service went on, the remains of the poor fellow were launched into the deep. It was a solemn affair & will not be soon forgotten by us.

Sunday 18th. A rather gloomy morn.
At 8 bells we sat down to breakfast
& at the same time the order was
given to "about ship". All passed on
quietly & we were rising from table
when we heard a terrible commotion
on deck. Of course we all rushed up
& then heard the cry of "man overboard".

We jumped up on the poop & saw
him swimming in the wake of the
ship with a life buoy under his arm.
The order was given to "lower away
the lifeboat" & soon strong arms were
pulling towards the man. The boat
soon returned & after a little
difficulty the boat was got up.

The man was knocked off the jib boom
by the flying jib. Service held as usual
& last Sunday's discourse finished.

Monday 19th. A fine warm day, but took slow work in getting to the line. Still a long way from it, the S.C. Trades baffling us completely. Trouble seems to follow us continually. To-day, one of the girls was struck by sun stroke. It was very ill for some time. sighted a homeward bounder.

Tuesday 20th. A splendid day.

At about 10 A.M. we sighted what was supposed to be a steamer, but my glass soon showed it to be an island. It proved to be the Island of St. Paul. It was very small not half a mile long & nothing but rocks, with the sea breaking over them while flocks of birds darkened the air all round the island.

Wednesday 21st. At last we have
accomplished that for which we
have been striving so long - viz. to
"crossed the line": that which
has been done in 17 days & is generally
passed in 25 days; it has taken us
43 days to accomplish. We crossed
it at about 2 O'Clock this morning.

Thursday 22nd. A splendid day.
sun-shining brilliantly & a good
breeze up which is spinning us
along well towards the Cape, where
we expect to make in three or four
weeks.

Friday 23rd. A fine but squally day
the occasional squalls obliging us to
reef or rather furl the Royals. Royal
sail & flying jib. It is soon over.
Lat. 6. 23.

Saturday 24th. Very like yesterday. One squall caught us & the sea broke over the forecastle deluging 3 or 4 of us in its way. Lat. 9.

Sunday 25th A lovely morning it broke out. There was hardly a cloud to be seen this morning & afternoon, but a nice fresh breeze is bearing us along well though rather out of our course, as we are running about S. S. W.

The Captain after service, read a sermon from Acts 16th pt. 30. 31st. Sirs, what must I do to be saved? And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, & thou shalt be saved. It was a very excellent discourse, & the day being fine made the sermon impressive. We are now about Lat. 11. 30.

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Monday 26th. A fine bright day, still running well with a S.E. Wind.

Tuesday 27th. Cloudy. A equally weather. A few birds in sight which portend land.

Wednesday 28th. The roughest day we have yet had. A stiff breeze has sprung up during the night & we have been obliged to furl the Royals, Top-gallant Sails & jibs. There is a rough sea in which we are rolling & straining. This is the roughest weather we have experienced since leaving England. The passengers find it very difficult to keep on their feet, while it is amusing to see them bringing in breakfast & dinner, the porridge quietly taking a stroll by

itself while pieces of Pork & Beef are striving to surpass their bears in speed which they often succeed in doing to the amusement of the spectators.

Thursday 29th. Not quite so much wind, though rather more sea.

Passed a bargee at 7.30 A. M. & at 8 A. M. tacked & nearly followed the bargee which was almost out of sight. When the ship was about to be pumped at 12. noon, there were found to be 17 in. water in the hold, & all hands were called to pump ship.

Friday 30th. The sea calmer, but we are still caught by squalls which keep all on the alert. We are in the vicinity of land.

Saturday July 1st. Sighted land at 10 A.M. which proved to be the Island of Trinidad & the Martin Vass rocks. In all we saw 6 rocks & island though we were not within 10 miles. We saw some more at sunset, but they were only rocks. We are now in Lat. 20. 32 & Long. 29. 8, only about four days run from Rio Janeiro.

Sunday 2nd. Cloudy, but fine. The service held in the saloon to-day. The Captain read a very excellent discourse from Matthew

There has been a collection made for the widow of the poor man we buried & the receipts are £ 21. 17. 6 which is a great deal when we take into consideration the number on board which does not much exceed 100.

Monday 3rd. A fine day, though at times cloudy. Going in our right course. To day we saw several Cape Pigeons which are very pretty birds. White breasts with beautiful black & white spotted wings. We are getting ready our tackle to catch them with. It is merely to put a piece of Pork on a hook & fling the line overboard & they will soon swallow the bait.

Tuesday 4th. Still going ahead. We have now numerous visitors in the shape of Cape Pigeons &c. The wind is blowing fresh from the W.N.W. & as we are going to the S.S.E. it is dead aft. The Stun-Sails are set, & it is a pretty sight to see the "John Temperley" nose.

Wednesday 5th. A bright day & the same wind is lessening the distance between us & New Zealand. There was an altercation, to-day, between the 2nd. Mate & a seaman named Cox, & in the height of passion the mate struck the man, who retaliated. Cox was sent to the mast-head to scrape the mast as a punishment but he came down threw his scrapers overboard, & refused to work; shortly after he was placed in the store-room in irons, & will be fed on biscuit & water until we get to Auckland, or he returns to his duty.

Thursday 6th. Cloudy but a fair wind. One of the Cape Pigeons was caught to day, & brought aboard.

Friday 7th. A very dull day the
wind still the same. A large flock
of Pigeons, Booby's &c. were seen this
morning & also an Albatross. The
wind being fair, stem-sails were
got out aloft, & away we went
quite merrily. But about 11.30 A.M.
the wind run round to S. S.E. & we
were quickly back. There was great
danger of one of the stem-sails being
carried away. The yards were run
round & all hands at work to get
in sail. It was sharp work but soon
done. All the time it was raining heavily
& we were soon wet through. The ship
was now hauled up to the wind & ran
C. by S. Cox has again broken his iron
this being the second time, & it is
feared that a sentinel must be kept over him

Saturday 8th. A stiff wind blows & the ship running due East. Cox has twice obtained his liberty to-day by breaking his irons. I cannot forget that it is the birthday of a very dear friend at home.

Sunday 9th. A lovely day, about the finest we have had for some time. The sun shone beautifully but not at all warm for the heat is sensible decreasing day by day. We are in the Latitude 32. deg. S. but it is only like a beautiful autumn day. This is the coldest July day I have yet experienced. We mustered on the poop at service this morning & the Captain read an exhortation from Matthew "The Lord's Prayer." Cox has got his hands lo to day. A sentinel will now be kept with him.

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Monday 10th. A calm still day, not a breath of wind to be felt. About 11 A.M. a shark was seen astern. The captain called for a hook & piece of Pork, & when it was brought he threw out the bait which was soon taken by Mr. Shark. They now tried to get a bowline over him, but he broke away, swam round & again took the hook. All tried hard to get him on board, but he straightened the hook & again broke away, this time very much torn. He dived & "we saw him no more. Cox has been liberated to the satisfaction of all.

Tuesday 11th. A continuance of yesterday's calm, it never lasts long so we may soon expect a good breeze.

Wednesday 12th. Had the pleasure of catching a Cape Pigeon to day.

A good breeze has sprung up which is carrying us along quickly to the Cape.

Thursday 13th. The breeze which is from the S. W. is freshening. It is a lovely day.

Friday 14th. still running for the Cape. We have made over 10 knot to day.

Saturday 15th. We are south of the Cape though a good deal to the Westward & we hope if the wind holds to be round it next week a very gloomy day.

Sunday 16th. A bright & glorious day. The sun shining brilliantly with a few clouds flying about.

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Monday 17th. Still bright & fine,
but little to write about except
that we are moving well.

Tuesday 18th. A rather gloomy
day, & some rough weather expected
before long.

Wednesday 19th. Still more gloomy
& portentous. A gale is looked
for soon.

Thursday 20th. It has broken upon
us, or in other words the gale we
expected overtook us to-day. It had
been blowing rather heavily all the
morning. At 2 P.M. it commenced.
Soon most of the sails were taken
in, & still we forced through the
water, the wind being astern, &
the sea with us. About 11 or 12
& began to moderate & before

morning the wind had fallen to a nice breeze. We rounded the Cape this afternoon at 3 O'Clock about 39 deg. S.

Friday 21st. A squally day but we are moving along at a glorious rate doing as much as 11½ Knots per hour. The sea is running high yet.

Saturday 22nd. Cloudy but still a smart breeze carrying us along Eastward Ho! We are many miles East of the Cape now.

Sunday 23rd. A bright & glorious day, the wind fair, & we rattling along at a glorious rate. At 10 A.M. we mustered on the Poop & the Captain preached a sermon from Luke 18. 13 "God be merciful to me a sinner"

Monday 24th: Shortening the road to New Zealand fast. We are running S.E. by E. & expect to run due E. before long.

Tuesday 25th: A dull day, the wind continually veering. We are now about 42° East of Greenwich & nearly three hours ahead of London Time. The wind more settled towards the evening.

Wednesday 26th: We hope to make Auckland in less than 5 weeks.

At the present we are moving along well & surrounded by Cape Pigeons in flocks. It is very pretty to throw a piece of biscuit in the water & see the birds settle down in the water, & fight & quarrel over it.

Thursday 27th. A dull day, but yet we are moving along at 9 & 10 Knots per. hour. At about 1.30 P.M. something was made out ahead of us, which proved to be an iceberg. It was a grand object: the enormous mass of ice had about 6 Pinnacles all glittering in the sun. The sea was breaking over parts of it & it looked like an Island with six mountains on it. We passed near it & in about an hour or two, we were out of sight of it. It is very early in the year to see a berg, & the look out watch was doubled.

Friday 28th. A beautiful day, the wind fair & we moving along at 10 & 11 knots. Later in the day it blew hard & most of the canvas was taken in.

Saturday 29th. Continued to blow, all night but moderated towards morning.

Sunday 30th. A bright & glorious day the sun shining beautifully, but there is a heavy swell from yesterdays breeze. In consequence of the sea. There was no service held to day.

Monday 31st. A fine morning, but towards evening it sprung into a slackening breeze & the ship was nearly stripped of canvas.

Tuesday 1st ^{August}. We have had a very rough night. The ship rolling heavily & shipping seas. About 2 O'Clock a heavy sea struck the ship making her tremble & then broke over the vessel covering her decks.

with about 3 ft. of water. It poured down all the Hatchways & we got our share of it. Dogs, Men, tub, capstan bars, were all swimming in it on deck, while we below were over ankle deep in it.

Wednesday 2nd. The breeze still continues, at times amounting to a gale. We are running under very little canvas as much as 9 & 10 knots per hour.

Thursday 3rd. The weather beginning to break, but we are encountering very heavy squalls. The Captain is sick up & consequently the responsibility devolves on the 1st Mate.

We are now passing the Island of St. Pauls though 200 miles to the south. In connexion with this Island, one

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of the sailors told me an interesting episode. A ship was bound to Melbourne & neared this Island at night time. It was a rough night, the wind blowing from the Westward, very heavily. The Captain's wife was ill & at 9 O'Clock gave birth to a boy. The Captain would not leave his wife & the mates were both inexperienced. About 11 O'Clock the ship was driven heavily on the rocks, & shortly after broke up. All were saved except the Captain, even his wife & child were brought safely to land. There proved to be but little water & all were very badly off for food & drink, but luckily in a few days they sighted a Whaler, who

bore down & after throwing a quantity of oil overboard to make room, took them safely into port.
Friday 4th. The weather becoming very much lighter, & the squalls less frequent.

Saturday 5th. The monotony of a sea voyage is great, but at times there happens to be great excitement. Lately we have experienced some rough weather. We have had a birth, & death & burial, a man overboard, a shark hooked, & other peculiar lightening of our monotony but now have I had to write of 'Fire'. This morning while quietly sitting in our hatch we heard the cry of 'Fire'. None could say how far it extended, but that it was in

Miss Robbie's Cabin in the second
Cabin, I neas the Magazine & over
some Whisky Barrels. As the
word flew from mouth, to mouth,
blanketing faces & causing the
utmost excitement, all hurried off
to lend their aid. There was a great
call for buckets of water & everyone
was doing their best to continue
a supply. I determining not to be
the last got a bucket, ran up
on the Forecastle, I was soon
running back with a fair weight
of water, but just as I reached the
second Cabin, the ship lurched & water
& me soon found ois level in the
ee scuppers, where I was dressed,
to the amusement of the spectators
who had by this time put the

ship out of all danger. The fire was caused by some red hot twelve pounders balls, that had been taken down for warmth, getting loose & running down the cabins, which happened to be nearest.

Sunday 6th. A bright & glorious day, the sun shining brilliantly we moving along gloriously. We have had another addition to our numbers to day, another boy, a Brit. The Captain held service to day, & read a sermon from Luke 11th. "The Prodigal son."

Monday 7th. A stiffish breeze blowing but towards the evening we got the wind abeam & went away at a clashing rate doing as much as 12 knots per hour.

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Tuesday 8th. The wind blowing
very heavily & all the lighter
sails taken in. Towards evening
it ran round nearly ahead. &
a dirty night expected.

Wednesday 9th. Of all the exciting
nights I have passed on board, I
think this last one surpasses
all. When we turned in about
10 P. M. most of the canvas was
taken off. The wind continued to
rise, & about 3 A. M. the foresail was
stowed. shortly after the wind
fell to nearly a calm & the ship
instantly began to roll heavily.
Everything seemed to have new
life imparted to it. Boxes that
had been quietly reposing began
to groan & move & then skedaddle.

Pails were dancing on all quarters. Panikins, dishes, knives, forks, &c. were raising a most infernal din. & amidst all a sea broke over, giving us a very fair proportion of its quantity & oversetting some cans of fresh water. All this happened in a few minutes & when I got a light (for we were in darkness) everything was in indescribable confusion. It occasioned great mirth to see Books, shoes socks, clothes & all the tons ware going on a voyage of discovery. While through the centre was the trace of a mustard can spread out like the tail of a huge comet. Towards the close of the day it became very fine & studding-sails were got out. Last

evening there was a disagreement between the 2nd. Mate & a seaman named Williams, who struck the mate with a belaying pin, & before he was secured struck the chief mate. It ended in Williams being put in irons.

Thursday 10th. Drowned a beautiful day & remained so to the end. There was very little wind indeed & the ship lazily crept along at the rate of 3 knots per. hour, like a traveller who has made a forced march, & has slackened his speed to note his whereabouts. A lovely evening succeeded the day, & about 10 O'Clock we saw the southern lights to perfection. It kept changing, but when it looked most beautifully it was spread

across the sky in an arc, while long streaks of light were flashing up from behind the arc & shooting overhead, while underneath the light was rolling & flashing between the arc & the horizon.

Friday 11th. A fine breeze has sprung up & is carrying us along well. The day is very dull & gloomy. But we have expected bad weather, when we were off Cape Town, & now we are abreast of it. The night is looking dark & heavy.

Saturday 12th. The breeze still holds good & we are steering East to Hickland. Studding-sails were got out but about 5 P. M. the breeze freshened, & split the fore-topmast studding-sail from bottom to top.

Sunday 13th and all hands on deck,
to clear away the wreck; such
were the words which echoed
through the ship & brought all
to their feet. I was soon on deck
& understood the reasons for giving
such an order. It was at 7 A.M.
when a squall caught the ship,
causing a strain which broke, one
of the back-stays; the ^{Fore} topmast
then broke, bringing down the
Fore-top-gallant mast in two pieces
& the fore yards in the same
plight. The rest of the spars were
not broken but yards, sails, &
rigging were lying or rather
hanging on the lee stays & ladders
in inconceivable confusion. All
hands were now busily engaged

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in clearing the wreck, the passengers having turned out "en masse"; All worked with willing hands & all the sails & dangerous spars were got in-board by 12 noon. & then all were called to get the largest spare spars on deck, for the Carpenters to make a Fore Yarde of. Again we went to work with a will on the fallen yarde's, until we were piped to "grog". By 4 P.M. we had got most in, & was then again called to "grog". By night all was got in but the Fore Yarde which was slung for the night. All was made fast for the night & we then turned in tired with our hard day's work.

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Monday 14th. All busy again, & soon the Fore Yarde was on deck & all hands were knocking off the bands & ironwork to fix on the new Yarde, at which the carpenters were working fast. The sailors at the same time were up in the Fore-top making all as secure as possible. At noon we were again piped to "Grogs". At the time the mast gave way, there was a fine breeze blowing off the starboard quarter, this has continued & we have therefore had fine weather to secure everything. Also at the time of our accident we were surrounded by a shoal of large "black fish"; leaping & swimming about.

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Tuesday 15th. The crew at work, on
the stump of the Fore-topmast,
getting ready to hoist more canvas.
We hope to be able to get up, a
Fore-top-sail & Fore-sail, as well as
two of the jibs. The breeze dropping
to nearly a calm.

Wednesday 16th. The Lower Fore-top-sail
yard hoisted & the sail set. &
Fore-stay sail, Fore-topmast-stay sail
& inner jib got up. We are, lookin'
more ship-shape now & when we
get our Fore-Yard up & Fore-sail
set we shall move again nearly
as quickly as before. The Carpenter
have been hard at work on the
Fore-Yard & gave it the last
finishing strokes at about 10 P.M. & fin-
ished but a calm.

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Thursday 17th. A dull but fine & cold day. The Fore-Yardle was hoisted this morning & fixed, & the sail set & secured & we are now beginning to cut a dashing appearance. We are now about 500 miles south of the Australian Coast & running towards Van Diemans Land, which we hope to sight on Saturday.

Friday 18th. A fine day. & a nice breeze blowing & we have now hoisted all the sail forward that we can at present.

Saturday 19th. "Land ho". It brought us quickly out of our bunks, to feast our eyes on a bit of land, as those words were heard. When we went up on the Forecastle the land was just visible on our Port bow

It was as we expected, Van Diemen Land. The sun was just risen & we were gazing intently on the land a whale, rose just alongside of us, & plunged about for a few minutes & then departed. This is the nearest inspection of a whale I have seen. We were now hauled up to the wind & by noon had lost sight of the land.

Sunday 20th. A bright & sunny day though rather cold. The Captain has been ailing for some time, but to-day he is much better though not well enough to conduct service. There is not much wind but it is very fine.

Monday 21st. Close hauled on a head wind which makes it very

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unpleasant for we are making
but little progress & the sea is
breaking over us.

Tuesday 22nd. Still running
head on the wind, but all praying
for a shift of wind. & we have up
of a fresh breeze. At night about
6 O'Clock the ship gave two big
rolls, bringing to leeward everything
that was loose, as usual. & then
commenced to blow heavily, the
water at the time being lit up
by large jelly fish. At 10 P.M. it
suddenly ceased to blow, & the ship
then began to roll in gallant style.
A puff of wind then came up
astern, & the yards run round, &
all got in readiness for the fresh
breeze, but it died off & we had a

dead calm. All the evening it had been lightning continually but now it was grand to see it lightning in one part of the horizon & running a long way round, while the sea was lit up by the phosphorescent jelly fish. I watched it for some time, & about 12 it blew a gale, but it was over by 1.A.M. & a calm again.

Wednesday 23rd. But very little wind & that fair. There were a great many Albatross' about, & several went to work to catch them. About 9 were brought on board some very large. The smallest was about 4 ft across from the tips of the wings, & the largest 11 ft. It was rare fun to see the birds walking about the decks, for they cannot rise to fly, from the ground.

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Thursday 24th. A good slacking breeze nearly aft, & we averaging about 9 Knots. This is just the wind we want.

Friday 25th. A continuance of yesterdays breeze, & all in fine spirit respecting a speedy termination of the voyage. We have studding sails out.

Saturday 26th. Sail Ho! was a welcome sound to us, who have not seen another ship for more than 7 weeks; & it brought most of us on deck. It was about noon & the ship was on our Port Beam. We soon made it out to be a small brig which was rolling heavily. We were going very fast so we were soon ahead. It she crossed us a long way astern.

Sunday, 27th. DAWNED (as usual) bright & beautiful with the same fine breeze. Service was held in the cabin & the Captain read his discourse from Acts 21:33 - "for behold he progetteth. Great speculation is being made as to the day of our arrival but almost all agree, that if all goes well, we shall be in Auckland harbour by Wednesday next.

Monday 28th. All on deck looking out for land, but though the form of the land is seen yet we cannot behold "terra firma" strain our eyes as we will. just as dusk appears, we fancied we could descry a rock ahead, not were we wrong.

Tuesday 29th. Early & I were on deck long before daybreak watching with eager eyes & beating hearts for the land of promise;

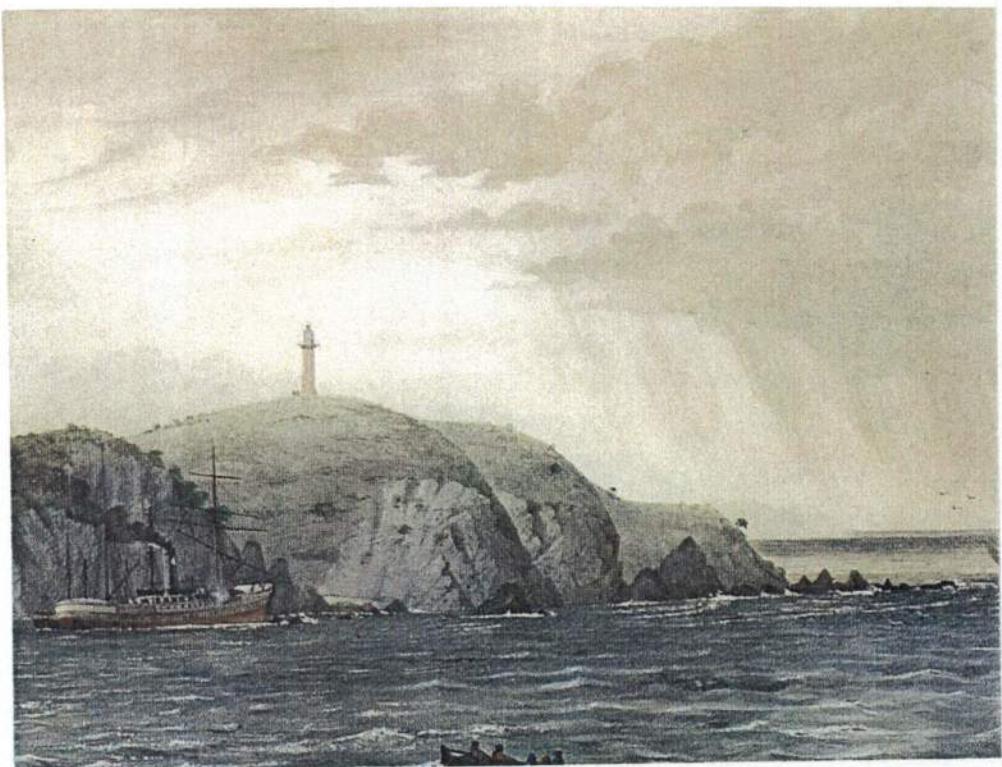
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the country of our adoption"; about 1.30 P.M. we sighted a large rock in the dim grey light, & as the first rosy tints overspread the sky we saw a large pile of rock ahead, which proved to be the North Cape (or Cape Maria Van Diemen). The wind was brisk, & fair so away we went & by 8 P.M. were passed the cape. And now as we flew past the green & towering cliffs, we feasted our eyes on the lovely sight. Islands appeared and disappeared as we bounded on toward the harbours, making the foam flash from our bows. Happily the day passed on, & we thought not of the night we had to pass. But sat about & enjoyed the fresh breeze off the land. As the day waned the breeze began to freshen, & about 8 P.M. we came in sight of the Little Barrier Id. The wind blew right on to it, & as we

went to wind'ard we had much ado to pass it without touching, but that all passed off well. About 10 P.M. we sighted a light-house which gave unmistakeable signs of the nearness of the port. I now went below, I turned in.

Wednesday 30th. About 1 A.M. I was awoke by a hurried trampling on deck & waking Fity, we dressed & jumped aloft. It was blowing a perfect gale, the lighthouse bearing close on our starboard bow. As we jumped on deck we heard the order 'bustin' We were quickly at our posts. I soon were going in the opposite directions, presently we again heard the former order, & quickly resumed our previous course. Look see we were now placed all about the ship & presently we heard the words above the wind, 'land on the weather bow.' Let

Tiritiri Matangi



Tuesday 29th August 1865. 'About 10 P.M. we sighted a lighthouse which gave unmistakable signs of the nearness of the port. I now went below and turned in. Wednesday 30th. About 1 A.M. I was awoken by a hurried trampling on deck & waking Fitz, we dressed & jumped aloft. It was blowing a perfect gale, the lighthouse bearing close on our Starboard bow... Look outs were now placed all about the ship... but a moment after the boatswain sung out "Land close on our lee bow." All now knew there was danger.' (Diary of J.A.P.) Detail from "A grey day off Tiritiri", watercolour by Alfred Sharpe, 1883.

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her fall off a couple of points" the Captain called out, but a moment after the boat-swain sung out "Land close on our lee bow". All now knew there was danger, & quickly we heard the Captain's hoarse call of "bust ship". The ship came up to the wind but as we had so little sail forward (through our broken mast), & the wind was so heavy, we could not come up round, & quickly fell back to leeward, just grazing the rocks that had first been seen on our lee bow. We all worked hard, & soon happily had our ship out of all danger. In an hour the gale had spent itself, & a more beautiful morning never dawned. There was hardly a breath of wind, & slowly but pleasantly we made our way among the numerous Islands which dot the harbours. Shortly after breakfast we made

out numerous houses, churches &c. of the
City of Auckland & suburbs of Parnell
About 3 P.M. we took on board the pilot
& by 5 P.M. were anchored just below the
North shore. A few of the passengers went
on shore, but the boatmen charged 5/- each way
Thursday 31st. About 9 A.M. we got up to
our moorings opposite the town. At 1 P.M.
Fitz & I went on shore & received our letters.
I was very pleased to receive them, I hear
all was going on right. When we got back
we had dinner, & re-read our letters. About
10 P.M. I turned in but was woken by Fitz
in about 2 hours who said he wanted
me on deck. With no good grace I followed
him, & then learnt all concerning poor Miss
Andrews. I had in the course of the
day received a note telling me what to
do with the little ones.



"By 5 pm we were anchored just below the North Shore." (JAP diary, 30 January 1866). View from Parnell across the Waitemata harbour to Devonport (the North Shore of Auckland city). From left: Mt Victoria (with cross) and North Head lying across Rangitoto volcano which extends across Motutapu island lying low in front of Mt Moehau and the Coromandel peninsula, gap, Motuihe island and Motukorea island lying in front of Waiheke island. Henry James Warre, "From Government House", Auckland, 22 March 1861. National Library of Australia, #T2913 NK290, nla.pic-an2946385-v.

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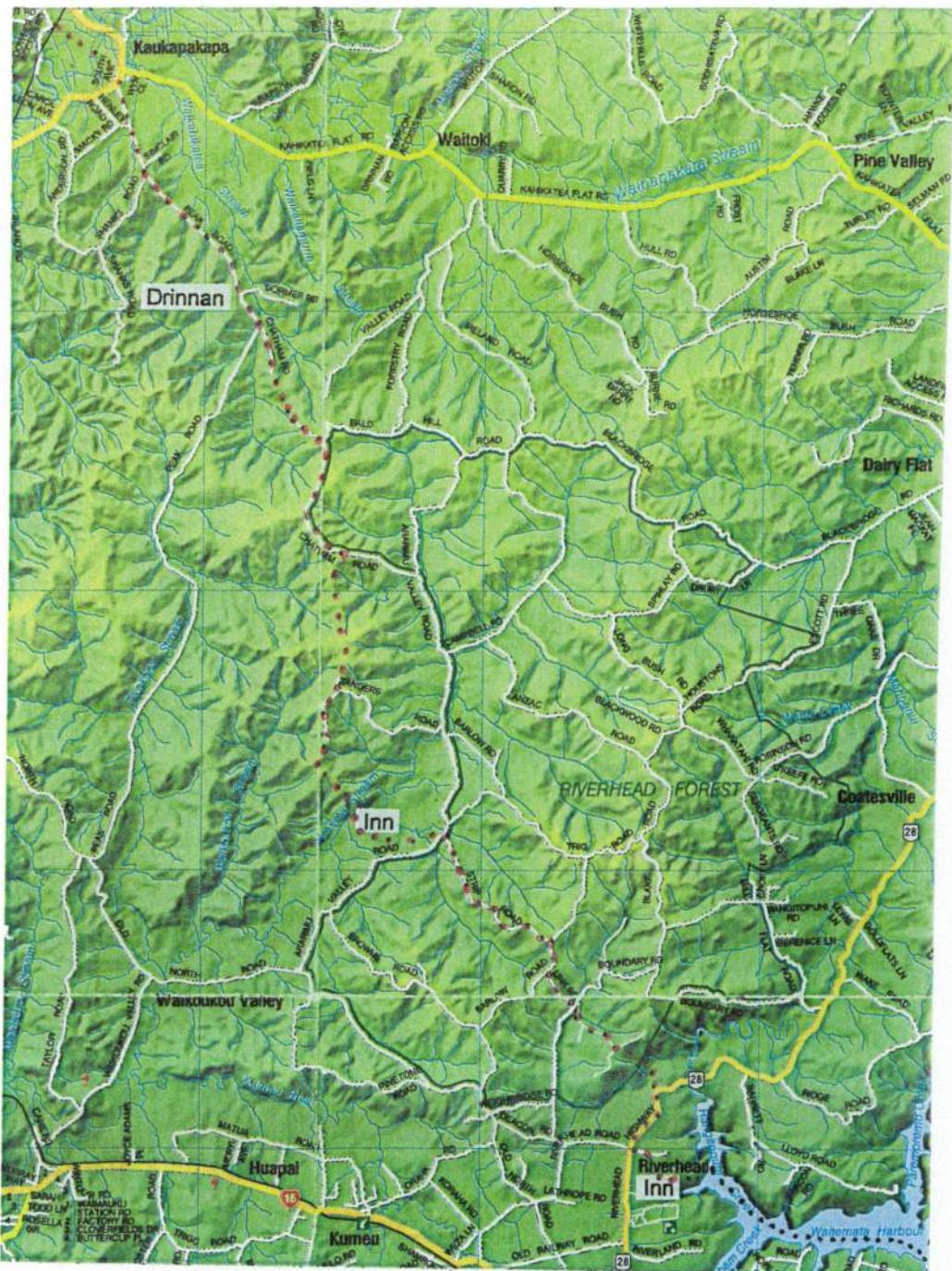
Friday 1st September. Hard at work packing up our traps, & getting them ashore. Bid adieu to all our fellow passengers, who were still on board. I then went on shore, & stopped at a Mrs. Gardner's house, who was very kind indeed, I did everything he could do for us.

Saturday 2nd. Up early, had breakfast, & went to the land office with Sam, & Ella. Coming back we called on Dr. Fischer & left the small parcel with him from Dr. Epps. We quickly made our way down to the wharf, & by half past ten were sailing up the river Waitemata, to the riverhead, a distance of 17 mls. from Auckland. We arrived there about 11 P.M. I quite ready for our dinner. After we had finished our repast, I prepared to go in search of Ellen, who, I had heard, was about 7 mls.

away at a place called Araenu (road to
of Remu's (a fine tree)). Away I went but it
never did 7 mls. appear to me so long a m
that, for being so long at sea, I could hardly walk. The end came at last, for as I got to the top of a high hill, I saw some houses, which I made for at once. I knocked at the door, & a person came & informed me, in answer to my query, that I was at Mrs. Dugley's. I asked for Mr. Atkinson but Ellen heard my voice & came running out. It did put me in mind of old times to see her again. I was of course too tired to return to riverhead for the children that day.

Sunday 3rd. After breakfast, I went down to fetch Ella & Sam. Poor Ella, the walk was almost too much for her. The hills were so steep & high, but she

Along hills that were steep and high, 3 & 4 Sept.



Bullock tracks followed high ground. The track "along hills that were steep and high" walked by Alex, Sam, and Ella on Sunday 3 September may have followed the haulage route from Maxwell's Landing at Riverhead to Mrs Quigley's inn. From the last hill in Strip Rd they would have had a clear line of sight to the sawmill. G Murdoch comments that the road ascended the notorious Cobbler's Hill, then went via Long Hill and White Hill to Strip Road: "Along this road the early settlers walked, and carried goods by packhorse. It was often a quagmire particularly as a result of the use of the road by bullock teams hauling logs or produce" (Auckland Regional Authority, Future Bulk Water Supply Study, Part 1, "Southern Kaipara", 1988, Ch 7, p.41). The following day Alex and Sam followed the track through bush up the ridge to Zanders Road, and descended Chatham Rd and Peak Rd to the Drinnan and Bonar homesteads.

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trotted along very well, & presently we came in sight of the house, & Ellen coming to meet us. I need not tell you how pleased we were all to meet. We passed the rest of the day in talking over old times & writing home.

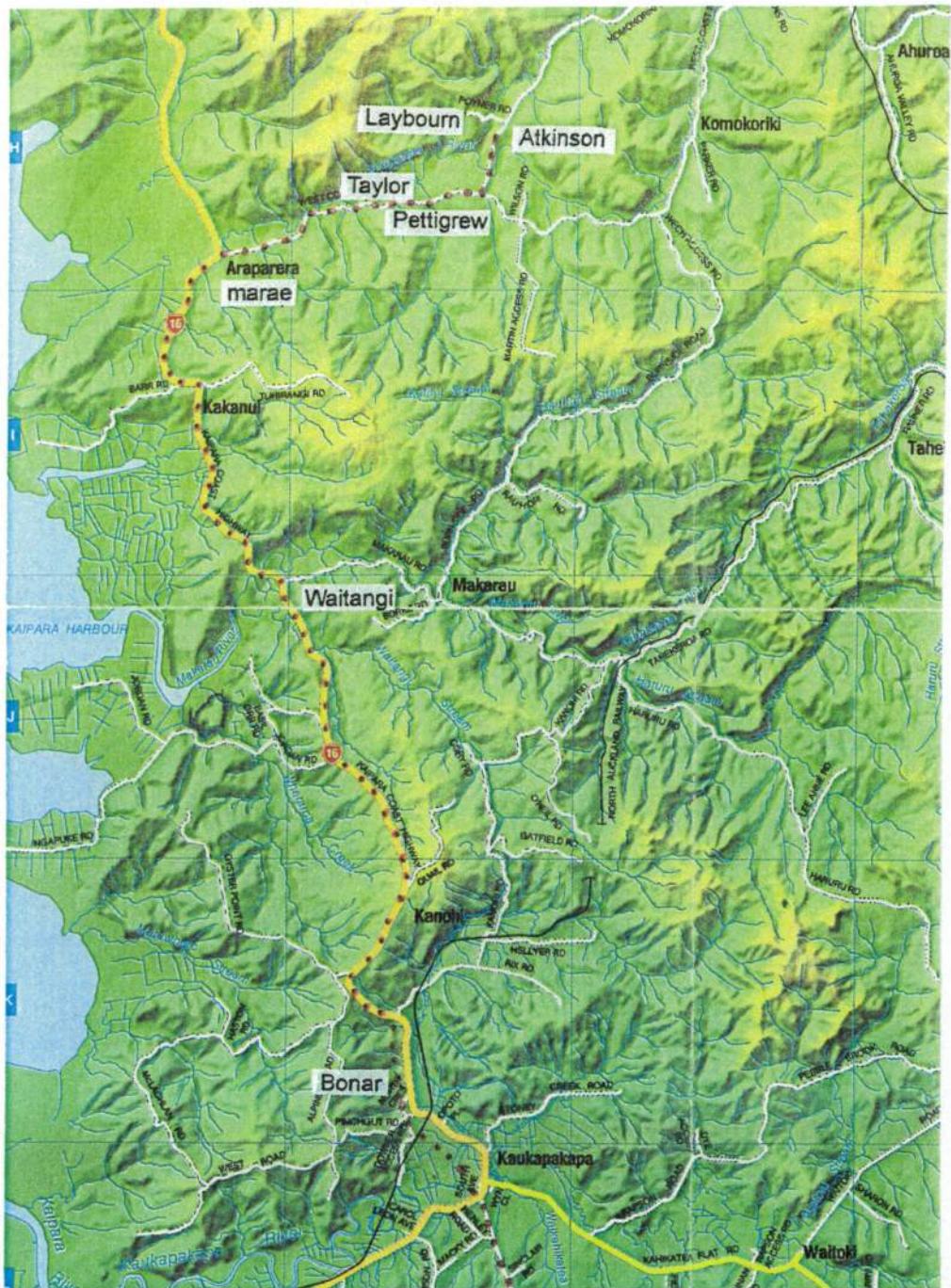
Monday 4th. Now began our first bush journey. Sam & I strapped on our Pek's, & started on our road to Mrs. Bonar's. Our way first led through a well made, but steep, bush road, for about 3 mls. then we came to the top of a range, & the road we could see, wound along a large valley. Away we went, & at the end of the valley we stopped at a Mrs. Drennan's, had a cup of tea, & were put on our right road. As the day declined, so our road got worse, & presently we entered the bush again. Now began a work of difficulty. The road

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was a wretched swamp. & at every step we were over our ankles. & presently it got worse. & we were up to our knees.

But as all things have an ending. so did our pleasant walk, for we heard the distant bark of a dog. & presently came in sight of Mr. Bonars. He was very kind, gave us warm water to wash our feet, & a warm pair of slippers each. After a good tea we felt very comfortable.

Tuesday 5th. After a substantial breakfast we started off in company of Mr. John Bonars. & after a walk of 5 mls. came to the hills overlooking Waitangi, where we met an old man, a Mrs. White who told us there were no Maori's at the settlement, to pass us over the river, & also that the roads to Komokoriki were impassable. Very pleasant news but I was not going back. From

The rain cut our faces as we crossed the ranges, 5 & 6 Sept.



Tues 5 September, John Bonar guided the three young people over the Kaukapakapa hill to Omeru pa at Waitangi, beside the Makarau river. The following day, Mr White led the party to Araparera: "...now began the difficulty of the road... All this time it was raining, far heavier than you have it in England. By the time we had arrived at the second hill I was fit to give in... The rain cut our faces as we crossed the ranges, like hailstones... I am sure I need not tell you that Mr Atkinson received us very kindly, nor how cheerful it was when we changed our clothes and sat by the fire." (J A Pond, Journal).

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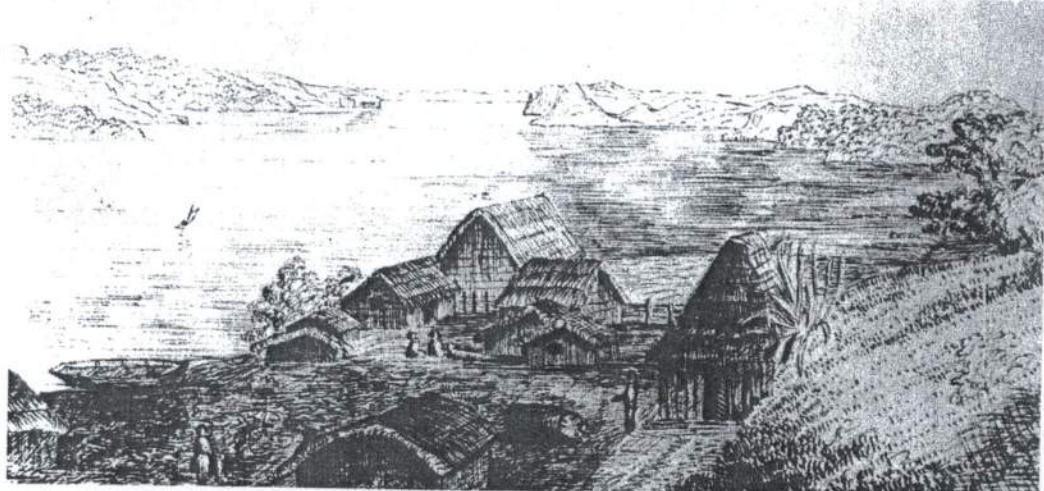
had news Mr. Bonas, told Mr. White he determined to return. We all went down to the settlement. & that was the first time I had the pleasure of seeing a native village. There were 4 large Whare's & a wooden house. Fancy a long raupe house about 40 ft. by 10 ft. no chimney or hole in the roof, but 2 small doors, about 3 ft high, & 1 1/2 ft. broad. After warmly welcoming us by the usual salutation of "Yenagui" & shaking us severely by the hand, they invited us into their Whare. There were only 2 women & 2 old men at the time. We all entered, & the women all began filling & lighting their pipes, & handing them round. You can't refuse out of courtesy, & to wipe the stem of the pipe when they take it out of their mouth & hand it to you, is an unpardonable act. It was so pleasant.

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The women cooked us some potatoes & kumer
(sweet potatoes) & boiled some water with
which we made tea. About 4 P.M. the
men came from fishing & then we went through
a pleasant course of Tenagui's & pump
handing. (this way of shaking hands) you
remember a friend of Charlie's, a Mr. P. who
gives your arm one agonising throw, fancy
that being repeated 20 times. As dusk came
on the women went out & cut us some long
ferr which they laid in a corner of the
Whare & covered with mats made of
Flax strips. We unrolled our swags, &
made a pillow of the contents, rolling ourselves
in our blankets. Then passed a happy night.
The fleas, were as numerous as the 'sand on
the sea shore'; the mosquitoes about one half.
Then a pleasant company of Maori's yelling,
chattering, chanting, & smoking, each trying

A Kaipara kaainga

'We all went down to the settlement and that was the first time I had the pleasure of seeing a native village. There were 4 large Whares and a wooden house. Fancy a long raupo home about 40 feet by 10 feet no chimney as hole in the roof but 2 small doors about 3 feet high and 1 ½ feet broad. After warmly welcoming us by the usual salutation of "Tenaque" and shaking us severely by the hand, they invited us into their Whare. There were only 3 women and 2 old men at the time. We all entered and the women all began filling and lighting their pipes and handing them around.' (Voyage to New Zealand 1865. Journal of Jas Alex II Pond, p 47-48)

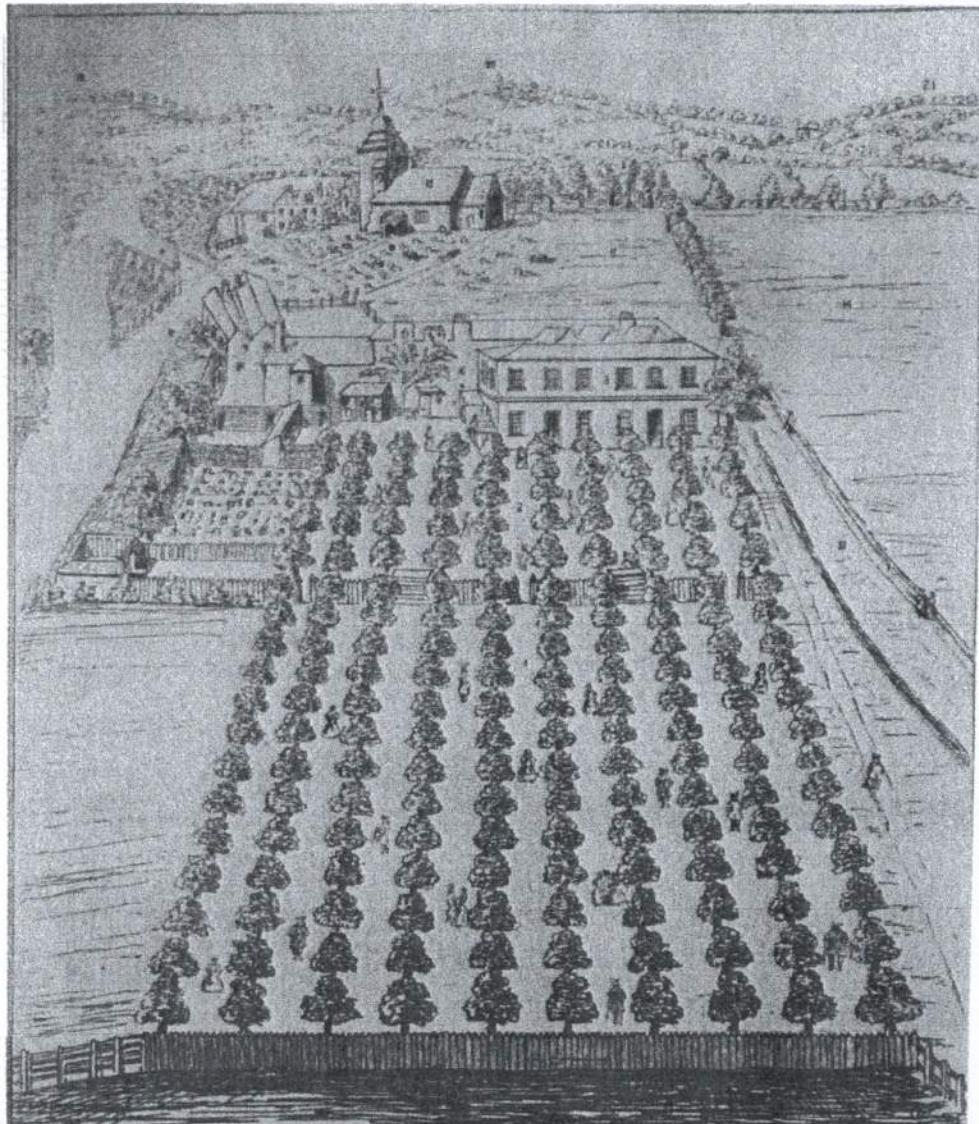
From the sketchbook of S Percy Smith, surveyor. Paikea's village at Tanoa on the Otamatea branch of the Kaipara harbour in 1860. (Dick Scott, "Seven Lives on Salt River", Hodder and Stoughton, 1987)



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to outdo the others in raising a cloud of smoke, while at each end of the "Wharf" was a huge fire raising a pleasant quantity of smoke, by laying flat. Most of the smoke escapes through the open doors, but to sit up is a sure & certain way of being flogged. Wednesday 6th. We have passed a sleepless night, but were up early, I found what victim we had been to fleas, & mosquitoes. It was a heavy, dark looking morning, & threatening that Mr. White proposed my waiting where I was till the next morning, but I could not think of another night there. After a deal of hesitation Mr. W. made up his mind to come with us. He was mounted, I led the way, I now began the difficulty of the road. Fancy a hill twice as steep as Primrose Hill, clayey, & covered with heavy bush. We got up the first hill, but

by the time we got to the bottom of the next valley, Sam gave in, & Mr. W. kindly mounted him on his horse. All this time it was raining, far heavier than you have it in England. By the time we had arrived at the top of the 2nd hill, I was fit to give in. For my peks weighed over 40 lbs. with the rain & I could hardly keep up with the horse. But 'tis Desperandum & in half an hour more we came in sight of the valley of Komokosiki. The rain cut our faces, as we crossed the ranges, like limestone. In about another half hour we arrived at the Maori Settlement or the Arapakarara (road of ducks). We now turned up the valley, & at the end of 2½ miles, we came to Mr. Taylor's whare, Mrs. White's stage there & I pushed on up the valley, & about 2 miles further came in sight of Mr. Atkinson's wh.

Primrose
Hill (19)

S A I N T

These Wells are situated in Middle Northward from London by Mineral Waters of which are Surprisingly beneficial in curing the most obstinate Scrofula, King's Evil, Leprony & all other breakings out & bad affections of the Skin; Raving Sore Cancers, Existing Ulcers, the Fleas (worms for Excreting the Waters of Hell) Surface or any Corruption of the Blood induces the Rheumatism, and all Inflammatory Distempers, and Inflammations of the Eyes and Parts of the Stomach and Bowels, less of Appendicitis, Sinking of the Spirits & Vapours the most violent Colds, Worms of all kinds in children growing or old the Stone and Cancer like Strangury or total concrements of Urine and disease of Nature & Weakness in children See

P A N C R A S

The S Stones here are
cured and relieved by
Mr Hermon Smith a
Fisher belonging to doctor
these Waters give dry



These Stones may be
brought from Mr Bristow's Collected
in Bridge Lane Fleet Street near St. Pancras
Wells are only sold in London they are very
useful to the body and may be taken in any
Season of the Year with great advantage
See the Printed Directions to be had for
making at Mr Bristow's big Water and
Bristol Bath, Plymouth and Spa Waters at
the lowest Prices.

W E L L S

Explanation

1. The New Plantation
2. The old Wells
3. The long room 60 feet long & 10 feet high
4. 5. The two rooms were
6. The House of Entertainment 12 feet
7. The Ladies Walk & Hall
8. the two Kitchen Gardens
9. The Canal Road to Hampstead & Highgate
10. 11. Coach Way to the Wells
12. Foot Way from Red Lyon St. Southampton Row
13. Foot way from Grays Inn Lane
14. and City of London
15. Foot way from Holington
16. K. & G. Farnes Court the old & new Ch?
17. Keskell Town
18. Primrose Hill
19. Hampstead
20. Highgate

The old curative wells of Saint Pancras (plantation and buildings), prior to 1800 with old Saint Pancras church and its graveyard, and footways from London city, Grays Inn Lane and Islington (*to the right*). In the distance are Primrose Hill (*left*), Hampstead hill (*centre*) and Highgate hill (*right*). The old St Pancras church was built of yellow stone, with a weather vane atop its short tower. It was rebuilt in Norman style during 1847-48. The St Pancras churchyard and St Giles in the Fields cemetery were closed in 1854. British Museum, Ref. BH/FF10/Potter Collection, vol.24, p.1, No.1927,1126.1.24.1. Artist unknown.

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I am sure I need not tell you Mrs. Atkinson received us very kindly, not how cheerful it was when we changed our clothes & sat down by the fire. We had a good dinner, & as Sam was tired out he laid down & went to sleep. The rain now cleared off, as though it had only come to escort us, & the sun shone out right merrily. Mr. A. took me through a part of his ground, & then we drove in the cattle. I have now shewn you how we passed our time on the voyage, & the few incidents that occurred on our way up to Komokorike, but as a life in the bush is necessarily somewhat monotonous, I did not think you would like the irksome task of following me day by day, through my 3 months sojourn in the bush. And I well know a diary can never be so interesting in its particulars, as written afterward.

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The first thing I wanted to do, was to become a bushman, & to be that you must be able to fell, to log, to cross cut, to find his way through the trackless bush, to swim, to ^{make} bake his bread, to wash his clothes, to hunt, to know the likely spots for eels, to run through the bush in following the dog, (very difficult), to find food in the bush, to milk, to fence, to split Posts, rails, & slabs, & several minor qualifications. The first thing I went in for was milking & tending cattle in general. I soon had an opportunity one of the cows (Kelly) was missing, supposed to be calving, on the following Sunday. We wanted to bring it up by hand so did not wait for it to suck the mother. We were up early. Mr. A. struck up the valley, & I followed the river. After some time I found her standing beside a pretty little calf. I went back &



Pettigrew family. William Pettigrew was around age 23 when he took up a block at Komokoriki. In 1873 he married the neighbouring girl, Susan Laybourn, one of the young ladies in white muslin dresses and kid gloves. They had nine children. *Back row:* Susan Winifred – Agnes Hamilton – Mary Anne – John – William. *Middle row:* William Cowan Pettigrew (father) – James Alexander – Susan (mother). *Front row:* Annie Rose (twin) – Margaret Alice – Jeannie Olive (twin). Photo from Margaret Gray

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told Mr. A. Mr. Pettigree coming up at the time we impressed his services, I armed with sticks we started off. Mr. A. went near the cow, when she lowered her horns & made a rush at him. He eluded her, & I ran in & caught up the calf, but had not gone far before the cow spied me, I was obliged to drop the little animal & run, being followed by the cow. I eluded her by dodging round a clump of tussock, & she then changed her chase to Mr. Pettigrew. All this time Mr. A. had been making tracks with the calf, which he lodged in the stockyard followed by us, driving the unruly brute. After some time I managed to lasso her by standing on the bars of the stockyard (for we did not dare to venture in) & get her in the bale, where Jhonston milked her. The calf got on well, as we hand fed it.

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I got on with the milking pretty well the difficulty was getting them to stand still, which I managed after a few practical lessons. Having been turned over with half a pail of milk 3 times, I completely whitewashed. But I soon became quite an adept, for when Mr. Atkinson ~~was~~ away, I injured my left hand, so that I could not use it, & I used to drive in the 11 head of cattle, & milk 4 of them, having to lasso & bail 2 of them up with my right hand. Every week I made the butter, so you see though at the time I was only a 'cockatoo,' is new chum; I used to do pretty well. There were two young ladies up at the block who used very often to come down to our 'share'. They had a perfect hatred for the bush, & used to come down in white muslin dresses, & kid gloves. I often took them in the bush for fern hunting, where we

PLATE 9.



Christening gown made by Mary Ann Laybourn for her daughter Susan, born 1852. Susan and her sister Meggie Laybourn were the two girls in white muslin dresses who had rare fun slipping down into the deepest gullies after ferns. Mary Ann had been sent to a French finishing school. The gown is still worn by Mary Ann's descendants, 160 years later. Photo: Alison Pollock.

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all had rare fun, climbing up almost perpendicular, height, & slipping down into the deepest galls, after ferns, of which there were beautiful specimens. We also often had visitors in the shape of Maori's. Eight or ten would come up & buy, tobacco, soap, pipe, & matches. We often gave them a treat of tea, & bread. I was able to speak with them partly, by their language, & the language of signs. But of all the pleasures of the bush, there are none to surpass "Bush Falling". To hear the stroke of the axe falling as regular as the tick of the clock, & the fun when two or three are using them. All at once you will hear some one shout out, "bush music", when all make for a tree to shelter them, then comes, a creak, a rushing sound, & a crashing sound, glorious to hear, & if a large tree it will bring down several others with it. Especially

if on a hill. And what would you think of 6 or 8 of us marching off 20 minutes before sunset to some large, deep, hole in the river, where we would cut down a ti-tree, & bale it up ready for lighting. Each would now take his line & place & commence in real earnest. We would fish away until dark, then carefully fasten our lines with stakes, & after throwing them in, give one turn round a tussock of cutty grass. We all then nestled round the rousing fire, & some one would commence telling a yarn. All at once there would be a rustle of cutty grass, & every one would rush to his line, quickly one of us brought out a fine eel. The largest caught, was one I had the pleasure of hauling out. It was one lovely moonlight night, we had pulled up several, & I felt a jerk but on hauling taut, I thought I

Bush felling

'But of all the pleasures of the bush, there are none to surpass "bush felling". To hear the stroke of the axe falling as regular as the tick of the clock and the fun when two or three are using them! All at once you will hear someone shout out, all make for a tree to shelter them, then comes a creak, a rushing sound and a crashing sound glorious to hear and if a large tree it will bring down several others with it, especially if on a hill.' (Voyage to New Zealand 1865. Journal of Jas Alex II Pond, p 53-54)



"Lumbering timber in a kauri forest at Kaipara" by Cuthbert Clarke (State Library of NSW)

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had struck a snag, but in a moment I felt a sudden jerk, that almost pulled me in. Hand, over hand, I pulled him up the bank, & then threw myself on him, & called for Sam. When he came, I told him to take off his coat & give me. I quietly placed the coat over the eel & quickly lifted him in my arms, & took him right up to the "Whare" at once. But that eel was the cause of an awkward event in the night. After placing the eel in a large tin boiler of water, & placing it inside the "Whare" we turned in. We slept soundly, I should think for about 2 hours. When suddenly we were awokened by the barking of the dogs. The violence with which they barked, made me anticipate danger. I quietly slipped out of bed & partly dressed, then quietly feeling round I found the gun. I knew both barrels were loaded, & after feeling about a little I found the caps.

I did not think it wise to strike a light, in case it should be a Maori. After putting on two new caps, & sticking the pig knife in my belt, I went to the door. The dogs in the meanwhile had been making a most outrageous noise, so I expected soon to see the cause. I went outside but could see nothing. I quietly calling the dogs up to me & silencing them, I placed the gun at full cock, & crept slowly along. The moon was shining, so I kept in the shade of the house. After going all round, & visiting the ~~other~~ house & "sentry box", without finding anything, I thought it must be a boat, so returned, & laid down on the bed, as I was, to listen. I suppose I must have been half an hour. I have layed, when suddenly, I was startled by a strange loud noise in the next room followed by the barking of the dogs, in a

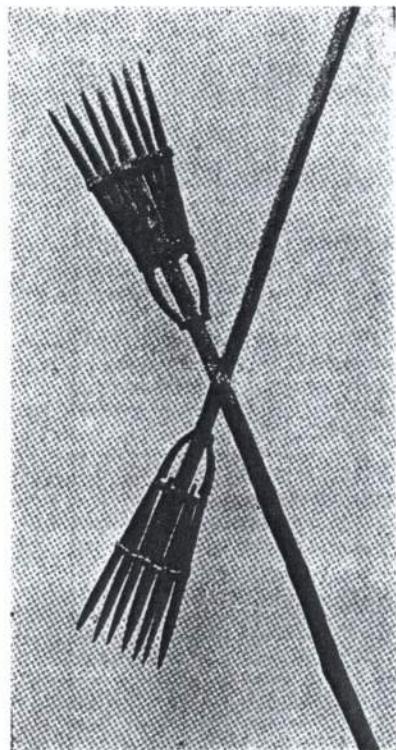
Eeling

'And what would you think of 6 or 8 of us marching off 20 minutes before sunset to some large, deep, hole in the river where we would cut down a ti-tree and bale it up ready for lighting. Each would now take his line and place and commence in real earnest. We would fish away until dark and then carefully fasten our lines with stakes and after throwing them in, give one turn round a tussock of cutty grass. We would all then nestle around the rousing fire and someone would commence telling a yarn. All at once there would be a rustle of cutty grass and everyone would rush to his line, quickly one of us would bring out a fine eel.' (Voyage to New Zealand 1865. Journal of Jas Alex II Pond, p 53-54)

North Auckland Maoris used a stick and a relatively short line to take eels in streams. The bait was a large grub (mokoroa) which lives in the puriri trees growing in that vicinity. By a series of simple loops around the body of the grub it was attached to the end of the fishing line. The fishing line and its bound bait (pakai-kai) was attached to a stick of supplejack (kareao), seven feet long. In tying the string to the stick, a knot called whakapahuhi was used which consisted of a binding tied several times around the stick and then secured under the last one or two bindings. Sometimes a stone sinker was used to lower the line to the bottom. The fisherman moved his line gently in the water and in a low monotonous chant he called the eel from its hiding place. The eel swallowed the bait, and was drawn gently to the surface, where a man was waiting with a landing-net. Adjunct tools were torches (rama) and wooden, bone or stone knives (patu tuna). (W J Phillips, *Mori Life and Custom*, p 27-28, 61-2)

However, the greater number of eels taken by Maori were caught in weirs (pa tuna) fitted with eel pots (hinaki), during the annual downstream migration to sea to breed. Eels caught individually throughout the year were taken by spearing at night. Some eels were kept live in corfs (hinaki) but the greater part were preserved by drying.

THE MAORI AS HE WAS

Eel-spears, *matarau*

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moment I had grasped the gun, & bounded into the next room, in time to lift the lift, the lid of the tin can. & see our worthy eel, going through his performances, far outstripping Leotard, or Blondin, in turning somersaults, at the same time, striking the lid with his spacious tail, & making music. He paid dearly for his exploit, for I caught him by the head, & cut his delicate neck, with my sweet, little, pig knife. The rest of the night was spent in comparative peace. The next morning we weighed him, he weighed a trifle over 10 lbs. & measured 6 ft. By his pedigree I found he was great grandfather to all the eels in the river, & by statistics, & traditions handed me, by other eels I found he was born since the year A.D. 1100. He fed our valley for two whole days, & went through, steaming, baking, & boiling.

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And now I must bring this to a conclusion
sharp, for Mr. Delattre leaves at 11.30, this
morning (Jan. 30). I have not put nearly as much
of bush life in, as I meant to, but I have
been so busy of late preparing to take the
business, which I do to-day. And now a
long Good Bye, yet sincerely hoping that I
may see you all out by next Oct.

Yours very truly
Alexander Pond.