

Journal of James Alexander Pond

1865

Facsimile with added plates

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James Alexander Pond 1846-1941

Wendy Rona Pond 1942-

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Plates

1.	James Alexander Pond ("Alex")	Frontespiece
2.	Tiritiri Matangi	after page 63
3.	Auckland's North Shore	after page 65
4.	Hiikoi from Riverhead to Kaukapakapa	after page 67
5.	Hiikoi from Kaukapakapa to Komokoriki	after page 69
6.	A Kaipara kaainga	after page 71
7.	Primrose Hill from St Pancras	after page 73
8.	William and Susan Pettigrew	after page 75
9.	Gown for the girl in white muslin dress	after page 77
10.	To become a bushman	after page 79
11.	Eeling	after page 81



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 Whitmore
Capt. Churchill
Ardes de ...
Whitmore

James Alexander Pond
ate 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 Temperley bound for Auckland New Zealand. All "Good Byes" are said & now I leave my Native Land" perhaps never to return, as 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 fearful 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 Dap'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 off 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, amongst 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 cats 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. 65th. 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,
(true as they may be) on paper.
I shall often jot down thoughts
& fancies. To day I have been
thinking (as I very often do) whether
I have been much missed among
my friends & whether my place
at the table still stands empty.

Tuesday 16th. When I woke I found
we were tossing about more
than I had yet felt & on going
on deck I found we were on
a chopping sea, with a good
breeze. & as might be guessed very
few appeared at breakfast or
dinner. Poor Sam is very ill.

I though 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

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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
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 make 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 flapping & all so still.

Saturday 20th. A repetition of yesterday only there is a breeze getting up & we are beginning to move through the water. I have no news to tell except that our Quartermaster's health is improving.

Sunday 21st. Dawned like one of
the beautiful Sundays we were so
fond of at home & dear old Warlingham.
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's repose.
The Captain read a short sermon
from 105th. 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 pitch their contents, in your lap.

Monday 22nd. A smart breeze blowing
 & we skipping along at a glorious
 rate making as much as 8 & 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 Julia's birthday.

11
Wednesday 24th. Her Majesty's birthday which has not been forgotten on board. It is a dead calm & all we are doing is to roll lazily 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 at our weather bow, the boat was got out & quietly rowed round near to the sleeping turtle. The Captain raised ^{his} ~~round~~ rifle ^{said him} ~~whether~~, lower it & speak a few words. The boat was rowed up & they secured an empty belly.

Sunday 28th. Mustered on the
 Poop at 10.30 A.M. read the service
 & a sermon from Revelations 1st 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 our 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 & hook pots

101

were fingling 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 spring from my berth, to save the two Water Bottles who were then "setting to partners" but landed on the deck where two glass bottles had come to grief, causing

14
a very unpleasant feeling in my
foot which began to bleed freely.
My friend now returned & truth-
fully 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. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. the frequent
sight homeward & outward bounders
but I do not think we shall see
one until we pass the line.

Wednesday 31st. The vessel making
17 or 18 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

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 jolly & 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 chaunt "Home sweet home."

17
Saturday 3rd. A fine day & all
well. The breeze still lasts, some
are moving ahead.

Sunday 4th. A splendid day. The
Captain read the latter part of his
last Sunday's discourse Rev. 1. 18th.
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 blue
back & delicate wings or rather
fins.

Monday 5th. The weather is perceptibly
getting warmer we could here-
after 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
"deal horse", as they are always
paid a month in advance. They
commemorated the day by making
in 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
light.

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

which proved to be the island
of "St Antonio" one of the "Cape de
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
700^{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 rocks
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 behind.

Thursday 8th. A smart breeze
carrying us along well. We are
now in the trade winds I have
been for the last week therefore
we may expect to run along
now. To day we were surrounded
by thousands of fish. Bonitos,
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. I 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. Just 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.E. 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. As yet 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. Tacking 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.

25
Sunday 18th. A rather gloomy morning.
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 to wards 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.

16

Monday 19th. A fine warm day but such 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: I 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. "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, which 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 St. 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.

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

Tuesday 27th. Cloudy & squally
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 &c.
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

30
itself while pieces of Pork & Beef
are striving to surpass their bearers
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 barge at 7.30 A.M. &
at 8 A.M. tacked & nearly followed
the barge 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 Cas
rocks. In all we saw 6 rocks & islands
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 N. N. W. & as we are going to
the S. S. E. it is dead aft. The
Star Sails are set, & it is a pretty
sight to see the "John Temperley" now.

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 scraper 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, Stun-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 ~~Q~~-back. There was great
dangers of one of the Stun-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
E. 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
Lords Prayer." Cox has got his hands lo-
to-day. A sentinel will now be kept with

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 straitened 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 N. W. is freshening. It is a lovely day.

Friday 14th. Still running for the Cape. We have made over 10 Knots 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.

18
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
it began to moderate & before

59
morning the wind had fallen &
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 $11\frac{1}{2}$ 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. I expect to run due E.
before long.

Tuesday 25th. A dull day, the wind
continually veering. We are now
about 42^{deg} 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 slashing 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 2^d. 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 3^d. The weather beginning to break, but we are encountering very heavy squalls. The Captain is laid 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

40

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 never 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 near the Magazine & over some Whisky Barrells. As the word flew from mouth to mouth, blanching 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 our level in the lee scuppers, where I was drenched, 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 hat, 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 ch. "The Prodigal son."

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

48

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 to move & then shedaddle.

Pails were dancing on all quarters. Panikins, dishes, knives, forks, &c. were raising a most infernal din. I 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 Boots, shoes socks clothes & all the tins were 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

11
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. Dawned a beautiful
day & remained so to the end. There
was very little wind indeed & the
ship layily 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, white² 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 look dark & heavy.

Saturday 12th. The breeze still holds good & we are steering East to Auckland. 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 Aug. '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 yard 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

53
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
spar on deck, for the Carpenters
to make a Fore Yarde of. Again
we went to work with a will
on the fallen yards, 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.

54

Monday 14th. All busy again, & soon the Fore Yard was on deck & all hands were knocking off the bands & Ironwork to fix on the new Yards, 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 "Grog". 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.

54
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 looking more ship-shape now & when we get our Fore-yard up & Fore-sail set we shall move again nearly as quickly as before. The Carpenters have been hard at work on the Fore-yard & gave it the last finishing strokes at about 10 P.M. & for night but a calm.

86

Thursday 17th. A dull but fine
& cold day. The Fore-yard was
hoisted this morning & fixed, & the
sail set & secured & we are now
beginning to cut a lashing appearance.
We are now about 500 miles south
of the Australian Coast & running
towards Van Diemens 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 hanks, 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

58

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 signs 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 7 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.

Thursday 24th. A good slashing 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 spirits 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 & she crossed us a long way astern.

Sunday 27th. Dained (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 prayeth. 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 boom of the land is seen yet we cannot behold "Terra firma"; strain our eyes as we will. Just as dusk appeared we fancied we could discern a rock ahead nor were we wrong.

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

'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 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 harbour, 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 P.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 unmistakable signs of the nearness of the port. I now went below, & turned in.

Wednesday 30th. About 1 A.M. I was awoke 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. As we jumped on deck we heard the order 'bout 180°! 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 out were now placed all about the ship. & presently we heard the words above the wind, 'land on the weather bow.' Let

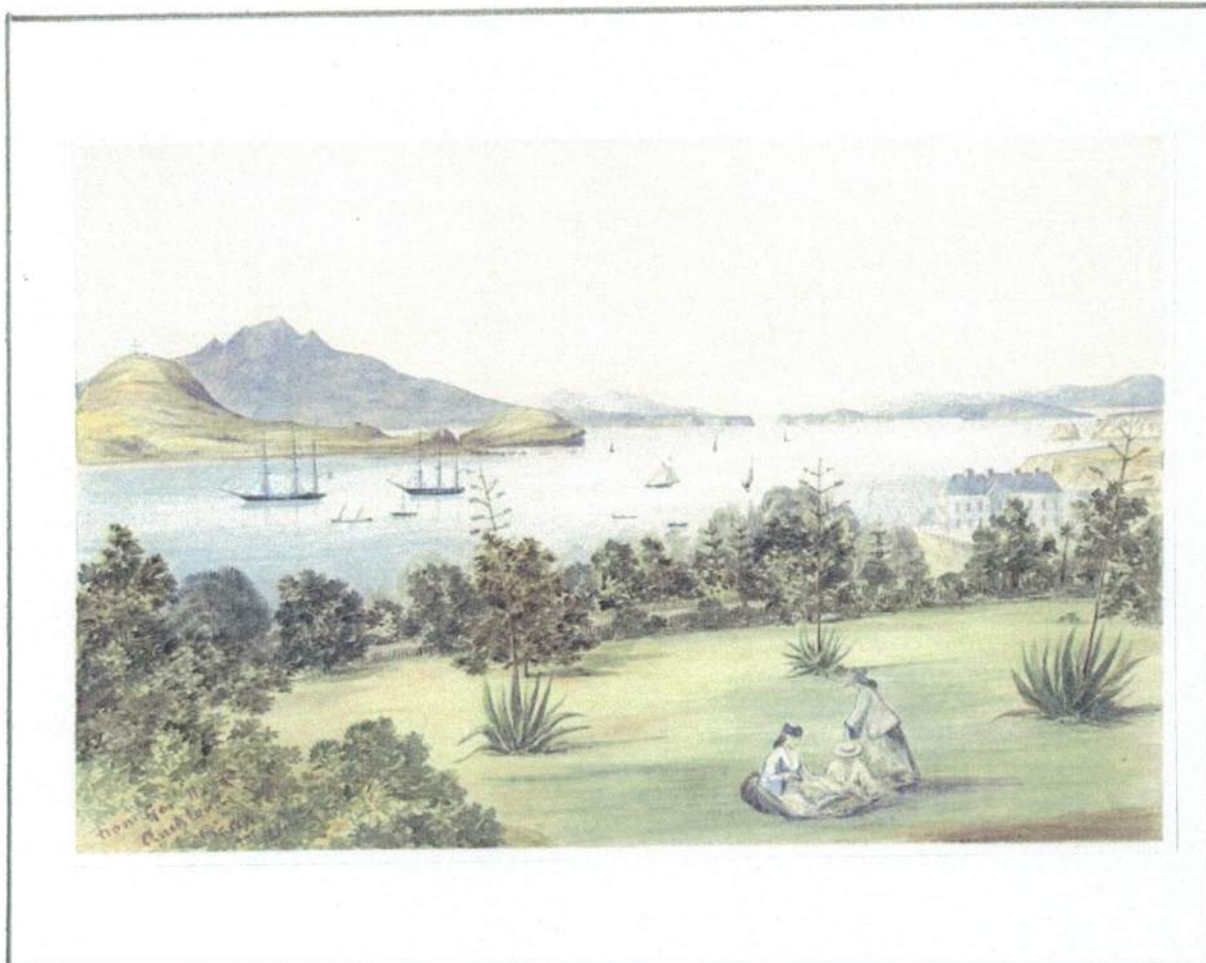
Tiritiri Matangi



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.

64
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 'bout ship'. The ship came up to the wind but as we had so little sail for'ard (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 harbour. 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, & 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.

65

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, & slept at a Mr. Gardiner's house, ~~who~~ ^{she} was very kind indeed, & did everything he could do for us.

Saturday 2nd. Up early, had breakfast, & went to the land office with Sam, & Elias. Coming back we called on Dr. Fische & left the small party 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 1 P.M. & 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.

64
away at a place called Araremu (road to
of Remu's (a fine tree)). Away I went but in
never did 7 mls. appear to me so long as
that, for being so long at sea, I could w
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. Twizley's. I asked for Mrs. Atkin
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.

60

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 Pekes's.
It started on our road to Mr. 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.

69
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 Waitangie, where we met an
old man, a Mr. 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).

40

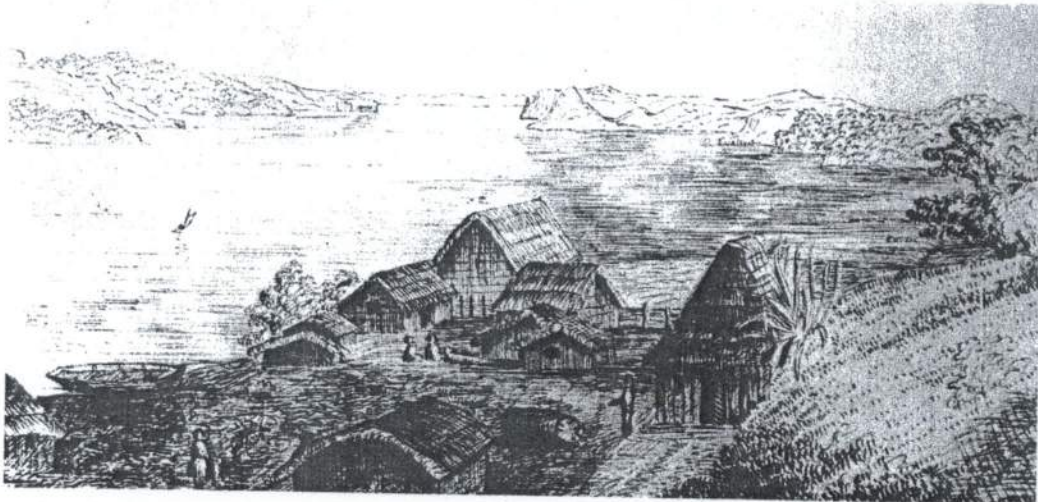
bad news Mr. Bonas, told Mr. White he determined to return. We all went down to the settlement, & that was the first time I had the pleasure of seeing a native village. There were 4 large Whare's & a wooden house. Fancy a long raupo house about 40 ft. by 10 ft. no chimney or hole in the roof, but 2 small 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.

The women cooked us some potatoes & kumera (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 Tiniagui's & pump handling. (their way of shaking hands) you remember a friend of Charlie's, a Mr. P. who gives you arm one agonising throw, fancy that being repeated 20 times. As dusk came on the women went out & cut us some long fern 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 H Pond, p 47-48)

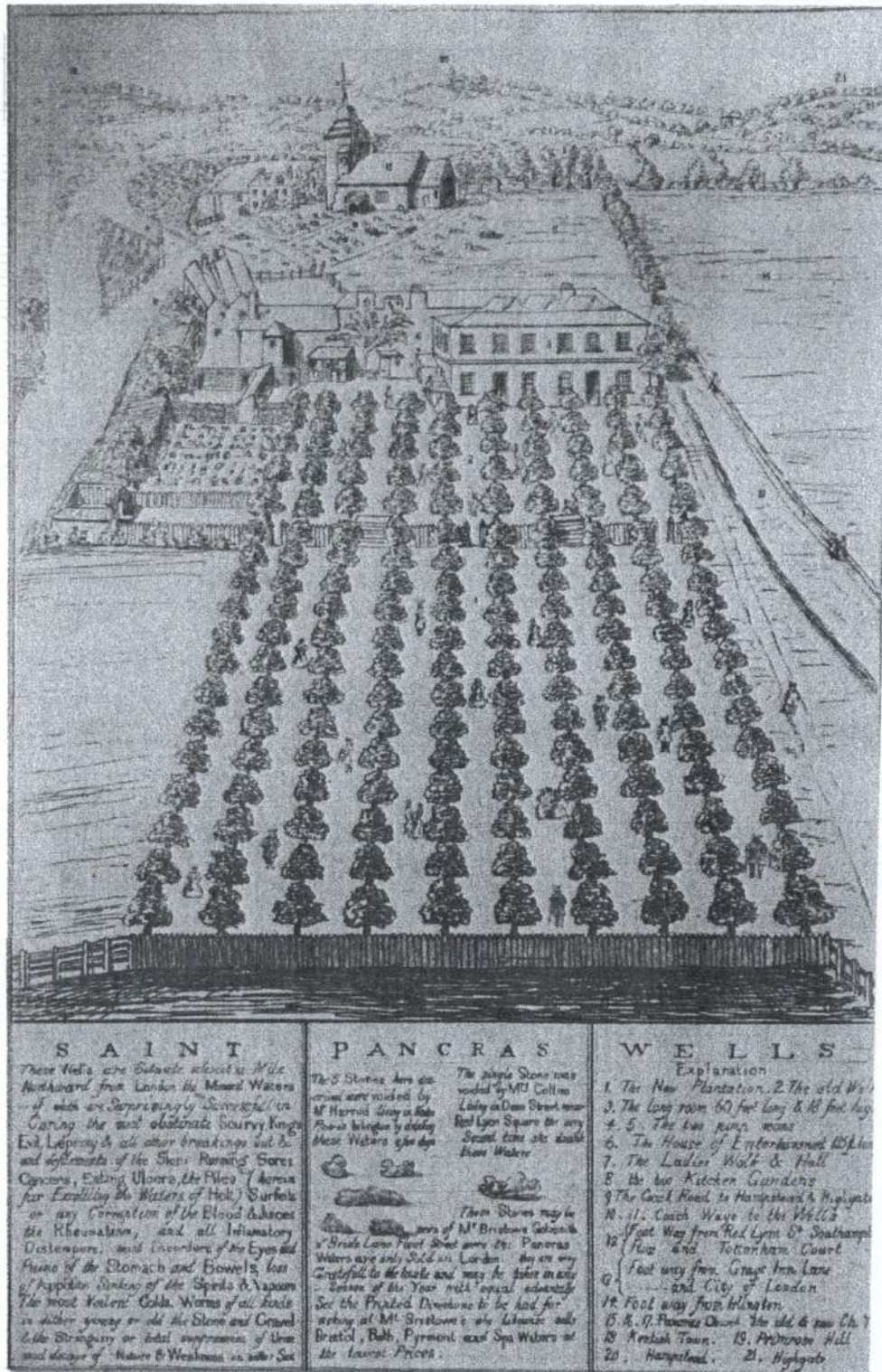
From the sketchbook of S Percy Smith, surveyor. Paikea's village at Tanoa on the Otamatea branch of the Kaipara harbour in 1860. (Dick Scott, "Seven Lives on Salt River", Hodder and Stoughton, 1987)



42

to outdo the other in raising a cloud of smoke, while at each end of the 'Whare' 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 flabbergasted. 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, & so 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. There 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 *Vil Desperandum*. & in half an hour more we came in sight of the valley of Komokoriki. The rain cut our faces, as we crossed the ranges, like hailstones. In about another half hour we arrived at the Maori Settlement on the Arapaxrara (road of ducks). We now turn up the valley, & at the end of 2½ miles, we came to Mr. Taylor's Whare, Mr. White stage there & I pushed on up the valley, & about 2 miles further came in sight of Mr. Atkinson's Wha

Primrose
Hill (19)

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.

74

I am sure I need not tell you Mr. 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 I 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 Komokoriki, 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.

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 gullifications. 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 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

46

told Mr. A. Mr Pettigrew 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 I 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, closely followed by the cow. I eluded her by dodging round a flax 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) I got her in the bale, where Johnston milked her. The calf got on well, as we hand fed it.

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 whitened. 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 with my right hand. Every week I made the butter, so you see though at the time I was only a "Cockatoo," or 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 "Whare". 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



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.

all had rare fun, climbing up almost perpendicular heights, & slipping down into the deepest gullies 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, pipes, & matches. We often gave them a treat of tea, & bread. I was able to speak with them partly, by their language, my 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

49
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 fir tree, & bark
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)

20.

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, I 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 shore 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 'Whore' we turned in. We slept soundly, I should think for about 2 hours. When suddenly we were awakened 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 ~~clue~~ ^{clue} 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

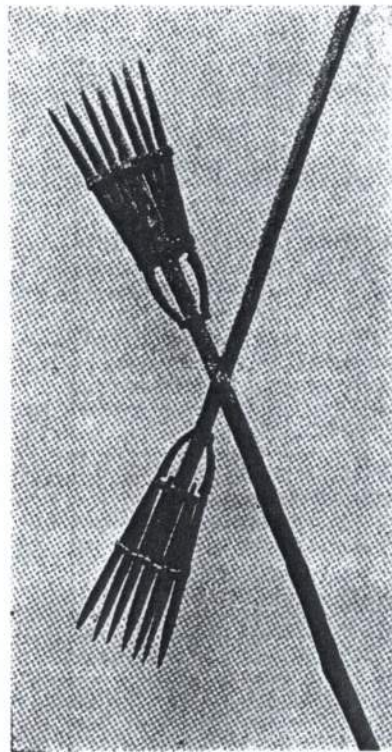
Eeling

'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 whakapahuhu 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*

92

moment I had grasped the gun, I bounded into the next room, in time to lift the lid, the lid of the tin can, & see our worthy cel. going through his performances, far out-stripping 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 cels in the river, & by statistics, & traditions handed me, by other cels I found he was born since the year A.D. 1100. He fed our valley for two whole days, & went through, stewing, baking, & boiling.

And now I must bring this to a conclusion sharp, for Mrs. 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 Bond.