

# ***The Voyage of the Charlotte Jane* From Plymouth, England To Lyttelton, New Zealand as recorded in *The Journal of Edward Ward* 7th September to 16th December 1850**

## **The Journal of Edward Ward 1850-51**

### **EDWARD ROBERT WARD From a Daguerreotype made in 1849**

The Journal of Edward Ward 1850-51 Being His Account of the Voyage to New Zealand in the *Charlotte Jane* and the First Six Months of the Canterbury Settlement  
*With an Introduction by Sir James Hight LITT. D.*

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## **Contents**

## **Illustrations**

The End Paper Maps were drawn by W. D. Baker

## **Introduction**

THE CENTENARY of Canterbury has aroused a keen interest in its past and created a demand for more authentic and detailed information on the ideas and the actions of its founders and early colonists. Amongst the publications of the last few years none are more valuable than those written by the pioneers themselves, revealing their personalities and their relation to the enterprise that drew them overseas. There are too few of such documents compared with secondary and general accounts of the origin and inception of the Settlement.

The Journal of Edward Ward, now published for the first time, is particularly welcome as such a document.

It is concerned not so much with the theory of colonization but is an exceedingly readable description of the practical aspect of creating a new colony. The author begins with a day-to-day report of the voyage of the *Charlotte Jane*, the first of the Canterbury Association's ships to arrive at the proposed site of the colony, and then proceeds to give a vivid and detailed account of his activities in Canterbury during the six months before his death.

Though he himself says the Journal is 'for facts and not for thoughts', his feelings, thoughts and ideals do find expression, especially in the latter part of the Journal, in his meditations as well as in his selection and presentation of facts. This makes it a more effective key to the interpretation of those characteristics which contributed most to the foundations of Canterbury. He dismisses lightly 'the theory that a country runs to greatness over the bones of its pioneers' but the phrase has special significance to us as we read the Journal today. In his work we catch more than glimpses of the mind, intellect, spirit and character of the best type of colonist.

The first part of the Journal gives, I believe, the most detailed account from the point of view of a passenger of life aboard the *Charlotte Jane*—the weather; distance covered each day; the forms of ocean life observed; ships met and overtaken; characterization of fellow passengers (among whom were several who became leaders in provincial and national life), in whose welfare he showed throughout the long voyage an active and very helpful interest and who live again for us in his clear and candid narrative.

In the Settlement he set to work at once in exploring part of the region, in organizing his plan of life, directing the construction of temporary and permanent homes, obtaining stock, establishing a business, as well as discharging the duties of certain official posts for which he was well fitted by his training in law and his reputation for public spirit. His description of the life of the settlers is particularly revealing. He brings the reader into intimate contact with them in facing and overcoming their difficulties in adjusting themselves to the new physical and human environment. His sympathetic consideration for all found practical expression in many ways. Mrs Godley's letter shows how sorely his loss was felt by the whole community.

No one can read his Journal without feeling that his work as a colonist was for him a source of intense pleasure; He obviously had firm faith in the prosperous development of his adopted land and its people—'when the tide of life runs full over what has lain unoccupied for so long.' The pity of it that so valorous a pilgrim did not live to see more than the first ripples of that tide!

J. HIGHT

*Christchurch*

*February 1951*

## The Author

EDWARD ROBERT WARD was born on December 18th, 1825, the eldest son of the Hon. and Rev. Henry Ward of Killinchy, County Down, Northern Ireland. He was educated at The King's School, Castletown, Isle of Man, afterwards going to Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his degree in Law.

He was destined for the English Bar when he was attracted by the prospect of a career in the colony of New Zealand. Times were hard and emigration was being widely discussed. A proposed Church of England settlement in New Zealand had caught the imagination of the public and the Canterbury Association was formed with support from influential people throughout the country. John Robert Godley, an Irishman from Killegar, County Leitrim, had worked out the plan of the Canterbury Settlement with Edward Gibbon Wakefield, whose New Zealand Company had already helped to found four settlements in the colony. The Association planned to transplant a cross-section of English life, and well educated young men of good family were wanted to act as leaders of parties of skilled artisans and agriculturists.

Edward Ward, encouraged by his father, joined the enterprise, taking with him two of his younger brothers, Henry and Hamilton, and also a number of assisted emigrants from the county. Before sailing with the first party of 'Canterbury Pilgrims' in September, 1850, he became a member of the committee of the Society of Canterbury Colonists, formed in London to represent the buyers of land in dealings with the Association,

through J. R. Godley, the Chief Agent. In New Zealand this committee became the Council of the Society of Land Purchasers, to which Edward Ward was elected in 1851.

After building temporary shelter at Lyttelton, Edward Ward explored the country as far north as Oxford, which was originally intended to be the main country town of the settlement, and finally decided to make his home on Quail Island, in Lyttelton Harbour.

Within two months of his arrival he was appointed a Justice of the Peace by the Governor, Sir George Grey, and his legal training was of great assistance to J. R. Godley, with whom he quickly became firm friends. Able and energetic, he seemed destined to become one of the leaders of the young settlement. At the end of the first six months, with his land beginning to be stocked and cultivated, his house nearly completed, and the prospect of returning to Ireland in two years' time to marry, he could look forward to a happy and distinguished career in the colony.

It was a tragedy for the whole of Canterbury when on June 23rd, 1851, both Edward Ward and his brother Henry were drowned when their boat capsized in Lyttelton Harbour.

After the death of his elder brothers, Hamilton Ward stayed with Mr and Mrs Godley until he was joined by another brother, Crosbie who arrived by the *Stag* in May, 1852. Crosbie Ward later became a Member of Parliament, Minister of the Crown and a brilliant editor of the *Lyttelton Times*. He is remembered also for his witty verses on topical affairs.

In 1857 Hamilton Ward married Marcia Townsend and Crosbie married her younger sister, Mary King of Ballylin, King's County, to whom Edward was engaged, married his cousin, Captain the Hon. Henry Ward, who became the fifth Viscount Bangor.

The three slim volumes of manuscript which comprise this journal—notebooks which Edward Ward bought in London before his departure—are now housed in the Canterbury Museum, Christchurch.

## Publishers' Note

THE JOURNAL OF EDWARD WARD is printed here as he wrote it. The only alterations have been the spelling out of certain contractions written by the author and the adoption of a consistent style for expressing dates and figures. Where the writer has used unusual or archaic spellings, these are given with explanatory footnotes where they first occur and in subsequent references the modern spelling is used.

## THE FIRST ENTRY IN THE JOURNAL Reproduced actual size

### Volume I

#### SEPTEMBER 7TH

, 1850. Left Plymouth on board the *Charlotte Jane*, 730 tons, Commander Alexr. Lawrence, for Port Lyttelton, New Zealand, in company with the *Sir George Seymour*, *Randolph* and *Cressy*, which with us conveyed the first body of colonists to the new settlement of Canterbury, chartered by the 'Canterbury Association'. Chaplain, Rev. Mr Kingdon; Surgeon, Alfred Barker, Esquire; First Mate, Mr Bridger; Second Mate, Mr Woolcot; and twenty-six cabin passengers, fourteen intermediate & about eighty steerage.

According to the official Passenger List, the *Charlotte Jane* carried twenty-seven chief cabin passengers, nineteen intermediate cabin, and 105 steerage. Of the total of 151 persons, forty-nine were children under the age of sixteen.

#### ***Thursday, September 12th***

On board the *Charlotte Jane* in about Lat. 42. I try to recollect the events of the last five days, which from confusion, sickness & disagreeables of every kind could not be recorded at the time—but being probably the most eventful of our long voyage, deserve to be set down before they have entirely escaped the memory.

On Saturday, September 7th, in the evening, about six o'clock, we weighed anchor in Plymouth Sound, with everything in the ship in dire confusion. Several items of neglect were weighing down my spirits. The

birds, the care of the Zoological Committee, had had to be provided with wheat, sand, rice, &c., and my poor cow was to have had green food and some trusses of straw put on board for her. I had ordered these to go on board but till the last moment they were not to be heard of, and a half-hour before the Captain came aboard I sent Henry

Henry Ward, aged nineteen, brother of the author.

to kidnap some trusses of straw I had seen lying on the quay as the boat left the shore. He soon returned bringing the straw but nothing else. However, there was no help for it so off we set minus bird seed & sand. The poor people who had come on board were still a subject of anxiety. They had been shewn their berths only a few minutes before we weighed and, after sitting three hours on the noisy deck, hungry and cold, had had hardly time to make themselves comfortable before the ship was rolling about. A word to good-natured Mr Palmer, the third mate, procured them a supper of beefsteaks, which they devoured gladly and as I knew they would require a good deal of pity during the succeeding few days I did not give them too large a dose that night. The wind was fresh and fair and we bowled down gaily outside on a course of S.S.W. and slipped away easily from land while Henry and I were getting out our store of blankets and sheets and making up our beds for the first night on board.

Not till the ship began to move on her course—till we had passed the stern of the *Sir George Seymour* who gave and received three hearty cheers—not till after we had passed the lights of the harbour and the bustle of the deck grew less, did the feeling of reality come over me which I had been long and in vain waiting to receive, Sternly real did I feel my position then—the sails filling for my new country, not to stop or stay till we should arrive there. This feeling of reality was sudden as thunder—at once the dream-films stole away from my head, carrying everything like excitement away with it, and very helpless did I feel standing on the deck that evening. The responsibilities came past me one by one, most of all the condition of the poor emigrants

The term 'emigrant' was applied only to the steerage passengers. The cabin passengers, mainly land-purchasers, were styled 'colonists'.

whom I had induced to follow me. I wished then that I had felt the same some time before; strange to say, I felt as if I would have given worlds to run back home again and settle down to anything in England. It was the first time that I had felt anything like repentance of my enterprise—but thank God it was of not long duration. I find at this distance from it, I cannot recollect a tenth of the thoughts that crowded into my mind, but I can only remember that they were innumerable and singularly new and over-powering.

Saturday night we went to bed early—a quiet breeze during the night had not inconvenienced any one seemingly, for all appeared well at service at half past ten in the morning. I had been sick during the night and did not venture to breakfast, though many did; but when the service began it revived us all. Mr Kingdon read the service—Deut. XVIII, 19, and a very impressive ceremony it was. At the capstan covered with the Union Jack stood the clergyman in his usual robes, around and beside him were the poorer emigrants in groups—mothers and children—looking rather miserable, but evidently reviving at the familiar sounds. The sailors were neatly dressed and the men stood in the background—the sailors looking picturesquely clean and devout the men, on the other hand, looking dishevelled and inattentive. The cabin passengers were ranged over the clergyman on the poop and some few behind him at the cuddy door. They all seemed to feel the impressiveness of the scene—nearly all were in tears. Reminded as I was of the dear ones who were then uttering the same words and thinking of us, I felt like a child.

As of Saturday, I can say of this day, that I cannot set down a tenth of the thoughts which beset me. Perhaps, as this journal is for facts and not for thoughts, it is better that they should be left unpainted. The day continuing fine and fresh the greater number of the passengers were on deck and lively—a great many, too, went to dinner, brave and satirical of the seasick. FitzGerald

James Edward FitzGerald, Emigration Agent for the Canterbury Association. Subsequently editor of the *Lyttelton Times*, Superintendent of the Province of Canterbury, and Leader of the House in the first New Zealand Parliament.

was one of the bravest—Hamilton

Hamilton Ward, aged sixteen, the youngest of three brothers.

most outrageously satirical and contemptuous of infirmity in his strength. I felt more indolent than sick and so abstained from going to dinner—for that day I chewed the cud of my most bitter fancy, and nothing else—covered with the jeers of those who fancied themselves recovered for the voyage.

In the evening the wind sprang up very fresh and I think nearly all soon retired below. A sick night and weary thoughts with a little sleep constitute all that I can recollect of Sunday night.

Monday the wind was high and increased towards noon. All very sick except Charles Mountfort and Hamilton—who remained, the former helping all the sick, the latter despising them. A wave through the scuttles in the morning rendered it necessary to dry our bedding in the quarter boat. What misery that day was! though I have nearly forgotten it now. To bed early, after a little tea in the cuddy with the Captain. This was the

first food I had tasted since dinner on Saturday at Plymouth. That night was tranquil but the emigrants were very sick. Margaret Ferguson

Margaret Ferguson, aged twenty-three, William McCormick, aged twenty-seven and his wife Jane, aged thirty-seven, were steerage emigrants sponsored by the Ward family. 'Andy' was Andrew Geddes, a 'paying steerage' passenger.

and Willy McCormick the worst and Andy the best in the ship. Andy has been able to eat his meals all through and declares he feels first rate. Tuesday it was blowing very hard and a miserable day though I was rather better. Hamilton and FitzGerald—the cocks who crowed so loud at first—have had to succumb and have remained below all day.

The Captain told us we were being fast carried out of the Bay and were abreast of Cape Finisterre. I suspect this Cape is the bugbear, or rather the sole consolation, of all voyagers on the Bay of Biscay. Deluded individuals in the ship, I believe, fancied we were to touch at it! I slept on deck, beside Wortley

The Hon. James Stuart Wortley, younger son of Lord Wharnccliffe

and his dog Toddy and passed the most comfortable moments that had occurred to me since I left Cheltenham. The wind, which was high when we retired to the shelter of our water-proofs, had died away when we awoke, a very heavy dew was falling, which ought to have given us dreadful colds, but did not.

Wednesday had more victims than any day yet. A long rolling swell sent the ship from side to side in a most distressing manner, but the sun was warm and kept us alive. I had quite recovered and appeared at breakfast and dinner, but the ladies were all in a dreadful state, lying basking about the deck, refusing to be comforted. The doctor (Barker

Dr. A. C. Barker, the first doctor to practise in Christchurch. He is remembered for his remarkable photographs of early Christchurch, covering the period 1858-1870. His drawings, covering the years 1851-1857, provide an equally valuable record of the first years of the settlement.

) was very bad—the worst of the whole crew. Nevertheless we had a wedding in the morning between two of our emigrants but every one too uneasy themselves to mind the happiness of this most impatient couple. In the evening a petite reunion in Mrs Mountfort's cabin—the piano going and very cheerful—Charles Mountfort handing about his various stores, especially a confection—drinkable—made of Jargonelle pears, which mixes well in water. Nearly all the passengers at dinner looking much better. The Captain says it is about the last of our soup—a pity, for it is the most refreshing food that the invalids have had. The potatoes, too, are excellent, certainly are made the most of—appearing regularly at breakfast as well as dinner. They cannot last long the Steward says.

Thursday, September 12th. (This day) I hope to begin in earnest *au courant* to the petty events of each day, such as they are. A good show at breakfast, all present except Mr Benjamin Mountfort

Benjamin Mountfort became Provincial Architect and designed many of Christchurch's early buildings, including those of the Canterbury Provincial Council.

, his wife and sister, and Mrs Kingdon, who has not yet appeared in the cuddy. Breakfast of hashed beef, beefsteaks & beef kidney (making the most of the beef which must soon be denied us), potatoes—very good—soft bread, biscuit and butter, tea and coffee, cold beef, fresh and corned. Opened a box of sardines for Mrs Chas. Mountfort and used some of the Killinchy butter which, having been broken in the crocks, was consigned to the Steward for cabin use. It was very generally approved of. A few petrels appearing in our wake, FitzGerald got out a gun to practise, and wounded one after repeated shots. Wortley practising at a seltzer water bottle with his pistols. The air is cool and invigorating. The Captain has shewed us our position on the chart in Lat. 42.32, off Vigo. The emigrants going on well—Margaret able to go about my cabin and clean it out. The wind at quarter past one (London time, half an hour fast) is freshening into a nice breeze, and the ship is settling well on her S.W. course.

Some talk of a newspaper to be started—FitzGerald's suggestion. I thought that it would be both troublesome and ticklish, though amusing; it would be better not to have a serial but an occasional. *The Cockroach* suggested as a spicy title. The subject at present falls to the ground. Signalled for an hour and a half to a ship on our weather beam, made her out (most satisfactorily!) to be the *Wyoming*, bound from Liverpool to Ryde with a cargo of sugar. After she had hoisted at parting the ensign of the Duchy of Mecklenburgh she left us with new notions of the maritime daring and commercial enterprise of the obscure little Duchy. I daresay her acquaintance with us was made in as equally a satisfactory manner. We hoisted 'The *Charlotte Jane*, from Plymouth, out seven days, with emigrants', and corrected longitude, etc., before bidding adieu. A goodly party at dinner, the soup and potatoes still to the fore, the first appearance of the salt beef was hailed with fervour and the 'Prime India Beef' was the joke of the table. After dinner a walk with Mrs Mountfort upon deck, aided by an exuberance of spirits and the absence (*pro tem*) of seasickness, increased to a dance or promenade to the tune of the various choruses which our party (soon numerically augmented) could furnish. 'Sir Roger de Coverley', 'Lucy Long', 'The Boatman's Dance' and other songs of that strain, kept us lively on our feet till nine o'clock

when, after looking into Mrs Mountfort's cabin to drink happy returns of her sister's birthday in a glass of sherry, I retired to bed at four bells (ten o'clock by ship's time). Wind light at going to bed, the ship steering W.N.W. During the night it freshened considerably and morning came.

## **Friday, September 13th**

Dirty with a good deal of rain and a raw fog. Most of the company upset again. Hamilton practically sick, I myself and Henry eating our breakfast with fear for consequences. A shark killed last night gave us a fry for breakfast, which smelt savoury but looked dangerous. The sun at eleven o'clock has come out strong and the wind has settled into a fresh breeze with a good deal of not disagreeable motion. The company on deck fore and aft look lively. Andy called me aside this morning to speak the complaint of the single men. It seems they are condemned to clean out the filth of some of the married men, who are privileged, as constables, inspectors, &c. He thought they had more put upon them than the regulations prescribed, and I promised to speak to the Doctor about it. The Doctor has explained to me that the single men have rather less to do than they ought; and show, at any rate that he is a despot on board with the powers of the Passengers' Act at his discretion. There is, therefore no use in appealing or complaining from the Doctor's fiat which, I am bound to say, is guided by the very kindest motives. Read Fanny's chapter on deck with great pleasure.

Twelve o'clock, noon. Lat. 41.31, off Cape St Vincent. The Captain is discontented with his southward progress and compares, grumblingly, his luck upon former voyages, especially a time when he made Madeira in four days from Gravesend. Wind continued fresh till evening, not much sun; the ship's company not so lively as the night before; a good deal of lightning seen to windward.

## **Saturday, September 14th**

(Extract from the log): 'Lat. 40.40 (nearly off Lisbon), nearly calm, a heavy swell from the West. Course S.W. by W.  $\frac{1}{2}$  W.' The single man who refused to work yesterday has been 'ordered aft', and stands behind the wheel, a melancholy example of disobedience. Andy says 'there will be bad work yet', the single men will *not* do all that is required of them and the crew are discontented at being allowed no grog. Told Andy to keep up the credit of the place we came from by obedience and good example. Another instance of mutiny grieves me more. Margaret

Margaret Wilson, aged thirty-two, wife of Robert Wilson, aged thirty-five, who, with their three children, were steerage emigrants sponsored by the Ward family.

reports that Margaret Ferguson has struck work and when asked to hold the children and make herself useful, tells her that she is not her servant and won't do it. This, after all the trouble Margaret has been at for her, and Robert Wilson too, to take her out of poverty and destitution in Ireland, is the blackest and basest ingratitude. The people are looking today more cheerful, having a little employ ment. Willy McCormick is made happy by having the cow consigned to his care, and he scrubs and handles her as if it had been 'Shusan' at Killinchy. Bob, too, comes in for a little more attention than he used to have when rated among the 'stock' and tended by an indifferent person. Mrs McCormick and Margaret are hemming rubbers with all their might, and Robert Wilson is knitting away cheerily. Andy has had a job in fixing the lock of our cabin door and has done it *con amore*. Mutton chops at breakfast. Biscuit generally preferred to bread, which latter is getting sour—the cook says because of the water. Pillow cases found after a rummage in the chest, on the top of the trays. I knew Mamma would not have left them out so carelessly as we gave her hasty credit for. In the evening a trial of the French *cafetiere* which, after an expenditure of about half a pint of spirits of wine, produced a cup of most indifferent coffee in an hour and a half. Mrs Mountfort and her husband took tea in my cabin—combining our stores we made a respectable show upon the sideboard (the washing stand) of plum cake, biscuits and butter, honey, gooseberry jam and marmalade, and the evening passed merrily enough—hysterical merriment, too, for the chief cause of mirth was the battalions of cockroaches, careering about, prying from every corner into every corner, deploying over the tea tray, countermarching upon the slices of cake, enfiling the butter and scaling the jam-pot. Some hoary generals were there—admirals, perhaps, were their better rank, from having made many voyages. They are certainly a great nuisance to look at, but at present have really done nothing disagreeable. After tea a noisy evening on deck. FitzGerald and Wortley fighting a main of cocks (themselves!), Wortley winning by two falls. Laughter most uproarious but hysterical. To bed at four bells.

## **Sunday, September 15th**

After a most uncomfortable night of rolling in a calm swell, woke to find the ship steering her course with a fresh breeze in the right quarter from the N.N.E. Service at half past ten, well attended, the people cleaner and more attentive than last Sunday. Read Fanny's chapter and Sophia's *Christian Year* on deck with much real

pleasure and thought of them all at home intensely. The young man (Turnbull) who headed the 'mutineers' yesterday, has returned to his duty. Bob, looking very wretched in his manger. He can hardly last the voyage and I am afraid. Mrs McC. looking very bad but Margaret and the children thriving and happy. At dinner, mutton roast and boiled, curry & fowls. A delicacy was preserved carrots which were excellent. Evening service but no sermon by Mr Kingdon, a lounge on deck with Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*, tea, and after tea an attempt at a chorus from the Oratorio of St Paul, with Mr and Mrs FitzGerald and Mrs Barker. Resolutions recorded to practise regularly. To bed with the wind fair towards the S.S.W., but moderate. The Captain says four days of this weather will take us to the Trades. Lat. 38.35, Long, about 16 W.

## **Monday, September 16th**

A spanking breeze after a quiet night. Spoke a ship, passing close under her stern—the *Antonietta* from Rio to Palermo. The Captains on deck compared longitudes, written on a black board (15 W.) and the Neopolitan, taking off his hat, steered his course again. We were in hopes she was a homeward bound Englishman. It seemed ridiculous to us all to find any ship but an English one presuming to sail on the sea. A very provoking part of our condition is that our number does not appear in the last edition of the Signal Book, so if we speak any ship by signal we shall be represented as the *Charlotte* or the *Jane* merely.

Mrs McCormick very ill and weak. Sent her some sardines and bread and butter, which she ate; also a dose of salts from the doctor, and got her an allowance of porter to keep up her strength. The men netting busily forward and all very cheerful. The Editor's box for the *Cockroach* is set up today on a swing tray, to invite contributions to its pages; it will be published as soon as the box is full enough. Dinner displayed fresh provisions in the shape of pork. Roast leg of pork, pork chops and pork pie. Curry (very good), pea soup & boiled fowls completed the well-furnished repast. Nearly all the passengers except the Doctor attended. Lat. 36.30, Long. 14.56 W. On deck in the evening, a dance to our own melodious voices—country dance, polka and quadrille. Much ill-will caused by a practical joke of some one, who threw a bucket of water along the deck amongst the quadrille, and made them shift to the other side of the deck. Glee singing by Mr and Mrs FitzGerald and Mrs Barker in the cuddy below. The Captain promises us a sight of Madeira to-morrow.

## **Tuesday, September 17th**

On deck early, a lovely morning. Hamilton took a shower bath, which is rigged on deck like an ordinary bath made of canvas; through a perforated roof the sailors throw buckets of water down. Came in sight, but not quite signal distance, of a large ship with her fore topmast carried away. Spitefully presumed it was the *Randolph*, but the Captain does not think so. Sighted the highlands of Porto Santo, one of the Madeira Islands, and are rapidly running down upon it. The weather is truly delicious. The sun is warm but shaded from the deck by an awning and cooled by a fresh breeze which, at the same time favourably filling our sails, is truly luxurious. A sky-sail is set above the main royal. Wrote out an extract from 'What to Observe' upon the Trade Winds for the information of the readers of the *Cockroach*. Lat. 33.26. In the evening on the fore-castle, observing our approach to the S.E. point of Madeira. The high mountains called the Kraal (I believe) look noble enough for so small an island. Provokingly passed the shore four miles off after dark so that we could only see what we missed seeing. Trees, vegetation and houses would have been distinctly observed if daylight had lasted two hours longer. In the evening, after tea, Stout, the fiddler, produced his soundest fiddle of three strings all the same size, but managed in spite of the evident difficulties, to set a dozen pair of feet jiggling it to a country dance and polka. 'The Girl I Left Behind Me' made a capital polka; we had also a Spanish dance to 'Buy a Broom'—how I was reminded by it of old Killincher's last days. I could almost fancy I was waltzing round with little Sophia Mordaunt on my arm—my usual partner in that dance. Stayed up dancing and singing till eleven o'clock and retired in hearty good humour. Till twelve gave Bob a run on the decks, which I think did him good.

## **Wednesday, September 18th**

On deck early, a lovely morning giving promise of heat. We had run Madeira out of sight, and the Captain announces that we are at last in the Trades. The day overpoweringly hot, the awning above hardly keeps us cool. Wortley produced his seltzer water, which mixes well with our raspberry vinegar. Got out our onion seed and aired it upon the deck—a few specks of mildew only to be found. Gave Hamilton his first French lesson, found him very bright and anxious to learn. Gave Margaret Wilson out some worsted to begin knitting socks; she pronounces it all 'chewed by the cocks', meaning cut by the cockroaches, and so it was. Lat. 30.16. Fine weather and light breeze. A quiet evening on deck, and in the cuddy the first meeting of the 'Glee Club'. FitzGerald prime mover of all. Each is to copy his part from the private book on the cuddy table. To bed at half

past ten. Prayers commenced this evening at nine o'clock, consisting of the church service with one lesson, the priest *en robe*.

## **Thursday, September 19th**

Morning prayers after the cuddy breakfast, consisting of the Liturgy without the Litany and two lessons. No benches placed as at Sunday church. The weather is beautiful, not so hot as yesterday, and the breeze very light—almost a calm. Palma, one of the Canaries, in sight on the starboard bow, about twenty-five miles off. The far-sighted ones can discern Teneriffe on the larboard bow. Talk of letting down the gig and starting for shore at Santa Cruz, the port of Palma. Practised with Wortley's pistols at a bottle slung up to the mainyard. Lat. 29.47. The breeze freshening, the shore scheme is abandoned, and about eight o'clock p.m. we were passing the light on the high lands of Palma, distant about seven miles. The evening cooler than usual. Several dolphin seen caracolling near the ship in the course of the afternoon. A man stood in the forechains with a harpoon ready for them, but in vain, for none came near. There is a great squeeze in the cuddy table, twelve a side at a table intended to hold twenty. Complaints of this, of the ship's filter and the Association's tea are rife, but not as yet violent. The Captain expects to be off Ferro, the last of the Canaries to-morrow. It is most unfortunate that we should have passed close to the very two islands which would have repaid the sight, at night, instead of in the morning, when the sun would have lighted up all the beauties. Gave Bob a dose of salts to cool him; he is evidently recovering from his mange and looking livelier. Gave the guns and pistols a good overhauling and cleaning; found them in very good case indeed.

## **Friday, September 20th**

On deck early and found we were steering close to the island of Ferro, the southernmost of the Canary Islands. A little town, which on reference to the chart we found was called Valverde, was perched high on the steep hillside, from which the cliff mountain descended perpendicularly to the water. No sign of a landing place or, at first, of any vegetation, the only appearance being that of a sterile brown. We wondered much how men could choose their homes in such a spot as this, and consent to make a town of it. As we viewed the island closer we discovered that the village was beautifully placed in a dell or valley and green vegetation was abundant. Dwarf trees and shrubs we supposed to be vines, soon appeared, and the houses swelled into large and respectable mansions in considerable numbers. A large grey building, situated in a quinta or villa garden, was pronounced to be a convent. The peak of Teneriffe shows well today, though at an amazing distance, towering among haze and clouds. The sun not too hot, the weather truly enjoyable above and below. The cabin on our lower deck is, I think, the pleasantest place while the scuttles are open, but the least exertion in so confined an atmosphere makes one disagree ably hot. Our place on the chart today by observations corrected by bearings from the land we are passing is Long. 17.44 West, Lat. 27.48 N. The wind blowing freshly from N.E. Every one gay and happy, except Margaret Wilson, who complains of headache and pains in back and breast. Took a shower bath for the first time and found it exceedingly pleasant. A dance on deck in the evening and to bed at half past ten.

## **Saturday, September 21st**

A fortnight today from Plymouth—the days pass quickly and pleasantly. The wind blows fresher and a point or two more to the East. The weather cool and delightful. Hamilton says his French lesson very punctually and well—he evidently gives his mind to it. My bath this morning at the forecabin, pump. I think it is an improvement upon the shower bath. Fencing, singlestick & boxing with the gloves constitute the amusements of the ship. Margaret Wilson a little better, but sickly looking. The children are all thriving. Lat. 25.14 N. In the evening much amusement among the steerage passengers with the boxing gloves—but the Captain found it necessary to make a rule that emigrant only should stand up with emigrant and sailor with sailor, fearful of feuds between the two parties. Some whales were seen today at a great distance, spouting.

## **Sunday, September 22nd**

Woke to find ourselves in the tropics at last. A fresh breeze—or what landsmen would call a high wind—was blowing dead aft and making the vessel roll and pitch uncomfortably enough. But as it kept the deck cool and tempered the action of a tropical sun, we were to consider ourselves fortunate. Lat. 22.27. Service on deck at half past ten of the Liturgy without Communion Service, and a sermon by Mr Kingdon. The Psalms for the day very appropriate—"They that go down to the sea in ships", etc. On deck till two and read my *Christian Year* for the day and for St Matthew's Day, also the 'Forms of Prayer to be used at Sea' Forgot



yesterday to mention the appearance of the first number of the *Cockroach*, in a cover beautifully emblazoned with the cockroach 'proper' by FitzGerald in sepia. A good leading article by FitzGerald, a chapter on the Canary Islands and an effusion called the 'Cockroach's Meditations' by Cholmondeley were most admired. It gives hopeful promise by being free from personal allusion or witless gossip. Herewith:

I am no less than a cockroach bold,  
Creeping and crawling from deck to hold,  
Hunting each cabin and hammock and bed  
Under the pillow where rests your head,  
Under the tablecloth, up the chair,  
I run up your sleeves and I crawl through your hair;  
Neither man nor child does the cockroach spare,  
But most I visit the ladies fair;  
And they all behold me with shudder and scream  
And start from my presence as from an ill dream,  
So ugly and black I can make myself seem.

This is surely a destiny great,  
This is indeed a station  
Worthy the wish of the subtle fate  
Of the mighty chief of the noble state  
Of the ancient Cockroach nation!

For I am the Prince of the Cockroaches all,  
And they bow before me in bower and hall.  
And the Captain owns me for what I am,  
And takes off his cap with a low salaam.  
And when I appear the sailors say  
'Make room, my lads, without delay  
For the King of the Cockroaches comes this way'.

Father Hesper! Father Hesper!  
Hear my prayer I vow:  
Hearken to my chirping whisper  
Rising from below.  
My religious fits come seldom,  
So you'd better listen now.  
For my lungs are feeble—smaller  
Than the organs of a man,

I was never yet a bawler,  
Hear me, therefore, while you can.  
If I lie, I wish the cook may  
Pop me in the pan.  
By the pensive ray  
Of Cynthia's gleams,  
By the dawn of day  
Flushed with rosy beams,

By the frolickings of Phosphor  
On the broken sea,  
I beseech ye—prosper  
All who sail with me.  
By the starry choir that lances  
A pale nightly glance  
On the bark that heaves and dances  
As the billows dance,  
Guide us—guide our ship and cargo  
On the infinite expanse.

And may every jovial sailor, gentleman and lady fair  
Treat the gentle cockroach kindly, mindful of his heartfelt prayer.  
Thus sublimely, in the dreamy slumbers of the midnight bed  
Rose the meditation; and I heard the words the being said.  
And my soul was greatly shaken, and my limbs were cramped with dread.  
For methought a mighty cockroach squatted close beside my head.  
And I sought to clutch him, but the monster with the vision fled.

Today I saw the first flying fish and during the whole afternoon was amused by coveys of them flying across—or rather flitting across—the water. They rather disappointed me, as I imagined them to be larger and to fly higher. Very few at dinner, the gale having upset a good many of the invalids who had grown courageously well. The Doctor, as usual, the worst invalid in the ship. Several leaks appear in our cabin, and the drip from the ceiling is very uncomfortable, yet not much misfortune after all. The Captain says ten days of this breeze will take us to the line. Porpoises appeared at nightfall playing about the ship. A strong fair breeze carries us gaily on.

## ***Monday, September 23rd***

After a very hot night, in which very heavy rain was heard on deck, was much refreshed by a shower bath.  
A

## **THE CABIN PLAN OF THE 'CHARLOTTE JANE'**This was the booking plan for Chief Cabin and Intermediate Class passengers. According to one record the Ward brothers occupied the two cabins shown at the bottom right of the Lower Deck plan.

flying fish flew on deck, and of course was nabbed. He appeared something like a herring without scales, with wings, of course, of a very fine membrane. A shark—the newest wonder of the deep—hove his dorsal fin in sight about breakfast time, but only a favoured few caught sight of him. Mrs McCormick still very ill with seasickness, and faint for want of eatable food. Lat. 18.47. We have run 203 miles in the last twentyfour hours, to the South. In the evening after sundown the wind had fallen nearly to a calm, and the close heat was most oppressive. The passengers lounged about in uneasy postures, like in a fever hospital, and all walking, and of course dancing, was out of the question. Cholmondeley,

Thomas and Charles Cholmondeley were closely related to the Marquis of Cholmondeley and were cousins of Lord Delamare. They established themselves at Port Levy, and members of the family later had property at Governors Bay.

Wortley, Bowen,

Charles Bowen, senior, became Speaker of the Canterbury Provincial Council. His son Charles Christopher (later Sir Charles) Bowen was secretary to J. R. Godley, and became Provincial Treasurer in 1854. He took a leading part in the movement for the establishment of Canterbury University College, and brought forward in Parliament his Education Bill which became law in 1877, establishing the present New Zealand system of free, secular and compulsory education.

Mr and Mrs Kingdon, FitzGerald and I clustered on a corner of the poop and played at inventing a story, which passed from mouth to mouth with abrupt transition. This afterwards changed to poetry and after one had composed a line the rest had to invent a rhyme to it. It was excessively amusing, and would have gone far into the night had not Bob and Crib abused their privilege of coming to the poop and begun to fight, to the discomfiture and dispersion of all the ladies. We stayed on deck a long time, and found it afterwards hard to leave it for the close 'tween decks. The Captain assures us it will be at least ten degrees hotter!

## **Tuesday, September 24th**

Thermometer at breakfast at eighty-five in the cuddy. Heard that a child had died in the night. It had been sickly before but, strange to say, that the father and mother, though aware of the extreme danger of the child, did not wake any one or take any means to gain assistance till morning. It is believed that, not even when it was dead, did they take the trouble of informing the doctor. After breakfast the funeral was performed and the body of the poor child, swathed in a Union Jack with a shot at its feet, was plunged into the sea. At the very moment a huge school of porpoises appeared, playing just abreast of the ship opposite the port hole where the body was lowered down. This was the first appearance of these porpoises, and strange to say, as soon as the body was committed to the deep, they disappeared. Superstitious people might have made something of this apparition. Romantic and ingenious people might have said that a troop of angels had appeared to bear away the soul of the child through the deep to heaven. The air is fearfully hot, and the emigrants feel it greatly. The sea is nearly calm and we are creeping on at about half a knot. Lat. 18—showing only fortyseven miles since yesterday. A brig right forward, about three miles, supposed to be a brig-of-war. People getting letters ready to send by her if she should prove a cruiser. If not, she is no use as our course is the same as hers—outward bound. A great fuss and heat engendered in getting the emigrants' boxes, &c., out of the hold. After dinner, invited by the Captain to a cool bottle of claret, and he subsequently took his stand upon the martingale to strike dolphins. He saw several, but missed every blow. The heat on deck in the evening very stifling almost, if not quite, too excessive to allow of a walk up and down. Several slept on deck, and nearly all the steerage emigrants (the single men) slept on the fore-castle covered with sheets and sails. I slept down below, however, but it was a restless and unrefreshing sleep. The wind freshened from a calm to a pleasant breeze and continued so till morning.

## **Wednesday, September 25th**

The air fresher this morning and we are going about six knots. The brig is about the same distance ahead of us as yesterday. Lat. 16.37—100 miles in the last twenty-four hours. In the afternoon the breeze continues steady and she sails about seven and a half knots. Passengers beginning to shun tea in the cuddy but have it taken up on deck to them. A little land bird caught on the rigging—it was a grey water-wagtail. We put it among the other little birds to give it a chance of getting some food—he died in about an hour after. Worked hard all day to get my papers and letters in some sort of order. Finished a poem for the *Cockroach* of the miscellaneous facetious sort. First day for mounting white jackets, in which we all three appeared at breakfast. Our position on the map is shown abreast (inside) of the Cape de Verd Islands.

## **Thursday, September 26th**

Slept on deck last night till eight bells (four o'clock a.m.). Though the air was cooler than below, it was not comfortable to feel exposed to the heavy dew which was falling. Went down and slept heavily till breakfast time. A whale was reported seen near the ship about six o'clock. An accident to the forecabin steward, who was stunned and nearly killed by a spar falling upon him, and the report of a ghost being seen in the fore-castle constitute the events of this day. Lime juice has commenced to be served out forward, to the comfort of the emigrants. A dread-ful headache I impute to the imprudent snooze on deck. A barque (perhaps the *Cressy*) is seen on the lee bow, not far off. Lat. 14.4. Very light wind in flaws, occasionally almost quite calm. Some 'Portuguese men of war' of the *nautilus* genus, are seen skimming gracefully past the ship, and serve for a time to annexe our languid and indolent eyes. The Captain (as usual, a saying of the Captain's) says that we have had nothing like Trades this voyage and curses his stars that he came inside the Canaries. Two of our fowls and the cock very ill and going blind. Got Andy to make a new hutch for the invalids, in which they seem to do better. The rest of the animals, including the cow and both dogs, are doing as well as can be expected in the excessive heat. Buckets of water judiciously applied keep their bodies cool and plenty of water to drink gives them a little chance. No more complaints of any kind from the steerage. I believe that we have got now more accustomed to the heat and can bear it better. The wind fell off towards evening to a dead calm. A notice appeared on the poop forbidding smoking there from nine to nine. This gives very general dissatisfaction, especially as it is supposed to emanate from the caprice of an unpopular lady. Vows to write to the *Cockroach* recorded on all sides.

## **Friday, September 27th**

A bucket-splashing match on deck early—the Captain not well pleased. Wind light, but increased to a nice breeze about twelve o'clock. All day below writing for and editing to-morrow's *Cockroach*. A ship on the lee bow was signalled and proves to be the *Dido* twenty-four days out from Gravesend, (three days before us) for Swan River. Weather either not so hot or more tolerable. Wind falls away towards night to a dead calm. Lat. 12.27, Long. 41.27 W. Miss Bishop and Mrs B. Mountfort made a plum cake today in the cuddy. Night hot; after tea no occupation but groups sit about listlessly talking to one another. Sat the greater part of the day 'editing' the new number of the *Cockroach*. Con-tributions flow in apace.

## **Saturday, September 28th**

Louie's birthday. Hurried on deck about seven o'clock to see a squall come up. The carpenter had previously gone the round of the main deck, warning people to close the scuttles, &c., that I felt sure something peculiar was expected. I went on deck and found the ship lying becalmed, the sails flapping without wind but every one in a bustle. The Captain and Mate both on the poop giving loud and rapid orders—the seamen rushing about. Nothing was to be seen for some time by a landsman's eye, till soon, looking to windward might have been observed a dark line of water rather higher than the level of the surrounding sea, walking quickly up to us. It was seen, and everything made quite snug, and two men placed at the wheel before the squall struck the ship. She lay over, scuppers under at once, and rushed madly through the water, kept before the wind. She was afterwards brought up, lay her course, and we went gaily through the water for about three hours. Heavy rain refreshingly accompanied the squall, and some thunder. The publication of the *Cockroach* occupied the great part of the morning in editorial conclaves. The weather not so hot, though but little wind. The barque and a brig still in sight but having had the heels of us during the night. We are all much disappointed at seeing so few of the fish and other wonders of the deep which travellers had told us to expect in these latitudes. Not a shark, dolphin or porpoise and only a stray flying fish now and then, to break the monotony of the calm water. At dinner the *Cockroach* read and much approved of. It was enriched by contributions from nearly every cuddy passenger. The smoking edict dealt very hardly with in the 'original correspondence'. Lat. 11.38. Off the Gulf of Guinea. A homeward bound ship descried by the Captain's eye far to windward.

## **Sunday, September 29th**

Morning fine with pleasant breeze; no need to say that it was very hot, but not so much as to make us miserable. Service fully performed by Mr Kingdon, and notice given of the administration of the Sacrament next Sunday. The emigrants all clean and neatly dressed, and appear to better advantage *en masse* than I have ever seen them yet. Prickly heat beginning to show itself on old and young. It has attacked Hamilton and is just appearing on my hand. Lat. 940 N.

## **Monday, September 30th**

A squall came up at breakfast time, but brought up very little wind and only some very heavy rain. All on deck to see its effect and were evidently disappointed. A great assortment of waterproofs and dreadnoughts were brought up. My pet Cordings began to leak at once—the worthless things that I paid so much for. Watched Mrs Fisher making some bread and a cake, for which I was rewarded by a slice of the latter hot when it was baked. Lat. at noon 8.32. The day somewhat cooler, wind dead against us, but the Captain says it is the prevailing wind on the variable space. Wrote long additions to my letters. While I remember it I will add the list of the contents of the last *Cockroach*. An original editorial article by FitzGerald on the 'Smoking Edict'. A copy of the Captain's log for the week. A paper No. 1 on Gardening by Wortley, a paper No. 1 on Colonial Buildings by Benjamin Mountfort. The first of a series of chit-chat articles on the 'Wonders of the Deep' by Dr Barker. Two letters, one by Bishop and the other by myself, on the smoking prohibition. A burlesque poem entitled 'A Cockroach's Confessions' by myself, and by the same hand some burlesque 'Notices of Eminent Individuals recently Deceased'. A paper by the Captain on the 'Variables'. A poem by Mr Kingdon on the death of a certain (Mrs Barker's) cat; and a letter by Mr Kingdon supposed to be written by a Canterbury Colonist six months after arrival. Some extracts (L.E.L. on 'The Polestar' and others) finished up a very satisfactory number, also some lines by Bowen, a translation of a scene in Corneille's *Horace*, and an original story by Cholmondeley called 'The Life Adventures, etc., of Miss Betsy Williams' by George Godfrey—to be continued. The weather on deck and below wonderfully cool and pleasant for the parallel of latitude. Varied our amusements in the evening by a row in the gig—twice round the ship—the weather being quite calm and the ship going at about

one and a half knots. Utter loneliness seemed the characteristic of her situation, so small did she appear in the middle of the vast ocean.

## **Tuesday, October 1st**

A very hot night, as the scuttles had to be closed for fear of squalls. Towards morning heavy rain came on but stopped soon after breakfast. Latitude at noon 7.54. The gig out again this evening but I did not care to go again. Rather cooler all day. Caughey met with an ugly accident this morning. Standing in the lower hold among the water casks, an empty one from an upper tier fell upon him and bruised his side and cut his leg. He had a most providential escape of his life. The Doctor reports him as at present, to all appearance, not seriously injured, but dreads any injury internally to the kidneys. The cock is coming round and beginning to see and eat.

## **Wednesday, October 2nd**

Found a fine breeze rolling us onward though a point or two out of our best course. It increased after breakfast and stiffened into something strong. Some confusion on the forecabin from some stay giving way, which had nearly lost us our foreyard. Lat. 6.30. The Captain suspects that we are being carried by some current rapidly to the eastward. Caughey is better today and complains only of bruises. The cock feeding and seeing a deal better. After dinner the Captain taught us the game of shovel-board, which is a sort of deck quoits or bowls; lasted and amused us till dark.

## **Thursday, October 3rd**

Fine breeze taking us in a S.E.'ly direction. Two hens have been declared by Mrs Wm. McCormick 'wi' egg'—straw and separate rooms have been given them. The Doctor quite knocked up with seasickness and unable to attend on Caughey, who complains today of much stiffness in his ankle. A large ship in sight all day which, about luncheon time, came within long signal distance and is suspected or guessed to be the *Gladiator*, American whaler. Lat. 5.26. The surmise was not confirmed as she never answered our signals. About four p.m. sighted a large ship on the opposite tack, which at first caused some excitement as likely to be homeward bound. She did not come near enough to signalize, but went unknown on her way. We, as usual, pronounced her to be, first the *Randolph*, next the *Sir George Seymour*, as if those were the only two ships on the sea just now. Shovel-board till dark. The breeze freshened with successive squalls accompanied by rain. The ship steering S.E. by E.—a bad course, too much easterly. Sore throats rife in the ship, and one or two cases of rheumatism caused by sleeping on deck. One of the hens laid an egg about six o'clock, but before Willy McCormick could come up from the hold it had been snapped up. The ship seems to be crammed full of thieves, 'snappers up of unconsidered trifles'. Daily the chance of meeting homeward bound vessels to take letters is lessening—it seems we are rather far to the eastward of the track of the Indiamen, and Australians and New Zealanders are not common enough to meet on the high seas.

## **Friday, October 4th**

Wind dead South with fresh breeze. Heat almost gone and in the evening rather chilly. The Yankee sail is hull down astern and to leeward. A barque (*Cressy*, of course) in our weather quarter the greater part of the day. The Torquay figs have put out two young leaves each, which grow apace. Passengers begin to feel the increase of wind and some are very seasick. Prepared contribution to the *Cockroach*, which will hardly, in my opinion, appear this week. Lat. 4.51 at noon. The hens are supposed to have laid again, but both eggs and nest eggs have gone. I am obliged to deprive Bob of his nightly run, as during his prowling last night he retrieved a large piece of salt pork—this in addition to the mauling of a dead pig a few nights ago, has been the occasion of his sentence. He bears confinement and heat wonderfully well. Began *The Voyages of Columbus* with the intention of having some 'steady reading' now that the heat has begun to go.

## **Saturday, October 5th**

A fresh breeze blowing when I went on deck to bathe—found it quite cold to stand without my clothes. The motion has set some of the passengers going again. The Captain very savage at the foul wind which is carrying us so far to the East. He carries on, however. He tried about noon what he could do by putting about, but after standing on for five miles or so, found he was standing W.N.W., which would soon run up the latitudes again. Lat. today 4.11, shewing 45 miles of southing since yesterday—not bad against a dead south wind. The Captain grimly satisfied at finding the barque, which was yesterday about seven miles to windward, is now the same

distance to leeward. We seem to catch up and leave both astern and alee every sail we meet. No. III of the *Cockroach* appeared today—it fills well. It is very gratifying to anonymous contributors to hear readers laughing at their papers or admiring them. When vice versa, it is not so pleasant. The phosphorescent light very beautiful tonight—from it our Captain lays the flattering unction to his soul that he is near the Trades. On deck in the course of a lecture from the Captain about Underwriters, Insurance and Lloyds, heard that very heavy bets have been laid about the respective rates of sailing of our four ships—that *Randolph* is the favourite and we are next. Robert Wilson complaining of weakness and inability to eat or drink anything. Margaret seems uneasy about him. All the rest well. Caughey nearly recovered.

## ***Sunday, October 6th***

Light but cool breeze from South. Service, but only the Morning Prayer without Communion Service or sermon. The Communion Service, at which the Sacrament was administered, was performed in the cuddy. The day very pleasant but the consciousness that the wind is taking us too far to the eastward is annoying us. Lat. 3.26 N. Forgot to observe yesterday upon the most gorgeous spectacle the sea presented at night. The phosphoric light covered the sea, upon which the ship as it moved cast up golden billows. The scene is indescribably glorious.

## ***Monday, October 7th***

Breeze fresher but still fails—though the ship has tacked several times, nothing can be made of it, but she still will go to the eastward only. This makes the Captain very unhappy. We all do not much mind it, as the steady breeze keeps us so cool. No observation today, but we are somewhere in the parallel of three degrees. Captain says we may be a week getting to this tedious 'Line'. Hamilton getting on remarkably well with his French by short well understood lessons. Robert Wilson reports himself much better. Prickly heat vanishing, succeeded by boils, especially in the children's faces & knees. About seven o'clock found wind changing a little, and tacked, ship standing a good westerly course; stood West all night with fresh breeze. After tea, dancing till late, though rather too rough to make us very particular about our steps.

## ***Tuesday, October 8th***

Westerly wind still prevailing and the variation brings us a little to the South of West. Latitude I degree 41 minutes N. The breeze is delightfully cool considering our situation on the earth's surface. After tea Neptune's Secretary' came aboard in the blazing tar barrel having first hailed the ship, answered by the Chief Mate, who stood on the poop ladder in proper form with a speaking-trumpet. A figure dressed in dark flowing garments and smelling fearfully of tar came elbowing through the crowd of curious passengers on the poop to the Captain, and drawing a tarry satchel from beneath his clothes, presented the Captain with a budget of letters—one for himself and others addressed to several passengers—all being to the effect that 'their father' Neptune would pay them a visit on the morrow.

*(Original is appended, which runs as follows:*

*The Line.*

*Most loving son and daughter,*

*Some of my Tritons having hinted to me that you are about to enter my dominions, and as it has been my law time out of mind, for all the uninitiated to pay a toll, I shall attend upon you in person at the proper time to claim the same. My wife and family join in hoping that you have had a pleasant passage hitherto, and that it may continue so to the end.*

*Ever your loving parent*

*Neptunus.*

*Addressed to Mr Ward & Broth.)*

Soon after Neptune's fiery chariot was seen drifting away. Much curiosity and consternation among the passengers fore and aft as to the probable events of the 'Crossing the Line'. On deck till late playing a round of rhyme impromptu. Some verses being better suited to the hour of midnight than the ears of ladies, to our horror we discovered afterwards must have been all heard by two ladies who were sitting in a dark corner not far off.

## ***Wednesday, October 9th***

Still blowing freshly from the W. and by S.—very pleasant and cool. Having put a clean pair of Wednesday trousers on, was not much pleased to find myself, an hour after, sprawling on my side among the dirt of the cow, dogs & cock's house. Preparations were in liveliness for Neptune's visit. Everyone asking, 'Do you think they will really shave us?' especially the ladies. Latitude at noon 0.43. Henry made a 'macassar' ointment for Bob's bald places with gunpowder, burnt leather & butter: applied it thoroughly with Willy's assistance. After the cuddy dinner the fun of the day began. As soon as the first passengers were seen leaving the table, a wild shout was heard, and from behind a tarpaulin screen slung from the foremast across one side of the deck, rushed the most motley group ever were seen. About a dozen grotesque figures suddenly appeared surrounding a gun carriage, which they dragged rumbling and creaking to the poop stairs. On the carriage was seated Neptune, clothed in a sort of tunic, blotched and streaked into a fantastic pattern with tar and paints, red, blue and black. He wore a hideous mask of the same colours and was armed with a long sword and a speaking trumpet. Through this he kept continually shouting hoarse orders which we could not understand, but his satellites did with a vengeance. His lady was dressed as an ordinary mortal, with dingy gown, black silk bonnet & oakum ringlets, with a baby in her arms. She was represented by Jonas, the smallest of the boys. Arrived at the poop he ascended with his bear and bear-leader, his secretary, barber and surgeon and other attendants, to demand tribute from the strangers there. He was received by Wortley, the representative of the cabin passengers, who in their name presented him with a subscription list, which in various sums the passengers agreed to furnish at New Zealand. It amounted, with the contributions of the intermediate, to £6 12s. They descended then, and passing across the deck, the whole party ascended to 'Neptune's Easy Shaving Shop' as announced by a chalk inscription to that effect, surmounted by a barber's pole. The procession scattered the emigrants on the deck in all directions—most of them ascended to the poop, where they fancied themselves, and really were for a time, secure. Some of the children and many of the weaker women were already much frightened at the grotesque dresses and preferred to go at once below. Meantime the order was arranged in the shop. On the top of the cowhouse was placed a little dog-kennel on the brink of a large sail filled with water to about the depth of five feet. The barber and barber's assistant—the former with a razor of notched hoop, and the latter with a tar brush and a pot of tar grease and stinking filth, stood ready on the stage to receive the customers, and the bear stood in the sail below to duck them after the operation. A novice was then led forward blindfold. On his way he was met by the 'doctor' who felt his pulse and ordered him some salts—which were immediately thrown over him in two or three buckets of salt water—lent him a smelling bottle—the cork being filled with pins. After this, and being tripped over a rope, he was led up the ladder to be shaved, amidst a shower of buckets from every quarter. Seated on the dog-kennel, he was first lathered with the tar and grease, which was completely scraped off with the hoop, the operator formally stropping his razor between every few strokes upon an enormous black bone. After he had been well scraped, the unlucky victim was pitched, still blindfold, backwards into the sail, where he was received by the bear and well worried and ducked. About six or seven were operated on, and the spectators were enjoying the sight from the poop, ladies and all—when suddenly the word was given by Neptune through his trumpet 'Pass the word to give the poop a raking fire', and sailors began to pitch bucketsful from the main deck upwards. The scurry became dreadful after a few drenchings, and nearly all the ladies deserted it, except Mrs Fisher and her maid who, having been well wet with the first discharge, had sense enough to see the fun of it. Mrs Bishop and Miss Howard were led down nearly fainting, but this did not diminish the fun, now becoming furious, fast and general. Every one that could provided himself with a bucket and poured it over every one that came near him, sailors and passengers pell-mell, now rushing up the poop and deluging the people there, now in playful duels, surprises and ambuscades among themselves. Every one on deck had their dress wetted through and through before they went down—Captain and all. The Captain was at one time seen scrambling up the rigging and chase given him from below. This lasted for about two hours, and when, every one was nearly tired, both of the fun and of their own exertions, the word was given to clear the decks. But the sailors were still unappeased, having been disappointed of finding a man who had been making himself obnoxious to all on board—the steward of the intermediate cabin—and though they had searched, as they thought, through every corner, he had not been found. However, just as they had begun to leave off and unrig, he appeared, having been hidden in the hospital. They dragged him up, and being much exasperated by the fruitless search, they paid him off savagely. They lathered him till his mouth was full of filth—they shaved

him till the skin was scraped off his face—and the bear nearly drowned him when he got him in the water. He emerged in a pitiable plight, and even his greatest enemies almost were sorry for the excess of his punishment. The hatches were now removed, and the timid emigrants, who had been nearly stifled below and drenched with occasional bursts of water, were allowed to emerge. Every man got a dose of rum to keep the chill off him, and soon after, comfort and good humour restored to everybody, they were enabled to laugh at the absurdity of the whole scene. At the same time, there are few on board who do not condemn the principle of the extortion (for such it is with those who can afford to pay for escaping shaving) and who do not believe the whole affair to be as stupid, ridiculous and silly a custom as has ever been handed down to us by ancestors and recommended by the traditions and wisdom of time out of mind. I would recommend every man novice who crosses the line to prepare himself for it by putting on a pair of old white trousers, a dirty shirt and no shoes or stockings, getting a bucket and joining in drenching the others as hard as he can. It is stupid to stand looking on, and if he has paid his shot (about five shillings will do), he need not fear being shaved or meddled offensively with. Ladies should not leave the cuddy on any pretence; if they are tempted to go on the poop to 'see the fun', neither their age, appearance, dress or entreaties will save them from being drenched. They can, however, see it all well if they secure a front row at the cuddy forward windows.

On the forecastle till near midnight. Singing was kept up in right jovial style. We expected to pass the Line about midnight.

## **Thursday, October 10th**

Vessel going W.S.W. with a steady breeze, keeping us deliciously cool. Lat. 0.30 S. Our august entrance into the Southern hemisphere. A dolphin caught on the line aft, and brought into the cuddy. Sore disappointments! He was only the size of a moderate four pound salmon—very like a salmon about the head and a mackerel about the tail. A fierce dispute between the Captain and Doctor, the latter upholding the fish to be *not* a dolphin, the former adducing his twentyfive years at sea to prove that it *was*, and that no seaman called that fish any other name. The Doctor says the dolphin proper is a mammal and akin to the porpoise—whereas this fish is a fish with fins, tail and gills. When doctors disagree, who shall decide? The Doctor calls it now 'the dolphin-fish of mariners'. It was cooked for dinner and was delicious. Dancing on deck to the fiddle by a new hand, till late.

## **Friday, October 11th**

The wind has settled at last into the regular S.E. trades. Spent a listless day with headache and languor. Lat. 2.28 S. The wind fresh in the morning, calmed down at night. A jolly party in the mizzentop, singing and joking.

## **Saturday, October 12th**

About four o'clock there spread through the ship, like an electric shock, the news that a ship was almost alongside and would take letters. All was immediately fuss and dire confusion among those who had no letters ready, but I had only to seal up mine and direct them. Sent letters to Mamma, Fanny, Bowler, Sewell and to Rev. Mr Kittoe his original land orders, also to Charlwood, the seedsman, to send my seeds for the first ship to Bowler's care. Andy came into my cabin to seal up a letter for his wife which he put into my bundle. None of the other people had letters ready. When I went on deck I found the brig, a beautiful little clipper of about 300 tons, lying about 300 yards off. The mail bag was soon made up and despatched by the Chief Mate with a sack of potatoes and half a dozen of bottled porter. She was the *Zeno* of Richmond, bound from Benguela to New York, five months out of New York, laden, as we supposed, with palm oil and ivory. Shrimpton and Chas. Bowen went on board and reported a number of parrots and monkeys along the deck. They eagerly asked for news, but neither of them could tell that the American President or General Taylor or Louis Philippe were dead, although the Yankees must have been ignorant of all. They sent us back a bag of oranges, two or three bottles of rum & a jar of preserved ginger. Away she sailed with all our loves, hopes and fears on board. Is there the least chance of those letters arriving ever at their destination? The Captain says they may arrive in England in about two months. All day engaged on the *Cockroach* No. IV contributing two articles in the usual style. Lat. 4.38 S. Wind S.E. Trade blowing gently and pleasantly. Porpoises and flying fish more numerous than on the other side of the Line.

## **Sunday, October 13th**

Fresh breeze from steady S.E. Ship steering S.W. by W. Lat. 7.18 S. having run 192 miles in the last



twentyfour hours, of which 160 were dead southing. Service as usual morning and evening. Sore throats extending over the ship. Mrs Chas. Mountfort very ill indeed and Hamilton complaining. Quite cold on deck in the evening—getting too cold to wear light things.

## **Monday, October 14th**

A sea came through the scuttle in the night and flooded out Hamilton who was lying on the floor. He rolled himself up on the top of his chest, and slept soundly in spite of it. Shut up the scuttles, but the sea running high, struck them again and came through into the cabin—this time over me—filtering through the roof. Hamilton's throat bad in reality this morning. Gave him a dose of salts and made a gargle of Port wine and Cayenne pepper—putting flannel round his neck. Our Mapson's plaster in great request for the boils throughout the ship. Today the sun makes his apparent course to the northward—behind us. Lat. 10.13 S., after making what the Captain calls a 'three degree day' within two miles of three degrees having been made southing in the last twentyfour hours. Contents of *Cockroach* this week: 'Outward bound and Homeward bound' by Cholmondeley, being a paper of thoughts upon the incident of the American vessel's meeting. Captain's log, in which he remarks upon the unusual conduct of some of the ladies in staying on deck till twelve o'clock. Gardening No. 3, by Wortley, very useful and well written. 'On Sailing', a long paper by FitzGerald. 'A Story of Spanish Life' founded on fact by Wortley. 'The Story of the *Charlotte Jane*' No. 2, by self. 'Incidents of the Week, being Extracts from the Journal of a Determined Journalizer who Wishes for Something More to Write to his Friends than Monotony and Truth', by self. 'On the Wonders of the Deep', No. 2, by the Doctor on the dolphin. Two original things by Wortley—one against scandal, and an epigram on the Doctor in re the dolphin, the former very pretty. On the whole a good sensible number, with a proper admixture of light and serious.

## **Tuesday, October 15th**

Fine fresh-blowing breeze carrying us on at an average of eight and a half knots. Latitude at noon 13.32 S., a clear run of 200 miles, of which 197 were dead South. This is considered a most extraordinary run for a merchant vessel, the Captain is accordingly in high spirits. Hamilton's throat nearly well—thanks to the strong remedies of yesterday. In the evening got out Sophia's musical box and let it play upon deck. The tunes were much admired—both by others and by me. Great disputes as to who shall get the china ginger jar—proposals to shoot for it. People beginning to leave the deck o'nights and sit in the cuddy. The weather evidently somewhat colder. Robert Wilson and Abernethy still complaining of weakness and loathing of their food—all the rest well and hearty. The sick cock died yesterday.

## **Wednesday, October 16th**

This morning the wind had fallen somewhat, but latitude observed at noon showed that we had made all but three degrees of southing in the last twentyfour hours. Lat. 16.22 S. After breakfast billets cast and preparations made for a shooting match—the winner to get the china jar. Mountfort's rifle in use. About ten entered. The Captain, Mr Bowen and his son, FitzGerald, the Doctor, myself, Hamilton and Henry and Wortley. Wortley shot for Miss Bishop and the Captain for Mrs Kingdon. A bottle was strung up to the main-yard and after shooting all round, Mountfort and I were the only ones who hit. We shot it over again and I having again hit and he missed I was declared the winner of the jar. Great fun made about it. Cholmondely after dinner offered me a pound for it! Concluded a bargain with him for one of his sheep dog pups if any survive to reach New Zealand. The wind falls off towards evening and tonight we are quite becalmed. Hamilton's birthday (his sixteenth), being generally known on board he is made a great deal of. The ladies making a cake to celebrate it. Mrs FitzGerald, maker in chief, said last night 'It's Jolly's birthday tomorrow, but I have put it off till next day to make a cake for him'. Robert Wilson and Abernethy a great deal better, quite able to eat as usual. The former getting on well with my net, having completed the bag of the seine and a good deal of the one wing. In fact, what with Willy McCormick attending to cow, fowls & dogs, Margaret keeping my cabin in order, Robert Wilson making my net and Andy doing many an odd job for me in his line, they are all most useful to me. Deck washed down at half past ten to-night, as the last means of keeping below the ladies who persist in refusing to take the hint that it is very improper to stay late on deck.

## **Thursday, October 17th**

Calm had prevailed during the night with some heavy rain. The ship is only going a couple of knots through the water. Some talk of rifle sweepstakes, entrance being a bottle of beer. After luncheon these were set on foot. Thirteen shot three shots each. Only six hit well and they shot off again for five prizes of six, four,

three & one bottle respect tively. I did not hit once. Wortley and FitzGerald divided the first two, Chas. Mountfort the third, and Mr Bowen the fourth. Henry saved his stakes. Great talk at dinner on the subject. After tea some pleasant dancing by moonlight. Lat. 17.25 S., Long. 25 W.

## **Friday, October 18th**

Derry's poor child, which had been lingering for the last month, died last night and was buried this morning. Pleasant sailing breeze and delicious weather. Every one looking happy. The sea is assuming the beautiful deep blue which it wore on entering the tropics. A few noddies were seen flying about the ship this morning. Bob got a good race about the ship last night, it having been ascertained first that there was no beef left uncovered. He is getting into handsome form and his hair is crisping into good curl. Lat. today at noon 19.25. Spent the afternoon upon the maintop with Wortley, imagining and planning for the future. Feel very lazy and languid all day and unable to concentrate my mind upon anything for the *Cockroach*. Wind at night freshening up a little.

## **Saturday, October 19th**

On awaking was refreshed by the cry of a ship on the lee beam. She was about half a mile off when I went upon deck, and by signals we ascertained her to be the *Grassmere* from Liverpool to Calcutta, sixty days out—a fortnight more than we, a somewhat agreeable surprise to those who were desponding themselves into the belief that our voyage was slow. We have been only forty-two days out, so many consider ourselves lucky. We soon passed her, and in three hours she was hull down. Latitude at noon 22.16. We shall be out of the tropics to-morrow. Engaged on the *Cockroach* all day. After dinner it was read; some articles very much approved of. Contents: Leading article—'What shall we do at Canterbury' by FitzGerald. The Captain's Log, containing some stronger hints about ladies staying on deck o'nights. 'On Gardening' No. 5 by Wortley. 'Marine Vegetation' by ditto. A description of the log and line by myself. 'The Idiosyncrasy of Fellow Passengers' by Cholmondeley, very clever and philosophical. 'A Leaf from my Horary' by self. 'Instructions to Captains of the Passenger Ships, from the Association', by Wortley, very good. 'Lament on the Loss of a Jar' supposed to be by Miss Bishop, by Wortley, very good. These, with some extracts from my scrap book, made a good useful number. This number gave us a fright, as there was nothing ready on (today) Saturday at twelve o'clock, and it was expected at three, on the cuddy table. We all resolved to be more diligent and early next week. The wind has fallen towards the evening to almost a dead calm. The Trade winds and the Tropics have almost left us, or vice versa? Now for a long monotonous sail, with nothing to look forward to on this side of Tristan d'Acunha or Desolation Island.

## **Sunday, October 20th**

Fresh breeze right aft from N.E. Service as usual. During the forenoon a large vessel kept us company about six miles to leeward, steering the same course. As usual we imagined her to be one of our fleet. We lost sight of her in the afternoon. The first albatross appeared today—something like a large gannet—and a Cape hen—a beautiful black, graceful bird, like a large swift. Began an argument with Wortley which lasted all day and at last put me quite out of temper, on the derivation of albatross, I maintaining as it was a black and white bird—'alba' and 'atra' must be a reasonable derivative; he maintaining that 'alba' and some Spanish word like 'trossa' was more reasonable. Searched in books for it, but to no purpose. This, the first day out of the tropics, is clearly cooler, and in the evening we gladly exchange our linen clothes for pea jackets and cloth trousers. Latitude at noon 24.14 S. Steering S.S.E. with port studding sails set. Right on Tristan d'Acunha about seven, the wind coming dead aft, they were setting starboard studding sails, when the wind chopped suddenly round, blowing up fresh with rain; all the small sails were taken in, and in an hour the ship was going to a fresh breeze as high as she could, but on the same course, fortunately, as before. Heavy rain came on at night and continued till late.

## **Monday, October 21st**

After a sound sleep, found on waking that there had been a tremendous row overhead. The wind had suddenly blown up in a squall and almost carried away our topgallant mast. The topmast was found afterwards to be sprung and had to be spliced and fished. No harm done, but the noise and bustle of all hands being called on deck to send down topgallant mast and up again, frightened the women in the steerage dreadfully. Margaret came rushing into our cabin exclaiming that the 'ship was going overboard' and they were all lost. However, I was asleep, and did not hear of anything till the morning. Lat. 25.43 S. Hamilton was careless enough to go up

the rigging with his French book stuck into the shallow pocket of his pea jacket, and let it fall overboard—a most provoking accident, for after going so far on Arnold's system he would almost have to begin over again with another, and nothing can replace the book for excellence, sense of teaching and learning. Today the air is quite brisk and Octoberish—we are glad to wear pea jackets on deck. Today Margaret Ferguson came into my cabin, and in a flurried angry way, asked whether she was bound to attend to Margaret Wilson's children on board the ship, for she got no time to earn anything by flowering with attending to them. She had hardly finished her speech when Margaret W. came in and confronted her, and after some sulky words from M.F. and recrimination from M.W., I told M.F. that I considered that the return she was bound to make to me for having taken her out was to help Margaret Wilson in every way she could. I asked her if this was not common gratitude for what had been done for her, that, only for M. Wilson, she would have been left unprotected and helpless in Ireland, and that she had intreated me to take her when I was quite unwilling to burden myself with so many. She seemed not at all touched, but obstinate and sullen. Margaret declared that she never offers to help her or Robert with the children, and whenever she is asked to do it, she either refuses or does it unwillingly. If she persists in refusing, I can easily punish her by stopping her means of making any money on board, and by withdrawing protection from her when she arrives—but I suspect there are faults on both sides and that at any rate the wound, whatever it is, will soon be healed. Hamilton tells me this evening that it is a false alarm about the loss of the French book—that one of the sailors took it out of his pocket before he went up.

## ***Tuesday, October 22nd***

The weather is very much colder though not much wind, a great deal of motion caused by a heavy swell from the westward. Tacked several times, but can make little or no southing against a southerly wind. No observation for latitude this morning. Several Cape hens about the ship in the course of the day.

## ***Wednesday, October 23rd***

Great hustle this morning getting boxes up from the hold. Got up my linen chest and exchanged for a stock of dirty linen, a set of clean shirts, stockings & etceteras. Shot a Cape hen at the stern with a single gun of Woolcot's. Wind allowing us a S.W. course and blowing steadily and cool. Passengers becoming disinclined to sit on deck. Everything seems quite changed and as if we were beginning a new voyage or a new life. But every one much brisker and more cheerful than during the heat. Latitude at noon 26.45. A ship during the forenoon in sight far to windward. In the evening after prayers (which have been altered from nine to half past seven, with advantage) danced a reel till nine o'clock.

## ***Thursday, October 24th***

The ship still in sight but rather nearer, although not within signal distance. The Captain says he is persuaded it must be one of our fleet. Shooting Cape hens and pigeons all the morning, very few hits made. Got out our stock of blankets and gave them an airing—found them not injured either by cockroaches, damp or sea air. Lat. 28.48 S. The Southern Cross has been observed for the last four or five nights. In brilliance and effulgent beauty it does not come up with my anticipations, but the mild elegance of its appearance, the singular gracefulness of its shape make it indeed a lovely object in these new heavens. The sky of the southern hemisphere seems to my (uninitiated) eyes more thinly sown with stars than the northern. Orion still appears in the number of constellations.

## ***Friday, October 25th***

A light breeze is drawing aft—stun' sails set. The air fresh and sun not too hot. What we would call a fine October day in England. Course S.  $\frac{1}{4}$  E. Lat. 31.45 S. A day more will bring us to the latitude of the Cape. The birds still keeping us company. A woman in the steerage asked to be allowed to try her hand on some of the muslin patterns. Picked up three Wellington papers containing abuse of E. J. Wakefield

Edward Jerningham Wakefield, only son of Edward Gibbon Wakefield.

—the great charge being that of gross immorality with the natives.

## ***Saturday, October 26th***

Motion so violent in the night that I went up about four o'clock to look at the sea, thinking it must be running heavily. Found it blowing a slapping breeze on our quarter—two stun' sails set and going eleven knots! She kept up this pace all day and the reckoning at noon shews her a distance in the last twenty-four hours of

250 miles. No observation for latitude today. As I write the wind increases to a gale. All the passengers below, of course—the steerage ones under hatches. Employed all morning upon the *Cockroach* and finished the 'Story of the *Charlotte Jane*'. A great many Cape pigeons and hens about the ship. Very hard to write in the cabin as everything is rolling about and the deck above is leaking down torrents upon us.

## **Sunday, October 27th**

Wind lulled from evening till morning and left a tremendous swell in the night, which caused the most violent motion we have yet experienced. A beautiful day with pleasant wind right aft. Lat. 35.18 S.—201 miles run. Tomorrow morning we are to sight Tristan d'Acunha and to go ashore if possible. Innumerable flocks of birds about the ship today; besides albatross, Cape pigeon and hens and petrels, there was the silver petrel or whalebird in absolutely countless flocks. From the mizzen head I could see sea covered with them afloat and air filled with them on the wing, thickening the atmosphere like gnats on a summer evening. They are like a small parr or tern, somewhat more elegant in flight—long, slender and graceful wings, and a silver-grey colour of a beautiful hue. Whether they are truly called whalebirds, I do not know, but it would seem they have something to do with whales, for one was seen spouting about a quarter of a mile off before the birds appeared in considerable numbers. Great speculations about Commodore Glasse and his colony on Tristan d'Acunha.

## **Monday, October 28th**

This morning found on awaking that all our hopes of Commodore Glasse's fresh beef, goats, vegetables, &c., were doomed to disappointment. We had made so good a course during the night that we had passed Tristan d'Acunha at five o'clock, when it was visible (thirty-five miles off) for a short time. The breeze is sending us on beautifully—quite a sea running and the sun shining brightly, so that it is positively delicious (as we did all day) to sit at the taffrail and watch the sea birds careering over the stern. An immense number appeared—principally albatrosses and Cape pigeons, and in our anxiety to provide the Doctor with a specimen, we shot at many, with a view to getting them to fall on deck. Some used lines of worsted to entangle them as they flew and one was nearly caught in this way. Latitude today 36.50 S. Longitude 11.32 W.—running S. Easterly. I shall commence herewith to note the longitudes chiefly, as they will shew best our progress. The Captain is in good spirits about our progress and predicts forty days more as our term of imprisonment. After tea, a quiet rubber of whist with the Captain, Mr and Mrs Mountfort.

## **Tuesday, October 29th**

No sleep last night on account of the tremendous rolling of the vessel. From a brief doze I was awakened by a shower composed of the following materials—a can of sperm-oil, a can of spirits of wine, a bottle of ink, a bottle of eau-de-cologne, my watch & a shoe, all of which had been packed, as I thought, securely before I went to bed. Nothing, however, was open but the bottle of eau-de-cologne, and therefore no harm was done. Two or three heavier rolls than ordinary seemed to bring every smashable article on the ship down at once. I could hear boxes, casks & heavy things giving way in every direction and people striking lights and looking timidly after their lives and properties. The gale continued to increase till and after breakfast-time. After breakfast it did some damage to braces and halyards and the top-sails were double reefed, mainsail furled, jib taken in and stay-sail set—in fact all made snug. Wind and rain came in heavy squalls and otherwise, and as I write the motion is almost too great to make more than an attempt successful. However, we are going on our course as straight as we can go—and almost as quick—210 miles since yesterday to the S.E. Lat. 38.20 S., Long. 6.48 W. This, the first day of heavy gales, produces something strange and uncomfortable every hour. Dinner was an awful scramble, plates and dishes falling about, of course, but that was the least. You were as likely to find your neighbour in your plate as your plate in your neighbour's lap, or your lap in your neighbour's, as any other arrangement. Thus, part of my dinner was eaten on the floor and part on the table—you must eat what you can get and for small dishes must exercise the art of harpooning and shooting flying, as potatoes, salt and bread, &c., come swimming past. Very cold and uncomfortable on deck, but the sight of the waves grand.

## **Wednesday, October 30th**

The wind nor motion abated not a whit during the night, and therefore very little sleep. A good deal of rain this morning and bitterly cold. Breakfast and dinner the same scramble as yesterday. The soup is made thick with potatoes and doughnuts and is very good. Single simple dishes are put down by themselves—spare plates, tumblers and everything else on a swing tray; but even so, every time the ship rolls there is a roll down the table. The plates are stopped short by the wooden divisions, but knives and spoons clear them and go on their

course. The wind is not so high (having our topgallant sail set), but it is the heavy swell after the gale of yesterday which does this. Margaret Ferguson, having finished a beautiful embroidered muslin baby's cap, I promised, in the hearing of all the young married couples, to give it as a prize to the first *Charlotte Jane* child. The ladies complain much of weariness caused by being obliged to bend to every motion of the vessel in order to keep their balance. Lat. 38.41 S. Long. 2.10 W. Distance run, 213 miles in a beautiful course.

## **Thursday, October 31st Halloweve**

The wind moderated in the night, or rather the swell abated, and we enjoyed a quiet sleep. Prayers for the first time in the cuddy on account of the cold. Passengers of all grades were admitted there. Practising going on at albatrosses all morning. Latitude at noon 39.11 S., Longitude 0.33 E. East of Greenwich at last! In the evening entertained a select party of twelve in our little den—Vingt-un, musical box as an interlude during supper of bread & jam & sherry & seltzer-water, winding up with a few songs. Present, James and Mrs Fisher and Stephen Fisher, Miss Hooper, Mr and Mrs C. Mountfort, two Bishops and two Miss Bishops, Wortley, Cholmondeley and our (three) selves. Fifteen in all. Very merry, though mirth somewhat damped by the illness of Mr Bowen next door. He has a severe attack of asthma.

## **Friday, November 1st**

A real November day, though it has no right to be so; foggy, wet and cold. The wind got up during the night and we have a repetition of the rolling and discomfort of the beginning of the week. Took out my gun and found it spotted with rust. Employed forenoon cleaning it. Heard at dinner that the Captain had been alarmed by the sight of a waterspout within a hundred yards of the ship. Though he took in as much sail as he could in a hurry, it would (as he said) have ripped the masts out of the ship if it had not fortunately passed out of our tracks. Captain took FitzGerald's two to one in bottles of champagne that we would not cast anchor in Lyttelton harbour within ninety-eight days from Plymouth. Wortley bet me three to one in the same coin that we would not be there in ninety-five days, which I took, as it suits my belief, and I would almost make an even bet about it. Thinking a good deal of home today, which is unusual with me, I suppose because we have so much to look forward to that we have no time to look back. No observation today. Wind W.N.W. and weather colder and colder. Toward night fine with squalls.

## **Saturday, November 2nd**

Very boisterous. Lat. 39.46 S., Long. 9.45 E., 237 miles by log run in the last day. Two days more are to bring us to the Cape. Mrs Horrell got a bad fall on deck, which made her insensible and cut her face. A whale passed the ship within a few yards. Engaged on *Cockroach* No. VII all morning. It contained 'A Paper on Cookery' by FitzGerald, 'On Gardening', No. 6, by Wortley, on 'Albatrosses and Birds' by the Doctor, 'Sheep-farming' by Choimondeley, 'A Defence of the Association on Points Impugned of and Animadverted on in a Former Number', by Fitz., divers pieces of poetry serious and comic—one particularly good by FitzGerald. Read *Sam Slick* all evening. Passengers playing chess, cards, German tactics and other puzzles and reading and working in the cuddy. Many live the evenings in their cabins, and many are now confined to them against their will by colds and other consequences of our sudden burst from hot into cold weather.

## **Sunday, November 3rd**

Our Lat. 40.10 S., Long. 14.26 E. 225 miles run by the slate. Course S.E. Service, the morning Liturgy only performed in the cuddy and Sacrament, which was to have been administered, was postponed. The squalls not so frequent today, but high, and the sea is tempestuous and produced most disagreeable motion. Last night a sausage of concentrated soup, several pounds weight, fell on my nose as I lay in bed, stunning and frightening me not a little.

## **Monday, November 4th**

We are today abreast of the Cape in Latitude 40.57 S., Longitude 19.8 E. Distance run by log 197 miles. Our proximity to the land sensibly influences the temperature of the air, as today it is quite mild and pleasant on deck. Breeze and sea moderate. The 'young men' have had a 'kick up' with the Doctor, for which he stopped their rations; but afterwards, finding himself in the wrong, countermanded his decree. The patience of the bird/catchers at the stern was today rewarded by the capture of a Cape pigeon and a stormy petrel. A line hung out astern with a cork floating at the end, was wielded by the angler to catch the birds as they flew across.

## **Tuesday, November 5th**

A great deal of motion last night, though very calm and therefore the more intolerable. Towards morning the rolling abated, but it had been as violent as on any occasion since our gale. The day is much warmer, reminding us all of our good friends the tropics. Towards the afternoon and evening the wind is fresh and fair, going eight and a half knots. Latitude at noon 41.24 S., Longitude 22.22 E. Distance run 193 miles. The Captain has doubled his bet with FitzGerald, backing the event of our getting in within ninety-eight days from Plymouth. This morning early the sailors on the forecastle harpooned a porpoise which they cut up for food and oil. It weighed about a hundredweight and measured five feet in length. The Doctor very eloquent upon its merit. We caught with the line today another Cape pigeon, but let it go again. The Doctor amusing himself stuffing the other and the stormy petrel. FitzGerald took a good sketch of them. The emigrants made a Guy today and, as usual, made him an instrument of extortion—putting a tin in his hand to collect money on the poop. Made two discoveries the last few days: No. 1: That Harvey, one of the sailors, sailed in the *Hecate* with Coz. Hamilton, of whom he talks as if of some fiend of darkness. No. 2: That our old cook was cook to the *Essex* on her voyage with the 87th. I wish I had known these things before to write them home.

## **Wednesday, November 6th**

A most lovely morning and day, such as in an early summer in England. Almost too hot to sit long in the sun. Amused myself by idling over the stern 'fishing' for birds. A Cape pigeon was caught, but not by me. The albatrosses keep prudently out of the way. The birds at present in sight are the wandering white and the dusky albatrosses, the stormy and the silver petrel or whale bird, the Cape hen or giant petrel, also the ice bird—a large kind of silver petrel almost the size of a Cape hen, with white on the belly. Some consternation excited on deck by the fall of a very heavy block from the mainyard to the deck. It fell on the shoulder of the carpenter within an inch of his skull and within a couple of feet of Hamilton as he was working at the same bench. Andy, who has been suffering from some affection of the heart, is now much better. Every one in good spirits, and the vessel with gentle motion, keeps us so by carrying us on quietly at eight or nine knots. Lat. at noon, 41.24. Long. 26, 155 miles run.

## **Thursday, November 7th**

A fine morning, rather colder. An immense number of Cape pigeons, albatrosses and other birds flying about the stern. It was sometimes very calm, giving us an opportunity to catch them. Accordingly a fine albatross was caught, measuring nine feet from tip to tip. The way to catch an albatross is to procure an ordinary cod hook, rather strong and large, and bind it on, however roughly, to a very stout line (we used the log line). Put a piece of pork rind upon the hook, and about six inches above, tie on a chip of wood about half a foot in length to keep it afloat. When the ship is going slowly through the water, let out the line to a short distance, the Cape pigeons will hover round the attractive chip and perhaps settle in the water beside it. As sure as the Cape pigeons settle the albatrosses will settle too. As soon as you see him hovering and throwing down his legs to alight, which he does in a most ungainly way, slacken away your line so as to float beside him at rest. Give him time and plenty of line and he will pouch it. Then haul him in with a steady pull—it will require three or four hands to pull him up. N.B.—You will never catch one while the bait is in motion, towing after the ship. When Cape pigeons are plentiful astern, a stout fishing rod with a very light line towing a cork (to steady it) will catch by the wings as many as you choose. Latitude today at noon, 42.15 S. Longitude 29.57 E. Distance run by log, 158 miles. At breakfast today gave Wortley two to one that we should be in within 105 days. Forgot to mention among the wonders of the deep today, a school of black whales into which we got about eleven o'clock. They were spouting and rolling sometimes within two or three hundred yards of the ship. Debate at dinner about the word 'prejudice', FitzGerald arguing against me that it of necessity implied opinions gathered from our forefathers. Had no Johnson to refer to. Captain bet a shilling all round with each that they would not spell correctly 'The cobbler's pony went to the saddler's stall to buy a saddle and ate a potato'. Wortley and FitzGerald both lost, though the sentence could hardly be simpler.

## **Friday, November 8th**

A fine day, freshened by temperature and breeze. Lat. 42.28, Long. 32.32 E. Distance run 122½ miles. Hamilton busy making a machine to twist twine. Discovered last night that Mr Barker knows the Scuvens very well. Told me that they were now living at Rouen, and that Johnny S. is house surgeon at University Hospital, trying for an East India Company's surgency, but not likely to get it. The daughters still unmarried!

## ***Saturday, November 9th***

Strong gale increasing all day and very cold. In the afternoon furled mainsail and double-reefed topsails. Lat. 42.55 S., Long. 36.28 E. Engaged all morning upon *Cockroach* No. VIII, which came out rather thin in consequence of the weather.

## ***Sunday, November 10th***

After a stormy night, wind in the morning abated and fore and main studding-sails set. The motion still very violent as the wind is aft, and passengers very crusty in consequence. The Captain laid up with rheumatism and six hands on the sick list, chiefly with 'Cape fever'. At noon Latitude 43.39 S., Longitude (by account) 49.55 E., 204 miles run to the S.E. Service (morning only) without Communion service or sermon. Promised the Captain that the next time the *Charlotte Jane* comes into New Zealand I would engage to supply him with potatoes for his voyage, whenever he was going.

## ***Monday, November 11th***

A stormy night with much disagreeable motion. So anxious about things getting adrift that it is hard to compose myself to sleep. Rumours this morning of an accident having occurred by the going out of the binnacle lights. In the darkness the man at the wheel could see nothing and let the ship come to. Everything was taken aback, but fortunately nothing of consequence was carried away. Not as cold as yesterday. The sun sometimes shining pleasantly enough. At noon Latitude 44.17 S., Longitude 45.24 E. Distance run by log 214 miles S.E. Volunteered for the Chief Mate's night watches for a week—during the sickness of some of the hands.

## ***Tuesday, November 12th***

Kept the middle watch with Wortley and Chas. Bowen from twelve to four, and then summoned Henry and Hamilton, who with Shrimpton and Croasdaile Bowen,

## **THE 'CHARLOTTE JANE' AT SEA'The *Charlotte Jane*—sketched from a boat during sunset in the tropics, on her voyage to the Canterbury Settlement.'—J. E. FitzGerald *Reproduced by permission of the Canterbury Museum***

relieved us. The four hours, though very cold, passed away tolerably quick and comfortable; had good wrappers on and the night was fine. It is worth keeping a watch to feel how much you enjoy a really good sleep after it. Latitude today 44.39 S., Longitude 49.56 E., 187 miles run. We are abreast (a little to the northward) of a small group of islands called Crozier's Islands. The Captain still laid up in his cabin with a bad leg and reported to be very sulky. He thinks we have kept far enough to the southward. Formed today the design of writing a 'Manual for Passengers', to embody my own experience and that of others, especially ladies, on board.

## ***Wednesday, November 13th***

Last night kept watch from eight to twelve p.m. and four to eight a.m. Very cold with occasional snow showers. The morning watch not unpleasant, as there was plenty to do in washing decks and pumping, besides a little trimming of the sails. Rather sleepy, however, all day in consequence. Almost calm. This afternoon a most provoking accident occurred. A beautiful colonist's knife, given to me by Arabella Prescott, slipped from the hen coop on which I had carelessly laid it and a lurch of the vessel carried it overboard. Quite sulky all the evening in consequence, and almost determined not to keep watch tonight; but I am shamed into it by the others. Lat. 44.52 S., Long. 53.11 E. About ninety miles north of Possession Island, one of Crozier's group. A most ridiculous incident occurred early this morning. I had turned in at twelve o'clock and with my brain full of sails and ropes, slept uneasily. About three I got up in an amazing fuss, sat up in my bed to 'haul in the drawer-sheets' in a hurry. What were the drawer/sheets but one of the unfortunate little fig trees, which sat in its pot beside my bed. I hauled in with a vengeance and was only well awake to find I had pulled it out of the pot and covered the place with earth.

## **Thursday, November 14th**

Middle watch last night and very cold. Lat. 45.26 S., Long. 56.14. Calculating this place to be 5,000 miles from Port Lyttelton, an average rate of 150 miles will take us in thirty-two days—ninety-nine days from Plymouth. A stove has been lighted in the cuddy but it is a great nuisance with its smoke and close smell. The cold is really intense and the misery caused by there being no refuge from it is widely spread through cuddy, intermediate and steerage.

## **Friday, November 15th**

Kept the evening and morning watch last night and am beginning to get sick of it, besides that, my eyes do not stand well the exposure. The morning was very stormy and our watch came in for furling mainsail and reefing fore and mizzen topsails. No observation for latitude or longitude but 212 miles are shewn as run by the log—running straight upon Kerguelen's Land—and that to avoid it we must haul to the westward. Course changed from S.E. to S.E.  $\frac{1}{2}$  S.

## **Saturday, November 16th**

After a very wet night rose to receive the jeers of fellow passengers at having 'skulked' the watch. Cold and fine and light breeze. Lat. 46.27, Long. 64.57 E. 167 miles run—an  $\frac{1}{2}$  E. course has taken us out of the way of Desolation Island. Everyone looking restless with the cold. No *Cockroach* today—we having agreed that it was better to discontinue it than serve it up feebly.

## **Sunday, November 17th**

Thick and blowing weather with an uncomfortable cross sea. No good observation for latitude, though in this ticklish place everything depends upon our latitude. By approximation, we place ourselves on the chart in Latitude 47.0, Longitude 69.9—177 miles run in S.E.  $\frac{1}{2}$  S. and S.E. by E. course. Every day's weather proves to the Captain, and is evidence to me, that this very southward course, though it shortens the degrees of longitude, brings us most uncertain weather, besides being bitterly cold. Service today in full, with a long sermon, though there has been perhaps more motion and discomfort than any Sunday since we left Plymouth. Bowen is the only one of the 'afterguard' who has kept to his resolution of keeping a week's night watches. Last night he was aloft, reefing fore and mainsails. The Captain gives us twenty days to be abreast of Bass's Straits, but as we are considerably more than half way there from the Cape and are only thirteen days from thence, there is no reason why we should be so long.

## **Monday, November 18th**

Calm and cold. By our observations we are passed Desolation Island in Latitude 47.18, Longitude 72.43 E. 150 miles run. Ten days will bring us probably abreast of Australia and into warmer weather. A curious accident occurred to me this afternoon. One does not imagine themselves liable on board ship to be tossed by a cow, but nevertheless such was the nature of my accident. I had gone into the cow's house and remained coaxing and petting her on the most affectionate terms—she licking me and pretending to be the best friend possible. But when I climbed upon the partition to get in front of her, while kneeling thereupon with my rear exposed to her face, she, as if sensible of the extreme indignity, ripped up my right leg with everything upon it, including the skin, for about a foot in length. I came down in rags and extreme terror for I thought that my thigh must have been cruelly laid open. But when I got down to my cabin, behold it was only a scratch, and a torn trouser and shirt was the only injury done. Great laughing at me for the accident by the cuddy folk to whom even this absurd accident is a godsend.

## **Tuesday, November 19th**

This battledore and shuttlecock weather still continues, during the night and this morning it has been blowing a gale, harder than we have ever yet experienced, and a foul wind too, from the N.E. and E.S.E. We had to lie to from two a.m. till ten this morning and drifted away back. However our observations place us a degree and a half to the East of yesterday. Lat. 47.52, Long. 74.29 E. The cold today is terrible.

## **Wednesday, November 20th**



Blowing moderately all day with thick Scotch mist. Passengers chiefly in their own cabins. Engaged all morning in trying to fill up crevices through which the water poured last night on my head, so that I had to put up an umbrella towards morning. The cabin is in a most leaky condition—everything is getting spoiled by Wet and no means of drying them. Henry in bed all day with shivering symptoms. He took a Dover's powder and wrapped himself up warm. No observation today, but we are supposed to have made four degrees of easting and to be about in Longitude 79 or thereabouts. Bridger up on deck today for the first time after his face ache, in hearty spirits.

## ***Thursday, November 21st***

Very cold and wind steady. A fall of snow occurred at different times of the day, but for the most part fine. Had a talk with Fawcett, the shepherd, about the management of sheep. Mrs Derry was safely delivered this morning, about four o'clock, of a son and heir, and is doing well. Great calculations at noon about our probable arrival—calculated that at the rate of 164 miles a day, the Captain would win his bet and bring us in in twenty-four days from this latitude. Long. 83.39. Distance 203 miles. Henry today better, but stayed in bed all day eating slops. The wet is not so bad today in our cabin, but that of yesterday has left everything damp and sticky. Half of my bed is unsleepably damp, and the ship rolling sends me uncomfortably squash into it every other minute.

## ***Friday, November 22nd***

The same weather squalls of snow and rain, yet not so very cold. Willy McCormick says 'It's no half cold enough'. I hear his intentions are, as soon as he has gathered £300 or so, to return home by New York. We have made today a slashing run of 230 miles—five degrees and a half. Lat. 48.26 S., Long. 89.12. We got a charcoal stove into the cabin today, which has given it a more wholesome feel. Henry got up at the usual hour and seems quite well.

## ***Saturday, November 23rd***

Cold as usual, no perceptible change in either wind or weather. The Cape pigeons have almost left us—very few to be seen after the ship now. In their stead and in the same numbers, with equal boldness and voracity, appear the bird we have hitherto called the 'ice bird'—grey, with white bellies, somewhat larger than the Cape pigeon. We decided today on the plan for our house, and Andy and Hamilton have set to to make a model of it. Lat. 48.34, Long. 93.12 E. 195 miles S.E. by E., which the variation reduces to E. nearly. In the evening the wind increases to a gale. Everything made snug in consequence of the threatenings of the barometers, which are at hurricane levels. Mrs Derry made application today to have her child named after the Captain—Alexander—to which he graciously gave consent! A rubber of whist in the evening.

## ***Sunday, November 24th***

Our fears of an unquiet night were not realized—we had a tolerably easy voyage during it. Today service in the cuddy and a sermon, in which Mr Kingdon took occasion to allude to the indifferent attendance at daily morning and evening prayers. This is caused, in my opinion, by the length of the church service which indisposes people to submit to constrained attitudes for the time it lasts during the rolling and pitching. Family prayers would have always been preferred and would have been better, if not well attended. Latitude at noon 48.39 S., Longitude 99.10 E. Distance run 208 miles S.E. by E. Calculations are being made closer and closer every day. Some sanguine arithmeticians give us only fifteen days more, and if our next fortnight's run presents the average of this week, we shall at any rate, be near Stewart's Island.

## ***Monday, November 25th***

Fresh breeze with some good pitching, causing to some of the ladies a return of seasickness. Got up from the hold (where they had fallen through an airhole) a book and a prayer book of Hamilton's. Mountfort consults me on family jars. I prescribe a strong dose by way of covenant. Andy and Hamilton all day at work on the model house, which has progressed to the wall plate of the front. Lat. 48.52, Long. 104.22. 208 miles run. Captain's average per day to bring us in in ninety-eight days reduced to 151 miles; mine for ninety-five reduced to 178. Margaret and Willy both in spirits caused by a prospect of 'the wee house'.

## ***Tuesday, November 26th***

Almost calm this morning, continuing with a light wind occasionally during the day. Mountfort brought down a dusky albatross with his gun, and he was secured on deck for the Doctor's purposes. House-building going on gaily; deputations from the steerage arrive momentarily to gaze. I met Andy today escorting a party to see the model in course of building. Forgot to notice before this the birth of a new journal called the *Sea Pie*—resting for support upon a variety of articles, semi-burlesque in style, highly seasoned with not the most amiable personality. It is supposed to emanate almost solely from the brain of the elder Mountfort, though it has the impudence to profess to be the production of 'the Ladies', at which presumption many of the real ladies are most indignant. Latitude today 49.6 S., Longitude 108.29. 160 miles run. Lately round the stove in the middle cabin there have been religious discussions, in which Mr Kingdon and others, but especially Mr K. are, at any rate, neither of low church nor no church principles.

## **Wednesday, November 27th**

Found this morning that the wind had chopped round to the N.E. and E., dead against us. All day we drove to the South with but half a point of easting. Towards evening it came on to blow a whole gale, with snow and intensely, unendurable cold—regular Cape Horn weather. Lat. 49.38 S., Long. 110.39 E. 95 miles run in our true course. Today C. Mountfort put the finishing stroke to his business and is safe.

## **Thursday, November 28th**

The easterly gale blowing as hard and as cold as ever—lying to the whole day and drifting to the N.W.—(pleasant, very!). No observation but our course has been S.W.—what there has been of it.

## **Friday, November 29th**

Wind fell light this morning and, gradually coming round to the N.W. fell calm—so calm, that the birds—albatrosses, &c.—sat under our stern and were caught easily. Five dusky albatrosses (*Diomedea pligmosa*) were caught with hooks. A goodly assembly of passengers on the poop while the sun was out. Took ten to one from the Captain that we would not be in in ninety-five days after all. Our distance, &c., was hushed up, but it appears we have made three degrees in the last three days. The rafters are placed on our model house.

## **Saturday, November 30th**

A cold and cheerless day, rendered more uncomfortable by our feeling that we are not upon our course. The ship barely keeps S.S.E., which, besides taking us out of our straight course, is taking us to more cold—more we can hardly bear now. It is utter misery—what between the cold of the windy deck, the smoke of the stove in the cuddy, and the darkness of our little cabin, we have positively no place to go to. Everyone in their misery and discomfort rendered ill-tempered, is making everyone else ten times more uncomfortable. Lat. 50.58 S., Long. 114 E., very nearly abreast of Cape Leuwin, the first of the great Australian land. The second number of the upstart *Sea Pie* appeared today—miserably bumptious, presuming on its good-natured reception last week, and miserably personal, dealing with disgusting familiarity with jokes on the steward, cook & officers of the ship. Forgot yesterday to record the appearance of two puffins or mackere-cocks, diving and croaking, as if in Strangford Lough. Today other strange birds were seen, which puzzles the Captain, as he says such are never seen at any great distance from land.

## **Sunday, December 1st**

At first the usual fog and cold, with but little wind from E.S.E. After service the fog cleared away, the sun came out over the calm sea and we had a breath of Spring weather. All appeared invigorated by the change of temperature, sudden and unlooked for as it was. Our spirits were further raised by the wind towards evening coming up in gentle puffs—with a promise of more—from N.W., N. and N.E. Yet there is but little as I write at eleven o'clock. Everyone is very low and sulky during this prolonged delay, when our expectations had been strung to the top of our bent. During service a penguin was seen swimming near the ship, which excited the Doctor prodigiously and made us imagine ourselves either near land or ice. Lat. 51.50, Long. 115.20.

## **Monday, December 2nd**

Wind from N.E. barely enabling us to hold our East course, nevertheless we did so all day at from five to seven knots. The house being finished, Andy begins the back premises. Took three to one from Wortley that we

should not be in in 100 days. Mrs Bowen very ill all day. Lat. 51.38 S., Long. 117.27. One of the three remaining partridges died today, leaving two only, one of which is in a precarious state; two of the pheasants are moved to the long boat for change of air.

## **Tuesday, December 3rd**

Fine breeze in the morning keeping us barely on our E. course. At dinner the joyful sound of 'square the yards' was heard—the wind having come abeam, at which point (N.) it continued increasing till evening. We are, therefore, steering our course (E.  $\frac{1}{2}$  S.) easily at nine and a half knots. Everyone rejoicing and lively. Heard today rumours from the steerage of a combination among the emigrants for high wages. A married woman (name not mentioned) has resolved not to hire for less (keep included) than £40 a year! They seem to be a 'bad lot' (with few exceptions) on board this ship—chiefly the off-scourings of the small mechanics of large towns—up to all sorts of meanness and petty pride—knowing too well the arts of separating the interests of employer and employed. They meanly fear a combination of the landowners to reduce wages, instead of trusting to the right feeling of gentlemen and the favour of fortune. Andy speaks very ill of them all—indeed, by the contrast presented, I have reason to be proud of my lot. No observations today, but we place ourselves somewhere in Longitude 122, Latitude 51.30, after a run of 190 miles—thirty-eight miles to a degree. Stuffed a hollow tooth of FitzGerald's with Mr Barnett's stuffing *secundum artem*.

## **Wednesday, December 4th**

Fresh breeze from N.E., lying a good course. At noon got good observations, shewing us to be more to the southward and eastward than we guessed. Lat. 52.28, Long. 128.27, having done six degrees and a half. Steered afterwards E. and N.  $\frac{1}{2}$  N. A rumpus arose today among the emigrants who refused to clean, for divers reasons, which they alleged in divers long stories—the real reason being a jealousy of Allen, one of the constables. Things had nearly got very bad—the Captain had to threaten them with irons and putting out the galley fire, but afterwards, when the state of the case was better understood by the Captain, a misdemeanour was brought home to Allen and he was dismissed from the particular office in which he had given offence. The emigrants then returned to their duty. In the evening I had Robert and Willy and Co. in my cabin and made a proposal to give each couple £30 a year with their food and lodging, to Margaret food and lodging also for any girl to help her with the children. They seemed satisfied and willing to agree, but I let them go without giving me an answer that they might sleep over it. Margaret, I thought, looked a little disappointed—having probably been most awake to the nonsense lately talked about wages in the steerage.

## **Thursday, December 5th**

The smoke in the cuddy began a headache, which ended in a bilious sickness, from which I retired to bed after dinner and slept till evening when I was very sick. Slept badly, wakefulness aggravated to the intelligence (by steward) that the people are very much down in the mouth about my proposal. Am therefore the more glad that I did not close at once with them. Took counsel from Andy, in which he proved the inadequacy of £30 a year—they having left nearly that behind them. He thought they would be content with £35 for McCormicks and £40 for Wilsons. He proved that Margaret was worth double the wages of Jane McCormick. Lat. 52.36 S., Long. 133.26 E.

## **Friday, December 6th**

Stayed in bed (having dosed myself) till after breakfast, and when I got up, Hamilton turned in with the same symptoms-headache and immediate sickness. Others in the ship having similar complaints. A beautiful day with the wind nearly aft! Steering N.E. by E.  $\frac{1}{2}$  E. Latitude at noon 51.30 S., Longitude 138.50, distance run 200 miles, being five degrees of longitude and one of northing. Everyone in great spirits, as a week of this wind will almost take us to our land. The model house nearly finished. No more news about the 'disappointed peoples'.

## **Saturday, December 7th**

Last night was most tempestuous—almost the hardest gale we have yet experienced. All hands up all night reefing topsails, &c. However we went rapidly on all day and made 220 miles. Lat. 50.45, Long. 144.26. Towards evening it blew very hard with rain from N.W., but at the worst it changed to clear sky and wind from W. The temperature much milder. Cape pigeons have left us entirely, and albatrosses and mollymawks are our

only bird companions. Today we are ninety-one days out—three calendar months exactly, having left September 7th. And so with this good date I come to the

## Volume II

### ***On Board the Charlotte Jane Sunday, December 8th, 1850***

A fine morning. Wind from W.N.W. nearly right aft; the temperature on deck beginning to be pleasant. Full service in the cuddy. At noon Latitude 49.45 S., Longitude 149.49 E., 222 miles run. In the evening the wind came right aft with squalls. Mrs Hughes, one of the emigrants, appeared on deck covered with boils—many believe that she has the scurvy. Two or three cases of sickness forward. One man (Hill) in a decline. Fawcett with a bloody flux.

### ***Monday, December 9th***

A beautiful morning with fair wind, but more forward than yesterday (N.N.W.). Having gone ten knots nearly the whole night, we expected a good run. The chart accordingly gave us 230 miles! to the E.N.E.  $\frac{1}{2}$  N. Lat. 48.54 S., Long. 155.27 E. The deck crowded with happy faces—everyone looking cheerful at the near prospect of even *seeing* land. The Captain confidently expects to do so on or about Wednesday at noon, and that we may do it yet in ninetyeight days, which will expire by Sunday at noon. The house rapidly approaches completion and perfection. Yesterday I promised Willy McCormick a sovereign if the 'coo' was adjudged to be in the best condition of all the five coming out.

### ***Tuesday, December 10th***

Arabella's birthday. A lovely day with the wind right aft, going from eight to ten knots. Lat. 48.14 S., Long. 160.20 E. We ran 185 miles only in consequence of delay caused by both topsails (main and fore) having been carried away slightly yesterday, necessitating a shift of fore topsail and some repairing on the main. The Captain is beginning to be nervous about approaching the 'Snares', some rocks lying to the southward of the 'Traps'. A very little error in the numerous calculations required, might throw us upon them—so that he intends to go cautiously. However, to-morrow afternoon we confidently hope to see Stewart's Island. Wind today W. and W.S.W., which would take us up nicely. Yesterday and today the Captain suspected soundings from the colour of the water, but Bridger thinks differently. On the fore topmast crosstrees with Wortley looking out for land or ships, but saw none.

### ***Wednesday, December 11th***

Again a lovely morning, tho' slightly sharpened by the wind, a good earnest of New Zealand weather. Wind about N.W. All eyes on the lookout for land. Mr Bridger reports having seen a sparrowhawk early this morning. The Doctor, on coming on deck, declared he smelt the shore and seaweed. Wortley added 'and bathing boxes'. The cow was heard to low loudly during the night, in fact every sign rife, but the sight still withheld. At noon the Captain's confab' with the Mate was prolonged, and the chart, when it appeared, was not marked with the course—an unprecedented circumstance. There seems to be a difference of thirty miles or more between the position by Chronometer and by the Lunar Distance taken yesterday. If Chronometer be correct, we are only about sixty miles off Stewart's Island and close to the Snares if they exist. On the fore topmast crosstrees with Wortley, straining our eyes to no purpose. Bet the Captain a bottle of wine we should see land before midnight. At noon Latitude 47.27, Longitude 165.30. Distance run about 206 miles. Yesterday I exhibited the model house in the cuddy, where it was the 'cynosure of all eyes'. After dinner to the fore crosstrees again, to be again mocked by imagination and again disappointed. Bowen on the maintop. The poop full. About half past four the Captain got up his glass and looked out anxiously into what he called 'the loom of the land'. The expression was soon in everyone's mouth, and 'looms of land' were soon seen in all directions. At length, at five o'clock, I was looking out more forward than anyone else, and as the vessel canted a little to one side, I called out to the Captain that *there* was land, right beyond the bowsprit. He put up his glass and pronounced it to be so at once. Every one was soon in the mizzen rigging trying to get a peep, and I ran to the forecastle to assure myself and to announce it to those there who might have seen it long before. Excitement was now in everyone's face and gesture. The forecastle was soon crowded by poop passengers, vying and jostling with the emigrants for a peep. Wortley, Bowen & I got up into the crosstrees and waved and shouted with joy as we looked at it from thence

gradually becoming clearer and better defined. The appearance was that of a clump of high hills, divided at half their extent by a deep gap. Soon land was seen indistinctly to the northward of this, and the whole became before evening moulded into one uniform appearance, matching well my anticipations of Stewart's Island. One peak of singular conical form, a true sugar loaf cone, rises, with others less sharp and high, plumb from the lower ground. By eight o'clock, at which it became dusk, or half past nine, when it became dark (moonlight excepted) we were nearly abreast of the land. The Captain, however, as the wind was light and fair, determined to make a run all night between the 'Trap' rocks and Stewart's Island. The moon was bright and the land pretty distinct, so we ran on quietly. By twelve it was quite calm with a ground swell—two lookouts on the fore-castle and a reef in all the topsails. So, being all snug and likely to be abreast of the land all night, I turned in and was called at daylight. We have thus accomplished the voyage *from land to land* in ninety-four days. On Tuesday at twelve o'clock it would be ninety-four days since we left Plymouth, but as we have lost about twelve hours in the course of our voyage, we have a right to add that on, so that the ninety-four days would not be complete till Wednesday at noon. Then, as we saw the last of England six hours (at least) after leaving it, we may calculate the ninety-four days 'from land to land' as ended at six o'clock on Wednesday—we having seen the land at five o'clock on that day. About ten minutes before seeing land, the Captain asked me if I would double the bet about seeing land before midnight, to which I agreed at once, and so gained!

## ***Thursday, December 12th***

At daybreak I was on deck and as the sun rose the land looked lovely. The boys agreed with me it was very like the Isle of Man coast from Castletown to Douglas, only that the low hills and precipitous cliffs along the shore are here densely wooded. Great disputes were rife as to whether the wood was *forest* or not. It seems to me that there are large trees in the interior, far up the hillsides, dwarfed gradually as they approach and line (as they do) the water's edge. No signs of human habitations. Dead leaves and seaweed in great patches drift past the ship. The wind is almost gone at eight o'clock. One specimen of gull has been seen this morning about the ship—the only other birds are the Cape pigeons. This morning they have replaced the cutter on the davits, and the strain has opened a seam which lets the water, as they wash decks, come in streams into the cabin. The only sign of the 'Traps' was breakers about nine miles out to sea—bearing E.S.E. by a very remarkable pillar of rock upon a headland which seems, with another headland opposite, to form the entrance to a harbour. After breakfast the wind came to E.N.E., foul of course—and we stood for a while from land in a thick fog. On the other tack we hoped to weather S.E. Cape, the eastern point of Stewart's Island. Sun and air delicious in quality. Hosts innumerable of Cape pigeons. A bronze pigeon and a seal were seen and remain about the ship. We stood in for Foveaux's Straits till two o'clock, keeping close to the land on the south side. We recognized by the map as we passed them successively—S.E. Cape, Port Adventure & Port Somes, distinguished by the remarkable 'Saddle' Hill overtopping it. From two till four we stood out again, then tacked to the northward and were becalmed, remaining so nearly all night.

## ***Friday, December 13th***

The wind remained hard and fresh to the same foul quarter and we stood out from six a.m. to twelve on a losing tack to the eastward, lying about E. and by S. Land is out of sight and the dreary monotony of sea and sky is again felt, causing now aggravated despair from the short glimpse we had yesterday. No one now imagines that we shall be in port before Sunday evening. However the climate makes up for all disappointment. The day is not as clear as yesterday, but the air is mild and fresh; and when the sun comes out is positively luxurious. We stood on towards shore till five o'clock, and then, when within a couple of miles, tacked and stood off again. The coast, with cliff and forest, was most romantically beautiful—high lands, thickly wooded, undulating in every curve, interspersed with patches of sward of a delicious green. A variety of cavernous indentations marked the cliffs. The sunset behind them was truly magnificent. As we stood off from land, we felt every now and then a puff of a very warm wind, at least ten degrees warmer than the wind which was then blowing. At the same time we saw on shore the smoke of what appeared a huge fire; this might have caused the heat if it had been directly to windward, which it certainly was not. However, there was evidently much heat on and in towards the land, for between us and the hill-line we

## **CABIN PASSENGERS IN THE 'CHARLOTTE JANE'**This was the list used by the office of the Canterbury Association in London.

could distinctly see the 'reverberations' (as I believe they are called) of heat flickering the air. No one seemed able to account for the hot puffs. Lightning was seen in the same direction as evening closed. Wind

about N.N.E. We had not gone far from land when a sail was descried about ten miles to leeward, at first coming up full with square yards, as if she had a leading wind through the straits; afterwards she stood off and on, as if baffled like ourselves. A mad scheme was set on foot for going on shore here and travelling through the bush past Otago territory up to Canterbury. Wortley, Bowen & Cholmondeley the chief instigators. Fortunately we did not stand in near enough to the shore to make it convenient to land them.

## **Saturday, December 14th**

All night we stood on a losing tack off the land, and in the morning watch stood again towards a headland which we hardly hoped to weather. Before we had got in far the wind shifted a little and we at last stood our course, N.N.E., up the land. After an hour or two the wind came more free and at last dead aft. The headland, we discovered by latitude observations, to be Cape Saunders in the Otago Settlement, which discovery, as we had imagined ourselves to be at least 100 miles further to the south, was the greatest possible relief. We looked at the Otago coast with much interest. Smoke from fires here and there on the shore and more inland were the earliest evidences of civilization which our glimpses of New Zealand had yet afforded us. We pronounced them to be the 'clearing' fires of the settlers along the Molyneux, Clutha, Taieri & Otago proper, districts, which we recognized successively by the map as we passed them. The most conspicuous objects from the sea are two bold hills—one the 'Saddle' Hill, the other the 'Green' Hill of the map. They are near one another and stand prominent from the plain. The character of the country, what George Robins would have called 'parklike'. The scenery diversified by hill, dale, wood & level grass. On the whole we were much delighted with its appearance. The emigrants seem enchanted with the appearance of the country—especially Andy. The excursion scheme is totally given up of course. Today I engaged Robert and Margaret Wilson at £40 a year and *novæ tabulæ!* She to do the washing and attendance upon us. At eight o'clock we stand a good N.N.E. course—stun' sails set, and wind from S.W.—but reported at nine to be drawing forward and the scud coming from the N.E. over the moon. No sight of the other ship the whole day.

## **Sunday, December 15th**

When I went on deck there was no sign of land but about ten o'clock the high lands of Banks' Peninsula were discerned in the haze right ahead. Great joy in consequence. We were a long time getting within good view, as the wind was increasingly light. However, by puffs and starts we neared it, but so far to leeward that the whole of the day was lost in beating up from point to point, and at eight o'clock we stood on Akaroa Harbour with the wind at N. The first impression of Canterbury district, in which are reckoned the hills of Banks' Peninsula, were certainly not favourable. High (very high) and irregular hills clothed to appearance with a brown grass, seemed monotonous and scarcely relieved enough by the shadows cast in their undulations. As we grew nearer the shadows in many instances turned out to be groves of trees, a ravine & the side of a hill-top now and then wellwooded. One or two little farm houses we could see nestling near such groves in delightful and picturesque situations. The sward seemed close and well adapted for a sheep run and the country is altogether only adapted for pasturage. Akaroa Harbour is so closely hidden by the projection of its heads as we approached it, that it was a long time before we made it out—but when we did, we saw it at once to be a most enchanting spot and we all vowed to give it a closer visit before long. As we opened up the mouth of it, steering along E.N.E., we saw where the high wooded mountain must descend to the water's edge on one side, and how the perpendicular cliff on the other must charm by contrast. This was at the entrance of the harbour only, and we could only guess what the rest must be which winds inland completely landlocked, for seven miles. It must surely be a bit of Paradise, and must become a Richmond or Killarney some day hence. The emigrants are all arrayed in their cleanest and best, having expected to land this evening. Now it is a doubt whether, if this wind continue, we shall even come to anchor to-morrow. Willy McCormick has brought out the blue swallow-tail and brass buttons, and with white trousers and well-brushed boots, looks divine. Today at service was produced a *Te Deum* intended to be sung at landing; but every one pronounced it hideous—and so it was; for the most part a solo by the schoolmaster with nose obligate accompaniment, it is as unfit to be an expression of our united thanksgiving as *Conte gentil* would be. At dinner we had the champagne which I and the Captain lost to Wortley and FitzGerald—the ninety-eight days, in favour of which we bet, having expired today at noon.

## **Monday, December 16th**

I got up early and went on deck to find that having weathered everything in the night we were gradually approaching *our* side of Banks' Peninsula and in fact standing direct for Port Cooper. The land we passed was most beautifully situated—high and wooded, with glades of grass running up through the forest here and there. We were all enchanted as fresh beauties broke on our view every moment. We passed successively Okain's

Bay, Pigeon Bay, Port Levy and soon entered Port Cooper

The names Port Cooper and Port Levy were given to these two Banks Peninsula harbours about 1828 by Captain William Wiseman, a flax trader employed by the Sydney firm of Cooper and Levy. The Canterbury Association early in 1850 directed that the harbours should be re-named Port Victoria and Port Albert. The Pilgrims, however, found it easier to refer to Lyttelton Harbour than to remember that the town of Lyttelton was on the shores of Port Victoria. None but officials ever referred to Port Levy as Port Albert.

. We stood for about three miles through high brown hills with not a speck of life upon them to be seen. Till at last we saw a line of road, sloping upwards across one of the hills, and soon specks of labourers could be seen working at this road. All our eyes were strained to see if any ships were lying there—we at last saw two, and dire was the consternation, for we imagined we must be the third—beaten by two. A mile more proved to us that one was a ship-of-war, and the other a vessel too small to be one of ours. And so it came to pass—we rounded to, under the stern of the *Fly* corvette and cast anchor behind her. The other was the little *Barbara Gordon* which had left England in May. As we rounded to, we shot past a little point of land, and the town of Lyttelton burst upon our view—like a little village—but nothing more than a village, in snugness, neatness and pretty situation (under a high hill partly wooded). As soon as we came to anchor, a boat with an officer came off from the *Fly* and had an interview with the Captain below. Soon a boat came off from shore, containing the officer of Customst

H. G. Goulard, who took up his appointment as sub-collector of Customs at Lyttelton at the end of 1849.  
, and another with Dampier

C. E. Dampier, a Canterbury land-purchaser who had left England ahead of the First Four Ships, sailing in the *Phoebe Dunbar* in June, 1850.  
and my old schoolfellow Torlesse

C. O. Torlesse, one of the Canterbury Association's surveyors, who had left England in July, 1848, and had been engaged in the exploration and survey of the Canterbury block.

on board. He welcomed me heartily and told me all the news, which was merely that they had lain dead and buried for the last eight or nine months in perfect inaction, without money or anything to do. The road was only half finished and (what I was sorry to hear) there were but few houses or lodgings, either built by the Association or in private hands. Notices had been issued warning people not to build, and this is the consequence. I anticipate complaints of the loudest kind from those of the better class, who seem to have been led to expect shelter of some sort provided for them, and will not be able to get any for love or money. We went ashore with Torlesse and walked up the hill, examining with curiosity every plant, stone & insect. Our hands, and soon our arms, soon became full of specimens. After a toilsome walk, over a path newly cut out, and in some places not finished, we reached the top of the hills, and looked down upon the plains and the sea on the other side. Though the haze partly concealed the view, it was magnificent—a vast level, brown & sandy to appearance but described as rich and fertile land, stretched away to the Snowy Mountains, or rather to a ridge of grassy hills at the foot of the Snowy Mountains—Kaikora and Mount Torlesse, the highest of all, were pointed out and easily seen. The sea washed one side of the plain, and its surface was traced by the lines of several rivers, and dotted with a few clumps of trees—some more than clumps being of good extent—a goodly range of wood lay under the grassy hills before mentioned. I imagine there will not be, on the plains at least, or anywhere but in Port Lyttelton, a scarcity of timber or firewood. We will nearly all choose a good situation for these purposes. We descended by another path to the town, and in our way passed through a small specimen of New Zealand bush. It was but a patch of scrub, but inside the path lay under or through trees, and the beauty of the underwood, the smell of flowers & scented leaves was incomparable. The shrubs were various—some looking like rhododendron—there were also varieties of myrtle, fuchsia and acacia. Few were in flower. The only flowers visible were clematis and convolvulus (white), larger than I had ever seen them in England. Here and there were remains—roots, trunks and branches—of various useful trees whose qualities for dye, medicine and tanning, &c, Torlesse pointed out as we passed along. Wild cabbage and sowthistle were growing plentifully everywhere, and the flowers were hepaticas and perennial (white) flax. Two or three daisies, too, were picked up. The native flax grows everywhere, and so does the anise plant and the tutu—the latter fatal to, and the former most excellent for, cattle. We reached the town in time to be taken on board in the Captain's gig, having "previously looked into several houses, in one of which we were regaled with new milk by a lone woman whose husband left her last year for California. A well, a powder magazine, emigrants' & agents' houses were the only public buildings in the town—rude and simple all. Private houses—a few—two hotels, the Mitre and the Lyttelton Arms, no more than small grogshops with a loft and an outhouse. As we reached the beach, the Governor's

Sir George Grey.

boat came off from the *Fly*. He had come round from the Auckland Islands in her and was going back to Wellington and the North. His private Secretary, Nugent

Captain C. L. Nugent.

, I soon recognized, and introduced ourselves. He spoke very kindly, and in the evening he came on board to visit us and gave us some good advice—among other things to cut *the town* at once and take to the bush. He intends to go home in two years. He gives a poor account of the Auckland Islands for cold and barrenness. We went to dinner on board—but I had such a headache that life for the rest of the day was a burden to me. After dinner a ship was discovered coming in, and lo! it was the *Randolph*. We gave and received three cheers as she came up alongside. The Captain and Wortley went off, but I was too unwell. The news from her was that there had been disagreeables on board of all kinds. A mutiny among the sailors—the Captain having had to warn the cuddy passengers. There was also a rumour of *pistols* among the cabin passengers. Fisher in the evening unrolled a plan of getting a boat to carry all our goods and people round the heads to the Plain near some bush and river, and rough it out there away from the town till the land was portioned out. As this plan agreed with Captain Nugent's advice I agreed to it, and as soon as we can make arrangements, it is to be done.

## **Tuesday, December 17th**

The confusion beginning. About twelve o'clock went on board the *Fly* to present a letter from the Council of Colonists to the Governor, praying for his influence with the Custom House officers to have our baggage, intended for personal use, landed free of duty. The Governor being on board the *Randolph* at prayers, we loitered and gossiped about the deck with the officers who were of the usual stamp in gentleman-like civility and conducted us about the ship. They had just come from the Auckland Islands. The Governor soon came on board with Captain Nugent, and I was introduced to him. He talked with me for a long time, giving advice and his opinion that Canterbury *must* 'go ahead'. His ideas of the duties of the customs were generous enough, but his powers limited—no control over the customs, and he could only volunteer his advice. After talking some time longer we went off. Meantime the *Sir George Seymour* came in and anchored abreast of us. She had sailed on Sunday, the eighth, so that we only beat her in point of time by two hours. Some of the emigrants went ashore today and were put in the barracks—Andy and Caughey among the rest. After luncheon Fisher, Howard, Henry, Hamilton & I went on shore to see about a boat to take our things round. We failed in finding anything to suit us, so we started to climb up the mountain to have a look at the Plains. We missed our direction in climbing and got round the harbour side—from which we had to get to a higher and then away further to the westward before we could get a view of the level behind. At last, after a wearisome struggle, we commanded a view. We passed along the west side of the hill. In our way we came upon a little nest of fertility that was delicious to look at. In a sheltered nook, facing the N.E. by the side of a small wood, a house

This cottage, high up on the slopes of Mount Pleasant, overlooking the plains, appears to have been used by a stock-keeper employed by George Rhodes of Purau, some of whose stock grazed the hills behind Lyttelton.

was built whose situation was well chosen. All round the soil teemed with vegetable productions—wild oats, ripe sowthistle, plantain, groundsel & other plants grew large and strong. There was the track of a running stream hard by, but springs everywhere. I could have wished much to have bought the house and all, just as it stood. It faced the N.E. and the first point of the land where it meets the River Heathcote. Being rather too high upon the hill was its only disadvantage. But I shall certainly have a look at it before the day of sale arrives. We passed on over still fertile land, till we came to the top of the hill which commands the Plain on the N.E. We were tempted to descend—the distance seemed so short. However, we had made a mistake. We had to get down *precipices*, and when we got to the bottom we found the soil very inferior covered at first with thin grass and perennial flax, and then with New Zealand flax and coarser grass, then with fern growing upon a harsh dry soil, then with bulrushes & swamp plants, the soil really bog & spongy swamp. But here and there there were better spots; and in fact the whole of this little tract which formed a sort of bay between the spurs of the hills, was of most irregular quality. This however, we knew to be no specimen of the soil of the Plains, as we saw easily from the hill the difference of its appearance. We came to the river after a long trudge, occasionally refreshing ourselves with the delicious honey of the flax flower which was distilled in abundance from every blossom; we merely put our mouths to every flower as it stood up along the stalk like the coronet of a tiger lily, but of a crimson colour. This flax flower must be of incalculable value to weary travellers on these weary Plains.

## **Saturday, December 21st**

The shortest day in England, the longest in New Zealand! How difficult as yet to realize this! I broke off in the middle of Tuesday's journal from excessive weariness at the close of my day's march. Events have succeeded one another ever since with such rapidity and worry that I despair of describing them properly. My impressions of Tuesday were very mixed. On Wednesday I went early ashore to look about me and see what was to be done to get shelter. I hunted out Torlesse, and I trusted him for the afternoon for a trip across the



Plains to Deans's farm

William and John Deans had been in occupation of their farm on the plains at Riccarton since February, 1843. William Deans, who arrived at Wellington by the *Aurora* in January, 1840, was one of the most enterprising of the Wellington settlers. His choice of Riccarton as the site of his farm was made after exploration of the Manawatu, of Taranaki, of the Wairarapa Lake, and the east coast of the South Island. The success of the Deans brothers' farm was an important factor determining the choice of the plains as the site of the Canterbury settlement.

and to see the state of things at Christchurch, and the pros and cons of going at once to the Plains as Fisher and I had agreed. We started at two—Henry, I and Willy McCormick. A very tedious walk over the hills and across the Plains, a greater distance than the wood appeared to be beside which Deans's house was situated, brought us about six o'clock to the Surveyor's house—a grass-built cottage beside the wood. While dinner was preparing Torlesse and I and Henry took a bath in the river which flowed past the door. The water was cool and clear as crystal—most delicious to taste. I never enjoyed a bathe so much, for I think I had never been so weary and hot and thirsty. We soon got dinner (mutton chops, potatoes & tea) and I had leisure to examine the house. It was composed of uprights and framework of poles of different thickness, tied together with flax. The room was hung round with saddles, bridles & 'gear' of every kind—guns, knives, a few books & beds all round the room on a sort of shelf. The two other inmates soon arrived on horseback from Lyttelton and joined our party. Their names were Cass and Boys

T. Cass, later Chief Surveyor of Canterbury. J. C. Boys, like Cass, had earlier been engaged in the surveys of the New Zealand Company.

, both gentlemanly men and hospitality itself. In Boys, Henry found an old surveyor of the Ballymena line. After dinner I got one of the beds and Henry a hammock, and we might have slept well but for the mosquitoes which hummed about our ears and made us wretched, some with the actual pain of their bites and some with a similar fear. However I soon dropt asleep and awoke unbiten. Another bathe in the morning—another breakfast of mutton chops, wild ham and tea being despatched—we took a turn in Deans's farm, where we found Wortley, Fisher & Mr Howard had been hospitably entertained all night. His garden and farm were most luxuriant—especially his apple and peach trees—peas, potatoes, cabbages, lettuces, all growing in profusion; potatoes and corn one saw finer than ever Willy McCormick had seen them in England. On the whole, though not enthusiastic myself, I was much pleased as I saw what was to be done with the land and what it could do. But still, the uncultivable land about seemed dry and covered with fern, while I suspected that this fertile land was merely cleared bush. Deans's house is in a pretty situation at the sloping bank of the river, and when planted and decorated with lawn and shrubbery, will be a lovely place. We then went to the site of Christchurch, four miles off, over a well-beaten cart track. Here, besides the clear-flowing river, a solitary house full of baggage carelessly heaped up, and unoccupied, a stack of sawn timber and one boat, there was no sign of town or city. Possibly, generations hence, when this description may be dug out from the family records, people will wonder at a different state of things. At eleven o'clock we commenced a most tedious march across the Plains, and across the hills to Lyttelton. We took a circuitous path, and I was wearied to death, and many times before reaching the town lay down to sleep regardless of the consequences of doing so unsheltered from a burning sun. There was a great scarcity of water on the path and we in our thirst were sorely tried. However, at last we reached Lyttelton. But I confess there was much disappointment upon my mind at seeing the state of affairs—principally at seeing the difficulty of getting up to Christchurch and of locating there comfortably. I had agreed with a man to take my baggage at thirty-five shillings per ton up there, but during the night I bethought me that it was better to go ashore and put up some sort of shelter and wait until prices of carriage round to Christchurch were more reasonable, than to comply with them too rashly. So I countermanded the boat and determined to go ashore at once.

Thursday, 19th December was spent in this way. I had quite forgotten on Wednesday it was my birthday—*aetat* twenty-five.

Friday, December 20th, was spent in attending a meeting of Colonists to gain opinions about proceeding to an immediate selection. The meeting was held and passed off satisfactorily, but I lost the greater part doing nothing.

Saturday, December 21st. I determined to commence a house for myself, and having chosen a site, Robert, Willy & all of us set to work with spades and pick-axe. I bought a little timber and we had done a good deal by nightfall. It was fearfully hot.

## ***Sunday, December 22nd***

A most lovely day—warm yet fresh, such as I never felt in England. The heat here, however strong, is certainly not so relaxing as at home. Service was performed on shore, but I was tempted, for quietness sake, to

remain on board, where the Captain performed service. The Psalm for the day was most appropriate to our first Sunday in New Zealand. After service, Wortley and I went in his little boat across the harbour to Pulo Bay

Purau Bay, in Lyttelton Harbour. This bay was occupied as a sheep and cattle station from May, 1843, by the Greenwood brothers, who in May, 1848, sold their interest in it to W. B. Rhodes. When the Pilgrims arrived Purau was managed by the brothers, Robert Heaton Rhodes and George Rhodes.

, a beautiful little land-locked inlet. There was a little level land at the upper end, but all round were high and wall-shaped hills, forming beautiful sites for houses of the villa kind as will start up some day yet. We landed and found the beach strewn with oysters, mussels and cockles. The oysters were sticking fast to the large stones. We gathered about a couple of dozen in five minutes and might easily have loaded the boat with them. We then beached the boat higher up, close by a Maori village, and walked up the hill to Mr Rhodes' station. He was away but his man entertained us with bread, milk & mutton. We walked over his garden, which was luxurious and full of vegetables and fruit trees—everything thriving—Indian corn and tobacco were doing well. The man informed me that they use their dairy chiefly for making cheese. It was very hot—too much sheltered from wind and exposed to the sun. We reached our boat, having been assisted by the Maoris, who came trooping out of their pah

Pa, properly a fortified Maori village, but loosely used to describe any Maori village. to do us honour. They had done us a real service, for as we had tied our boat, the tide had come in upon it, lifted it, and thumped it against the shore stones. They saw it bumping, unfastened it and anchored it in the sand safely. We had left a few odd things in the boat besides the paddles and rudder, but nothing was lost. The pah and the people were shockingly ugly and dirty but these traits of honesty and good nature gave me a most favourable impression of their character. Back to the ship at six o'clock. The Captain nervous about his sailors, who had leave ashore, taking leave of indefinite absence: but so it came to pass, they all came safe off. The first party for the Plains, consisting of the Bowens, the Barkers, the Mountforts & the Fishers, are to start to-morrow. The cow was landed safe yesterday in her house, and safely housed in a yard where she is to be fed upon cut grass, hay, &c., till she is able to run on the hills.

## **Monday, December 23rd**

Began hard at work at the sod house, excavating a site, digging sods, carrying timber, &c. I help but am not able for much. Hamilton is the most useful. Determined to commence work in the cool of the early morning, I slept ashore in a tent of Cholmondeley's—Hamilton and I together, wrapped in a blanket. We got a quart of milk (cost fourpence) and a sixpenny loaf for tea, and the remainder of the loaf did me, with another quart of milk, for breakfast. The night was unpleasant enough, though we slept the sleep of the weary. The wind came in heavy gusts and threatened the tent, and the dust came in most annoyingly into every crevice of our dress and person. The great nuisance of the town is the dust, and you cannot escape it even with windows shut, the sand of which it is composed is so fine. Wortley began today to put up a wooden house which he has bought in frame. Caughey and Turnbull are engaged upon the job.

## **Tuesday, December 24th**

The first thing I did this morning before Christmas Day, was what would surprise people at home to be told—to bathe at half past five in the morning. We roused up from our tent-sleep at half past four, and began work vigorously excavating and sodding—then bathe—then sixpenny loaf—and then work again. The men came early and we worked hard all day and got the four walls nearly level to the proper height. News came that the provision was to be stopped at once for cuddy and steerage, so I engaged a lodging for the people on shore, and began arrangements with the Captain for provisioning ourselves, so that we might have board and lodging on the ship at ease. Fisher set off for the Plains today in the boat he bought from Torlesse, but was driven on shore down the bay, and had to put back after landing half his goods on the naked surfy beach. He is awfully down in the mouth about it. Mr Barker sent his first load this morning and goes forward to Christchurch to meet it.

## **Wednesday, December 25th. Christmas Day**

The Doctor came in in the early morning from the Plains, very much crestfallen, now wishing to go to Akaroa—but as his things have already gone to Christchurch, it must be *vestigia nulla retrorsum*. The Mountforts have given up their idea of going, and are going to erect a tarpaulin hut on shore at Lyttelton. Spent a quiet morning on board, and thought of course a good deal of home. At two o'clock I dined by invitation with Mr Godley

John Robert Godley, Resident Agent of the Canterbury Association. Godley was the driving force of the Canterbury Association, and with Edward Gibbon Wakefield worked out the details of its plan as a Church of

England settlement. His personal influence induced many of his friends to support the scheme, and some of them became colonists. For the first two years of Canterbury, until representative institutions were granted by the Government, Godley was the administrator of the settlement. He left for England in December, 1852.

. Roast turkey and potatoes, green peas(!), roast beef and plum pudding—all so much of the best and so different from what I have been accustomed to for the last three months, and from what I look forward to for as much more, that I could hardly believe that it was not a Barmecide's feast after all. We went after dinner to Quail Island

This island was named by Captain W. Mein Smith in October, 1842, when native quail were abundant on it. Captain Thomas called it Gleig's Island, after the Rev. G. R. Gleig, a member of the management committee of the Canterbury Association. It contains about 180 acres, and is a mile long and about half a mile wide.—the island in the harbour. I did not go over it, but those who did admired the richness of the grass. Back to tea with Mr Godley, and the piano was put in requisition by Mrs FitzGerald. A pleasant, civilized evening dinner party: Mr and Mrs FitzGerald, Mrs Tancred, Torlesse, and Mr and Mrs Godley. She is an exceedingly nice person, very pretty and a good specimen and example to lady colonists.

## ***Thursday, December 26th***

Again early at work upon the house. Tents, huts & temporary buildings—from the palatial frame house to the sodded tarpaulin—springing up all round. After we had sawn up some heavy scantling into rafters, we got Andy for a couple of hours; he sat on the wall-plate level and put us in the way of setting on the rafters, so that by the evening we had a good deal of the roof up. The house takes more timber than I expected. The choosing of the sections goes on merrily—ten have already chosen the best sections. The Lyttelton Arms on the beach is the scene of numerous disorders. Today a prize fight was taking place in open day—men stripped to the waist and bloody were not an agreeable sight for the pink bonnets and green parasols. This morning I put the people into their lodgings and left them feasting on boiled mutton and potatoes—much better one than we had, for a quart of milk and a sixpenny loaf did us well. We ate it heartily on the iron box. Cholmondeley has got cooking apparatus under weigh, dining on rashers and boiled potatoes.

## ***Friday, December 27th***

A cooler day. Wind N.W. and blowing up the harbour with a pretty heavy sea. Went on shore in the cutter with Bob and his kennel, and found the roof half finished; Hamilton and the man hard at work since an early hour. The *Cressy* came in about noon, having had a pleasant voyage. A dreadful event had occurred on board. The manager of the bank—Mr Gale, soon after sailing had shewn symptoms of insanity and in the tropics became quite mad. He had, during the voyage, attempted to strangle his wife, and throughout required the attendance of some one in his room. His wife I saw when I went on board—a pretty, graceful person, much worn with anxiety but clear-headed and resolute. She had been married only a week before they left England—now on a foreign, and not only a foreign but an almost desolate shore, without a friend; worse than a widow. God help her! and teach us to be thankful that we have been spared the many miseries to which we are liable.

## ***Saturday, December 28th***

A fine day, as usual, light wind but not as hot as the last week. Wind still blowing up the harbour. Went ashore after breakfast and found the roofing of the house finished. Left Henry on board to pack up and send off the trunks from the cabin, which he accordingly did in the afternoon. We got the large barrel of meal and all the other boxes up in four loads. They ranged alongside the wall and made the house appear quite furnished. Its only fault will be dustiness. I bought twenty yards of calico for the lining of the walls over the sods to keep all clean. A good deal of business work about the bank and the politics of the Colony. Mr Godley communicated with the Council his opinions about the expenditure of the funds, to which the Council graciously acceded and promised to report upon at a public meeting. Was rather appalled this morning to hear that Mr Brittan's cow had been killed by a fall over the cliffs. He had entrusted her to the guidance of his own man who did not know the hills, and he, forgetting her, left her to her own legs Which, weakened by the voyage, must have been too feeble to carry her. Soon after I heard this I saw Novice browsing on the hillside, and in the panic sent Willy to fetch her into the yard, so as to keep her secure from danger.

## ***Sunday, December 29th***

Went ashore to church in the Store; Mr Puckle preached. After service took a walk with E. J. Wakefield and

HtzGerald to Sumner. We went along the new line of road

The Canterbury Association's lack of funds prevented the completion of this road round the cliffs to Sumner. Without it there was no road access between port and plains, the only way over the hills being the Bridle Path to the Heathcote, a rough and steep track at first barely passable for horsemen.

meeting with innumerable obstacles—rocks, cliffs and gullies—which would seem impracticable to uninitiated eyes. Many places were actually dangerous to climb along, and old Mr Townsend, who set out with us, was obliged to turn back before he had got 300 yards. W., F. and I struck on to Sumner where we got an excellent luncheon of mutton chops, ale & cheese. We returned along the foot of the hills and the course of the river. The bar was in its fury and the breakers and surf were tremendous enough; but boats do cross it, for we found a quantity of goods safely landed inside of it, ready to proceed up to Christchurch. On the way we inspected the site of Sumner as a choice for Felix Wakefield's

A brother of Edward Gibbon Wakefield, Felix was a surveyor and engineer and had farmed in Tasmania. He was in charge of land sales for the Association and came to N.Z. on the *Sir George Pollock* in 1851. He drew the second rural land ballot and chose 100 acres on 'Sumner Bay'.

No. 2, and approved of it. We also visited two very spacious and remarkable caves in the cliffs. Back to supper and bed on board the ship.

## ***Monday, December 30th***

Last night was the last on board the ship and early this morning I was hard at work unfastening everything in the cabin—beds, bedding & furniture. We succeeded in getting enough on shore to make ourselves comfortable for the night. The cot was brought up and placed in its proper position in the new house, and this, the first night, promises to be as comfortable as any other.

## ***Tuesday, December 31st***

A busy day with getting boxes up, pitching our little tent and putting household affairs into some order. Henry went on boards to get the 1001 etceteras of the cabin and brought them safely up. The drawers and bookcase sit very well together, the case of the former being a capital shelf or cupboard for cups and stores. Henry got his bed in and for the first time we all slept under the same roof.

## ***Wednesday, January 1st, 1851. New Year's Day***

Our first bit of marketing. Bought a neck of mutton, five and a half pounds for two shillings and one penny, which just did us all for dinner. Bought also a mat of new potatoes from a Maori. These folk are very hard to deal with, as they ask exorbitant prices and don't understand being beaten down in English so that one is forced to walk away in despair. They have pigs, peas, potatoes & poultry for sale and plenty of buyers if they would only ask reasonable prices.

## ***Thursday, January 2nd***

A schooner came in today laden with potatoes chiefly, from Wellington. Four small craft are now lying in the harbour. Potatoes in the town selling at seven shillings per hundredweight, flour twenty-five to thirty shillings per ton, mutton fivepence per pound, beef fourpence-halfpenny. Henry set off in the afternoon with Wortley on an expedition up the harbour—Hamilton engaged with the men hauling the cowbox up the hill behind the house and converting it into a privy, which purpose it fills admirably. A Mr Ellis made proposals today to lease my section at Christchurch or half of it. I offered the half of it (a quarter acre) to him for £20 a year, and as yet have got no answer. A Mr Bayfield, a druggist, has offered for one of Willock's sections. Tomorrow Mr Godley has promised me a mount to the Plains.

## ***Friday, January 3rd***

Rode with Mr Godley over the hill to the Plains. Went first to Christchurch, where there are about four huts, three tents and a hovel or two—with about twenty-five persons in all. Mr Phillips's two tents and Mr Willock's, the Association Store, and the Surveyor's hut are the principal buildings upon what may be some time a great city. We dined on salt pork, bread & tea in the Surveyor's house. We afterwards went on to the Town Belt

This appears to be the Government Domain, now Hagley Park.

and Riccarton. At the former, several Colonists were engaged in putting up temporary dwellings. Back to

Lyttelton at full gallop across the Plains. Over the hill above the town there were some 'bad bits' where we had to get down and lead our horses. On returning we found the Bishop's

The Bishop of New Zealand, the Rt Rev. George Augustus Selwyn, who arrived in New Zealand in April 1842. His schooner was the *Undine*, which the Bishop navigated himself on trips round his huge diocese. The schooner arrived. Mr Godley went immediately on board. Henry had boarded her with Mr Wakefield before she came to anchor and shook hands with his Lordship. Today I agreed with young Fitch to let him half my section at Christchurch for £10 a year for three years. The W.C. is finished, and is a first rate job.

## **Saturday, January 4th**

Rain in the night and the house let a few drops in but no harm done. Stirabout, oaten bread & tea for breakfast. The hens have not yet settled sufficiently to be able to lay but are beginning to domesticate themselves about the house and with the cat they make the place seem very cosy. We bought a bag of potatoes, about one and a quarter hundredweight, for five shillings and sixpence, the best I ever tasted. Beefsteaks and pickles made up a delicious dinner. Margaret washing a few things for Sunday, but she is sorely off for conveniences, such as an ironing table and clothes horse. Robert made a mat for the door out of the long thick grass of the place. After dinner, which was ordered at half past twelve, we went up to Rhodes' station at the back of Mount Pleasant

Mount Pleasant.

to inspect it again. But the place did not look half so well as it did before, and the soil not uniformly good, being pretty full of rocks and uneven ground. So we decided against having anything to do with it, and are once more set for the Plains, with the million. When we returned we found the Bishop of New Zealand going the rounds of the huts and tents. He had paid the house a visit before he saw us, and when he saw me afterwards he complimented us on the superior neatness and comfort of our abode. He also enlarged on the advantage of coming out in triplicate, like ourselves, and saying that it was the only way to make ourselves independent of labourers. He has a highly intellectual face and kind manner. He talked familiarly with everyone, and walked about with a whole staff of clergy, dressed in his Bishop's hat, apron & knee breeches. His yacht the *Undine* in the harbour is an elegant little craft. This evening Brittan and I had a conference on bank matters. We engaged Mr Longden, who has had banking experience in Coutts', to undertake the management for the present, and we propose to commence operations on Wednesday.

## **Sunday, January 5th**

Fine day and hot in the morning. Wind N.E. About noon came clouds from the hills and rain—but cleared soon after Service at half past ten in the Store. The Bishop preached an impressive sermon in allusion to our condition. 'Melchisedec brought forth bread and wine, etc' A slight comparison or analogy between our position and that of Abraham and Lot, 'the first Christian emigrants'. Dined on board the *Charlotte Jane* at six o'clock. About four o'clock this afternoon the *Sir George Seymour's* boat, by mismanagement, capsized and upset all into the water, including Mr and Mrs Watts Russell, who were going off to their ship. Strange to say she could swim, while he could not, and she supported him in the water until they were both saved by the boat of the *Charlotte Jane*.

## **Monday, January 6th. Twelfth Day**

We gave the Captain an entertainment in Cholmondeley's shed, a sort of picnic, each contributing what he could to the cookery. It was but a motley assemblage of glass, china & cutlery to be sure, but the viands were good—a fine roast rump of beef and good mutton cutlets, a good show of vegetables—potatoes boiled and fried, beans, peas, young carrots, stewed onions & lettuces. All went off quietly and well—eight of a party, no toasts or nonsense. This was in honour of the Captain's last day in the harbour; he sails for Sydney to-morrow early. I sat down after dinner and wrote off a long letter to Jemmy, telling him about the place, and recommending people to come to it in about two years. Afterwards went up to FitzGerald's house and saw his cow lying dying of the 'toot' poison—she was far gone and had been dying the whole day, groaning as if in great pain. Fawcett and Henry had been busy drenching and clystering her, but she is clearly doomed. Found FitzGerald in his mud house and earthen floor with a splendid silver teapot and service laid out. They said it was the only one they had. The Captain bade FitzGerald goodbye. Wortley and I went on board to sleep and see him off. We took our blankets and lay on the cuddy floor.

## **Tuesday, January 7th**

At four o'clock they began to heave at the anchor with every variety of song. About six they got under weigh with some little trouble and stood down the bay. We went about two miles and then left them, they giving us three cheers as we left the ship, and we returning it. I felt quite melancholy as I saw her stand away. She seemed the last link between us and home, broken, taken away, and leaving us in loneliness. In the afternoon a tedious meeting of land purchasers choosing a new council. The Bishop addressed the Colonists with feeling. He left Lyttelton in the evening in his yacht, promising to return in three weeks. Today men occupied in setting up a tarpaulin shed for the trunks, and cleaning up our stock of mouldy shoes and boots. Robert making a table. FitzGerald's cow died in the night.

## ***Wednesday, January 8th***

Making preparations for a start for the Plains, all morning unpacking knapsacks and laying out provisions. At four o'clock we started in the following order—Henry and I and Willy McCormick, Wortley & Turnbull. I carried a light knapsack with two pair of drawers, extra woollen socks and a bag of tea and sugar, a belt round my waist and strung upon it a tin mug, a small tea kettle & a small gridiron. Henry carried a tin in his belt and a tin wallet holding powder and shot, tobacco and cigars and some oaten bread. Wortley carried a waterproof pouch by way of blanket, strapped knapsack fashion, and a belt and tin. Willy had three blankets on his back and carried a gun. Turnbull had Wortley's knapsack filled with divers things. We took the cool of the evening and arrived at the Surveyor's house at Riccarton at about eight o'clock. I had to call at Christchurch to send Mr Phillips in to Lyttelton on bank business, which required either him or me to be there tomorrow. To my vexation he could not come, so I was obliged to stop my journey and go back. We all slept in the Surveyor's house on our blankets and quite free from mosquitoes.

## ***Thursday, January 9th***

Rose at half past four, got away at five and had a pleasant walk into Lyttelton, arriving there at half past eight. Found that they had been building a cook-house and chimney outside the house. Ham had been out the evening before and shot six brace of oyster-catchers, which we cooked with potatoes for dinner—they tasted something like curlew. Mr Petre

The Hon. H. W. Petre, Secretary for the Province of New Munster which included Wellington and all the South Island.

and Judge Chapman came up to see us and got talking for some time. In the afternoon did the business which brought me back, which was only signing my name to a letter sent from the local directors to the manager of the bank at Wellington. At five set off again and reached Riccarton at half past eight. Got a pleasant tea and did not feel the least tired. Slept in our blankets as the night before. Henry and Wortley had been to Christchurch and laid in a supply of flour, tea & sugar, as we resolved to extend our tour. I had brought more tea, some bacon, a pot of chocolate and four farls of oaten bread from Lyttelton. So we were well supplied. The flour was cooked into damper and some salt pork was boiled ready for the morrow. A Maori, rejoicing in the name of Waipapa (pronounced Wipoppo) was to be our guide.

## ***Friday, January 10th***

Started after breakfast about eight on our way to the survey of the Plains. Our route being advised to us by Mr Cass, the Surveyor—by Kiapoi

Kiapoi, Rangiola and Waimakaridi are spellings common among early settlers for the modern Kaiapoi, Rangiora and Waimakariri. One spelling for Waimakariri was 'Why McReedy'—correct in pronunciation if in nothing else. It is interesting to note that the author sometimes uses the modern form, as in his entry for January 27th, 'Rangiola, or Rangiora, as it is more properly called.'

to Rangiola, on to Captain Mitchell's

Captain W. M. Mitchell, joint discoverer in May, 1850, of an overland route from Nelson to Canterbury, in August of that year placed cattle on a run at Mount Grey, just north of the Ashley River. Leaving the station in charge of a stockman, he returned to duty with the army in India, and died there in the following year.

station to Mr Brown's station at Double Corner

C. Hunter Brown took up a run north of Mitchell's late in 1850. He does not appear to have had stock on it until the end of the year.

, back to Mitchell's, on to Oxford, from thence to the Malvern Hills and back to Deans's. We arrived after two hours and a half easy walking at the banks of the Waimakaridi and found there Mr Boys, one of the Surveyors, encamped. Here we made some tea and ate damper and lay to rest three hours, as it was only three miles further to Kaiapoi. Here I write this on my knapsack, just as we are starting. Our heads full of the

accounts given us of Rangiora and resolves to settle there. We left the Waimakariri at two o'clock for Kaiapoi, and found the way the longest three miles I ever walked, chiefly over sand hills, which made walking grievous. The land we passed through the whole way from Deans's was poor compared with that on the Lyttelton side. Willy did not like it at all. At the next place we met the river we found a ferry and hailed the boatman, whose name was Tinui—a jolly fat waterman, though he could not speak a word of English. We paid a shilling a man for being ferried over two branches of the river which lay in our way. At the first was a large canoe which held us all, the second only took two at a time. Along the river, then to Kaiapoi. There we asked for the Surveyor's house; but seeing it full of natives, with dogs and children, were not tempted to go in. Two or three old women, two young and good-looking, and one very ugly one, who was the Queen. She asked at once for money but when we told her 'No got', she was contented with tobacco. We boiled our kettle in the house and made some tea, broiled a curlew and a quail, and made a tolerably good meal considering. After tea Teou, one of the chiefs of the place, took us over his garden—where were Indian corn, beautiful potatoes, cabbage & melons, giving good earnest of what might be done by white man on the same ground. Teou then, after politely shewing us our way back to the house, took his leave. Soon after Te-aik, the other chief, appeared *after his day's work* with Mr Boys at the road. To such a pass has Chieftainship come! It was very amusing to sit and talk with the natives. The ladies caught my name 'Mitta Ward', and struck up an extemporary song, in which I have reason to think I was honourably mentioned. After they had done, I asked one of their names, and struck up with Wortley and Henry 'She's a right good fellow' introducing her name audibly, and made them laugh much. On the whole we were very hospitably received and greatly amused with our introduction to the Maoris. Waipapa, after tea, got a tent pitched for us on the sandhills, away from the wood and the stream, where we hope to cheat the mosquitoes. We kindled a fire and sat round enjoying the novelty of our situation. Turned in at nine o'clock.

## **Saturday, January 11th**

Whether it was the strong tea (to which I impute it), or mosquitoes in earnest, which everyone else blames with right good will, there was not three hours sleep got amongst all five of us. I certainly heard the hum of the infernal tormentors, but was not actually bitten, and was kept awake, if not by them, by the fear of them alone. Towards morning heavy rain fell and we all got some sleep. We got up at six and bathed in the river, tormented there by sand flies. On closely inspecting the inside of the tent, the walls were seen black with mosquitoes, to my agreeable surprise, for I imagined them at least as large as cockroaches. Now I have seen them to be no larger and not more troublesome than English gnats, I don't think I shall fear them again. But 'he jests at scars that never felt a wound'. We cooked up a pigeon that we shot in the Kaiapoi wood, with some bacon, and made an excellent breakfast on tea, damper & pigeon. On with knap' sacks and bags afterwards and struck through the Tuavevi

Tuahiwi, a Maori reserve which in 1850 included about 500 acres of forest.

woods for Rangiora. The beauty of a New Zealand forest has to be seen only to enchant. I suppose it is the underwood of luxuriant shrubs that ornaments it to the English eye, but I think nothing on earth can exceed it. Sweet smells of flowers, the sweetest songs of birds, and the novelty of the whole seemed like fairyland. Passing through the wood, we came out on splendid grass land, through which the path lay the whole way to Rangiora, about eight miles. We entered Rangiora wood in a spot which Oberon and Titania would have preferred to Shakespeare's forest for a *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Here we had our noonday camp, and most unfairylike, smoked our cigars and drank some weak grog. Being disappointed in not finding the river of which we were in search, on this side of the wood, we altered our plans of going on to Captain Mitchell's station, determined to explore all round the wood and camp at the Ashley to-night. The good land and the river were, we were told, on the N.W. side of the wood, whereas our camp in the wood opened towards N. and N. ½ W. The chorus of the birds among the trees is exquisite, particularly the tui and some inferior ones which we cannot see. We shot two pigeons for the pot, Bob retrieved them gallantly. We are determined, if our ideas of the river and land about it are equal to our expectations, to fix here, if not to take frontage of the Ashley, two miles off, so as to be near this. We left the wood at two and made in the direction of the river. After twenty minutes walk we came to it, a small, clear-flowing stream near its source. We traced it down parallel at about half a mile with one side of the wood. To any one choosing in this part there will be some excellent choices. When we got to the end, heavy rain came on, and we did not know what to do. After some deliberation we trudged back, getting very wet, to our noon retreat, where we soon laid along a pile of rough sawn timber against a heap of the same, and made a capital pent house, strewing the bottom with toi-toi. But we were very wet—wet through, and it needed a little grog and a good deal of tea and damper to put us in good spirits. We easily made a blazing fire and dried ourselves all standing, but I rather fear for the consequences. Willy's feet are swelled, and all are rather in poor case; but if fine weather has not quite left us we may yet do well. We hope to make for Captain Mitchell's tomorrow.

## ***Sunday, January 12th***

Fortunately no rain came in the night, but mosquitoes did in millions. I was bitten from top to toe without any means of resistance. The blanket was too small and I could not quite cover myself up from them, so they had their own way. Every one else was the same, so we could all laugh at our misery together, we had not such a bad night's rest after all. Turnbull had baked a pigeon in clay to eat cold for breakfast but Bob, during the night, took the liberty of walking off with it, and more had to be put on the gridiron. The best way to do them under these circumstances, is to cut off the joints and throw the carcass away, before you cook it. These may be done in any number and kept cold for the halt at noon, and very good the breast of a cold grilled pigeon is, quite as good as grouse, with a wild, gamey flavour. At a quarter past eight we started off for Captain Mitchell's—seventeen miles, according to Waipapa—a weary walk, thought we, but we started buoyantly. Our path lay through good grass till we came to the Ashley—the best grass I have yet seen—then to several dry beds of the Ashley, and then to the river itself which we forded knee deep. It is a bright, sweet stream, flowing in rapids and pools as if it contained good fish. On the north side of the Ashley, close to the bank, is a most magnificent strip of grass; it is about a quarter of a mile wide and extends far along the river to all appearance. Soon after crossing this the land became higher and undulating, with the tracks of rivers (dry) intersecting them. These must be splendid sheep runs. The soil, however, is not very rich and there is no water in this dry season. We were continually asking Waipapa 'How far Captain Mitchell's?' to which he replied at different times, as we went on 'seventeen—fourteen—twelve miles'. We thought that we had better not halt until we had broken the back of the distance, and at any rate, not until we got near some water. Suddenly we came upon a little stream with high, shrub-grown banks and gravelly sides—a sweet little spot. Maori said, 'Better not sit down, Captain Mitchell quite close', and when questioned said 'Only mile and half!' So we did sit down, lit a fire and made some tea, washed ourselves well, and dined on biscuit, tea & cold pigeon. I only hope the mile and a half may be English distance. If we had known our walk would have been so short, comparatively with what we imagined, we would have spent at least half of our Sunday in a more appropriate way. Bathing in the stream I found myself covered with mosquito bites. From Rangiora to our noon camp, or what we called 'the Sitz' from the mode of bath we adopted in it, may be about eleven miles. A mile of walking from the Sitz took us to Captain Mitchell's station, planted in rather a picturesque, though rather dreary position, just under the foot of Mount Grey, in a valley by the side of what is a full river in winter time. It consists of one slab house merely, but it was refreshing to see any sign of life at all after the Weary lifelessness of the great plain. Even the cows at a distance, wandering about, gave it an English charm, and the whole went, along with the other mere dots of cultivation over the country which we have seen, to show what may be done and how magnificent the whole will appear when the tide of life runs full over what has lain unoccupied so long. Captain Mitchell's station is, however, badly chosen, for the soil is too bad to make it worth his while to remove himself so far from the haunts of men—forty miles, it is reckoned, to the nearest road from Port Lyttelton. As we approached the house, a whole troop of men sallied out and from that time to when we left the wonder was how it was that so many men could be employed; for, besides a few cows round the house, there was actually nothing to be seen to require the care of men. Nothing but a small garden patch of cultivation, and no neatness, no care. They received us hospitably with tea, corned beef & bread, and we enjoyed the afternoon immensely. In the afternoon Mr Brown—the apocryphal station master of whom we had heard so much—came riding up, driving two bullocks before him. From this our first impression of him, and from the swagger and talk of the man, we imagined him to be an old stockmaster, owning some thousand head of cattle. Before long we discovered that he had only just come to his station, was living yet in tents, and knew nothing of his work. He was accompanied by a real specimen of a bushman—an old Sydney 'Overlander', considered the best in this part of the country, formerly a herdsman only, but now the owner of sheep, cattle & horses at a place called Muttonhou. His name was Caveril

J. S. Caverhill occupied a sheep and cattle station at Motunau, established by the Greenwood brothers in 1846-47. Caverhill was first of all manager for the Greenwoods, but leased the run from them at the beginning of 1850.

. His conversation was very amusing and very shrewd. Among other things, when questioned as to what part of the plain he would prefer, he said Rangiora at once. All slept heads and tails in the kitchen, except Wortley and I who had a splendid bed to ourselves. In the morning we got away at half past nine, being detained by the threat of rain. A couple called Thompson keep the station with the men. Captain Mitchell left for India three months ago. The people supplied us with a big loaf, baked on purpose.

## ***Monday, January 13th***



About eight miles to the Ashley—on our way to Oxford—camped there for noon—shot two ducks and grilled them at ease for the evening. The one, a 'paradise' duck, was tough and dark in the flesh, the other, called a 'grey' duck, was tender and good. From this we started at half past two, and tramped pretty quick over the interminable plain, which, in the direction in which our heads lay, had no boundary but a horizon of itself. Sandy at first, from the right bank of the Ashley, then on, a very light soil with scanty vegetation; soon after, a stony land, which became better and better clothed as we proceeded inland. The rain came on just before we reached a Maori kyak

*Kaik*, South Island Maori variant of *kainga*, an unfortified village.

, or fishing village. Here were seen two or three little green haystacks and a miserable hut. The haystacks were piles of the root of the ti palm thatched with flax, and prepared ready for baking like bars of soap. The hut contained two men and a woman. Eel nets were lying about, but the question was, whether this was a permanent residence or a fishing lodge merely. Certainly nothing ever came nearer to my idea of a 'lodge in some vast wilderness' or 'the swate little house, delightfully placed in a bog'. The place was literally almost in the centre of the plain, and with the mist surrounding the hills on three sides and obscuring the distance, it seemed hundreds of miles from any inhabited place. The rain continuing, and there seeming no place for a lodging, we pushed up the stream—a wide and sparkling full one. We continued on its course up through the richest pasture land. The pasture and the stream (the Cust) were in a beautiful long valley bounded by low ridges of hills. The whole will make a splendid cattle run, but will not do for sheep on account of the abundance of prickly bushes in some parts. We halted after the rain ceased, near the bed of this stream, and lighted a fire with some difficulty in a large hole in the grass, which looked like a cattle lair. The only firewood we had was the dried up sticks of a little shrub, which burned quickly and strong, but we could not get enough of them. However, we boiled a kettle of tea and rolled ourselves in the blankets, feet to fire. The damp of everything around, including our blankets, was rather dispiriting, and often during that night, when I woke and began to fear it was going to rain, and felt it blowing cold over our damp garments and thin covering, I began to be 'sorrowful and heavy'. Wortley had a toothache; everything was against us. But fortunately the rain kept off during the night and we got a little sleep and no mosquitoes.

## ***Tuesday, January 14th***

We awoke from our lair at half past four, and kindled a fire with the remains of the sticks which had served us for beds. This cheered us up a little, and off we set against five towards Oxford, intending to stop at the first 'wood and water' for breakfast. This we found within two miles of our start. We cooked some tea and bacon and, with the beautiful hills of Harewood Forest before us, embosomed in wood, felt very happy. Yesterday's journey must have been somewhere about twenty miles. Waipapa is so unsatisfactory in his estimates that we have begun to disbelieve in them altogether. Bathed in the Cust and refreshed thereby at the place where we breakfasted. Mount Torlesse bore W.N.W., Mount Grey N.N.E. by compass. We started at half past eight, thinking, or being led to think by Waipapa, that we should be there in an hour. The bush was clearly in view soon after we left the river, but we did not reach it for three hours and a half of weary walking, arriving at twelve o'clock quite jaded and worn out. Turnbull lagged behind at least a mile and was quite knocked up. We found two snug wooden houses built for the surveyors—some of their men busy in putting up a hamper of good things for Torlesse, who was with his party at a little distance. By them I sent a note to Torlesse, and then we took possession of the two houses. We feasted as usual on damper and tea, and refreshed ourselves with reading a few books which lay on a shelf. Soon after our settlement, heavy rain came on from the S.W., and then we felt the full comfort of our situation. Torlesse rode over in the evening and chatted till we went to bed.

## ***Wednesday, January 15th***

There being only bed places and no beds, and our blankets being thin, I was very cold in the night. The nights have become perceptibly cooler since we set out. The rain continued, too, from the S.W. Torlesse went away very early in the rain. We stayed all day, loafing about with the gun and doing nothing. We dined on stewed pigeons, which we pronounced to be the best dish we had ever tasted—we shot about a dozen during the day. It grew warm and fine after twelve o'clock. We prepare for an early start to-morrow to do the thirty miles to Deans's, if possible, before night. A day and a half ought to have given us strength sufficient. A word upon this Oxford. It has been too much over-rated and puffed. Though a beautiful place to appearance, it has every disadvantage. The wood of the bush and the soil are decidedly bad, the former being black birch, which shews a poor soil. Then its distance from Lyttelton and Christchurch, divided too by the Courtenay

The Waimakariri river. The name Courtenay was used on the Canterbury Association's maps, but the Maori name ousted it.

, which is very often impassable, is very much against it. Also the want of a good river in the district, the only one—the Eyre—being at this moment quite dry. I have, therefore, very little idea of seeing Oxford—beautiful as it is—settled for ten years at least.

## **Thursday, January 16th**

We were called at half past three, took breakfast, and got away by half past four. Came up with Torlesse at about eleven miles in the manuka scrub, where he had passed the night in a green bush house that Willy compared to a wren's nest. The way lay throughout over land covered with stones, greater or smaller, and to all appearance very poor. Torlesse's road line was a great help to us as far as the Waimakariri. Fortunately the river was not flooded, and we crossed easily waist deep, encamping and boiling the kettle on the Lyttelton side. This was eighteen miles from Oxford, and we did it, including the half hour breakfast with Torlesse, in six and a half hours, arriving at the right bank of the Waimakariri at eleven o'clock. From thence to Deans's took us three hours more—twelve miles—we arriving there at four o'clock, having left the river at one, so that we kept up the pace pretty well to the end. The sixteenth mile, by milestone and watch, was done in ten minutes. Altogether, after the thirty mile walk, we were well tired when we arrived, and indeed after sitting down, hardly able to stir, we slept at the surveyor's house after a good tea.

## **Friday, January 17th**

Left Riccarton at half past five and got home at nine to breakfast. Found that Hamilton had finished plastering the front of the house and that the cook-house was finished, the hens laying eggs, and all going on comfortably. During the rain the sod wall had slipped, but props had been applied which were holding it well. During the day I chose my

## **LYTTELTON, 1850'Port Lyttelton, New Zealand, from the deck of the *Charlotte Jane*.December 26th, 1850.'—Dr A. C. Barker**

No. 43 section in Christchurch. Wrote a letter to Sophia to go by the *Cressy*, hearing that she was bound for Ceylon; but though a mail was announced to be made up to-morrow morning, I was too tired to sit down to write home.

## **Saturday, January 18th**

The event of this day was buying a chestnut mare from the *Oriental*—she is a bony long-legged animal in very poor condition, but very promising. We got her into Mr Godley's stable preparatory to turning her out on the hills. She is five years old and broke for riding, cost £30, and is by good judges considered cheap as horses are going. We can now extend our tours over the plain. Today came out the second number of the *Lyttelton Times*, making a very respectable appearance. I sent two, with Henry's journal, with Mr Godley's despatches, home. Novice is getting on famously, having become quite used to the 'toot', but she is still, while on these hills, liable to falls and injuries from uneven ground. Mr Russell's cow, the last that survived from the ships, except ours, was dashed to pieces yesterday. In the evening took tea with Mr and Mrs Godley, and heard to my sorrow that Captain Thomas

Captain Joseph Thomas, who was sent to New Zealand by the Canterbury Association in July, 1848, as Agent and Chief Surveyor, and who selected the site of the settlement and directed the surveys When J. R. Godley arrived as Chief Agent in April, 1850, friction developed between these two autocratic and quick-tempered men, leading to Thomas's resignation.

had been required to leave the service of the Association. The wind, which last night and today has been very violent from the S.W., has abated this evening, but I have been much alarmed for the safety of our roof for the last twenty-four hours. The gale blew a fern house down today, over a fire, which spread around and destroyed the whole of a range of very flimsy houses occupied by very poor people.

## **Sunday, January 19th**

Attended service in the barracks—Mr Kingdon preached. Henry and Hamilton went to Sumner. Wrote letters in the afternoon to Captain Laurence Latouche and Saunders of Charing Cross, ordering books. Read *Christian Year* on the top of the hill, and enjoyed a really quiet peaceful Sunday. Henry and Hamilton came home to tea.

## **Monday, January 20th**

Drew my first cheque on the bank for £30 to pay for the mare. Christened her 'Fanny'. Am delighted with her, having ridden her in the evening about half an hour. Henry was offered £32 for her and Griffin was asked if I would take £3 for the bargain. We got out a saddle and snaffle, put on a martingale, and she looked very smart up the street. Began a long letter home, disturbed by FitzGerald coming and bothering me for something for the paper; promised him a description of Oxford, but have my doubts of being able to do it well and truly. The boys and men engaged in building a stable behind the house for Fanny. Have serious thoughts of buying a cow and milking her, instead of paying for milk; it would only involve a railed-in place to drive her into for milking, and we might then have Novice with us. The hens lay good quantities of eggs—we had four today for breakfast. Mr Cass breakfasted with us. He has just got Captain Thomas's place. Cholmondeley's mare died today; her wound had mortified and threatened lockjaw, so they put an end to her sufferings. Cholmondeley started over the hill for Deans' sheep station. Took tea with Mr Godley and met Mr and Mrs Earle—quiet, sensible people.

## **Tuesday, January 21st**

A lovely day, not as hot as during the last week. Got the mare shod (cost six shillings) and Henry rode her afterwards on to the Plains and liked her gait exceedingly. A meeting of land purchasers at one o'clock—settled that the name of Christchurch

Named after Christ Church, Oxford—J. R. Godley's College.

should be continued. Concluded bargain with Greig for a lease for a year at Christchurch at £5 a year. Mr Willock called and detained me the whole morning from my letters with his complaints. Andy, Griffin, Caughey & Abernethy putting up a warre

*Whare*, a Maori hut.

for themselves next door to us.

## **Wednesday, January 22nd**

Not so hot; wind N.E. Began a long letter home and increased it to four pages, hoping to send it by *Cressy* on Saturday. The boys and men busy putting up the stable—sod walls nearly finished except the roof. Took tea early and walked with Mrs Fisher up the hill, as she said she wanted to walk to train herself gradually for getting up to the top in order to reach the Plains. I succeeded in cheating her actually to the top before she knew she was halfway. In the evening took tea with Mr Godley, Mr and Mrs FitzGerald, Tancred, Perceval, Wortley, & Wakefield, Hamilton & self. FitzGerald sang 'Molly Carew' very well. Idea of a Club at Christchurch started. Gartner, suggested by me as a good man to keep it, and I thought 'Gartner's' would be a taking name—like 'Boodle's'.

## **Thursday, January 23rd**

Very hot, without wind. Finished my first letter home. Dined all three on preserved veal and peas, very good. After dinner rode out on Fanny, intending to go to Christchurch, but she coughed so much going up the hill that I went to the ferry instead, along the Bridle Path which finished so far. Surveyed the spot I should have marked out for Mr Kittoe. Came home and found the *Gazelle* arrived from Launceston with horses and sheep; she brings also some flour. Put Fanny into her stable for the first time and Henry gave her a ball of nitre and rozin for her cold. Andy tells me that Caughey is going to commence at the candles immediately.

## **Friday, January 24th**

Attended singing class in the evening to practise chants, about fifteen ladies and gentlemen there. In the evening got note from Torlesse asking me to go and see him at Rangiora where he was encamped; accordingly packed up my valise, ordered a damper to be made and prepared to start early on horseback. Took tea with Mr Godley.

## **Saturday, January 25th**

Started at five, the mare had a bad cough and went dull. While on the way to Deans' I thought it would be much better to turn her out there and walk with a native to carry my bag. Accordingly I put blanket and damper into a bag, found Waipapa again, and started after breakfasting with Cass and Mr Theodore Williams at half

past nine. I carried only a pannikin and hook pot, so got on fairly, arriving at Kaiapoi by the old route, only stopping for the ferry-boat at the Waimakariri at about one. I there made a cup of tea and rested two hours, talking with the natives, all of whom knew 'Mittaward' again. It was well I found an old kettle there, for I found my hook pot full of holes. At four I left for Rangiora by a different path from last time (through a thicker part of the Tuahiwi wood). I got there by six o'clock. I found Torlesse camped in a tohe-tohe

*toe toe.*

lean-to with four men. The face of the country round was quite changed by the devastating effects of a fire which Mr Brown of Double Corner is said to have caused by looking for his telescope in the thick grass. However as I knew how the country looked green I was able, when it was thus burned, to observe it better, which I did to some purpose, for I found a little stream flowing along the wood, through the best land and with the best aspect. Torlesse received me very hospitably and I enjoyed a luxurious dish of tea and cold beef and slept soundly after my walk of nineteen miles.

## **Sunday, January 26th**

A lovely morning, though very hot. I was agreeably surprised to find our old friends, the mosquitoes, had not appeared during the night, However their neighbours, the blow-flies—a disgusting nuisance—were very troublesome as soon as the sun rose, and were very keen to blow our blankets. Every one in the neighbourhood of a wood at this time of year ties up his bedding in a bag by day to avoid the beasts. Till one o'clock we sat quietly—I reading the *Christian Year*, which I had taken care to bring with me—and a pleasant Sunday it was there in the green wood. About one we set off to explore the country round the wood. I think we discovered nothing new; but I was confirmed in my opinion of the great excellence of the soil and the superiority of the situation generally. As for going at once to live there, it is almost impracticable, for we could hardly manage to get wood sawn, a house put up and our people and ourselves comfortably settled before winter sets in. Besides that, this fire round the wood has destroyed all the feed, and we would have no winter fodder for cows and horses till next Spring. We came home at six and dined on an Irish stew—most delicious. The tuis and other birds provide a rich treat for those who dwell near New Zealand woods. Torlesse talking a great deal about the new regulations for applications for sections. To bed at half past nine.

## **Monday, January 27th**

Left Rangiora (or Rangiora, as it is more properly called) at ten o'clock, and went to Deans' straight away, only stopping as usual at the ferry. I got there at half past four. At the side of the ferry the boat was on the wrong bank, and the man lived at a distance. Waipapa immediately set fire to the grass, and the smoke brought Tinui, the ferryman, to our assistance. At Deans's the mare had strayed away, so instead of trying to catch her that night, I accepted Mr Bowen's hospitality and stayed in his plank hut all night. They were only themselves just settled. Their servants had only just arrived, and their two cows were milked for the first time. I slept in a swing cot.

## **Tuesday, January 28th**

Left Bowen's about ten, and started with young Wakefield for the Port—previously visiting Christchurch. The survey office was in progress, and promises to be a very handsome building. Dr Barker has established himself snugly under the stun' sail on his own land, with all his family and goods about him. There are some beautiful sites of houses in this part of the river, both on the left and right bank. 'The Bricks' does not seem so thriving, but the end sections there are sure to be valuable for some time. Got to Lyttelton nearly exhausted with heat about four o'clock; dined at five at the Mitre, got a good mutton dinner, *table d'hote*, and a good bottle of beer. Found the *Monarch*, 400 tons, in from Akaroa with timber and coals, and the *Alice*, 300 tons, with flour and horses, from Launceston. All were well. Henry and I determined not to go at first to Rangiora, but to choose a section with choice No. 23 nearer home.

## **Wednesday, January 29th**

Chiefly in the Land Office, seeing men choose their rural sections. Willock for No. II chose what Mr Russell for No. 12 had set his heart upon, so Mr R. is at his wit's ends. A very hot day without much wind. Dined at one (our usual hour) on a pie without crust, made by Hamilton, of preserved veal and peas—very good. Bathed in the evening near the point, and later walked with Wortley and Wakefield up to a part of the road called 'Starting Point', from which there is a fine view of the bay. Sat up outside the house till late, Wakefield telling us yarns of his adventures in New Zealand; we also set the musical box going and it sounded

very sweet in the calm quiet night.

## **Thursday, January 30th**

Employed all morning writing Godley's invitations to a ball, which he intends to give in a large room in the barracks; some consultation about the people proper to be asked. Signed Greig's agreement and prepared others. Tea with Mr Godley and met four Miss Townsends—nice quiet girls, sensible and ladylike; one rather pretty, one merry and clever.

I guess she is the one they call 'Maggie'—she looks like a 'Maggie'. Practising glees with Mr and Mrs FitzGerald.

## **Friday, January 31st**

A gusty day blowing about dust in clouds—a terrible nuisance especially to clothes drying. After breakfast went with Henry and Willy McCormick to Sumner to view situations for choice and to see a stock of young beasts landed from *Oriental*. Dined there and saw the heifers, and satisfied ourselves that there were no good choices of land between the Bridle Path and Sumner. The Bridle Path valley looks at present the best on the whole, but I have little hope of its coming down to me. Not liking the look of the young beasts, I ventured into the great speculation of buying four cows from Crawford for £60, but not till after great deliberation and timorousness. Calculating on selling as much of the milk as we did not want ourselves. Two craft came in today from Wellington, chiefly with timber. News from England that *Castle Eden* sailed October 1st from England.

## **Saturday, February 1st**

Very warm as usual in the morning. Concluded the bargain with Crawford for the four cows, which being milked this evening produced seven quarts, which sold in the yard for one shilling and tenpence—our first profits! the first credit item of our account. In the afternoon explored Quail Island by boat, and found it really well fitted for settling in—fine rich grass soil, abundant springs of water and a beautiful site for a house. We thought light of several inconveniences consequent on such isolation, but on the whole felt inclined to go there in case the Bridle Path section was taken before us. Its advantages are a pretty site, closeness to the Port market, besides good grass run for cows without the trouble of fences or fear of straying far away; pleasant too in being on the sea, and a likely place for fishing and shooting. While on the island the wind changed to the S.W. and came up with cold rains, making the little town look very cheerless. Wortley going off to Akaroa and Pigeon Bay to-morrow morning in *Catherine Johnson*. Another vessel arrived from Wellington early this morning, and the town is full of strange faces. A good sign to see the flock turning this way.

## **Sunday, February 2nd**

A blowy night was last night, and cold wind from S.W. This morning and till two o'clock the same cold wind, quite uncomfortable and chilly; reading a book in the air by no means a pleasant amusement; probably because our bodies have been lately so inured to heat that we feel the least change—but it is wholesome to have a monitor to urge us into permanent and weather-tight lodging. Service in the barracks at half past ten. Mr Jacobs preached—a not very good attendance. Church bell heard for the first time in Lyttelton; though not very loud nor sweet, still it had a charm beyond bell-less church-going. After dinner I sauntered to Dampier's Bay and read my *Christian Year* in the shelter near the water. Henry and Willy went off to bring in the cows, and Hamilton and Andy walked to Sumner. The cows were brought in about five, after hard walking and driving of them; they had wandered nearly to Raupaki

Rapaki, a bay originally intended to be the site of Lyttelton. It was selected, however, as a Maori reserve in July, 1849.

. Church in the evening at half past six. Mr Dudley preached. Conversation in the evening strong in favour of Quail Island, and Andy's advice is so.

## **Monday, February 3rd**

Cool till twelve o'clock, wind N.E. Attended at the bank all day with Mr Gale, who is only just recovering soundness of mind, being equal to the habitual mechanical part of his business, so he requires a steady eye over him. The Captain of the *Oriental* was buried today in the town cemetery; his body was carried ashore in a boat from his ship, and the funeral was attended by all the sailors in the Port. His complaint was consumption. The most interesting event today was a korrero

*Korero.*

, or native council, by which the Maoris decide and put to the question matters affecting their politics and interests. About nine o'clock a party was seen approaching the town by one end of the principal street, and another entered at the other end. When they saw one another they rushed together at full speed, and co-mingling, sat down for a while in a circle. Then a chief rose and brandished his wooden spear, and at a word of command formed the rest into a double line. They, with hoots and shrieks, went through a war dance, with rapid evolutions of hands, feet & clubs executed with wonderful precision together, ending with a shrill scream. This mutual noise soon gathered to the spot every one in the town, who stood by, amused much at the performance. After the dance was over they adjourned to a grassy spot, where they were harangued for about three hours by several chiefs in order. These spoke with great fluency, energy & dignified gesture. The subject was whether they should accept the terms of a new contractor on the roads who offered less wages to the Maoris than they had been in the habit of receiving from the Association, and a longer day's work. This subject was debated as if it had been that of Peace and War. It ended in their refusing to go to work, and dispersing to their homes. Several ladies seemed to have been somewhat alarmed by this unusual spectacle. Those who have seen the real war dance of natives in the Northern Island, with war mat, tomahawk and paint, say it was most ludicrous to see the same attitudes performed by men clothed in European clothes—generally ragged or in half-keeping—perhaps a red flannel shirt and a pair of drawers, with a long pair of boots drawn over them, a girl's hat and a blanket; loose shirts drawn over anything. The principal chief had a clean shirt and a black silk handkerchief, a cap, with a braid band and glazed peak, jauntily set on, very spruce, and white trousers belted round his waist. Over his legs, however, he had drawn a pair of black waterproof gaiters which buttoned up the side and turned his otherwise appropriate costume into complete ridicule. I soon got tired of looking on and, not understanding, I went away. Signed agreement for lease for seven years with Austin and Lewis. Took a walk in the evening with Wortley and Mr Godley and took tea with Mrs Godley. Mrs Russell there and a good deal of fun about the ball to-morrow.

## **Tuesday, February 4th**

A warm day. I felt much weakened by an attack of diarrhoea and headache, the first ailing I have had since I came to New Zealand. A dose of prepared chalk and brandy cured the attack, but not the weakness. Godley informed me in the course of the day that he had recommended me to the Governor for the Commission of the Peace—a high honour. In the evening came the long-expected ball. We arrived punctually at nine, and found ourselves the first, with leisure to contemplate the rooms. They were the plain, whitewashed barrack rooms, but looked very pretty hung with flags (procured from the ships in the harbour), evergreens and calico draperies; they formed, certainly a very good suite of ball rooms—two dancing rooms, and one cloakroom and a tea room. About sixty gentlemen and thirty ladies were of the party—about twenty couples in all were about the most that stood up together. The ladies were very well dressed, considering they were 16,000 miles off their milliners—the belles were Mrs Russell and Mrs Godley—no pretty young ladies unmarried; the Miss Townsends

Among the colonists who emigrated to Canterbury, James Townsend had the largest family. He arrived on the *Cressy* with six daughters, whose ages ranged from 13 to 25.

(four) were the chief attractions, but they were not more than *nice* looking; they all danced well, especially two little ones. Dancing commenced at ten and ended at three. Refreshments were served in good style—tea and coffee, lemonade and solids—ham, beef, tarts, &c., and were done ample justice to. The night was fortunately throughout calm and cool, but at the very last the wind rose in gusts, and one filled the rooms with such a cloud of street-dust as perhaps was never before seen in a ballroom. The wind rose after we got home and filled our house with the same disagreeable nuisance, besides threatening the walls and roof.

## **Wednesday, February 5th**

We passed a sleepless night, though tired out by the fatigues of the ball. The wind blew in a hurricane—gusts from S.W.—and rendered sleep to those responsible for others, safety a thing impossible. It continued so all morning, and at noon began to blow just as hard from the N.W.—a hot and stifling wind, which raised the thermometer to ninety-four degrees in the shade—our highest degree of heat yet felt. Towards evening it cooled again. Fisher's tent was blown down last night by the gale; they have had to shift to the barracks. Took tea with the Godleys, met the Russells, and had a *rechauffe* both of the ball supper and the ball gossip.

## **Thursday, February 6th**

Cool again, wind from N.E. and N. After breakfast rode to Christchurch. The mare canters beautifully across the Plain. Saw nothing but the usual amount of discontent from the grumblers and signs of active life among the house-builders. Did some business with Willock and came home. Found that Henry and Hamilton had been to Quail Island; they reported on their arrival that there is a dry passage to the mainland at low water and to the stone quarry. *Torrington* arrived this evening from Wellington with the bank inspector, £2,000 worth of gold, and a new clerk to supersede Gale.

## **Friday, February 7th**

A cool morning and a cold day, overcast throughout. About twelve o'clock great sensation excited in the town by the report of the arrival of a large ship, said of course to be the *Castle Eden*. It was blowing strong from the N.E., and she came to anchor about two miles down. A boat went off to her immediately but was a long time reaching her. She proved after all to be the real *Castle Eden* with Dr Jackson

The Rev. Thomas Jackson (not Dr). Designated as Bishop of Lyttelton, he came to New Zealand before consecration to discuss with Bishop Selwyn the subdivision of the Diocese of New Zealand. He returned to England after two months in Canterbury and resigned his appointment.

and his family on board, with 200 other passengers. They had had a passage of 119 days, delayed so long from having been obliged to put in at the Cape of Good Hope from sickness on board. Dr Jackson came on shore about three o'clock and was met by Godley and the clergy. He was in the usual 'landing fever', and though the day was dismal and clouded, was in raptures with the beauty of the place, almost too much to be a permanent impression. He and Mrs Jackson slept on shore at Mr Godley's house, and I met them at tea. He has come out for a flying visit to remain a fortnight or three weeks, and return overland to England, be consecrated and return again for life. He seemed in excellent health and of course in high spirits. Yet, methought, he and Mr Godley did not seem to harmonize well. The cows are giving nearly regularly four gallons per diem, and Willy says he is besieged by more applications for milk than twenty cows would serve. Cholmondeley came in today from Pigeon Bay and says that by far the best situations are to be found on the Peninsula.

## **Saturday, February 9th**

The heat of this morning was intense; a Nor' Wester was blowing and it felt like the breath of a fiery dragon when it blew. It was rather less oppressive when it did not blow than when it did. Fowls, dogs & men lay gasping about, unfit for work. The thermometer stood at ninety-six degrees in the shade—the greatest height to which it has yet reached since our arrival. Little Tommy was very ill in the night. Margaret thought it was croup, so I weighed him out two doses of 'Hippo', which I think did him some good. I found 'that infants during the period of dentition are affected with wheezing, etc.', for which a certain dose is prescribed, so I gave it without fear. All agog this morning about the *Castle Eden's* mail, and I was down at an early hour to enquire. I gave my name and held out my hand to receive a large bundle of letters and newspapers, till 'Nothing in the name of Ward' was sung out from within. I never felt disappointment and despair so keenly. However I bore up, trusting they might be among Mr Godley's despatches. So I went and found him with a bag full of letters directed to several people. I looked over them and found only one, and that full of land orders from Barker about his section. Disappointment again, too bitter to be borne! Nothing! After so much waiting and expectation. So I went heavily all day, and revelled in the gloomy sultriness of the sky, which seemed to suit my feelings. Later in the day one of the post office clerks told me that Mr Godley had found another bagful of letters and had sent them to the office. Here they must be. Hurrah! So down I rushed again, and again held out both hands. 'One in the name of Ward—fourpence'. 'Come', says I, 'I suppose they are bundled up together for convenience, worth fourpence, anyhow'. I paid my money and took a vulgar written fourline note from Wilcocks, the Agent at Plymouth, informing me that a parcel of seeds was on board for me. This then, I thought, was the last chance, and I summoned fortitude drearily to await the arrival of the *Isabella Urquhart*. As I was going mournfully up the hill, Godley called to me, holding up a large packet of letters—he had saved mine out of the heap before he sent the rest away. Five letters—two from Mamma, two from Nanny and one enclosing others to Andy and Robert. Well, a fortnight's news cannot be very much, thought I, for they were written only a fortnight or ten days after we sailed. A perusal of Mamma's, and still more Nanny's, convinced me of the contrary; news such as might astonish and turn the head of a steadier man than I. But I am in too great a whirl of thought to write connectedly anything upon the subject, and can only turn over and over, with the greatest delight and complacency the general subject. Pleasant, pleasant thoughts shall be mine now—thoughts giving an object and a life to all I do here, making clear a future of prosperity and happiness, if God preserve me and her to meet once more, and carry out what imagination paints at once. No better wife was ever made for man than she—to one like me, and in a country like this, she would be a priceless treasure though she came to

me without a shoe to her foot. Two years is not long to wait, there is such pleasant occupation to shorten time. Now for bed, with the pleasantest sensation of waking tomorrow morning knowing vaguely that there is 'something good' before me.

## ***Sunday, February 9th***

Woke with the sensation I desired and of course thought of nothing else the whole day, though Dr Jackson preached like a St Paul. The prospect opening on every side, if God wills to complete it, is glorious. In the afternoon I told Henry and Hamilton. They agreed in the excellence of my good fortune. The day has been calm and cool. Hamilton and Henry went to Quail Island, of which the latter very much approved.

## ***Monday, February 10th***

Cool sunny day, of real New Zealand pleasant weather—the Harbour looking lovely. After dinner, Maunsell and I rode towards Christchurch, he on Mrs Godley's mare. Went on with a letter to Mary, but find my brain in a horrid jumble. I never felt so truly happy in all my life. Tea with Mr Godley and Dr Jackson. The latter asked if I would myself, and persuade others to, join in a guarantee for repayment of advances for building a church at the Port in order that they may use the greater part of the Ecclesiastical Fund on the College at Christchurch. Set out in the course of the evening my designs on Quail Island; Mr Godley said he was delighted to hear it. I wish Mary were here to give me her opinion. Was much pleased to hear Dr Jackson say this evening that no name can approach that of 'Mary' in beauty. I think so too and assented with such fervour that all began to quiz me immediately.

## ***Tuesday, February 11th***

A lovely real New Zealand day, warm sun and cool breeze and delicious haze over everything. Rode to Christchurch with Dr Jackson and Mr Godley and dined at Riccarton with John Deans. Filled ourselves with plums from his overladen trees. Peaches, apples and pears growing as thick as they can grow. He surprised me by saying he was unable to get strawberries to grow. The mare went beautifully, as light under me as an indiarubber ball. Home late to tea and had consultation with Andy about the proper way to go about building the house. I was walking in a dream still about 'my big thought'. I can with difficulty realize the extent of my great good fortune, truly, what between present and future, my happiness is at its height. The luxury of perfect contentment and the brightest prospects deserves a thanksgiving to God such as I am unable, or through unworthiness ashamed, to offer up in a special manner. Today Mr Godley handed me a letter, from Mamma, enclosing one from Jemmy and Mima, dated July 28th last. He had not heard his marriage, approved of at home, and was therefore still in a desponding state. Still talking earnestly of coming here should things come to the worst, and of his desire to have an investment here. A most affectionate note from Mima of a general nature, but written from the depths of a warm heart. Jemmy says Louie is completely changed by the admiration she receives from her numerous admirers, that she is not content to live quietly without it. Poor Louie! Mamma says in her scrap that she has heard of Sophia's arrival in Mauritius, July 23rd—exceedingly happy, and about to add to the population in April next. Of course!—'it would not be Sophia!

## ***Wednesday, February 12th***

A very hot morning from the first—one of our hottest Sundays. Wind from S.W. slightly. Finished a long letter to dear Mary to go to Wellington by *Perseverance*. Bought today 5,000 feet of timber, on which Andy is to set to work on the frame of a house at once. The choices have gone down to twenty-two without touching the Island, so that it is now a matter of certainty that we shall get it, or part of it.

## ***Thursday, February 13th***

A cool day, wind N.E. Engaged all morning writing to Nanny. The boys are getting up a shed at Kittoe's corner for Andy to work in at the house. Lord Frederick Montagu's cow came ashore and made me very jealous about Novice. In some respects his is a handsomer cow than she. He applied to Deans for leave to graze her in his paddock, but was refused. Today my order for choice actually came, and I had the pleasure of getting Quail Island for better or worse. A good many emigrants came ashore from the *Castle Eden*, and more cabin passengers, who are quartered by Lord Frederick Montagu on Cholmondeley. His lordship goes swearing about in a loose-fishy way. Tea with Mr Godley; met Fletcher, the bank inspector, who has a good opinion of the place as a sheep country, comparing it to Port Philip district, but his theory that a country runs to greatness over



the bones of the first settlers is not an inspiring idea. A good deal of talk during tea of ways of getting home, which made me feel queerish and think of the hall door at Ballylin.

## **Friday, February 14th. Valentine's Day**

A warm forenoon and cool afternoon. Wrote long letter to Jemmy about my engagement and gossip of the place; wrote in the evening to my father, telling of our choice of

**A PAGE FROM THE JOURNAL**This entry of February 29th, 1851, describes a visit to Samuel Manson's. Most of the pages are now so faded that they are difficult to reproduce, although the writing is usually good.

Quail Island and describing its advantages. Every one of the old stagers tells me of the goodness of the place. A well-digger, whom I engaged, said that if he was buying land there was no place in New Zealand he would rather have. Lord Frederick Montagu's cow was today brought into our stable and fed on hay and tethered on the hill for an hour or two. A Maori brought us a fish today which he called 'Moko'—it was a very fair fish. I had given him some hooks the other day, and this was a sort of return of the present to give me the refusal of the fish. I gave him one shilling for it. Mr Brittan today borrowed £100 for some proteges of his for six months at ten per cent on his own note.

## **Saturday, February 15th**

Fine and warm. Wind N.E. Bishop Selwyn arrived last night in the *Undine*, having been unable to reach the Auckland Islands. He and Jackson being introduced, have had the day to settle between them their great question of whether the diocese shall be divided, as Jackson intended. Dined on corned beef and a very good cabbage. After dinner went with Andy, Robert, Henry, Hamilton & Wortley to survey the Island. Sailed down and rowed back, fixed the site of the house and were gratified to find a spring with plenty of water. We returned late, having lost one another by bad management. I rowed up against the wind to the Port. Today met Antill Adley, who came out by *Castle Eden*. He has no money and no training for a colonist—cannot write a good hand, cannot work at anything, 'but likes gardening'—a most bad prospect for him. Sent off letters to my father, Nanny (enclosing one to Mary) and Jemmy. After tea smoked two cigars over the fire in the cook-house, plunged in reverie on the future—all its pleasures and all its chances. My 'Daydream in the Bush' appeared in the *Lyttelton Times* today.

## **Sunday, February 16th**

Fine and rather cool. Dr Jackson preached. Lord Frederick Montagu came in from the Plains in raptures with the mare which I lent him yesterday to ride. The *Perseverance* sailed in the afternoon for Wellington, taking my letters for the *Robert Syers* for England. Speed, gallant ships all! and take my vows to their shrine in haste. People wondered at my taking such an interest in the *Perseverance* getting under weigh, and my wondering whether she would get out of harbour to-night. In the evening we rambled through the wood looking for stem and stern pieces for a boat, having resolved now to commence it before the house. We easily found what we wanted, and determined to set things agoing to-morrow.

## **Monday, February 17th**

Got up and away to Christchurch by half past six to make selections of land for myself and others. Forty choices were made in regular order throughout the day without the least hindrance or obstruction and I returned with Mr Godley at full gallop across the Plain. On our way back we met the two Bishops who, however, intended to return to the Port before night though they had but one horse between them. At full gallop racing on a smooth place, Godley's mare beat mine hollow. Torlesse took tea with us and slept in Cholmondeley's tent. Lord Frederick Montagu

Lord Frederick Montagu, who appears to have been a rather wild young man, was the son of the Duke of Manchester. He left New Zealand for Australia later in the year and died in Sydney about 1853.

a regular habitue of the house and cook-house, and very noisy. Every one laughing at me for choosing Quail Island; but had the satisfaction of hearing Torlesse tell me that he would have laughed more if I had not

taken it. I have now taken 100 acres on it, which comprises nearly all the available portion.

## **Tuesday, February 18th**

Breakfasted with Godley at half past seven and got away to Christchurch to finish the choices. Was there all day till five and finished the business. Afterwards went round the town and observed the progress making, sorry to see so few permanent buildings going up. Mr Brittan, Richards & Phillips are the only persons doing anything but the most temporary makeshifts. Came home at seven and found poor Novice had taken the 'toot' and had been very ill, but recovered again. Willy had found her staggering in one of the distant gullies and had great difficulty in driving her home. Cattle at this time of year find so little grass fit to eat that they rush to 'toot' as the only succulent food. Even well acclimatised cows may eat too much of it, but they are not so likely to die as those newly landed. Found on my return a letter from the Colonial Secretary enclosing letters patent by the Governor appointing me to the Commission of the Peace. Wrote a civil reply expressing my sense of the honour. Andy and the boys had been at work on the boat and had got her 'on the stocks'. Such is the commencement of our move to the Island, to find wherewithal to get there. Mrs Phillips amused me today by telling me all the bachelors in her ship were going home in two years to be married—we shall be a gay lot if we all live to accomplish our intentions. The *Perseverance* put back this morning from foul weather. Miserable work to have to fear that my letters may after all be too late for the *Robert Syers*. Quick, good ship! bear speedily the answer to my love. Crompton told me today he was going home by *Robert Syers* and would take a parcel. What can I send? The idlers of the *Castle Eden* are a great bore. They seem to take no thought of putting up houses for themselves so they prey upon us and other people, forgetting that we have to pay for them and it is not as if we were feeding them from our own produce. Maunsell seems the nicest and the only nice fellow.

## **Wednesday, February 19th**

Very hot all the forenoon, towards afternoon wind shifted to S.W. and it became quite cold. The yawl is getting on well—Andy assisted by Robert and Hamilton, who works like a horse. Was sworn in today by Mr Godley as Magistrate. The Bishop held a confirmation. Henry went out on the hills to look for the red heifer, found her and brought her home. We intend to start early in the morning to drive them round to Quail Island, at least the heifer and our cow, to save her from any further risk of 'toot'. The *Perseverance* got out of harbour today at the change of wind. Maunsell set up his tent today at the back of our house, where he intends to stop, grubbing with us until he can get to Christchurch.

## **Thursday, February 20th**

Started with Henry and a 'shagroon'

The term 'Shagroon' was used to describe pastoralists and stock-drivers who came to Canterbury direct from Australia and without the blessing of the Canterbury Association. The Canterbury Association settlers were 'Pilgrims', while those established in Canterbury before their arrival were 'pre-Adamites'.

cattle-driver to drive our own cow and a heifer round the head of the bay to Quail Island. We left home at six o'clock and took the hillside path to Gibby's

Gebbie's. John Gebbie and Samuel Manson came to Canterbury in 1843 as farm servants to William Deans. In 1845 they left Deans and began farming at the head of Lyttelton Harbour.

intending to put up the night there and drive round next day to catch the midday low water. Our path was steep but clearly marked in most places, not very difficult except in parts where the fern grew very high (in some places breast high) and we had to head the cattle by bursting through it. In one place we had driven a couple of miles up a valley and had to drive them back—unable to pass the bed of a stream thickly tangled with shrubs. We arrived at Manson's house about twelve o'clock. Mr and Mrs Dampier kept us company the greater part of the way; she walked most courageously and well, though it was more difficult for her dress to penetrate knee-deep fern than for ours, as may well be supposed. We were entertained hospitably by Manson and his wife, who live in the lone farmhouse, Gebbie their only neighbour, surrounded by comforts and children—eleven children, twenty-nine cows and about one hundred hens. He has just bought the place and fifty acres for £200. He has lived there seven years, each year adding to his store, till now he is in a fair way of reaching wealth. He makes nothing but cheese, and turns out one every day—value from twenty-four shillings to twenty-five shillings. He came out with Deans originally from Scotland—himself a carpenter by trade, his wife a dairymaid. They gave us the best bed and we slept well. We turned out the cows in the swamp below the house where they might run with the other cows and we could find them next day. He much approved of the Island as a small dairy farm and prophesied success of it. He assured us that it would be quite easy to drive our cows in upon the Island at low water—a point upon which we were somewhat dubious and anxious.

## **Friday, February 21st**

Rose early and got breakfast; watched Manson's operations with his cheese and prepared to go. The cows were at first not to be found where we had left them, which frightened us a little as we had read of cattle straying home after being driven even a long distance. We were soon set at rest by heading over to Gebbie's and being told there that they had joined his cattle and were safe at a little distance off. So we set off once more and found the drive tolerably easy till the very last point, where the mainland faces the Island with a very precipitous hillside. We got down this at last with some difficulty and planted the cows and ourselves in a small flat below by the waterside, waiting till the ebb should leave a passage dry. A little island (the freestone quarry) seemed so close that we had no fear of being unable to get over. When the tide was within about an hour of low water we made the first attempt, driving them from the beach on to a bank of muddy sand and shells, which seemed to stretch from shore to shore. But at the very first the cows sank knee-deep and kept sinking deeper and deeper—they became flurried and floundered the more—the reason being that the take-off at the very beach was a softer mud than the rest of the bank. We did what we could by trying to save the worst part, and making repeated trials, but they became more timid and the heifer bolted and led the steady cow into bad places, and we had, a dozen times at least, to attempt and, as often, to be defeated. After two hours' fruitless endeavours we thought the tide was coming in and despaired completely. Everything of our bright hopes of the Island was destroyed, for what value could it be for cattle when they could not be driven upon it? I did not know what to do, and was revolving, half maddened with vexation, whether to drive them back to Manson's to wait till high water and try to swim them over or whether to drive them back to the Port again. At last Henry and Hamilton and Lord Montagu (which last had met us at this point with a boat from the Port), were amusing themselves wading across the stream. Hamilton shouted that he had found a hard place, and I looked in the direction and saw that the still ebbing tide had left a piece bare, which would save us the necessity of starting from the muddy bank. It was soft enough, however, but it was not covered with water. We therefore instantly drove the cows to it—they took it with a will, sinking very little, we holloaing and beating them to make them move quickly. At last they reached the firmer ground, on to the intermediate island, across in two minutes to the Island shore, and with three lusty cheers we drove them on to their abiding place. Never was there such a rapid transition from despair to delight; we were all intoxicated with the excitement. I bragged about it all the evening. It was nevertheless a feat to do it, but was worth the trouble, developing as it did, the resources of the place. Making it accessible was the first step to making it valuable. This low-water path can now easily be mended to make it passable. We got a fair wind home, and passed the evening under the influence of the same pleasurable excitement. Another time we shall be able to drive the cattle round in one day—the distance being perhaps ten or twelve miles in all, with a good halfway house at Manson's.

## **Saturday, February 22nd**

'Boast not thyself of to-morrow' is the proverb that occurs to me as I glance at what I wrote yesterday in full pride of the feats of the day. A fine cool day, wind strong from the N.E. After dinner we started off in the boat for the Island, with three pigs we had bought to turn out there. We thought that it would be also a good opportunity to look how the cows were getting on in their new domain. We had some trouble tying and muzzling the pigs and putting them on board, but we accomplished it at last and reached the Island safely, where we turned them out. We then went up to look *at* the cows, but it soon turned to looking *for* them, and we searched at first in surprise, and afterwards in fear, from gully to gully and valley to valley. But no cows! I went down to the beach where we crossed them yesterday, and, oh misery! there were their tracks facing us from it, crossing muddy places ten times as bad as those we had forced them over. Henry and I followed the tracks a long way on, and then we left the pursuit in despair. They must have left the Island either the very tide that we had driven them in upon or the very next. It was very vexatious. But the cows cannot be lost, for Crawford says they will either foregather with Gebbie's or come straight back to the Port again. My only fear is lest the red heifer has led our poor cow a dance into dangerous places where she has been strained or hurt. Mr and Mrs Godley left for Christchurch today, their goods on packhorses to stay three or four weeks. Mrs Godley did not seem at all too happy under the circumstances. The yawl has three strakes upon her now and is beginning to look shipshape.

## **Sunday, February 23rd**

Warm forenoon with a touch of hot wind. Thanksgiving service with a good sermon from Dr Jackson and a collection for Maori missions. The church decorated with altar cloth, altar piece; decalogue sentences had a very good effect though the walls were shabby and mean. Heard that Crawford's boat had upset on the bar with

Mr Godley's things. This will teach the Christchurch grumblers how much they have to be thankful for and how to bear the little miseries they occasionally suffer. A man from Gebbie's today reports that the cows are with his cattle all safe. Henry goes in the morning to look after them. Torlesse was with us all the morning and developed his plan of feeding cattle at Rangiora; he will take out young beasts and will charge his man to attend to my part of the bush.

## **Monday, February 24th**

Attended for magistrate's duty for the first time, but no Bench sat. A fine and cool day, wind N.E. The yawl beginning to look very well. Cholmondeley set off for Port Levy with his goods and chattels, his man Fawcett not having yet returned from Motunau. Ch. is in rather an anxious state about him. The report true that Crawford's boat had upset on the bar, but Russell's and not Godley's things were lost. Rhodes promises me one of his working bullocks. Engaged Caughey to work on the Island for me as soon as operations begin.

## **Tuesday, February 25th**

A cool day, very enjoyable. Wind N.E. with a light drizzling rain before eleven o'clock. Rather anxious at Henry and Montagu not having returned from their expedition; one in this country can imagine so many dangers incidental to travel. Got today the loan of a bullock from Rhodes which promises well, having brought down in two loads about a week's firewood, he will be useful in carrying our goods from the beach to the Happy Valley. He necessitated the purchase of harness however which was not pleasant, being an outlay of £4 upon articles worth about £2 10s. Griffin has been turning some simple things in New Zealand fancy woods, a candlestick and ring stand which he did for me I have put by for sending to Mary the first opportunity. Torlesse promised me to lay out a line of road on Quail Island and to survey my sections. Heard with disgust that Brittan has done the dirty job of choosing his pasturage on the sandy beach on which Day of Sumner has built his house, hoping to drive Day to some terms for its occupation. Such conduct must bring its own punishment in well merited odium of the public.

## **Wednesday, February 26th**

A hot forenoon, wind N.E. but almost calm. The two last days have been singularly calm for this place. Becoming rather disturbed by the protracted absence of Henry and Fredk., no sign of them yet. The bullock is drawing gaily firewood and poles from the wood. The yawl is getting on well, her sides being today completed. Griffin made a pair of brands E.W. which being seen in his shop produced twenty orders for similar ones. Andy choosing ribbons and neckerchiefs to send home to his wife as specimens of the productions of New Zealand—a curious idea. This is drowsy work for me. I have nothing to do while every one else is busy; do not expect much active work until operations commence on the Island. I sit in the cool stable and imagine myself at Ballylin, and imagine the ducks and the grey plover at the hall door; turf-smoke and organs mingle strangely in these daydreams—heigh-ho! for two years and the patience of Jacob. 'And the seven years seemed to him but as seven days *for the love be bore her*'. It could not have been so, but vice-versa.

## **Thursday, February 7th**

Again a calm, cool forenoon and a calm sunny afternoon, with calm cool evening—delightful weather. Made a copy of our expedition over the Plain to send by Crompton home, enclosing the parcel from Andy to his wife. About two o'clock the welcome sound of Lord Frederick's laugh was heard, and Henry and he appeared safe and sound. Thank God! A great load has vanished from my mind, for I began to feel really uneasy at their protracted absence. They had pushed from Gebbie's to Christchurch and mistaken the path, got bogged, lost their way, lost their horses & fell into every imaginable species of difficulty, but no danger. The last two nights they spent at Christchurch. The mare was very nearly bogged and lost, but thanks to indefatigable Henry she was rescued. Hamilton and Wortley went up the bay to Gebbie's to look for them, and landing at Quail Island, saw the pigs safe. The timbers are placed in the yawl and she is pronounced the strongest boat ever built in the place.

## **Friday, February 28th**

Another calm and cool day—delicious weather. The provoking *Camilla* will not sail till Monday, so that probably my little parcel will arrive too late in Wellington for the *Robert Syers*, though I heard that she is not to sail positively for a fortnight. Entrusted the parcels to Mrs Russell's servant, who is going home disgusted with

the country after having lived with her mistress from infancy and followed her here. She cannot do the roughing her mistress does. Begin to think Mrs Russell a very nice person and a good colonist—a very contrary opinion to what I had at first formed of her. Dined with Montagu and a party at the Mitre—had a most civilized dinner of soup, fish, fowl, pastry, &c., wine, beer & dessert: some excellent peaches from Akaroa, the stone of some of which I kept to plant in the Island. The yawl has her thwarts in and looks spicy. Mr Godley promised me the use of the boathouse to put her in while in paint. Got a *Gazette* sent me from Wellington containing my appointment to the Magistracy. The other cow owners of the town have raised the price of milk to sixpence the quart. I think of continuing at the same price as before. Fawcett came home last night from Motunau with four cows and three calves. His beautiful bitch, Lass, has been poisoned by strychnine laid for wild dogs on Caverhill's run. She is a great loss to him and Cholmondeley, and I can easily believe what he says, that he cried like a child when she died.

## **Saturday, March 1st**

Cool and calm—rather foggy. A ship came in this morning, and a barque seen beating off the mouth of the harbour at the same time, conjectured at first to be the *Isabella Hercus* and the *Salacia*—proved to be the *Jane Dixon* from Melbourne with 1,500 sheep, private property of a passenger. But about six o'clock the *Isabella Hercus* did come in, in company with a brig, the *Pioneer*. Several of the passengers landed, only one of whom, Mr Wilson (a clergyman), I had seen before. They bring 150 souls into the Colony, have had a passage of 125 days, one melancholy death of a girl who committed suicide. As usual with newly arrived ships, New Zealand put on its most forbidding aspect—gloomy and misty, ending with a really wet evening, a downpour the worst that there has been since we came. Mr Wilson took tea with Mr Jackson. I met him, and had to conduct him through the streets—no easy matter on the slippery clay and in pitch darkness. Our poor weather-boarded house is in a sadly leaky state, and at this moment threatens a flooded bed—no agreeable future to look forward to.

## **Sunday, March 2nd**

The downpour continued the whole of last night of the degree of the hardest Irish shower. I lay awake trembling for the fate of four sod walls, hearing the rain pouring through the roof and dripping in puddles on the floor. But the worst was not seen till daylight in the morning. Then the half of our floor was a pool of water—the other half soft mud, almost ankle deep; and the water roaring fast in a stream past my bed to swell the pool that gathered under Henry's. The kitchen was a standing pool too, and rain still pouring heavy through the roof and underneath the walls mysteriously. We could not discover the cause of this undercurrent till afterwards. The men dug a drain through the kitchen, which let the standing water out of the house and caused a regular flow by a passage under the door-sill. Another hole was cut in the side of the wall, and this let the water out from Henry's bed in a violent stream. A similar hole was cut in the other corner to let out the pool under Willy's bed. They then covered the kitchen floor with fern, which sopped up the wet a little. We lay in bed, knowing that there was no shelter to be had elsewhere, till breakfast time—I under an umbrella. After breakfast Henry and Hamilton got up, and got through the day somehow or other. I lay in bed the whole day, reading—the rain still pouring a torrent. I dined in the same way, in bed, and smoked a cigar comfortably enough with Wortley afterwards, in the same costume. Wortley went from his house to mine covered up with a red blanket, which made him look like a well-dressed Maori. Tea in the same way, with Wortley. Henry went to bed after dinner too. Willy had to go for the cows and milk them—morning and evening—but he passed the interval in bed. The women were stirring about very cheerful, and the children were packed up in Andy's hut where, strange to say, no water came in. Rain, rain till night and all night, most violent about nine o'clock. The floor is a dreadful puddle and our beds soaked with rain-water. I think what destruction *is* being done among the crazier dwellings of the poorer emigrants, and on the unfinished houses and public works. A consoling coincidence, or omen rather, I found in the day's portion of the *Christian Year*. The text was 'I do set my bow in the cloud', and the words and circumstances recalled by the passage gave me much real strength and patience under the horrible discomfort.

## **Monday, March 3rd**

The rain abated towards morning and ceased about seven o'clock, but the sun did not appear till eleven or twelve; when it did come, everything dried up in a miraculous way. We found that the undercurrent was caused by the trickling of the rain through the sods down from the top of the hills, so that we were a receptacle for the portion of the hill above us. We found it filtered between the sod surface and the substratum of clay; therefore we cut a trench all round the back of the house into the clay to intercept this run, and we have hopes that this will have good effect another time. We also put an extra eave to the weatherboards to carry the rain clear of the

top of the walls. The sods of the walls had collapsed from the wall-plate considerably. The floor was in a horrid muddy mess, but we covered it up with fern till to-morrow, when we hope to clear everything out and put things to rights. Abroad in the town there was not so much mischief done as I expected—the road was a good deal cut up by the run of the waters: Crawford's pise gaol was eaten into by the beat of the rain, and a few sod walls were undermined—but no actual misery caused, so far as I could learn. The gully that runs past Heaphy's, which has been dry hitherto, was now roaring and foaming with water. Reports of Christchurch being flooded and people washed away were contradicted by Mr Godley, who came in without difficulty and reported no damage done at Christchurch. He, however, and Mrs Godley had had a miserable night of it; the rain came in through the weatherboards of their plank tent and soaked their bed of fern. Mr Cass's hut, which was their only waterproof dwelling, had been burnt down only that morning. At the Port I got letters from Mamma, Harriette and Henrietta; very short letter from Mamma, with no news but the death of the grey horse. She repeats and confirms the tale of Mary's resolve to be constant on the chance of my not being married. Henrietta's letter very foolish and uninteresting, but kind and cousinly. Mamma calls me *a dog*, for being found at Cheltenham the day before leaving England—she hopes I am not committed in that quarter! Lucky I that I am not! Altogether these letters bring sunshine to my mind, and sweet food for thought. Took my seat on the Bench for the first time; I heard a case of a woman emigrant against the Doctor of the *Castle Eden* for a remuneration guaranteed by him to her. Mr Godley and Mr Brittan sat. Wrote a short letter to go by *Castle Eden*, hearing that she was going to-morrow and would go to India. Wortley is shingling and flooring his house, besides putting up a new chimney to make himself comfortable for the winter. Lord Frederick conducting himself shamefully—very drunk in the middle of the street, shouting and making a fool of himself with a passenger of the *Isabella Hercus*. Two ships advertised to sail in November from England. The first—the *Travancore*—may be daily expected. This evening a slight show of the Aurora Australis, appearing faintly in the south for a very short time.

## **Tuesday, March 4th**

After breakfast we set to turning the house inside out, opening boxes and drying the contents, which was done by the fervid sun in no time, most satisfactorily. We scraped the floor free of mud, dug a small waterway round the foot of the wall inside, (Willy called it a 'trinket') and made everything dry and smooth. The contents of the boxes were not much injured. Some by sitting on the wet floor, had sucked up the damp, but had not mildewed. Some of the cloth clothes in a portmanteau were dreadfully spoiled and stained with damp, but this may have been done on board ship. Hamilton's gun was well rusted. Everything was put back, and we had a dry room again in the evening. The boat was got up from the shed (easily carried by four of us up the hill) and she is caulked and painted with her first coat this evening. Today I sat for the first time alone on the Bench and took some drunken cases—experiencing the strange sensation of being the arbiter of the liberties of one's fellow men. I felt rather bashful and unwilling to say too much. In the evening I was applied to for a *ne exeat* against the Captain of the *Castle Eden* at the suit of one of his men for wages, who feared he was going to sail away to-morrow. By great difficulty got it postponed till to-morrow morning, feeling very helpless and fearful of the responsibility of doing so large a deed.

Wortley has got a floor on his house and a fire in his chimney, and seems quite comfortable. The *Salacia* is reported arrived with horses and cattle, & two other small craft—one with twenty cows. Have thoughts of buying a few more, if good.

## **Wednesday, March 5th**

Last night very hot, even to tossing off the bedclothes, which in the morning had to be recovered, a sudden change in temperature having taken place. The morning was lowering and a light drizzle fell. Wind S.W., which seemed to threaten to bring back the rain that Sunday's North-Easter brought. However, it cleared up at ten and a bright warm day ensued. The air I have observed to be particularly clear for the last few days—distant objects appearing magically distinct. The oars (a pair) were finished for the yawl, and she herself got a coat of tar and paint in her inside. She looks charming. *Castle Eden* sailed today, but dropped anchor again about halfway down the harbour. There are now no less than five three-masters in port—*Castle Eden*, *Isabella Hercus*, *Jane Dixon*, *Camilla* & *Salacia*, besides three or four brigs and schooners and a cloud of small craft. They do not, however, make the harbour appear gay, as the larger ships are anchored at a ridiculous distance away, out of sight of the town. A great disappointment befell us today. Rhodes sent for the bullock as he wanted him himself, leaving us destitute and hardly knowing what to do. He gives us hopes, however, of being able to train one of his bullocks at the Mount Pleasant station for our own use. Have thoughts of sending up to Wellington for a pair. Mr Jackson rode the mare into Christchurch. She looks even thinner than she did when we first got

her. The cows have greatly improved in their milk since the rain—they give Willy ten quarts each milking.

## **Thursday, March 6th**

A warm morning and day—nothing particular stirring. The brigantine *Salopian* came in with flour and supplies. Henry and Willy set off to Gough's station to get the bullock Rhodes promised to lend us. Finished a long letter to Mary to go by *Salacia*. Montagu came back from Port Levy. Willy being not returned at milking time, I went and brought home the cows myself, and got George to milk them while I stood at the cow's tail to receive the pence. I felt something like Cincinnatus.

## **Friday, March 7th**

Very warm day; in the early morning a slight drizzle with wind at N.E. Packed up a parcel of flax, a ring-stand & candlesticks of New Zealand wood, *Lyttelton Times*, *Cooks Straits Almanacks* & the Topographical Map, and consigned them to Dr Jackson for Mary, along with a long letter. Now that original and duplicate one are off my mind, I feel composed and disposed to wait for results with patience. Sat on the Bench today with Mr Godley and Mr Goulard; heard a case of debt and another of drunkenness—a very bad case of a woman emigrant. Bad reports of Montagu's doings; he was drunk last night and noisy and conducted himself shamefully with this very woman. Henry and Willy came home from Rhodes' station, having had adventures and dangers with a bull they tried to lead home. They had a narrow escape of being tossed and otherwise injured. Henry had concluded a bargain for a fine heifer he saw, and two more sows in pig; also for the hire of this bull for the service of the Island. The yawl has had her rudder and a mast fitted to her, and her sail cut out, also a coat of black varnish to sprucify her. I volunteering to look for the cows among the hills at milking time, underwent a complete failure, and going in the wrong direction had to be assisted by Willy. We did not, however, succeed in driving them in till after dark and our customers had to go without their evening's milk.

## **Saturday, March 8th**

Rain again from morning to night, with a few half-hour intervals. Wind this time from S.W. and warm; rain not so heavy as last week. There was not an hour dry enough to

**LYTTELTON FROM QUAIL ISLAND'Port and Harbour of Lyttelton from the Residence of Hamilton Ward Esq., Quail Island.' From an artist's proof of Plate I in 'A Spring in the Canterbury Settlement'. The original sketch was drawn by W. Holmes in 1852.Key: 1. Bridle Path to Plains; 2. Mt. Pleasant; 3. Godley Head; 4. Adderley Head; 5. Gollan's Bay; 6. Officer's Point; 7. Proposed line of Sumner Road; 8. Town of Lyttelton; 9. Dampier's Bay; 10. Quail Island.**

give the yawl her last coat of paint, so that her launch will be two days later than it otherwise would have been. They made a pair of oars and a yard; the women employed cutting the sail. Wortley and I bought a large hapuka—a fish about the size of the largest cod—on which we all dined together, leaving enough for a second meal. It was not a first-rate fish, but very fair, tasting something like a grey mullet—the cost only four shillings from the Maoris. Mr Jackson has determined to go to Callao in the *Salacia*, and from thence with her to the island where she loads guano, thence round the Horn home. The trench has kept the skirts of the house pretty dry; we are not at all inconvenienced by rain today. Wortley has got his floor and linings, his chimney and shingles, and sits like a prince by his own fireside, defying the elements. He contemplates a speculation in a boat—a coaster called the *Flirt*—to run between this and Sumner and Nelson, and other parts.

## **Sunday, March 9th**

A drizzly morning. We, in fear of another day's rain, put on our highlows and unspoilable clothes. However, before church time it cleared up, sunny, and in the afternoon grew very hot. A shower or two fell in

the course of the day. Jackson preached morning, afternoon and evening—in the evening a most eloquent sermon, ending most impressively with an allusion to his immediate departure for Europe. He said the legacy he would leave—his last words and final injunctions—to us, a community, was 'to be at peace'. I have seldom heard a more truly eloquent flow of energetic speech in a sermon. He begins with a written sermon, which he delivers stiffly and ill at ease; towards the end he leaves it aside and bursts forth extempore. My opinion of his preaching is that he requires the stimulus of personal interest and events above the common to produce oratory, and in topics of ordinary practical religion, the 'routine of piety', he is unimpressive or of average quality. Wortley had Grubb on board the *Flirt* today to survey her, and he has determined to buy her in partnership with Hanmer, Mason, Maunsell & Kent.

## **Monday, March 10th**

A calm morning, wind N.E., and warm afternoon. The last touch of paint being given to the yawl, and the women finishing the sail. Wortley closed for the *Flirt* and Grubb is to 'command' her on thirds of profits. Jackson had a long conversation with me about the ecclesiastical arrangements, with which he said the Committee of the Association were interfering prejudicially. Wonder he did not see how little I cared to hear about the subject: I cannot understand the subject at all and feel only content to let things take their own way, if they will only leave me alone. Margaret Ferguson today expressed her wish to have her sister Mary out here, and wanted me to assist her. I told her that if she would send home a sum to help herself, I would see what I could do. I hear Jackson does not now intend to go in the *Salacia* as they ask too high a sum for passage-money, viz., £650 for his family—and that, too, in a ship which is to load home with guano. Turnbull says, in guano ships seamen are glad to escape from the fore-castle and swing their hammocks in the tops rather than undergo the stench of the lower part. In the evening began a letter to Mamma, and set the musical box going. It always brings little Sophia Mordaunt before me.

## **Tuesday, March 11th**

Drizzly morning—some heavy rain before eight o'clock, but turned out a fine and very hot day, with little or no wind. Mr Hewlings, one of the Surveyors, came about surveying Quail Island, saying he was ready to commence operations. The yawl was not ready for launching, the paint being not quite dry. The sail was being bent on the bolt-ropes, and Andy was lettering the name, '*Lass of Erin—Quail Island*' on the stern board. Wortley took me a trip in his new boat to the *Isabella Kercus*. She, Wortley's boat, seems likely to be a useful and money making concern; he has two capital hands to manage her. The *Isabella* seemed dirty and close smelling—so unlike the *Charlotte Jane*. She was rolling grievously at her anchor. The white cow has adopted a strange calf, which follows her and sucks her all day; consequently we get no milk from her in the evening. Half of our customers have been thereby grievously disappointed of milk this morning and this evening. Came to a settlement today with Crawford. Turnbull very ill indeed today, and mismanaged by the doctor's assistant, who gave him a wrong and too strong a dose. This evening there is a good deal of lightning, with wind from S.W., and promise of more rain.

## **Wednesday, March 12th**

The promise has been well fulfilled. The rain began about four o'clock this morning, and has continued uninterruptedly heavy till night. The weather has evidently broken up for the season. The people, Andy and Caughey, all clustered together in our kitchen—we clustered in Wortley's now snug house, where we were very comfortable, and could have been even jolly, only that Turnbull lay very ill in the house. The wet does not invade us nearly so badly as on the last occasion. There is only a little pool near the door and a drop or two that comes through the roof. We dined and tea'd with Wortley and Maunsell in our own room. I sat on the Bench today and adjourned a case of desperate assault in which Lord F. Montagu was concerned, hoping that Mr Godley would be here to-morrow to assist me. Another day's delay in the launching of the yawl, and therefore the commencement of the house. Bread down to sixpence the two pound loaf.

## **Thursday, March 13th**

Continued rain all night and all today. The water is flowing down the hillsides in torrents, several mud houses have been swept away and the road is washed down and rendered insecure in many places; two or three boats dragged their anchors and suffered damage, one driven ashore and stove in. We crouched, the earlier part of the day, in Wortley's house, though our own was dry enough, strange to say, hardly a drop having come in through a roof or side wall. In the morning the *Australia*, ship of 500 tons, came in; belongs to Hamburgh, with



horses and sheep from Sydney. Henry went on board. Sat on the Bench with Mr Watts Russell, and tried the seamen who assaulted Major Hornbrook

A pioneer Wellington settler, who established the Mitre Hotel at Lyttelton, early in 1850, before the arrival of the Pilgrims. He later took up land in South Canterbury.

. They were sentenced to pay two pounds and thirty shillings each, or imprisonment for fourteen days. In the evening the fines were paid by Montagu and Edgar. In the afternoon about four o'clock, it having cleared up a little, we resolved on launching the *Lass of Erin*. Six of us carried her down and launched her from the beach opposite Crawford's. Andy, Robert, Hamilton & I were her crew, and we rowed out a short way, then set the sail and tacked across and across the harbour with the sail at first reefed. Though the wind blew hard and there was a little sea, she behaved gallantly, both with oar and sail. She is exceedingly light to row, and in sailing she is everything that can be desired. Andy was very proud of her—and with reason.

## **Friday, March 14th**

Drizzly morning—turned out a fine day. Went over after breakfast in the *Lass of Erin* to Quail Island, taking a calf of Crawford's, some planks & a wheelbarrow. We landed at one of the sandy bays, and set out the site for excavations, &c., of the house, a little higher up the valley than we originally intended. Afterwards went to the Maori house at the west side, and there found a much better line of road for dragging things up the hill. We left the calf on the Island, and came back at top speed with the wind aft. In the evening a few members of the Council assembled at Jackson's house, where he conversed a long time upon the position of the ecclesiastical department of the Colony which, if everything is true, is in a deplorable and alarming condition. Longden, Maunsell, Russell & self were the only members present—a very weary evening. Mr Godley came in this evening from the Plains, having been obliged to leave his horse at the ferry and walk in; the Heathcote bridges being carried away by the flood. He and Mrs Godley have been roughing it in earnest—again much wetted by their leaky roof.

## **Saturday, March 15th**

A dark morning but no rain; wind N.E. Andy and Robert began at the house today in earnest. Willy and Henry harnessed the bullock for the first time and he drew the sledge

Sledge

from the first as quietly as a lamb. He brought down a small load of firewood. After dinner I accompanied Dr Jackson on board the *William and Alfred*, the schooner which is to convey him to Wellington, from whence he finds his way to Sydney and England. She is comfortably fitted up as a passenger ship, though somewhat small. He seemed much affected at leaving but Mrs Jackson and the boys could not conceal their delight at getting away. Henry and Hamilton and Caughey took a load of piles to Quail Island in the yawl, sailing there and rowing back.

## **Sunday, March 16th**

Fine day but gusty—stormy gusts from every quarter of the heavens, with one or two smart showers. The *William and Alfred* not having yet sailed, Dr Jackson came ashore and preached morning and evening—indifferently well. Another brig came in today—the *Prince of Wales*, of and from Sydney—with sheep, horses & goats. Hamilton and Wortley went on board, taking the boat without consulting me—clearly against good morals of a Sunday. The singing in church pretty good though not led by Butterfield. Heard that he had gone to Akaroa with another man to saw timber. Easy to see how that will end—disgust the first moment the saw requires setting. Turnbull continuing ill, Wortley continues to board with us and is a serious burden upon our resources, especially as he gives no thanks for it and we have a guest besides in Maunsell who (sooth to say) is much better worth his salt. Some men are so unthinking of others in their thoughts for themselves. It would be so easy for Wortley to contribute towards the mess expenses by a loaf or a joint now and then. Perhaps I am churlish upon this subject. I feel myself at heart not much given to hospitality, but I excuse myself much by establishing a difference in the case where hospitality comes direct out of the giver's purse and where, as is usual in a colony, it costs next to nothing. The weather has evidently broken up and become unsettled. Our first working party, Henry and Caughey, are to go to-morrow to the Island with tent and grub.

## **Monday, March 17th. St Patrick's Day**

Got breakfast over rather early and got the boat away laden with tent, provisions, tools and Henry and

Caughey—boards to floor the tent, an extra supply of blankets, with plenty of sugar, tea, cold beef & lucifers should keep them comfortable. The tent was pitched by the time we reached Lyttelton on our return. Hamilton, Bowen & I came back in the yawl—she sailed and rowed delightfully. On return, enquiring carelessly at the Post Office whether there were any letters from Sydney, found that an English mail, via Wellington, had brought me letters and newspapers—one from little Sophia Mordaunt, which ought to have reached me before I left England, full of good advice and kind farewells. The newspapers were *Athenaeum* from Uncle George, a letter and some *Spectators* from Cousin Hamilton. Andy and Robert busy at the house; the morticing of top and bottom wall plates finished. Mr and Mrs Godley came in today from the Plains, Mrs G. driven out by *rats*. Mr G. going to Wellington to-morrow. The day has been gusty, alternating with dead calms. Wind N.W. Having read in the Australian papers of a hot wind at Port Philip which astonished the oldest inhabitants and raised the thermometer to ninety-two degrees on February 6th last, I look back to my journal and find that we had the very same sort of day, only that our thermometer rose to ninety-four degrees. Torlesse arrived in the evening and took Henry's vacant bed.

## **Tuesday, March 18th**

A cool day; wind in the forenoon from S.W., fresh; in the afternoon some rain from N.E., and a very calm evening. The sky lowered gloomily this afternoon, and at six o'clock it was almost dark though the sun had not set. We had a long meeting of the Council, in which Mr Godley's despatch upon local self-government versus the government of the Association was considered, also the wharfage question, and a report upon the pasturage question. In the evening went on board the *Australia* and took some wine and cigars in the cuddy. Some Australian wine (a Burgundy) was produced and tasted very good. Some pretty green parrots on board, selling at £5 the pair. The Captain and crew all German. Today I saw a letter to Mr Godley written in Maori from a native who claims Quail Island. Mr Godley intends to make enquiries about it at Wellington.

## **Wednesday, March 19th**

Last night had a fresh frosty cold about it—this morning had the same feeling, something of the bracing English autumn, and very pleasant. Wind N.E. After breakfast Hamilton and I sailed over to Quail Island taking a cargo of six goats, which we bought very dear from the *Prince of Wales*. I gave one pound apiece for four and eighteen shillings for the other two. We had a quick and prosperous passage and landed our stock in good condition; they immediately took to the inaccessible parts of the Island, and at a late part of the day, were seen by Henry hanging on to the steep cliff at the eastern side. We brought provisions for the workmen, whom we found very busy and happy, having done a great deal of work in the time. They had also made themselves very snug in their little tent, and were not likely to suffer from wet even if it did rain. They reported that there was no sign of the pigs. I am beginning to feel persuaded that they have been stolen by the Maoris. We partly sailed and partly rowed back, the rowing being very severe against wind and tide. Hamilton very much done. After dinner Rhodes met me and began to talk impatiently about the bull, which escaped from Henry and Willy the other day, and desired that I should send in search of it. He seemed so earnest about it that I resolved to get Henry over to have a hunt for him; so about five o'clock went again to the Island with Hamilton and Abernethy. We went at a prodigious pace with the wind. I left Abernethy with Henry, and H. came back, and we pulled the whole way back, enjoying our tea vastly after the labour. A good deal of sickness pervades the town. Willy and Robert are both complaining of an influenza-ike affection; little Sarah was bad in the night, and Andy is not quite the thing. Turnbull is much better, he says he intends returning to England. I consulted Mr Godley today as to whether I should enter my name among the New Zealand practitioners for conveyancing purposes, hearing that there was an ordinance to enforce the drawing of every deed by licensed draftsmen. He strongly advised me to do so, and promised that if it was found true that he could not issue the conveyances of the Association's lands himself he would employ me to do it, which would be such a very good thing for me that I almost hope that his fears are founded on fact. I fancy that I might get, if I began to practise, the greater part of the conveyancing of the place. Today Margaret's children, Sarah and Fanny, had a narrow escape of their lives. They were playing in the middle of the road when a runaway horse and cart came full tilt upon them and passed within two or three yards of where they were standing. It put Margaret into a fluster, which she did not recover from the whole evening. Mr Godley starts at daybreak to-morrow in the *Isabella Hercus* for Wellington. I forgot yesterday to notice having found a mushroom on the hill. I agreed with Rhodes today to pay him ten shillings a week for the use of the white bullock. Willy thinks it extravagant, and thinks it would be more advantageous to give him £18 for it.

## **Thursday, March 20th**

Henry and Willy started early in pursuit of the bull—a seemingly hopeless journey. The weather is changing quickly; today, though the wind was N.E., it was quite cold, the evening especially very chilly. Sat on the Bench and heard a case—assault on the police. Sold my venture of gunpowder to Britt. so as to just cover expenses. Attended Tulloch's first sale by auction. He seems the best and only professional auctioneer in the town. About six o'clock Henry and Willy returned, having found and kept with them the missing bull; to my great joy, as I never expected it to be less than a three days' job. They had encountered much difficulty walking, and had found him in a critical position, tethered by the ropes, which he had escaped with, to some long fern, without grass or water, and having been to appearance in that position for several days. Nothing can excel Henry's perseverance and sagacity in these cattle excursions. Robert is somewhat better today, but others are complaining of colds and influenza.

## **Friday, March 21st**

A cold night and morning, but hot for three hours in the middle of the day. Wind S.W. and N.W. The air is quite chilly at night, and the discomfort is aggravated—perhaps caused—by the insufficiency of the houses. After breakfast we took a load of piles (ten heavy ones) to the Island, rowing there against the wind. A stonemason accompanied us to search for stone to build the chimneys. After some searching we found, pretty near, some good stone lying loose, which he said might do. He was a civil man—from Canterbury.

We left Henry with Caughey & Abernethy. They had got on pretty well with the excavation, but the road seems every day steeper and less accessible. The goats were doing well, and there had been signs seen of the pigs. As we came back a schooner, the *Bride*, arrived from Sydney. Took tea with the Townsends, having some business with the old gentleman, and spent a pleasant, civilized evening. Two of the young ladies played duets from the 'Huguenots' exceedingly well. Their house is dreadfully cold, being only weatherboarded, and they still cook in the open air. Margaret Ferguson gave me today her first quarter's wages to send home for her sister Mary. I promised to get as much added to it as would fit her out and send her to Plymouth and thence to New Zealand.

## **Saturday, March 22nd**

A cold morning and cool day, but fresh and invigorating. Willy and Hamilton cutting railings all the morning for stockyard. Bought the white bullock from Rhodes for £18. After dinner went over to the Island with a heavy load of piles—Robert and I—landing them at the Maori house. We found they had almost finished the excavation and were very comfortable in the tent. Henry reports the place well sheltered from S.W. winds. We brought Caughey away with us to the town. Andy is finishing the rafters of the house, which are now ready to be sent over to the Island as soon as we like. In the evening Willy persuaded me to buy a handsome cow, which has begun to run with our cows, and which the owner professes to be half gone in calf. All the invalids better. The cat has produced three kittens and is doing as well as can be expected.

## **Sunday, March 23rd**

Threatening morning, wind S.W. The rain came down in drops, but nothing more, and the air was a little milder than it has been the last few days. After breakfast Andy, Willy & Hamilton took the yawl over to the Island, taking Caughey with them. I watched them rowing over and they seemed to get away very fast. Mr Puckle preached at morning service—a dreary sermon. About dinner time the *Havannah*, twenty-four guns, came in and anchored opposite Sticking Point. Two parties of officers and men came ashore in the course of the day, and swelled it 'about town'. Robert Wilson stayed in bed all day with a dose of salts in him; this evening he complains of a swelling under the ear. Gave Willy instructions to buy the cow. In church in the evening with Maunsell. Mr Dudley preached even more drearily than Mr Puckle. Chanting very good. The Miss Townsends keep up the music. One of them, I remarked today, very like Jane King—which set my thoughts agoing much too hard during the sermon to be bored by its dreariness. Hanmer looking after my mare to buy her. Heard today that one of the goats in the Island had died of a sort of diarrhoea. Henry had opened and skinned her.

## **Monday, March 24th**

A warmer morning and finer day. Hanmer came to see the mare and buy her; he tried her and made an offer for her. Willy and Hamilton busy all day cutting rails and slipping them down to the beach. Robert and I took a trip after dinner in the yawl, taking as cargo nearly half the frame of the house. As every piece of timber had to be carried into the boat and out of it, and off the beach and on the Island to a convenient spot, it was rather a troublesome job. We visited the Islanders and found they had nearly finished the excavation—it would be

finished to-night. To-morrow they go to set up the piles. Wortley now has been exactly a fortnight sponging upon me; my hints to him are becoming very broad.

## **Tuesday, March 25th**

A cool morning and lovely day—summer seems returning. Hanmer concluded to buy the mare for £35. At twelve o'clock took cargo of piles and house frame in the yawl to the Island, putting ashore at the inner bay. Found that they had brought round all the piles in the *Toddy* from the Maori hut. They had carried up ten before we left—having finished the excavation. We returned with but one tack, holding our wind well across, though it was blowing right into the harbour; but it was an ebb tide. It is of no use to attempt it from the point of the Island with a N.E. wind if the tide is flowing. Hamilton and Willy cutting rails and posts all day. Andy sawing up kauri for the doors and sashes—he reports well of it. Dark now at seven o'clock. Several of the youngsters of the *Havannah* were on shore today, fatigued after a ramble on the Plains and in the most deplorable condition. Some walking without their boots, and all splashed and smeared with mud to their waists. I heard no small abuse of the Port Cooper plains.

## **Wednesday, March 26th**

A lovely calm and warm day throughout—perfectly enjoyable weather, filling our hearts with pleasure. The evenings are cold and a heavy dew falls. Robert and I started with an immense load of the house frame for the Island. A light breeze took us out halfway, but falling calm we had to row; a heavy piece of work, the boat being awkwardly filled up to the thwarts. The boys were in progress upon the new road in the inner bay. The beach there looks quite busy and gay with the timber, etc., strewing it. We half sailed and half rowed home, getting easily back by twelve o'clock, having started at ten. After dinner Hamilton, Willy & Robert cut rails in the wood. I had to attend the Bench to try a case of a debt in a hurry. Concluded a bargain for a cask of salt beef with the Captain of the *Prince of Wales*. Andy busy on the hall door. In the dark evening Henry and Caughey came over from the Island to pay a visit and take tea—tempted by the calm fine evening.

## **Thursday, March 27th**

Morning pleasant and cool, very calm; but the heat of the day furious. Many considered this the hottest day we have had since landing. I almost think so—and yet we ought to expect English October weather. As soon as the sun sank behind the hill (about half past four) it became cool at once. When is this long, long summer to end? In the morning till dinner Robert and I cut rails in the wood—the wood was pleasant and cool. Hamilton came too, but had to go home, complaining of symptoms of cold and feverish attack. He got a little better in the afternoon, and went to bed with a jorum of warm gruel inside him, hoping for restoration to-morrow. At dinner-time Caughey came over from the Island, being incapacitated from using the spade by a hurt in his hand—he went to the wood and helped Robert. Willy went out in the morning to fetch in the two heifers and got them in about dinner-time, both looking well and fat; this is preparatory to their being sent round with the bullock to the Island, which I think we shall be able to do by Saturday morning. Willy, having caught sight of a stray Billy goat running on the hills, and knowing its owner, offered him ten shillings for the chance of finding him, and being accepted, and having of course found him, he brought him in and sold him to me for twelve shillings. The *Havannah* sailed today. Caughey reports that the road on the Island is nearly finished, and their next job will be to dig the trench round the house on the level with the foundation. We have now got as many posts and rails cut as will make the stockyard available for the present.

## **Friday, March 28th**

The same sort of weather as yesterday, calm morning and hot day, but that there was more wind in the afternoon. After Bench, Robert, Ham & I went to the Island with a very large boat-load of scantling and planks; we also took the Billy goat tied in the bow and set him at liberty on the Island to join his comrades. We were so heavily laden that the water came in over the side once or twice, and only that we were going almost dead before the wind, we ran a risk of being swamped. We found the line of road finished to the top of the hill, the holes for the piles made and a drain cut at the back of the house. Henry came back with us to drive the bullock and heifers to-morrow. Abernethy was left there with work carved out for him. We returned in good style fetching from the south point almost to the jetty, though it was blowing right up the harbour; we can never be much baffled with a N.E. wind either going or returning. I engaged Rhodes's boat to carry our posts and rails over to-morrow. Found to-night that Bill Holland, whom I had engaged to drive the cow from Manson's, had been drunk ever since and, of course, had not yet gone. I, therefore, engaged another man, who is to start with

Henry and Caughey in the morning; but I have great fears about her being able to travel the rough road by Rapaki. Hamilton not at all well today—he was a little fresher in the boat, but relapsed in the afternoon and evening; shivering, headache & great feebleness are his symptoms. I gave him two laxative pills and sent him to bed early. Wortley came back from a two days' visit to the Plain and walked into our dinner without the least ceremony, though we had only ordered a scant dinner for three. I gave him some very strong hints and looked sulky enough to make his dinner indigestible. I think he guessed enough of my opinions as will make him shy of coming sponging again. Some troublesome debt cases today on the Bench—public-house scores of old standing; incurred in a state of drunkenness and disputed when sober. Hewlings came in this evening and tells me the Island is only 195 acres in contents.

## **Saturday, March 29th**

The same sort of day exactly. At six o'clock Henry and Caughey started with the bullock, Montagu's cow & the two red heifers for the Island. I watched them with the glass having some trouble with them at the first gully. Frank started with them but came back in about an hour. Early I started with Robert in the yawl with half a load of timber and the slipe and bullock harness. A light wind carried us gently over. I found Hewlings surveying and discovered that he has set off our sections very disadvantageously, having left out the best level land in the Island. It makes not much matter, as no one else shall have a section on the Island if I can help it. Abernethy was alone, working at the drain round the house. In the afternoon we started again in the yawl with fresh provisions, and stayed till Henry appeared at the pass into the Island with the cattle in good order. They passed over easier this time, as they were driven into the water, which they swam and so escaped the worst of the soft mud. They were driven to water, and I hope will be herded and will find a settled habitation and good feed without caring to return as they did before. Henry saw Novice at Manson's and reports her in excellent condition and very close on calving. Manson pronounced her unfit to be driven back to the Port and promised to see to her lying-in with the greatest care. As soon as the cows were driven to water, Robert and I came back home. Hamilton no better today—very feverish—though he has been in bed all day.

## **Sunday, March 30th**

A cold morning. Hamilton a little better, but shivering still and creeping in to the cook-house fire. Mr Dudley preached—a very good and respectable attendance. In the evening, about nine o'clock, greatly alarmed by finding Andy writhing in his house on a chest in great agony; he complained of pain in stomach, back and especially the head. His moans were frightful. We got him into bed and sent immediately for the doctor who sent some medicine and pronounced it to be a sort of cholera. Cool lotions to his head and hot flannels to his stomach relieved him a great deal; he remained in much pain till near one o'clock, when he fell asleep. I sat up till some time after. I felt sure that it was some dangerous disorder broken out upon him, and I began to fear the mysterious effects of this climate.

## **Monday, March 31st**

Andy much better this morning—quite out of pain, but stiff from the effects of it. He has quite recovered, in fact; it seems to have been a fit of colic. He lay in bed till evening, when he got up, had some tea and took a walk. Hamilton kept his bed this morning. The doctor saw him and pronounced him 'likely to have a severe bout of it'. He sent him some medicine, but says it is fever, which will have its own way. It alarmed me very much to hear that it is fever. His chief symptom is bleeding at the nose—very often and copiously. The day cool, and some heavy rain in the evening—not continuous, but in heavy showers all through the night. I went in the morning with Robert to the Island with a light load of timber and the bullock's collar, and had the satisfaction of seeing before I left the Island, the bullock, 'Big Thomas', take his first load of 'house' up the new road. A man-of-war's boat from the *Bramble*, tender, was in the bay looking for sand. When we came back we found a large ship beating in just outside the Heads. She came to anchor about five o'clock, and proved to be the *Travancore*, left England December 8th. Wortley, who went on board, pronounces her a tidy, nice ship; they have had no complaints of food or anything. She is sister ship to the *Charlotte Jane*, belonging to Thompson and Sons. Now to bed, and dream of letters in the morning. I have sat up till half past twelve with Hamilton. He is very ill this evening—very hot and a bounding pulse.

## **Tuesday, April 1st**

Hamilton felt a good deal better early in the morning, and took a rather hearty breakfast of bread and milk, but he exerted himself too much and relapsed towards the afternoon. The doctor ordered his hair to be cut

shorter, and sends him powders and draughts. Andy quite well and at his work. Restless till post time, when I got my budget; two from Mamma and one from old Teale. News that Mr Flood is Vicar of Kilmood, M. A. Richards married, Sophia happy

## **LYTTELTON HARBOUR AND QUAIL ISLAND'View taken from the terrace in front of Mr Fitz Gerald's house at Lyttelton... The house in the centre is Mr Ward's on Quail Island.November 15th, 1852.'**—J. E. FitzGerald*Reproduced by permission of the Canterbury Museum*

at Mauritius, to increase the population at the end of March, Mary well and taking *Canterbury Papers*  
*Canterbury Papers were pamphlets published in serial parts from February, 1850, to May, 1852, by the Canterbury Association as a means of publicising its aims and recording the progress of its settlement.*  
. Mamma encloses a letter from her to Hariette giving pleasant account of her visit to Bur, meeting the Archbishop of Dublin and other big-wigs; she says she talked with the Archbishop, not the least afraid, and discussed the Apostolic Succession doctrine. How ignorant I feel whenever any one mentions Apostolic Succession. I must get Mary to explain it to me some day. The wind was too high to get to the Island, so the men bagged firewood and carried timber to the beach ready to boat away. Cholmondeley sent us his little tent, and Andy is to take possession of it on Thursday. Engaged the mason and shingler for Monday next; he to burn his own lime on the beach. Lots of newspapers—*Spectator, Athenaeum & Household Words*: a great stir in England about 'Papal Aggressions' dividing public interest with the 'Crystal Palace', the catchword now for the 'Great Exhibition'. Very cold all day—much snow reported to be on the mountains.

### **Wednesday, April 2nd**

A cold morning and day, but not too much so—wind N.E. Hamilton much the same; slightly less feverish, but in an unsatisfactory state, unable to eat and very much prostrated. The doctor has a rather more favourable opinion of him. Hear today that typhus is on the Plains, Nippriss being exceedingly ill with it; another case reported to be in town here. I pray God poor Hamilton's case may not be so serious. Tonight he is very restless and hot. We find much difficulty in getting anything for him to tempt him to eat. Mrs Godley kindly sent some sago pudding yesterday and some arrowroot today, but both were too sweet for him. After breakfast the boat took Andy and his tent and tools over to the Island, and they began to set the piles level. I went again in the afternoon with Robert and Wortley and a load of timber. They had carried all the frame up and a good deal of the boards. Two or three days will set it up ready for shingling. The cows and goats make the Island appear quite pastoral and civilized. Henry and Caughey were both complaining of headache and being a little out of order. Today I bought some thousand of totara shingles, the last lot to be had in the town, and engaged the mason to go there on Monday morning.

### **Thursday, April 3rd**

A warm sunshiny morning and very hot day. Wortley and I started for Christchurch to attend the Quarterly General Meeting, and a hot weary walk it was there and back, for both of us are out of our hill training and wind. We went by the Ferry and I saw the new road

This was the road from the Heathcote Ferry to Christchurch.

for the first time and was much pleased with its *grandeur*. It opens out the country it traverses so well that it is not difficult to see how much the whole territory will gain by roads throughout. The day was very clear, and the hills on the other side of the Plain seemed most beautiful. Those who say they have no view at Christchurch are under a great mistake. The hills are not yet completely snow-capped. The meeting was tedious and dreary—but satisfactory, inasmuch as it was well attended and the colonists seemed to enter keenly into the business being transacted. Coming home I shot a large bittern in a swamp. I found Hamilton on my return much the same. He had been very restless throughout the afternoon. The boat had made two trips with timber to the Island.

### **Friday, April 4th**

A nor'westerly wind and warm weather, very dusty and gusty. Hamilton passed a good night and is in a satisfactory state this morning. The doctor says the fever is taking its course—a decided *low* fever, but on the

whole favourably. He attends twice a day. Margaret and I take turns to sit up with him to give him his medicine. I find I can wake with tolerable certainty every three hours to attend to it. Mrs Godley is most kind; today she sent up some pudding, stewed apples, and when Mr Godley returned from Wellington this evening, some bunches of delicious grapes. The boat went to the Island with shingles and took 3,300. Rhodes's boat took the heavy posts and the greater part of the rails. Robert reports that the frame is set up and they are nailing it together. Sorry to find that Henry is sending for more salts and pills. On the Bench today, the Captain had the whole of the crew of the *Trauancore* up for refusing to go to their work. The case is adjourned for further evidence till to-morrow morning. Mr Gouland and I were the only Magistrates present. Tonight the N. W. wind is blowing in most violent gusts and blowing dust about as it did the day after the ball.

## **Saturday, April 5th**

A calm and warm day in the morning; afternoon blowing hard from N.E.; evening a gale from N.W. with violent gusts and dust; at night changed suddenly to S.W. with an hour's heavy rain. Hamilton not much changed for better or worse. The yawl went in the morning with shingles and rails, and again in the afternoon with Robert only; he brought back Caughey. They have got the rafters up and the whole frame. Told the shingler to attend Tuesday morning. The Captain of *Travancore* appeared again today against his men. It ended in a forfeiture of their wages being decreed and his discharging them all. I dined on board with him and, it being rainy and windy, spent the night on board.

## **Sunday, April 6th**

Came ashore at seven o'clock and found Hamilton had had a good night and was going on well. The doctor had a good opinion of him too. He says it is a *remittant* fever. Today the same extraordinary changes of temperature occurred which have given character to this autumn. The morning was showery and cold; forenoon sunny, calm and warm; afternoon, blowing hard with rain from S.W. and bitter cold. A hail storm visited us today and to-night it feels quite frosty. Heard that two emigrant vessels are coming here from Adelaide and one from Sydney.

## **Monday, April 7th**

Fine morning but cold, after a piercing cold night. The S.W. wind that brought it blew into a gale towards noon. Robert took up his quarters at the Island today, and proved his inexperience in 'bushing' by insisting on taking a cup and saucer and teaspoon—a duster to clean his dishes after meals and other most unnecessary articles for a tent-life. None laughed at him for his luxuriousness more than Margaret, who told him he had better take a bath brick with him to clean the knives. The house astonished me with its appearance; its size and commodiousness took me by surprise. The rooms will really be quite comfortably large. The view from the 'drawing-room window'(!) is charming—as I hope Mary will say when she has sketched it. Of all fish in the sea, what should they have found and shot in the Island but a rabbit

This is the earliest known reference to rabbits in Canterbury. It is possible that the French settlers at Akaroa brought rabbits from France in 1840.

—a fine black and white one—a buck, very fat. Abernethy thought it was a wild-cat, or he would have let it go. Division of labour was working well. Andy and Robert were carpentering at the house—Henry and Abernethy quarrying stone for the chimney—Caughey dragging shingles with the bullock from the shore. And all smoothly—Henry being quite well again. Hamilton going on pretty well, though not so decidedly better as yesterday. Much shocked to hear of the death of poor Nippriss of low fever at Christchurch; he had been nearly a fortnight ill. He left the Port about that time ago, in perfect health. He was the most respectable and likely to do well of all the emigrants that I have yet seen—and though of humble degree, his loss is a heavy one to the colony, which can ill spare steady industrious examples, uncomplaining and prudent. His poor young wife is inconsolable, but she has a brother and is not quite in loneliness, like other widows in the place. In the evening took tea with Mrs FitzGerald. We had music—making me impatient for the time when Mary and the piano should be making my Island home happy. Another death is to be recorded today—a poor child of Mr Kent, of whooping-cough—aggravated by removing to the Plains while they were still under it.

## **Tuesday, April 8th**

Calm, fine and cool; wind N.W. After breakfast with Willy, to the Island, taking a churn, potatoes & a box of glass. They had finished the boarding of one side of the roof. Willy complaining of being poorly—pains in his inside and violent headache. He lay down on his bed in the afternoon. All well and merry on the Island.

Andy much shocked by the news of Nippriss' death. In the evening tea with Mrs Godley and met Clifford

This was the Stonyhurst run of 51,000 acres owned by Charles Clifford and Frederick Weld who arrived in New Zealand in 1842 and had already farmed successfully in the Wairarapa and Marlborough. The first stock for Stonyhurst were driven overland from Lyttelton.

, who has just formed a sheep station outside the boundary; he is sanguine about the success of Canterbury. Practised chants and psalms today in class—very pleasant. Hamilton much better this evening, able to eat a little and a good deal more lively.

## **Wednesday, April 9th**

Hamilton had a sound sleep last night and has been much better today. He sat up for three hours, and stood at the door admiring the house. Willy was not better today and was too ill to come to the Island or do any work. So I let him lounge about. The doctor saw and prescribed for him, but I did not hear what the complaint was. So I had to take James Sloan into harness. He and I took the slates over and I set him to work. The house is getting on well, and we give ourselves till the middle of next week to get into it. Henry came with us in the boat up the bay to look at the firewood that has been cut. We found it there, stacked in cords—but on measuring them, we found them all undersize and of bad wood. Left Henry back on the Island and rowed home. The day has been exceedingly warm and calm—calm, and therefore warm. Bought the little bull from Leigh for £14 10s.

## **Thursday, April 10th**

A very wet morning, wind from S.W. blowing a whole gale, continuing with heavy rain and violent wind all day; it moderated about four o'clock and cleared away about seven. The *Wellington* and *Gazelle*, after driving and dragging anchor for several hours, took the ground towards evening—but only the soft mud, and will probably not be much the worse. The usual miseries of a wet day were today much aggravated by its being bitterly cold. One side of the house—that exposed to the wind—was a perfect sieve, the storm blowing up the boards and in the rain, so that poor Willy, who was lying sick all day, had to take to Margaret's bed. He is rather worse today, yet he got up and milked the cows in the morning. Stayed all day in Wortley's house and had a merry evening with *vingt-un*. Hamilton much better today—ate some apple pie for dinner and got a good sleep. We all hope this may be the last wet that we shall have to endure without a sufficient roof. A few more such storms in our present imperfect shelter would make us utterly discontented. The cat was driven from her nest by the rain and had to bring her kittens down in her mouth to the drier regions below.

## **Friday, April 11th**

The night and morning were fine and the day very calm and warm—the greatest possible contrast to yesterday. Went to the Island with Sloan—found that they had got through the wet pretty cheerily. The shingler, however, had caught cold and had to return to the town with us. Andy commenced weather-boarding on the west side; the shingles are halfway up the north side; the stones drawn ready for the chimney. Robert planing at weather-boarding and Andy fixing. Aber nethy and Caughey working with the bullock and the stones. Sent by the *Flirt* to Akaroa for 3,000 feet of timber, as what I bought from Swinburne turned out to be only three-quarter inch thick, and I stipulated for inch. Hamilton much better today—eats heartily. Willy unsatisfactory. I had to go for the cows this morning myself and accompanied the milk to the several doors. Engaged a boy to do so in future till Willy gets well.

## **Saturday, April 12th**

Fine sunshine but cold. Bothered all morning trying to pass some goods for Mr Bowler at the Custom House, but got away to the Island about twelve. Stayed there all day. They have got the N.W. gable weather-boarded in and the centre drain filled in with stones. However the weatherboarding is a slow business on account of its being so neatly done. Some Maoris threatened me today about having taken their Island; I wish it would come to some issue with them that it might be decided at once and I might be left in peace. Henry came back with us into civilization after a fortnight's bivouac. Hamilton rapidly getting better—ate two poached eggs for dinner and a plentiful breakfast and tea. Willy something better this evening and more lively.

## **Sunday, April 13th**

Cold, dull day. Hamilton going on well, Willy better. Rather frightened by seeing a boatful of Maoris making for the Island this afternoon, but they did not land, and at a late hour the cattle were undisturbed.



Torlesse advises me to let it, if possible, get to the issue of a trespass of this kind, by which I may try the point before the Resident Magistrate's Court. Chanting in church was very good. Tea with Godley—Mr and Mrs FitzGerald, singing from Elijah.

## **Monday, April 14th**

A very fine day, calm and not too warm. Went early to the Island with the boat—Caughey, Henry, Robert, Sloan & self—gathered some oysters at low water; one rock completely covered with them but chiefly very small. Remained all day on the Island and took a walk all round to look for the goats; found only three remaining—no sign of the Billy and two others which ought to be there, nor the pigs. Quite surprised at the richness of the grass on the margin of the Island all round. The shingling and weather-boarding going on gaily—one gable finished and the back commenced. A drain made and filled in round the west gable. Willy a great deal better today: Hamilton going on well, thank God. Andy says it was a false alarm about the Maoris visiting the Island—it was a white man's boat. Clifford thinks little of the Maori claim, Rhodes on the contrary. The ground of it seems to be that Mantell's

W. D. B. Mantell negotiated the purchase of the Port Cooper block from the Maoris in July, 1849.

purchase included only the mainland without mentioning the islands. Clifford says it will be easy to settle that by referring to the map which the natives sign in granting a conveyance. Gathered some ferns and flowers and enclosed them in a letter to Mary to go by *Travancore*. Wrote to Captain Nugent, asking his advice about this Native claim.

## **Tuesday, April 15th**

A lowering dirty morning; rain did not come till twelve o'clock and then continued in a drizzle all day, at first from S.W., afterwards from N.E. Torlesse took the yawl over to the other side with a man and Sloan—thus I gained the opportunity of sending them provisions before the rain came on, as I was prevented by the licensing meeting of Magistrates from leaving town till two o'clock. Six licenses granted in Lyttelton and Christchurch. Dr Barker was in town today, weather-bound, and staying with Wortley. Willy almost well; Hamilton in a fair way to recovery.

## **Wednesday, April 16th**

Muggy day and calm, cold also, with a little rain in the morning—evidently the beginning of winter. The first sale of land by the Association took place today—fifteen sections in Christchurch and fifteen in the Port fetched £ 1,500. Dampier resorted to a 'ruse' to get sections cheap which he desired, making a statement previous to the sale to the effect that he was entitled to have them for £12 each and would resist any one else's occupation. No one was deterred from taking them in consequence, but they went off rather higher than others. After the sales, Sloan and I went to the Island with a load of shingles. The weather-boarding of the back nearly finished, shingling ditto. A few posts and rails have been drawn up and the stockyard marked out and drained. Hamilton going on well, Willy well enough to take a turn on the hills in search of the little bull, though it was unsuccessful. The Island produced its first pound of butter today, made by Henry's own hands—good in colour and taste.

# **Volume III**

## **Thursday, April 17th. Lyttelton**

A fine day, calm and cool. Wind N.E. and N.W. Went with Willy to the Island taking the hall door and the sash pieces for the windows. Stayed till the shingler had finished the roof and brought him away. Having landed at the outer point we attempted to slide our load across the mud, in doing which the bullock got badly bogged, but was extricated without injury. The back of the house weatherboarded in. Agreed with Bayliss to build the two chimneys for £10, I supplying a man's labour and buying the lime at fifteen pence the bushel. Hamilton much better. Got a shred of a mail (one *Athenaeum*) from England via Wellington by the *Cornelia*. The evening promises a morrow's rain.

## **Friday, April 18th. Good Friday**

A fine day with fresh, cool breeze, what is called here a 'dry Sou' Wester'. Went with Willy and the shingler to the Island; he commenced preparations for the lime kiln. This day is kept a holiday in the town—all the shops shut and work suspended. On the Island they are at work under cover at last. Dined on board the *Travancore*—taking my boat off to the ship with the Captain and the rest of his guests.

## **Saturday, April 19th**

Calm, fine day, but frosty—good working weather. Waited the greater part of the morning for a meeting of the Church Trustees (answering to Churchwardens) of whom I was one. The regulations for the disposition of the offertory collection were determined on. After that, dinner. Willy went in search of the bull and found him a good distance off. Plaisted, our neighbour, died this morning of fever; he had been ailing long. Took a man from the beach with me to the Island, towing Wortley's boat. With the aid of both boats we got the firewood for the lime kiln brought round. The kiln was built and ready. The weather-boarding of the front was going on well—the foundation of the kitchen chimney just commenced. Hamilton going on well—walking about a good deal in his greatcoat.

## **Sunday, April 20th. Easter Sunday**

Fine, fresh and bright day—like an Easter Sunday. Church well attended. The Easter hymn very well sung, chanting also good. Hamilton went on board the *Travancore* to spend a few days for change of air; he went to church for the first time since his illness. Mr Godley and I went round to collect the offertory. Poor Plaisted's funeral took place today. Mr Dudley, in the course of his sermon, alluded feelingly and well to the condition of his orphan children and solicited charity for them. The collection was very good. All the afternoon engaged in writing home—a long letter of four sheets crossed. Began also a letter to Fanny, but found could not make anything of it, and voted it at last at least unnecessary and inadvisable to mention the matter to her. Today tasted the butter (second batch) sent from the Island; it was much better tasted. Bowen came in today from Akaroa, the *Flirt* was ready to start loaded with timber when he left.

## **Monday, April 21st**

Fine, fresh day—hot towards noon and afternoon, sufficiently so to make white trousers agreeable. Went early to the Island with Willy, the shingler & Abernethy, taking six bundles of laths and two barrels. Stayed only a few minutes and was back by eleven o'clock to hear Mr Phillips' case on the Bench, he being summoned for the recovery of a deposit left with him by his servant. In the afternoon went on board the *Travancore* and dined. Hamilton engaged there all day fishing. Henry reports well of the new calf—he went to see her at Manson's yesterday. The cow gives three and a half gallons per diem. The kittens are beginning to run about the floor.

## **Tuesday, April 22nd**

Pleasant day, warm sun and cool air; the most enjoyable weather, this, since we arrived. The wind for the last few days has been light from S.W. till one o'clock, then from N.E. Heavy fogs on the hills morning and evening, and visitors to Christchurch say that a heavy fog lies on the Plain all night—that cannot be healthy. Took a boatload of palings to the Island. Found the lime-kiln at work, the chimney commenced and the front weather-boarded in. Stayed till three o'clock. Met Manson in the Port; he has offered to Godley to build a schoolhouse worth £50, draw firewood for it, and give £30 a year to a schoolmaster, if the Association will make up the rest and provide a schoolmaster near him at the head of the bay—a most liberal offer which I hope Godley will meet liberally. Sammy came with us in the boat—his first visit to the Island, and deemed it a great treat.

## **Wednesday, April 23rd**

Calm and fine, midday warm, after five came on a Nor' Wester with the usual gusts increasing towards nightfall. Went early with Willy in the yawl with a boatload of palings, and returned early. The *Flirt* came in from Akaroa with my timber—all totara and very good. I resolved on towing it over in a raft, and they proceeded to build it alongside, but had not finished doing so when darkness came on. It was a pity that it was not done an hour before that we might have taken it over this calm evening—now the Nor' Wester brings a Sou' Wester in its train and there will probably be no suitable weather for some days. In Wortley's house in the evening; the smoke so bad as to drive us out. Hamilton improves daily from his sojourn on board the

*Travancore*; the Captain prescribes and supplies two glasses of champagne *libendum bis die*. Hamilton does not object to the medicine.

## **Thursday, April 24th**

Last night, when wind changed from N.W. to S.W. as I expected, it came on to blow strong with some heavy rain and continued blowing a heavy gale all day, very cold but dry. Being prevented from going to the Island, did nothing all day but pay a few visits. The raft was put ashore late last night before the gale came on, and Scott secured it safe above high water mark. Now is the puzzle how to get it over. Wortley and the other owners cleared about £20 by this last trip of the *Flirt*; not much to be divided among five. He charges me nineteen shillings per hundred feet for the timber—amounting in all to £29 5s.

## **Friday, April 25th**

A morning fine, sunny and calm. Sent a load of timber to the Island and went with Willy and a load of palings. Andy engaged on the first partition—for the servants' rooms. The chimney just being gathered in, making a show of hearth inside. Henry and I went up the bay to see what more firewood had been cut, and found that not a single more stick had been added to that already paid for; though the lying rascal had told me that five more cords were ready. Supped and spent the evening with Mountfort. The wind has sprung up strong to S.W. with promise of rain in the night.

## **Saturday, April 26th**

Blowing hard from S.W.; but knowing that the Islanders would be short of provision to-morrow if we did not go to them today, Willy and I rowed over—a hard pull, with a small load of palings. Everything going on well. Returned in time for a meeting of Council, and to hear Dampier's conduct discussed. Tea with Godley. Met William Deans and three Miss Townsends. One of them would make a good Mrs Deans. Sat late with Wortley and for the first time in New Zealand, except the night of the ball, went to bed after twelve o'clock.

## **Sunday, April 27th**

Our first showery day. Wind W. and S.W. Squalls of wind accompanying each shower, but sun warm in the intervals. Walked with Wortley and Maunsell in Mrs Wood's bush and gathered seeds of trees to send home. Margaret was taken suddenly ill after dinner, shewing the prevailing symptoms of fever—headache, shivering, &c, and pains in the bones. The doctor saw her this evening. Tea with the Godleys. He, Wortley, Russell & Tancred start for Akaroa to-morrow morning. Amused at hearing that a Maori called Solomon dined with the Godleys today and conducted himself like a gentleman.

## **Monday, April 28th**

Blowing pretty hard from S.W. but went to the Island with Robert and the shingler, came back early, and dined and slept on the *Travancore*. Margaret not much better today. Doctor says there is no fever. Andy gave me a letter to post for him—the first letter dated from Quail Island: he had written it yesterday and was not a little proud of having been the first to introduce post office civilization on the Island. Partition finished.

## **Tuesday, April 29th**

Came off from *Travancore* about nine and had a long morning's business at the bank. Loaded with 200 bricks, and went to the Island about one. Forgot yesterday to record the accouchment of the red cow—long expected; a white bull-calf of large size. He was clapped under the tarpaulin and is to be sold to the shingler for £1. The cow's milk begins to double my income. Hamilton was quite excited at seeing the progress made in the house; the last time he was on the Island, five weeks ago, a few piles were laid loosely in their holes; now the partitions of the servants' rooms are up, doors and floors laid on, chimney of kitchen built up to the roof, and everything very snug and promising. In the evening at the singing class it was agreed that we should meet on Wednesdays and Fridays for glee practising. Took tea and spent the evening with FitzGerald. Margaret better and allowed to get up if she chose. She did not, however. Little Sammy sleeps in Henry's bed while she remains ill. In the middle of last night I was awoke and rather alarmed to hear him sobbing and crying. It lasted for some time, till I asked him what was the matter: he only wanted to—, to which I assisted him, rather relieved at finding his complaint was no worse, but surprised at the roundabout means he employed to effect his object.

## **Wednesday, April 30th**

Anniversary of my first day at school—Isle of Man, 1835. Went with Captain Brown and Hamilton to the Island with a few bricks. Captain Brown trotted through the mud after red-legs—a sixteen stone sportsman in thin Wellington straps and dandy trousers: he shot one poor bird and several cormorants on his way home. We pulled him on board and stayed to dinner, and all night in a most uncomfortable bed, doubled up with Hamilton.

## **Thursday, May 1st**

A real May day, finer, I warrant, than they have in England. Came late from *Travancore* and got away after dinner to the Island with a heavy cargo of bricks—a fresh breeze took us gaily. The rest of the timber had been landed the day before. Andy was finishing the back door. The kitchen chimney quite finished and our sitting-room 'smoke draft' (as Willy calls it) begun. Home soon. Received today an ill-tempered letter from Brittan in answer to one in which I had delicately refused to advise the bank manager to discount his bill upon his brother in England; he accused me of gratuitous and unnecessary insult to him; to which I replied that he was the only individual of my acquaintance who would consider me capable of doing so to any one. Finished *Pendennis*. I think Blanche Amory a little like Fanny.

## **Friday, May 2nd**

A very sultry, warm morning, no wind but threatening from N.W. and all round. The day looked so bad that I got away early with provisions for the Island, and Willy and I took our oil coats; we sailed, for the first time, I believe, close hauled for the point of the Island. The day cleared up, and I remained all day watching the progress of the hall door, which I saw settled on its hinges and fitted with its latch before I left. Russell paid us a visit in Clarkson's boat and was delighted and surprised by the appearance of the place and the view from it. The house was much larger, he said, than he had believed from its appearance at the other side; he said he imagined it like one of Alport's frame houses. Mason's sheep were feeding quietly on the side of the hill. Amused Andy by telling him of Mountfort's design of building a gig with Hobart-town palings. When I came back, heard a report that the *Castle Eden* had been lost on her passage from this to Nelson. On enquiring into it found the foundation of it to be the fact that she had not yet reached Nelson. It was supposed by the Wellington newspaper that she had either been totally lost, or that she had been run away with by her mutinous crew. The day looked again threatening, a heavy Sou' Wester at four o'clock, but again cleared up. The night, however, is lowering and a small rain is falling—very dark, calm and warm.

## **Saturday, May 3rd**

Warm and dull day, wind N.E. Went and returned early to and from the Island. Andy busy at sashes, the others at

## **HAMILTON WARD** From a photograph taken probably in the early 'sixties.

posts and rails. I spent a listless afternoon about town, and dined on *Trauancore*—Russell, Dr Barker, Longden, Le Cren

J. Longden and H. J. Le Cren were Pilgrims who arrived at Lyttelton by the *Barbara Gordon* the day before the *Charlotte Jane*.

—found it very hard to get away, though we had the *Lass of Erin* alongside. A pleasant and merry pull ashore. Night threatening, a light rain from N.E. and gusty, but the air mild as May ever was.

## **Sunday, May 4th**

As lovely a day as ever dawned—calm, sunny & warm, excessively enjoyable. The new church bell was hung and rung today—it has a fine, full and sweet tone. Walked in the afternoon with Bob to the top of the Bridle Path. The new post master, Mr Howard, appeared today.

## **Monday, May 5th**

The same lovely, most lovely, weather; surely finer weather never was seen at any time of the year in any country—both day and night, too, for the nights are starry and clear and not so cold. This is without a doubt the pleasantest season of the year. Rowed over in a dead calm to the Island with a bedstead and bedding, intending to leave Hamilton, but Henry judged it wiser for him to stay away. Posts and rails going on and nearly finished for setting up. Henry working like a horse. Dined with Russell at seven o'clock! the time I usually purpose for bed! Had a quiet pleasant evening. Mrs Russell such a charming person, just after my own heart—passionately fond of Ireland, but devoted also to her new country, and vows she will make it her home for ever. Bravo! A large schooner unloaded today alongside the jetty, and made it look quite important. *Memo.* Promised a kitten to Mrs Russell.

## **Tuesday, May 6th**

The same heavenly weather, calm, glorious sunshine, yet bracing and fresh. Ham and I took a cargo over to the Island and stayed there till dark. Andy glazed a front window and made another. The rest were busy on the stockyard and put up nearly two sides of it. Henry and Caughey had found a new place for rails and firewood and had cut some. Crib caught a wood-hen in the same place. Wortley and Godley came back from Akaroa in a state of enchantment at what they had seen there and on their way. Yesterday Ham and I planted some apple pips and a peach stone in three different places on the left upper side of the gully; they are from Hobart-town or Launceston fruit, dessert on the *Travancore*.

## **Wednesday, May 7th**

The same weather as the last three days—eulogium would be exhausted on it. Went to the Island early and stayed until after dinner. Took some of the heavy boxes as we had a fair breeze. The stockyard is finished and looks well. Tea with the Townsends, and a merry musical evening—a good deal of laughing and fun. They reported well of the cock I sent them.

## **Thursday, May 8th**

A gusty night with a few heavy showers shewed N.W. weather and brought up threatening S.W. winds as usual. Nothing came of it, however, and we took a heavy load of boxes and odds and ends, contents of the iron box, across, sailing with the wind about W. reefed. The sitting-room chimney finished and the mason at work nailing laths for the plastering of the kitchen. Andy planing up boards for flooring—likes the totara timber almost as much as he did the kauri. Caughey at work putting a wall of sods to the back of the stockyard. Tea with Godley and met the Russells, talked of ghosts and ghost stories. We had a pleasant practice of the *Elijab* after practising the chants and psalms. Promised to take Mrs Russell on Saturday to the Island. To-night it blows raw and gusty from a quarter too near N.W. to be pleasant; however we should not complain if this pleasant weather does come to an end, it has cheered us so long.

## **Friday, May 9th**

Calm morning with light puffs from N.E. We loaded the boat heavy for sailing, almost to the gunwale; but before we got under way the breeze came strong from the S.W. against which we had to row hard—it took one and threequarter hours. Andy at work on the hall and sitting-room partitions. Dined and slept on *Travancore*.

## **Saturday, May 10th**

Fine calm N.E. weather. At twelve o'clock took Mr and Mrs Russell over to the Island; though the wind was fair she objected to the sail and I did not press it though it forced me to row all the way back and forward. Mrs Russell was delighted with our house and its position, and planted some larch seeds in honour of the visit of the first white woman to Quail Island. She took great pains preparing the ground and paling it in with laths. We had a pleasant chatty day with her. Brought over a hearthstone for the sitting-room. Bayliss beginning to plaster the kitchen. Griffin was yesterday presented with a son and heir. Today on enquiring at the Post Office, found a long pleasant letter from Mauritius from Sophia and Rawson. Both congratulated me on the state of affairs with Mary King, though they fear of my being disengaged. Sophia doubts the consequences of my propinquity on the voyage to Miss Mountfort!

## **Sunday, May 11th**

Threatening rain in the morning, and throughout the day cold and dismal. Some one gave little Tommy a spoonful of rum this morning and made him most amusingly tipsy. Full attendance at church, especially in the evening. The schooner *Wellington* arrived from Otago.

## **Monday, May 12th**

Fine weather back again—wind N.E. and fair and warm. Took a load to the Island with Torlesse—four oars. Rowed to the South point in twenty minutes. (*Memo.* Mason took his sheep to the Island, April 30th—shingler began plastering on Friday, May 9th.) The kitchen is nearly plastered—the joists and partition studs on our side of the house are laid—the cow bails in the stockyard are fastened up. Tea with Mrs Puckle in the barracks—Maunsell, Mrs Russell, Dr Donald.

## **Tuesday, May 13th**

Fine weather and warm all day—wind N.E. To the Island with Hamilton and Maunsell. Floor of sitting-room laid and plaster of kitchen finished. Returned at three to dine on *Travancore* and met Manson on the jetty, who broke to me the news of poor Novice having met with an accident from a fall—hurt her udder, the inflammation of which is very bad. He says she will lose one teat, but that she is not at present in great danger; he had taken the greatest care of her. Promised to go down to her to-morrow. Parkinson, riding a young horse today on the Sumner road, was thrown and fractured his leg badly. Dined on *Travancore* with a large party of ladies and gentlemen—the ladies went early. I had my own boat and when it was time to go, called for it, but it was nowhere to be found. Fortunately the moon came out and showed her adrift away towards the Island. Only for the moon she would have been on the rocks before morning. News arrived today of the *Castle Eden* having reached Sydney safe and being on her way to land her Nelson passengers.

## **Wednesday, May 14th**

Anniversary of a certain departure from Richmond to Southampton. I wonder why these things will still interest me. Rowed across to the Island and took the bookcase. Manson came with us and we put him at his house. Henry and I went and saw the cow. She was not as bad as I expected to see her, and was mending. She looked poor and lean enough. The calf is a most beautiful looking animal—bears its high breeding in its face, and especially in its long and tapering legs, as finely formed as a racehorse. We sailed home, a little bothered by the mud-banks up the bay—but we went quick enough to go over anything. Took tea with the Townsends and a pleasant evening singing and chatting. Henry sleeps at home to-night. We hope to make our final move on Friday. The hearth is laid in the sitting-room and the flooring of the bedroom would be finished to-night.

## **Thursday, May 15th**

We loaded the boat with a full cargo as the morning appeared so calm and fine but, waiting for the tide to rise, were overtaken by a Sou' Wester, which met us half-way across and compelled us to lower our sail and return, wet to the skin. As ill luck would have it, our cargo was three bags of meal, which suffered from both rain and spray. My chests-of-drawers were also under it but will probably not be much damaged. This outbreak of the weather coincides strongly with Mr Deans's prediction that winter would begin on May 15th, as it did last year. The rain continuing, I dined in Wortley's, and spent afternoon and evening pleasantly with the Townsends. 'Dumb Crambo', to which they were introduced for the first time, pleased them greatly.

## **Friday, May 16th**

The day appearing unmistakably calm and fine, resolved to move en masse. Wortley kindly lent us his boat, and we loaded her full of heterogeneous cargo, boxes, tables, dog kennels, hurdles & bags of meal. Henry and Willy rowed her over safely and Ham and I followed with Jane and Sammy. We got most of the things up to the house before night. Henry and Willy came back and slept in the Port to be in readiness to drive the cows away in the morning. Ham and I slept for the first time in the new house. We laid the bedsteads on the rough boards which covered the floor and slept delightfully. There was a hard white frost this morning—white on the grass and ice on the pools.

## **Saturday, May 17th**

Andy and Robert came in by daylight to our bedroom and began planing and hammering away. We were

soon up. Went to the Port and took away a miscellaneous cargo—including cats. Got an invitation to picnic in Rhodes's Bay for Monday. Back to dinner on the Island and afterwards went to meet Henry and the cows. They were round by four o'clock, but the tide was too high and on the flow; so Caughey and I stayed to herd them. We lit a fire and kept watch till ten o'clock, when the tide had fallen and the others came back, by whose help we got them easily over. Poor Novice appears weakly and in a bad state—her udder is much swollen and very hard.

## **Sunday, May 18th**

First Sunday on Quail Island. The boat having been left on the main last night, we could not get away to church, much to my grief. However, I read prayers in the kitchen—probably the first ceremonial of devotion ever performed on this spot of God's earth; while I read, the idea agitated me not a little. Spent a quiet day amongst the shrubbery opposite Rapaki and planted some seeds of bluebell, foxglove, broom, vetchling & poppy—seeds brought from Killinchy, collected by the dear little children there. Dined in our own room by ourselves, and tea ditto; the men in the kitchen. In the evenings we sit all round the fire in the kitchen. Now begins the loneliness of emigration, which we never felt whilst amid the little gossip of the Port.

## **Monday, May 19th**

Woke and got up early—the sun shining cheerfully from the sea at least two hours before it visits the town opposite. After breakfast, up and away to our respective duties. Hamilton and I towed the *Toddy* back, which Robert brought with him this morning early, and we took the opportunity of returning the calf to Crawford which he sent some two months ago. It was a hard row against the wind, the calf too being very obstreperous. The Port was astir with the picnic, and I soon found that I would be unable to attend as the wind had got up and there was a great deal of business to be done, so I made up my mind to the self-denial; yet it was a pity that I was so engaged on this of all days. Brought the last of the boxes, with Margaret and the children, with a slashing breeze, and not without a display of her nervous energy. Henry arrived about the same time. He, Willy and Caughey had been up the bay for a load of firewood in Wortley's boat. They brought three cords. In the evening we lit the fire in our room and enjoyed for the first time ease and dignity in our own part of the house. The covers of my chests-of-drawers are used for and make an excellent dairy. There the pans of milk are set and skimmed.

## **Tuesday, May 20th**

The first thing this morning was to send round for the boat of firewood; she was found by Henry and Caughey sunk and waterlogged. They towed her a short distance, but she soon took the mud. We helped them, but she being immoveable, we unloaded her cargo partly and left her at anchor. The wood was so sodden as to sink to the bottom of the boat in the water. After dinner Henry and I rowed to the Port and shopped; brought away a bag of flour and ditto of bran for the cow. Heard that the picnic party at Rhodes's Bay had enjoyed themselves greatly, after having a severe drenching in crossing the harbour. On returning home rowing, we encountered a severe squall of sleety rain, and were wet through. Snow on the hills about in the morning, and disappeared about eleven o'clock. In other respects than the foregoing the day being quite fine and calm. Mrs Leslie paid me for the house; I found her with a fire in it. Novice continues poorly and giving little milk. Henry got some hartshorn and oil for her today, and thinks the disorder incidental to calving, and not to a bruise as Manson supposed. He has found the proper course of treatment in some of his manuscript Cirencester books. Posted letters to Mary, Mamma and Sophia Mordaunt to go by the *Havannah* direct to England.

## **Wednesday, May 21st**

After a frosty night, a luxuriously fine day. Henry and I and Ham went to Manson's for the calf and brought her back in the boat, Willy and Caughey the while bringing round Wortley's boat from the mud and unloading her. She is very leaky but not seriously injured. When we came back the boat was hauled up, washed and left to dry. After dinner Andy began to paint and titivate her for the boat-race. Willy and Caughey cleaned out and deepened the well—a good job. This kind of life begins to get pleasant, and we enjoy our evenings with books over the fire very much. The nights are very cold—the frost leaves ice on the pools in the morning.

## **Thursday, May 22nd**

Hard frost last night—ice the thickness of a plate upon the pools, and continuing all day on places to which

the sun did not reach. The day very fine, and the noon and afternoon very warm. We work without our coats and waistcoats. I employed the morning setting the piles for the W.C. and finished by dinner time. Hamilton digging a pit well, Henry helping Willy and Caughey filling drains of the stockyard, Andy and Robert partly at boat, partly at housework. In the afternoon Henry, Ham and I built a pig sty of palings. Great talk about the approaching races, pro and con the *Lass of Erin*. The water in the new well gathers plentiful and clear. The cow much better, evidently yielding to hartshorn and oil. All the cattle seem improved since their arrival.

## **Friday, May 23rd**

Frost disappeared this morning. Jane began to churn for the first time, and though new to the method of churning the cream only, produced an excellent lot of butter and was well pleased with the process. At ten o'clock we set off in the yawl, Robert, Caughey, Willy & self, at racing pace, to the Port to enter her for the Regatta. The painting and stripping had much improved her and we felt triumphant. Heard a good deal of gossip about the race, that an immense number of boats were entered for the four-oared match, but from what we saw and heard, derived more courage than despair. We rely chiefly on the lightness of our boat and oars to outmatch our weak crew. We returned as fast as we went. I brought a parcel of cabbage plants and fruit trees with me. A Nor' Wester prevails this evening—we hope it may not be followed by the usual Sou' Wester. Calm water is our best chance.

## **Saturday, May 24th**

A great day for Ireland! besides being the Queen's birthday. We started to the Port about ten o'clock after giving the boat one or two last touches. All in good heart—the day calm and lovely. When we arrived, the first thing we heard was that the four-oar course had been changed from round the *Travancore* to round a buoy at the point of the Island and thence round the *Travancore*. This was very much against us as I thought, and I was at first so mortified that I determined not to start. However, on seeing the boats that had entered, I determined to try our chance, though I had great doubts of myself being able to last out so long a race. We started at eleven-thirty o'clock against three other boats; starting well, we took the lead and kept it, gaining at every stroke—went along far ahead with ease, and came in five minutes at least before the second boat. Such joy and congratulation I got from everybody. Every one seemed pleased at our success—especially Mrs Russell, who was in a transport and invested me with a green favour. I remained a hero all day and felt very heroic. The value of the stakes is £6. In the evening we dined, a large party, on the *Travancore*, and after dinner danced in the 'tween decks in a frantic and uproarious state. Such a merry evening I certainly never passed. I shall never forget the whirlwind of animal spirits set loose at that dancing party. Thorough, genuine enjoyment was in everybody's face. We separated at about eleven-thirty o'clock. Ham and I only stayed on the *Travancore* and slept. Henry, disrelishing such amusements, went off with the men to the Island—all violently excited, and not with *animal* spirits only, if report speaks truly.

## **Sunday, May 25th**

From the *Travancore* we went to church and after, returned to the Island to dinner. A party explored Charteris Bay and brought back a quantity of good oysters. I remained at home, trying to compose my thoughts to something besides the events of yesterday. Manson came over to look at his sheep and was pleased with their condition. I gave him a present of fresh butter. We had the evening lessons and prayers after tea.

## **Monday, May 26th**

A lovely day—even at nine o'clock in the morning it was as warm as a summer's day in England and continued fine all day. Nothing can surpass the beauty of this winter weather. I was occupied all day commencing a cabbage garden at the Maori house. The men commenced the main drain down the gully. Hamilton pulling down a badly designed hen house and commencing a new one. Bowen and Maunsell came over in the afternoon in Wortley's boat. They had the report that the Regatta umpires had allowed the second boat's objection to bur rowing without rudder or steer'oar. Robert has finished the *petite maison* and Andy nearly completed the sashes of the kitchen window. Very comfortable in the evening. Commenced *Waverley*. Hamilton made some taffe.

## **Tuesday, May 27th**

The morning threatening all round—a smart shower of rain fell, and afterwards the day continued warm,



calm and lowering, but not more than a sprinkling of rain fell, the glass continuing high. Willy and I went in the boat to the Port. I attended an auction of Longden's and bought beef and pork for winter store. Gossiped with the Townsends and heard a confirmation of the ill news brought by Bowen yesterday—that the umpires had actually decided against my having won the race. I was very angry with Fisher when he told me that it was so decided, and I do not think I have felt so much provoked for a long time—though, indeed, I ought to be well content with the honours I have already received as *de facto* if not *de jure* winner of the race. Pratt offers me one shilling and tenpence a pound for fresh butter. Robert has finished the *petite rnaison* and Andy has fitted in and glazed our bedroom window.

## **Wednesday, May 28th**

The morning began, noon and afternoon continued, and evening closed with thick heavy rain—wind from no particular quarter. Andy had to rig his bench in the kitchen; he glazed and put in the window there. In spite of the rain, the other men kept on work at the drain in the gully. We spent our time gossiping in the kitchen, and I, partly writing to Sophia and partly arranging the multifarious goods and chattels which lumber every corner of the house.

## **Thursday, May 29th**

Nine months exactly since our ships were advertised to sail. The morning foggy and drizzling, but cleared up at ten o'clock and a fine warm day. I worked all day till dark without coat or waistcoat, so that it may be imagined May here is milder than November in England. I prepared and planted two beds with cabbage plants and slips of gooseberries and currants—at the Maori house. The soil was the richest humus I ever saw, and must be most prolific. Churning again today—four pounds of butter.

## **Friday, May 30th**

A misty but fine morning—wind S.W. After breakfast Willy and I sailed over to the Port, and I attended to my Magisterial and other business; dined with Mr Godley. The sailing match, postponed from last Saturday for want of wind, came off today. We returned about four o'clock with a barrel of pork, and a cock, and churn which Mr Townsend lent to me. Henry had been laying down door and hearthstones. Andy at a dresser. A drizzling night. Sold our first marketing of fresh butter, five and a half pounds at two shillings per pound.

## **Saturday, May 31st**

Fine morning and day, wind light from S.W. In the morning busy at the Maori house garden. Henry and the men paving part of the stockyard with flat flags brought from the hillside. In the afternoon Henry and I went up the bay to get a load of firewood. We loaded the yawl deep, carrying about one and a half cord. The whole day fine and warm—we work without our coats, and wade up to our waists in the sea without chill or inconvenience: nevertheless, after the wading today, and in honour of Saturday night, we drank 'Sweethearts and Wives' to a jorum. Beginning to feel anxious about the *Duke of Bronte*—at any rate anxious for news from home. Captain Brown, Templar and a party came to visit us in our absence. Margaret regaled them patriarchally with oaten bread, butter & milk.

## **Sunday, June 1st**

Fine and mild, wind N.E. The three of us, with Willy, rowed over to church, arriving in good time. Sailed back. *Lyttelton Times* has a favourable (for us) notice of the Regatta and mentions Andy by name as builder of 'Mr Ward's boat which shewed so many excellent qualities.'

## **Monday, June 2nd**

Last night was pelting wet with high gusts of wind from N.E. The day has been gusty with occasional rain and very cold and disagreeable. The evening and night are tempestuous—very heavy rain and high wind. The barometer fell suddenly before the gale; now we feel the comforts of our waterproof house in which we defy the elements, and indeed take pleasure in their violence, with only some drawback in the consideration of how many are still in the uncomfortable plight from which we have just escaped. Employed the day indoors, making up our half year's accounts. Henry and the men laid down skids for the boat on the shore. Andy finished a handsome dresser for the kitchen, which now only wants our display of Delph to be well furnished. The

evening being dreary, the men turn off to bed before seven o'clock! We do not keep it up longer than nine ourselves.

## **Tuesday, June 3rd**

The remains of yesterday's storm spent themselves this morning and the afternoon and evening were fine. Last night, however, was very wet and wild. Andy and Caughey got very wet in their tent. Henry, Hamilton & I betook ourselves to cutting the largest of the akiaki trees in the shrubbery and dismembered three, which will produce about a cord of firewood. The men busy at the drains, and Andy fixing the partition between hall and servants' room, which was set up temporarily at first. It was too unsettled a day for going to the Port, though this is one of my days. Little Sammy took his second lesson in reading, spelling & arithmetic.

## **Wednesday, June 4th**

A fine, mild morning after a hard frost last night. Self-registering thermometer shewed that freezing point had been reached in the sitting-room during the night. After breakfast Henry, Caughey & I started off in the yawl up Charteris Bay to Manuka Cove and spent the day cutting manuka rails and akiaki firewood. We went at nearly high water, as the tide leaves it very soon, and remained till the tide returned again high enough to float our heavily laden boat, which was not till dark. We took some provisions with us to serve for dinner, but forgot it on the Island shore! so that we were just as hungry as if we had brought none (naturally). I worked as hard as any workman from nine till four, and when we reached home after loading, rowing home and unloading, was ready to drop with fatigue and hunger. Both were soon set at rest by a hearty tea and the blazing fireside, Hamilton, on being asked what he had done all day, confessed that he had done nothing particular; accordingly he received a severe lecture and warning always to be doing something, for that there was no excuse for idleness in the present busy state of affairs.

## **Thursday, June 5th**

An uncertain day—some very long and heavy cold showers, sufficient to keep us all indoors. Snow is white on the highest of the hills. In the evening sleet and hail fell heavy. Andy employed all day upon the mantelpiece of the sitting-room, which he finished by evening in good style. About three o'clock a large ship was seen in the offing, tacking up towards the harbour to all appearance. The idea that it was the long-due *Duke of Bronte* naturally inspirited us all. Evening closes in before she could come into full view. The morning will tell whether she be the *Duke* or not. As usual with emigrant ships, they have the worst possible samples of weather on arrival.

## **Friday, June 6th**

Immediately after breakfast set sail with Willy for the Port. No sign of the *Bronte*. But we had hardly been an hour there till the report spread that she was inside the heads, beating up. I dined first with the Townsends, to taste some wonderful yeast dumplings, and second with the Godleys, having been originally invited there. After dinner I met the Townsends on the Sumner road watching the *Duke* coming up. We joined company, and as it was afterwards too late to return to the Island, I secured a bed with Wortley and passed the evening with the Ts. Some nice music and fun. Wortley and Maunsell took a farewell dinner on the *Travancore*. Blowing very hard all day and a hurricane at night from S.W.; very cold too.

## **Saturday, June 7th**

The same stormy cold weather, with some heavy rain—real winter. Impatient all day for the letters to be sorted and distributed, which did not take place till four o'clock. Got seven letters—from Mamma and Nanny enclosing some to her from Mary. All well, thank God, and going on well. They had heard from us by the *Zeno* via New York, and were much relieved. Spent the evening again with the Townsends as it was blowing too hard to go across. Sleepless night from the excitement of letters.

## **Sunday, June 8th**

About church time I got away for the Island—being too dishevelled to stay for service. The wind lessened considerably. Made Andy happy with a letter for him and the Wilsons. Andy, Caughey & Margaret went across again in the afters noon and returned late. Fine fresh day, though chilly. Put curtains up on my bed.

## **Monday, June 9th**

Calm and fine; wind, what there was, from S.W. Henry and Caughey went in the morning for a load of rails from Charteris Bay and returned with the remainder of what we cut last week. When they had unloaded, Willy and I took shipping for the Port; I to attend a meeting of Council and of Bank Trustees. I was too late for the Council, owing to having to land twice on the Island before we got away to put Bob off chasing the sheep. We suspected him of having worried one, as there was one missing. But it may be only an unjust suspicion. When we got to the Port we found every one in agitation about a barque which was coming up the harbour and which was said to be the February ship, the *Steadfast*. An hour proved it to be true, for both mails and passengers landed before we left at four o'clock. She had left six weeks after the *Duke of Bronte* and had had a slashing run of ninety-nine days. Brought news of the Ministry being out on the Popish Aggression question, and of Gladstone having been sent for: good news this for the Colonies and for our Colony, Godley being a personal friend of his. The passengers seemed chiefly young men of vulgar appearance. My appetite for letters being somewhat quenched by the *Duke of Bronte*, whose cargo I have not had time yet to digest, I am not anxious for the new series. The *Bronte's* mails are not yet sorted. I got my newspapers today—a batch of *Spectators* and *Chambers*. Andy busy with the storeroom, which he erected and nearly roofed. Robert cut his thumb badly with a saw. Sowed whins along the bank of the drain cut in the gully. Sammy took his first lesson in writing from me, with the rest of his tasks.

## **Tuesday, June 10th**

A morning of misfortune. The tide being low last night and the night quite calm, we had moored the yawl by a stone in the bay, but about nine o'clock the wind changed and blew quite a hurricane. This morning we found she had dragged and gone on the rocks, having stove in her bottom badly. We hauled her up for repairs, which may take a week to effect; meantime our means of communication with the Port are shut off, and we must whistle awhile for our new letters. It has blown a whole gale all day. Much damage must have been done to the small craft in the harbour. Andy and Robert repairing the yawl. The men at the drain and I at the Maori house garden.

## **Wednesday, June 11th**

Last night was a hideous night. A dreadful storm blew—rain, hail and sleet against the house, and thunder added to the horror of it. A storm sounds so loud against this hollow wooden case, as if it were a drum. We were all awake throughout the night, and most of us afraid that the whole building would go over bodily. Andy was (strange to say) the most persuaded of this. But morning came and the house was still standing, though the gale had not abated and is still raging. The wind dashes the rain, and even the hail, through the shingles and weatherboards, and drips come on our heads and beds as in the old house. The day was passed in misery, as it was wretchedly cold; I was even too cold to write to

**THE VOLUMES TODAY**The three little black note books photographed in the Canterbury Museum beside a model of the *Charlotte Jane*. The third volume is open at the last entry; even the original blotting paper has been preserved.

Mary, though I tried it for an hour. Andy did several jobs about the house, painting the chimney pieces, &c. Through the glass we can see a good deal of damage among the small shipping in the Port. A large schooner is on shore with the sea breaking over her very mast-heads. This is winter in earnest, which we have expected so long, and even begun to despise or doubt. To-night the gusts are just as furious, but not quite so frequent. The glass is rising, and is indeed very high. I am going to bed at half past eight! the time I used to retire at Killinchy when I was a good boy.

## **Thursday, June 12th**

Wind not so high during the night and today, but occasional gusts and showers. Sun sometimes bright and temperature higher. We employed the day in shelter of the akiaki shrubbery, cutting firewood. Andy gets on well with the boat—he may have her ready for us on Sunday. Some of the people and children complain of

chilblains.

## **Friday, June 13th**

The gale has gone and left us in fine weather. Today has been a fine hot day—wind still at S.W. A tremendous swell rolling in with calm water to the harbour. The *Steadfast* shifted her berth to within sight of the town. Henry and I worked hard all day at the calf-shed and completed it to the rafters. It was warm enough to work as we did without coat and waistcoat, but the sludge in the stockyard was in some places deep enough to take the leg half-knee deep. The long leather gaiters we wear are an excellent protection for this sort of work. Hamilton was helping Andy and Robert. They have nearly closed up the sores of the poor *Lass*, though we have given up hopes of having her ready for Sunday. A moon as bright as daylight is shining now and the night is lovely.

## **Saturday, June 14th**

The fine night gave place to a lovely day—calm and warm. Wind from N.E. once more. Henry and I worked all day at the calf-house, and would have finished it only for the arrival of visitors from the *Steadfast*, consisting of the Captain, the Doctor & a passenger, Bowler's son; they were also accompanied by Peter Fawcett and his wife, hot from Saintfield, and ready to go into harness for Mr Lee and live on his land. He brought me a little present from Townley—an almanac for the New Year—the most thoughtful present that I have been sent. I was only yesterday wishing for an English one, and here came the very one I had been in the habit of using in London. All the carpentry is finished on the boat, but she still requires caulking, and so will not be ready to take us to church in the morning. Caughey and Willy engaged all day clearing the soft stuff out of the yard; it was a complete bog before, but now they have dug it down to the hard clay and it will never be so bad again.

## **Sunday, June 15th**

A fine, calm day, wind N.E., but not as warm as yesterday. Had prayers at ten o'clock. Some of the party in their roaming over the Island found the sheep that was lost, separated from the rest of the flock. The wind is blowing up to-night from N.E. and the glass falling. Hamilton found wild lettuce at the Maori house, and Henry found dulce and sloak

Dulce and sloak are both types of edible seaweed.

on the shore. At low tide they fell in with a bed of the haliotis

A large shellfish known as *paua* to the Maoris and to modern New Zealanders. It is similar to the *abalone* of California.

or mutton fish and found the shell of a lobster and other curiosities (including a dead cuttle fish) too numerous to mention.

## **Monday, June 16th**

A lovely N.E. day; towards afternoon wind changed to N.W., with its gusts and its hot blasts and the night is gusty—a red halo round the moon and the glass falling. The *Fly*, the *Twins* & a large brig came in. Andy put the last touch on the yawl and she will be ready for sea in the morning. The calf-house is closed in and well finished; the calf 'Lily' introduced to her new abode. Margaret talking this evening about going home—*i.e.*, saying she would go home if she could afford it, &c, &c. They all seem of this opinion—and the expression of it is distasteful to me beyond measure. As if they had not themselves (with the exception of Jane McCormick certainly) been eager in asking me to do them the favour of letting them go with me. How little they reflect upon the condition they were in at home, and would be if they returned. Churning today produced six pounds, nearly double the usual quantity, which they all accounted for by Novice's milk having, for the first time, been put into the pans instead of given to the calf. Sparkie, the little red heifer, shews signs of being near her confinement.

## **Tuesday, June 17th**

Went early into the Port; did business at the bank and got letters at the Post Office per *Steadfast*—thirteen in number, some very pleasant ones of the number, Aunt Murry, Arabella, Arabella Montgomery, Nanny, Louisa (especially amusing). Aunt Murry encloses an *Illustrated News* engraving of fire works at Birr Castle—the greater part of them the handwork of that wonderful Mary! Mamma tells me of her designs in

ornament at labels for her Exhibition Linen. Fancy the quiet Killinchy folk braving London in Exhibition time. Amused by hearing that formal enquiry was made of poor Fanny whether she was engaged to me or not!—a most unfair question—but she answered with what Mamma calls a stout denial. They consider now, I suppose, they have nothing to fear for me but entanglements en voyage or on this side of the water. All the letters pour together such a flood of prayers, good wishes and affection that, even if we were uncomfortable, we should be more than sufficiently cheered: truly it does one good to be so far away if it were only to find out how one's friends care for them.

## **Wednesday, June 18th**

Waterloo Day, but no pomp or circumstances of glorious war to remind our quiet town or island of the event. Hamilton cleaned his gun, which was the nearest thing to military tactics that occurred. I wrote letters all day. Henry helped the men in commencing and going on with a ditch and bank, the first commencement of our enclosures. Bell's *Life* (lent to me by Mr Townsend), *The Spectator and Chambers' Journal*, make the evenings pass very pleasantly and profitably.

*'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat To peep at such a world—to see the stir of the great Babel* far pleasanter than to be mingling with and adding to it in foggy progress from Conduit Street to the Temple.

## **Thursday, June 19th**

A warm, fine day, N.E. wind mingled with hot N.W. blasts; rather relaxing though so far in the winter. The ditch employed the men and Henry, and I finished and wrote several letters. The storehouse closed in—carpenters busy preparing lining for our bedroom.

## **Friday, June 20th**

After breakfast with Henry and Willy, to the Port. Sold our butter. Pratt says it is preferred in the market to Manson's, the only other producer, but a little too salt. I went with Fawcett over the hill to Mr Lee's land and found a place for him to enclose and labour for garden purposes. Was highly pleased with the winter view of Mr Lee's selection—the lie of the land is better seen when at this season bare of herbage. Fawcett was much pleased with the look of the place. Went on to Townsend's section—he is just laying the "piles of his new house, but he has got a good garden laid down and well stocked with fruit and vegetable in embryo. The day very fine and warm, wind N. and N.W. Spent the evening cheerfully with the Townsends and slept at Wortley's on the floor—rather stably.

## **Saturday, June 21st**

The shortest day and almost the loveliest I have yet seen in New Zealand. Wind, almost none, lightly from N.E. Dined with Kitzgerald on roast beef—a great treat! and in the afternoon joined Mrs F., Mrs Godley, Maggie Townsend, Wortley & Maunsell to a bay beyond Dampier's to look for oysters. The tide was not low enough, but we gathered heaps of mussels. In the evening Mrs Godley forgot to ask me to tea, though she expected me, so Maunsell and I sat moping over the fire. Slept again on the floor among dogs and cats and filth of all sorts.

## **Sunday, June 22nd**

The same lovely weather. Boat came over early with all the male population of the Island. Mr Jacobs preached—poor sermon. Found on reaching home, the fence finished to the top of the hill, and the bedroom on one side lined in. Boards becoming scarce. Two splendid kauri battens, 3 inches by 8 inches by 18 inches, have been washed on shore during this week and a very good fifteen foot scantling. They found also four very good barrels on the beach today. We tried the haliotis this evening boiled—it tastes like a huge limpet, not at all good.

## **Appendices**

### **From A Letter By Charles Bowen, Senior To His Brother In England, 1851**

We have, this moment—June 25th—received a shock at hearing that Ward and his brother Henry have

been drowned. Their bodies have not been found, but from the circumstances I fear the probability of their loss is but too well grounded. Ward had selected his land on Quail Island, about a mile from Port Lyttelton, nearly opposite the harbour, and had just gone to live there with his two brothers. Yesterday Wortley, with one or two others, went over to see them, and on arrival found poor Hamilton Ward and their servants in much alarm. They stated that the day before (Monday) Edward and Henry had gone off in a row boat to the bottom of the bay to take off some firewood. Towards evening they began to look anxiously for their return, but fancied they must have lost the tide and could not get off. Yesterday morning, however, there was no sign of them, and they had no other boat in the Island to go in search. On hearing this, Wortley set out with Hamilton and two of his men for the shore, and soon discovered the boat some distance from the land—keel up. One oar was stuck in the boat, but there was no means of judging how the event had occurred. Search was made, but not even a hat, coat, or any vestige has been found. They had a water dog with them, which is not forthcoming. The shore was strewn with the firewood with which they had evidently loaded the boat. We feel deeply grieved at this sad event. In Ward we lose one of the best of our brother colonists. I shall add any further accounts. Charles is off on the search.

*In a later part of the letter, dated July 1st, he writes:*

Charles and Croasdaile have just come home from Lyttelton, after consigning to the dust the remains of poor Edward Ward. Charles has been out in a boat, buffeting the waves, for the last four days, and on Sunday he, with Mr Maunsell and Ward's men, brought in the body, which had been thrown on the beach by the last tide. The other body has not been, and will now probably never be, found. No telling how the event occurred. Probably they had too much timber in the boat, or that not having fixed well it may have shifted. They were both good hands in a boat and both strong swimmers.

### **FROM THE 'LYTTELTON TIMES' JUNE 28TH 1851**

We have to record this week the saddest event which has occurred, or perhaps can ever occur in the colony. It is the loss by drowning of Mr Ward, and his brother Mr Henry Ward, of Quail Island. It appears they started from the Island on Monday morning, for the purpose of bringing home a cargo of firewood from the shore, near the head of the bay. Nothing was heard of them afterwards. On Tuesday, a party went over to Quail Island in a boat, which the youngest Mr Ward borrowed, for the purpose of seeking his brothers. He took two men with him: they found one oar near the place where the firewood had been apparently taken in—about a quarter of a mile further up the harbour, the boat was found on the beach, bottom upwards. A quantity of firewood was drifting about the bay. On Wednesday morning, the dog which went with them, returned to the Island, having run round the end of the bay.

As we are sending this to the press, intelligence has arrived that one of the bodies has been found.

This sad event has thrown an indescribable gloom over the whole settlement.

Mr Ward was one of the first colonists who declared his intention of joining the body of settlers, he laboured for a long time as Secretary to the Society of Colonists, who used to meet in the Adelphi Terrace, before sailing from England. He sailed with his two brothers and the families he was taking with him in the *Charlotte Jane* and was one of the first to land in the settlement. He was esteemed by all, and was beloved as much as he was esteemed. Not only his friends and family, but the colony has suffered an irreparable loss, both in himself and in his brother.

### **FROM A LETTER BY MRS GODLEY, 1851.**

We have had, since I wrote, a very sad accident here which has thrown a great damp over everything, I told you of Mr Ward having gone over to live in Quail Island. He used to come over two or three days a week to bring his butter to market and do his business at the Bank, Churchwarden, &c., for he was Trustee for all kinds of things and looked up to by everyone for his innumerable good qualities. We made up a party one day to go there and see the Island, and were to cook our own dinner on the beach. Mr Wortley was to take us in his little boat which just held myself, Arthur and Powles, Mr FitzGerald and his little brother, Mr Wortley and Mr Maunsell as rowers, and a clothes basket of food. It was Francis' birthday which I wanted to keep and they were all in favour of keeping the day (though it turned out rough and cold), so we went over and were to get Mr Ward to come over for the rest of the party in his larger boat, which he had said he would do any day. When we arrived there we heard he was not at home. He had gone over for firewood with his next brother to the land up the harbour, but several miles from here, and said he would be back to dinner on the Monday; and this was Tuesday and they had no news of them.

The youngest brother (who is a very nice young boy of sixteen) came to meet us and said they were worried, and they were very glad to take our boat and go and see after them. We were very little alarmed, for people are constantly missing here for a day or two.

Our dinner party was rather small and it was very cold, but we sat under shelter near our fire and got a few shells on the beach; and then began to wonder they did not come back. It was very rough for our little boat—the wind, too, against us for going home; and I, who never like going in one if I can help it, was getting a little unhappy about ourselves, when just as it was getting dark, they came, the poor boy crying and the men, who were extremely fond of their master, almost as bad. They had found nothing but the boat (the same that won the race here) thrown on the beach bottom, upwards and the oars—one near and one half a mile off—and the firewood strewn about. It had evidently been upset. One cannot account for the fact that though both could swim besides having the boat to cling to, yet that neither should be saved. Yet so it was.

I brought Hamilton, the young brother, home with us, borrowing the larger boat, which we were the first to use since the accident. And I was very thankful to feel myself safe on shore for it was quite a rough evening.

There were boats out searching for two or three days in vain, but on Friday we got word that the body of the eldest was washed on shore at the head of the harbour, and a boat started to fetch it but such a fearful storm came on and lasted all Saturday, that the boat could get no further than the Island and we, in the Port, were half afraid that this boatful was lost too. It was a fearful night and day. Four vessels driven on shore and a little one—or rather had sunk. The large ones, "however, moved very little (and there is a Public Meeting today to petition the Government to establish moorings). Sunday was pretty fine and then the body was brought in. The other is not yet found.

On Monday there was an inquest and then a funeral. Almost every respectable person in the Settlement attended it, except two or three on the Plains who mistook the day. My husband walked with poor Hamilton, who is to live with us till he hears from home. John has also the sad task of writing to his father. It would not do for so young a boy to live with labourers on the Island, so he is to stay here and attend College lectures, &c., which begin on Monday. He is very anxious that his father should consent to leave him out here. They are a family of sixteen and he says he has no prospects at home. It is fortunate for us that he is such a nice, tractable boy; he does not even yet show any signs of teasing Arthur.

Poor Mr Ward will be terribly missed both here and at home. He was the eldest son and had been for some time at the Irish bar. He was a good man of business, very sensible and very much liked by everyone. He used to sing with the Glee Club and Church practisings, dance with the young ladies, talk sensibly and laugh and smoke with the gentlemen, work with his labourers and was always good natured and full of spirits. You have no idea how much everyone feels his loss. We have thought of scarcely anything else lately and the very bad weather makes us all quite low. It is very cold.

## **E. R. WARD'S LAND SELECTION**

ALTHOUGH land purchasers bought 'Land Orders' at £3 per acre from the Canterbury Association in England, where the order of priority in the choice of land was determined by a form of ballot, the actual selection of land could only be done in the colony. Consequently the first month or so in Canterbury was spent by the more enterprising settlers—of whom Edward Ward was one—in viewing as much as possible of the country before making their final choice.

Each order for fifty acres of rural land also entitled the purchaser to one town section of half an acre in the capital (Christchurch) or a quarter of an acre in the port (Lyttelton). Both Christchurch and Lyttelton were surveyed in quarter acres because at that time it was not finally decided which would be the capital. Town sections were chosen in the same order of priority as that decided in the ballot for rural land.

## **Rural Sections**

Edward Ward chose his rural sections on February 17th and 18th, 1851, and they are recorded in the *Lyttelton Times* of March 8th and 15th, as follows:

- *No. 23. E. R. Ward*, 50 acres on the north-east portion of Quail Island, Port Victoria.
- *No. 47. E. R. Ward*. 50 acres on Quail Island, Port Victoria, adjoining section No. 23, and numbered 47 on the Chief Surveyor's map.
- *No. 55. E. R. Ward*. 100 acres in the Mandeville district, commencing at 19 miles 27½ chains on the road from Christchurch to Harewood by way of Kaiapoi; frontage along the road westwards 25 chains, then back in a south-ward direction 40 chains, then eastward 25 chains, and then back again 40 chains to the starting point, and called Rangiora Wood and numbered 53 on the Chief Surveyor's map.

## **TOWN SECTIONS**

Edward Ward chose all the town sections, to which he was entitled by Land Orders, in Christchurch. They were as follows:

- *No.23. E. R. Ward*. Christchurch. Sections 505 and 507. These were both quarter acre sections in

Barbadoes Street between Oxford Terrace and Kilmore Street. In the early days when river communication was important land near this part of the Avon was eagerly sought.

- *No. 47. E. R. Ward.* Christchurch. Sections 577 and 578. These two quarter acre sections were on the corner of Armagh Street and Oxford Terrace, facing Market Place (now Victoria Square).
- *No. 53. E. R. Ward.* Christchurch. Sections 315, 316, 317 and 318. These four quarter acres sections comprised nearly all the block on the west side of the Avon, between Chester, Durham and Armagh Streets, now the site of the Supreme Court buildings.

Town sections were also auctioned, and at such a sale on April 16th, 1851, Edward Ward bought for £26 a quarter acre section, No. 274, at Lyttelton. This was on Godley Quay, between Voelas Road and Simeon Street and faced the waterfront of what was then called Dampier's Bay.

Records do not show what happened to Edward Ward's land on Quail Island although it was farmed by Crosbie and Hamilton Ward for about three years. It is recorded as a Crown grant to Mark Pringle Stoddart in April, 1858. He sold it to Thomas Henry Potts in 1874 and two years later it again became Crown land when the stock quarantine station was moved to the island from Camp Bay.

## THE 'CHARLOTTE JANE' PASSENGER LIST

Sailed from Plymouth, midnight, September 7th 1850. Arrived at Lyttelton, 10 a.m., December 16th 1850.

*This is the list of passengers actually landed at Lyttelton, compiled by Dr A. C. Barker, the ship's surgeon. It is a correction of the embarkation list. The total number of passengers was 151 (Chief Cabin 27, Intermediate or Fore Cabin 19, Steerage 105). Of the total, 49 were children.*

## CHIEF CABIN PASSENGERS

## INTERMEDIATE OR FORE CABIN PASSENGERS

## STREERAGE PASSENGERS

## THE 'CHARLOTTE JANE'

The *Charlotte Jane*, built in 1848, was a three-masted ship of 730 tons, 131 feet long, with a beam of 32 feet. Her launching is described in the following extract from the *Bristol Mirror* of 1848:

*On Monday (April 17th) one of the finest launches which we have ever seen took place at Messrs Pattersons Dockyards in this City. The Ship, the finest of her Class ever built at Bristol, is of 730 tons Register (New Measurement) and calculated to carry about 900 tons burthen. She is built for Messrs James Thompson & Co. of London, and is intended for the East Indian trade. Nautical gentlemen present pronounced her to be as fine a model as they had ever seen, and were loud in their praises of the excellence of her materials and workmanship. Precisely as the clock struck One, Mrs Rigmaiden of London, the sponsor of the Ship, dashed a bottle of Wine against her bow, and having named her the Charlotte Jane, the dog/shore was knocked away, and the noble Vessel, which was gaily decorated with Flags of every description, descended slowly and majestically into her native element, amid the cheering of the assembled thousands.*

On her voyage to Lyttelton she was commanded by Captain Alexander Lawrence. There were three deaths, one marriage and one birth during her ninety-nine day sea passage. The fastest day's run was 250 miles in twenty-four hours.

The *Charlotte Jane* arrived at Lyttelton at 10 a.m. on December 16th, 1850, followed by the *Randolph* (761 tons) at 3.30 p.m. the same day. The *Sir George Seymour* (850 tons) arrived at 10 a.m. the next day and the last of the First Four Ships to reach port was the *Cressy* (720 tons), December 27th, no days out. Only two of the ships, the *Randolph* and the *Sir George Seymour*, sighted each other on the voyage out. The *Charlotte Jane* remained in Lyttelton Harbour until January 7th, 1851, when she sailed for Sydney.

After a varied trading career in many parts of the world her British Registry was closed on October 25th, 1865, when she was reported sold to a foreign company. Her history after that date is not known.

In his entry of March 31st, 1851, Edward Ward reports the arrival of the *Travancore*, another emigrant ship, which left England on December 8th, and remarks that she is a sister ship to the *Charlotte Jane* and belongs to the same company.

## Index

Index of people and ships mentioned in the journal. The names of ships are printed in *Italics*.

- Abernethy, James, [50](#), [115](#), [152](#), [153](#), [158](#), [159](#), [164](#), [166](#), [172](#).



- Adley, A. A., 129.
- *Alice*, 118.
- Alport, A. J., 176.
- *Antonietta*, 26.
- Austin, J. B., 122.
- *Australia*, 149, 151.
- *Barbara Gordon*, 84.
- Barker, A. C., 17, 21, 23, 32, 38, 39, 47, 49, 50, 60, 61, 63, 70, 72, 93, 94, 118, 168, 177.
- Bayfield, A. D., 98.
- Bayliss, 170, 179.
- Bishop, Charles, and family, 36, 45, 50, 59, 130.
- Bowen, Charles, and Croasdale, 33, 38, 48, 50, 51, 59, 64, 67, 78, 81, 93, 117, 150, 171, 186.
- Bowler, J., 167.
- Boys, J. G., 90, 103, 104.
- *Bramhle*, 160.
- *Bride*, 154.
- Brittan, W. G., 96, 100, 129, 130, 137, 141, 153, 176.
- Brown, C. Hunter, 103, 108, 116.
- Butterfield, Joseph, 149.
- *Camilla*, 138, 143.
- Cass, T., 90, 103, 114, 116, 141.
- *Catherine Johnson*, 120.
- *Castle Eden*, 119, 124, 125, 128, 129, 131, 141, 142, 143, 176, 180.
- Caughey, Henry, 39, 41, 87, 93, 115, 136, 147, 149, 150, 153, 154, 156, 157, 158, 162, 163, 164, 166, 167, 178, 182, 183, 184, 189, 191, 194
- Caverhill, J. S., 109, 138.
- Chapman, Judge, 102.
- *Charlotte Jane*, 17, 23, 26, 49, 56, 59, 64, 100, 101, 147, 169.
- Cholmondeley, Charles, and Thomas, 31, 33, 38, 49, 50, 52, 59, 60, 81, 93, 95, 100, 114, 124, 128, 130, 136, 138, 161.
- Clarkson, 176.
- Clifford, Charles, 165, 168.
- Crawford, 119, 135, 136, 141, 147, 148, 182.
- *Cressy*, 17, 35, 40, 95, 113, 115.
- Crompton, J. L., 131, 137.
- Dampier, C. E., 85, 132, 168, 174.
- Day, George, 137.
- Deans, William, and John, 89, 90, 103, 112, 114, 116, 117, 127, 128, 133, 174, 181.
- Derry, Hannah, 68, 69.
- *Dido*, 36.
- Donald, Dr W., 180.
- Dudley, Rev. B. W., 120, 155, 159, 171.
- *Duke of Bronte*, 188, 190, 191, 192.
- Earle, Dr G. W., 114.
- Ellis, 98.
- *Essex*, 62.
- Fawcett, Peter, 194, 196.
- Fawcett, Thomas, 68, 76, 101, 136, 138.
- Ferguson, Margaret, 20, 24, 54, 59, 146, 154.
- Fisher, James, Harriet, and Stephen, 38, 39, 45, 59, 86, 87, 89, 90, 93, 115, 123, 187.
- Fitch, 99.
- FitzGerald, J. E., 20, 22, 25, 28, 31, 33, 38, 49, 50, 51, 52, 59, 60, 61, 63, 73, 83, 94, 96, 101, 114, 115, 119, 165, 167, 175, 197.
- Fletcher, 128.
- *Flirt*, 145, 146, 167, 171, 172, 173.
- *Fly*, 84, 86, 87, 194.
- Gale, Quinton, 95, 120, 123.
- Gartner, G., 115.

- *Gazelle*, 115, 166.
- Gebbie, John, 132, 133, 135, 138.
- Geddes, Andrew, 20, 23, 36, 51, 62, 69, 70, 72, 74, 84, 87, 95, 115, 120, 125, 127, 128, 129, 131, 137, 140, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 152, 154, 156, 159, 160, 161, 164, 165, 166, 168, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 179, 181, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194.
- *Gladiator*, 40.
- Glasse, Commodore, 57.
- Godley, Charlotte, 95, 113, 122, 123, 135, 141, 149, 150, 161, 163, 165.
- Godley, J. R., 94, 96, 98, 99, 113, 114, 115, 116, 118, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 130, 131, 135, 136, 138, 141, 144, 147, 149, 150, 151, 152, 163, 167, 171, 172, 174, 178, 187, 190, 191, 197.
- Gough, 143.
- Gouland, H. G., 84, 144, 163.
- *Grassmere*, 52.
- Greig, F. W., 114, 118.
- Grey, Sir George, 86, 87, 122, 131.
- Griffin, N. E., 114, 115, 136, 137, 179.
- Grubb, 145, 146.
- Hanmer, T., 146, 155.
- *Havannah*, 155, 156, 157, 183.
- Heaphy, W., 141.
- *Hecate*, 61.
- Hewlings, S., 146, 158, 159.
- Hill, Joseph, 76.
- Holland, William, 158.
- Hornbrook, Major, 148.
- Horrell, Elizabeth, 60.
- Howard, Smith, and family, 45, 87, 90, 177.
- Hughes, Mary, 76.
- *Isabella Hercus*, 139, 142, 143, 146, 147, 153.
- *Isabella Urquhart*, 125.
- Jackson, Rev. Thomas, 124, 126, 127, 129, 135, 139, 143, 144, 145, 146, 148, 149.
- Jacobs, Rev. Henry, 120, 197.
- *Jane Dixon*, 139, 143.
- Kent, Thomas, 146, 165.
- King, Mary, 126, 127, 128, 141, 144, 161, 164, 165, 168, 179, 183, 193, 195.
- Kingdon, Rev. George, 17, 19, 30, 33, 37, 38, 50, 69, 70, 113.
- Kittoe, E. H., 128.
- *Lass of Erin*, 146, 148, 177, 184, 193.
- Lawrence, Commander A., 17, 24, 30, 35, 39, 41, 42, 45, 47, 49, 56, 57, 59, 61, 63, 64, 65, 67, 69, 71, 72, 74, 76, 77, 78, 79, 83, 91, 92, 93, 100, 101.
- Le Cren, H. J., 177.
- Lee, L. P., 194, 196.
- Leslie, Mrs, 183.
- Lewis, 122.
- Longden, J., 100, 149, 177, 186.
- Manson, Samuel, 132, 133, 134, 159, 172, 180, 183, 184, 186, 196.
- Mantell, W. D. B., 168.
- Mason, G. E., 146, 176, 179.
- Maunsell, Charles, 126, 131, 132, 146, 147, 149, 150, 155, 174, 180, 186, 190, 197.
- McCormick, Jane, 39, 181, 184, 195.
- McCormick, William, 20, 24, 40, 51, 70, 76, 83, 89, 90, 91, 96, 102, 104, 106, 112, 119, 120, 124, 131, 140, 142, 143, 144, 149, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 171, 172, 173, 175, 176, 181, 182, 183, 184, 186, 187, 188, 190, 194, 195.
- Mitchell, Captain W. M., 103, 105, 106, 107, 108.
- *Monarch*, 118.
- Montagu, Lord Frederick, 128, 130, 134, 136, 137, 138, 142, 144, 147, 148, 158.
- Mountfort, Charles, Benjamin, and family, 20, 21, 22, 36, 38, 48, 50, 51, 59, 70, 71, 93, 94, 173, 176, 179.

- Nippriss, Henry, 161, 164.
- Nugent, Captain C. L., 86, 87, 168.
- *Oriental*, 113, 119, 120.
- Parkinson, John T., 180.
- Perceval, A., 115.
- *Perseverance*, 128, 130, 131, 132.
- Petre, Hon. H. W., 102.
- *Pioneer*, 139.
- Phillips, Henry, 98, 102, 131, 172.
- Plaisted, 171.
- Pratt, William, 187, 196.
- *Prince of Wales*, 149, 151, 156.
- Puckle, Rev. E., 96, 155, 180.
- *Randolph*, 17, 27, 40, 41, 86, 87.
- Rhodes, R. H., and G., 92, 99, 136, 143, 144, 152, 153, 154, 163, 168.
- Richards, Henry, 130.
- *Robert Syers*, 130, 131, 138.
- Russell, J. C. Watts, 100, 118, 122, 123, 136, 148, 149, 174, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180.
- *Salacia*, 139, 143, 144, 145, 146.
- *Salopian*, 143.
- Scott, 173.
- Selwyn, Bishop G. A., 99, 100, 101, 129, 131.
- Sewell, Henry, 48.
- Shrimpton, John Ingram, 48, 64.
- *Sir George Seymour*, 17, 18, 40, 87, 100.
- Sloan, James, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169.
- *Steadfast*, 191, 193, 194, 195.
- Swinburne, James, 167.
- Tancred, H. J., 115, 174.
- Templar, E. M., 188.
- Thomas, Captain Joseph, 113, 114.
- Thompson, 109.
- *Toddy*, 155, 182.
- Torlesse, CO., 84, 85, 89, 93, 94, 111, 112, 115, 116, 117, 130, 136, 151, 167, 168, 179.
- *Torrington*, 123.
- Townsend, James, and family, 97, 118, 122, 154, 155, 174, 178, 181, 186, 187, 190, 191, 195, 197.
- *Travancore*, 142, 160, 163, 168, 170, 172, 173, 174, 175, 177, 178, 179, 180, 185, 186, 190.
- Tulloch, J., 153.
- Turnbull, John, 93, 102, 106, 111, 146, 147, 150, 152.
- *Twins*, 194.
- *Undine*, 99, 100, 129.
- Wakefield, E. J., 56, 96, 99, 115, 117, 118.
- Wakefield, Felix, 97.
- Ward, Hamilton, 20, 23, 28, 38, 42, 48, 49, 50, 53, 54, 59, 62, 64, 69, 70, 74, 87, 93, 95, 98, 102, 112, 113, 114, 115, 118, 120, 123, 126, 129, 131, 134, 138, 140, 142, 148, 149] 150, 151, 152, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 175, 177, 178, 180, 181, 182, 184, 185, 186, 189, 193, 194, 195.
- Ward, Henry, 18, 23, 50, 51, 59, 64, 68, 87, 89, 90, 96, 97, 98, 99, 101, 102, 104, 113, 114, 115, 118, 119, 120, 123, 129, 131, 132, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 143, 144, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 158, 159, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 169, 172, 173, 175, 177, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 188, 189, 191, 193, 194, 195.
- *Wellington*, 166, 179.
- *William and Alfred*, 149.
- Williams, Theodore, 116.
- Willock, Rev. W., 98, 114, 118, 123.
- Wilson, Rev. James, 139.
- Wilson, Margaret, 24, 28, 30, 41, 51, 53, 54, 70, 74, 82, 99, 124, 152, 162, 164, 166, 174, 175, 183, 188, 191, 195.

- [Wilson, Robert](#), [24](#), [25](#), [41](#), [42](#), [50](#), [51](#), [74](#), [82](#), [91](#), [99](#), [101](#), [125](#), [129](#), [131](#), [148](#), [149](#), [150](#), [152](#), [153](#), [154](#), [155](#), [156](#), [157](#), [158](#), [160](#), [163](#), [164](#), [166](#), [167](#), [174](#), [181](#), [182](#), [184](#), [186](#), [187](#), [191](#), [192](#), [193](#).
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- [Wyoming](#), [22](#).
- [Zeno](#), [48](#), [191](#).

## **The Canterbury Settlement 1851. Showing the Sites of Christchurch and Lyttelton from the Original Surveys.**